IN THE PRESENCE OF KRISHNAMURTI

The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist
& Mary Zimbalist's Unfinished Book



Mary Zimbalist & Scott H. Forbes

In the Presence of Krishnamurti

The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist
& Mary Zimbalist's Unfinished Book

Table of Contents

Introduction

The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist

Issue 1: 1944 to April 1965

Issue 2: April 1965 to December 1965

Issue 3: December 1965 to May 1966

Issue 4: May 1966 to June 1966

Issue 5: July 7, 1966 to October 20, 1966

Issue 6: October 1966 to May 1967

Issue 7: May 1967 to September 1967

Issue 8: September 1967 to April 1968

Issue 9: April 1968 to September 1968

Issue 10: September 1968 to January 1969

Issue 11: January 1969 to May 1969

Issue 12: May 1969 to December 31, 1969

Issue 13: January 1970 to April 1970

Issue 14: April 1970 to June 1970

Issue 15: June 1970 to August 1970

Issue 16: August 1970 to October 1970

Issue 17: October 1970 to May 1971

Issue 18: May 8, 1971 to July 31, 1971

Issue 19: August 1971 to September 1971

Issue 20: September 19, 1971 to December 31, 1971

Issue 21: January 1, 1972 to March 31, 1972

Issue 22: March 27, 1972 to May 6, 1972

Issue 23: May 7, 1972 to July 15, 1972

Issue 24: July 15, 1972 to August 23, 1972

Issue 25: August 24, 1972 to December 31, 1972

Issue 26: January 1, 1973 to April 27, 1973

Issue 27: April 28, 1973 to July 14, 1973

Issue 28: July 15, 1973 to October 22, 1973

Issue 29: October 23, 1973 to March 30, 1974

Issue 30: March 31, 1974 to May 9, 1974

Issue 31: May 10, 1974 to July 15, 1974

Issue 32: July 16, 1974 to September 19, 1974

Issue 33: September 20, 1974 to December 31, 1974

Issue 34: January 1, 1975 to April 5, 1975

Issue 35: April 6, 1975 to June 3, 1975

Issue 36: June 1, 1975 to August 18, 1975

Issue 37: August 19, 1975 to September 30, 1975

Issue 38: October 1, 1975 to December 31, 1975

Issue 39: January 1, 1976 to February 27, 1976

Issue 40: February 27, 1976 to April 26, 1976

Issue 41: April 27, 1976 to July 10, 1976

Issue 42: July 11, 1976 to September 22, 1976

Issue 43: September 23, 1976 to December 31, 1976

Issue 44: January 1, 1977 to March 3, 1977

Issue 45: March 4, 1977 to April 12, 1977

Issue 46: April 13, 1977 to May 31, 1977

Issue 47: June 1, 1977 to July 23, 1977

Issue 48: July 24, 1977 to October 18, 1977

Issue 49: October 19, 1977 to February 19, 1978

Issue 50: February 20, 1978 to April 17, 1978

Issue 51: April 18, 1978 to May 28, 1978

Issue 52: May 26, 1978 to July 11, 1978

Issue 53: July 12, 1978 to August 16, 1978

Issue 54: August 17, 1978 to October 25, 1978

Issue 55: October 26, 1978 to November 24, 1978

Issue 56: November 25, 1978 to January 5, 1979

Issue 57: January 6, 1979 to February 4, 1979

Issue 58: February 5, 1979 to April 16, 1979

Issue 59: April 16, 1979 to June 19, 1979

Issue 60: June 20, 1979 to October 10, 1979

Issue 61: October 11, 1979 to February 18, 1980

Issue 62: February 19, 1980 to April 20, 1980

Issue 63: April 20, 1980 to July 10, 1980

Issue 64: July 11, 1980 to November 3, 1980

Issue 65: November 4, 1980 to December 17, 1980

Issue 66: December 18, 1980 to March 6, 1981

Issue 67: March 7, 1981 to June 25, 1981

Issue 68: June 26, 1981 to July 31, 1981

Issue 69: August 1, 1981 to November 4, 1981

Issue 70: February 9, 1982 to March 17, 1982

Issue 71: March 18 to June 23, 1982

Issue 72: June 24, 1982 to September 19, 1982

Issue 73: September 20, 1982 to December 31, 1982

Issue 74: February 9, 1983 to April 29, 1983

Issue 75: April 30, 1983 to June 10, 1983

Issue 76: June 11, 1983 to August 5, 1983

Issue 77: August 6, 1983 to November 17, 1983

Issue 78: November 18, 1983 to April 19, 1984

Issue 79: April 20, 1984 to June 30, 1984

Issue 80: July 1, 1984 to September 15, 1984

Issue 81: September 16, 1984 to November 18, 1984

Issue 82: November 19, 1984 to December 31, 1984

Issue 83: January 1, 1985 to April 19, 1985

Issue 84: April 19, 1985 to June 20, 1985

Issue 85: June 21, 1985 to August 5, 1985

Issue 86: August 6, 1985 to September 23, 1985

Issue 87: September 24, 1985 to October 14, 1985

Issue 88: October 15, 1985 to December 31, 1985

Issue 89: January 1, 1986 to February 2, 1986

Issue 90: February 3, 1986 to February 17, 1986

Mary Zimbalist's Unfinished Book

Section 1: Preface, Chapters 1 through 3

Section 2: Chapters 4 through 7

Section 3: Chapters 8 through 12

Section 4: Chapters 13 through 17

Section 5: Chapters 18 through 21

Section 6: Chapters 22 through 24

Section 7: Chapters 25 through 28

Section 8: Chapters 29 through 31

Section 9: Chapters 32 through 33

Section 10: Chapters 34 through 36

Section 11: Chapters 37 through 39

Section 12: Chapters 40 through 41

Section 13: Chapters 42 through 44

Section 14: Chapters 45 through 47

Section 15: Chapters 48 through 50

Section 16: Chapters 51 through 53

Section 17: Chapters 54 through 56

Section 18: Chapters 57 through 58

Notes for the Reader

Readers' Responses

About

Contact

Introduction



Walking in Sanen, Switzerland

In the Presence of Krishnamurti: The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist is the direct result of Krishnamurti asking Mary to write about what it was like to be with him. Mary struggled to write this account for more than two decades. I was concerned that, with her frail health and slow progress, she might not complete this task for which she cared so much. To try to help her, I suggested that she and I recount our memories of Krishnamurti to each other, and record them.

We began a series of conversations in 1994 that continued for fourteen years, until 2008, shortly before she died. Mary was happy that we both talk about our memories because I had traveled a bit with Krishnamurti, and worked with him for many years, but especially because I knew many of the places to which they traveled, so I could ask detailed questions; questions that helped stir her memory and bring to life, in her own words, what it was like to be in the presence of Krishnamurti. These discussions have produced

exhaustive documentation (over 100 recordings of 1.5 hours to 2 hours each) through Mary's reminiscences and her reading of her detailed diaries.

If you would like to learn more about Holistic Education's "Krishnamurti Education Research Project," please click here: Krishnamurti Education Research Project

Scott H. Forbes and the "In the Presence of Krishnamurti" team

Holistic Education, Inc.

February 13, 2013

(Mary's ninety-eighth birthday)

The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist

Issue 1: 1944 to April 1965

This is very much the start of we knew not what. What Mary and I did know was that we both had a very profound affection for Krishnaji**[1]**, and a great love of his "teachings," which was the name used to designate his work. We also knew that no one since Krishnaji's brother (who died in 1925) had known Krishnaji as well as Mary. I knew Krishnaji much less well, but still well enough to be asked by him to accompany him on some of his travels, and to be next to him when he died.

When this first discussion took place, I was the principal of The Brockwood Krishnamurti Educational Centre in England, the only school he had founded in Europe. After Krishnaji's death, Mary maintained the apartment she had always occupied while Krishnaji was alive, and she would spend about half of the year at Brockwood. The discussions, of which this is the first, initially took place in the kitchen of her apartment. Even after I left Brockwood to go to Oxford, I would return for weekends during those months she was there, and we would meet in her kitchen with my tape recorder to continue our discussions.

It is important for the reader of these transcripts to understand that this is a record of conversations between two people who had a love of each other (Mary was very much a second mother to me, and I was, she said, the son she never had) and a profound affection for, not just Krishnaji's work, but also for the man that Krishnaji was. For well over ten years after Krishnaji died, I found that I was still mentally collecting funny things to tell him; as getting Krishnaji to laugh was one of my delights. So it is important for the reader to understand that the nature of these discussions is not that of a serious exposition, but rather that of two dear friends enjoying discussing together something that was deeply meaningful and delightful for them both.

I considered nothing too trivial to ask Mary about, so I asked many questions that some readers may find trivial. I felt that Mary's perception of all of the characters in Krishnaji's life was worth knowing, so some readers may feel some of my questions are gossipy. I would ask endless questions about what she and Krishnaji did in various places, so I'm sure many readers may feel that some information I am pulling from Mary is of no importance to Krishnaji's teachings. This conclusion would be true, but these small daily things were part of what it was like for Mary to be in Krishnaji's presence. Also, my working assumption was always that it is easy to cut things out later, but impossible to fill things in when the source of information is gone as, indeed, it now is. So, if the reader wishes to skip over or dismiss the trivial, the personal, and the mundane for only what was extraordinary and special about Krishnamurti, then they are welcome to do so, and I will applaud them for it; such a reader is a better editor than I.

The editing of this material has been as light as possible, but still more than half of the material has been removed. There has been, and will continue to be, an attempt to avoid hurting the feelings of anyone who could be hurt by reading what Mary or Krishnaji said about them.

Mary had not consulted her diaries before we started this first discussion, and she didn't even keep diaries for the first years that are covered in this material. She did keep diaries from the 1960s onward, so that when she refers to needing to refresh her memory or look things up before we continue, she is saying that she will read her diaries prior to our subsequent session. Nevertheless, her memories are very sharp from the beginning of her contact with Krishnamurti, as this period had an enormous impact on her.

Scott: I'm going to ask you all about your meetings with Krishnaji, or your time with Krishnaji, and lots of details.

Mary: As you long as you ask the questions, I'll respond in some way. So where do you want to begin?

S: Well, start with the first contact that you had, which I know was in the '40s; even the first time you saw him, or anything.

M: Yes, it was in 1944, during the war. It's preceded by that anecdote, which, if you want me to retell it, is about how I heard about him?

S: Absolutely.

M: Alright, it goes like this: I had a friend who was a doctor, a regular medical doctor, but he was very interested in all kinds of psychiatric things, and so was I. So, whenever I went in for a flu shot, or whatever it was, we'd wind up discussing the brain or the mind and how it worked and such. Well, one day, in the spring of 1944 (I think it was, yes), I went into his office for some medical reason, and he said, "Oh, come in. Come in. I have something I want to tell you." He proceeded to tell me about a friend of his, a psychiatrist, who had learned that he had some fatal form of heart disease. On learning this, he had up and left his family, his friends, and everything in Chicago where he lived, and said, "I'm going to California to learn how to die from a man named Krishnamurti," which *doubtless* startled everybody. My doctor friend was *very curious*, so he went to see his friend, the dying doctor, and of course, he meets Krishnamurti.

That was on a weekend, and I happened to come in on the Monday afterward, and he said to me, "I've met this *extraordinary* man, who knows more about the human mind than anyone I've ever heard of." Well, of course, I was all ears at this description. And then there was a pause for about, I don't remember, but say a month or two or maybe three when I heard (and I forget how I heard, but I did) that this Krishnamurti was going to resume giving talks in Ojai**[2]**. As we all know by now, during the war he was in Ojai because he happened to be there when the war broke out, and he couldn't travel. So he simply led a quiet life in Ojai, and didn't talk publicly at all. However, now that the war was winding down, it was decided that he would speak again. Well, I thought I wanted to see what this was about, so I drove up to Ojai from LA (I'd never been there before), found the place where he was to talk, and heard the talk—the first talk.

The war hadn't yet ended, and I remember dimly that there were gas restrictions, and I had to figure out if I could get to Ojai on the gas I had. Anyway, I went. I remember quite vividly his coming into the Oak Grove**[3]**; his dignity and his quiet, and his doing what we later came to see so often: his looking around before he spoke. And then his speaking; being struck by his voice, which was partly English but not quite English-English. He had an English accent but with his own intonation. I found the talk and his manner of giving it *very* impressive, but it was all strange to me in a way. So, afterward, I went and bought some of the booklets, the things that we have come to call "The Verbatim Talks," those little pamphlets. I took them home, and started to read. I found that, because of my background in psychoanalysis, I argued with him down the page. I couldn't advance in these things. I kept thinking, *why* does he say that? This went on for a couple of days, but luckily it dawned on me, somehow, that I should just go and listen to what he said and not argue through these written things.

S: Now, let me go back to that talk at the Oak Grove. Was he talking in the same place in the Oak Grove as he did in subsequent years?

M: Yes.

S: Exactly the same place?

M: Exactly.

S: Was he on a platform, or in a chair on the ground?

M: No, he was speaking, in those days, standing up, I think on the ground and not on a platform.

S: Was the audience sitting on the ground or on chairs?

M: On the ground, I think. There may have been some chairs. I don't remember. I sat on the ground, and most people sat on the ground, as I remember it.

S: How many people were in the audience, do you think?

M: Oh, there were quite a few. I don't remember it as being different from what I remember much later. Probably a thousand, several hundred, at least. It wasn't as full as it could've been, but it was a goodly crowd.

S: Where did they park their cars?

M: In the fields, where they parked later. That was always there. The whole set-up was the same, except that they had the tables with the books, or the pamphlets for sale, and books, a few books. One of the people who was selling the books was a Mrs. Vigeveno. I bought the pamphlet from her. She and her husband had an art gallery in Westwood in Los Angeles, where I had gone to look at pictures at some point. I don't know whether

she knew my name, but she recognized me from having come into the gallery, and, so, when I bought the little pamphlets, she asked, "Are you interested?" Anyway, I continued to go to the rest of those talks. That was my first sight of Krishnaji.

Now the relevance of Mrs. Vigeveno in the story is that sometime later that year I had a telephone call, I think from her, and I don't know whether I'd been into the gallery and seen her again, but I was invited to join a discussion group at their gallery (their gallery was part of their house) once a week with a small group of people. So, I went, and I think there were probably a dozen or fifteen people, maybe a few more. Some of the people there I already knew, two couples I knew, plus the Vigevenos, whom I knew but just very casually. Rajagopal**[4]** was at those discussions, and it was said that Krishnamurti might come, and indeed, he eventually did come. I attended all of that.

S: How many meetings were there like that?

M: I don't remember, but there were two sets of these meetings. I can't remember now whether Krishnamurti came to the first set or only the second set, but I was in both. I also remember that I got my husband Sam**[5]** invited and he went, but he didn't see what it was. He was curious in what interested me, and he only went out of that curiosity.

S: These sets, was there like a month between the sets, or a week?

M: I don't remember.

S: So when Krishnaji was present, you then had a chance to actually talk directly with him?

M: Yes, they were discussions. Two of the people, whom I knew quite well, were there and had attended the talks too, a couple.

S: What were their names?

M: Their names are Eisner. They lived down near where I lived, down the street, and Betty Eisner, the wife, and I had both worked in the hospitals together during the war, as nurses' aides, and we used to share the ride, so we became friends. Later on, at some point, they invited me and both Rajagopal and Krishnamurti to lunch. I only remember Krishnaji going once, but I sat next to him, and I remember that he was very shy. This comes a little bit later. I'm not telling this in proper sequence.

While the talks were going on, I heard somehow that you could request an interview with Krishnaji—he would meet people individually. So I wrote, and in due course I got a reply saying that, if I could come on such and such date at such and such a time to such and such a place, I would have an appointment with Mr. Krishnamurti. The address for the meeting was a house in Hollywood, not Ojai. So I went, rang the bell, and the door was opened by Mr. Krishnamurti. [*S chuckles.*] And I remember very vividly the way he sort of bowed. He had beautiful, very formal manners. "Good morning, Madame," he said.

S: Of course.

M: In I went and apparently there wasn't anyone else in the house. I don't know. It was very quiet. We went to a sort of sitting room.

S: Whose house was this?

M: I later found out that it was a house that belonged to Mrs. Zalk or something like that, the sister of Rosalind Rajagopal**[6]**; but the house functioned as a town house for all of them. This is where Krishnaji saw people in Los Angeles. It was on Beachwood Drive, I remember, an old part of Hollywood. Anyway, Krishnaji sat there and didn't say anything. So I felt it behooved me to say why I was there, and why I had come. I told him a little bit about myself, and was approaching the questions that I had intended to ask him when he asked me some questions. I don't remember the back and forth of it. I only remember that it was a different order of any discussion of anything psychological or indeed any other kind of discussion I had ever had. When I came out I felt as though my head had been opened up and everything inside had been operated on. It was terribly moving. I remember also that he took me (but I saw it happen many times to other people) so far into my own, what do you want to call it, mind or consciousness or level of understanding that it was…well…I wept *copiously*. I mean, it was <u>*so*</u> deep, it touched something <u>*so*</u> deep inside me that it made me cry. I've seen so many people go through that when they come out of talking to Krishnaji.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: In fact, it happened to me in other interviews later on. Anyway, I went to all the talks of that year, and after the first talk, I really just listened. I'd caught on that you shouldn't keep going on about what you think, but just go and listen. And, well, it became the thing that has interested me most centrally for the rest of my life.

S: Now, this interview you had was during those discussions in the gallery?

M: It was before the discussions. I've told this badly.

S: No, no, it doesn't matter the sequence. It doesn't have to be in sequence.

M: The sequence is that I hear him speak, I argue with the pamphlets, I go back to hear him speak. From then on, I just listened, and it sank in.

S: Right. And *then* you had the interview.

M: Yes, and then I was in the small group discussions.

S: So that by the time you got to the small group discussions, Krishnaji already had some contact with you.

M: Yes, but he never gave any sign that he'd ever seen me before. Many years later, in Saanen**[7]**, he once said to me, "Did I ever know you in California, [*chuckles*] or meet you in California?" And of course, this meeting, which was such an overwhelming milestone in my life [*S laughing now*], he, of course, had no recollection of! I remember laughing because it seemed, well, it pleased me so much. It was right, was in character for him not to remember. It seemed like, of course, he shouldn't remember all these people who, like me, would come and pour out their probably tedious questions to him.

S: Yes. Do you remember what the questions were that you had for him then?

M: No. No, I don't. I don't remember.

S: So all this took place in 1944?

M: '44 and into '45. I couldn't tell you whether it lapsed into winter '45 or whether it was…I would imagine that the interview was in '45, but I'm not sure; it doesn't matter. Anyway, he then went off to India, as we now know, there were no more talks in Ojai for some time. He obviously spoke in India and probably Europe, but I didn't attend any of those.

S: Did you keep reading his books?

M: Yes, I kept reading. I got on the mailing list. Sam wasn't interested, so I just went on reading on my own. Then, there's a big gap in all this, because I didn't really hear him speak again until 1960.

S: Where could you get the books?

M: From Krishnamurti Writings**[8]**. They sent little postcards out when there was a new book. You got the postcard, you ordered what the card advertised, and you got it.

S: So you didn't hear Krishnaji again until 1960?

M: Yes, he came back in 1960, and began a series of talks in, I think, June.

S: Mary, I don't know if you want to include your personal life in this narrative, but I think it's relevant—the things that had happened to you in those intervening years. Sam had died in that time, and you had all of that.

M: Sam died at the end of 1958. I had just left him in Rome because the picture, *Ben-Hur*, wasn't finished, but I needed to come back and start rebuilding our house which had burned down. I was going back to join him in Rome for Christmas, but we needed to get the house going, make the contract with the builder, and do all of those things. Ten days after I got back to Malibu, and signed the contract, got the building started, Sam died suddenly of a massive heart attack. I don't want to go on about that, but it was as though, I don't know, my life had ended too, somehow. It was very strange…this is very

personal, but I will say it…I had the feeling that as I was still alive, there was something that I had to do, and in some strange way, I felt I was doing it for him and for me—as though, there was something that I had to learn, and don't ask me how, but I could somehow do it for him too. I…it isn't a logical thing.

S: No, I understand.

M: It was a very profound feeling. I remember feeling that very night I learned of his death, that there's something I've got to do. I felt that I had to find out what all this was about. That was the only important thing to me: what lay beyond life and death, and what are we all doing with our lives, and why do we go so wrong? All the questions that …probably we all have about our lives when we come into contact with something that is as serious as Krishnaji's teachings, or as serious as someone dying in your life that is really a crisis. The answer to that was that I had to go back and listen to what Krishnamurti had to say. It wasn't running to Krishnamurti for some kind of a refuge or enlightenment or solace. It was that I had to understand what he was talking about because I felt instinctively and profoundly that what he was talking about had to do with reality and truth, and that that was the whole point of my still being alive. It was the only thing that I wanted to do, was interested in. It was the only reason for anything to me at that point.

But I also had a very strong feeling in the weeks and months that followed that I mustn't run away from something; that I mustn't go to anyone to solve a problem, or to somehow make me feel better in some way. I mustn't run away from what's happened, but rather come to terms with what happened in my own life. In other words, don't go to anything with self-motive.

S: Yes, I understand.

M: I felt that intensely, strongly. So I didn't make any attempt or even think of going to see him, and then suddenly he came back in 1960. This was about 18 months after Sam was gone. I went to the talks. I also wrote and asked for an interview. He was to give eight talks, but he only gave four. At the end of the fourth he announced that he regretted that that would be the last talk. For reasons of health, he had to stop. In the meantime, he had given or okayed to whoever handled it, a certain number of interviews, and mine was among them, fortunately.

So, I was called to go on a certain, again, time and date and place, but it was in Ojai this time, at the Vigevenos' house. He again greeted me very formally. There was no reference to my ever having seen him before. We talked for a very long time, and it was all about death. And again, it's not repeatable, but the thing at the end of it…well, I was able to tell him that I had seen for myself that when people are in a state of grief, it's very often self-pity. They're feeling, why did this happen *to me*? Why have *I* lost something? And I thought that was false and repellent, and I didn't feel that way. I felt I had seen that very clearly, and I was able to tell him this. I remember his nodding, and I could tell, or his manner showed that he saw that I saw that, and that he didn't have to go through *that*

with me so he could go on from there. The sort of conclusion of this, to put it very simply, was his statement, which I understood at the time and have since; "You must die every day to everything. Only then are you really living." I understood that it doesn't mean that you brush your life under the rug and forget everything. It doesn't alter what you feel, or the feeling of loss, if you've lost someone you loved, it doesn't alter that, that sense of loving them, or indeed, remembering them. But it's the factor of dependence, it's the factor of egotism, it's the factor of *me* and the whole thing. You have to die to *that* and only then, otherwise, well, as we now know from his teaching, that you mustn't carry the whole shadow of the past and react to that. It was the most profound experience of listening to Krishnaji that I've ever had. It meant a great deal. After that, he left Ojai, I guess. I didn't know what was happening. But, I determined *then* that I would hear him again and follow what he was saying seriously. Now, what I didn't know was that he wouldn't come back to Ojai. I assumed that he would return because he'd resumed talking in Ojai, but he didn't. In those days I didn't want to go back to Europe because that's where I'd been with Sam. I just wanted to be quiet and to think about all these things.

So it wasn't until 1961 that I realized he wasn't going to come back to speak in Ojai.

S: Why wasn't he speaking in America?

M: Well, it turns out later that it was the Rajagopal problem. He didn't come back because of that.

S: He came back to Ojai.

M: He came back to Ojai only that once.

S: And he didn't give any more public talks?

M: No, no. He gave the public talks in 1963 and he didn't give any more public talks. He spoke in Europe.

S: He didn't even speak in New York or Chicago or any place?

M: No, not in this country, not for several years. Finally, I thought, well, if I want to hear the man speak, go where he's speaking. I was going to go in the winter of '63, but Filomena**[9]** was ill, and I couldn't leave her. So, the first time I went to where he was speaking, which was Saanen, Switzerland, was in the summer of '64. I determined that summer that I would follow the whole tour; do this really thoroughly that next year. I would start wherever he spoke in Europe, which turned out to be London, and that I would go on to Saanen and to India—do the whole year, which is what I did.

S: So, in '64 you heard him in Saanen?

M: '64 I heard him in Saanen, and that summer I had another interview.

S: Was that the first year that he spoke in Saanen?

M: No, he spoke, I think, in ’63.

S: Was that when he spoke in the Landhaus**[10]**?

M: Maybe. Probably.

S: But ’64 was the first year there was a tent like a geodesic dome?

M: The geodesic dome. Yes. It was nice, that tent.

S: Where did you stay?

M: I didn’t know where to stay, so I consulted Fodor’s Travel Guide and found there was a place called L’Ermitage Hotel, and I thought I liked the sound of that. So I booked rooms at the Ermitage.**[11]**

S: Mmmm [*laughing*]. Not very much like a hermitage.

M: No! [*Laughs.*] I remember landing in Geneva, renting a little tiny car, a Hertz car or Avis, Hertz I think it was, and driving along the lake with a map, figuring how to get up to this place called Saanen. It was strange to be back in Europe. I hadn’t been in Switzerland before, but to be suddenly driving along in the middle of Europe by myself. I’d come to London before that. I remember seeing the Frys**[12]** in London, and then, there I was driving along the lake and up to Saanen to the L’Ermitage Hotel [*chuckle*]. Then the talks started. I remember that he took questions at the end of each talk, and I wanted to ask a question but somehow it didn’t work out, and the talks ended. At the end of each talk, Krishnaji used to stand over where Vanda**[13]**, who was driving him in those days, used to park her car under some trees, back toward where the Boy Scout place was. He would stand under the tree and talk to a few people who would come up and shake his hands, as they always did after the talks. So, I went up to him and said, “Mr. Krishnamurti, I’m Mary Zimbalist, and you won’t remember me, but I’ve talked to you before in Ojai, and I wanted to ask you about…so and so.” He replied, “Yes, yes, ask that tomorrow.” So, I thanked him and walked away. [*S chuckles.*] Of course, the next day, the talk went off in a totally different direction, [*S laughs*] and my question had no relevance to what he was saying! So I didn’t ask it. Again, I hoped to have an interview, but I was shy about asking and I didn’t know how to go about it there. However, there was a friend, in those days, of his and Vanda’s and Frances’**[14]**, a lovely man who I don’t think you knew: Pietro Cragnolini. Did you ever meet Cragnolini?

S: No.

M: Well, Cragnolini was a funny man; very, very Italian, and he’d known Krishnaji from the Ommen**[15]** days. He used to tell me tall tales of what really went on [*S laughs*] at Ommen, people going in and out of the wrong tents in the middle of the night [*S laughs*],

sleeping in the woods, all these stories. I used to walk with him, or lunch with him sometimes, and he caught on what I wanted: he asked, "Do you want an interview?" and I said, "Oh yes, but I'm hesitant to ask." He said, "Don't worry about it," and [*laughs*] the next day, this was on a Sunday or a Monday, I had an appointment on Wednesday at 3 o'clock at Chalet Tannegg**[16]**. So, I went to Chalet Tannegg. And again, Krishnaji opened the door and took me into the living room.

In those days, instead of that dreadful big brown couch that you will remember, there was a black leather one, and he sat at one end and I sat at the other end, and we talked.

S: Describe where the couch was.

M: Well, it was facing the window, in front of that side-board. It was black leather and sort of shiny. It was an improvement on the one that replaced it. [*S laughs*.] I also remember Krishnaji's eyes, and I thought it looked like a cataract was developing in his eyes, and I remember thinking—horrible! He's going to lose his vision, which, of course, he never did. But his eyes were sort of cloudy.

I was seated about the distance between you and me at the moment, which is what, about four feet, and I was bothered by his eye. But, my diagnosis was luckily very poor.

I remember what I was asking him then. I was telling him that I was really tormented by the disturbances in the world that were going on (I've forgotten what they were then, but as usual, there were dreadful things happening) and to the degree that I was not a free, enlightened, psychologically clear person, I was responsible for all that human evil, really. I felt that I had to do something about it, the whole thing. I felt a terrible burden of this. He sort of brushed that aside. He didn't feel that was really the root of it. He said, "You take all these things very seriously," and I said, "Yes, I do." He went on from there, but I remember that question was what I'd come to ask him.

S: Do you remember in what way he went on to talk, or what he went on to talk about?

M: Not too well. No. Not to report, except that it somehow unhooked me from this thing.

What I think he was saying was that I was displacing onto the state of the world, that my responsibility was myself, and I shouldn't feel all this other burden of everybody's insanities.

Another nice thing in those days was that Cragnolini sometimes used to walk with Krishnaji. One day, Cragnolini asked, "Would you like to come on a walk? I'm walking with Krishnaji this afternoon. You come too." And I said, "Well, if it's alright, yes, of course, I'd like to." I remember that we walked towards Lauenen, on the road to Lauenen.

S: Did you walk through the woods to the Lauenen Road?

M: Yes. And I remember we walked way up. We didn't walk as far as Lauenen, but quite a ways, and I was looking for chamois. Did you ever a see a chamois**[17]**? I was looking for one, hoping to see one. We all talked very easily, I don't remember about what, but it wasn't strange at all. As the talks were ending, he said to me on one of these walks…

S: Oh, so you went on several of the walks?

M: Yes, I went on several. He asked, "Are you going to stay after the talks? Will you be here, or are you leaving after the talks?" I said that I had intended to leave. He replied, "Well, we're holding a small discussion after the talks, and if you'd like to be part of it, you are welcome." So I naturally changed my plans, and stayed on. He had about 30 people, roughly, in that meeting, and again it was at Tannegg. By this time, I'd met Vanda, and I've forgotten now, but I can look it up, whether she had invited me for lunch. I'd also met Alain Naudé, who had just come to the talks, but he was going to go to India. He was very serious about it all, and he sort of was acting as a kind of assistant. For instance, he was the one who called me up and told me when to come to Tannegg for the meeting, and things like that. He already had started to do things to assist Vanda, for Krishnaji.

S: Who else do you remember from that summer?

M: Well, I remember various people. Iris Tree was there. You never knew Iris. Iris had known Krishnaji for years. She and her husband Ledebur, when the war started ending, they went and lived in Ojai. She was an actress then, and she started a theater in Ojai. They used to see Krishnaji quite a lot. I also knew her from New York. It was she who took me up to Tannegg for the first time to call on Vanda—that's how I met Vanda.

S: Tell me other people.

M: Vimala Thakar was in the discussion, and I remember—because I had the car—that I was asked to go pick her up, which I did, as she was in Saanen, too. After Iris left, because Iris was not in the discussion, she had rented rooms from two little old old-maid sisters who had nursed Madame Curie. They were Swiss, and they were both trained nurses, you know, infirmiéres, and the big thing in their lives was that they had nursed Madame Curie. They were both in their 90s, I think. They owned Chalet Charmeuse, which was later taken over by the Palace Hotel. Now it's flats, but it was an old-fashioned chalet, and Iris had a room. I was getting pretty fed up being up in Schonried, where I had become the oldest living inhabitant. Hotel guests came and went and I was still in the dining room. [*S laughs heartily.*] That was where the waiter who had given me food all summer, and to whom I talked in French because I didn't know German, and at the end of the summer, I said to him in French, "What nationality are you?" because I knew he wasn't French-speaking naturally. He said, "I'm Irish" [*hearty laughter*]. He had a summer job! He hadn't told me. Anyway, I hated being in a hotel that long. I've always disliked hotels. So, I took the room that Iris gave up. It was just a very old-fashioned chalet, very nice. I bought yogurt, and put it out on the window-sill to keep it cold all night. It also had the advantage of being just down the hill from Tannegg.

S: Tell me about Vimala Thakar. What was she like in those days?

M: Well, she was already obnoxious. She was already saying, "Where do you live?" When I told her where I lived, she made it up in her mind that she'd come to visit me, and that I would put her up during her coming tour of the west coast. I was not going to have that at all. She was already Vimala Thakar! [*S chuckles.*]

So, who else? People like the Suarès were there. I think Marcelle Bondoneau**[18]** was there.

S: You can't remember anyone else?

M: No.

S: Okay. How many meetings were there that these 30 people came to?

M: I think there were, hmmm…I could look it up. I have a record of all this. By this time, I kept a little engagement book, and I wrote down all this.

S: Where did Krishnaji sit in the Tannegg living room? On that L-bench on the end, that corner bench?

M: No. He sat on a chair but he sat at the other end of the room, the dining room end.

S: The dining room end?

M: Yes. And we sat in rows in chairs.

After these discussions, I flew home.

S: But, wait a minute. Sorry. I keep interrupting here.

M: That's fine.

S: Did you go to lunch at Tannegg?

M: I think I did, a couple of times. I'm not too clear about that.

S: Who did you get to know most during that summer in Saanen? Cragnolini?

M: Cragnolini and Frances, and, of course, Iris, whom I already knew. That's about all. I didn't, you know, seek people out. I didn't sit around and talk after the talks. I didn't want to speak to anybody!

S: Yes, I've always had that feeling, too. I wanted silence after a talk.

M: I didn't want to discuss any of this with anybody there. So, I went off by myself, walked a lot, climbed the mountains, and I played the recorder in those days. I went and sat on the airfield in my car, played my recorder till the police would come over and stop me. [*Both chuckle*.] Then I went back to California.

S: Did you fly right from Geneva? Or did you come back to London?

M: No, I didn't go back to London. I flew to New York from Geneva, as far as I recall.

S: Where did you stay in London when you came over?

M: There was a woman called Mrs. Martinez, who had a house in Eaton Place, where she took bed and breakfast guests. It was the beginning of the days of bed and breakfast, but she only took people that were friends of friends. A person just didn't ring the bell and get in. My mother had stayed there because an English friend of hers told her about it. She'd stayed there, and so I went. It was ideal because you had your own door key to come into the house at night, and there was a butler who brought you breakfast on a big heavy tray.

S: Marvelous.

M: Yes, that was very nice, a room and bath. Wasn't expensive. It was perfect. I stayed there several times.

So, the next bit in this story, is that Rajagopal comes into the picture now, because while these meetings were going on in Chalet Tannegg, some of the people, including myself, wanted to hear the recordings of the meetings. So, I said to Alain, "So many of us would like to hear the tapes of our discussions, or read a transcript that I would be delighted to pay some secretary to transcribe it for some of us, if that's allowed." Word came back from Krishnamurti via Alain that, "Mr. Krishnamurti does not have the right to give that permission, only Mr. Rajagopal does," which *rather* took me aback.

S: I'll bet!

M: It did. [*Both laugh*.] So, when I got back to California and…

S: Sorry, but who was making the recordings?

M: Alain. It was the following summer that Alain found out about Nagras**19]**.

S: So anyway, you got back to California?

M: I called up Rajagopal and said, "Look here, I was in this discussion group, and I know you have the tape…" Oh, by the way, the tape had to be sent the same day it was made, it had to go right from the recorder into the mail to Rajagopal. So, I knew he had the tapes, and I said, "I'd like to hear them." Well, such a to-do went on. "Well, you see everyone

wants to hear them, and I can't possibly let everybody hear them, so no, well…" he went on shilly-shallying back and forth about this. Finally, he said, "Well, if you can come up to Ojai,…did you make notes?'

"Yes, I made notes."

"Well, you bring your notes, and you can hear one tape, and you can choose the tape, but you must bring your notes." And [*chuckles*], it had to be a day when the Vigevenos, who lived next door, would not be in Ojai, because he didn't want them to know that I was allowed to hear a tape. And, not only did I have to come when they were away, but I had to park my car so that it would not be visible to them next door.

S: So, you already figured out that you're dealing with someone *very* strange here!

M: *Very*, but then I knew this from before, because he'd been at the Eisner's at other times than that one luncheon. He'd been there for dinner when I was there for dinner a couple times, and I caught on quickly that he was…well, frankly, I thought he had a drinking problem.

S: That's what I've heard.

M: Yes. And the reason I thought so was that he made such a to-do about whether to have a drink or not before dinner, which they very naturally offered him. He would say, "Well, I don't know. Do you think I should? Probably I shouldn't. Well, I suppose I could." He went on and on, and I thought, you know, "Just say yes or no, but what's all this fuss about?" I thought something was going on there.

S: This is interesting. [*Both chuckle*.] So this was back at the Eisner's, in Malibu?

M: Not in Malibu. This was back in the '44 days, when I was living in Los Angeles. They lived down the street from me in Los Angeles.

S: Did he go on like this with Krishnaji present?

M: No, Krishnaji wasn't there for dinner, only for lunch. This was, I think, at night. Also, he knew other friends I knew, so I saw the trail of this man around town, leading his own life.

S: Well, tell me. [*Laughter*.]

M: Well, I could tell that he had a sort of teasing, flirtatious way, not towards me, but toward another woman who was all excited by him. He sort of made himself the center of attention, not by coy behavior, but in a way that drew attention to his every reaction. So, I knew he was a bit neurotic, but this nonsense over the tape was something. Oh, I was asked for lunch too. So, we had lunch, and then I could listen to the tape.

S: What was that lunch like?

M: Fruit juice and salad or something.

S: But what was the conversation and the atmosphere?

M: Sort of fidgety. So, Rajagopal, his wife, and I sat solemnly in the living room. It was in sort of an alcove. We ate on a table in a corner of the living room, and then we moved to another area where he had a tape recorder. I had to hand over my marvelous notes. I could make notes of listening to the tape, but I had to give him copies of those notes too.

S: So you had to give your notes over that you'd made in Saanen?

M: Yes. And also the notes I was going to make then—what for, I can't imagine. So, I listened to the tape. They both sat there and listened with me. I suddenly figured out why he was letting me near the tape: he had recognized some of the voices of people he knew on the tape, but he didn't recognize others, and he wanted me to identify them. That's why all this performance went on.

S: You're still talking about the fall of '64 when this happened, because this took place when you got back to California, almost immediately.

M: Yes. By this time I was living in Malibu, and naturally I wanted to know when and where future talks were going to be held. So I called him up and he said casually that he didn't know. I thought that was very odd. He said, "You must write to Mrs. Mary Cadogan in London." So I wrote to Mrs. Mary Cadogan, and I got back a letter that said that since I was coming from so far away, that she would tell me where the talks were and when, but I must please not tell anyone else where they were, including my family, or why I was going to London. I thought this is [*S chuckles*] *crazy*—these are public talks. But, I wasn't going to argue as I wanted to hear them.

When the spring came, I returned to London, went back to Mrs. Martinez and went out to Wimbledon where the talks were being held. The talks were in the Boy Scouts' Hall in Wimbledon, which was a very small hall. I've asked Mary about this since, and she agrees that the hall was very small. I didn't understand why such a small hall was rented, but, you see, Rajagopal was really trying to damp down all this; printing these little booklets which were only sent out to those on the mailing list, and nobody knew anything, It was all kept as a big, dark secret. He made mysteries out of everything, and of course, he was like the Svengali**[20]** behind the whole thing.

S: Of course.

M: He was pulling the wires on this whole thing. Anyway, I went and afterward when Krishnaji stood outside, I went up to him this time. Alain was there and Krishnaji seemed to recognize me and he was charming. We chatted a bit.

I think Alain eventually called me up and said that they'd like me to come for lunch at the house in Wimbledon. That was one of those *dreadful* rented houses in Wimbledon…

S: That Anneke**[21]**and Doris**[22]** had found [*chuckling*] and were cooking and doing everything?

M: Yes. [*Chuckles*.] It was really awful to put Krishnaji up in those dreadful houses, but they did. So I went. I had again rented a little tiny car to get out there. So, we had lunch. I was the only guest with the two women, Alain, and Krishnaji. He was full of the questions about "What is the American mind?" as he used to say. "What's happening in America?" Well, as it happened, I had gone on the March to Selma, from Selma to Montgomery**[23]** with Martin Luther King. I thought that would interest him, because that was big news in America at that point. He was *very* interested, and I described the whole thing in quite some detail: how it came about, and what happened, and all of it. He listened with great interest to that. He walked me out to the car afterward with Alain, and he said, "Perhaps we could go to a cinema."

I, of course, replied, "Yes!" Then he said, "Well, you decide." So I went off, thinking, "What in the world!" [*S chuckles heartily*.] "What do I take this man to? A cinema? What would he like?"

S: Of course.

M: So I stared at the newspaper and pondered and finally decided that *My Fair Lady* was playing and that that would be a good movie and suitable [*S chuckling*]. Anyway, that's what I decided. So, either I called Alain or he called me, I don't know what, but I told him my choice, and Alain said, "Oh, Krishnaji has changed his mind by now. He doesn't want to go to the cinema. He wants to go for a drive in the country. So could you choose a place and drive us to the country." So, I was back to [*laughter*] my problem. I didn't know where to go. I wasn't that familiar—I'd spent two winters in London, but I hadn't gone driving in the country [*S laughing*], especially with the aim of something that would please a man named Krishnamurti. So I did some research.

I heard about Wisley, the royal horticultural gardens at Wisley, and I thought maybe that would be a place. So, I did a dry run. I went out and cased Wisley [*laughs*] and decided, yes, that it was really beautiful and perhaps he'd like that. I remember that I got a better car than the one I was driving, and I went to the house [*laughs*] in Wimbledon. Doris came out in that very Doris-way, and she said "Now, be sure you have him back here" [*S chuckles*]…"by 6 o'clock. He has an appointment at 6 o'clock. It is *very* important that he be here in time for that."

"Yes, yes, Ms. Pratt. I will." [*S chuckles, then M does too.*]

So, in we get, in the car. Krishnaji looked happy, pleased.

"Where are we going?", he asks.

I said, “Well, I thought perhaps a place called Wisley, the garden.”

“Oh, Wisley!” said he. He knew it. [*Both chuckle*.] But he hadn’t been there in a long time. “Oh, yes!”

So, off we went to Wisley, and it was a success. We walked around, and I had the feeling that he saw every flower and every tree and every bird and every everything. It was my first experience of that…of his extraordinary…

S: …I know…

M: …seeming perception that he had of…of everything. When we got back in the car, he said, “Oh, let’s drive a little further.” Where to take him now?! [*S chuckles*.] Luckily, I had been to Box Hill. Have you been past there?

S: No. What’s that?

M: Well, it’s further down the road that, I guess, leads to Petersfield, or…I haven’t seen it lately! Anyway, I knew where it was, which was not too far away. It’s the highest point of Sussex, and you look out at all of southern England. It’s beautiful!

So we went up Box Hill. We got out and looked at the view and it was beautiful, very pleasing. So now it was time to get back for 6 o’clock. We got back on, I guess, the A3, and it was heavy afternoon traffic. Now, I wasn’t used to driving on the left [*S laughs*], and I certainly was not used to driving the World Teacher. [*S laughs more*.] And the responsibility was weighing heavily on me, especially in the terrible traffic, and getting there at 6 o’clock. I drove [*S chuckles*] with absolute concentration, and just I got him back at 6 o’clock.

When he got out, he thanked me. “Thank you, Madame, so much. It was so kind of you.”

I replied, “It was a pleasure, Krishnamurti”—or Krishnaji, he asked me to call him Krishnaji in the Saanen discussions. Before that I’d called him Krishnamurti, and at some point he rather sharply had said to me, “Call me Krishnaji.” I thought I’d made a mistake to use the other word.

Anyway, it was Krishnaji. So I thanked him. And I went back to Mrs. Martinez in Eaton Place. I was due to go out to dinner with friends, and suddenly the enormity of the responsibility [*both chuckling*] of having the life of this man in my hands as a chauffeur hit me. I started to shake, and I shook so much that I couldn’t go out for dinner. I had to call it off. [*S laughs*.] A delayed reaction.

S: There is a story that you left out.

M: What?

S: This is the Huntsman**[24]**story, which I think took place in Saanen when you first met Krishnaji there.

M: Which year was that? That's right…it was one of the luncheons I was asked to.

S: That must've been in '64 because you didn't know Krishnaji that well…'64 or '65?

M: I'll have to look that one up for you.

S: Well, tell the story anyway.

M: Well, the story is as follows: I was asked to lunch, and the table only holds eight, so I guess we were about eight. I was seated on Krishnaji's left, and on my other side was Harry.

S: Moorhead?

M: Moorhead.

M: And apparently on Krishnaji's advice, Harry had gone to Huntsman and bought *one* suit, and he was wearing it. So, there was conversation about it.

S: Who else was at the luncheon?

M: Well, Vanda, obviously, the hostess, and Alain was there and…

S: Hilda Moorhead?

M: Hilda must've been there, that makes two, four, six…that's about it…I don't remember, to tell you the truth. But I remember Harry was seated to my left and Krishnaji was at the end of the table, on my right. So when they talked, they were talking across me. At some point, I said to Krishnaji, "I imagine you're talking about Huntsman, aren't you"? It was a talk about some wonderful day there. Krishnaji turned quickly to me and said, "Huntsman? What do you know about Huntsman?" [*S chuckles*.] So I said, "Well, it was my husband's tailor." He looked at me studiously [*laughing*]. Later on, as he again escorted me out to my car politely, opened the door, and I thanked him and so forth. I started the car, and as I backed it around, he stood there and he made a wonderful gesture: he put his finger up to his head, like a little salute, and he said, "Huntsman!" [*Both laugh*.] I felt that I had swum into this man's ken via Huntsman. I had an identity. I was a woman who knew about Huntsman—this very important thing. [*S chuckles*.] And I think that's what probably established some a sort of…something. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes. That's important.

M: Yes.

S: Now, Sam had known Huntsman from making the costumes for *Beau Brummell* or something like that?

M: Oh my god, you have a better memory than I have. Yes. Sam made *Beau Brummell* in London at the MGM Studio, and the costumes for *Beau Brummel* were made at Huntsman. Sam, from then on, got his suits at Huntsman. So, this was my identity—the knowledgeable woman: she knows about Huntsman. [*Both laugh*.]

S: All of these little stories are *actually* what makes this account come alive, at least to me.

M: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.] Actually, Huntsman became quite a bond because he came to think that I understood these things, and that I had taste he benefited from.

S: Well, you do!

M: So, he wanted to consult me about these things, as it turned out, the following years. I was forever ferrying him back and forth to Huntsman.

S: Now, this was the following year?

M: Yeah, following year.

S: Ah, but we're still in '65, and you've just come back shaking from Box Hill.

M: I've come back shaking from Box Hill.

S: So, was it that year that you began taking Krishnaji back and forth to Huntsman?

M: I think, yes, because I had a car, you see. They didn't have any car, and there was no way to get into town from Wimbledon, so I did a lot of taxiing them back and forth. Sometimes just Alain, I'd take him for, I don't know, a dentist or something, and sometimes Krishnaji. Or, they'd somehow get into town, I don't know how, and I'd pick them up and take them home.

S: Now, at this time also, your friendship with Alain began to develop, and you began to have a real contact with him.

M: Yes. By this time, 1965, Alain had been hired as Krishnaji's secretary. Alain became his secretary that winter in India. He'd gone to India in the winter of '64—'65. In January, Alain wrote me a couple of letters, and then he wrote me that Krishnaji had asked him to be like a secretary, assistant, you know, do things for him. So, that's what he was doing.

S: Anyway, you've come back shaking from your drive. And you think that that summer also you began ferrying Krishnaji back and forth…

M: Yes, in the rented car.

S: Then, it must've been '64 that you would have had this Huntsman story because…

M: Yes, it has to be.

S: …because in '65, in England, that was before Saanen.

M: That's right. Yes, that's right.

S: So it must've been your first contact with Krishnaji in Saanen.

M: Yes. Vanda must've asked me for lunch when the Moorheads were there, and the whole Huntsman episode. [*Chuckles, then S chuckles too*.] Also, the following summer, yoga came into the picture, but I'll come to that. Anyway, after London came Paris.

S: Were the only talks in London at the Boy Scout place?

M: That year, yes, and with only a small number of people.

S: Who else was there that you remember?

M: I remember sitting behind Dorothy Simmons and Montague**[25]**, and getting quite annoyed at Dorothy. Something about…I've forgotten what it was…I thought she looked disagreeable. [*Chuckles*.] They sat right in front of me, and something about her being was rather brusque about the seat, or I've forgotten what. But she was there, and Iris again. I don't think I knew any of the others.

S: You didn't know any of the others. Okay.

S: You must've met Mary Cadogan?

M: No. I didn't meet her then. I'll tell you when I met her. It's very funny. Again, it's out of chronological order. There was a woman showing people up and down in the tent in Saanen to seats, dressed in sort of chiffon, and I remember thinking, "That woman thinks she's Ophelia!" [*Laughter*.] I was looking for a Mrs. Cadogan—Ragaopal must have given me Mrs. Cadogan's name, and I decided that Madame De Vidas must be Mrs. Cadogan. She too was showing people around. So I went up to her and said, "Are you Mrs. Cadogan?" And she said, "Oh, non, non!" [*Laughter*.] She didn't speak English much. The Ophelia character was Mrs. Cadogan. [*S laughs heartily, M chuckles*.] But I didn't see Mrs. Cadogan at the Wimbledon talks, nor at lunch with Anneke and Doris.

S: Do you remember being at Huntsman with Krishnaji in those days?

M: Oh, yes, when I took or picked them up or something. Probably I'd consult. In subsequent years, Alain got suits too. There was *much* conferring. [*S chuckles*.] Oh, and then there were shirts, and then there were ties, and then when we got to Paris…

S: Shoes. Of course.

M: We went to Lobb's in Paris. The shopping was [*S chuckles*] the daily program when he wasn't talking. He enjoyed it.

S: Alright. [*M laughs*.] Is this discussion fun?

M: Yes!

S: Then we'll continue, and pick up the story where we left off.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Ji is added to the end of names in India to denote respect and affection. Krishnamurti was called "Krishnaji" by those who knew him.

[2] Ojai is a small town about 80 miles north of Los Angeles that was first visited by Krishnamurti and his brother, Nityananda in 1922. Krishnaji lived there, off and on, until his death in 1986. The Krishnamurti Foundation of America is now located there.

[3] Land in Ojai purchased for Krishnaji's work in the 1920s, and where he spoke as late as 1985. Krishnamurti's only school in America is on that land.

[4] Rajagopal was made into the manager of activities surrounding Krishnaji by Krishnaji's elders when Krishnaji's brother, who had that role, died in 1925.

[5] Sam Zimbalist was a very successful film producer, and the only person to ever posthumously receive an Oscar for Best Picture. Mary received it for him.

[6] The wife of Rajagopal.

[7] Krishnaji gave public talks in Saanen, Switzerland from 1963 until 1985.

[8] Krishnamurti Writings, Inc. was formed around 1945, and eventually became a point of legal contention.

[9] Filomena had been Mary's housekeeper for many years, and had worked for Mary's aunt since she was young. So, she was like a member of the family to Mary.

[10] A hotel in Saanen.

[11] This is a point of humor because far from being a place for a hermit, it is a luxury hotel.

[12] Friends of Mary and Sam. Christopher Fry was one of the writers Sam had hired for Ben-Hur.

[13] Marchese Vanda Scaravelli became a great friend and hostess of Krishnaji's. She first heard him in 1930, but didn't meet him until 1937. She was his hostess in Switzerland and in Italy.

[14] Frances McCann was a great enthusiast of Krishnaji's work, and she traveled around the world attending his talks, and frequently contributed to the work of the foundations set up to support the schools he founded.

[15] Ommen is a place in Holland where Krishnamurti spoke in the 1920s.

[16] Chalet Tannegg was a chalet in Gstaad, Switzerland (next to Saanen, where Krishnaji spoke) which Vanda Scaravelli rented for his accommodation during the talks. Tannegg was also the venue for group discussions that Krishnaji held.

[17] An agile goat-antelope found in mountainous regions of Europe.

[18] A friend and supporter of Krishnaji's since the 1920s.

[19] Nagra made professional portable tape recorders, which for many years were the best way to record Krishnamurti's talks.

[20] A fictional character from the 1800s who controls other persons or situations for self-serving intent.

[21] Anneke Korndorffer was a supporter of Krishnaji's work since the 1930s, and an organizer of his activities in Holland.

[22] Doris Pratt had worked for Krishnaji's activities since the 1920s, and was the representative of Krishnamurti Writings, Inc. in England.

[23] The three marches from Selma in Alabama to Montgomery in Alabama marked a peak and a turning point in the American Civil Rights Movement. Mary told me she marched in a Chanel suit because she wanted people to see that it wasn't only poor people and students who were supporters of civil rights.

[24] Huntsman is a tailor on Savile Row in London.

[25] Dorothy Simmons became the first Principal of the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Education Centre, the only school Krishnamurti Founded in Europe.

Issue 2: April 1965 to December 1965

In this issue, we see clearly that Mary had read over her diaries for the period she thought we were going to cover before we started this second discussion. She was more precise about dates, numbers, etc. Even so, at one point she has me stop the recorder so she can check in her diary, which must have been on the table in front of her, and she corrects what she was saying.

The period covered in Issue 2 is still before Mary became Krishnaji's assistant, so the picture, here, of Krishnaji is still somewhat from a distance—she is not seeing him for much of the day, every day, as she did later on. But, we do see the closeness between them begin to develop, and, with it, Mary's life and world changing as her involvement with Krishnaji grows.

Here also is Mary's first trip to India, and how that appeared in her eyes. There, and elsewhere, Mary meets for the first time several people who readers will recognize from the many biographies of Krishnaji.

Scott: So we pick up your memoirs in May 1965 when you went from London to hear Krishnaji speak in Paris.

Mary: Yes, I took the boat train to Paris**[1]**. I forget how Krishnaji and Alain went, but Krishnaji was scheduled to give his Paris talks in the Salle Adyar.

S: Where's that?

M: It's a theosophical place near the Tour Eiffel, in that quartier. It's a fair-sized auditorium.

S: Wasn't it unusual for Krishnaji to talk in a theosophical place?

M: Well, there weren't so many venues to pick from, and it was only a few blocks from where he was staying with the Suarèses'.

S: Where did they live?

M: They lived on the Avenue de la Bourdonnais**[2]**, up on the top floor. It was like a penthouse. He spoke twice in the Salle Adyar, and then he had some days off. Apparently my driving abilities were satisfactory, because he suggested going to Versailles.

S: Where were you staying?

M: I was staying at the Hotel Pont Royal. It's a nice hotel on the Left Bank, down off Boulevard St. Germain. Rue de Bac is near there.

S: Rue de Bac, yes, yes, I know it, then. And Alain Naudé?

M: He was staying at the Suarèses' too. It was rather crowded, but somehow it somewhat worked.

Anyway, Krishnaji wanted to go to Versailles, and at some point I had caught on that he liked Mercedes cars. So I went to Hertz and I got a Mercedes car [*soft chuckle from S*], and we went to Versailles. He wasn't then and never has been very interested in palaces and looking at them. He was not a sight-seer. But he loved gardens, and a walk in the gardens was something he enjoyed. We walked all over: a big walk. After that we went on to St. Germain. I think we had a cup of tea, and then we walked some more in St. Germain, which was also pleasant.

S: When you would drive, would Krishnaji be in the front next to you?

M: Yes.

S: And Alain Naudé would be in the back.

M: In the back, that's right. There was another talk, and after that there was another expedition, again in the Mercedes, and this time we went to Chartres, which was wonderful. We walked all around and looked at everything very carefully. Krishnaji was taken with the stained glass windows, found that particularly beautiful, and we all agreed that this was the *loveliest* of all the gothic cathedrals that we had seen. We lunched nearby. I've forgotten the name of the restaurant, but it was about a block away from the cathedral. I could go there if I were there, but I can't remember the name. And then we went to Romboulliet and had another walk in the forest. That, also, was very pleasant.

Paris was busy for him, but not so much for me. All the French friends wanted to see him.

S: Of course. What would Krishnaji wear during these outings?

M: He was always very elegant. For an outing like these he would wear a sort of sports shirt. You know, long sleeve, knitted—those shirts.

S: Ah yes, I remember those shirts.

M: He would also wear a tweed jacket and gray flannel trousers and beautifully polished shoes.

S: Yes, of course.

M: And a scarf at his neck.

S: And when he spoke he wore a tie and more formal wear.

M: Oh yes, he spoke in his usual formal clothing—a suit. So that was Paris.

S: How many people came to the talks there?

M: Well the Salle wasn't huge, but it was a good size, and it was full.

S: A thousand people?

M: Oh, no no, I'd say about five hundred, probably. That's a guess.

S: How many talks did he give, do you remember?

M: He gave five, I think.

After the talks I left for Switzerland by train. I became a vegetarian on the train [*chuckling*] no, not on the train, on the first of June [*laughs*]. Knowing I was going to be a vegetarian, I started, not in Paris because of my father, who lived in Paris in those days—his pleasure was to take me to all the best restaurants in Paris, and I didn't have the gall, or courage, or whatever you want to call it, to say, "Father you should know that I am now a vegetarian." So I postponed making the change until I got on the train leaving Paris [*laughing*].

S: Did you see a lot of your father during that time?

M: Yes. I somehow fitted everything in. I'd go and lunch or dine with him and scuttle back to go to a talk or drive or whatever.

S: And you didn't do any shopping with Krishnaji in Paris that year?

M: Well, I must have, yes. It was always heavy shopping in Paris. There was Lobb shoes. Very important.

S: Of course [*laughing*].

M: Lobb in London was not good enough, according to Krishnaji. So Lobb, Paris, it was. There was an enormous man with an English name but who was French-born. Apparently shoe places and racing places have a lot of emigrated English who've become French, married French women, and they're really French…oh dear, I can't remember his name…a big fellow, and he wore a leather apron.

S: Yes, yes, I remember him.

M: That's the way you dressed if you're a shoe-maker. And he'd bring out these jewel-like shoes. It would be very pleasing to everybody. We'd choose the leather; there would be quite a lot of discussion, and naturally the shoe-maker had already made the wooden form of the foot. Sometimes that had to be adjusted a little bit. And then the order was

placed. And, of course, it had to be that Alain had such shoes too, which he'd never had before in his life [*chuckling*]. Alain shared Krishnaji's passion for clothing.

S: Yes, it was very contagious!

M: And, I seemed to be the proper accompaniment to this because I would give approval and my advice was appreciated.

S: Absolutely! As it still is! [*Laughing.*]

M: Since that first time I uttered the word "Huntsman," I acquired a whole [*S chuckling*] set of characteristics in Krishnaji's mind. I *knew* about these things. If I didn't like something, that was the end of it.

S: Krishnaji told me that Lobb in Paris was better that Lobb in London because [*M chuckles*] after the war Lobb of London didn't take in any new apprentices, so they couldn't get new, really good shoemakers. Whereas Lobb's in Paris got all the Polish shoemakers that fled Poland when the communists took over. This was Krishnaji's version of why Lobb in Paris was better [*chuckling*].

M: [*chuckling*] I didn't know that; you're better informed. I should interview YOU! [*More laughing.*] Well, anyway, it was very satisfying. Then, of course, there's the matter of shirts, which were looked at at Sulka, but there wasn't an order placed, as I recall.

S: Is Sulka in Paris?

M: Yes, but Rome was better for shirts, supposedly.

S: So, you didn't go to Charvet?

M: Oh yes, we went to Charvet, that's true. In fact, I got some shirts in Charvet, too. Yes, quite right, but he also got Italian ones later. Also, I think some scarves were bought at Charvet. Of course, they were Indian Scarves, but Charvet had imported them.

And I remember that Krishnaji gave me one. I remember also that it [*laughs*] it had a lovely scent to it. Krishnaji never used any cologne or scent or anything like that. I remember [*laughing*] reading somewhere, something about "the odor of sanctity," and I decided that's why this scarf smelled so nice. The scarf had been his.

S: Yes.

M: It held the scent for quite a while.

S: Was that the first thing Krishnaji gave you?

M: Yes. A cotton scarf, Indian, but from Charvet. So, now we get to…

S: Wait, can I ask another question? Sorry I keep asking all these questions. This is very informal.

M: Please.

S: Did you go out to eat with Krishnaji at all?

M: I was invited, I think, once to the Suarèses', but not otherwise.

S: Were there any private discussions in Paris?

M: Mmm…I'm having trouble remembering which year those began. Alain was particularly good at rounding up young people. That was really his function in those days because he was of the opinion, and Krishnaji shared it, and I shared it, that the old situation of white-haired ladies filling the auditorium should change. It was time to mix that up a bit. So, Alain collected young people. I can't remember if it was this year—I should have done my homework better—but I remember these started either this year or the next year. I rented a room, for the discussions, in the hotel where I was staying, and about sixty or seventy young people came. Krishnaji discussed with them and answered questions.

S: In French or in English?

M: In English. Some of them would ask questions in French, but he'd reply in English. These meetings with young people was something new and something good, and it continued from then on for as long as Alain was with us.

Anyway, so now I'm on the train from Paris to Geneva, and I go into the dining car for a meal, being now a vegetarian [*chuckling*], and there's *nothing* on the menu that's vegetarian. There isn't a vegetable in sight [*more chuckling*], except for pommes frites, which came with steak.

S: Of course.

M: So, I thought, well, one last time, and I ate. When I got to Geneva, I rented a little car again, and toured up to Gstaad. This time I went to the hotel Rossli, which you will remember.

S: Remind me of where that is.

M: It's right on the corner, where you turn left to go to Lausanne in the middle of Gstaad. Opposite the Olden Hotel. Remember?

S: Oh, yes.

M: I had a room there, and I remember [*laughs*] the nicest thing that happened when I was there, which wasn't very long. My room overlooked the main street, and one morning I heard cowbells. I looked out the window and there was a procession of cows going up to the high pastures in the mountains. They were led by the dowager cow, the queen cow [*chuckling*]. She had the biggest bell and she wore a lovely straw hat with wreaths of flowers on it. She walked with majesty.

S: Yes, I've seen it.

M: That was lovely! All the cows each had their bell ringing as they went past. That was nice.

So a few days after I got there, the telephone rang, and it was Alain to tell me that they had arrived; they flew from Paris to Geneva. He asked, "Do you have a car?"

"Yes, I have a car."

"Well, Krishnaji would like to drive up to Gstaad instead of coming on the train, can you come and pick us up?"

So, I drove down. I think I got a slightly bigger car. I was forever switching from the smallest, cheapest [*chuckling*] to something worthy of the event! [*Laughter.*] I drove down to Geneva and met them. They had spent the night at the Hotel du Rhône, which, if you remember, is right on the river.

S: I do remember it.

M: We went into the dining room. I remember scrutinizing the menu thinking, "You know, I'm a vegetarian now, what do I order?" Krishnaji, who picked up ***everything***, looked at me and said, "What have you been eating lately?" [*S laughs heartily.*] Well, what I had been eating [*more chuckling*] was cheese omelet, and cheese omelet, and again cheese omelet, and I had the feeling, "Am I going to live on cheese omelet for the rest of my life?!" *[M and S laugh.*] I explained about cheese omelet.

He said, "We will teach you how to eat." And he said it quite…firmly. [*S laughs.*] And then they ordered a lovely meal of vegetables and salads and fruits and all the things that we've all been living on ever since!

S: Yes, yes.

M: I was having trouble after that first week on my own in the Hotel Rossli. [*More laughing.*] Anyway, we drove up to Chalet Tannegg. Vanda had rented, as always, one floor of Chalet Tannegg. But she wasn't there and didn't come until July. This was in June still. I left Paris on the first of June, so it was right after that.

S: Sorry, but before you go on, didn't Krishnaji always stay in the same room in the Hotel du Rhône?

M: No, all rooms were identical. They were small rooms with a bath. There was nothing special about any of them. It was a slightly commercial hotel, unlike the Hotel des Bergues, where we stayed later, which was nice. That's what you're thinking of.

S: Yes, that's what I'm thinking of, yes. Can I ask you, do you remember which route you took up the mountain?

M: Yes, along the Lac, always. He liked to go along the lake route.

S: You didn't go through Bulle?

M: Later on it was usually Bulle, but I don't think the first time I knew the way to Bulle. I don't remember.

Vanda had sent ahead a cook, a chef really, to look after Krishnaji and provide the food and all that. It was lovely in Gstaad. There was nobody there. Usually I was asked for lunch, not supper because he had that in his room, but usually for lunch. And I would, with my car, drive to wherever he wanted to walk in the afternoon, if it wasn't up the hill and into the woods. It was very pleasant.

S: Do you remember some of these walks, where they were?

M: Well, sometimes we went up towards Gsteig and walked. I remember there was a way—I never did it later on, but there was a way of going off the road onto some higher fields and walking up there. Also, we often walked down along the river, the Saanen River toward the airport, that way. There was also the Lauenen walk. It was nice.

Then, not too long after arriving in Gstaad, we had to go back to Geneva. Again, we lunched at the Hotel du Rhône. Then we went to pick up shirts. Krishnaji got shirts in Geneva. I don't know why he got shirts in Geneva, but he did. There was a place on the Rue du Rhône where he got some sort of shirts.

S: Were they those warmish ones almost like, but not quite flannel?

M: Actually, they were made by Allen Solly in England, but you could get them there. They had a very good store.

Can you turn off the recorder for a moment while I check my diaries? [Tape is turned off, then back on.]

I was wrong about the drive. We drove down from Gstaad via the Col du Pillon through Aigle, and then around the French side of the lake.

S: Ahh, Deauville.

M: Yes. And going in and out of France, you went through customs at both ends. We looked for a restaurant in Yvoire but we didn't find one, so we wound up at the Hotel du Rhône. Krishnaji had his fitting, and then came the first of many immemorial visits to Patek Philippe. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: *Yes*.

M: This was always *immensely* pleasing to him. He would come in, and they would bow because they knew him. Out would come his steel watch, and he would go into a very grave conference with, not the man who bows to you, but the man who really makes the watches and adjusts them.

S: Yes.

M: They would confer with heads down, you know, looking at the watch, heads slightly bowed. And then [*Scott chuckles*] the man would take it away and do something mysterious. Meanwhile, we'd look at all the other watches. Eventually, Krishnaji's watch would be brought back just "au point"—it was perfect. You may remember because you've been there with him, too.

S: I remember *well*!

M: This was a ritual visit.

S: Yes! Not unlike a visit to Mecca! [*Chuckles.*]

M: Yes, this is one of the important moments in the summer! [*More chuckling.*] It was never to be hurried or taken lightly, and it was very satisfying.

S: I know, I know!

M: Then we drove back, this time we went via Bulle. By this time I knew the way to go via Bulle, which was lovely. But before turning up into the mountains, he always wanted to go along the lake. He didn't want to go on the auto-route. Well, we did sometimes when we had to, and that's when I found out that Krishnaji liked to drive fast. But at this time I had a Hertz car. I learned he liked to drive fast when, in a later year, I had the Jaguar, but that's for another chapter. So, we went back via Bulle, and I had supper with him that night. That was the first expedition of that kind.

S: Did you stop *in* Bulle?

M: No. We always did later on to buy the famous Gateau Bulleoise, but that was years later.

Something else of great interest happened that year. Enrique Biascoechea, whom I don't know if you ever knew.

S: I've never met him, but I knew *of* him.

M: Well, he and his wife Isabel came to Saanen every year to hear Krishnaji speak, and they took an apartment down by the river. Isabel was a very good cook. She used to cook lunch. Enrique was an old theosophist. A very sweet man. He knew about Krishnaji's Mercedes feelings. So, he had the idea to buy a little Mercedes, a two-seater, and give it to the Saanen gathering committee [*S chuckles*] but only for the use of, guess who?

S: Yes.

M: So, one day I went up to Tannegg and there was this beautiful little silver jewel-like car, with Krishnaji looking so pleased. He showed me everything about it, and then he asked if I would like a drive. I said, "Yes, I'd love a ride." So, he drove me to Chateau d'Oex. I remember it was the first time I'd driven with him driving instead of me driving. He looked so elegant with his driving gloves, and he drove beautifully. Obviously an experienced driver!

S: [*Chuckles*] Yes.

M: [*Chuckling*] Then we drove back to Tannegg.

S: Did you do anything in Chateau d'Oex?

M: No, we just went to Chateau d'Oex, then turned around and came back. When we got back he dusted the car—it had been out! [*S laughs.*] I think the next day when I went up, I found him and Alain *both* washing it because it had been out. As I watched Alain working, I thought, "My god, he's a musician, he's going to ruin his hands." [*Laughing.*] But he was doing what had to be done, and Krishnaji was also washing. After it was washed, Krishnaji opened the hood and dusted all the machinery inside. Only then [*S laughs*] was it alright.

Again walks every day.

He, also at this point, received some tapes of chants from India, and we listened to those, which I enjoyed.

S: Who was it that was chanting, do you remember?

M: They were made at the Rishi Valley School with the children chanting.

Every day we walked, rain or shine. Also, there was a lot of talk about my going to India. I was planning to make the *whole* tour that year, so, we talked about that. Krishnaji said that he must see that I'm properly looked after in India, and he'd arrange my housing. He

said that I shouldn't go to a hotel in Madras, but that Frances McCann and Alain and I should rent a house in Madras, because it would be healthier: we could control our food. I hadn't the *remotest* idea how to rent a house in Madras, as you can imagine. [*S chuckles*.] But Alain knew just what to do. He wrote to Mrs. Jayalakshmi saying that Krishnaji had suggested this and could she [*chuckling*] take care of it? When we get to that part I'll tell you how she took care of it!

S: Yes, yes, I'm sure!

M: Back to Saanen: We often went down to the Biascoechea's for lunch. Either I would also be asked to have lunch, or I would drive them, drop them, and later take them back up the hill. That was when Enrique pulled out a photograph of Krishnaji and his brother Nitya as little boys. The Biascoecheas brought them out to show us. Krishnaji looked at that and looked at that, and he kept going back and looking at it again. He said he didn't remember that time at all. Afterward, when I drove him up the hill, I said, "What was it that interested you so much in that photo?"

That's when he made the statement, "If we only could figure out why that boy wasn't conditioned and remained vacant, perhaps we could help children in the schools not to be so conditioned." He was trying, somehow, to get a sense of why that boy, meaning himself, remained that way. Why nothing really scarred him at all, mentally. I remember his looking at the photo for, oh, such a long time.

Vanda eventually arrived. I, in the meantime, not wanting to spend my life in the Hotel Rossli with cheese omelets, had rented a flat in an apartment house called Les Caprice.

S: Yes, I remember where that is.

M: When Vanda came there was no longer a room for Alain because she only rented one floor, the floor on the level where you came in, and that only had two bedrooms. The proprietor lived upstairs. He was a German, and he only came for a short time in summer, but he never rented out his floor. There was a downstairs floor with a flat, because the chalet was built on a hill, but Vanda only had the middle floor. When Vanda came Alain had nowhere to go. Fortunately, the flat I had taken had two bedrooms, so I invited Alain to stay with me, which he did.

Then the talks began. Again, usually I walked in the afternoon with Krishnaji and Alain. Vanda didn't want to walk; she was doing yoga all morning and wasn't much for walking. So, I usually walked.

At one point, Pupul Jayakar arrived, and that was my first meeting with her. She stayed only a short while. Again, we all went to the Biascoechea's for some meals, everybody.

S: Let me go back a moment. Who would drive Krishnaji to the talks?

M: Vanda.

S: What car did she have, do you remember?

M: Yes, she still has it but it no longer works, at least it didn't the last time I saw her. It was a Lancia, very old even *then*, and this is '65. It was an old and rather splendid Lancia, and she drove it with great dexterity and speed. She drove it up from Italy to Gstaad in those days. After bringing Krishnaji to the tent for the talks, she would park the car under the trees always by the Boy Scout camp.

S: When Pupul came, did she stay at Chalet Tannegg?

M: She stayed with the Biascoecheas. She was only there a short time.

Also, Pupul's daughter Radhika arrived, also staying with the Biascoecheas.

I remember going on a walk with everybody, Pupul, Radhika, Alain and, I forget who else; I was walking behind, and Krishnaji fell back in step with me. This is when he said to me quite shyly, "Did I ever know you in California?" [*S laughs.*] Of course, this refers to the interviews I'd had. which were ***earth-shaking*** events in my life.

S: And the whole reason that you were there in Saanen.

M: The whole…everything had changed. [*More laughing.*] He didn't, of course, remember *anything*. I remember laughing and being *very pleased*. It was the way he should have been.

S: Yes [*chuckles*].

How many people came to the talks, roughly?

M: The usual, a tent full.

S: But they grew over the years that I was attending.

M: The later tents held more. This was different. It was tiered seating. It was a nice-looking tent, but it was the same hard benches you sat on and all that.

S: Was it over towards the Boy Scout camp side of the field?

M: No, it was right where the tents always were, the same place. The entrance was from the river.

In those days a lot of people made their own tape recording. There weren't any rules about that. People sat down at a kind of table near the stage and taped.

Then George Vithoulkas showed up. George was a Greek who was becoming a homeopath. He and Alain knew each other and had shared an interest in homeopathy.

George became a professional at it, eventually becoming quite renowned, I'm told. However, this was early on, and George took on Krishnaji's case, as it were. You'll hear the rest about George later. Anyway, he was there in Saanen.

Krishnaji gave an awful lot of talks in those days. I think there were ten or something like that. And, at the end of each talk, he would ask for questions from the floor.

After the talks were over, he held young people's discussions again. Alain had rounded up young people. He used to go around the camping ground where a lot of the young people camped, and just collect young people like the Pied Piper. Sometimes these young people's discussions were at Tannegg, if they could all fit in, but there was one across the river in a field.

S: Across from where the tent was?

M: No, further down toward Gstaad. If you walk along the river you come to it.

S: Before you get to that hotel?

M: Yes. There were several young people's discussions.

Also, David Bohm came, and they had discussions. There were six of those, and they were at Tannegg.

S: They had met previously, and they had had discussions here in England, hadn't they?

M: Yes, they had met previously back in the beginning of the 60s.

Then there was another trip to Geneva. I don't quite remember when. But at that point [*chuckling*], Krishnaji asked me to be on the Rishi Valley School committee!

S: [*laughs heartily*]. Being the great Indian expert that you were!

M: [*laughs*] Imagine! I had no qualifications, but it didn't matter to him! I don't remember what I replied, but fortunately nothing came of it. [*S and M laugh together.*]

We went another time to Geneva, and this time we lunched at the Hotel des Bergues, which became more the normal place.

I was going to go to India, but before going to India I had to fly back to the U.S.

S: Before we fly back to the U.S., may I ask, did Alain always accompany you on these trips to Geneva with Krishnaji?

M: Yes, yes, always.

So, I flew back to Malibu, and whatever else I did, I went and saw my family. So, the story picks up when, in September, there was a fight between India and Pakistan, which put the whole Indian winter tour in jeopardy. Alain called me to tell me that Krishnaji was going to decide whether to go to India as scheduled, or postpone it until the end of the month. He then suggested that I come to Rome, and that if we didn't go to India, that we all spend the winter in Italy. But, as it happened, there was a cease-fire, and Alain, who had been refused a visa for India, now was able to get a visa for India. So, I flew back to meet them in Rome in October. Krishnaji and Alain were staying in a place that Vanda had rented, Villa del Casaletto, which was a house outside Rome, toward the airport, over behind the Villa Florie and all that.

S: Where did you stay in Rome?

M: I stayed in the Hotel Flora that time.

S: Where's that?

M: It's right by the Borghese Gardens, next to the Excelsior.

S: Was it hard for you to go back to Rome?**[3]**

M: Yes, it was actually.

S: I'm sure.

M: Yes. I had wanted never to go back to Rome, but I had to go back to do this. I wasn't there very long.

S: Was Krishnaji aware of how difficult it was for you to be back in Rome?

M: I didn't talk about it.

S: Yes.

M: So, two or three days after arriving, on the first of November, I think it was, we flew to Delhi, and were met at the airport by Kitty Shiva Rao and Pupul.

S: Did your plane stop anyplace?

M: Don't know, probably. All those flights in those days stopped somewhere, usually they came down to refuel in some Arab country.

I remember the fact that when Krishnaji arrived in Delhi, the car met him at the foot of the steps down from the plane…

S: [*laughs*] Yes.

M: Which is very nice.

S: Did you sit with Krishnaji on the airplane, or did Alain sit next to him?

M: Neither. In the beginning, Krishnaji would be in first class, and Alain and I would be in tourist. He would always try to persuade me to take his seat in first class, which I, obviously, didn't do.

Anyway, we arrived in Delhi and we were ushered into the VIP lounge, while other people saw to the luggage. I didn't have to do anything, which was wonderful. Our passports were taken away (Pama, I think, did that, as I recall). Eventually passports were returned after being processed, and we were taken into Delhi, stopping first at the Shiva Raos' for Krishnaji. Kitty Shiva Rao had very kindly arranged for me to stay in a place called the IndianInternational Center, not far from her house, where I had a very nice room. She lived not far from Lodhi Park. I remember that same day, Krishnaji, and, I think, Pupul, and Alain, we drove around to show me a bit of things, and we drove into Lodhi Park, but it was dark by that time.

S: If I may come back to something, did you go in a car from the airport separately from Krishnaji?

M: No, I went in the same car to the hotel, but the car stopped first at the Shiva Raos' house and the Shiva Raos and Krishnaji and Alain got out.

S: Where did Alain stay?

M: In the beginning, he stayed at Shiva Rao's, and then a few days later he also took a room in the International Center. I don't know what the domestic situation was, but I think it was crowded there. However, Kitty very kindly asked me to take all my meals at their house. You know, people are so hospitable in India, and I was treated as Krishnaji's guest in a sense. Maybe he made it appear that way.

S: But they often are very hospitable, yes.

M: Krishnaji was concerned that I shouldn't eat this and that.

S: How long did you spend there?

M: Well, we got there on the second of November, and he gave his first talk on the seventh in the garden of the Constitution Club. He was under a shamiana**[4]**, on a little raised platform with a bright little canvas thing shielding him from the sun. There was a wonderful red and blue carpet put out for people to sit on. I sat with Alain, right in front of the stage with the Nagra tape recorder. That was the first time I saw Krishnaji with an Indian audience, and he startled me by being really blunt with the audience, saying, as nearly as I can recall, "You people have talked about non-violence for all these years, and yet this year *not one of you* spoke out against the war." They'd almost had a war with

Pakistan. He really, put it as *only* he could, *witheringly*! I remember really feeling shocked, that he talked differently to Indian audiences at that time. He was tougher with them.

Then there was a side trip. Do you want to hear about this? It doesn't involve Krishnaji.

S: We want everything [*both laugh*].

M: Well, I forget what started it, but anyway, on around the fifteenth, Frances McCann, Alain, I, and George Vithoulkas, with a car and a driver, drove to Rishikesh. We were told that there would be no place to stay, and that we must prepare to put up with that. We thought that we'd go anyway and, if necessary, we would sleep in sleeping bags. We went off, I remember [*chuckling*], with a big bottle of boiled water and a bag of walnuts [*S chuckles*], which was sort of our rations. When we got to Rishikesh we discovered that there really weren't any hotel rooms; but Alain, who was very good at persuading people, went into the tourist bureau, and talked them into letting us stay in what I think were called Dak Bungalows. These are the places for government inspectors to stay when they came around. There happened to be one right on the Ganga. You entered past a little sentry at the gate. He had a spear! [*Laughs, then S laughs.*] He didn't have a gun [*more laughing*], and he was standing there all by himself in front of the gate with a spear. We drove in quite a ways, and found the bungalow, which was *immaculately* clean, and it had, I think, three bedrooms and four bathrooms, which was quite something. Frances and I shared a bathroom, and this was my first experience with Indian toilets! [*Laughs*].

S: Ah, yes [*laughs*].

M: But it was clean, it was nice. After settling in, we went back into town, looking for some place to eat. As you may know, there was a restaurant chain called Kwality Restaurant. I don't know whether they still have them in India.

S: I remember seeing them.

M: So, we went to a Kwality Restaurant, and we very carefully ordered cooked things that we thought wouldn't have ptomaine in them. I think we drank a lot of tea [*chuckling*]. I don't remember much else.

We had rather cold showers in the morning, then we went up to Shivananda Ashram in Hardvar, which was interesting because of the masses of sannyasis in yellow robes, and it was the first time I had seen leper beggars, which were part of the *Ben-Hur* story. We went to the Ashram and we waited to see the head of it, but he was busy. So, we left, and we went looking for a specific yoga guru, who was reputed to be wonderful, but he was out. So we returned to Rishikesh.

Then George went looking for something, I can't remember what, but he came back saying that next door there was an Ayurvedic doctor who told him that a great swami was about to arrive and did we want to meet the great swami? We replied that we did. So, at

the appointed time, we went next door, and this weird looking [*chuckling*] man entered. He was very fattish, with a big round face. He looked at us from one to the other, seeming to question, "Who are these people and what do they do?" We sat down and he asked some questions and George got fascinated by this man. Later on, George decided that he wanted to become this man's disciple, if you please. Well, Alain was horrified and disgusted. The next day, Alain, Frances, and I went up to Dehradun.

S: Ah, yes.

M: Up, up, up, up, up, the Himalayas and on, as you know to the snow line and beyond, the most ***wonderful*** mountains. When we returned, Alain and George got into an argument, with Alain saying, "You came here to look after Krishnaji, what do you mean by going off with this guru?"

S: What was he treating Krishnaji for?

M: Just looking after his health. But George wanted to know magic; he wanted Sidis, powers, all these things.

So, we drove back to Delhi with a rather poor atmosphere in the car. George went to see Krishnaji that evening, and Krishnaji tried to help him see clearly what he was pursuing, but George wasn't going to have anything to do with contradicting his intentions. Alain was furious. He thought this was outrageous, inconsiderate, irresponsible, and so forth.

So, George goes off to his swami, and the rest of us went to Rajghat.

I remember [*chuckling*] in the airport in Delhi, waiting for the plane, there was a whole room of waiting passengers, but there was one who had a gray scarf around his head; he was fat and short, and he was covered with ashes on his forehead, and done up in a shawl. I said to Krishnaji in French, "Quel est son maquillage?" What is his makeup? [*S laughs.*] Krishnaji made a bewildered gesture, and then Krishnaji did what he always did in airports, he walked around with great dignity, taking in everything, but never staring at anything, if you know what I mean. He would *obliquely* see everything.

S: Yes, yes.

M: [*laughing*] When he came back, he made a funny remark like, "Now, I've seen everything."

When we got to Benares, Krishnaji went off with Madhavachari and some others in a kind of a bus.

I'll never forget my first glimpses of Benares, because it made me feel that I hadn't been in India till then. All the traffic with the lorries constantly honking at each other, and all the decorations on them, and the goats and cows wandering around, and the women putting dung patties on the walls to dry them, and other women with big brass pitchers of

water on their head, and the smells of things drying and the people lying on those string beds, low beds by the sides of the roads. It was *India*, much more so than Delhi! [*Laughing.*]

S: Yes. [*Laughing*] Who flew? It was you, Alain, Krishnaji, …

M: And, I guess, Frances. I remember that I sat next to Krishnaji, and he pointed out to me, in the early morning, the pink snows of the Himalayas, and how beautiful it was.

S: So, you must have taken off before daybreak?

M: Yes. Somehow all flights in India were always in weird hours in those days.

When we got to Rajghat, there ensued this [*laughing*] business about the rooms that were prepared for us.

S: Sorry, let me stop you again to ask questions people in the future may have. When Krishnaji flew with you at this time, was he wearing Indian clothing?

M: Oh yes, he wore Indian clothing right through, all the time he was in India. This reminds me that when we were in Delhi, he wore churidars. You know what churidars are?

S: Yes.

M: You know they're longer than your legs, and they tighten on your calves as you push them up, but they have to fit. Krishnaji sent me over a pair of his to try. Unfortunately his legs are much thinner than mine [*laughing*], and I got stuck in them! I had a terrible time getting out without ripping them. [*M and S laughing.*] There was also a lot of shopping for clothing for me in Delhi, in the beginning.

S: Where did you go?

M: I went to the Cottage Industries. Kitty Shiva Rao was one of the directors of that, and I can't remember if she took me or sent me, but there was a lot of getting things to wear in India, like cotton things.

S: Did you bring them back to show Krishnaji, which I know he so enjoyed later?

M: No, I just turned up in them. [*Laughs*.]

Anyway, we're now at Rajghat. There was a big turnout at the school to greet him, little children with flowers and everything. Frances and I were given rooms. We had a big room and a little room and we shared a bathroom. It was in one of those buildings looking over the river called Krishna Ashram. We went upstairs to our rooms and opened the door, and were ***astonished***. It must have been unused for several years [*M and S*

chuckling] because, I'm not exaggerating, there was so much dust it was like being in the desert. When we entered, clouds of it went up. It looked like sand, but it was dust. There was nothing in the room except one bed with just the rope, no mattress, no sheets, no blankets, no mosquito netting, nothing! The small room was in a similar condition.

Frances and I debated about who got the big one and who got the small one. She won and got the small one [*chuckles*]. There were three pegs in the wall on which you could hang things, but that's all there was, nothing else! [*S laughs.*] The bathroom was not very big, and it was chiefly extraordinary because of the wash basin—it was small, and it was as black as your tape recorder. I don't know how one could get a wash basin, a white porcelain wash basin, that black unless you poured tar on it! [*S laughs.*] No ordinary dirt could do that, not even *years* of ordinary dirt [*S laughs more*] could get a white sink that black. And then there was just a hole in the floor as a toilet. Alain was in the same building but somewhere else, and after seeing our place, he went right to Krishnaji and told him. Then, apparently, Madhavachari, who ran all K activities in India, was told that all was not well. He'd been an Indian railway big shot of some kind but was now retired. Very tall, big man. Very severe Brahmin type, but he had no interest in people's comfort—at all! [*Laughter.*] He came and looked at it and mumbled something like, "Oh, it, ah yes, it's not ready. Well, I'll ah, send someone" but *nobody ever came*! Apparently Krishnaji was again informed, and now Krishnaji arrived. *And* the to-do [*laughing*] that followed from his coming and seeing this! This should be, you know, beneath his knowledge or notice.

S: Of course [*laughing*].

M: But he came in and [*chuckling*] started asserting his authority. In no time people came with buckets of water and brooms, etc. Eventually a mattress was found, and some sheets and a blanket and, I think, eventually mosquito nets. Some pathetic bearer, the one who staggered up the stairs with our buckets of boiling water in the morning, which he'd gotten up way before dawn to make (we could hear him cutting the firewood, making the fire, boiling the buckets of water); this poor man was set to cleaning the wash basin. He cleaned it for four hours the first day, and he was still scraping away with a razor the day we left three weeks later. *Terrible*! But the consternation at Krishnaji coming over and seeing what *his* guests were subjected to—everybody's face was ashen. [*M and S both laugh.*]

S: Of course. Where did you have your meals?

M: Where did we have our meals? I don't remember any meals [*laughing*]. Well, it can't have been bad or I would have remembered it! [*Chuckles.*]

Anyway Krishnaji gave lots of talks, and talks to the children.

S: Where did those take place?

M: In the school hall, you know, you go down along the river, and you come to the big hall for the school, which was initiated by Tagore. Anyway, there were talks to teachers, and to students, together and separately. And, one lovely day in December Frances and I were invited to Krishnaji's room where he chanted with Mr. Salman, who was the music teacher. We sat on the floor. I remember his room, it was *very neat*. There was a towel over this pillow. The mosquito netting was pulled back ever so neatly, and there was a metal wardrobe and something with drawers, and a chair. I can still see it vividly. There was a small rug on which we sat, and they chanted. It was wonderful.

S: Did you go for walks in the afternoon with Krishnaji?

M: Yes, often around the playing fields. There was a big walk that goes all around the property. Also, I went quite a lot by myself across the little river, the Varuna, to the villages—did you ever do that?

S: Yes, many times.

M: I remember the earth is sort of sand-colored, and the buildings were made of that same earth and so were the same color, but with white decorations on them. They weren't square, like ordinary houses; they were sort of rounded as if little children had made them, you know, like the houses children make on the beach. I used to walk over there quite a lot. Also, I used to walk to the agricultural school.

I also remember being asked to go with Alain into Benares to buy staves (I think you'd call them) because there was a student in the agricultural college who'd been bitten by a rabid jackal, and he didn't take the Pasteur treatment, so he died. We were asked to buy staves, big heavy things, to ward off rabid jackals. I never saw jackals, but that was the errand. I remember the *extraordinary-ness* of Benares, which again [*S laughs*] is like *no* place else in the world.

S: Yes, it seems like the essence of India.

M: Yes. Again, the taxis and trucks honking, with goats and cows wandering around. At one point, Frances and Alain and I were walking down toward the ghats**[5]** and, going around a corner, I almost collided with a bicycle with a dead body on the back! Wrapped up and being taken to the burning ghats**[6]**. Then walking along the river, on the ghats, and we were just walking through ashes. I remember saying to Alain, "Look if I fall in, just keep walking and forget you ever knew me, because [*S laughs*] I'll be dead!" [*Both laugh.*] Strange city!

S: Yes, yes. What kind of contact did you have with Krishnaji during this time? Did you go up to his room for discussions?

M: Yes, I was invited for some discussions.

S: Did you only see him during these discussions?

M: Well, I'd see him during the discussions, and I was asked, I think, to lunch. I believe Parameshwaran**[7]** was with him then, so there was lunch upstairs in his building—in that back room which was the dining room.

S: I remember. So, you'd have lunch with Krishnaji there?

M: Yes.

S: Would you participate in many discussions and see him for walks?

M: Yes, but not as much as some other places.

S: You must have gone to Sarnath**[8]**.

M: Yes, I went to Sarnath either alone or with somebody, probably Alain. I walked there, and went to the museum. I remember the walk, and going by a little, tiny—it wasn't even a temple, but there was some guru who lived there, and people would come with offerings and things.

We also went down the Ganges in a boat.

I remember also that there was an old dog, I've forgotten his name, but, it was something like Rover. In the early morning, when I'd go for walks, I'd see the dog out in the river looking for protein! [*Laughing.*] And so were the vultures.

Then I'd go to tea in the afternoon and see, like Badger**[9]** lying here on the floor asleep, dear old Rover and I don't think the Western ladies who fussed over him knew where [*laughing*] he'd been in the early morning!

S: Yes, eating dead bodies.

M: Yes, eating dead bodies.

Eventually, when we were to travel on, I remember at the airport, there was a lady, she was a Jain, and she was disturbed and believed she was married to Krishnaji, so we had to protect him from her. She would lie in wait for him because she always wanted to touch him, and he didn't want her to, so we had to run interference like in football. We used to call her Mrs. Moonlight, because she got madder when the moon was fullest, as some people do. At one point, in the airport, she almost got to him, and I remember his saying severely to her, "Don't touch me." He later told a story about how once in Bombay, he was out alone, and she appeared, and he had had to say, "Go away," and eventually, "If you don't, I will call a policeman." She replied, "Go ahead, I'm your wife!" [*Both S and M laugh.*] Luckily, at that point, a streetcar came by, and he jumped on the streetcar and escaped. [*Laughs.*] She had a daughter, and she got the poor child to write, "darling daddy" letters to Krishnaji.

Anyway, we traveled on to Madras. It had been rather cool and dry in Rajghat; in fact, it was rather cold. We flew back to Delhi, because we had to go to Delhi to get to Madras.

Again, I spent the night at the International Center, and Krishnaji stayed at the Shiva Raos'. Then Krishnaji, Alain, and I flew to Madras. I remember stepping out of the plane in Madras, and it was suddenly the tropics. It was late afternoon, and it was *totally* different. There were crowds of people to greet Krishnaji, many of them with garlands, and one of them was Mrs. Jayalakshmi. Did you ever meet her?

S: Oh, yes, oh yes, I met her many times.

M: Well, for those who haven't, she was quite tall for an Indian woman, with great presence and dignity. She dressed in a South Indian style, which was always the cotton blouse with beautiful heavy, heavy, heavy silk saris, but she wore them differently: it was wrapped around her waist in a different way. It wasn't the over-the-shoulder way, and it had great elegance. Eventually I saw her collection of saris, which is something extraordinary. She was very silent, and rather shy; and slightly austere.

S: A marvelous lady.

M: Yes.

M: When Alain greeted her, she said, "I have found you a house." She proceeded to drive us to the house that she had rented for us. She also rented all the furniture from Spencer's in town, *and* she lent us her Brahmin cook to cook one meal a day! I couldn't *believe* the hospitality. She didn't know Frances and she didn't know me. She knew Alain, and because he'd written to her that Krishnaji wanted so and so, she'd gone to all this trouble! Really extraordinary. So we moved in; Frances and I had rooms upstairs with a bath. Alain was downstairs, and we had a kitchen, where I was to get breakfast and supper. And [*laughing*] I remember my first glimpse of the kitchen, a room about ten feet by twenty feet, a sizeable room, and at the narrow end were shelves with cooking pots, which looked like silver, but they don't have handles. At the other end of the room was a stone counter with a square hole cut out, above which was a cold water faucet. That was the sink. To the left of that was something familiar to you people who camp, which is a kerosene burner [*S laughs*]. A huge one.

S: [*laughing*] So, you had a luxury kitchen!

M: Yes [*laughs*]. That's all there was! There was nothing else.

S: But you're supposed to fill it with about a dozen servants and…

M: Well, the one servant arrived, the Brahmin cook. He was a very handsome young man, very polite and austere and dignified, but I saw him preparing lunch on the floor. Chop, chop, chop, chop, *on the floor*. Now, because he's Brahmin he's very clean, and I

realized that I had to not go in there without taking off shoes and having clean feet! [*Laughs.*] But even so, on the floor!

S: Yes, I know! [*Laughing.*]

M: So, my first meal was breakfast, but before that the milk-man came with water buffalo milk. He carried it in a huge pitcher. The customers had their container, and he would pour it into your container. And I remember there was always the dirty thumb that was holding it like this and the milk cascaded down over the dirty thumb. The milk had to be boiled, so you don't fuss about these things. [*S chuckles.*] So I would boil the milk. There was also an earthenware closed pot for boiled water which was filled by the Brahmin cook. You could trust the water. I made toast on the camp-fire thing [*laughing*] with toast stuck on a fork.

S: [*laughing*] So it tasted of kerosene!

M: Yes, and there was fruit, carefully cut so you didn't get dysentery. That was breakfast [*laughs*].

That was interesting as a first experience. Frances didn't do anything about breakfast in those days. I got the breakfast alone [*chuckles*]. Anyway, I was invited over to Vasanta Vihar**[10]**. Krishnaji showed me all around and explained that when he was no longer welcome in the TS**[11]** that Rajagopal collected donations to buy the six acres of Vasanta Vihar. They had intended to build two small buildings, but somehow all this great big thing was built, which wasn't what Krishnaji would have chosen, but there it was. He showed me everything, including the big hall, which you will remember so well, and his rooms upstairs, etc., the whole thing.

After that we went for a walk. Mrs. Jayalakshmi drove us to the deer park, and the three of us walked around the deer park. That was nice.

Then, the public talks began, at which point I got the flu. I was really sick and had to stay in bed. I remember thinking that I was going to get pneumonia because I got sicker and sicker and sicker. Finally, one night I went down to Alain's room and said, "Look, what am I going to do?" He responded, "I promise you, as your friend, that if you really get seriously ill, I will get you to the American hospital in Paris if I have to drag you there myself." That reassured me. I had a terrible feeling that I'd be put in an Indian hospital. I kept having visions, I suppose from movies, where there's a caravan crossing the desert and someone falls off a camel, and the rest just continue on.

S: [*laughing*] Yes.

M: And that was going to be me! Left in India! [*Laughing.*] So, my spirits picked up and I guess I conquered my bug. The moment my fever dropped, Alain told Krishnaji, who said, "Bring her here." Alain came back and told me, "Krishnaji wants to see you NOW!" So I staggered up and put clothes on. He wanted to do, what we have come to call,

"healing." That was the first time he ever did that with me. He sat me down in a chair, put his hands on my shoulders so lightly it was like a bird's wing touching me. He then asked me where I felt the illness, and I had, of course, terrible sinus congestion. He put his hand on, above, and beneath my eyes as though smoothing it away with the tips of his fingers. Then he put one of his hands over one eye and the other hand on one shoulder. The pain stopped instantly. He said, "Now, you come every day and I'll do it."

S: What did you feel besides the pain stopping?

M: I wanted to weep at his kindness. I was so touched. It was terribly moving. Years later, he once helped my housekeeper, Filomena, who had terrible arthritis. She said to me afterward, "A les mani de un santo." He has the hands of a saint. That's what it was like. [*Pause*.]

S: Did you feel anything else or think anything else at the time?

M: No, just very quiet, *very* quiet. Not some deliberate intended quiet, but one felt it when he did this. I could have sat there after he finished for I don't know how long.

He would always go away afterwards and shake his hands like he was shaking it all away.

S: Yes, like trying to shake water off one's hands.

M: Yes, but he seemed to me to be doing something like shaking the illness off. And then he'd go and wash his hands.

Ask me questions.

S: Who was running the Indian activities in those days?

M: Madhavachari.

S: What was the atmosphere like in the place? Did you feel welcome?

M: Yes, I did, in spite of some ridiculous things. They were all very nice.

In Madras I don't remember too many walks. It was before the walking-on-the-beach routine started. Instead, he walked in the deer park.

S: Didn't Krishnaji walk to Jayalakshmi's house and back?

M: Maybe. She was just down the road.

S: I know. I thought he used to…I walked there with him.

M: I didn't go on walks with him in Madras, really. Except to the deer park.

S: Were there discussions at lunch and things like that that you would join?

M: Yes, occasionally. The first lunch I was invited to was held in that big room where all the meetings are held. There was a table at the end of it. Madhavachari was there and Krishnaji, and I don't remember who else.

S: I also wanted to ask you about Tapas. Do you remember Tapas?

M: *Yes*.

S: She was such a sweet lady and so devoted to Krishnaji. I assume she must have been there in Delhi and in Rajghat and in Madras.

M: Probably. A little tiny woman! She had a running war with Sunanda, Pupul, and Nandini**[12]**, all the people who were supposedly looking after Krishnaji because she kept his Indian clothes. She saw to them, and she would never [*laughing*] tell them where she kept them. [*S laughs.*] She was *very* possessive of them. So, they had a crisis every year when he was about to arrive, trying to round up his Indian wardrobe. The clothes would suddenly materialize, but [*laugh*] only after they were thoroughly frustrated! [*S and M both laugh.*] It was her territorial assertion.

S: Yes, yes. Didn't she also do the cleaning in his room?

M: Yes, she did. And his bathroom. I'll jump ahead, since Tapas has come up; but this takes place later, when she was here at Brockwood. The Siddoos**[13]** paid for her trip. She also came to Switzerland that summer. By this time I was doing all these things, so she grilled me, "What happens to his shirts?"

I said, "They are washed at home."

"Who washes them?"

"I do."

"Oh. Who irons them?"

"I do."

"Oh," she said. [*Both M and S laugh.*] Things were satisfactory. I didn't send them out with other people's dirty linen!

S: Heaven forbid! [*More laughing*]. And someone unworthy didn't iron them! [*Both laugh again.*] Yes.

M: She was very sweet, very sweet. [*Laughing.*]

So, from Madras we drove to Rishi Valley.

Krishnaji drove with Pama**[14]** and I forget who else. Alain, Frances, and I were in a separate car that I had hired with a driver. We all set off at four in the morning, as you will remember, the usual time to set off for Rishi Valley.

Krishnaji's car was ahead, and he had told me to look for the Southern Cross, which I'd never seen. I remember driving through that morning before sunrise and the bullock carts coming in from the country bringing vegetables to the city; those white bullocks prodding slowly along, not to be hurried, and the lorries honking—the whole thing. Going through villages where people were huddled around small, smoky fires and all wrapped up, especially their heads and necks wrapped up to keep them warm in the predawn of India.

You must remember it too.

S: Yes, it always seemed extraordinary.

M: We were to all meet up and have a picnic breakfast somewhere along the road. But when we got to a certain road block, a check point as it were, it turned out that our car didn't have the proper papers.

S: Oh yes, I remember at one point they were only licensed to drive in certain areas.

M: Exactly, so the car had to go back to a place called Nallore. After much gesticulating, talking, and so forth, we hired another taxi, which had the proper papers. So, we got to Rishi Valley rather late. The other car had stopped for the picnic breakfast, but we never turned up. Krishnaji was out in front of the old guest house when we arrived.

I immediately felt better in Rishi Valley, because it was a different climate: dry. It was like Arizona for me. All my troubles with that flu-like illness ended with the good climate.

Krishnaji was in that little room of his upstairs in the old guest house.

S: Let's stop here because we only have about five minutes of tape left, and it will be easy to pick up our conversation from here. You've just arrived at Rishi Valley.

M: Yes.

S: Is there anything else you can think of before your arrival in Rishi Valley?

M: I just remember the strange look of the valley, with those extraordinary rocks that have always looked to me like children's toys that must have been put there by a giant baby and balanced just so. Nature couldn't create them somehow.

S: Yes.

M: Nature wouldn't have done it that way.

S: [*chuckles*] Yes.

M: There is one thing I've forgotten to mention that happened in Madras before we went to Rishi Valley that year. George Vithoulkas suddenly turned up. He'd gotten, I guess, scared of the swami. He thought some sort of black magic was going on. Anyway, he turned up, and Alain was really angry at him for the way he'd behaved, because Alain felt responsible for having introduced him to Krishnaji. It got to be rather unpleasant between the two of them.

So, George left, and he left rather rudely, as I recall. It was all quite unpleasant.

Most of the Indians were very disapproving of all this, but they rather blamed Alain for it.

S: Why did they blame Alain? I know that opinions about Alain were pretty low in India.

M: Yes, they were. Part of it was over this: they blamed him for George, but I think they were willing to blame him because Alain was suddenly an intruder for them. They had to go through Alain, to some degree, to see Krishnaji or arrange things for him. They felt he was an intruder, and they didn't like him for that.

S: Ah ha, Alain must have been the first assistant, or I don't know what you'd call him, to Krishnaji who wasn't Indian since Annie Besant or Leadbeater, because it was Rajagopal after Nitya, and Rajagopal was…

M: Yes, he was one of *them*.

S: Yes, it was an Indian show. Yes, one of them, and then suddenly it was not one of them.

M: Yes.

S: That never occurred to me, but that must have been…,of course.

M: I think there was great resentment. And Alain wasn't deferential…

S: …as one ***should*** be to these…

M: Yes, yes.

S: I know. [*Laughs.*]

M: Madhavachari particularly disliked him.

S: Alright. We'll pick up in Rishi Valley.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] So called because a train went from London to Dover, then the ferry went from Dover to the French port of Calais, then a train would take people from Calais to Paris.

[2] Carlo and Nadine Suarès lived in an 8th floor apartment at 15 Avenue de la Bourdonnais.

[3] Mary's husband had died in Rome shortly after completing the film *Ben-Hur*.

[4] A colorful Indian tent shelter, with removable sides used for outdoor ceremonies, marriages, large parties, etc.

[5] Steps, usually stone, that lead down to a body of water.

[6] These are wide steps that are specifically designed for the cremation of the dead.

[7] A superb cook who had cooked for Krishnaji in India, off and on, since the late 1950s.

[8]The place where the Buddha first taught, and the site of the first Buddhist monastery.

[9] The school dog of the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre in England from 1986 until 1998.

[10] A building built in the early 1930s for Krishnamurti's work and a place for him to stay in Madras. It later became the offices of the Krishnamurti Foundation of India.

[11] The Theosophical Society.

[12] Sunanda Patwardhan, Pupul Jayakar, and her sister Nandini Mehta were involved in Krishnamurti work at the time, and were to become prominent members of the Krishnamurti Foundation of India.

[13] The two Siddoo sisters, Sarjit and Jackie, were founders of the Canadian Krishnamurti Committee.

[14] Pama Patwardhan eventually became the Secretary of the Krishnamurti Foundation of India.

Issue 3: December 1965 to May 1966

Mary quotes extensively in this issue, and they are quotes that are obviously being read from her diaries, not just remembered.

Going on "the full tour" (of Krishnaji's travels to India, Europe, and the US) comes to an end in this issue, but there is no question in Mary's mind that she will just continue. She realizes in India, that she has become a principal character surrounding Krishnaji, and has some role to play, although exactly what that role is remains vague to her. However, the net effect is that she sees more of Krishnaji, and as a consequence, we see more of what it was like to be in his presence.

Scott: Let's pick up where we left off, which is all of you at Rishi Valley, and Krishnaji staying in the old guest house.

Mary: At Rishi Valley there is what's known as the old guest house. Krishnaji had two small rooms upstairs, and there was also a dining room and a kitchen and a big open place where meetings were held. Downstairs there were some guest rooms. Frances McCann and I had each a room downstairs and we shared a rather large bath. Alain was on the other side of the building in his quarters. We settled in, and eventually went to lunch. There was a special dining room for the visitors, and the food was less spicily prepared than for the school.

S: Was it that same dining room that's up next to the student's dining room?

M: Yes. Some of the staff ate there with us, just to be companionable, or maybe they preferred it. I was immediately struck with the beauty of Rishi Valley, which was entirely different from Madras. It was dry, and it has a wonderful feeling of being away from the whole world somehow, which I like. To the west there was the mountain which Krishnaji cared so much about called Rishi Conda. In the afternoon the students used to go to watch the sun go down behind Rishi Conda, which was a nice sight because they'd all had their bath after playing sports, and changed into little white pajama suits.

S: I remember.

M: All the boys with their black hair, their big eyes, and the white, clean and neat outfits, and very young. It was very, very nice to see. Krishnaji felt that there was something sacred about Rishi Conda. The legend was that once some hermit had lived up at the summit, a holy man, a Rishi. And he'd left some kind of something in the air, which Krishnaji felt, I think. He didn't say he felt it, but he cared very much about Rishi Conda.

The way of our life usually there was as follows: In the mornings sometimes Krishnaji would talk to the staff, in which case we (meaning Alain, Frances, myself and any other guests) would sit in on the discussions.

S: And those discussions would take place in the room upstairs?

M: Yes.

On certain days there'd be a chanting in assembly when the students chanted, and Krishnaji would go. He usually sat among the students on the floor, cross-legged, and chanted with them. It was very beautiful, very moving. Some days I would go up the mountain by myself and lie in the sun and take a sunbath and feel a *wonderful* sense of being away from the whole rest of the world, in this ancient valley, sort of suspended in time and place. I loved it.

Usually, in the afternoon, I would walk, and very often I would be invited to accompany Krishnaji on his walk with maybe some other people. I met Narayan**[1]** then and walked with him and with Krishnaji. Other days I'd be walking on my own and sometimes meet him coming back from his walk and walk back with him and talk.

Somewhere in those weeks we were there, I asked Krishnaji for another interview. This time I felt much more relaxed in the interview with him. I remember the question that I had on my mind which, was one of relationship. I asked him if there is indeed any reality to relationship between people if they really don't see each other a great deal. He asked me what I had in mind, what I meant. Well, what I was talking about was a niece of mine who was quite a young child then, and I was concerned about her but I hardly ever saw her. I was questioning whether there was any relationship just because you're a member of a family. He asked me a little bit about it, the circumstances of the child's life, where she was, etc. In effect he replied that probably there wasn't any relationship, but there would be if there's an exchange of some kind, either a conversation or by letter, or something. If I was to establish a contact verbally, then relationship can be real and can endure, but otherwise not.

Then he asked me what all this (by which he meant the really listening to him, the contact, etc.) was meaning to me.

I think I repeated what I'd said to him in an earlier conversation, which is that I was leery, as it were, of trying to measure where I was all the time because of the inclination to and danger of trying to achieve some aim. I saw that that wasn't an intelligent way to go about it. He then asked me if I was fearful of anything. I replied, "Well, actually no, not at the moment, but I distrust that. It's like a fear of not being afraid."

He laughed a little bit, smiled at that, and said, "Don't do that. Don't make problems for yourself."

I told him that once earlier I had said to him, "I'm very hesitant about asking for an interview with you because I don't want to take up your time unnecessarily, and there are so many people who want to talk to you. So, I haven't asked to speak to you in quite a long time. Also, it didn't seem right, unless I have a crisis of some kind, I shouldn't ask.

I remember his replying, "Now that we've talked a little bit and we know each other better, it will be easier for you to speak…" Also, he didn't want to have to tell me to come for my so-called treatment. You know, I had been sick in Madras, and I should just come when I thought it was necessary.

I said, again, that I was hesitant to bother him with anything like that.

He replied, "Well, now we know each other better, it will be easier." [*Laughing*.] So, that was the end of that.

S: Was he still calling you Mrs. Zimbalist at this point?

M: Oh, he called me Mrs. Zimbalist for years! I've forgotten now when he changed, but I think that for about seven years he kept calling me Mrs. Zimbalist! [*Both laugh*.] He'd been my house guest for years, [*S laughs*] and he still was calling me Mrs. Zimbalist! [*Laughs*.] This is jumping ahead but, he switched from Mrs. Zimbalist to Maria. Well, there are so many Marys around—Mary Lutyens, Mary Cadogan—so he called me Maria.

S: I wondered always if it was because sometimes you spoke in Italian together.

M: We spoke French more, but sometimes in Italian. Yes, I think it may have had something to do with that. [*S laughs*.] Anyway, it was still Mrs. Zimbalist for quite some years.

S: Where did this interview take place? Up in one of his rooms?

M: Yes, he sat on the floor on a kind of a rug.

S: Was he sleeping in the little room in those days?

M: Yes. He slept in the little room. I think I was somewhat instrumental in changing that. Anyway, we met in his big room.

I remember that before that interview he wanted to cure me of something, and he said, "Do you want it before we talk or after?"

I said, "I think after."

You could often tell with Krishnaji if you made the right answer. You felt it. [*Laughs.*] And also one always knew when an interview was over. His attention was turned off like a light. It was curious; not his total attention—he would still speak to you and all that, but that *other* quality went out. You just knew, that was that, you felt it was over. When I got up from the interview, he pulled out a chair for me to sit on. He washed his hands and came back and stood behind me very quietly for a while, and then, ever so lightly, he put

his fingers on my eyelids. The touch of his fingers was extraordinary. It was as delicate as a leaf touching a pool of water. It was so unlike most human touch.

S: Yes, it was.

What were you wearing in those days? Were you wearing Indian clothes?

M: I wore Indian clothes. I didn't wear saris. I had one time. I forget if I've described when Shakuntala dressed me in a in a white cotton sari, have I told that?

S: No, not yet.

M: It's in this period. Shakuntala and Narayan had a little house down behind the guest house, and I was asked for tea with them. There was to be a puppet show in the school later that evening. The children of the lower school had made puppets of the story of Ulysses and the Cyclops; quite marvelous, great big puppets out of *papier maché*, and in those days Mark Lee was head of the lower school, and he had organized all this. At tea, Shakuntala asked. "Why don't you wear a sari? I'll lend you one." But, of course, I didn't know how to put one on, and I'm still not any good at it. So, she literally dressed me in the sari. I stood there like a dummy! [*Laughing.*] We then walked over to where the puppet show was to be, and we were seated in the front row. Everyone was ready and then Krishnaji came in from the side, and he walked in, at right angles to where I was. He noticed me immediately [*giggles*], and he did something that was utterly un-Indian and very Western—he *raised* his eyebrows [*S laughing*] but didn't say a word! However, when it was all over, when he'd said good night to everybody, he bowed to me and said, "I see you have a new dress." [*Chuckles and S laughs, too*.] But most of the time I wore things that I had gotten in Delhi—cotton kurtas and trousers and sandals. Of course, the tailor in the school, who was so heavily [*laughing*] patronized when the visitors came, made some kurtas and trousers for me.

I remember some nuns who were always asked for lunch up in Krishnaji's dining room. I also remember Balasundaram's**[2]** wife, Vishalakshi, I think, being a traditional Indian wife; she didn't eat with everybody. She sat on a stool and saw that everything was properly done, but she didn't eat. Very old-fashioned Indian style.

And Parameshwaran was the cook.

There was also a sort of house-man who took care of things if you needed something.

It was still the bucket system. You got a bucket of hot water in the morning.

S: When did Parameshwaran join the tour? He wasn't in Delhi, I assume?

M: No. He was not in Delhi. In later years, he would go wherever Krishnaji was, and not this year. I can't remember when he joined Krishnaji this year, but he was certainly in

Rishi Valley because that's where he was cook the rest of the year. He would come to cook for Krishnaji in the little kitchen upstairs.

Pongal occurred then while we were then in Rishi Valley. All the bullocks were dressed up with flowers and ornaments on their horns. Villagers came and played on flute-like things and drums, and the children had a lovely time dancing. Krishnaji came with his big umbrella to watch.

S: Krishnaji used that parasol because he had had sunstroke when he was younger, didn't he?

M: That's right. He called it not a parasol, but a sun umbrella. At some point in his early years, I don't know when exactly, he'd had sunstroke in India, so he was sensitive to sun, which is why he used to walk always in the afternoon, when the sun wasn't high.

S: What were Narayan and Shakuntala doing there? Were they just teaching there?

M: They were teaching, and Shakuntala had just become pregnant with Natasha. She was born the following May after this. This was in January.

It was a *wonderfully* peaceful time. I remember the combination of Krishnaji, his talks, the beautiful valley, the remoteness, the silence, children all around, and those funny hills. A great atmosphere there. I imagined suddenly leaving everything and becoming a kind of hermit there. Then, of course, there were the dance performances under the banyan tree. I think that the same Mrs. Moonlight lady—the demented lady—had come, too. So, again, we had to run interference for Krishnaji to keep her away from Krishnaji.

But overall, Rishi Valley was just lovely.

The next move was to Bombay but via Bangalore. Again, Alain, Frances, and I had a car, a school car this time, which took us to Bangalore. We had lunch, did a little shopping, and then we met Krishnaji at the airport and flew to Bombay. In Bombay he was staying with Pupul Jayakar…

S: At Malabar Hills?

M: Yes, in her house. Alain was staying with one of her sisters. Oh dear, what is her name? That I should remember, but I don't at the moment.

S: Not Nandini?

M: No, not Nandini; the other sister, who was a more worldly person. She used to play bridge a lot, and would turn up now and again, but she wasn't as close as Pupul and Nandini.

Frances and I stayed at the Taj hotel, and I think Alain eventually joined us. I was invited over to Pupul's for lunch about the second day, and Krishnaji said, "Bring me the things that you want kept safely." In other words, money, passports, and things like that. So, I brought them, and he took me through the bathroom into his bed-room, and [*chuckles*] he took my things and put them away, saying they were perfectly safe as no one would come in his room. He then said, going out through the bathroom, "When I got here they had all sorts of pictures on the wall of Indian statuary." They were *those* [*laughs, S laughs*] *ones*, and they'd taken them down quickly after he'd got there. And he added, "But not before I'd had a good look!" All those erotic statuary. I remember Alain saying, "They were pornographic, weren't they, sir?' And Krishnaji replied, "Oh, no, they were religious!" [*Both laugh!*]

S: In his mock voice?

M: Yes. [*Laughs again*.]

I said that I didn't feel that they could be pornographic because they all looked so happy! Well, it turned out as the conversation went on, that I hadn't seen the ones that were on the bathroom wall; I'd only seen ones that are reproduced books—strange positions and so forth. Anyway, I had lunch there. Then Krishnaji began giving his talks. They were held in the usual place, in that college of art. He also held public discussions in the something like Khareghat Hall, which lots of people came to. You had to [*chuckles*] leave your sandals outside, and I remember one day I came out and all the sandals had been stolen! [*Laughs.*]

S: Really?!

M: Hundreds of pairs of sandals were gone! [*Both laugh*.] Great consternation. [*More laughter*.]

S: Someone was selling slightly used sandals down the street someplace.

M: Yes [*more laughing*]. Then there were walks around the hanging gardens in Malabar Hills with a required number of laps around. Krishnaji one day (there were people milling around), and pointed to a couple on a bench with their arms around each other, sprawling, and he said, "What is this country coming to? You never would have seen that a few years ago." [*Both laugh*.] He sounded quite shocked.

There was shopping obviously; one shops in all these places.

Krishnaji talked several times about Elephanta and the great statue of the *Mahesh Murti*. I rather vaguely said I'd like to see that again. To which Krishnaji replied, "No, no, it's too tiring."

I said, "Well maybe the boat ride would be tiring but, what if I hired a helicopter? Would you go by helicopter?"

"Oh no, no," he said, "don't bother, don't bother." So, of course, I went hunting for a helicopter. [*S laughs*.] And that wasn't very easy, but finally I had one *vaguely* located which *might* be possible.

So, I went back and said, "I think I can get the helicopter. Will you go if I do?"

He replied, "No, no, even that's too tiring." So, I went with Alain.

S: By boat.

M: By boat. Yes, and I could see why that wouldn't do for Krishnaji at all.

S: Yes.

M: You've seen it, haven't you?

S: Yes, I have.

M: Well, we climbed up to the cave where it is, and in spite of the fact there were children running around playing music on radios, that *extraordinary* statue is something unforgettable.

S: Absolutely.

M: Much later, Krishnaji got a photograph of it, which I have in Ojai, and he said (and I felt the same way), "We're not going to put it up because one mustn't get used to looking at it, then one doesn't see it." To this day it sits on a shelf in the closet, and occasionally I take it out and look at it.

S: How nice, yes.

M: Really wonderful. What else?

S: Were there any private discussions in Pupul's house?

M: Oh yes, there were. I was invited to several at Pupul's, and I remember in particular the first one I went to. There were about fifteen people. Krishnaji asked the question, "What can the individual do in the face of the disintegration of society?" He made it something very interesting. He said that an individual cannot be changed by another individual. He made a distinction between individual consciousness and human consciousness: the individual consciousness is one's own, but an individual can affect the totality of human consciousness, which of course he had said previously.

S: Yes

M: He said that if only two or three people ever could do what he talked so often about, it would make a change in the world. He was pointing that out in this discussion. The individual who has changed has a ***vast*** resonance, like a wave going out from the individual; if there's really change in the individual it would spread out like a wave through the totality of human beings. He didn't use those exact words, but that was the implication of what he was saying. He said one has to see this, but people don't, aren't willing to. It was one of those discussions which were frustrating because he would say something like that and then inevitably, as in all discussions, there'd be someone who would say, "But we don't see that, Krishnaji!"

S: Oh, yes!

M: And then the discussion would go back as so many of his discussions did. So you'd go through a whole catalogue of what's wrong, and it wouldn't go forward. It was frustrating, somehow. If the discussion had flowed onward, people had gone with it, they would have seen something. Oh yes! [*chuckling*], there was one day, another private discussion, and he was a little bit late, which he usually never was; he came in laughing, and said, "I've just been scolded," he said, "by a guru." Apparently some guru took him to task for saying that gurus were no good! [*S laughs*.] Were a hindrance! [*Laughs*.] He was laughing at that so much! [*More laughter*.] I think he said that in a talk at which I felt that one occasionally gets a sort of insight, and then thought perceives that insight as a danger to itself because we perceive that as almost like death; because if we really went ahead…

S: The self disappears.

M: Exactly, the self would disappear, and that is perceived by the thought process as death, and it's so scary that you pull back, and don't go ahead.

Anyway, he talked, and whatever I said, I said, and he said things back. But I had the feeling—many people have these feelings in talks with Krishnaji—that he was talking to me directly, not only words, but subconsciously. I could feel it coming at me, even when he was talking to somebody else or addressing some particular question. It was very strange. Afterward he came over to me for some reason and said, "You didn't mind me pounding you in that talk, did you?" I replied, "No, of course not." It was one of those times when there were different levels of communication going on.

S: In a way he was acknowledging your recognition of that different level by asking you that question, wasn't he?

M: Probably.

I think it was in that talk that he said, as he so often did, "When you see that the road you're on is the wrong road—you're going north and someone comes and says that doesn't lead anywhere; go south or east or west—why don't you do it? Why don't you see that where you're going leads no place and stop?"

I remember saying, “But I can’t stop walking. My mind won’t stop. Even though I see it’s futile. It won’t go on.”

He replied, “Why do you say that? You think you can’t, but you can.” I remember that strongly. It was like, he didn’t say it then, but it’s like, “Stop thinking.” I had no—I’d never done that. I mean, I could stop thinking about a particular thing, but the mind would run on in some other way.

S: Were these discussions being recorded?

M: I don’t remember.

S: Alain would have done the recording, wouldn’t he?

M: Yes, he would. I don’t remember; they might have been, should have been, must have been. If they were, well now, anything that Alain recorded went to the Rajagopal. Whether they made an Indian copy and kept it, I have no recollection at all. Alain might remember, I’ll ask him, make a note; the next time I speak to him I’ll ask him.

S: Would you, in going for the walks, around the hanging gardens at Malabar Hills, would you meet him at Pupul’s house, and then go from there?

M: Yes, go from there, in a car. Car would drive him, and I’d go with him. At the end of the walk, I’d go back, I guess, to the house, and then go back to the hotel.

S: Who would be on the walks?

M: Well, Madhavachari would always be there, and sometimes Narayan. I don’t remember Nandini walking. Alain, always.

About this time, Krishnaji would call me to come and discuss whether this house in the south of France, that had been offered by Frances McCann, was a good thing to accept or not. And at that point it was still a possibility, so he called me to discuss it.

S: Why don’t you explain that a little bit?

M: Well, Frances had lived in Rome, where she had one of the very beautiful old apartments in the old palaces, Palazzo down in the old part of Rome, Piazza Navona—that part of Rome. She’d lived there, and she had an art gallery, too, that she supported. She sold all this, and had a certain amount of money as a result. She wanted to buy what they call in the south of France, mas—a large farm house that could be a place where Krishnaji could retire, or use in whatever way he wanted, as he didn’t have a home really.

So that was still being discussed. In Bombay, he had said that he wanted to involve me in it. He wanted to make a committee of people who would be responsible for it. The idea

was that Frances would look after it, but there had to be a group that would have jurisdiction.

He said that Alain should go and look for such a house when they got back to Europe after Bombay. Gérard Blitz**[3]** was involved in this too because he lived near there. He knew that part of France. He lived in, oh, what was it called? A community of rather luxurious houses. So, Blitz was going to help find it too. But there was to be a group of people—I think myself, Alain, possibly Vanda, I've forgotten who else, would be involved in it. We were still talking about all this. Krishnaji wasn't sure that he wanted to do this. He was a little afraid that Frances might regret it, or he felt Frances wasn't perhaps too stable, and that it would be a mistake to have a place like that which she had really provided. But at this point it was still on. As I recall, when we did get back, Alain did go and look for things. But it didn't go any further. And, of course, it was after that, that the idea of a school came up. But we're still in Bombay in 1966, two years before seriously looking for a school.

I remember another discussion. This was the final discussion. It was again on the subject of thought and the difficulty of letting go of thought. I found that impossible. Krishnaji said something quite extraordinary which made the whole thing clear to me. He used the metaphor of the drum that is silent—the silence was necessary.

S: He used to say that the drum had to be empty to make a noise.

M: Empty, that's right. "Thought is the un-tuning of the drum," he said. And he also said, "What happens when you put thought aside? Turn your back on it?" I again replied that I couldn't do it and said, "How does one turn away even when the futility of that is seen?"

He said, "You mean you're in thought and you can't get out? Why do you insist on that?"

All I could do was just be stuck. And then he did something quite remarkable. All of a sudden he said to me, "Mrs. Zimbalist, is beauty thought?" And that broke it for me. I saw that. That isn't thought. It was like a blinding light all of a sudden.

S: How many people would be at these discussions?

M: Not too many, about fifteen, sixteen, eighteen, something like that.

S: Who that we would remember would be there?

M: Well, there'd be Pupul, Nandini, Alain, I guess Frances must have been there, though I don't remember her. There'd be, I guess, Sunanda, Pama, Madhavachari, some of the Bombay Indians. There was a group in Bombay that didn't usually come elsewhere. I can sort of see the room and vaguely how many people, but I can't see individuals.

I remember also that at the end of that discussion, he said, "If you could see the beauty of the empty drum tuned and that out of that action comes."

I said, "Yes, I see."

And then when he said goodbye, he said, "Hold onto that drum!" [*Laughs.*]

There was also a dinner party at Mrs. Mehta's house, the mother of Nandini and Pupul. It was in their old family house, it was quite beautiful. Really marvelous food, extraordinary food, and everyone was wonderfully dressed in saris and things. There was a great sense of the affection that the family had for Krishnaji. In one of the discussions, suddenly a door burst open and Nandini's little grandchild, who later became a dancer…

S: Oh, yes, yes.

M: You remember her?

S: I remember her, yes.

M: Well, she was a little girl of about six or something then, she *rushed* into the room to Krishnaji, and he jumped up and kissed her on both cheeks and threw her up in the air to her delight. [*S laughs.*] There was such excitement in the child's face, and his joy in seeing this little child. It was lovely.

So, then, the time for India was over.

S: What was it like for you to be there? What did you feel, Mary—can you remember? Did you feel like an outsider? Did you feel like someone on the fringe of something or…?

M: No. I must say everyone was absolutely charming to me, all the Indians. They were friendly, and went out of their way to help me with shopping or any of those things. I was invited to their houses. So I felt I was nicely treated as a guest, in a way.

But there was a kind of private relation that was between Krishnaji, Alain, and myself. I mean, he would talk with us about other non-Indian things—wanted to discuss for instance the house and whether he should accept the invitation to talk at Harvard and at The New School and all those things. It was as though that was his private life apart from Indian things.

And I seemed to have become more and more a key person. In fact, I remember that when we were still in Rishi Valley, at the end of that discussion that I mentioned earlier, I went back to just mentioning the other interviews that he'd given me, which of course he didn't remember, and I said, "Sir, I feel that, as I seem to be increasingly a fixture around you that you should look into what I'm like. You should ask me anything you want. You should know who the people are around you." That was part of the thing when he said he was shy, but now that we knew each other better, etc. [*Chuckles.*] I said, "I'm shy too, but I think it's only right that if there's anything that you want to know about me, you would ask me, please."

I didn't feel strange in India. I mean, it was totally strange, but I didn't feel alienated. I thought it was wonderful being there, and I felt I liked everything that happened to me there.

On the last day in India, I went over to Krishnaji's, to Pupul's house to collect my passport or whatever it was that I left with him. When I came in people were seated on the floor in a little sitting room just to the left as you come in. There was a dark bearded minstrel who held a stringed instrument, one string, and a little clicking castanet sort of thing. The minute Krishnaji came into the room, he started to play and sing. It was lovely, haunting songs. Apparently Krishnaji had heard him singing in the street and had him brought in to play.

We sat and listened to it. Krishnaji said that he'd heard the singing in the street and he knew that rich people who lived around there don't hear it, only the servants would hear it. [*S chuckles*.] He also said that the man was from the south and spoke Telugu. When it was over, Krishnaji went and thanked him and put a gift of clothing on the floor next to him. I remember so clearly the grace with which he did something like that. It is rare for a person to be able to convey such human grace in everything he did.

So, that evening, everybody went to the airport, and there were a whole mass of devotees who came to see him off. They were seated in a big circle in a room, and Krishnaji was seated on a chair, and there was dead silence. [*Chuckles*]. I remember that when I came in, he got up as he would if a woman came into the room, and you could feel a shock wave go around through the [*S chuckles*] whole of the Indian devotees that Krishnaji would get up for a woman.

S: Yes.

M: [*Chuckles*.] And finally, he got up and went out in the hallway, and the Parsee lady, she was a Parsee, that's what she was, the mad lady, Mrs. Moonlight, she was after him. So, again, we had to protect him.

I should clarify, we had been in a sort of a sitting room that had been put aside for him as a waiting room, and then there was the open airport outside. So, I went along too, to protect him, until Madhavachari came, and then he kept her away. Krishnaji said to me, "I can't stand sitting there and being stared at." [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes.

M: So, off we went. Alain and I were in tourist class, and Krishnaji was in first class, but he kept coming back to see us, and said, "I'm visiting the poor." [*Both laugh heartily*.]

So that was the end of India that time.

We landed in Rome. Krishnaji went to stay with Vanda Scaravelli, at the house she'd rented in Rome, Via Casaletto, and I was in a hotel.

S: Was it a regular house that Vanda had in Rome?

M: She rented various ones, but at that point she'd rented that one several times. She later rented another one. This house was outside Rome and had a garden. Quite nice. Alain stayed there too. I stayed in Hotel Rafael, off Piazza Navona, which is a very nice little hotel, but I didn't stay there long as I went back to the United States. This was the end of March 1966, and I didn't see Krishnaji again until April, in London. Krishnaji stayed in Rome for a while. That may be the year where he went to Bircher Benner Clinic, in Switzerland, but I'm not sure.

S: I thought he was going to speak at Harvard.

M: That's the next autumn. I saw him again in London, in April.

S: Okay. Well, let's start there.

M: Alright. This is the end of April and, again, he was in a crummy little rented house in Wimbledon; not right in Wimbledon, but near there, in Kingston something, near the Kingston Bypass.

Alain telephoned me and said, "Will you meet us at Huntsman?" And of course, this entertained me vastly because it was the follow-on of the last time we were in London.

S: Of course. Where were you staying? Back at the guest house?

M: Anyway, there was much pouring over samples, and they ordered suits. Everybody was very happy. I was consulted on the choices, as my advice was really a Ph.D. advice! [*S laughing, M with humor in voice*.] Or so I was considered.

S: When I was talking with, or really interviewing, Mary Lutyens, she talked about how Krishnaji would go into Liberty's and feel all the silks, and it's just what I've seen him do at Huntsman's, and in India and other places:he would tuck in his chin [*M laughs*], and he would feel and touch everything and look at everything with such extraordinary attention. It was a wonder just to watch him.

M: That's right. And there was just the whole experience of going into Huntsman. They greet you with such ceremony; bow with, "Good morning, sir," and he was always so pleased to be there.

S: Yes.

M: He used to say that Huntsman was "his club," as he put it. [*Both laugh*.] Mr. Lintott…did you ever know Mr. Lintott?

S: Yes, of course, I did.

M: Well, Mr. Lintott, of course, was just as pleased to see Mr. Krishnamurti as Mr. Krishnamurti was to be there. So, all the "patterns," as they called samples of materials, were brought out, and there was great discussion about what was needed. Then, of course, he had the added fun of deciding what Naudé "needed," as he said. Krishnaji called him Naudé always; never called him Alain.

"Naudé should have a blue suit."

So what kind of a blue suit, what weight of a blue suit? Where and what climates would he being wearing it, and what occasions? This was all a very serious matter. [*Laughs*.] And it entertained me greatly. I sat on that old leather thing by the window.

S: Yes, [*laughs*] with hundred-year-old magazines!

M: Yes, well, they had *Country Life*, of course. And so I would read the advertisements of the things for sale. "Oh, maybe, I'll take that one," I would pretend. [*Chuckles.*] It was fun.

S: I know something you left out.

M: What?

S: The shirt shopping in Italy.

M: I don't think that on this trip…I might have my trips mixed up. I knew quite a bit about where to buy shirt material because of Sam. There was a place called Castel in an old part of Rome, and on one of the trips coming back from India, I went there with Alain. Krishnaji was then fascinated and wanted to go himself. I didn't remember the address, but I knew where it was. I have a good sense of location so I could find it. We purchased yardage, and then it was made up by the good shirt-maker.

S: Where was it? Was it like in Morita, or…?

M: Oh goodness, you are digging into my brain. Oh…

S: Something beginning with "m"?

M: Marchetti. That's it, but eventually, Mr. Marchetti retired and his business closed. That was the problem. But yes, it was Marchetti in those days.

S: That's right.

M: So, we would buy the material, and then take it to Marchetti and he would make it up. That too was very serious business. [*Both laugh*.] And great fun!

S: Anyway, how did Krishnaji greet you? Because that was the first time you'd seen him for a couple of months, at Huntsman's.

M: Yes, yes. By then I had ordered a car because I don't think I had a car before that. Anyway, I'd ordered a Jaguar, not a Mercedes.

S: Shame on you.

M: Shame on me. [*S laughs*.] But I'd ordered it for delivery in London. Ordered it in California for delivery in London. I drove it out to the little horrid house by the Kingston Bypass. I remember Krishnaji looking out the window and rushing out to see the car. [*S chuckles.*] He looked it all over, but as it wasn't a Mercedes, he didn't say very much. [*Both laugh*.] I think it was that day that he gave his first talk at the Friends Hall on Euston Road, and we went to that in the Jaguar. It was a bigger and better hall than Wimbledon, but it's still not such a great hall.

The next day, in the car, I took them on their round of appointments, mostly shopping. [*Chuckles*.] I can still see driving them in and out from Kingston Bypass place, which was the point of the car.

S: Now what other shopping did they do?

M: Well, they looked at things, up and down Bond Street. Edward Butler, a shirt and socks, etc. place, and Sulka: we'd go there.

S: I remember Sulka.

M: Yes, but it used to be up Bond Street a bit toward upper Bond Street.

S: Was Krishnaji getting his hair cut at Truefitt in those days?

M: Of course. Yes. Always.

S: I've been there with Krishnaji a couple times.

M: Krishnaji had a wonderful way in the car. We'd be chatting about anything, and he would suddenly say, "Do you mind if we talk seriously?" Naturally one agreed. And he would say something like, "Meditation can be extraordinary if you know how to do it." And then he'd say, "What is humility?" And then he'd say, "It is without content, without any movement toward anything." There were these extraordinary unrecorded little things, which luckily, I made some notes of these.

And then he would ask me, "Does it interfere with your driving if we talk seriously?" He wanted to discuss, "What is seriousness? What is it to you?" he would ask. And then I would say whatever I thought it was.

He replied, “There is decision in it.”

After he had talked to David Bohm**[4]**, he said that David had said that he, himself, was not decisive. That word struck Krishnaji, that decision was a part of all this.

At that point, Naudé quoted something Krishnaji had said some time before about seriousness, but Krishnaji brushed it aside. He didn’t want to go back to something *he* had said, and he was looking at it anew at that moment.

At one point he asked me about someone we both knew, whether that person was serious. I apparently paused quite a while and then said, “No.”

He then asked, “What do you mean by that?”

I said that to me a person isn’t serious if they’re unwilling to go wherever the inquiry takes them; and that was why I answered “No” about this person.

He countered by asking, “Why do people do that?”

I felt that a serious person doesn’t choose or decide out of self-interest.

Krishnaji then asked me why they always act out of self-interest; to which I responded that I thought it is an impulse in people and they were “afraid of putting all their eggs in one basket,” as I put it.

He replied with something like, “But actually people would have much more, but they don’t see it.”

Then he asked me [*chuckles*] out of the blue, “Would you be serious if you married (god forbid), and had a family?” [*M and S both chuckle*.] I said it depended on the marriage and the relationship.

He said that people say they are serious about work and about the people they marry. “I am serious about the suit I’m going to fit.” [*Both laugh*.]

I said, “Well, is that because there’s no extraneous questions about that?”

He replied, “Have you self-interest in your car?” We were driving.

I said, “Yes, but were these things a measure of seriousness, or was it what the car meant to me? I am serious about the car to a point,” but I said, “not dependent on it.” That was the kind of conversation that would go on. All the time, he’s directing me through traffic. He was the greatest backseat driver…

S: [*laughs*] I know!

M: …that I've ever encountered, or heard of. He would, he would do hand signals.

S: Yes, yes.

M: There'd be a red light coming up, and with his hand, while still talking, he would slow me down. Occasionally, when we weren't talking (so-called) seriously, he would say, "There's a red light ahead." [*Both laugh*]. Oh dear.

S: Sometimes when I was driving him and he was in the back, there'd be a finger that would come and …

M: Yes, touch, yes.

S: …touch my shoulder if I was driving too fast. [*Loud laugh*.]

M: He did that to me when he sat in the back. Yes. He was slowing you down. [*Both laugh*.]

S: It's like pushing the slow button.

M: Yes. [*S laughs*.] He did that to me, too. [*M laughs*.]

S: Now, Alain Naudé complained to some people, like the Digbys, for instance, apparently there's some others, that Krishnaji never talked seriously to him. And George Digby used to ask me if Krishnaji ever talked seriously with me, which he did. And Krishnaji certainly talked seriously with you. Why didn't he talk seriously with Alain?

M: I can't believe that.

S: Alain could never get an appointment to talk with him, or to have serious discussions, or—this is according to…

M: Ah, there's something fishy in that because they had *many* serious discussions, in which I was present. Also, Krishnaji dictated to Alain a lot, and he didn't just take it down. They'd talk about it.

S: Well, maybe it was not about personal things or something.

M: I don't know.

S: I remember both George and Nelly talking to me about this. But this doesn't make sense to you?

M: It doesn't make sense to me. I know they had very serious discussions.

Then one day we got on to the subject at the table with Anneke. I was there for a meal. Anneke brought up LSD, and Krishnamurti expressed surprise that I knew anything about it. He told us again about *soma* in ancient India and how he had discussed this with Huxley**[5]**, and Huxley told him LSD wasn't quite the real thing.

Krishnaji said, "It can't be like the real thing."

S: Was Krishnaji interested at all that you knew about LSD?

M: Not too interested. I had told him all about my being part of a scientific experiment with it. He rather dismissed it. Huxley had taken all these things at the time he knew Krishnaji.

S: When did Huxley die?

M: Huxley died the same day that Kennedy was killed.

I sat next to him at dinner shortly after there'd been a big fire. Huxley's house was destroyed and he lost all his papers. It was terrible, and we talked about that because…

S: You must've known him outside of Krishnaji's context?

M: I never knew him through Krishnaji at all. In fact, I didn't really know him at all. I sat next to him at that dinner party, and during that dinner, I asked him whether Krishnaji's knowledge of LSD and all that had come from him and whether that was why Krishnaji felt so much against it? Huxley gave an odd reply, which I don't think is correct. He said, "Oh, well, it's part of his vegetarianism."

S: That's strange.

M: Yeah, you know, sort of abstaining from meat and LSD apparently. [*S laughs*.] Well, that was all earlier.

Anyway, on this day, I ought to report that he wanted to go for a ride. So in the non-Mercedes Jaguar, we were going to go to Wisley again, but as we got toward Wisley, he said he didn't want to go there. So, we went on to the Linkses'**[6]**. He had told me all about how he'd known her since she was a baby, and that she and her husband Joe had a house near Haslemere. So, we headed for Haslemere. We didn't know where to go, but Alain inquired and we finally found the house, but there wasn't anybody there. A farmer who was in a field said that he knew who we were talking about, and he thought that they would've been out for a walk. So we parked the car at the house, and we walked along the road, and met them coming back.

Krishnaji was delighted, and they were thrilled to see him, of course. I had the pleasure of meeting them for the first time.

We went in and we had tea, and immediately everybody was very congenial. Mary writes about it in her book: how she was pleased to see that Krishnaji had some fun in his life with two people who laughed and enjoyed things with him. On those drives, Krishnaji would remember places that he'd stayed in the old days. Apparently, he'd stayed all over England with various people.

S: I think so. That's the impression I got. He'd just been everywhere.

M: Yes. He would explain it by saying that he was never allowed to go out by himself when he was young. He always had to have two initiates with him at all times. The reason being that Dr. Besant thought he'd be safer, but also because he would give all his money away. If he was alone, he'd just give it to someone who needed it. [*Both laugh*.] So, Dr. Besant said, as he said, "For god's sake, don't let him go out alone!" [*Both laugh again*.] And then he said, "My brother never left me," which was nice.

S: Well, it's true, if you think of Mary's comment, when you and Alain were traveling with him, it was the first time he'd been with people for years who had some sense of fun.

M: Yes.

S: I mean, traveling with Rajagopal over the years must've just been ghastly! From everything I've heard, he seemed to just resent everything he was doing.

M: Yes, that was horrible. Constant complaining and criticizing. And Alain, actually, is very funny; has a great sense of humor. In fact, my friendship with Alain was based on the fact that we made each other laugh.

S: So I hear.

M: He's very funny, has a great sense of humor. So, in fact, my friendship with Alain was based on the fact that we made each other laugh. During the time in Saanen, when he stayed at Caprice with me, at the breakfast table, I would tease him by enacting the part of a Viennese psychiatrist, psychoanalyst. [*S laughs*.] In a heavy accent, which I can no longer do, I would comment on his comments and his reactions and [*S laughing more*] while he was doing things. [*Both laugh*.] It was such fun. He was very companionable. [*Chuckles*.] So, for Krishnaji, it was a breath of fresh air. And of course, Krishnaji joined right in. It was not that we were so funny, but it was a shared amusement of things.

And also it seemed that anything was possible, you know. We sometimes used to talk and apparently it became an accepted thing in Krishnaji's mind that we would all be together forever and ever, and there would be discussion about whether we should live in this country or that country, or a house here or a house there. These discussions went on. And whatever he would've suggested, I would've said, "Oh yes, let's do that," or, "How can it be done?", whatever it was.

There were no problems about it all; to have something nice happen. It was such a pleasure to provide something pleasing to him.

S: Yes.

M: Some tiny thing, or some major thing, if he wanted, if one could. [*Long pause*.]

S: Hm.

M: Well now, where are we? Oh, yes, we're still with the Linkses. That was a *lovely* day, just a *lovely* day. We drove back.

There was another drive, which is almost historic in a way because we decided to drive to the Cotswolds. I went with maps and an itinerary and everything, but when I got to the house, and it was decided that maybe that was too far. So we set out towards Winchester. And as I look back on it, we *must've* driven right past the road up to Brockwood, because from Kingston we went out the A3 and must've turned onto the A272 and drove right by. Nobody had any paranormal [*S laughs*] intimations of the future, and we got to Winchester. We looked at the Royal Hotel for lunch, but there wasn't anything vegetarian. Alain went in and looked at the menu and found that it wouldn't do. So we wound up at the Wessex's.

S: Oh yes.

M: After lunch we went to the cathedral and looked around it. Then we drove on roads, I remember the names of Grateley, the Wallops! Do you know where the Wallops are?

S: Yes [*laughing*], Nether Wallop and Middle Wallop.

M: That's right. And in the middle of Middle Wallop probably, we decided to take a nap. I had a big steamer rug in the back of the car, which we took into a field, and spread it out on the grass. Each person had a portion of the rug, and we lay down and snoozed a little.

S: How nice.

M: It was lovely. And then, refreshed, we drove on to Stonehenge, which in those days was so wonderful because it wasn't surrounded by fence. There was nobody around. You could just go up to the stones. It was wonderful! We drove back by another route, I forget which way we went. Didn't come back the way we'd gone.

In the car, Krishnaji said that a question by some young people he'd seen the day before had come back to him in the morning. He'd thought of it, and he said that, "Time is a like a river flowing, but we divide it into the past, the present, and the future. But one must see the whole of it, and then when you see it, then time has a stop."

S: Had you been in that discussion with young people?

M: I don't think so. Suddenly he said, "Yes, I see, but I mustn't talk about it now." Which meant that he'd seen something that he didn't want to talk about because he'd talk about it in a public talk. Then quite suddenly he said, "When my brother died, this person" meaning himself "fainted, went into a coma for several days, so Shiva Rao told me," he said. He didn't remember. And when he came to they all assured him he was alright—the Masters and all that. But though he cried out and it was a great shock, he never tried to move from that fact, to question what it all meant. He just suddenly came out with this thing about his brother. And then he was very intense and very elated by the idea of time, and said, "I wish I could give a talk right now!"

That night, I had supper with them. Anneke had it ready when we got there. He kept saying at the table, "I'm ready to talk now!" We were concerned that he wouldn't sleep—it would be hard for him to sleep in such a mood, so he wouldn't get enough sleep the night before a talk. So, we watched television as a soporific [*both chuckle*] to calm him down. Then I went back to Eaton Place.

S: Would you pick him up and take him to the talks at the Friends Meeting House?

M: Yes, yes. I think so. Must have, but I wouldn't be able to testify under oath. However, as I had the car and they had no car, I must have. By this time, I was *the* chauffeur, so it would make sense. He was talking to David Bohm during these times. They were having discussions. Saral and David would come on the tube to Sloane Square or somewhere near there, and I would pick them up there and drive them out. In one of the discussions, Krishnaji made the statement that, "there is, in effect, nothing to do but listen, listen with affection." That's the way he put it. He said that if a statement is made that is true, it has its own action if you listen. He illustrated this with that story of the robbers—he's told it many times—of the band of robbers is made by their leader to close their eyes and ears as they go past a teacher who is teaching. The youngest robber steps on a thorn, and drops his hands, and hears the words, "stealing is evil," which he truly hears, and he could no longer steal. [*Chuckles*.] So, he told that story. After these discussion we would walk in Richmond Park quite a lot, David, Saral and Krishnaji and myself.

S: It must've been inconvenient for you to be all the way in from Eaton Square when Krishnaji was out in Kingston on Thames or whatever.

M: Well, the funny thing is that what would seem to be inconvenient to me today, seemed nothing to me in those days [*laughing*]. Sometimes when I've gone over the notes of past events, I think, "Oh my god, how did I do all that in one day?" That also characterizes a lot of the time of living in Malibu. I'd run into town with some list of things to do and come back, cook lunch, and have it ready. I don't know how I managed all that, but I did. Youth! Or comparative youth. I wasn't so young during all this! [*S laughs*.] It sounds as though I was twenty years old. I was…let's not say how old at the moment. [*S laughs*.]

And then, of course, fittings went on.

Also, Krishnaji started asking questions about "*that boy*"—meaning himself—why, despite everything, he wasn't conditioned. He was talking about that an awful lot in the car.

S: You must have also have had many more discussions about the mas in the south of France.

M: Mmm. It sort of…I'll have to think back, I can't tell you at the moment, when he made the decision not to do that. I'm sure I have it in my notes. Another time when we make a recording, I'll look it up. Because they hadn't found a house, the whole idea calmed down.

Anyway, we again went to Mary and Joe's in the country one day. It was pouring rain, and we took a picnic to eat on the way down, but we ate it in the car because of the rain. I remember that I made a ratatouille—I don't know—must have made it in the house in Kingston. [*Chuckles*.] Things you remember. Anyway, we went and had tea with Mary and Joe and had another lovely walk because the rain had gone away.

So, we come now to May, I think the tenth.We were to drive the car to Paris, so we drove to Lydd, which is where they had a way of flying cars over.

S: Oh, yes.

M: From Lydd to Le Touquet.

S: Oh, yes. You would put your car on the airplane. An extraordinary thing. What part of the airplane came down to take in the car?

M: Like a big mouth, it opened, and you drove the car in. Then you went around and you sat in the cabin.

S: Before we go to France, because we're going to run out of tape in a few minutes. How did you perceive Krishnaji's relationships with Mary and Joe, and his relationships with Doris and Anneke, and Mary Cadogan?

M: How do you mean how did I perceive? Mary and Joe were old friends. I took an immediate liking to both of them, and they seemed to like me, too.

S: But, Joe didn't have an interest in the teaching.

M: No, but he liked Krishnaji and enjoyed his company, and they laughed together.

S: And on the other hand, there was someone like Doris who was almost the opposite, but had a tremendous devotion to the teaching.

M: Yes. Doris was a character, and you immediately saw her as a character, and the things that were both good and bad, were part of her character, and these made her Doris. You just appreciated all of that.

S: But for the historical record, this should be explained somehow because things are interesting; like, for instance, Mary who grew up with a personal affection for Krishnaji, and yet she had no relation to the teachings or anything religious for a long time.

M: That's right.

S: Then became interested in the teachings, then dropped it all and just kept an affection for Krishnaji. Joe had no interest in the teachings at all, but had a personal friendship with Krishnaji.

M: Yes.

S: And Doris who was as unlovable [*laughs*] as you can get, in a way, but that was part of her charm.

M: Part of her charm was her crankiness and her funny qualities.

S: Yes, and being devoted to the teachings. Anneke was some place in between.

M: Well, Anneke was also fun. Anneke loved to laugh. She and Alain and I, when Krishnaji had gone to bed in Holland, used to sit up and laugh—I forget now what about, but some funny thing that had happened. Anneke was a jolly person, and she, obviously, loved looking after Krishnaji. Everything was heaven for her, and she liked Alain because he was funny and there was much laughter. She liked me for the same reason.

S: What did Doris and Anneke do?

M: Well, they cooked and they cleaned, and Doris *structured* the day, recording appointments, and all those things. Krishnaji had to see people, and she handled all of that. Anneke probably did most of the cooking and housework. There was also, oh, the lady from South Africa.

S: Joan Wright.

M: Yes, Joan Wright. Joan Wright was somewhere in all this. Before I was the chauffeur, Joan Wright would take Krishnaji into appointments, or drive him to a talk, I think.

Are we running out of tape?

S: Yes. It's just important to talk about these characters because otherwise, they're just names and a hundred years from now, people will have no idea who they are.

M: Joan Wright's chief sterling quality was her ability to sew.

S: Yes, made Krishnaji's bathrobes.

M: Yes, and also he'd bring beautiful silk back from India, that sort of heavy, cream-colored silk, and she'd make his nightshirts, because he wore nightshirts. And, you can't buy nightshirts that easily, especially made of heavy Indian silk. She made all those things for him.

S: We've… I think we've run out of tape now. Alright, so we'll continue on the way to Paris in '66.

M: May, yes.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Krishnamurti's nephew, who later became head of the Rishi Valley School.

[2] Balasundaram was the head of the Rishi Valley School.

[3] Gérard Blitz was an entrepreneur who started Club Med, a promoter of yoga, and an enthusiast for Krishnaji's work.

[4] He is widely considered one of the most significant theoretical physicists of the 20th century, as well as a philosopher. David was also an enthusiastic supporter of Krishnaji's work, a Trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust in England, and a Trustee of the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre.

[5] Aldous Huxley was a famous writer, and one of the most prominent intellectuals of his time. From the 1920s, Huxley was an admirer of Krishnaji's work, and in 1929 helped start a school with Krishnaji and others in California.

[6] Mary Links's maiden name, and the name she used in her writing, was Mary Lutyens, so she is known in Krishnamurti circles under both names.

Issue 4: May 1966 to June 1966

It is clear from some of Mary's comments (e.g., "let's see what happened after that?") and from the exact dates and times that Mary gives in this discussion, that she had her diaries open in front of her for the discussion.

A significant development in the period covered by this discussion is that Mary began to be Krishnaji's host. Their relationship also seems to be shifting; it moves from "Mary, the driver and doer of errands" toward Mary as a friend and companion, and beginning to supersede Alain's friendship with Krishnaji.

Most significantly, in the period discussed in this issue, Mary has her first experience of the more "esoteric" aspects of Krishnaji's life, and he talks with her about this.

Scott: Where we left off was that you were just putting [*chuckling*] your car, your Jaguar, your not-a-Mercedes onto an airplane to fly it across the channel.

Mary: Well, wasn't as odd as it sounds today. [*Both chuckle*.] It was a rather small plane, that could land on the water but it also had wheels. It would emerge from the water on a ramp, and then the wheels would take it up onto the landing strip.

S: Oh, really?

M: I think so. That's the way I remember it.

S: Now how many people would there be? A small cabin with, say, a dozen people?

M: No, probably about eight. I can't remember how many cars could go, more than one obviously, probably two, maybe four. I don't know. There was mouth-like opening in the front of the plane, and the cars drove into the stomach, as it were, [*S laughs*] and then the passengers went and sat in the cabin.

S: I'm sorry I missed that one. [*Both laugh*.] OK, so, Krishnaji went with you?

M: Krishnaji, Alain, and I. It took a very short time, just flew over to Le Touquet.

S: And from there you drove to Paris.

M: Well, no, we didn't go to Paris. We went to something much nicer. From my research in the Michelin guide, I'd found a nice place to have lunch somewhere in Le Touquet, but then we drove on to a place called Vironvay, which is south of Louvier, if your French geography is good.

S: Not that good.

M: There was an inn, a sort of country inn called Les Saisons. It was very nice because it was sort of cottages around an old building. I had a big room with a fireplace. Krishnaji and Alain were somewhere else, I don't know where they were, not in the same cottage, but we had dinner in my cottage. We ordered room service and we had a fire. It was lovely.

S: Oh, how nice.

When was this again? Was this April?

M: This was May twelfth.

So, we spent the night there. Everybody'd slept well, and it was a beautiful day the next day. Around noon we drove on towards Paris, and I had ordered a table at the Coq Hardi. Have you ever been to the Coq Hardi?

S: No.

M: Well, it's a ravishing restaurant.

S: Where? In Paris?

M: It's out near Malmaison, west of Paris.

In summer, you sit outside on a terrace, and behind there's a hill, and it's all banked in hydrangeas.

S: How nice!

M: It's beautiful!

And the food is superb. I obviously was taken there by my father many times.

S: [*chuckles*] Yes, of course.

M: So, I knew about it, but of course they hadn't been there, and we had a sumptuous lunch.

S: Hm.

M: Just one beautiful dish of vegetables after another, and fruit. Krishnaji was pleased.

S: By this time you were well recovered from omelets and chips. [*Laughs.*]

M: Oh, omelets and chips were long gone. [*Laughs*.] So we went on into Paris in the afternoon. I dropped Krishnaji and Alain at the Suarèses' at about four o'clock. Then I

went on to the Hotel Pont Royale, where I'd stayed before. I didn't see them for a couple of days, but I spent time with my father.

M: On May fifteenth, Krishnaji gave his first talk in the Salle Adyar, which I think we discussed before.

S: Yes.

M: Apart from the talks, there was shopping. [*S chuckles.*] We went to Sulka for something, and Lobb, naturally, for shoes. These beautiful things were brought out, tried on, and were very pleasing. Then we went to the Bois**[1]** and to Bagatelle**[2]**, which is lovely. We walked around, and I think we had tea or something to drink, and then I drove them back. And, then…

S: What would happen for the talks? Who would drive Krishnaji to the Salle Adyar?

M: [*long pause*] I don't remember.

S: Was Alain making recordings of those talks?

M: Yes, he was. He was.

S: Would you see Krishnaji before the talks?

M: No, no. I wouldn't see him.

S: Would you see him that day?

M: That day, I guess. I have no recollection of it, and no note about it. Krishnaji and Alain would go for walks, and one day I took Marcelle Bondoneau to the Suarèses', dropped her there, and met them coming back from a walk. So, as I had the car, we went back to the Bois, and had another walk there.

On the twentieth, we drove to St. Germain for a walk, a long walk.

The following day I drove Krishnaji, Alain, and Pupul Jayakar to Chartres. We obviously went through the cathedral again, and had lunch.

S: Did you have lunch in the same place?

M: Yes, in the same place. Vieille Maison, it was called La Vieille Maison. Then we came back to Paris, dropped Pupul at her hotel, and went back to the Bois for another walk. [*Chuckles*.]

So, let's see what happened after that?

S: Were there any private discussions?

M: Well, I'm just coming to one. There was going to be another young people's discussion.

S: Arranged by Alain.

M: Arranged by Alain, and I was able to hire a nice room for that discussion in the Hotel Pont Royale. I took them to it, and sat in on it. Afterward, I dropped them back, and I went to tea with Marianne Borel. Do you remember Marianne Borel? Little bird-like lady with white hair, very French.

S: No.

M: Oh yes, you would. I can see her in my mind's eye. She always used to put up money for the camping people in the tent to have food. Like a little…

S: It's beginning to say something to me now.

M: Yes.

S: Huh, I'd probably recognize her if I saw her.

M: You would recognize her.

Well anyway, she gave a tea, and that was for all the French people, and so I met them all.

S: Where was it?

M: At her house. She gave the tea.

On another day, I lunched with Marcelle and Mar de Manziarly**[3]** there.

I guess I met her at the tea, but then I met her again at lunch, and then again on the afternoon walk with Krishnaji and Alain at Bagatelle.

On another day we went to Saint-Cloud for a walk. So it was talking, and walking, and shopping, that is what really went on.

S: Where the old castle used to be in Saint-Cloud, with that wonderful view over Paris?

M: Yes, yes. That's where we walked.

S: How very nice.

M: Yes.

M: Let's see, what happened next?

S: I just realized that at this time you didn't have the advantage of Mary's biographies because they hadn't been written.

M: No.

S: So you didn't know about people like Mar de Manziarly, her history with Krishnaji, or some of these other people?

M: Well, I'd probably been told, at least a little bit. These were, you know, old friends and part of that early time.

S: Yes.

M: I must've known something, I mean just from general talk.

There were [*chuckles*] two other characters of note: General and Madame Bouvards. [*Chuckles.*] He was a retired general and she was a rather worldly woman. They were around in Saanen every year, and Madame Bouvards would give luncheons and things. So, we went and had a luncheon with them and somebody called Nagaswaran. Nagaswaran played the veena**[4]** in India, for Krishnaji, and also he played it at the house that Alain and Frances and I shared. He was rather nice, and he moved to France, I think, and believe he started a school. Anyway, he played at Madame Bouvards.

Again, it was walking, and talks, and Bagatelle.

I went to concerts in the evening, and did shopping with Alain, and what else?

Oh, yes, we went to a movie one day, a movie called *Ten Little Indians*. [*S laughs.*] It's a detective thriller, somebody gets murdered. So that was very pleasing.

S: Ah. Yes, that would be. We all know Krishnaji's penchant for thrillers. [*S and M chuckle*.]

You don't mention going out to meals with Krishnaji.

M: No, he didn't eat at restaurants at all, except that one time at Bougival, Picardie.

S: And you weren't invited to the Suarèses' for meals?

M: I think I was, once or twice, but not regularly.

S: What were they like?

M: Well, he was a little gnomish-like man, and he was very busy, really absorbed, in doing some translations and writing a book about the Kabbalah. He was very involved in that.

Nadine was a grey-haired, middle-aged, very French-looking lady, but in fact they were both Egyptian. They came from Egypt.

S: Oh yes, I remember that now.

M: There was another young people's discussion, and I took K**[5]** there. And then coming back [*laughs*], this is a saga. I drove that small distance between from the Hotel Pont Royal and the Suarèses', and as I got to the corner, where their building is, the Jaguar stopped. Luckily, there was a parking place right on the corner, and I was able to roll it in [*both laugh*]. I don't know how, but I did. And so I said to Alain and Krishnaji, "Go away, and leave me to deal with this."

After some protests, they did. This [*laughs*] was on the twenty-ninth of May, and there ensued an absolutely frantic and comic day [*chuckles*], trying to get the Jaguar moving, have life again. I eventually got someone [*laughs*] through the auto club, I don't know what. "Ma voiture est en panne," said I.

"Oui, oui, Madame," came the reply. He would come and deal with it. [*S chuckles*.] So, how he dealt with it is that he towed it away. *And I couldn't find it.* [*S laughs.*] It was Pentecôte, you know, Pentecost.

S: Ohh.

M: [*laughs*] I was due to drive K, in the Jaguar, to Switzerland. [*S laughs*.] And it was Pentecôte, and nobody was anywhere.

S: Your car was taken away, and you didn't know where.

M: Exactly, and couldn't find anyone to ask. [*Both laugh*.] I was *up a tree*, as you can imagine!

I finally [*laughs*] located the man who towed it away, and I learned where it was supposed to be. He said that he would meet me there. He hadn't been able to fix it, but we were going to try to get it out anyway. So I went in a taxi *way* into the eastern part of Paris, to some terrible [*laughs*] place, where all the dead cars go when they die.

S: Yes [*laughs*].

M: A dead car yard [*both laugh*], and mine was behind a big wall with a big gate and an *enormous* padlock on it. So, the man [*laughs*], climbed the fence, and was to stand guard outside in case the police came by. [*Both laugh*.] I had a picture…

S: …of getting arrested stealing your own car! [*Laughs.*]

M: Yes, exactly! And the exasperation of the police at, you know, these *damned foreigners*…

S: Yes [*laughs*].

M: …coming to our country and doing these stupid things. [*S and M laugh*.] But anyway, he broke the lock or something because somehow he got the gate open, and he got the car out. He also had to go in and steal the key, which was hidden in the office. He did all that while I stood guard. Finally he got it out, but it would only go in very low gear *in fits and starts.*

S: Oiee.

M: Awful! And driving it that way with this awful jerky motion, I thought it's ruining the whole car so it'll never recover from this. He got it to the Jaguar agency up near the Étoile. I don't know how we managed but it got there, and it was left there. By this time, I was [*laughs*] rather a nervous wreck.

The next morning, I called the Jaguar people, but they were rather vague about the whole thing. So, I got Alain on the phone and I said, "You've got to come with me, or we'll never get it" –we were supposed to *leave that morning* for [*S chuckles*] Switzerland! [*M laughs.*]

We went over, and Alain was *marvelous*. He found out who was head of the whole place and where his office was, and we went upstairs to it, and he walked in with me in tow. There was the boss behind a big desk, important man in a conference with other important men. Alain walked up and said in immaculate French, "Monsieur, I am bringing you a great problem. Madame is due to leave this morning in her car to take a very distinguished gentleman on a tour of France and to Switzerland. It is the highest importance that the car be able to run. Will you see to it?" [*Laughs.*] With that, the chef de Jaguar [*S chuckles*] pointed to an underling and told him to take care of this. [*S chuckles*.]

We went out and followed him down, and there was the poor car. So we got in and, again, a *harrowing* ride into the Bois with the car going in lower than low gear, I don't know what, and jerking, jerking all the way. The technician, who was driving, forced the car to go. Apparently the car was not broken. There was something stuck, and by forcing it, and forcing it, and forcing it…suddenly it went! [*Laughs*.]

When we went back to the Jaguar dealership, I said, "We can postpone our departure until after lunch, but I will need the car looked at *in detail* between now and 3 o'clock," or whatever it was.

They said they would.

Alain and I then took a taxi, fetched Krishnaji, and went to Chez Conti, which is an Italian restaurant in Paris, very good. Mr. Conti, the founder and owner, was very attached to my father because, not only was my father a great customer (all restaurant owners adored my father, because [*S chuckles*] he was the perfect [*laughs*] customer), but Mr. Conti was also a racing fan, and Father had horses, and went to the races every day.

So, Mr. Conti was all too pleased to give us a wonderful lunch. Krishnaji was *delighted* to have Italian food, and said, "Why haven't we come here every day?!" [*Both laugh*.]

After lunch I fetched the Jaguar, got my luggage from the hotel, and I met them both at the Suarèses'. The car was driving perfectly, so off we went to Touraine.

S: Now, I know that eventually the Suarèses said to somebody it was too difficult for them to have Krishnaji. Was that, that year?

M: Yes, it was.

S: How did you come to know about it?

M: I didn't know about it then. I knew about it later in Switzerland.

S: Well, tell me about it now because we're talking about it.

M: Well, they were getting old, and Krishnaji's being with them was becoming more of a burden than a privilege. They made remarks about, "Oh, it's so much trouble, so much work, when you're here." And Krishnaji felt uncomfortable.

S: Of course.

M: He felt he was exploiting them.

S: Yes.

M: Krishnaji didn't say anything, but Marcelle Bondaneau came to know of this. She was an old, old friend of the Suarèses', and an old, old friend of Krishnaji; been in Ommen in the early days. She was a nice, jolly lady. As a result of what the Suarèses were feeling, that summer in Switzerland she said to me, "It doesn't seem right that Krishnaji is always a guest. He should have his own place when he comes to Paris. You should rent something and run it for him, so that it's his place but you're doing the needed."

I replied, "I would feel that I'm butting in, you know; this is an established thing, with the Suarèses. It will cause very bad feelings."

She said, "No, no, that doesn't matter. What's important is that Krishnaji should have things right for him."

So, she proposed it to him and he okay'ed it.

When she came back to me and told me, I said, "I'll need your help to find a place, because I have to go back to the United States."

She said, "We'll find something, and you, you rent it and run it" you know, the whole thing. So that was what was agreed.

S: I see.

M: But I must go back to this exit from Paris, because this was when Krishnaji told both Alain and me that, at times, he faints; and that, if it happened, we weren't to be frightened, but "don't touch the body," as he put it. So, we're going out of Paris on the thirty-first of May. *Heavy* traffic on the, um…

S: Autoroute du Soleil.

M: Yes, going south on the Autoroute de Soleil. We're driving along, and something made me glance at Krishnaji, and he *s-l-o-w-l-y* fainted to the left into, more or less, my lap. I put out my hand instinctively. I was afraid his head would hit the steering wheel. I couldn't stop the car. Cars, you know pouring all around us. Alain was in the back seat.

S: This Jaguar obviously has left-hand steering?

M: Yes. I'd ordered it for America.

It was extraordinary the way this happened. It was like slow motion. He didn't go plop. He *v-e-r-y* slowly, like a flower leaning over and…

S: Mm, hm.

M: So I was able to continue to drive. Luckily, I was in the right-hand lane. As soon as possible, when there was an exit, we got off the auto-route.

S: Alain was aware of what had happened?

M: Alain was in the back seat, but he couldn't do anything.

S: But he was aware of what happened?

M: Oh yes! He was aware of it. After a few minutes, *with a cry*, Krishnaji came to.

S: For how long was he out? A few minutes, five minutes?

M: Probably five minutes.

S: Did you have a sense of anything?

M: No, but it was curious. I didn't have a sense of anything, but every time it ever happened in a car, something warned me. Not that I was conscious, but something made me turn and look at him just before it happened. Every time. It was very odd.

S: Hm.

M: Because it happened a number of times later on. But that was the first time.

S: Did he say anything?

M: Yes, he did. He made some half-joking apology for falling into my lap or something. I've forgotten exactly what he said. So we drove on.

S: But there was no explanation?

M: Well, he said it would sometimes happen after a series of talks. He didn't explain it then, but he explained it later on; that it was something about leaving the body temporarily, after it'd been through strain of some kind. The effort of the Paris talks and all that, would have made that a moment for it. He also said it will never happen in public, and it will never happen unless he's with people he knows well, not casually.

S: Yes.

M: So, we drove on. I booked rooms in a hotel in Montbazon, which we turned out to dislike very much. It was the former house of somebody like Monsieur Coty, you know, some big industrialist. It was turned into a hotel, and it was overly ornate and pretentious. We didn't like it at all. But we spent the night, we had to. We decided to drive on the next day.

S: Can I come back to this fainting, Mary?

M: Of course.

S: Did you notice a change in Krishnaji from before he would faint to after he would faint? Like would he be refreshed afterwards? Or would he be…mm, in a different mood afterwards? Or anything?

M: No.

S: No change at all?

M: No, he wasn't any special way before.

S: He wasn't more tired afterwards or less tired afterwards?

M: I can't answer that. If it did something, or if it relieved some strain, it was not a *physical* strain.

S: So, it had no visible effect?

M: No. I didn't know why it happened, and I didn't ask. I mean I just—he told us that it might happen, and it did.

S: Had this happened with Alain before?

M: No, not that I know of. I don't think so, because I remember his explaining it to both of us.

S: Mm, hm. When did he explain it to both of you?

M: [*sighs*] I don't remember it precisely. He may have said it that day, but before the trip. I certainly didn't expect it then and there. I wasn't, you know, waiting to see if he'd faint or something.

S: But it wasn't like weeks and weeks before.

M: No, it was fairly recent.

S: Did Krishnaji ever say that he would know when this would come? Even approximately?

M: No.

S: Well, it came after a strain that he would know.

M: Well, he would, yes. And it later came one day after he'd had a dentist thing; that was "a shock to the body," as he put it.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Also, he had, once in California, a cyst inside his lower lip, and the doctor said it had to come out. So, we drove into the doctor's office, and they gave him Novocain, I think, and it was cut out. It wasn't serious in any way. But about halfway home, he fainted, again, in the same way.

S: Hm.

M: He also did it once in New York when we arrived, and we went to a flat I rented from my ex-sister-in-law. A little flat on 61st Street. I took him into his room, showed him where it was, and, I guess, just from fatigue of the journey, he fainted.

S: Hm.

M: So it was after some, as he put it, "shock to the body" or exertion, strain of some kind. And the cry, when he comes to, of course, is always…makes you…

S: Yes, I've heard that cry.

M: Yes. But the cry meant nothing painful. He wasn't aware of the cry. I mean it…he'd hear it…

S: Yes. He'd hear it, yes.

M: It woke him up, but it wasn't a sign of pain or something.

S: No, no. But, he obviously anticipated his fainting, to a certain extent, because he told you just before it happened that it would happen. In other words, he must have known that the body had gone through a strain with these talks.

M: That it might. Yes.

S: That it might happen. Yes.

M: But he didn't, as I recall, he didn't indicate something like, "Watch out."

S: No, no, no.

M: Just to tell us that it could happen, and not to be alarmed, and not to touch the body.

Of course, as it happened, I did touch him. I couldn't help it because I tried to prevent his hitting his head on the steering wheel, and he fell in my lap, but we didn't touch him otherwise. I just held him as well as I could with my right arm, and drove with my left. But, I didn't *do* anything about him or try and lift him up or anything. I just waited for it to go away.

S: Yes, yes.

Alright, you left the unpleasant industrialist's house.

M: Yes. [*Laughs.*] And it was awful noisy, too, and they didn't appreciate vegetarians.

S: [*laughs*] Sorry!

M: So, the next day we drove on to Amboise. We lunched in Amboise. Krishnaji isn't a great chateau visitor, as I've said, so we didn't go into the Château, but we went on to Chenonceau.

S: Oh, that's beautiful.

M: When we got there, we did do a walk around, but again, we didn't go into the Château. We went in on another trip when we went there. But it's lovely to look at it from the outside, and we walked around the gardens.

Then we went on—again the Michelin Guide had done its duty for me—to a place I'd found called Pougues-les-Eaux [*S laughs*]. At Pougues-les-Eaux, there was a Château de Mimont, which had been turned into a hotel. It was Château with parkland around. Lovely! And the owner was the host. One of those Château hotels, you know.

S: Yes, I do.

M: That was lovely. It was in the country, and there were fields, and trees, and beautiful rolling country. We had nice rooms and I remember in the salle à manger that supper was very good. They rose to the vegetarian challenge very nicely, and it was good.

S: Oh, good.

M: I remember that was one of the first times when I was aware of something… strange…some presence when Krishnaji was talking about his early life. I can see the dining room in my memory, and feeling something, something that's not identifiable. A sort of presence, is the way I can explain it; they're the only words I can think of.

S: Yes.

M: It was like a kind of, well…I've described it as a vibrance in the air. Something electric, something, some sort of unheard hum or something…

S: Yes, yes.

Did you say anything to Alain about it or to Krishnaji about it?

M: I don't remember, but when later we did talk about it, that memory of the Château de Mimont evening came back to me. I don't think I did talk about it that evening.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But that's, again, lost in memory.

So, we spent the next day going for walks. It was very nice.

S: Now, would you have your main meal at lunch, or at dinner?

M: Lunch.

Well, the first evening at Château de Mimont, we had our main meal for dinner, because we only got there about suppertime.

S: Yes.

S: So Krishnaji, even in those days, had his main meal at midday?

M: Yes, yes. We'd have supper, but lunch was the larger meal.

S: I wonder why?

M: Well, he'd been to the Bircher Benner Clinic.

S: Ahhh. Is that what they always recommend?

M: That's part of the regimen: that you eat your main meal at lunch, and there's that business about fruit first, and then raw things, and then cooked things.

S: Yes.

M: Which we've all followed ever since.

S: I know.

M: He picked it up there. It's the way they feed you, and diet is very much part of the therapy there. There are books, medical books supporting this program of food. And, he liked it, so that was the way it was.

S: Yes, of course.

M: So, then we drove on to Geneva.

S: Sorry, would it always be Alain in the back seat and Krishnaji…?

M: Yes, in the front.

S: So Alain didn't drive?

M: Not my car, no. He drove later his own car. He wasn't a very experienced driver.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And…I didn't like the way he drove. I thought he was hard on the car.

S: Ah, huh.

M: So I did all the driving.

S: I see.

M: He may have spelled me once or twice but, not with Krishnaji in the car, I don't think. I was supposed to be a great driver. Krishnaji approved.

S: Mm, hm. [*Laughs*].

M: Anyway, we arrived in the—back to the good ole Hotel du Rhône!

S: Which way did you come in, do you remember?

M: Yes, I do, but I won't be able to give you the names. Through…well it—looking at the map it would be the west, slightly southwest part, through…is there a place called Voltaire there?

S: Voltaire? There's something Chalon-sur-Saône?

M: No, we weren't that far south; I've been through Chalon.

S: Chalon-sur-Saône. Did you come in through the Lyons way?

M: No, no, no. Um, Mimont—we—we, oh dear, I can see the places, but I can't name them. Maybe my other book would have that. Do you want to turn it off, and I'll look it up? Or don't you care?

S: No, it's all right. Let's just make a note, and we'll get it later.

M: Alright. It's going to be a very confusing tape if we make footnotes, pages later!**[6]**

S: [*laughs*] It doesn't make any difference.

M: Anyway, we got to the Hotel du Rhône, and then of course the next day we did our Geneva errands. Patek. And also I think neckties at that place…

S: Jacquet.

M: Yes, Jacquet. Thank you. So, we then went to Gstaad, and Les Caprices. This year we all stayed at Caprices for a while, because Tannegg wasn't open yet. Krishnaji had a sort of studio, next to my flat, as I recall. But we all used my sitting room. And I did the cooking.

S: And where did Alain stay?

M: Alain stayed with me. There was an extra room that year.

S: Like the year before.

M: That's right, but we spent most of our time in my sitting room and had our meals there.

S: Would you go out to eat in restaurants?

M: No, we went to a restaurant on Thun Lake when we went to Thun for the car. If you go round the lake from Thun on the little boat they have, there is a town called Merlingen, and there they have the Hotel Beatus and we'd go there for lunch. But we didn't lunch in Gstaad, as I recall. We'd lunch at home.

And, of course, we had walks.

At one point, Krishnaji got bronchitis and stayed in bed. The Biascoecheas, who were in Gstaad already, came to lunch.

There's a note here about lunching, taking the lake ferry to Beatus from Thun. Apparently we were looking for a Volkswagen for Alain, because he needed a car. So, there was much car shopping and…

S: Mm, hm. In Thun?

M: In Thun, yes, that's where we'd gotten Krishnaji's car, from Monsieur Moser.

S: Yes, yes, I remember, yes. [*Both laugh*.]

M: We gave Mr. Moser a lot of business!

S: I know.

M: And Krishnaji got his Mercedes out of storage at Mr. Moser's, and drove it back to Gstaad.

S: What color was it?

M: Silver.

S: That's right.

M: Silver, the first, this is the first one.

S: Yes, this is the first one.

M: Again, we went for lunch with the Biascoecheas, we walked everywhere, and Alain went to Bern for something or other, I've forgotten what, probably a visa. I made lunch for K and we walked.

S: How long were your walks?

M: Oh, a goodly walk.

S: An hour?

M: An hour at least, yes.

We went to Geneva again, going through France, going around the south side of the lake. And we took a picnic and had it on route. And then we went to the Hotel du Rhône [*both laugh*]. We went to a Hitchcock movie that evening, *Dial M for Murder*.

S: Ah, yes, I remember that one.

M: Grace Kelly. The next day Alain and Krishnaji went to Dr. Pierre Schmidt, who was a noted homeopath. An ancient gentleman. Alain of course has always been mad about homeopathy, and he got hold of Dr. Pierre Schmidt, who was a very distinguished homeopath. [*Chuckles.*] I went along, I took them. They both had liver treatments. God knows what that was. They became patients of Dr. Schmidt. Then K and I drove back to Gstaad, and Alain remained to meet Desikachar, who was arriving from India.

S: Ah, ha.

M: The next day K and I lunched with the Biascoecheas, took a long walk in the afternoon along the river.

S: Oh, let me go back here, because Desikachar was coming to give Krishnaji yoga lessons.

M: Yes.

S: But before then it had been Iyengar, and Krishnaji always told me that Iyengar had hurt his neck.

M: That's true.

S: Were you there when it happened, or were you aware of that at that time?

M: Yes.

S: Well, you didn't talk about that.

M: Well uh, I wasn't aware of it when Desikachar…,

When Iyengar was teaching him, I took lessons from Iyengar too, and I must say he was almost brutal.

S: Yes, I've heard that.

M: I mean, he tried to make you do things that just pushed you to your limit.

S: Yes.

M: In fact [*laughs*] I used to deliberately get angry to get enough adrenalin to do what he was making me do. And he'd been too rough with Krishnaji. He's very rough.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Desikachar is the opposite, very gentle. So, Desikachar was invited to come.

S: So, you don't remember Krishnaji's being hurt at that time? It would've been the year before.

M: Well, he had a permanently stiff neck from it.

S: Yes, I know.

M: It wasn't that he was hurt then and there, but from Iyengar, he couldn't turn his head well. It got terribly stiff, and took him a long time to get over that.

S: I see.

Mary, it's good to have details like that…

M: Yes.

S: Like for instance, even your, you know, making yourself get angry so you would have the adrenaline to do that. Those are the kinds of things that make these interviews come alive.

M: Yes. [*Pause*.] He was, I've forgotten what pose it was he was making me do, but with my bad leg, it was forcing me very hard. I was shaking with the effort.

S: Why don't you read your notes?

M: Alright.

Well, here's a typical day. June eighteenth. I marketed and made lunch while K went riding in his Mercedes.

S: Now would he go out on his own?

M: Oh, yes! The Biascoecheas came for lunch with us. And later, I walked in the rain with Krishnaji.

S: Where did you buy your vegetables?

M: Oh, you know, what was his name?

S: Mr. Mullener.

M: Yes. He later had that restaurant in Gsteig.

And also the, oh dear, the one in the middle.

S: Yes, yes, yes. Across from the chocolate shop.

M: Yes. But back then it belonged to the original owner, whose name is on it.

S: Yes.

M: And then later his assistant bought it. Isn't it awful, the memory. I forget all those names.

S: Well, it's just a vegetable shop, but anyway [*chuckles*] I remember it as well.

M: Marketing was a big business. One went here for this, and there for that.

S: Oh yes! And Oehrli for the bread and cakes.

M: Yes, Oehrli is wonderful, those lovely cakes. And where eventually the, um…

S: White chocolate.

M: White chocolate! [*Both laugh.*]

S: I remember introducing those to you!

M: You did! You brought it. I hadn't had any chocolate, all these years, these twenty-some years in Switzerland, I never ate any chocolate because I knew if I did [*S chuckles*], I was lost! So the object was never to start and I never did…

S: Quite right.

M: …until you got me onto one.

S: Until I ruined it all.

M: Yes, yes.

S: So Krishnaji would go off every day, and drive on his own?

M: I don't know about every day but he would go often.

S: Oh, how nice.

M: Yes, yes. He liked that. Desikachar arrived, and we start yoga lessons. I have my first lesson with him.

Here's a day when Krishnaji took me for a ride in the Mercedes.

On another, I drove Alain to Thun where he picked up his Volkswagen, so we're now three cars!

S: With three cars, yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: Mine, of course is an inferior Jaguar, but anyway, I mended that later. [*Both chuckle*.]

One day we drove one day to Evian for lunch on the terrace of the Hotel Royal, which is lovely. I think it was then that ha! [*giggles*] Alain…it was the time when cherries, those wonderful, big, black, huge cherries.

S: Ah, yes, yes.

M: We ordered cherries, and Alain insisted on opening every cherry in case there was a worm in it. [*S laughs.*] He had a thing about worms. I said it ruins the cherries, being full of anxiety about a worm! [*S laughs.*] I said that I've never had a worm in a cherry.

He said, "I have!" [*S laughs*.]

But it was this really a lovely lunch because the terrace looks out over the whole lake. And it's a very old-fashioned hotel. In fact, we thought of taking rooms there once, but we never did.

So, on we went to Geneva and the Hotel du Rhône [*laughs*]. Alain and Krishnaji had homeopathic treatments, which I didn't have. They also had steam baths. But I didn't do that.

S: Where did they have those?

M: I don't know, wherever—it was a homeopathic thing. I don't know where they went. The next day, we drove back to Gstaad via Evian, and another lovely lunch at the Hotel Royal [*both laugh*].

This could be rather monotonous for posterity! [*Both laugh*.] I don't think posterity's going to want to hear all this stuff!

S: Well, this is a chance to get all the details [*M laughs*], like what did you do when they were going to this homeopath? And later on Krishnaji said that he didn't think home—homeopathy had done him any good. He stopped taking things.

M: That's right, but that didn't prevent him from getting an awful lot of it. [*Both laugh*.] And Alain was so interested, and still is so passionately involved with homeopathy.

S: Yes.

M: It never did anything for me.

S: Yes, Krishnaji said also, I can remember him saying, he didn't think it worked.

M: Well, he'd still do it. [*Both laugh*]. I guess he would be hot and cold about that.

S: So when you went down to Geneva, you drove in your car again then?

M: The Jaguar, yes, yes. And I, I don't know, I walked around and I shopped probably.

S: Describe what it was like driving with Krishnaji in the car.

M: Well, of course it was lovely.

S: He noticed everything.

M: Yes. And, again, I've described his back-seat driving.

S: Yes.

M: He would be like Toscanini or von Karajan conducting the driving with hand signals.

S: Yes.

M: But, he would also like to look at the country. He enjoyed that. At other times, when I drove alone with him, later on when Alain wasn't with us, he used to chant.

S: Hmm.

M: And that was *wonderful*. We would drive through France on lovely little tiny roads, with the beautiful country unwinding around us, and he would chant. It was like…well, I've always felt most people have a hum—when they're alone, they hum something. Krishnaji's hum was Sanskrit chants.

S: How lovely.

M: And, it was beautiful.

S: Hm. [*M chuckles*.] How nice!

M: Yes. Those were really wonderfully magic moments, being in the middle of France, away from everything, no telephone, no people, nobody knew where we were, just rolling through lovely country, relaxed and–just loveliness. We wouldn't talk too much. But there was a kind of something unspoken that we both were enjoying.

S: A kind of communication.

M: Yes.

S: How very nice.

Mary, would he or you bring like a thermos to have something to drink along the way if you wanted?

M: We usually took, I think, a bottle of Evian, or something like that.

S: And some cups or glasses?

M: Cups usually, you know, paper or plastic.

And later on we used to stop and buy *croissants*! This would be on the return from Switzerland, driving back to Paris.

S: You'd get croissants?

M: Well, we would leave always at 4 a.m., why I don't know, but we did. [*S laughs*.] Fosca would see us off and give me a good Italian coffee before we left. And then we'd cross the frontier just as it was coming light, up above Divonne, up there. And after coming into France, driving a bit down, there was…oh, I should know the name of the town. If I had a map in front of me I'd tell you. Where there's a bakery, and they were just baking them. Bread was coming out of the oven. And we would stop and buy *hot*-from-the-oven croissants.

S: Mm, hm, how wonderful.

M: Fosca would have given us a whole pannier of fruit and something to drink. So, we'd stop and have a picnic breakfast, which was lovely. Krishnaji would always remember the place! He, with his trick memory, not remembering so many things. He had a memory for places.

S: An extraordinary memory for places!

M: Yes, and he would say, "We're coming to it" when we'd be, say, a half a mile away. And when we'd get there, and he'd say, "Here it is, here it is." There was a place we could park off the road just a little bit, behind some trees and bushes.

S: Was Fosca cooking for you all the time in Gstaad?

M: Fosca cooked every year but the last year.

S: I only ask because you only said before, when you were talking that in the first year that Vanda had sent a cook…

M: Well, yes, a male cook. But, he didn't last. He was crooked, he was cheating [*laughs*]. People would send Krishnaji mangos, and I'd go fetch them in the car, a big box of mangos would come up the hill. We'd have mangos for maybe two meals, and then no more mangos. He was selling them to the Palace Hotel.

S: Oh, you left that out of the story!

M: Well, I didn't [*both laugh*] think of it till now!

S: Oh really!

M: Yes!

S: Ah ha!

M: He was fired.

S: So, he hadn't worked for Vanda for very long, or had he?

M: Um, I don't think he'd worked for her very long before. I'm not very clear on Vanda's arrangement. Fosca was actually a laundress, had been since early life.

S: Yeah, I thought she'd worked for Vanda forever.

M: Yes, she'd been the laundress for Vanda. She liked to iron very much. She kept saying, "I'm not a cook. Senora has turned me into a cook, and I'm not a cook, I don't know how to cook!" [*S laughs*.] She cooked wonderfully.

S: Yes, she was a wonderful cook.

M: Wonderful cook! But that was a bit later.

M: So, now we're…where are we?

S: We're going back to Gstaad through Evian.

M: Yes.

S: By this time you'd obviously moved back into Chalet Tannegg?

M: No, this is still June, you see, this is June twenty-fifth, actually.

S: So you spent like a month in Switzerland before Tannegg was even opened.

M: Yes, this particular year we came right after the Paris talks.

M: So the next day, June twenty-sixth, K started to cough, so he stayed in for a couple of days.

My activities were that I took the Jaguar down to be serviced in Lausanne, returning by train.

The next day Krishnaji was up again, and I left after cooking Alain and Krishnaji lunch. The train I took to go back to Lausanne to pick up my car went by Caprices, and Krishnaji, Alain, and Desikachar were waving to me on the balcony. [*Both laugh*.]

S: Waving you off to…

M: Yes! [*Both laugh more*.]

And then K drove the Jaguar. He condescended to drive a Jaguar! [*Both chuckle*.] Again we went to Evian and the Hotel du Royal, and to Geneva and the Hotel du Rhône, and again they had steam baths. This is very repetitious!

S: It has a rhythm. I like it.

Now, let me ask about Desikachar. When would you have, or when would Krishnaji have lessons?

M: In the morning.

S: Morning. And would you have lessons together?

M: No. We'd have separate lessons at different times.

S: What time would Krishnaji start his lessons?

M: Well, he'd have it in the morning when he did his normal exercises. I would have it later sometime. I don't know when. I don't remember.

S: And Desikachar really came there for Krishnaji?

M: Yes, yes. [*Laughs.*] I remember also…Do you really want the little details?

S: Absolutely.

M: Desikachar was always, of course, a very strict Brahmin, and, of course, very vegetarian. I'd brought a cake at Oehrli, and he tasted it and had loved it, and I didn't have the heart to tell him there were eggs in it.

S: Mm.

M: [*laughs*] So, I never told him! [*Both laugh.*]

S: Oh, because he didn't eat eggs either?

M: No! And I, I couldn't bring myself to tell him [*more laughs*] about the eggs.

So, I must have polluted him in some way, but that's what happened. [*Both chuckle again*.] After this last steam bath, Krishnaji decided that he didn't like it, it didn't suit him. We came back this time via Ouchy, and had lunch in Ouchy. Ouchy has the Château d'If, the…not Château d'If, the Château…what is the château on the lake?

S: Oh, that's the Château de Chillon.

M: Well, that's Ouchy. [Tape cuts out.]

S: Okay, we're back on.

M: I've remembered suddenly these things when Krishnaji talked about his life. He made a rather detailed attempt to explain to Alain and me about the theosophic order of things: the seven Masters, and a sort of super Master, and the Lord Maitreya, and the Buddha, and the Lord of the Universe. He explained that the Lord Maitreya is a living ancient being in Tibet who periodically leaves his own body and enters that of a person. He hasn't gone on to be a Buddha because humanity is suffering. It is said that he took Jesus' body.

I asked Krishnaji if he could see auras.

He replied that he used to.

Then I asked him if his extraordinary perception in interviews that made such an impact was, or came from such powers.

He said probably.

He told us a story about a man who came to him, and K was able to tell him all about himself. [*Chuckles.*] And the man was annoyed! Have you ever heard him tell that story? [*S laughs.*] The man was indignant! [*Laughs.*]

S: No, but I could well understand it!

M: It's as though this man felt Krishnaji had intruded into his life.

S: Yes, yes, yes.

M: As he was talking about these things, he always seemed to know how they occurred, but he never said. [*Chuckles.*]

S: What do you mean, how what occurred?

M: Well, all these odd things, I mean how he could see auras, and how he could, for instance, know all about this man when he walked in the room.

S: Yes.

M: One felt that he understood what was going on.

S: But he never explained it.

M: But he never explained it.

S: Yes. When did this conversation take place?

M: I think it was the same year.

S: Ah, ha.

M: It may have been in Château de Mimont.

S: How did Krishnaji—can you see him describing all this theosophical order of things?

M: Yes.

S: So, how did he talk about it?

M: Very factually.

S: Just very factually. As if there was something in it? Or, as though there was not something in it?

M: You couldn't make either statement.

S: I know.

M: You've had it, too.

S: I tried to draw him on it a dozen times!

M: Yes. He would talk about it, but he wouldn't vouch for it, as it were.

S: Or say it wasn't true.

M: No, he wouldn't. He wouldn't.

S: Yes.

M: And, of course, I was always felt it was not right to pry. If he wanted to tell me something, wonderful. But if he didn't want to go beyond what he told me, I never asked [*pause*] questions.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Or, I sometimes asked questions prefaced by the statement, "If you don't want to tell me, please don't, but I'll ask it, and then forget it if you don't want to tell me about it." So, I never pushed. Perhaps I should have, but I felt that wasn't right to do it that way.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And [*pause*] he said that, also in one of these talks, he talked about what was actually "the process," but he didn't call it that then. He talked about how he would cry out.

S: What did he say about "the process?"

M: He said that he'd suddenly had fits of unconsciousness or coma that would come upon him, and he would cry out. And his brother was there, and Rosalind, and a Mr. Warrington, who was a theosophist **[7]**. And he said that they never touched the body. There was something…he was so vulnerable in these states, in the fainting too, that anything that impinged upon him physically…If you remember, later on, when he talked about it, and Mary wrote about it **[8]**, the times in the Tyrol when they were there and the church bells would ring, and it—he said something like, "It nearly was the end of me" because of the shock of the bells ringing while he was in this state was so great.

S: Yes.

M: So there was an extreme vulnerability at a time like this. There mustn't be anything to shock the body physically or it could be fatal. He said they never touched the body. When he was telling us about this, I wondered if there was some reason that he was telling us. And, he said that his brother wrote it all down. That the boy had spoken marvelous poetry, and strange things happened. This was during "the process."

We asked what strange things happened. He said rather hesitantly, "A star appeared."

I asked where.

He said above his head.

The boy had no memory of all this, then or now, he said.

I asked if he was aware of what was happening then and he said, probably, he must have. But he couldn't remember.

S: Hm.

M: So that was one of the times when he talked about this. [*Pause*.]

S: Was that the occasion when you felt this strange presence?

M: No, that was in the Château de Mimont.

S: I know.

M: This was earlier. I didn't, I didn't get it then. I didn't, at least I don't remember getting it. My first noticing it all by myself was in the Château de Mimont.

S: So, it wasn't this conversation that brought it about.

M: No, no. This was an earlier conversation, which I'm remembering now.

But, probably if I'd been more sensitive, I would have felt it.

S: Yes.

M: It would have come then. It's, in a way, the sort of things that Mary [Lutyens] felt and wrote about, and about which Krishnaji used to say, "Do you feel it?"

S: Yes, yes.

M: And, I had always felt it before he said it, later.

S: Yes.

M: So, let's see, where we are now?

S: We're still in Les Caprices. You were just coming back from picking up your car at Lausanne, I think, or Krishnaji had stopped his steam baths.

M: That's right.

I think I ought to recount one evening when he spoke of a game of noticing and naming objects from just one glance. He said he used to play this game with his brother, and a similar game, where you, say, have just a second to look at this table, and then not look at it, and remember.

S: Really?

M: I asked him if his state of noticing everything is constant.

He replied, "It always has been, except when I'm empty, and I hardly look out the window of my room. I'm empty."

Then he turned to Alain and said, "That's why, sir, sometimes when you come into the room I jump out of my skin."

That was interesting: how he could look at everything, see everything, and then he'd go into these states of being empty, at which times anything would startle him.

He also asked, in the car going to Amboise, if we'd never heard a definition of meditation, what would it mean to us?

We replied, "A concern for life."

He then asked, "How does one look at oneself, not each individual, but in a way in which all things are included?" He continued, pointing to a mountain, "It's like being up there. When you look down from there you see everything in its proper place. So, how do you see from there?…Not how, but what is seeing from there? That is the question."

Then he asked, "Do you remember silence?" There'd been a silence. And, "Where was it?" he asked.

Alain said, "The Château de Mimont."

Krishnaji replied, "Yes, there was silence, and all the sounds in it."

S: Hm.

M: It seemed a wonderful thing.

S: Yes.

M: I said it had happened since, and he nodded, and said, "Yes, several times, in this room."

He continued, "Where do you start to look from? Not up there, but where you are. You must be very sensitive and do everything you can for that. Right food, enough sleep. Hip baths…" He was big on hip baths! [*Laughs.*] I'd forgotten about hip baths!

S: Oh, yes.

M: I think, Mary talks about having to have hip baths in mountain streams from melted snow when they were in the Tyrol**.[9]** He [*laughs*] used to take hip baths in the tub, ice cold water. I tried it once, ice cold water, it was unbearable! [*Both laugh*.] I never did it again! [*M laughs more.*] And it says here in my diaries, "hip baths," and that he laughed at me as he said it because I had complained.

"Be aware of everything you do. Have you ever tried that awareness?" he asked us.

Alain said that he had.

Krishnaji continued, "You are not aware if there is a center watching to correct. As long as there is this, you are not watching. There must be no center. Then things are corrected of themselves. That is the lesson for this evening." [*Both chuckle*.]

And then he changed the subject, and said he wanted us to speak only French all through supper! [*Both laugh again*.]

S: So this is still at Les Caprices?

M: Yes, this is.

S: Now, would you have serious talks like that often or not so often?

M: Yes, yes, often.

S: How nice.

M: Yes.

In the middle of a lunch, at some point, he said suddenly, "There is no discovery in thinking, only in observation."

See, these things seem to be floating through his mind. We'd be chattering, or laughing, or something, and suddenly he'd say something like that, as though it was always humming inside him.

S: Yes.

M: We were also playing records in those days in Caprices.

S: Did the place have a record player?

M: No, I had bought a machine in Geneva, I think, when they were having steam baths, and I bought [*chuckles*] some music.

S: How nice.

M: He liked Segovia's guitar music very much.

S: Yes, and Segovia played for Krishnaji once.

M: Yes he had. Krishnaji liked the sound of a guitar.

S: Yes. And, I think, Julian Bream also played for Krishnaji.

M: I don't think so. Not that I can remember. We played Julian Bream records. What made you think that?

S: Because, Amancio**[10]** told me this story: that he had offered to play guitar for Krishnaji, and Krishnaji said yes, fine. So, Amancio returned with his guitar, some days later, a week, I don't know what. And as he was tuning up Amancio asked Krishnaji, "Has anyone ever played guitar for you before?"

Krishnaji said, "Oh yes, Segovia and Julian Bream." [*Both laugh heartily.*] Amancio was just shattered! [*More laughing.*] And he said it was really difficult to play knowing who he was following. It must have been a nightmare for [*both laugh more*] a young guitarist!

M: Yes!

I know that Alain thought highly of Julian Bream, and I think he met him somewhere. He went and asked to talk to him about music. But, I don't recall that he played for Krishnaji, but maybe I wasn't there. Who knows? [*Both laugh.*]

Also, one evening, Krishnaji was very pleased [*laughs*] because, one evening, Alain locked me out of the kitchen and did the dishes.

S: Ah good, yes.

M: There was always a continuing battle over the dishes.

S: Even in those days?

M: Yes, but in those days I had the upper hand. I wasn't [*S laughs*] challenged except this one evening.

S: I see, unlike later.

M: Yes. Krishnaji was quite pleased with that. [*Laughs.*]

Krishnaji also asked me what I thought neurosis was.

I said that I thought, in part, that it was a very defective perception of reality. "The persistent pursuit of impossible aims," said I.

He asked me if I thought psychoanalysis did any good.

I replied that I did. Of course, he doesn't remember all that I have told him about my doing psychoanalysis.

I said, "Yes, but not on the level" of which he was talking. "It seeks to adjust people to the environment."

He then said, "But the society is neurotic. Thinking creates neurosis," he said. And laughed at what he thought most people would think [*S laughs*] if he said that.

[*Chuckles.*] Then he asked, "So, how does one act without thought? You must see that thought creates conflict, which is neurosis."

He was full of energy through all this, delighted that the rain had stopped his hay fever.

We watched the turbulent gray river pouring down the mountains. That's what it says here in my diary.

S: So Krishnaji was suffering from hay fever in those days?

M: Yes! All that hay! You know the machines that toss the hay?

S: Yes, yes, of course.

M: I remember one trip, somehow Krishnaji and Alain were both in the back-seat, I don't know why, and they were both perishing with hay fever, streaming noses. And I was sitting in the front, driving, just entranced with the lovely smell of new mown hay! [*Both laugh.*]

S: So, Krishnaji didn't have his little pink pills in those days?

M: No, that comes much later.

S: Oh boy.

M: Mm. Ohhh. [*Pause.*] Here is…[*pause*]. I must skip along in this because again we're getting so out of sync.

S: It doesn't make any difference.

M: He used to tell us his stories, but you know his stories about the student of a guru who went off and studied for fifteen years with another guru, and then came back to the first guru and said he'd learned marvelous things, so the first guru said, "Show me a little." The student said he could walk on the water.

S: Oh yes. [*chuckles*]

M: Yes [*chuckles*]. So the student showed the first guru, who said, "You took fifteen years to do that? If you'd told me, I could have showed you there was a ferry!"

S: Yes, yes! [*Laughs.*]

M: [*laughs*] Then there was the Lord Vishnu one I won't repeat all those stories because they're well documented.

S: Yes.

M: Anyway, back to the period we're discussing: Desikachar gave yoga lessons every morning to Krishnamurti.

S: Where was Desikachar staying?

M: Hm, where was he staying? I guess in another room in Les Caprices.

S: And Vanda wasn't there?

M: She doesn't come until July. We're still in June.

S: Ah, yes.

M: [*laughs*] In return for yoga lessons, Krishnaji was giving Desikachar meticulous lessons in western table manners! [*S laughs.*] Alain and I learned a thing or two about western table manners as it went along! [*Both laugh.*] Oh, goodness!

Now here's a question that appeared on the way to Geneva; Krishnaji asked, "What would make a man change, a man like Iyengar, who is angry and bitter at Desikachar's giving lessons here." [*She seems to be reading now.*] "As long as he is taking a stand, there is no change."

At this point, Alain and I ask if he hadn't taken a stand on things like not killing or eating meat?

He replied, "It isn't a stand. I don't kill anyone. I've never eaten meat, but it's a position. I just don't." [*S chuckles*.]

It seemed a subtle and important difference between just not doing something, and having a plan, ideal pattern of action. It was not a principle.

"As long as he takes a stand," this refers to Iyengar, "he will never change. There is no small, gradual change. That is no change at all. Only the awareness that a total revolution is necessary, *in an instant*, will change a man."

Another day, in the car, he asked, "What is love? Not all the exchange between most people. For love there must be meditation, there must be no memory."

And then he said, "Love is innocence, just don't answer it."

At one point he asked me if I would like to be twenty-five again. [C*huckles.*] Not to go back to when I was twenty-five but be that now, having had all the rest of my life.

I replied, "In that case, yes!" [*Both laugh*.]

"I thought so," he said! [*More laughs*.] Oh dear.

Later he admonished us about food and the good or bad of taking vitamins. He was in a wheel of energy and kept coming back from his room to tell us more. He told me that I must make the body very sensitive by learning what foods were best for me. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Was Krishnaji taking vitamins in those days also?

M: No, no. He wasn't. [*Chuckles.*] He was against them then.

On another drive he was talking about relationship, and he said, "I've always done what I wanted. One reason Rajagopal used to get upset was that, if I wanted to give something away, I gave it."

He spoke of seeing things instantly.

And he asked why I hadn't seen, in the past, both death and pleasure and stepped out of it?

I said that I had.

He replied, "No, no Madame, why didn't you see it then?" [*Long pause*.]

S: Was he beginning to say a lot of negative things about Rajagopal?

M: Oh, yes.

S: Why don't you talk about that?

M: Oh, that's such a big subject. I think I did talk in the last discussion about the discussion group, and how Krishnaji didn't have the right to let us hear the tape, and all that.

S: Yes, yes, you did.

M: I was beginning to gather more and more that things were not well between them. He didn't talk too much then, but he did later on, when he went to the United States, and went to Ojai. Then everything came out.

S: But, at this point, he wasn't talking a lot about Rajagopal?

M: Not much, but I mean he'd make occasional remarks like the one I just mentioned.

S: Obviously, Alain must have had some contact with Rajagopal.

M: Well, Alain had contact with Rajagopal when we went to Ojai with Krishnaji, which is this year, '66.

S: So, not before?

M: No, he never met him.

S: Oh, I see.

M: So, for the moment, we're still in Switzerland. When people started coming for the talks and we used to go on walks, he said, "I don't dare look to left or right" because people would be looking at him and want to catch his eye.

He said, "Do you mind if we walk fast?" [*S chuckles*.]

Oh, I had a dream at that point. [*Chuckles*.] It was the most vivid dream I've ever had in my life, and it's pertinent to this time in my life. I knew immediately what it meant. So, the dream…I must have told you this.

S: Yes, you have, but tell it anyway for the tape.

M: Well, the dream was that I'm standing on the bank of a river. The river is very fast, and turbulent; a fast moving river. If I jump in, I may drown, but I feel I *must* jump in. In the middle of the river was a tall, majestic Sequoia; a redwood tree; a splendid towering

tree. I knew that if I jumped in the river that I had to be willing to drown. Perhaps I wouldn't, perhaps I'd be washed against the tree and that would save me. So, I jumped, and that's what happened. The moment I woke up, I knew exactly what it was because the Saanen River is gray, and can be turbulent…

S: Yes.

M: …and though the Saanen River is a little river, the river in my dream was *vast*. The grey river represents change to me. What the dream was saying to me was: You've got to be willing to let go and die to yourself, as it were, and change. Of course, the tree is obviously Krishnaji.

[Tape stops, then starts again.]

S: Did you ever describe this dream to Krishnaji?

M: Well I did, sometime later. We were on a walk along the river, and he smiled and said it was a symbolic dream.

I said, "Yes, it could be interpreted in various ways, either being saved or perhaps destroyed."

"Oh no," he said, and asked how a psychiatrist would look at those things. I described the process. "Oh, that takes forever," he said. [*Both chuckle*.]

Also we had a conversation about masks; that we all wear masks, and would it be possible to live with no masks, no defenses, directly in contact, and have no objectives?

Well, now we come to Vanda arriving from Rome.

S: Is your contact with Krishnaji different from Alain's? Do you seem to have more discussion with Krishnaji than Alain?

M: Yes. Well, Alain was in a lot of these discussions, but I think I've always mentioned when he was there. I said, "we said" or "he said to us."

S: Yes, yes.

M: So, a lot of these discussions were with both of us.

S: Yes.

M: But, the same sort of discussion went on when I was walking with him alone, or driving with him alone.

S: Yes, I see. But does there seem to be a difference emerging; that perhaps you're closer to Krishnaji, or you're talking more deeply with him, or you seem to have a different rapport with him?

M: Well, of course, I don't know how…

S: Did you begin to feel that he had more of a rapport with you than he had with Alain?

M: I don't know. I don't know how Krishnaji was when he was alone with Alain, how he talked. I think he probably talked the same way.

S: Yes, but we can sometimes feel when we're in relationship with someone…we know our relationship with that person is different from that person's relationship with someone else.

M: Well, I think yes, I think probably yes.

S: Was it a little hurtful to Alain?

M: I think later on it was. I don't think it was at this point. Yes. I think that it was eventually.

S: Okay, we're near the end of the tape. When we begin the next discussion we'll begin with the time that Vanda arrives, and Tannegg is opened.

Is there anything else to put in before that?

M: [*laughs*] Yes! Just before Vanda arrives, at lunch, there was a teasing battle on the subject of marriage with Desikachar as the audience. Krishnaji and Alain were attacking it and I was taking the defense.

I said that Alain put it along-side leprosy [*both laugh*] and that K's tone when speaking of marriage to the children at Rishi Valley was enough to put a terror into them. [*More laughing.*] He would make a remark and then look sideways to see how much of a rise he'd got out of me! [*S laughs.*] We finally agreed that the whole system needed revising, and I suggested that he re-invent its meaning. [*Both laugh*.]

That afternoon Vanda arrived from Rome at Chalet Tannegg, and came down for supper with us. It was lovely to see her. She met Desikachar for the first time. Then the next day Krishnaji and Alain both moved up to Tannegg. Krishnaji thanked me for everything and said if he and Signora, as he called her, quarreled could he come back and stay with me? [*Both chuckle*.] I moved most of their things up to the Chalet, and as I left Vanda said, "You must come for all lunches and suppers," very sweetly.

Krishnaji walked me to my car, kissed my hand very lightly and thanked me again.

S: How nice.

M: Yes.

S: Okay, we should probably end there.

M: I'll try and do my homework before next time. Give me more warning.

S: [*laughs*] Okay.

M: We seem to never get very far. At this rate we won't live long enough to…

[Tape cuts out.]

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The Bois de Boulogne is on the western side of Paris.

[2] A chateau and garden within the Bois de Boulogne.

[3] Krishnaji met the de Manziarly family in 1920 when he came to Paris to learn French. The mother was an ardent Theosophist with three daughters and a son, all of whom became close friends of Krishnaji's.

[4] A lute-like stringed instrument from India.

[5] Mary increasingly refers to Krishnaji as K from now on.

[6] Later notes say that they entered Switzerland via Macon and lunched at Auberge Bressana, near Bourg-en-Bresse.

[7] This refers to "the process," a seemingly esoteric event described by Krishnaji's brother in 1922, and written about by several people then and subsequently, when there have been, what seem to be, similar events.

[8] Mary Lutyens wrote about this in her book, *Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening.*

[9] Mary Lutyens describes this in *Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening* in her account of being with Krishnaji and a group of others in Ehrwald in 1923.

[10] An excellent studio guitarist who taught students at Brockwood when I was principal.

Issue 5: July 7, 1966 to October 20, 1966

Only three and a half months are covered in the twenty-eight pages of this issue, because Mary is reading her diaries as she speaks—sometimes reading out loud, and sometimes paraphrasing. So we see much more of the minutia of her daily life with Krishnaji.

However, these few months are critical, and changes occur that alter the rest of Krishnaji's life. For the first time, Krishnaji's speaking schedule is not being arranged by Rajagopal or people appointed by Rajagopal. Krishnaji returns to America for the first time since 1960. And Krishnaji stays with Mary in California for the first time, as he would continue to stay with Mary when he was in the U.S. for the rest of his life.

This period also sees the first moves toward having a Krishnamurti School someplace in Europe, and so we see the very beginnings of what would become the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre.

In this period, also, the break with Rajagopal begins. This break, which had been so long in the making, evolves for the next several years, and positively affects every aspect of Krishnaji's life; and we see in this issue how easily it could have been avoided. In this period, Mary and Alain first come to realize just how terrible things have been for Krishnaji with the Rajagopals, and as we see it become clear in Mary's eyes, it becomes clear in ours.

Scott: We pick up our story in July of 1966.

Mary: Alright. Krishnaji had been staying at Les Caprices, in a little studio flat next to the one that I always had. He took his meals, et cetera, with me and Alain in the sitting room of my flat. This continued until Vanda arrived in Gstaad from Italy, and, of course, she had the ground floor in Chalet Tannegg again. Krishnaji moved up there on July seventh. Thereafter, I was very kindly invited to many meals by Vanda, so I was frequently up and down the hill between the two places. The day after Krishnaji went up there, I lunched with all of them and also present was Radha Rajagopal Sloss**[1]** with her husband and two youngish children, quite attractive children. I'd seen her before in Ojai.

S: How did she strike you?

M: Well, she didn't make any special impression. She had a kind of proprietary air toward Krishnaji as though he sort of belonged to her as a child, a sort of hangover from that.

S: That's really what I was asking about.

M: Yes. She both played up to him and treated him a little as though he was old and bumbling. There was much chatter at the table. The children were very nicely behaved, nice children.

S: How old would they have been? You said they were youngish.

M: I would imagine the girl was older. Tinka, she was called in those days. She was probably twelve or thirteen, something like that. I think the boy was a year or two younger, but I couldn't swear to it. I'm afraid I have a rather dim memory of them.

On the tenth, Krishnaji began his talks and, as usual, the tent was full.

S: Can I just come back to something for a minute?

M: Yes.

S: How did Krishnaji treat her?

M: He was very sweet with her and the children. You know, just normal. Nothing special. I really don't remember too much. I remember that there was quite a lot of talk at the table, and he said something about, "How these Americans do get on," which was an ironic remark [*chuckles*] considering the two Americans in question, Radha and me. We both sort of made chatter at the lunch table.

Let me read what happened next.

Ah, yes. Right after the second talk, Alain and I went to Divonne to hear Richter**[2]**. I remember it especially because Richter had appeared, at least in my awareness, the previous winter when he came to Los Angeles. I'd read a review of his playing in, I guess, the *New York Times*, which said this *extraordinary* Soviet pianist has come to the west, and gave such a review as I'd never read. By coincidence, when I was reading the review, I thought I recognized the name from material I used to get of people who were playing in Los Angeles. So, I went to hear him, and it just blew me through the ceiling. It was *so* wonderful.

So, I thought that Alain being a musician and a pianist to boot would be interested. I told him about this and, well, he wasn't patronizing, but it was obvious that he was thinking that I was an amateur and he was a pro.

S: Yes, yes.

M: But I insisted, saying that he had to hear this man. So, when I heard he was going to play in Divonne, which is, as you know, right outside Geneva, I got tickets through the concierge at the Hotel du Rhône, where we always stayed.

Well, it was a big success. We had seats quite close to the stage, and Richter no sooner started playing, then I glanced at Alain, who rolled his eyes [*laughs*]. He saw immediately what it was.

S: How nice.

M: I think we spent the night in Divonne. I remember that Alain ran into Richter in the hotel hall and spoke to him in French. I don't know whether Richter spoke French, but he understood it. Alain said, "Monsieur, vous etes *le seul* pianiste," and Richter sort of acknowledged that. [*S laughs*.] Anyway, it was a very successful outing.

Then we came back the next morning, in time to hear Krishnaji give his third talk. After the talk, Krishnaji brought his car down to Caprices because he wanted to keep it in the garage. With my rent, I had garage rights.

S: Ah ha.

M: And so we put it in Caprices.

S: And he didn't have garage rights at Tannegg?

M: Well, there was some confusion over the garage rights.

S: Did Vanda drive him down to the talks?

M: Yes.

S: And what car did she have?

M: She had a Lancia that she'd had for years, and the last time I saw it, which was in 1986, it had died, but it was sitting on her lawn [*both laugh*] in Italy. She kept it like a monument! For all I know it's still there!

But it was a very splendid Lancia, and she drove very fast and enjoyed driving.

S: Where would she park at Tannegg?

M: Well, there was a two-car garage.

S: Alright. I'd like to ask a little about some of what occurred just before the talks and then just after the talks, because it changed over the years. So, people would come up and shake his hand or say hello?

M: Well, a few, yes.

S: Before the talk?

M: No, after the talk. Never before. No.

He would, as you may remember, come to the tent at the very last moment…

S: Yes.

M: …and walk right in…

S: Yes, I remember it well.

M: …and start talking.

S: Or just want to be quiet.

M: Yes, be quiet, but he didn't want to talk to anybody.

S: Yes.

M: He liked to get there, at least when I was taking him, in time to walk right in. He didn't want to hang around. He would stand around afterward, and people would come up and greet him.

Also, Alain, again, arranged young people's meetings. They were usually held at Tannegg. Filled the living room with young people, and I suppose they were taped. He was taping everything because he was responsible for the Nagra.

Where are those tapes?

S: I'm not sure we know that.

M: They should be in Ojai because they would have gone to Rajagopal.

S: Rajagopal. Yes, but that could mean they're in the Huntington**[3]**.

M: Yes, they could be. I've seen a lot of tapes of Krishnaji there with Alain's handwriting on them.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, there was also yoga going on with Desikachar, for both Krishnaji and me.

And also, Krishnaji used to ask me to come driving with him in his Mercedes.

At one point, early on, in the middle of July, Krishnaji said that he was uneasy about staying with Mrs. Pinter in New York. He was going to speak there at The New School. Krishnaji knew that she was now old and not too well, and he felt that his staying there would be an imposition and difficult for her. Mr. Pinter had died since the last time he was there. As I had said I would find a place for Alain and me to stay in New York, Krishnaji wondered if he could stay wherever Alain was staying. So, I immediately got in touch with my brother, and asked if I could rent his flat. He was between [*chuckles*] marriages at that point, and alone in his flat. I asked him if I could I rent it for the time we'd be in New York. My brother could stay in our father's flat in The Ritz Tower. My

father had a little flat which Krishnaji and I later used in another year. But, with three of us, I needed a bigger flat than was my father's.

S: Mm, hm.

M: My brother**[4]** immediately cabled me and said, "Yes, of course." So, that was arranged.

At about this time I remember Mrs. Lindbergh came to lunch.

S: Ah, yes.

M: She was a friend of Vanda's and had met Krishnaji before. Of course, she had written something for one of Krishnaji's books. Was it an introduction?

S: This is Charles Lindbergh**[5]**'s wife?

M: Yes, Anne Lindbergh.

S: Mm. Did she write an introduction to one of Krishnaji's books?

M: Yes. I think so, or something about it. She admired him very much.

S: How long had she known Krishnaji?

M: I don't really know. I think she met him through Vanda. The Lindberghs had a summer house in Les Avants, I think.

S: In Switzerland?

M: Yes. So, she drove up for lunch. She was a very nice person.

On the twenty-second, there was another ninety young people for a discussion.

S: Ninety in that house?!

M: Ninety, yes. It was kind of crowded! [*Both laugh.*]

S: That's an understatement!

Where did Alain find them all?

M: Oh, he went sort of trolling through the audience.

He had a great rapport with young people. He loved young people, and he would talk to them, and laugh with them, and they liked him. He was very good with young people. It was Alain's doing that brought all the young people to Krishnaji.

S: Yes, I know.

M: That was a really good thing that he did.

Instead of us old ladies doddering in the front rows, tides of young people came. Of course, it was also the era when young people were wandering around Europe, with packs on their backs, and this was a place to go at that point, a hippie stop. [*Chuckles*.]

What else did we do? We went down to Evian to pick up Lobb shoes for Krishnaji and Alain. This was so we wouldn't have to pay the customs duty in Switzerland on them! [*Both laugh*.] So we would drive to Evian and go to the post office where they had been sent, they would be sent…

S:…post restant!

M: …post restant, yes.

And there would be the shoes! Beautiful, gleaming Lobb shoes. [*S laughs*.] From there we went on to Dr. Pierre Schmidt in Geneva. Dr Pierre Schmidt was the *dean* of homeopaths, according to Alain.

He was the homeopath that had Krishnaji taking steam baths. I fiddled around while they did that [*chuckles*]. Then we came back the other way, through Lausanne, so we made a circle of the lake.

S: How nice.

M: We often used to have lunch at a place called La Grappe D'Or, which had very good food.

S: La Grappe D'Or, where is that?

M: Well I could drive you there, but I don't know how to tell you. You know how part of Lausanne is on a hill?

S: Yes.

M: And it kind of goes down the hill a little bit. It's there, about a block off the road that goes through town. Then we'd go back to Tannegg for supper.

On the twenty-eighth, there was the ninth Saanen talk. Lots of talks in those days.

And the next day there was the third young people's discussion at Tannegg. I was invited to attend and stay for lunch afterward.

S: So the young people's talks were in the morning?

M: Yes, this was a non-talk day.

S: So that meant that Krishnaji was talking every other day.

M: Yes. It was busy days. He had a bit of bronchitis but, as usual, he surmounted the bronchitis.

On the thirty-first was the tenth and last Saanen talk of that year.

Oh, yes, it says here I did some typing up at Tannegg.

S: How did you get a typewriter?

M: I always traveled with a little Hermes typewriter.

On August third, the public discussions began. Oh, that was also the day I got the cable from my brother saying that the flat in New York was ours. I went up that evening and told Krishnaji it was all set.

S: That must have pleased him.

M: Yes, he was pleased.

On the fourth there was the second public discussion—there was one every day at that time. But of more significance was the meeting at Tannegg with all the people who wanted to start a Krishnamurti school. The room was full. There must have been fifty people, at least, with many rather emotional ladies who were thrilled with the thought of starting a Krishnaji school. Krishnaji just listened, and then asked a couple of questions.

S: So he didn't call that meeting?

M: No, they had been talking about wanting to do it, and he heard of it.

S: Who were the chief instigators?

M: I don't know.

We also discussed that day about having a permanent hall at Tannegg instead of a tent. We went rather far with that, but in the end nothing came of it. It was too expensive. You see, by this time we owned the land. So, instead of paying an awful lot of money for a

tent every year, we thought of putting up a permanent building, but it turned out to be *far* too expensive! [*Chuckles.*]

On the next day, after the third public discussion, Krishnaji sent for me. We went outside to a private place where we could sit and talk, and he discussed his and Alain's staying with me in New York and in Paris the following spring. He wanted to talk to me because he was worried that I might be spending too much money. He talked to me very seriously about all that, as he was a bit worried. "Are you going into capital, Madame?" he would ask, and I would assure him it was alright. [*Both laugh.*] He kept coming back to that subject. When we came back to Tannegg, the Bohms were there, and there followed a long talk with Krishnaji, the Bohms, Vanda, and me.

On the seventh of August, Krishnaji called a meeting at the Biascoecheas'. Krishnaji picked out about fifteen people who'd been at the first meeting about starting a school. He decided the rest were not serious. He said I was to be part of it. I don't know why, having nothing to do with education. But, he wanted to involve me in it, apparently. Anyway, he said to everyone, "Are you all serious?" This was the time when he really inquired into it.

There was the question of what country the school should be in. He wanted it to be an international school, and he wanted, at that point, the teaching to be in both English and French. The possible countries were France, Switzerland, England, and Holland. There was much talk back and forth. There were people from all those places. That was when he said, at the end of it, "Well, go and find out"—someone from each country was to go and find out "everything to do with what it takes to establish a school in your country, and come back here next summer, and we'll talk about it some more." So, he acted rather quickly on all that.

S: Who was going to find out about Holland? Who was going to find out about France?

M: Anneke was finding about Holland.

S: So she must have been in that meeting?

M: She was at that meeting. Nadia Kossiakof was finding out about France. I don't know who was doing Switzerland. And Dorothy was finding out about England.

Anyway, that was a decisive meeting. I remember driving him and Alain up the hill after it, and that was when Krishnaji gave me a definite "yes" that he would stay with me in New York, and for Paris the next year. We could go ahead with a plan for that. So that was settled.

S: Was Alain making the arrangements for the talks in New York?

M: Oh yes, yes.

S: Was he also arranging the talks in Paris?

M: No, the French committee did all that, but Alain was instrumental. I think, later this year, Alain went to Paris to look at what Marcelle and Gisela Elmenhorst, the two Paris people, had arranged.

The next day, things seemed to be moving fast. In the morning was the sixth discussion, and in the afternoon, there was a third meeting about the European school. I was up at Tannegg for a yoga lesson, and Krishnaji called me in to ask me to discuss where we'd stay in Holland the next year. So, my role in housing was growing daily [*laughs*]. He said to talk to Anneke, so I asked her for supper that night. I explained to her what Krishnaji had been doing up till then, and the difference in the Paris plans. She offered to find a place for all of us for the next spring—Anneke, Alain, me, and, of course, Krishnaji.

S: Can I come back to your yoga lessons with Desikachar? Now, you must have talked with Krishnaji quite a bit about the difference between Desikachar and Iyengar.

M: *Oh yes*, yes. Well, Krishnaji had already wanted Desikachar. The break with Iyengar had been made.

S: I know.

M: At one point, there was a bit of a situation because Iyengar came to Gstaad to do yoga with Menuhin**[6]** even though he wasn't doing it with Krishnaji. Heretofore, Iyengar had taught Krishnaji, and he used to be put up by a lady in the lower flat in Tannegg. He used to give his lessons there. The first yoga lessons I took were in that downstairs flat.

S: Uh, ha. You see, all this is information we didn't winkle out of you before.

M: Well, it's not exactly deathless historical lore! But anyway. [*Laughs.*]

S: No, but I see, I see. So then, this year that we're now discussing, Desikachar was teaching yoga to you and Krishnaji upstairs, and Iyengar was teaching others downstairs! [*Laughs.*]

M: Yes, except for Menuhin, to whom Iyengar would go. So, there was rather a coolness, shall we say, between the lower floor and the middle floor. Except for Vanda, who always was very loyal to Iyengar because she really got her knowledge of yoga from Iyengar. She got on with him and liked him.

S: Did you meet Menuhin at that time?

M: I met Menuhin the year before when I was taken by Iris Tree to call on Mrs. Menuhin. Did I talk about that in our last discussion?

S: No, you didn't.

M: Well, Iris was a friend of theirs and mine, and Iris took me there to call on Mrs. Menuhin, and I remember [*laughs*] it was quite fascinating. First of all, they were all practicing for concerts in the rest of the house, so we sat in, I think, the dining room. Mrs. Menuhin carried on a flowing conversation mostly with Iris, and wrote letters at the same time! [*Laughs.*] I found the logistics of it interesting, because she had very large handwriting, and she was writing on little, bright, pretty blue note paper. This enabled letters to go off to friends all over that didn't take long to write because the writing was so big and the page was so small. [*S laughs*.] I thought that was very clever of her! [*M chuckles*.]

S: Did it seem impolite to have a conversation and write letters at the same time?

M: No, not a bit! She just went on talking and large letters grew on the paper. [*Laughs.*]

S: Extraordinary.

M: So, I met him at the same time. We just shook hands.

S: So he hadn't come over to see Krishnaji at that point?

M: Oh no, he didn't, there was again a frost there.

Krishnaji had made probably one of those statements that genius and talent aren't really creative.

S: Yes.

M: They got it second-hand [*laughs*], but the Menuhins all took offense. I don't know because I wasn't there, but I think it was the sister Hepsibar and her husband who used to go the talks, and they must have heard him say this and reported it.

S: Didn't Menuhin go to the talks?

M: Not in my time. He had gone before.

S: Right. I remember, but, of course, my memory can be wrong on this, but I seem to remember Krishnaji telling me that it was actually in a conversation Krishnaji had with Menuhin that this occurred.

M: Well, maybe it was.

S: The conversation was about creativity and art and talent, and Krishnaji was saying things that Menuhin just *could not* stomach.

M: That may be true.

I didn't hear this from Krishnaji, so whoever told me may have told me wrongly.

S: I had that from Krishnaji.

I'm sure that's where I got it from. And as Krishnaji told it to me, he had that kind of chuckle he had when he was recounting saying something that was unpopular.

If I can try to recreate some history here: if Huxley died in '63, and Menuhin knew him well enough to be interviewed for that television program, then it must have been before 1963 that Menuhin first had contact with Krishnaji.

M: Well, remember that Krishnaji didn't start talking in Saanen till what? '61 was it?

S: I think so. But Menuhin could have met him in California before that.

M: No, I don't think so.

S: Well where, where did he know Huxley from? England?

M: No, he knew Huxley from California through Gerald Heard**[7]**.

S: Could he have known Krishnaji then, too?

M: I don't know, but remember Vanda was very musical. Her father started the Maggio Musicale in Florence. She knew all the leading musicians of her time.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Casals and…

S: Stravinsky.

M: Toscanini, and all these people. And she would have known Menuhin, so *I imagine* that Krishnaji met him through Vanda, but I don't know.

So anyway, we're on the ninth, when Krishnaji had the seventh and final public discussion. In the afternoon Krishnaji, sent for me to tell me that he'd told Bonito de Vidas of the Paris plans, and his asking me to rent a place. I don't know what de Vidas said, but de Vidas liked to control everything, so, apparently he didn't like the idea much, but I don't know. [*Both laugh*.] At the same time Krishnaji was telling me this, he again asked me if I was I spending capital. Again I said, "No" and not to worry about it. [*Laughs*.]

The next day there was a meeting with Alain, and Krishnaji, and Anneke about the Amsterdam plans. Again he called me back for a talk, and had Alain present. He wanted me to be sure that I wouldn't regret what I was doing [*chuckles*]. He was concerned, and I

gave complete assurance. He wanted once more to ask me, and I guess what I said satisfied him.

Then what? Alain wanted to stay at Caprices the next year, instead of at Tannegg. So, that was arranged.

Now that the talks were over, Alain and I went to Paris to look at different parts of the city to see where would be a good place to rent next year. While there, we met with Marcelle and Gisela.

S: May I just stop you here and go back for a minute to ask about something?

I know how concerned Krishnaji was with people not spending their capital on him. Often, when people made a donation, he questioned them on this.

M: Yes. He had some notion of what capital was as opposed to income. I don't know where he got that! [*Both laugh*.] He was always worried about people's capital.

S: Well, now did you ever have any sense that he'd had bad experiences with, you know, people having donated some of their capital and then regretting it later on?

M: Possibly, but I don't know that.

S: He didn't mention any of that to you.

M: No, no.

S: I just thought I'd ask, because I know that that was always a concern of his.

M: Yes.

Anyway, Alain and I went to Paris, and looked at different localities, but we wanted to be near the Bois**[8]**. In fact, from the house we eventually got, we could walk right into the Bois, the south end of the Bois. It was near Longchamp, and then the bottom of the Bois was about two or three blocks from the house we had.

S: How nice.

M: Onze**[9]** Rue de Verdun. It was a nice house, sort of.

And then we flew to London. The amount of traveling we did in those days that felt like nothing; it was like going from here to the post office, [*S laughs*]—we flew to London because Alain wanted to get British citizenship, so we [*laughs*] flew to London. And, what did we do there? [*Pauses to read her diaries.*] We went to a Hitchcock movie, I remember. [*Both chuckle*.] And we had lunch with Fleur Cowles**[10]** at Claridge's.

We were in England for only a few days, but we found time to drive down to Oxford to look around. And we saw the Digbys.

S: Mm. In London?

M: Yes, in London at their town house.

S: I remember their town house.

M: We also saw the Frys at their town house. And then we flew back to Paris and picked up my Jaguar, which had been in the Jaguar agency being, I don't know, serviced in some way. And we drove to…

S: Hold on here, just to be clear. Krishnaji stayed at Tannegg, and you and Alain drove to Paris.

M: To look over the possible rental areas. Then we flew to London for a few days, and during that time the Jaguar stayed in Paris to be serviced, then we flew back, picked it up, and drove down to Switzerland through Chalon-sur-Soâne.

S: Yes, I know it well.

M: And what was the name of that person…there's a sign there that this is the home of Nicéphore Niépce, that's it. He supposedly invented the camera. [*S laughs.*] Funny name stuck in my head! I don't know why. We spent the night at Chalon-sur-Soâne.

The next day we drove on all those little tiny roads that we like, through lovely country. We got back to Lausanne in time for lunch at the [*chuckles*] Grappe D'Or, and were back at Tannegg by four o'clock.

By now we're at the end of August, and Krishnaji talked to Alain and me about his possibly speaking at Harvard after the New York talks, or around then. So we talked about that.

S: Who had arranged that?

M: Alain had arranged that. It seemed a good idea.

I took my car to Thun to leave it there for the winter, and came back by train and said goodbye to all of them, Vanda, Krishnaji, Alain.

The next day I went by train to Geneva and flew to New York, and then I flew to California and my house in Malibu. While I was there, Rajagopal telephoned me and asked me if I would drive Krishnaji when he came to Ojai for the talks, because he'd heard that I had been driving him around.

I said, "Well, yes, of course if you want." I really had intended to stay out of things. I thought Krishnaji would be back in his own home territory and I would stay out of things. I would, of course, go to the talks, but I wouldn't be involved in all the personal things as I had been in Europe. But Rajagopal wanted me to be the driver, and he said that if I would do that, would I like to stay in his old flat, which is the upstairs flat of the house next to Pine Cottage. The one you have stayed in.

S: Many times.

M: So I said, "Well, yes, thank you very much." So, that was arranged.

S: And Krishnaji would stay in Pine Cottage?

M: Yes, he would stay in Pine Cottage. And Alain would stay in the apartment next to Pine Cottage, the one that we eventually destroyed. Hideous place! I'll get to that when we get there.

Let's see, what happened next. Well anyway, I went to see my mother but that doesn't matter. And then on the fourteenth of September I flew to New York and…

S: Where was your mother?

M: Martha's Vineyard.

S: Oh, so, you'd gone to Martha's Vineyard and then back to California?

M: No, no. I went to California for a couple of weeks. And then I went back east to the Vineyard to see my mother, and then flew down to New York and moved into Bud's apartment. He had moved out and went to Father's apartment. I was getting the apartment ready, and then on the twentieth, my brother and I went and met Krishnaji and Alain at the airport.

All their luggage had been lost!

S: Oh dear!

M: [*laughs*] But we came back to the apartment, and Bud lent them pajamas and whatever else was needed.

Luckily, the next morning, September twenty-first, TWA deposited the bags in the front hall [*S laughs*] to everyone's great relief! [*Laughs.*]

S: Of course.

Now, just for the sake of history, what was Bud's address?

M: 1115 Fifth Avenue. That's on the corner of 93rd Street and 5th.

S: Oh, way up on 93rd.

M: Yes. Which is convenient because we could easily walk in the park around the reservoir every day.

M: So, as I said, they arrived on the twentieth. Then there was, as usual, a dentist appointment. They always were having their teeth fixed. So I arranged all that in New York.

S: But this must have been a new dentist for them?

M: Yes, he was recommended by the California one.

And then there was the usual round of people being asked for lunch. We also went to the movies. Krishnaji was interviewed by the *New Yorker* to do a profile of him, but it was never printed for some reason.

S: Hm.

M: It's a pity.

S: You said you had people over for lunch. Would you do the cooking for lunch? Or would you have lunch brought in?

M: No, my brother's Vietnamese chef did the cooking! He was trained in Paris. Jaap was his name. He was a *good cook*! So it was lovely to have meals in, and he didn't mind vegetarianism.

S: Great. Do you remember who came for lunch?

M: Some, yes! I remember Yo de Manziarly suddenly surfaced. She also went to the movies with us a number of times.

And who else? Oh, Mrs. Margot Wilkie [*chuckles*]. She lives at the Vineyard, and is a great friend of Rosalind Rajagopal's. I asked her for lunch because I knew her from the Vineyard, or rather she knew Mother more than me. And she brought a Nancy Wilson Ross. Nancy Wilson Ross was a woman of that slightly society type, but she also wrote a book on Eastern religions.

And Blitz came for lunch. Gérard Blitz was there.

S: Tell me why you made those noises? The "mm, hm.'

M: Well, because after Margot Wilkie came to lunch, she told Rosalind something nasty about me, which, of course, got back to me. [*Laughs.*]

Also, my mother and stepfather came down, and came for lunch once.

S: Mmm. How did they respond to Krishnaji?

M: He was charming with them and they were, you know, very polite and rather bewildered back. They also went to one talk, at the New School and [*laughs*] I don't know *what* they got out of it! Nothing, probably.

But they'd *seen* him. You know, it was the seeing of what he's like that mattered to them. I didn't have much doings with them, so I don't know.

S: Yes.

M: At this time Alain went up to Boston to arrange the Harvard business, and returned. Then Krishnaji began speaking at the New School. Now, The New School is *way* downtown. I don't if you know it, it's down near Washington Square.

S: Oh, near NYU!

M: It's near there, very near NYU, but it's separate.

M: We went to see Mrs. Pinter, and sure enough, she couldn't have coped with Krishnaji.

And she had an *awful*, dreadful apartment! I don't mean disrespect, but it was gloomy. She was, by then, a very old lady and very lame and it would have been much too difficult for her, and depressing for Krishnaji to stay there. But she very nicely sent a car for him each day to take him to the talks. So, I didn't have to arrange that.

Now, comes the funny meeting [*chuckles*]…At one of the talks we got a message that Allen Ginsberg**[11]** had been there and would like to talk to him. So that was arranged, and, lo and behold, on the twenty-ninth Allen Ginsberg appeared, with Timothy Leary**[12]** in tow! [*S laughs hard, M chuckles*.] And also, a friend of his, and I suppose this is going to be indiscreet, but I'll go ahead and tell you for the purposes of humor.

S: Of course.

M: I guess I was sort of naïve in those days. Names, you know, you don't hear names, so I didn't know who his friend was. But I thought, "*How* could *any* woman allow herself to be that unattractive?" Dirty jeans and long ponytail down the back. Just plain unattractive. Eventually it dawned on me it was not a woman at all; it was a man! [*Both laugh heartily*.] But I was, um…

S: [*laughs*] Yes, well, you weren't a hippie, so you couldn't know, not in '66.

M: No, no. I was new to that. It wasn't commonplace for a sort of scrawny young man to have long hair down the back, tied back. It was unusual, if you can remember that far back in history.

S: Yes, yes. I can, unfortunately.

M: But anyway, the young man never spoke. Ginsberg began all the talk, and I think he was against Krishnaji saying that drugs were not a [*chuckles*] good thing. And he went on about LSD, I think it was, and a religious experience or something. At one point Krishnaji said to Ginsberg, "You know what the symbol of the cross is." And with that he made the gesture, with his hand of like crossing yourself with vertical stroke, and then horizontal stroke. Then he said that it stood for the negation of the ego.

And with that Leary *sprang* to his feet, [*chuckles*], silenced Ginsberg who was going to reply, threw his hands out, and said, "Yes, every night!"

It turned out that Leary was giving some sort of performances down in Greenwich Village on the stage. And he said, "I stand on the stage, and I throw out my hands, and I pluck the nails out of them and throw them onto the ground!" with a big dramatic gesture, in a loud voice, an enactment of Christ removing the nails from his hands. [*Laughs*.]

Krishnaji talked very quietly, and said something about Christianity, whereupon Leary sat down and agreed with Krishnaji, absolutely refuting what he'd been saying before.

I mean, he just turned around and agreed with Krishnaji absolutely. There was no discussion. [*Both laugh*] Really! They finally left.

S: I spent a few hours with Ginsberg in 1970, and I can't even *imagine* a conversation between Ginsberg and Krishnaji. [*Laughs hard.*]

M: Well, you can't imagine the one they had! [*More laughs.*]

S: Yes.

M: So, that was that. Anyway, the talks went on at the New School, and we went to the movies and the dentist. We walked in the park, around the reservoir. Nobody mugged us; they didn't do that in those days. It was quite safe. People were jogging, but there were no muggers.

S: [*chuckles*] Was it the same kind of routine where Krishnaji would walk in the afternoon?

M: Yes. The same.

The last talk of Krishnaji's at The New School was on October seventh. The next day, Alain brought a lot of young people up to the flat to have a discussion with Krishnaji.

Krishnaji also met Ralph Ingersoll. He used to publish a newspaper called *PM*, which was way before your time, but it was a *very* good newspaper, *very, very liberal.* He had a son, young Ralph, who I think we met in Switzerland before this. I believe he came up to Tannegg. Alain must have met him with the other young people. He came to see us in New York, and then his father and the father's wife. I don't know if she was his mother or step-mother, but they came for lunch. Hughes van der Straten**[13]** also came for lunch when we were there.

Bud lent me his car, so we went out to the country for lunch one day.

S: What kind of car did he have?

M: He has a very old Rolls-Royce [*chuckles*].

S: Oh, how wonderful. How old?

M: Ohh, I don't know. Very old.

On the fourteenth Alain and I visited the Stock Exchange with Bud, my brother, because Alain wanted to see it. And Radhika Herzberger came for lunch with her new-born baby. I remember we put it down in the room I stayed in while we had lunch, and Krishnaji was struck by the fact that I paid attention to this little baby. He didn't know that most women behave the same way [*S laughs*], when a little baby is present. He seemed to think my attention was significant. [*Both chuckle.*]

It says in my notes that Allen Ginsberg came back to see Krishnaji, but I don't remember the second time.

On the sixteenth of October, we flew to Boston and stayed in a hotel in Cambridge that was close to Harvard. We could walk there.

Krishnaji met Harvard students at something called Lowell House.

S: How did that discussion go?

M: Well, they asked questions, but those kind of dull questions. They hadn't done their homework. It was alright, but nothing special. Then we flew back to New York.

S: You weren't tempted to take Krishnaji to the Vineyard?

M: *No*! [*Laughs.*] Heavens no! What a dreadful thought!

S: Oh yes, [*laughs*] I'd forgotten about the family; I was just thinking of the lovely island!

M: Oh yes. Well, if it'd been Bud**[14]** that would have been different, but it would have been Mother in those days.

Actually, Krishnaji had already been to the island with Margo Wilkie's mother, *many* years before. What was her name…Mrs. Loyns, who was an early friend, and I think she lived up island at Seven Gates Farm.

S: Oh, yes, I know where that is.

M: Then on October eighteenth, we flew to Malibu. It was their first time there, and I had the pleasure of driving in the gate with both of them, and cooking supper for them in my own kitchen.

S: How nice.

M: And Filomena was there. It was just lovely.

S: So that was the first time Krishnaji had been to your house in Malibu?

M: Yes. It was the first time he'd been back in California since 1960.

S: Oh that's right, he hadn't been back!

M: He started to give those talks in 1960, but they had to be curtailed because he wasn't well. And I had an interview with him that year.

S: Yes, I remember that.

M: And the reason he hadn't gone back all those years was that it was so disagreeable with Rajagopal. There was awful trouble going on, and this visit in '66 was supposed to reconcile things, or at least be peaceful.

S: Yes. Had Krishnaji talked to you about these problems?

M: Somewhat. I'd caught on the previous summer when I found out that Krishnaji couldn't give permission to listen to an audio-tape, and that only Rajagopal could do that. I thought that was rather odd, but I didn't say anything about it.

S: But you must have found it odd that Krishnaji hadn't gone back to California in all those years. You must have spoken with someone about it, no?

M: Well. No. But I do remember that when Krishnaji arrived in New York, on the very first day, Rajagopal telephoned him. Alain and I were with Krishnaji in his bedroom, which was my brother's, the main bedroom in the place. Alain and I were in the room when the call came, and inside of two minutes Rajagopal was yelling at him on the phone and then hung up on him.

That was my first sense of how things were with Rajagopal, and the welcome back to United States from Rajagopal. So I was aware that it wasn't good between them.

S: Right. So Rajagopal actually didn't do anything for any of those talks on the East Coast?

M: No, he didn't. In fact he was cross because the invitation came directly to Krishnaji, how it came I don't know.

S: From The New School?

M: Yes, from The New School. It came directly to him. And he called me in, it had to be the previous summer, and he asked me if I thought he should accept.

S: You did talk about that?

M: Yes, I know I did because I said that, yes, I thought he should. When he said, "Why?" I said, "Well, all I know about it is that it's a serious and good place, and that um…" oh, what's-his-name oh, "had agreed to be on the board." Uh… religious writer, very serious man. And he died right after he'd agreed to go. Oh dear, this is awful name trouble. It's on the other tape. I know I talked about it.

So Alain then got in communication with them on Krishnaji's behalf, and this was why we came to New York.

S: So this really was then the start of the liberation of Krishnaji from Rajagopal, because suddenly talks were being arranged without Rajagopal.

M: It was really the first time. I mean, the talks in Europe were all arranged by de Vitas and Miss Pratt and Anneke. Rajagopal didn't have anything to do with them. But in the United States, this was the first. And The New School was the first and then, of course, subsequently, at Harvard. Krishnaji went later on this trip, I think, to Brandeis; he spoke at Brandeis. Again arranged directly with Krishnaji via Alain. Alain handled it.

So Rajagopal didn't like it. He wasn't controlling things. So he was rude, hung up on Krishnaji on the telephone.

S: Mm, hm.

Anyway, you had Krishnaji and Alain for dinner for the first time in Malibu.

M: Yes, I cooked them dinner. [*Chuckles.*] I did all the cooking in those days.

S: And they spent the night there?

M: Oh yes. They were in Malibu all the time, except when they were in Ojai for a talk.

S: I see. I see. So then they were, they were your guests for…

M: They were my house-guests for all that time.

S: So how long was that?

M: Well, until they went back to India that winter.

S: Hm. Oh, I see.

So then that was a real liberation because then Krishnaji didn't have to stay at Pine Cottage under Rajagopal's control.

M: Exactly. He only stayed there when we went up to Ojai for the talks. Well, we'll get to that because…

S: Okay, okay. So what day was it that you all arrived in Malibu?

M: We arrived there on the eighteenth of October.

There were some dental matters, and on the twentieth we drove up to Ojai. I had, in those days, a Ford or something, I don't know what. Rajagopal arranged that Rosalind**[15]**, who was living somewhere else, come to Arya Vihara**[16]** and supply meals to us. So we went up and drove right to Arya Vihara for lunch. Krishnaji had to show me where it was.

He guided me there through Ojai. And then after lunch we drove around to the other entrance and into Pine Cottage, where Rajagopal was waiting.

S: So Rajagopal wasn't at lunch?

M: No, no, just Rosalind.

S: How was the relationship between Krishnaji and Rosalind?

M: Well, she just said "hello," kind of thing; but it became a nightmare, so much so that I had to stop taking my meals there. I have *never heard* such nagging in my life. I finally just gave up. I couldn't go to the meals because I was getting an ulcer listening to it all. Krishnaji sat at one end of the table, and she sat at the other, and Alain and I sat in between. She would say things like, "Why aren't you finishing your food? What's the matter? Don't you like it? That's good for you, you should eat that. That's good for you. Finish that." That's the way she talked to him. Like to an errant child.

S: Hmm.

M: And when she would bring the food in, or when we'd sit down she'd say, "Well I suppose you all won't like this but here it is." Chipping, chipping, chipping through the whole meal.

S: Jesus. [*Deep sigh.*]

M: One night things were so bad with Rajagopal that Krishnaji couldn't sleep. He had about three hours' sleep, and then he had to give a talk in the morning. When we got back after the talk for the lunch, Krishnaji mildly said that he hadn't slept much the night before, and she said, "Oh?! Why?! Why not?!" in a tone of voice as though he was a child and had to be reproved for having done something awful.

She was unbearable! I thought, how could he put up with this *dreadful* woman?!

S: Hm.

M: That was before I knew how dreadful she'd been all through the years.

S: Yes. Now, let me just go back here. So the dining room in Arya Vihara was where? In the front, where people now eat?

M: Yes, the same. The same as it is now.

S: Okay. Alright. So, Rajagopal was waiting there at Pine Cottage when you arrived.

M: Yes, and I remember *vividly* the two men. Krishnaji got out of the car and went over to him, and they both sort of embraced and put their arms around each other. Rajagopal was facing me, and I remember that he averted his face from Krishnaji as though he was both moved and repulsed. It was unfriendly, horrid. I also remember that he insisted, before he took Krishnaji and opened up Pine Cottage, that I be shown where I was to stay. So he alone took me up the steps to the little flat above, and when we got there…

S: Leaving Krishnaji standing in the driveway?

M: Yes, with Alain. When we got to the door there was a garter snake by the door, and he said, "I hope you don't think I put it there on purpose." [*Chuckles*.]

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, he opened it, and I went in. He showed me where things were. That was before we enlarged it. It was just a tiny bedroom with sort of half the sitting room, which you may remember. Anyway, then he went over and unlocked Krishnaji's flat, and then he went and unlocked the other one where Alain was staying. The two places had no interconnecting door; they were separate.

S: Where was the other flat located?

M: Well, Krishnaji's apartment was the way it is now, except that it was slightly enlarged when we redid it. The other one had a separate entrance, but shared a wall. It was what they call here semi-detached.

S: Mm, hm. So, looking at the front of Pine Cottage, at the balcony, what side was it on?

M: It was on the left. And it effectively *ruined* Pine Cottage and had been done when Krishnaji was off in India, and he was never told about it until he came back. Instead of his little cottage, which he had great feeling for, there was this *hideous* thing with cork floors and high windows like in a prison that you couldn't see out of. And it had a small kitchenette and a bathroom and a small bedroom and a big office when you went down a step.

It was unbelievably ugly. But Alain was in there. After Rajagopal went away, Krishnaji then showed us around a little, showed us the pepper tree. Krishnaji came with Alain up to where I was, and I remember his coming in the door and just looking around. He said that he hadn't been there in many years since once when he went up there, Rajagopal had chided him for having brought dirt in on his shoes. [*S sighs*.] So Krishnaji never went back! Rajagopal was one of those neatness obsessives.

S: Mm, hm.

M: You know, everything had to be lined up just so. Clearly an obsessive and he had every symptom of paranoia that I've ever read of in any book. [*Both laugh.*]

Anyway, Krishnaji looked around the flat. There were some paintings that Rajagopal had done on the wall, little tight sort of paintings. Krishnaji looked at them and sort of nodded and said, "He's very deteriorated." Not about the pictures but from having talked to him.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Then he showed us more of his cottage, including…that was when he showed us the cupboard off the back porch where he said…

S: Tell the whole story, as Krishnaji told it to you then. I've heard it, but it should be on tape.

M: Yes. This story took place many years before, when Krishnaji used to live in that cottage, and Rosalind and Rajagopal stayed in Arya Vihara. One night Krishnaji lost his key to his apartment, so he couldn't get in. It was cold, I guess it was winter. California houses of that era and kind usually have the water heater outside in a kind of closet, so that if it leaks it'll leak not into the house but where it won't do any harm, in this case under the porch and onto the ground. So Krishnaji spent the night standing up next to the water heater, which was just a few inches, just barely room to cram in. I was horrified when he told me this!

I said but why didn't you go and ask him for another key, and he said, "Oh, I couldn't have done that. They would have been too angry."

S: Mm, hm.

M: *This* was a *horrendous* revelation to me. It showed just how terribly wrong things were.

S: Mm, hm. So this situation is now all sinking in for you.

M: That really was like a blinding flash.

S: Yes.

M: And the next day, Rajagopal came over and talked to Krishnaji. Alain and I sat in Alain's flat, which, mind you, had no doors leading from one flat to the other. And in no time at all we heard Rajagopal's voice, *angry* voice coming right through the wall. We couldn't make out what he said, but we heard this angry, raging voice. Pretty soon he left.

S: You and Alain must have been talking about this?

M: Of course. We were *appalled*, really *appalled*.

S: And Alain didn't really know about this beforehand?

M: He knew, sort of. He knew there'd been difficulty, but nothing like what it was when we got there.

Alain had also arranged for the talks in Ojai to be filmed through KQED, the public broadcasting station in San Francisco. They'd written to ask if they could record the talks on film. We have those now. Again, it was without Rajagopal's permission, so he didn't like that.

One day I drove Alain to the Oak Grove to look at the sound system. Rajagopal met him there and explained how it all worked. Afterward, Rajagopal wanted to talk to Alain. So they sat in my car and I went and sat in the grove. They talked for two hours. I finally got so cold that I had to go break it up. Later on, Alain told me that Rajagopal had wanted him to report to him about who Krishnaji saw, and when Krishnaji gave interviews to arrange to tape them. It would have been like bugging a confessional, because people often wanted to talk to Krishnaji about very personal things.

S: Of course.

M: But that's what he wanted Alain to do. I was appalled. Can you imagine?

S: Hm. From what I know about the man, yes, I can imagine it very easily.

M: Yes. So, as things got worse and worse, Alain and I came to feel that Pine Cottage was probably [*chuckles*] bugged. Whenever we talked about anything we wanted to keep private, the three of us went outside so it couldn't be picked up.

S: Mm, hm. That you felt you had to go and talk outside about anything serious is terrible.

M: Yes, yes. I mean it was our suspicion; we never found a bug or looked for one actually, but it was that bad. And we knew that he used to surreptitiously tape things.

S: Wow.

M: Then there was another meeting in the old office, where the vault now is**[17]**. Krishnaji had sent Rajagoal a letter when we first got to Ojai saying that he, Krishnaji, wanted to be reinstated on the board of KWINC**[18]**. He also wanted the board enlarged. He wanted me on it, and he wanted accounting of what happens to money coming in. Krishnaji had also stated that KWINC shouldn't be run just by Rajagopal; there should be some other arrangement. So, in this meeting taking place in the old office, Krishnaji said, "You haven't replied to my letter."

Rajagopal replied, "No, why should I? I don't take orders from you."

Krishnaji then said, "You don't understand, Rajagopal. This is a very serious matter, and if you don't reply and we don't come to some arrangement, I shall have to take measures."

At this Rajagopal flew into a rage and said, "What is this? Is this a Brahmin curse? You're cursing me. Well, I'm a Brahmin too, and I curse you more than you could ever curse me." And then he went on and apparently said things that Krishnaji wouldn't tell us about, but he said things against, as Krishnaji put it, "the Other**[19]**." The minute Rajagopal talked about "the Other," Krishnaji left and went back into his own cottage.

We heard the door slam when Rajagopal left. The lights in the office, which we could see, went out, the door slammed, and then the car drove off. And then we went in to Krishnaji, and he told us what had happened.

S: Had anyone suggested to Krishnaji that he might put these things in a letter?

M: No, he made a list of what he wanted.

S: So this was entirely from Krishnaji?

M: Oh yes. He made the list. And it was all utterly proper.

S: Of course, yes.

M: These are things he should have had.

S: But they are also powerful things.

M: Yes.

S: You see, it shows that Krishnaji really knew all the right things to be asking.

M: Yes. And I think it was the day after that that he called Vigeveno, because Vigeveno was the Vice President of KWINC. Vigeveno came over, and Krishnaji showed him a copy of the letter that he'd given to Rajagopal, and which Rajagopal wouldn't show to Vigeveno. Vigeveno knew there was a letter but hadn't been allowed to see it. So Krishnaji showed it to him. He was trying to get him to act as the Vice President. "You're responsible" Krishnaji told him. But Vigeveno, of course, did nothing.

S: Well, you say, "Of course, did nothing," and I understand the "of course," but I'm thinking of other people who in the future will listen to this. It has to be explained that Vigeveno was really in Rajagopal's pocket.

M: Rajagopal only allowed people around him who were in his pocket.

S: Now, wait a minute. Isn't there some story about Vigeveno…Rajagopal pulled Vigeveno and his family out of Germany just before Hitler, or something like that. They were Jewish.

M: Yes, that was the story, why they were loyal to him. Rajagopal had told them it wasn't safe for them to stay in Holland. He was Dutch, not German. Annie was, I think, German. But they lived in Holland, and they had an art gallery there. Rajagopal said, "You've got to get out," and persuaded them to leave.

They were able to get their money out and so forth.

S: And so they were eternally grateful.

M: They felt their lives were saved by Rajagopal.

S: Right.

M: Are we running out of tape? Perhaps we better stop.

S: Yes.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Rajagopal's and Rosalind's daughter who had largely grown up around Krishnaji.

[2] Sviatoslav Richter.

[3] The Huntington Library in San Marino, California received most of the archives that Rajagopal had collected.

[4] Bert Taylor. Mary usually calls him Bud.

[5] A famous aviator who was the first to make a solo, non-stop flight from the U.S. to continental Europe.

[6] Yehudi Menuhin was considered by many to be one of the finest violinists of the twentieth century.

[7] Gerald Heard was a highly published historian and philosopher. Many credit him with starting the Consciousness Movement that has become widespread since the 1960s. He was a great advocate for Krishnaji's work.

[8] Bois de Boulogne.

[9] French for 11.

[10] An artist, editor, writer, and long standing friend of Mary's.

[11] An American poet, one of the leading figures of the Beat Generation, and an advocate of the counter culture of the '60s.

[12] A psychologist and professor of Harvard who was an advocate for psychedelic drugs for therapeutic and recreational use.

[13] And industrialist from Belgium who later became a trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust and the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre.

[14] Mary's brother built a house on the island in the 1980s.

[15] Rajagopal's first wife.

[16] This is the name of a house about fifty meters from Pine Cottage, and is where Krishnaji's brother Nitya died in 1925.

[17] This office is ten meters from Pine Cottage.

[18] Krishnamurti Writings Incorporated, which had, over the years, come to own all the land and buildings given for Krishnaji's work, as well as all the money donated and accrued from publishing, and owned all the copyrights of Krishnaji's work, past and future.

[19] This is a term Krishnaji used to signify, what might be thought of as, something sacred.

Issue 6: October 1966 to May 1967

In this issue we see Krishnaji finally break away from the old management structure that had been put in place in 1925 and that had served him so badly. The local organizers in London, Paris, India, and Rome still organized events in their parts of the world, but it feels now like they answer to Krishnaji, Mary and Alain, and not to Rajagopal and KWINC. This, then, is the start of a new era in Krishnaji's work.

There is also in this issue the first detailed description of what it looked like to see Krishnaji go into a talk, and then come out of one. This, along with the peculiar physical phenomenon of Krishnaji's speaking when he was ill, are discussed.

Mary: Well, not remembering exactly where we left off, I suppose I'd better go back to autumn '66, when Krishnaji was to give talks at the Oak Grove in Ojai for the first time in six years.

At this point he and Alain Naudé were staying with me in Malibu.

Scott: Yes, yes. We covered that; I know we covered that, Mary. You described the arrival. I don't have a clear picture of the talks, but I remember that you found it unbearable the nagging that Rosalind did at Krishnaji over the meals. In fact you didn't want to go to meals any more.

M: Yes, yes, yes. I didn't. And I think I described how increasingly unpleasant it became; the nasty tone of voice; it was nerve wracking. It was just having at him all the time. And so I soon began making excuses why I couldn't come to meals and I ate by myself. Occasionally, when she wasn't there, they both came and I cooked in the little flat for all three of us.

So all these things I was witnessing and that Krishnaji told me about were giving me a really shocking view into what Krishnaji had to put up with, with these people. And it was increased by another talk between Rajagopal and Krishnaji, which took place in the office under the flat where I'm living in the house next to Pine Cottage.

Alain and I were sitting in his flat, in the sitting room there, and we heard Krishnaji's footsteps return to Pine Cottage and go in and close the door. Then after a bit, not right away, but after a bit we heard Rajagopal leaving the office, and when he'd gone Krishnaji came in to tell us what had happened.

I'm going to pause in the horrid descriptions of what was happening in Ojai, because before we went to Ojai the dentist told Krishnaji that he had a small cyst in his lower lip, and that it had to be taken out by a doctor.

So, on October twenty-fourth, I took Krishnaji into Beverly Hills where the doctor was, and he removed the small cyst using Novocain and put some stitches in. Coming home in

the car Krishnaji suddenly fainted as he had in the past. And again I kept driving because you can't stop suddenly. It would shock him and be bad for traffic, but I slowed down, and he came to quite quickly. But he fainted twice more on the way back. When we got back to Malibu, he spent the rest of the day in bed, but insisted on getting up for supper.

S: Did you take Krishnaji to your doctor or was this some other doctor?

M: The dentist was my dentist, and the dentist recommended Dr. Rubin, who was a nose and throat specialist, whom I've been to in the past.

On the twenty-seventh of October we went back to Ojai, and I took Alain to the Oak Grove for a microphone rehearsal, and that's when Rajagopal wanted to talk to Alain, which I described before.

On the twenty-ninth was Krishnaji's first Ojai talk in the Oak Grove. It was a very hot day, but there were a lot of people. And again the next day he talked, he talked both days of weekends. I skipped the lunch and went and did housekeeping in the flats, and after lunch we went back to Malibu where it was blessedly cool, and we took beach walks, mostly in the dark, which was lovely.

S: Mm, how nice. How would you get down to the beach?

M: My car. Although the house is above the beach, we never could get a satisfactory road down there, and if you did climb down, the climbing up was horrible because it was very steep.

S: I remember the place that you and the Dunnes had attempted to make a road.

M: Well, the Dunnes had a road.

S: Oh, the Dunnes had a road down it?

M: Yes, so I probably used the Dunnes's road. I think so, or you could drive around, it doesn't make much difference.

It was a hundred degrees on November first, but in spite of that we went up to Ojai in time for supper with Rosalind. Krishnaji had a dentist he'd been to for some years when he used to live in Ojai, a Dr. Meineg. So he decided to go back to his own dentist, and he had a tooth pulled out on the second of November.

On the third, we went up to the Thacher School, where Krishnaji talked to the students, after which Krishnaji and Alain came back and lunched with me on the terrace. I don't remember where Rosalind was then.

S: I mentioned earlier that you and Krishnaji and Alain must have talked a lot about the Rajagopal situation because it was so appalling.

M: It was going through our conversation whenever we were alone, more or less.

S: Yes. I would imagine that. Did Krishnaji say anything like, "I've got to get out of this, this has to…"

M: Well, it was clear that something had to happen to change the situation. But I think Krishnaji never quite gave up hope that Rajagopal would come to his senses. Krishnaji always…he didn't like to believe the worst about people.

S: I know.

M: He kept feeling that there must be some goodness that could be touched, and that Rajagopal could be reasonable. This was all utterly crazy, the whole thing. And so he would go to great lengths, and had always gone to great lengths, to try to mend the situation in some way.

S: Yes. In fact, that is one of the hallmarks of Krishnaji, actually.

M: It is; it is.

S: I mean no matter *how appallingly* people acted around him he would forgive them; he would look for some goodness to come out of them.

M: Yes, that's right.

S: To a fault, actually.

M: Well, to a fault situationally, because this man, as a result, was able to get away with larceny! All those years, and not only larceny but abuse of Krishnaji. The attitude: abusive, critical, picking on him, complaining, real, real nastiness. And that was still going on.

S: Yes.

M: Then we come to the time when the television crew came, first time *ever* filming of his talks.

S: These were the NET films**[1]**?

M: Yes. It was a station in San Francisco called KQED. They came down, and set up very nicely, I forget, two or more cameras. There was just one light near him, and then there was a reflector. He had a little canopy over him, because the sun would come at him. And they put a reflector up in it, so it reflected light down on his face, which was quite unobtrusive from his point of view, and it was effective.

Somehow or other the public broadcasting system learned that Krishnaji was going to give public talks, and I don't remember how they got in touch, but Alain was the go-between. There was a man called Dick somebody, I have it written down, who was the director who came with a crew. They did everything quite nicely. It was unobtrusive and didn't bother anybody. They missed the first one, but they filmed the November fifth talk. I think that was his third talk. I think they missed the first two.

Afterward, we all dined at Arya Vihara with Rosalind and her daughter Radha Sloss and her husband Jim Sloss and their three children. And also a friend of hers called Margo Wilkie who was staying there with Rosalind, who was the woman I think I mentioned who lived on Martha's Vineyard.

S: You did.

M: On the sixth, Krishnaji gave his fourth talk.

On November seventh, there was a most unexpected heavy rain, so the talk that was scheduled had to be cancelled. Instead Krishnaji went up to the Happy Valley School**[2]** and talked to the students, but I wasn't there so I don't know what happened.

S: The Happy Valley School was being run by…

M: Rosalind. It was begun by Krishnaji, Aldous Huxley, and Dr. Ferrando. Rosalind was just supposed to work there, do things but not be part of running it. But she quickly took over and got hold of it, and of course Krishnaji wasn't there, and Huxley didn't live in Ojai anymore. I don't know what happened to Dr. Ferrando. Doubtless he had some interesting life I'm not aware of.

S: But then Rosalind gradually came to own the school or something, right?

M: Well, it's owned by the Happy Valley Foundation, which was founded by Mrs. Besant, but it was supposed to be for Krishnaji's use. Rosalind got control of it by appointing the board.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And Krishnaji wasn't on it, only Rosalind's friends and toadies, if I may be malicious.

S: So, she really did the same thing that Rajagopal did with KWINC.

M: She did. Exactly. One stole one foundation, the other one stole the other foundation. So between them they [*S laughs*] they were *very* successful! [*M laughs.*]

Anyway, after the talk at the school, we drove back to Malibu, arriving in time for supper.

The next day we went to town and again saw doctors. Then after a late lunch we drove back to Ojai.

S: Can I just stop and ask did Krishnaji make any comments about the Happy Valley School?

M: No, I don't remember any. It was, I suppose, Alain who went with him, I don't remember. I didn't go, and it wasn't a notable event.

S: Okay, go ahead. I interrupted. You went back to Ojai.

M: Yes, and then we had lunch. It was Krishnaji and I, I don't think Alain was there, with Mima Porter. Do you know Mima Porter?

S: I met her.

M: Mima Porter was born de Manziarly.

S: Ah, she was a de Manziarly.

M: Yes. Her given name, which she would hate to have anybody know [*chuckling*], was Germaine, but she hated that and became known as Mima, always, from childhood up.

M: She was part of the de Manziarly life, with the Lutyens children**[3]**, of course.

S: Ah ha.

M: She married a man called George Porter from Chicago. Very wealthy man. And shortly after the wedding, he committed suicide.

S: Oh, no.

M: How or why, I have no idea. She bought quite a big place in Ojai, and lived there for the rest of her life. Of course, she inherited a lot of money from the husband. I think she really supported the other two sisters after that, more or less. Anyway, we were invited for lunch by her and went. She was just someone I met. I mean, I didn't have any particular impression of her. But, in the Ojai situation, she was absolutely on Rajagopal's side. During the years after this, when Krishnaji was trying to come to some agreement, he kept appealing to Mima to talk sense to Rajagopal. Eventually in the spring of '68, she was going to Paris anyway, she came when Krishnaji was there with a message from Rajagopal that everything would be alright. I'm jumping ahead now, but since I started on it…What she actually said was, "Rajagopal says that when you come to Ojai next year, we'll settle everything," which was his usual ploy, and nothing ever happened. But anyway, we lunched with Mima.

S: Now this is an interesting thing to talk about, though, because like Vigeveno and Mima Porter, they had to have, along with Rajagopal and Rosalind, and Radha Sloss, they had to have an image of Krishnaji that is very different from the view that all of us have held. And perhaps that should be talked about a little bit because someone like Vigeveno or Mima Porter who had been admirers of Krishnaji's or of the teachings…

M: Yes.

S: …but they saw a difference between the teachings and Krishnaji.

M: Well, you see that was the story. That was encouraged.

S: Yes. Can we go into this a little?

M: As far as I understand it, and my understanding comes from what Krishnaji said. There were these people who were so-called devotees, but Rajagopal foisted on them the notion that there is a split personality—there's the World Teacher, who was on the platform and is wonderful, says all these marvelous things; and then there is the man Krishnamurti, who's a rather ordinary, fallible man. This is very convenient because, whatever they didn't like was from the fallible man, whereas all the wonderful things could be attributed to the World Teacher.

S: I don't think this is something that originates with Rajagopal. Because, to me, this is part and parcel of the Theosophical concept; that the World Teacher uses someone as a vehicle…

M: Yes.

S: …that the World Teacher, the Maitreya manifests…

M: Yes,

S: …and speaks through, but when he's not there…

M: It's the original ordinary human being.

S: Yes, there is just a rather, you know, ordinary, empty-headed human.

M: I think that's where it came from. Because you remember that back in the '20's and '30's that Leadbeater and Arundale**[4]** would say that a black magician was talking through K at one point, and Mrs. Besant was upset about it and Krishnaji said to her, "If you think that's so, I'll never speak again." So, whenever Krishnaji was saying something that didn't suit them, they would claim it was the non-World Teacher who was talking.

S: Yes. You see I think this has to be understood, because otherwise, there is too much of the situation that just doesn't make sense.

M: Yes. Yes.

S: Because here are people who, I don't know, but I presume that they're not bad people, Mima Porter or Vigeveno. I suppose they're not bad people, but…and then we see the same thing again from some people at the end of Krishnaji's life, right? Prominent people in the Indian Foundation that one wouldn't have expected this from, like Pupul.

M: That's true. It's true.

Also, and I'm thinking of Mima now, she may have had some idea that by moving to Ojai she'd become a great and intimate friend of Krishnamurti and play a much bigger role than she ever did. And when nothing like that happened, there may have been disappointment growing into resentment and siding against him.

S: Yes, but they probably did play a role with Rajagopal, right?

M: Oh yes. Mima became the Vice President and, in fact, she was that at this time. They had two vice presidents, I guess. Krishnaji always said that she had edited some of the *Verbatim Talks*, but I don't think we've ever found any evidence of that. But I'm not sure.

S: What I'm saying is that part of this ambivalence with Krishnaji was that they didn't have, with Krishnaji, the spiritual prominence they thought was their due.

M: Yes.

S: But they could have that kind of spiritual prominence with Rajagopal.

M: I don't know whether it was spiritual prominence, but they were…

S: Well, they were prominent in a spiritual organization.

M: Well, yes, yes.

S: Which is what I mean.

M: They were running the store is what it amounted to.

S: Yes. And a lot of people settle for that.

M: Yes. Now it's interesting that in the de Manziarly family that two of them, Sasha and Mar—Marcelle, remained devoted to Krishnaji their whole life.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And Mima in particular and later Yo, because I think I described, or did I? Is it next year that we used to go to the movies in Paris and Yo would come along?

S: I can't remember.

M: That was the previous year, and one assumed that she was just like Mar and Sasha, as devoted to Krishnaji. But it turned out not so. Now Mima had the purse strings and supported Yo, but then she also supported Mar, as far as I could tell, and Mar didn't change. So, there it is. Anyway, it's funny. It's very strange.

S: Yes. There has to be some very peculiar thinking to allow…well first of all to allow a person to treat *anyone* the way Krishnaji was treated by these people. But then secondly, to, on one hand, to have a reverence for him, and on another hand to have a contempt for him. You know, if you look at it, it's really pretty weird!

M: It's true! That's right.

S: I don't know, maybe it's just my playing amateur psychiatrist here, but the contempt allowed them to be comfortable with the reverence.

M: Yes. And don't forget that at least Rajagopal and Rosalind had been anointed, or at least they thought they had, by Mrs. Besant, as the caretakers of Krishnaji. He was to be seen to by them. Which, in a way, made them feel that they could do what they liked [*chuckling*]. He'd been like a parcel handed to them.

S: Yes.

M: And they behaved just like that. Vigeveno, on the other hand, was a, well, I hate to speak this way of people [*chuckling*]…he had a sort of toady manner.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And always an awareness of money.

S: Mm, hm.

M: I think he and his wife both encouraged me in the beginning of my being interested, they invited me to that discussion group because I'd gone into their gallery with a women called Barbara Hutton, if that means anything to you.

S: No, it doesn't.

M: Well, she was a famous heiress of the richest woman in the world or something. I went to school with her, which is how I happened to know her, and she was interested in paintings, and the Vigevenos had an exhibition I thought was good, and so I took her there. So that really started the cash register in Vigeveno's mind.

S: Yes, I see.

M: Now I'm really accusing him of being entirely venal, and maybe they wanted to be nice to me, too, apart from any business things. But, he had that manner.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And at the same time he was not a very bright man. And *completely* under the domination of Rajagopal. And so was his wife, even more so, as will be seen later on [*sighs*] in this story.

S: Okay.

M: Anyway, let's return to where we left off, after the awful scene between Rajagopal and Krishnaji, and Vigeveno came, and Krishnaji also showed him this letter that he'd written Rajagopal, which Rajagopal wouldn't show Vigeveno. Although he was his vice president, he wasn't allowed to see anything like that. [*S laughs.*] And there was a long talk between Krishnaji and Rajagopal that night, and it was a dreadful day, all along.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Then on the thirteenth, Krishnaji gave his sixth Ojai talk, and it was, as it says here, a wonderful one. And then dentist again for Krishnaji. Throughout all this, he's always going to the dentist.

There was a public discussion on the fourteenth in the Oak Grove, after which we went straight to Malibu, as quickly as we could. We got there at sunset, and went immediately for a walk on the beach in the dark.

S: How nice.

M: We returned home to supper and talked endlessly. A couple of days later we went back to Ojai, again to the dentist.

S: This is the dentist in Ojai?

M: Yes, this is Krishnaji's dentist, Meineg.

And *that* day Krishnaji had said to Rajagopal that he wanted the tapes of the current talks, and so he sent Alain and me to his house. Also, we were to ask for the *Notebook* manuscript. But Rajagopal wouldn't see us, wouldn't let us in.

S: So, what happened? You knocked on the door?

M: Yes, we knocked on the door, and while we were waiting for a reply his wife drove up in her car—Annalisa**[5]**. She looked rather flustered and said, "Well, what is it you want?"

We told her what we wanted, and she said, "Just a minute, I don't think he'll agree, but I'll go in," and she went in, came back, and told us that no to both. So we went back to Krishnaji.

S: What day is this?

M: This is the seventeenth of November. Rosalind wanted Krishnaji to come to Santa Barbara where she was really living. There was some sort of a Happy Valley meeting of trustees or I don't know what. So, Alain and I were on our own, and we drove up to the Santa Inez Valley, which is quite beautiful, and drove around, and then came back to Santa Barbara and went to a movie. Then we came back to Ojai and had a lovely dinner at the Ranch House.

S: So Rosalind wasn't living, Rosalind wasn't living…

M: She was living in Santa Barbara then. She later built a house on the Happy Valley land in Ojai. That's where she lives today.

S: Mm, hm.

M: She had houses all over the place, but at that point she was living mostly at Santa Barbara. Krishnaji, when his work was getting back possession of Arya Vihara, he thought that we were putting her out of her home, but it turns out she had a house in Santa Barbara, a house in Hollywood, and a house, by that time, built on the Happy Valley land! [*Chuckles, S laughs.*] So she wasn't exactly homeless! [*S laughs more.*] But anyway, I mentioned what we did that day because Rosalind later made an accusation against Alain, that he had met some evil man when Krishnaji was in Santa Barbara, but he was with me the whole day, and we drove around and went to a movie.

So we packed the next day, the eighteenth, and left Ojai. In the car going back to Malibu, Krishnaji…dumbfounded, is the only word I can use, both Alain and me by saying he had decided what to do. He would just walk out, and have nothing to do with Rajagopal, ever again, or KWINC. Rajagopal could keep the whole to-do, the money, everything, he wouldn't touch it, he was through, which meant that he capitulated totally to Rajagopal.

S: Yes, of course.

M: I remember thinking at the time, although I was staggered by this, that I wasn't surprised. He said, "I can't be mixed up in this. I can't. I can't fight this thing." Alain was really…not speechless; on the contrary, he blew up in the car, which was so awful, so unjust.

At that point we arrived in Malibu, and found that the TV people were going to film an interview with Krishnaji on the lawn. So, that occurred. We had to stop talking about all this. So, in the evening, when Krishnaji and I again went for a walk, I talked alone with him at some length. When we returned to the house I got Alain to come in and the three of us talked. At that point, um… how did it go? Krishnaji called Rajagopal, but he wasn't in. Annalisa answered the phone. Annalisa said Rajagopal was out, and she took the opportunity—it was her only opportunity to speak to Krishnaji alone, and she poured out her own emotion over these terrible fights, and said she knew how difficult Rajagopal was, and that he had wanted to agree to the things in K's letter, but that K's conversation had made him blow up. Obviously Rajagopal had told her a doctored story, never went on about this cursing business, and thought it was all Krishnaji's fault that he'd upset Rajagopal. Krishnaji just talked to her sort of soothingly and didn't go into anything. So then I went into the other room and had a long talk with Alain, and while we were talking Krishnaji rang Rajagopal's number again and got hold of him. Krishnaji told him this thing that he'd told us in the car. Rajagopal's reply was, "This is a blessed day." So there we were, all this to-do and Rajagopal had won on all scores.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, again there was a long, long talk. And…

S: When you had your long talk alone with Krishnaji, what were you talking about?

M: I was talking about what he'd said, pointing out all the consequences to him. He listened to me, but he didn't…I wasn't trying to persuade him, I was just trying to give him a picture of it, and I was explaining that Alain felt somewhat betrayed by all this. Earlier, Krishnaji had said to Rajagopal that he, Krishnaji, would no longer accept any money from KWINC for his support. So Alain had then said he too would not take a salary. Because one of the things Krishnaji had put in that letter was that Alain should be paid a salary, and that on Krishnaji's death Alain should be paid a pension. But with the current situation Alain refused any money. Everybody was pulling out of anything to do with Rajagopal, which was, of course, just fine with Rajagopal.

S: Mm, hm.

M: He didn't have to pay for anything, and could keep all the money for himself.

S: Yes, and the copyright.

M: Copyright, all the land, everything!

S: He had everything that produced any money.

M: Yes! [*S laughs.*]

S: And he was getting rid of all the expenses! [*More laughing.*]

M: Exactly! And he had the power, which was what he most liked.

S: Of course. Which is what so much of this stupidity was about.

How did Krishnaji expect to live?

M: That was not discussed. [*S laughs.*] He was doing what was right, he really felt at that point.

S: Yes.

M: Then the next day, the nineteenth, I helped them pack, and made food for them to take on the plane, and took them to the airport, and said goodbye, and at 11 a.m. they took off for Rome. But before they left, Krishnaji said to Alain, "If ever you are disillusioned with me, sir, you have only to say so." And Alain made an echoing statement to Krishnaji. Then it was discussed whether Alain didn't need a holiday. At first he said that he couldn't take a holiday, that yes he did need a holiday, but that he couldn't take one when things were in this upset state.

So they went off to Rome, and a few days later I got, I guess, a letter, or maybe I telephoned, I've forgotten, that Alain was going to go to Pretoria to take a holiday, and not go to India. And he would rejoin Krishnaji when he came back from India.

So then, that was the end of '66. They both wrote to me. Krishnaji wrote to me from New Delhi while he was in India through the end of that year. I stayed in Malibu, obviously, and now we come to '67. Do you want to go on, or…?

S: Oh, yes.

M: We're now in 1967. I'm in Malibu, Krishnaji's in India, Alain had gone to South Africa to see his family and have a rest. I had a letter on January fourth from Krishnaji written in Rajghat, and another one toward the end of the month from Madras, telling me he'd received the package of brewer's yeast he had wanted, and which I'd sent. [*Both chuckle*.]

In early February, Alain rang me from Paris and said that he would take charge of the hunt for an apartment for us, for Krishnaji's talks in the spring. I was quite relieved because I knew he'd do it well. In February, Krishnaji went from Rishi Valley to Bombay.

On the fifteenth, I got a cable from Alain saying that we had a house in Paris, and that he had to go to the hospital for some minor operation. And on the same day, I had a letter from Krishnaji in Bombay.

So on March first, I flew to New York and then to London, and on the fifth Krishnaji arrived in Rome from Bombay. Alain met me and we rang Anneke in Holland and we learned that we had a house for Krishnaji near Amsterdam for May.

S: You were in London; Krishnaji was in Rome staying with Vanda Scaravelli?

M: Yes. Alain came to London after settling up the house in Paris. He came over for an operation that he was supposed to have. He was in the hospital a while.

On the seventeenth, I went over to Paris to see the house, which was in Boulogne-Billancourt, just south of the Bois, near Longchamp, just within perfect walking distance to the Bois for the afternoon walks. It was a nice house. It was on a little tiny street called the Rue de Verdun, onze**[6]** Rue de Verdun.

S: When exactly is this?

M: On the sixteenth, Alain was released from the hospital, and we both flew to Paris and stayed at the Hotel Pont Royale. The following day we went to see the house in Boulogne-Billancourt that I had rented, and I went over everything with the proprietor, very formal goings-on. [*S chuckles*.]

On the eighteenth, Alain flew to Rome to join Krishnaji at Vanda's. I remained in Paris for the next four days, but on the twenty-second, I also flew to Rome. I checked into the Hotel Rafael and went to Vanda's. I remember Krishnaji was standing by the gate to meet me, and we all four had a lovely lunch together. Later, Krishnaji and I went for a walk, and we discussed all the events in California.

S: Where did Vanda live in Rome at that time?

M: Villa del Casaletto. It is just outside Rome, in the direction of the airport, but not that far out. It had a garden and was very nice.

I took them both [*chuckles*] around. There's always shopping in these places. The shirting material place and shirt maker were in the old part of Rome, up cobblestone streets. That was a fun sort of shopping! [*Chuckles*.] So they chose the material they wanted. Then, of course, it takes a lot of study to make the decisions about the details of the shirt you want made. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Of course, of course.

M: They both enjoyed it very much, and I was enjoying it because it was fun. I'd been able to provide them with something that they liked. [*Chuckles again*.]

S: Yes.

M: Unfortunately, I caught a cold and stayed in bed, but when I got better, I was summoned to be treated by Krishnaji for a couple of days.

On the thirtieth, Krishnaji gave his first public talk in Rome at the Istituto di Pedagogia.

The next day I lunched at Vanda's. Saral and David Bohm were there.

S: Oh! Did they come over just to hear the talks?

M: I'd presume so.

On the first of April, Krishnaji gave his second Rome talk at the same place, and we discussed a meeting of young people that Alain had rounded up the day before.

On the fifth, I flew to Geneva and took the train to Bern, where I spent the night. The next day I went by train to Thun to get my Jaguar that had wintered there.

I remember driving from Thun to Gstaad through a snowstorm, a spring snowstorm. I'd left things in the attic in Les Caprices. You could store things there while you're away over the winter. So I got out whatever it was I wanted, and then I went to Pernet, which wasn't Pernet in those days, it was Grossman's. Mr. Grossman owned what became Pernet's. I picked up some health food things, and then drove on into France and spent the night in Avalon at the Hotel de la Poste.

The next day I got to Paris by noon, and moved into the house, and went over the inventory with the proprietor. The whole of the next day was spent putting everything in order. Alain called from Rome to say that Krishnaji would be coming soon. The following day I went with Marcelle to see the Salle de la Chimie, which is where Krishnaji was to speak, and which was a much better hall than the Adyar one of the year before. It was bigger and better and more dignified. It's right on, um…oh, right near that part just off the Seine on the left bank, not Rue de Grenelle, but it's near there.

That same day, the eleventh, I met Mr. de Vidas, and we went to Orly and met Krishnaji flying in from Rome by himself and I took him back to the house at Rue de Verdun. We were having supper when Alain arrived in his Volkswagen. He'd driven up. So we were all in our nice little house. There was a part-time maid who came with the house, so I didn't have to do all the work. The next day I cooked lunch, and then of course [*chuckles*] in the afternoon we went to Lobb for shoes and Charvet for more shirts.

On the thirteenth, Yo came for lunch, and we went to a cinema. *The Professionals*, if you remember that.

S: Ah, yes, I do.

M: We walked in the Bois every day we could.

Various people came for lunch almost every day. One day the Suarèses came.

On the sixteenth, Krishnaji gave his first Paris talk in La Salle de la Chimie. He spoke about violence and sorrow.

From then on, we started to go to Bagatelle, which was lovely for me because in my childhood, I'd gone there. You've been to Bagatelle, haven't you? It's a little park within the Bois, but unto itself.

S: Yes.

M: And there's a little house, which, as a child, I was fascinated by. Above the door, it said *Parva sed apta*, small but apt. I thought that was so nice, to have a little house [*S laughs*] in a beautiful place like that [*M laughs*].

S: Yes.

M: It's lovely. So then we took to walking there every afternoon.

S: Did you walk right from the house?

M: No, we drove there. The Bagatelle is a bit further up in the Bois. It was nice having been there as a child and coming back and walking with Krishnaji. That seemed very nice, very nice.

S: Of course.

M: We had two or perhaps three young people discussions. There was a quiet Quaker center in the Rue Vaugirard where those occurred.

Then, Krishnaji did a Paris radio interview, but I can't tell you who interviewed him. I don't remember.

S: Did Krishnaji speak in French?

M: I think so.

S: There's a couple where he spoke in French.

M: Yes. Again, people for lunch, movies, including a French movie, *La Grande Vadrouille.* I remember that.

Oh, I see that Sacha**[7]** came for lunch.

S: What did Sacha do for a living?

M: He was in the diplomatic service. He was French counsel in Shanghai or Hong Kong. I think it was Shanghai for years, and other countries, too. He lost one leg in the war, and that sort of pained him. Krishnaji used to try to help him.

S: Mm.

M: Sacha was always fun because he liked to tell funny stories, and he wasn't at all serious. He used to make jokes about the astral plane, [*both laugh*] but he was very nice, a very cheery fellow, and he made Krishnaji laugh.

S: Mm. How nice.

M: He and his sister Mar, they shared an apartment on the rue Jacob. We went there, I think, during this time for lunch with the two of them.

S: Was he retired by now?

M: I think so, yes, must've been. But he still knew all kinds of people, and all sorts of places. He had funny stories to tell about all them, which was nice. So, this brings us through April, I think.

Krishnaji also, at this time, was giving personal interviews.

S: Who arranged them? Alain?

M: I suppose he did it. I don't think I did it then. Alain must've.

S: What time of day would Krishnaji give his interviews?

M: All morning sometimes.

On the twenty-eighth, for instance, Alain flew to London to see his doctor again and Krishnaji held interviews all morning and another one later in the day. Krishnaji and I walked in the Bois, and Alain got back for supper. We were leaping between countries all the time as though taking a taxi somewhere. [*Both chuckle*.]

The fifth and last talk was on April thirtieth, and it was quite an extraordinary one.

Then, on the third of May, we flew to London, all three of us, and stayed at Claridge's. Krishnaji and Alain went to Huntsman. We tried to go to the cinema, but it was the wrong time. K had dinner in his room, I remember [*chuckles*].

S: Was that the first time you'd stayed at Claridge's again since…

M: Since I was there with Sam, yes. I think so. Yes.

Alain again saw his doctor, and Krishnaji [*chuckles*] again went to Huntsman, and we went to a James Bond movie.

The next day, again, to Huntsman, and then we took the afternoon plane back to Paris. [*Chuckles*.]

And the following day we went to another cinema, *A Man for All Seasons*, and walked in the Bois.

S: I remember that one. That was a marvelous movie.

M: On the seventh of May, eighteen mostly young people came to see Krishnaji in the morning and then afterward, he and Alain and I lunched at the Suarèses', and then K and I walked in the Bois. This is probably immensely dull for posterity.

S: Well, I don't know. I think it's good to have it down. [*M chuckles*.] But it's especially good if we add other little things that maybe aren't in your notes. Why did you all fly off to London just for a couple days?

M: Because Alain had doctor's appointments, and both of them were due for Huntsman fittings. [*S chuckles*.] You must realize the importance of these matters. [*M chuckles*.]

S: I *do* realize, I *do* realize the importance of these matters. [*M laughs*.]

M: One simply flew to another country for these really vital things. [*Both chuckle*.] I see here that I had both of them and my father and step-mother to lunch at Chez Conti. I don't remember much about it!

S: Now, tell me, all this time are you continuing to talk about the Rajagopal situation?

M: No.

S: It just dropped?

M: No, it's not that we forgot anything about it, but it was sort of in abeyance. It was left that way.

S: It was still just resolved that Krishnaji was going to walk away from the whole thing, and then that was it?

M: Yes.

S: No other, nothing else was being contemplated?

M: No.

S: Alright.

M: I can't say that it was never thought of, or discussed again, because clearly, it couldn't be left like that.

S: Now, I presume Alain had stopped sending the audio-tapes of the talks back to Rajagopal?

M: Yes, yes…no! No!

S: He kept sending them back?

M: Mm, hm. I think so.

S: That's incredible in itself.

M: I'm pretty sure, but only pretty sure. There comes a moment when he breaks off sending the tapes.

S: But this isn't it.

M: Rajagopal still had the copyrights through '67, but that ends in '68. So they were still going back to him then.

S: Incredible.

M: On the tenth of May, we loaded both cars, my car and Alain's car, and Alain set off at 11am in his Volkswagen, and Krishnaji and I in my car. We left Paris and drove northeast to Arras where we met Alain at a restaurant we'd found in the Michelin!

S: Michelin, of course.

M: A restaurant called Chanzy, and then we drove on into Belgium and spent the night in Ghent at the Hotel St George. We left the next morning at 11 am, and went through Antwerp into Holland, and then I got a bit lost in Utrecht. Of course, we never could keep the cars together. It just doesn't work.

S: No, of course not.

M: Anyway, somehow I got out of Utrecht and [*S laughs*] found my way to Huizen, which is where we had a house.

S: Ah, ha! You were staying at Huizen?

M: Yes. This was wonderful, a wonderful house. We somehow met Alain in Huizen before either one of us had found the house. We had instructions from Anneke, so we

conferred, and we found it. And it was lovely. A real farm-house with a thatched roof, and it had a nice cow smell. There was a big room with a fire-place as you came in, stone floors, and a kitchen. In the back, on the ground floor, Krishnaji had the main bedroom with his own bathroom. Upstairs were three further bedrooms for Anneke, Alain, and me, and we shared a bathroom. It was very nice. There was a lovely wood next door, beautiful wood, which is somehow like a park, a private park, and this played a great part in our stay in Holland. We got permission to walk there; there was never anybody there, and it was winding walks with streams running through, or maybe they were canals—I don't remember—little ones, with ducks. We walked there every afternoon. It was lovely! Really lovely. So we settled into our house, and then K and I went for a walk in the woods. Eventually, Anneke and I cooked dinner.

The next day, a neighbor, Mrs. Warren-Brecher, took me into shop in Bussum! Bussum is the little town where you shop, and she showed me the different stores because I had to do all the marketing, obviously. I remember the places where you bought the cheeses, and others the vegetables, and others the fruits, and another, lovely biscuits. Anneke stayed through lunch, and then Alain drove her to her house in Oosterbeek, which is down near the border. Krishnaji and I walked in the woods, and then the three of us had supper by the fire in the big room that night. It was lovely.

The next day, the three of us drove to Oosterbeek and lunched with Anneke. We came back and walked in the woods and had supper again by the fire.

S: Now, how far is this from Amsterdam, because this is for the Amsterdam talks, right?

M: Yes, it's not too far. I think I allowed 45 minutes, all told. It's not very far.

One thing that we did in those days was talk about where we wanted to live in Europe. There'd been talk before about where we would have a house, which would be our headquarters in Europe. And there was much discussion of where it should be. Alain had the idea that he could acquire a South African servant who would do all the chores; he would use the car, would take the luggage in and out, he would cook, and valet, and everything! He would be a sort of elegant slave, as far as I can see. And we wouldn't have to do any dishes [*S laughs*] or anything like that anymore. [*Both laugh*.] Alain was sure he could find just the person. This is very pre-Nelson Mandela. [*S laughs*.] Mind you, this is 1967.

S: In my view, there weren't so many people like that in South Africa in that day, either.

M: Apparently, there was a wholly different view of life in South Africa. But that's what seemed a very good idea to Alain. [*Laughs*.]

Then, lo and behold, Rukmini Arundale**[8]** came for tea, on the seventeenth. She was staying in that place near Bussum, where they have the Liberal Catholic Church?

S: It's near Huizen.

M: Yes. Anyway, she was staying there, and she came for tea! I'd never seen her before, of course. She had a very gimlet eye, appraising, who are these strange new people in Krishnaji's life? [*Chuckles*.]

S: But she had nothing to do with Krishnaji in those days, did she?

M: No. Nothing. But because he was in Holland and she was nearby, I think she came really out of curiosity, probably. So it was a rather formal conversation. I remember being amused at her appraising glances. [*Chuckles*.]

S: I'm surprised that she had that friendly of a contact with Krishnaji, because she didn't later.

M: Well, it wasn't all that friendly. It was a rather formal call. He was obviously wondrously polite and so forth, but it wasn't old friends meeting.

S: No. But she was hostile to him, as I remember, later on.

M: Yes, she was. Well, anyway, she came for tea, but nobody was smiling or made jokes or anything. It was just polite small talk.

Let's see, what happened then? It was cold and wintry. Anneke came back. I remember we had a discussion on whether the mind can be critical without condemnation? That was the topic of conversation. And we went to see the Z…how do you say it? Zorderzee?

S: Zuiderzee.

M: Zuiderzee. [*Laughs*.] Ah, yes.

After seeing that, I went off to case the route to the RAI Hall in Amsterdam so I could know how long it took, so know when we had to leave, how to get there, where to park and all that. After that, I spent the rest of the day in the Rijks museum, which I'd never been too, which was lovely.

S: Yes it is.

M: And so, on May twentieth, the next day, I drove Krishnaji to his first Amsterdam talk. The hall was full, and everything was fine. That afternoon, Mary and Joe Links, and two Dutch friends of theirs, a couple, came to tea! We had tea, went for a walk, and talked, and it was very nice. After they left, Krishnaji felt he hadn't had enough of a walk as they walked slowly. [*S laughs*.] So the two of us went back and walked *fast* through all this lovely wood. There were all kinds of ducks on the little waterways there, including those little crested ones. And the little baby ducks were there as well. There would be the mother duck and the little *tiny* ones afterward. And Krishnaji noticed sometimes there weren't as many the next day. Foxes or something must've got them. And his noticing

that is strange because he remembered that later in Ojai, in his last days. He said, "Do you remember the little ducks and how there were less of them?"

S: Yes, I remember.

M: That was on May twentieth.

The next day he gave his second talk. A young American painter called Jay Polin came for lunch. I think Alain had met him and invited him for lunch. Also that day, Krishnaji did a taped interview for Dutch radio.

S: Can I stop here and just go back to Paris for a minute?

M: Yes.

S: How did Krishnaji get to the talks in Paris? Did you drive him there?

M: I drove him, and had trouble parking.

S: Exactly, I was just thinking that.

M: Well, they were supposed to save me a place on the street. There's no parking lot. So I remember had to park sort of half on the sidewalk.

S: So, after the talk, would you and Krishnaji get in the car together, or would he walk off and you pick him up someplace?

M: No, he would get out as fast as possible. He just walked right into the car.

The same thing in Holland, but there were much bigger audiences in Holland because the RAI holds a lot of people. But they did have a parking place at the RAI so I could more easily maneuver all that. Sometimes he would be sort of almost dazed after a talk, and he would stand in the next room to where he spoke, and I had to try to keep people away from him.

S: Yes, I remember doing that at Saanen and Brockwood, and eventually India.

M: And yet he didn't want me to keep people away. I had to play it by ear. It just shocked him to have people come up and start talking to him. And it happened often. In New York it used to happen.

S: Why don't you talk about that a little more now that we've started because that's interesting, and perhaps significant too. I used to think in my own, I don't know…jargon, almost, think of Krishnaji needing to come in for a landing.

M: He had to be grounded here.

S: Yes, because otherwise he was *so* sensitive after speaking that people…he seemed almost physically hit by someone's presence.

M: Yes, he was.

S: And certainly people who came up to him with an insistence, or an obsessive need to speak to him, it was like a physical assault on him. What do you think that was? How do you see it?

M: I felt it that as certain talks were so intense and so deep, that it was as though he was *elsewhere*, some part of him was deeply in the perception of that he was describing, and to come out of that, he couldn't suddenly be right back in a normal state.

S: He needed a re-entry period of some kind.

M: Yes, yes.

S: Can you say more about this?

M: Well, I can tell you, I remember once in Malibu, we were sitting in the living room having dinner on trays, and I think the television was on. We hadn't been talking, but something, I don't know what, made me speak about something on the television, and he came *to* with a start. I mean he'd been *off*. And my speaking to him shocked him, physically shocked him. It's like one mustn't wake him up. When one had to wake him up, one did it very gently, gently, gently, but never touch him, that would've been worse. But when I've had to wake him up, here, for instance, in Brockwood, I would speak very low, and very few words, and keep it up until it sort of eased into his consciousness. Then he could come out of sleep without a shock. It was sort of like that.

S: Yes, yes. I saw also he would also have a period of quiet to go *into* something, too. So it wasn't just at the end coming out, it was also before that he needed…

M: Yes. Quiet, and I never spoke to him in the car, going. For instance, in Saanen, I would be ahead of time—he wanted this—I would be in the car with his door open. The moment he opened the chalet door and walked the few feet to the car, I started the engine, he got in, closed the door, and we moved. And I never spoke to him, unless he spoke to me.

S: Yes, yes, exactly. And sometimes he would speak.

M: Sometimes. Those are the times he would say, "What am I going to talk about?"

S: Yes.

M: But I never initiated conversation. And then you took over when we got there while I parked the car.

S: And somehow, I understood that this was necessary. It seemed physically necessary.

M: Yes.

S: I didn't even have to be instructed in this. It was just obviously physically necessary because you could see the consequences on him physically.

M: That's right. And you wouldn't have let anyone come near him before. Luckily, no one tried that much. Once or twice I may have had to ward someone off. But in a way, I felt, not that it's the same thing, but the fainting, which, he said, was leaving the body.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And not to touch him, or do anything. Just wait. Because that would be a terrible shock to him to be brought back too quickly. I feel that it's somehow of that nature, but not that extreme.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm. One of the things, of course, that was sooo, I think, insulting or at least difficult for some of the people in India, was when Krishnaji wanted me to be with him after the talks in India, and we would go out walking. It was very much the same thing. And then there were a lot of people around. But it was like Krishnaji wanted a neutral companion or just someone who would be just neutral.

M: Yes, yes.

S: Respond when he said something, but otherwise…

M: Quiet.

S: I wasn't even looking at him really, just kind of aware of him. A neutral companion.

M: He used to, later, not in the early years in Saanen, you know, he would walk up the path so fast, as you've seen him.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And he would want me to follow him but not too quickly. He wanted to walk away from everything. And, as you saw, it took me a while to push through the crowd with the car without hitting anybody, to get him, and he was almost to the bridge sometimes.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And then he'd get in the car and then quiet from then on till we…unless he wanted to do something. Sometimes he wanted to do something, and he'd be perfectly normal.

S: We should say everything about this that we can think of, because this is something significant, because this is…I guess it's a physical expression of something quite other, quite different.

M: I think it is.

S: And so it's a very unusual thing. It's something that people reading Krishnaji's books will never have a sense of.

M: That's true.

S: So, there is this thing that Krishnaji would have to go through, and this is the kind of thing, of course, that Theosophists would say, "Oh yes…Ah, here it is…"

M: They would say, "Yes, that's the Maitreya."

S: Exactly. But it wasn't that.

M: It *wasn't* that.

S: It wasn't that at all.

M: I'm adamant about that, and people could say, "Well, what do you know?" but he could talk the same way that he talked on the platform if he were sitting on that chair.

S: Absolutely.

M: So, there's no *possibility*.

S: But also I would argue that from what one can sense, that there wasn't a sense of something else being present that wasn't there all the rest of the time.

M: It's just that he went into a certain *region*, I don't know what else to call it, a certain *state*, a certain *depth of perception*, which is beyond everyday consciousness.

S: Yes.

M: And yet, as you've seen yourself many times, when people from the audience would speak up or some nut would try to climb up on the platform, he was right there and coping with it.

S: Oh, absolutely. But he did need to…there was this before and after…

M: Yes. Before it was starting to…it's as though, I don't know what was happening…

S: Like gathering energy…

M: …but it's as though it was starting to move inside of him.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And then afterward, sort of like decompression. He had to be quiet and also it must've been, although he never said this, physically very taxing.

S: It must've been.

M: Because the tremendous power and energy that went into him. So that when the body begins to calm down, it must somehow manifest the, not exhaustion, but…

S: Depletion.

M: Yes.

S: Yes. And, as long as we're talking about some of these things, there was also that extraordinary phenomenon that we've seen where Krishnaji has gone onto the platform actually ill and weak, and then suddenly, at some point, he is just in *full* health, *full* of energy and vitality and strength, an extraordinary strength for a man of any age.

M: Yes, yes.

S: And that somehow was also part of this whole process, whatever this process was.

M: Yes.

S: And afterwards I can remember, or at least in my memory, but I don't know how accurate it is, he wouldn't go back to being quite as ill as he was before, when this took place.

M: Yes.

S: He would come down, but he didn't go back to being quite so ill.

M: Yes.

S: Is that how it was in your memory?

M: Yes, yes, yes. When he'd be ill beforehand, one would think, "Well, should we cancel the talk?" and then ultimately he gave the talk, and that thing you just described would occur. And he, he wouldn't go back to being weak and hardly able to stand up. [*Pause*.]

S: This is all part of something that's just very odd.

M: Yes.

It's become such a boring cliché these days to talk about *energy*. Everybody's talking about energy.

S: Mm.

M: But, in the context of Krishnaji's life, it was an *amazing* phenomenon, that energy.

S: Yes, yes. And of course he spoke about the energy that went through his body for several years. He talked about that. But what's just so interesting is that it was so visible; it was so physically manifest.

M: Yes. [*Pause*.]

S: I don't even know if…[*long pause*]…I don't know if a person could live with that extreme *refinement*, I would say, that Krishnaji had during those talks, because that's also what it seemed to me to be like after the talks. That he was in a state of such refinement, of such sensitivity, of such I don't know what, that normal life was almost too vulgar, or too coarse, or too something. [*Pause*.] I don't, for instance know if Krishnaji could have just physically survived or lived in that state the whole time. You know that kind of state that he had when he was giving a talk.

M: I don't know.

S: There was a sense that he *had* to come out of this, not…

M: Well, this again, is *total speculation*. I haven't even a notion about this till this moment, but in order to do what he considered his job was, which was to talk, he had to live on a normal plane to a certain degree. Now, if that hadn't been his job, as he put it; if he'd been able to do something quite different, which is to become a…

FOOTNOTES:

[1] National Education Television, part of what is today the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

[2] Founded in 1946 on land bought by Annie Besant for Krishnaji's work in 1927.

[3] Emily Lutyens was very much the adopted mother of Krishnaji and his brother Nitya, so her children and their friends the de Manziarlys knew Krishnaji from their earliest days.

[4] Charles Webster Leadbeater and George Sidney Arundale were important in the Theosophical Society, but felt they should have had more prominence and importance in Krishnaji's work, and when they didn't get that, they initiated a split with him.

[5] Rajagopal's second wife.

[6] French for eleven.

[7] Sacha de Manziarly.

[8] Married George Arundale at the age of 16, and later started a well-known Bharatanatyam dance school.

Issue 7: May 1967 to September 1967

This issue sees the first use of an editing convention mentioned in "**Notes for the Reader**", namely the use of single quotation marks [‘] to denote that Mary is reading from her diary. The change in her tone of voice on the audio tapes makes this unmistakable, and a check has been made against her actual diaries.

This issue also sees Mary's first experience of Krishnaji going through "the process." It is beyond the scope of this project to discuss this phenomenon, and it has already been presented as fully and as well as possible in Mary Lutyens's three-volume biography of Krishnaji. Suffice it to say that in 1922 Krishnaji began to have inexplicable experiences that appeared to be spiritual and continued intermittently for the rest of his life. The short-hand term for these was "the process."

This issue also sees the decision to start a Krishnamurti school in Europe, and Dorothy Simmons emerges as the person to head this school.

Mary: Well, as I don't remember exactly where we left off, I'll simply repeat. I know that it was in May 1967, and Krishnaji was giving talks in Amsterdam. He gave about six talks, and we were living in a really lovely place, which had been found for him by Anneke Korndorffer. It was a big farm-house that smelt faintly of farm life, which was rather nice. And a big room with a fire-place, and it was comfortable and it was very congenial for all of us, Krishnaji, Alain Naudé, Anneke, and myself.

Scott: Oh, Anneke lived there as well?

M: Well, she didn't live there full time. She was mostly in her place in Oosterbeek where she really lived, but she came and went a bit.

S: Ah, ha.

M: Anneke and I cooked when she was there, and I cooked when she wasn't there, and I did all the marketing, and so it was a kind of a home life, and very nice. And there was a beautiful privately owned park, but it had been arranged that Krishnaji could walk there, and it was ideal—winding paths through partly woodland and partly open fields, laced with canals on which there were all kinds of water fowl, and Krishnaji enjoyed looking at these very much. And there was nobody there, which made it perfectly lovely to wander about as though you were in the wilds somewhere.

Krishnaji was busy giving the talks, naturally, and also there were reams of young people collected largely by Alain at the talks. There were also groups of students from Utrecht, and he talked with them. But on the whole it was a very, very happy sojourn in Holland. We stayed until, I think, the end of May.

S: Mary, if I may just go back for a minute, because you've spoken about that time and Krishnaji remembering the ducks. It couldn't just have been the diminishing number of ducklings that made it so memorable…the whole time…

M: Yes, the whole time was wonderful: it was a beautiful place, he was feeling well, and I was feeling very happy and well. It was just a terribly lovely time. I remember it that way. And I remember talks in the early morning with him. My job was to get the breakfast, and so I would get up early and go in the kitchen and start making breakfast. And he would be up early too, and he took to coming into the kitchen and talking, standing or sitting in his white bathrobe and chatting with me while I got the breakfast.

S: What would he chat about?

M: I don't remember exactly, except it was sort of not too serious, joking a little bit, and just pleasant.

S: Mm.

M: I don't remember exactly what we talked about. He may have asked me questions about myself. I don't remember, really. I just remember the enjoyment of it, how nice it was.

S: Yes.

M: And he also was trying to help my bad leg **[1]** in those days.

S: Mm, hm.

M: In the afternoons or early evening he would give me a so-called treatment which, as I think I've described, he put his hands on your shoulder and something strange happened in the sense of a kind of tremendous…not tremendous warmth, though it did give a warm feeling, but he was sort of brushing away ill health and any pain. And it all was so…it was always something one felt very strongly afterward or during.

S: Now wait a minute. Can I just come back to this, too? Because you've described his healing you, or treatment with you in India.

M: Yes.

S: But could you describe it here in Holland? Because maybe if you recollect it again there'll be something different.

M: Well, it really wasn't what he did. I mean, from my point of view, what it felt like was not different. Although when I had the infection in India, he would draw his hands across the forehead and cheekbones where the infection was.

S: From the center of the face outwards?

M: Center of the face outwards, and then he would shake his hands.

S: Yes, like he was shaking something off.

M: Shaking off something bad, or getting rid of something.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But later on, when he was trying to help my bad leg, which was really the circulatory problem at that point, he would generally touch the shoulders, and again…shake his hands, sort of like wiping something away.

S: Was it from your spinal column out to your shoulders? That kind of…

M: No. Along the ridge of the shoulders.

S: Along the ridge, yes, but from the neck out to the ridge of the shoulders?

M: Yes.

S: So from the spinal column out, and then shake his hands again?

M: Yes, yes.

S: Did he put his hands on your leg?

M: I don't think so, and he would always go and wash his hands afterwards. I don't know if I mentioned that, as though there had been contamination from whatever the illness was. And he'd gotten rid of it, but he had to wash his hands.

S: Mm, hm.

And just again to clarify: when you say Krishnaji talked with you in the mornings in the farmhouse, would he be in one of the white toweling bathrobes made by Joan Wright?

M: Yes.

Anyway, the talks came to an end. There were immense crowds at the talks. The place was full, and there was usually a television screen in the lobby, so that the overflow that couldn't get in could still watch it.

S: Even in those days? Because that was true in the later ones, in the '80's.

M: Yes. Yes.

S: Impressive.

M: And also, so many came to the young people's discussions.

S: Mm. Where did the meetings with young people take place?

M: At the house, they'd come to the house.

S: At the house, where you and Krishnaji were staying.

M: The sort of central room that you came in. You came in the front door and it was a big room, like going into a barn almost. High ceiling. And a fire-place on one long wall. So with people sitting on the floor, there was room.

S: Mm, hm. How many people would come at a time?

M: I don't really remember, say thirty or forty.

S: Oh, a large discussion then?

M: Yes, something like that. And, of course, as you know, Holland is small so they could come from other places. Utrecht wasn't so far away, so many came from there.

Anyway, the talks ended and we were packing, as always, horrid! [*Both laugh*.] And every day we went, rain or shine, for the walk. That was a special part of being there.

We left in the two cars, as usual. Alain was driving his station wagon with all the luggage, and I had my car with Krishnaji. We drove across Holland and into Germany and met in Cologne for lunch and went into the cathedral and looked at all that. And then we went on, through Bonn to a place called Königswinter, and we spent the night there in a hotel called Hotel Petersburg, way up on a cliff looking over the Rhine. Just one night.

The next day we drove along the Rhine to a place called Oestrich and lunched there. We decided we were going to spend the night at Heidelberg, but we didn't. We wanted to push on. It was difficult because you never can keep two cars together on a trip like this.

S: No. Quite so.

M: We went through Wiesbaden to Karlsruhe and then on to a place where I had booked rooms for the night called Ettlingen, which has a very, very good hotel, and particularly good restaurant. My father recommended it and he…

S: [*laughs*] He knew about restaurants!

M: Indeed! So we stayed the night at the Erbprinz Hotel in Ettlingen. We were tired. [*Chuckles*.] Krishnaji had dinner in bed that night, and Alain and I went to the dining room. The next morning we crossed into Switzerland.

S: Now let me just ask something. Did Krishnaji ever say anything about Germany? Or about how he felt in Germany or the German people?

M: Well, he was aware that I was uncomfortable in Germany, but I don't think I told him that.

S: Well, you see Krishnaji never spoke in Germany that I know of, except once in Hamburg.

M: No, no.

S: And he never traveled in Germany. I mean he didn't *go* to Germany.

M: No. He didn't go to Germany. He picked up as he [*chuckling*] so easily did, he sensed what you felt. He sensed that I found being in Germany rather shocking in a way. I tried to explain it to him. I said that it's not that I feel anything against German people, but I feel like I'm visiting the scene of a crime, the scene of something dreadful that happened.

S: Yes, that's well said.

M: The atmosphere, at least in my mind, or the associations I have, are that something evil lived here, meaning the Nazi period.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: So, I just didn't feel, you know, perfectly willing to go there. I had a kind of revulsion of the atmosphere, to me. Now maybe that's just my projection, probably was. But I felt it.

S: But it is strange that Krishnaji didn't speak there except that once in Hamburg. I just thought he might have said something because of, you know, traveling through Germany at that time.

M: Yes. Of course we saw nothing of Germany because it was the autobahn from the time we crossed the border till we got to Switzerland. In fact, at one point we needed petrol, and I was loath to get off the autobahn because I didn't know where we were, or how to communicate with anybody. But we had to, so I drove off and, luckily, quickly found a petrol station and was able to fill up and get back on the autobahn because I didn't have a map or anything. And with Krishnaji I didn't want to go floundering around Germany, trying to find fuel.

S: Of course.

M: Anyway, so we got to Switzerland, and we lunched, I think, in Basel or Bale, if you prefer. We were going to stop in Bern, but we didn't. We thought we'd push on to Les Caprices in Gstaad.

Now we're on June third, and again this year, Vanda had the Chalet Tannegg apartments, but not until July. So, I'd gotten a little studio apartment for Alain, and Krishnaji stayed in the flat that I had before, which has two bedrooms and sitting room, kitchen, bath, etcetera. So he stayed there this time, and in a very little room, I'm sorry to say, but that's what it was, and he seemed perfectly happy there. We settled again into a very quiet domestic life, me cooking and marketing and housekeeping and walks in the afternoon. We also, of course, went right away to fetch his car. Which was most important.

S: Of course. In Thun?

M: In Thun, where it had been in storage all winter. And, of course, I still had, in those days, a Jaguar.

S: Very inferior car!

M: Very inferior car. [*Both laugh*.] But anyway, he brought the Mercedes back and I drove my car. Alain went with him, I guess. The next day, in my car, we went to see Doctor Pierre Schmidt in Geneva, his homeopathic doctor. He and Alain had check-ups, and I did some shopping. Then we had lunch at what became the place we always had lunch from then on, which is the Amphitryon in the Hotel des Bergues. It was always a pleasure; very old-fashioned.

S: Yes.

M: I've always felt in another time there, on another continent. I was in "Europe" somehow. You know that feeling?

S: Yes, yes. [*Chuckling*]

M: Yes, it's "Europe." Middle Europe has that feeling more than Paris or London.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Lovely white table cloths and nice flowers on all the tables, a very formal mâitre d'hôtel and waiters, two, at least, to one small table. It was fitting for Krishnaji, if you know what I mean.

S: Yes, yes.

M: It pleased my sense of the fitness of things! Because the food was very good, and they were most attentive to vegetarian requirements. And he enjoyed it without talking about it. You could see things were nicely done.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And then all the usual errands that one does in Geneva: Patek Philippe…

S: Of course. Jacquet?

M: Jacquet. All of that. The ritual of that. Let's see, I think we didn't stay very long, and at that point the Israeli war broke out, you know, the Six Day War.

S: Oh yes. Did you come back, you came back straight or did you go by way of Divonne again?

M: Um, let me see. I don't know. [*Chuckles.*] I don't remember.

S: So the Six Day War broke out?

M: Yeah, and it was over so quickly.

S: Of course.

M: And that was very pleasing.

S: That it was over so quickly?

M: It was over quickly, and Israel wasn't defeated.

S: Yes.

M: At least for me. I don't know, Krishnaji didn't comment on it.

S: Yes.

M: Then, what happened? Desikachar came. Around June twelfth Alain went down to Geneva and met him. Desikachar flew in from India, and we had a room in Les Caprices for him, too.

Krishnaji would have his yoga lesson in the morning, and then he'd rest and then lunch. I'd do the marketing and the cooking, and we'd have lunch, all four of us. After lunch he'd rest again, and then walks in the afternoon. I don't remember Desikachar walking so much; I think he did his own yoga. But, it was lovely. Gstaad was wonderful because there was nobody there in June. The crowds hadn't started. Krishnaji didn't feel, as he later came to feel, even that summer, he felt a sort of pressure of people's…looking…attention. Almost a psychic pressure focused on Tannegg.

S: Yes.

M: But then it was lovely. Oh, [*laughs*] we went back to Thun for a fender repair on the Jaguar. Krishnaji, Alain, and Desikachar joined me there in Alain's car. And, of course, Krishnaji began a sort of a campaign that I should have a Mercedes! [*Both laugh*.] So he engaged Mr. Moser, the garage owner, from whom he'd gotten his Mercedes in a conversation about what kind of Mercedes did he think would be pleasing to [*both laugh*] Mrs. Zimbalist? I wasn't adverse to this, but I wasn't leaping at it, either. [*Chuckles.*]

S: How did you get the bump in your fender?

M: Ah, how did I get my bump? I don't remember.

S: Then, presumably it didn't happen when Krishnaji was in the car because you would have remembered that, I'm sure.

M: I would have remembered that.

S: Right.

M: From Thun we went to a place along the lake we frequented often; Hotel Beatus in Beatenberg. It's along the east side of the lake about half-way down. We lunched there frequently through the years.

S: Hm, I don't know that place. Wait, is the hotel right on the lake with nothing else around it, and you go down a driveway to it because the road is higher?

M: A little, not very. Slightly, because it's right on the lake. In fact the little steamer that goes around the lake stops at Beatus.

S: Yes, yes, I think I have been there, actually.

M: You probably have.

S: Anyway, continue.

M: So, back to Gstaad. This trip to Thun was on the eighteenth, and my notes say that on the twenty-third, Krishnaji thinks I should get a Mercedes. [*Both laugh*.] He decided. And so Mr. Moser brought one to test drive.

S: Yes.

M: And I could see, it was [*laughs*] going to happen. [*S laughs*.]

Gérard Blitz and his wife turned up in Gstaad, and they came to lunch. At some point he became a member of the Saanen Gathering Committee.

S: Oh.

M: And so was I. I was invited during this period. I think it was later in July when the other members, who were Doris Pratt, and Mary Cadogan, and de Vidas, I think, and a weird man called Perizonias. Did you ever hear of Perizonias?

S: No, no.

M: Sounds like a character in an Isak Dinesen story. [*S laughs*.] She's a Dutchwoman, and she was in those days a member of the Dutch Stichting**[2]**. She was quite odd, and I can't remember all the reasons that I thought her so odd. She eventually disappeared from the scene, but she was then sought for membership. I think she was quite influential in the Stichting. Maybe she was head of it; I don't quite remember, but anyway she was there. And David Bohm came for lunch. I guess Saral was with him, though it doesn't say so in my notes. But he was only there a short time.

S: What was the interest in Gérard Blitz, other than the fact that he was obviously very good in the business world, and had all those kind of capacities and abilities?

M: Well, I think in those days, Krishnaji thought that Blitz would be his sort of what he called *un homme d'affaires.* In other words, advise about finances.

S: Because on the surface of things he's an unlikely character.

M: He's an unlikely character.

S: From my meetings with Blitz, anyway.

M: Yes. But he was supposedly enthusiastic about the teachings, though I don't know that it went very deeply. He was also very interested in yoga. In fact, as I think you know, he used to bring Desikachar to Europe, repeatedly for yoga demonstrations, and seminars, and lessons, and what all.

S: Yes.

M: On June twenty-ninth, Krishnaji had a fever in the night that went up as high as 101.8, which is a high fever for him. Alain got hold of Doctor Schmidt in Geneva, who prescribed some homeopathic remedy, and Alain went to Thun to get it. They didn't have any in Gstaad. That was the afternoon that Krishnaji became, what I then called, delirious. But, he had warned us in the past, or told me, if his fever goes up high he's apt to become unconscious. And sure enough he did. He was in bed, obviously, and I was sitting in a chair by the bed with him, and Alain had gone. He started looking around the room with sort of vacant eyes, and said to me, "Who are you?"

I said my name.

Then he asked, "You haven't asked him any questions, have you?"

I said, “No.”

Then he said, “He doesn’t like to be asked questions.” And after a pause or two, he said, “Even after all these years, I’m not used to him.” Through all of this he had a child voice, a little, little, little child. High voice.**[3]**

S: Mm, hm.

M: And again he had these large eyes that didn’t recognize me or indeed anything, and it just stayed that way. I didn’t attempt to talk to him. I think I replied to him using his name, saying, “Yes, Krishnaji” or “No, Krishnaji,” but that didn’t seem to have any effect. It was as though *he* had gone away, but he wanted to be sure that I hadn’t questioned him about anything. He didn’t want that.

S: This is exactly identical to other peoples’ descriptions of “the process.”

M: Mm, hm.

S: At least in its manifestation.

M: Yes, it was. It was the process.

S: But it’s strange that it would happen when Krishnaji was ill, in a way.

M: Yes, well, he had said that it might, if his fever goes up high, he’s apt…it’s apt to happen. And it did. Eventually, Alain returned, and his fever was still high, but he was out of that, ah…

S: How long did this last?

M: Well, Alain was gone several hours. And it wasn’t that he immediately fell into that, but I’d say it lasted at least an hour with me.

S: Were you frightened at all?

M: No.

S: Did you feel that there was anything else in the room? Or anything strange about the…

M: No, I was *so* conscious of *him* that I wasn’t conscious of anything else.

And he fell asleep finally. And when he woke up he was himself. He was sort of quietly sleeping most of the time after that.

The next day he still had a fever, and it was the same 101.8. He was very weak. There wasn’t any “going off” as it were.

S: No normal allopathic doctor was consulted or contacted?

M: No.

S: At Krishnaji's request?

M: Well, I mean, it was…they were both so homeopathically minded and Schmidt was his doctor; we didn't go into that.

Besides, he never called for a doctor. He wouldn't have called for a doctor for this. He might have called for the fever, but the fever was presumably being taken care of. I think, as I recall, Alain brought back some medication, and also we had to make a kind of tea out of the stems of cherries. That was the remedy.

But he was very weak the next day. I sort of gave him bed care, which I knew how to do from working in a hospital during the war. You know, sponging him off and getting him clean and comfortable. Now this was on the thirtieth when he was so weak, but he didn't have "the other," and he didn't want to cancel the Sunday meeting of the Saanen Committee, which was the second. So, in other words, two days before this meeting was to be held, he wouldn't cancel it, although he was so weak he couldn't get out of bed, really. Vanda arrived that afternoon, and he was to move up to Tannegg, but he obviously couldn't that day. But he was better. She got in, in the late afternoon, and Doctor Schmidt was consulted, and he said it was alright for Krishnaji to be moved the next day to Chalet Tannegg. So, the next day, which was I think Saturday, his fever dropped to normal.

Alain went off to Geneva to meet a friend from South Africa who was arriving, a girl. So I took care of Krishnaji that morning, gave him lunch, and then after his nap I drove him up to Tannegg in his car.

S: Did you ever tell Krishnaji what happened? That he'd gone off like this?

M: Oh, yes. Yes.

S: And what was his response to it?

M: He sort of nodded, you know, it wasn't…didn't mean much to him. I mean, it wasn't…

S: It wasn't abnormal in the sense that it wasn't…

M: No.

S: Did you talk about this with Alain?

M: Yes, I think so, must have. Must have.

S: So, but there was no attempt to explore what this meant or anything with Krishnaji?

M: No. None. I probably told Vanda too, though I don't remember that. I took him up there in his car and had tea with her and talked to her. And then went back, and Alain had brought his friend, a very nice girl called Jenny somebody. Anyway, so that was on the first of July.

I went up to Tannegg the next morning, and Krishnaji was fine and held the Saanen Gathering Committee meeting there.

S: Isn't that unusual? I mean, it's unusual for other people to have a high fever like that and for it to just drop down, and then be fine.

M: When he had to do something, if he was ill, usually the fever went away, or the sickness. He would carry on. It was curious. The next day he was fine.

He made me a member of the Saanen Gatherings Committee, and I remember that the others were Alain, de Vidas, and Frasiea. Do you know Frasiea? Frasiea was an Italian, an old friend of Krishnaji's, lived in, I think, Florence, or near Florence.

S: Frasiea, I know the name, I can't remember if I've met him.

M: He used to come to Saanen, spend a few days, see Krishnaji. And he was also a member of the very vague Italian committee for a while.

S: [*laughs*.] Which remains vague to this day!

M: Yes! And 'Mr. Perezonias was there, and Doris Pratt and Mary Cadogan. Blitz was to be added', it says. Afterward I lunched with Vanda and discussed everything: Krishnaji, Alain, and whatever.

S: Am I right that Vanda had been with Krishnaji going through the process before?

M: Yes, yes.

S: So she knew about this phenomenon?

M: Oh, yes. She knew all about it. I suppose I discussed it with her. I don't really remember too much. I must have because we were talking about his health and what had happened, and all that kind of thing.

S: I just want to put that down on the record that she actually had experiences herself of that with Krishnaji. So this was something known.

M: Yes, she did, that's right. She's written about it. There's a record in the archives about that.

So, the next day there was another Saanen Gathering Meeting at Tannegg, and I was asked to stay for lunch, and Sacha de Manziarly was also there. Sacha was always fun, he had funny stories to tell, and he was very fond of Krishnaji, and he would *regale* everybody with funny stories. He was a nice man.

Then Vanda, who had just arrived, talked to me about Tannegg. She only came to open Tannegg, bring Fosca the cook, and was leaving the next day. In her absence she wanted me to look after things, and do whatever needed doing, so we talked that over.

S: Right.

M: A few days later we went back to Geneva Krishnaji, Alain, and I for Krishnaji to have a check-up by Doctor Schmidt. Again we lunched at the Amphitryon restaurant, which we liked, and then drove came back via Evian to Gstaad.

S: Mm. Now did you move up to Tannegg then?

M: No, I didn't then, I stayed in the flat in Les Caprices. I did the marketing, helped Fosca, and things like that. And I also drove Krishnaji to the talks when they started. I also had my yoga lessons up there because by now Desikachar moved to Tannegg, the downstairs part.

S: So he stayed in the downstairs flat?

M: I think so. Must have. Anyway the lessons were up there for Krishnaji and whoever else had any.

Let's see, what happened? Again there was a trip to Doctor Schmidt, this was on the seventh of July and we lunched with Sacha at the Hotel Richmond and then drove back to Gstaad. Alain remained in Geneva to meet Balasundaram**[4]**, who was coming in. Krishnaji and I walked in the rain when we got back, and the next day we went to see the tent, where the talks were to be given, that was going up.

The first talk was on the ninth.

S: What was the tent like in those days? Was it the airplane hangar kind of tent?

M: It was still the geodesic dome, I think. I'm pretty sure, but not positive.

There were a lot of people at the first talk. It was a beautiful day and afterward at lunch there was Balasundaram and Sacha.

The yoga lessons were in the very early morning because I remember going up at 8 a.m. for a yoga lesson and then later drove Krishnaji to the talk.

In the afternoon on the eleventh, there was a Saanen Educational Meeting at my flat. [*Giggles.*] I don't remember what that was! [*S laughs*.] My notes are rather vague. All sorts of people were there. Narayan was there, Mark Lee was there, Frances McCann, and Pupul arrived all of a sudden. I met her at the train station, and she spent the night at Tannegg. The next day Alain drove her back to Geneva, from where she went on to India. Alain met Nandini**[5]**, and daughter, Devi Mangaldass, and brought them up to Tannegg by suppertime. They had the rooms downstairs, which were, in those days, the whole of the downstairs. Vanda rented part of it for guests. And so Nandini and Devi were downstairs and they hadn't been to Gstaad before.

I usually suppered at Tannegg, and a couple of nights I stayed at Tannegg. I don't remember why exactly, except that, it didn't feel right to leave Krishnaji alone. The others were downstairs, and of course Alain wasn't there—he was down at Les Caprices. And later on during this summer, when he *was* alone up there, he began to feel that thing of people focusing on him. He often used to talk about going on holiday where nobody would know where he was. Because he felt some sort of, it was like a pressure. I can't describe it, but I think I understand it. And occasionally he'd come back and use his room at my place at Les Caprices and sleep there so he could get a decent night's sleep, and go back up to Tannegg in the daytime.

S: Mm, hm. Because he would physically feel the pressure of people focusing on Tannegg?

M: Yes. It was like beams of people's attention, and he wanted to get out of the focus of it.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And quite a few times that summer, of course, Vanda wasn't there then, although she came back, it was as though it pressed on him. I don't know how else to say it.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm. Did he invite you to stay up at Tannegg because of that? Or just because it…

M: I don't remember; I stayed a couple of times only. It was, I think, when Nandini arrived, and I was doing things and had to be there in the morning and so he…I don't remember, really. It's just my notes say, 'stayed at Tannegg.'

S: Mm, hm. So do you think it might have been just more convenient because you'd have to be there early in the morning to do things for Nandini?

M: Later on, you see, Vanda had me stay there whenever she wasn't there. It was sort of the beginning of that, too.

S: Mm, hm.

M: I was to look after things.

S: Was there any sense that having you there in the house somehow made it more bearable for this beam?

M: It might have diffused, yes.

S: It might have diffused this beam somehow…

M: Yes, yes. It might have. He didn't really describe it too much.

S: Yes. I'm just trying to get your remembrance of it, or your sense of it.

M: I don't really remember *why* I stayed. It was something inconsequential; I mean, it was some convenience.

S: Yes, but it may also have been related to this beam?

M: Might have been, because then he wanted to get physically out of Tannegg, and so he came by occasionally to Les Caprices.

S: Was there any sense later on as the talks grew and grew and everybody knew where Tannegg was, of it being difficult for him? Did Krishnaji talk about it?

M: He didn't talk about it that way, but often, when people didn't know where he was, as we were motoring across France or something, he would say that he had a sense of freedom, because there wasn't that concentration on him.

S: How nice, yes.

M: When he talked about going on holiday, at times, it should be where nobody would know where he was so he wouldn't feel that, and even the last summer, when we were talking about whether to go back to Saanen just for a holiday when he was only going to talk at Brockwood. He asked, "will it be alright" if nobody knew he was there?

S: I remember that. Yes.

M: Or we should go somewhere else.

S: I remember. I remember.

M: So there was that, that funny feeling that he had. I understand it.

S: Yes, yes. I do, too.

M: So, not that he ever answered the telephone, but I've had it in my own life where, you know, you go away, nobody knows where I am, the telephone won't ring, or if it does it's not for me. There is that, you know, escaping from pressure, I don't know what else to say.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Anyway, I took Nandini and Devi shopping.

Ah yes, there's a note about Fosca, my trying to help Fosca with various things. And Krishnaji met another educational group in the tent. Now, I don't know whether that was young people, or people generally, or whether it was would-be school people.

Alain took Nandini and Devi to Geneva, and Krishnaji came down and had supper with me and stayed. It says here, 'Krishnaji again stayed the night at Caprices, feels the pressure of people's attention at Tannegg.'

It says for the twenty-fourth, 'Krishnaji and Alain discussed going to the U.S. later in '68 for a long holiday.' He wanted a long holiday—get away from things.

Also, 'we agreed to take the same house in Paris the next year. Marcelle Bondoneau and Gisela Elmenhorst came to talk to me about it.' Let's see who we had for lunch…? 'Balasundaram, Dorothy and Montague**[6]**. Krishnaji discussed with Dorothy, Alain, and me, saying we're probably going to have a school, probably in Holland' [*both chuckle*], in those days. And again, 'there was a meeting in the tent and it was announced plans for a school in Holland'!

I took Nandini and Devi to Interlacken. Krishnaji didn't come. And it says here, 'Extraordinary talk in the morning on the twenty-seventh,' and, 'Rajagopal telephoned from Ojai.' It was probably some disagreeableness, and again Krishnaji came for supper with me and stayed at Caprices.

Then Krishnaji, Alain, Nandini, Devi, and I went to Geneva. Again 'Krishnaji and Alain went to Doctor Schmidt' [*chuckles and S laughs*], 'and we all lunched at the Amphitryon and drove back via Evian, stopping at the Hotel Royale for tea.'

The big thing then was to go one way and come back the other way. And there was this splendid Hotel Royale up on the hill above Evian. Again, very Edwardian atmosphere, central European, Grande Luxe hotel.

S: Yes. It's kind of belle époque.

M: Yes, that's what it is. All the tables were out on a terrace looking over the lake, and it was very nice. We even thought of spending some time and staying there. We went and looked at rooms, but didn't in the end. [*S chuckles*.] Possible holiday. [*M laughs*.] And

now, let me see. The van der Stratens appear in the notes, again Rajagopal telephoned. Ah, Alberto arrived, Vanda's son. Did you ever meet Alberto?

S: I've never met him.

M: Well, Alberto was very young then.

S: He's running the estate now, isn't he?

M: Yes, yes. A bright and pleasant young man then.

On the thirtieth was the final Saanen talk and…

S: How many people would come to the Saanen talks in those days, Mary?

M: Well, the tent was usually pretty full. Quite a lot. I actually can't remember which year we changed tents, but I don't think it was that early because the geodesic dome one was there for quite a while. And it wasn't quite as big as the eventual one.

'Spanish groups came.' All those people who didn't understand English came. (*Chuckling.*) And then he began in August his public discussions.

S: These became what was called "the question and answer sessions"?

M: Yes, yes.

On August second, the same day as the first discussion there was a meeting at Tannegg of those interested in a school in Holland. They all talked about what they wanted to do.

The next day there was another discussion about a school, and Anneke was there. Alberto brought a friend of his, a boy called Matthew Fox, and as Krishnaji liked to talk to young people, they went on a walk. Krishnaji then took Nandini and Devi for a ride in his car.

On August fifth was the fourth public discussion.

S: I think it's important to talk about these discussions for a minute. I can remember them when I first attended them, and I found it was extraordinary that a man up on a stage, all on his own, was actually holding a discussion with the whole audience.

M: That's right.

S: It was only later on when, they got so ridiculous, because of only about two people, that they had to be changed into formal question and answer sessions.

M: Yes.

S: Talk about what those early discussions were like, because they weren't video recorded, so people won't know what it was like.

M: They were audio recorded. Well, first of all, one must say that when I first heard him speak, and that's way back in the '40s, he had written questions, and he'd read them and then answer the way he eventually came back to doing. But at this epoch, as you know, people would just stand up and ask a question. There would be several questions, from as many people as wanted to ask them. He would then do what to me was a fantastic thing of remembering each question. He would say something like "Let's see if we can find an answer to all of them," and he used to do just that, which was even more extraordinary.

S: Yes.

M: One answer that would answer each question.

S: Mm, hm. And people would get up in the middle of his sentences and make comments. So there was actually a lot of back and forth.

M: There was, there was.

S: Which was phenomenal.

M: It was only changed later when it became continuously disrupted by that Norwegian man, and that Indian man and his waspish wife. She and the Norwegian sort of teamed up. It got so disagreeable that at one point they almost broke up the meeting. You were probably there.

S: I was there, I was there.

M: But these earlier times he would take spontaneous questions from the audience, and it was quite extraordinary what he did.

S: Yes, it was.

M: So, there was another educational meeting on the sixth, and on the seventh there was the last public discussion.

And then, right away the next day, there began six discussions on education with teachers, etcetera.

S: Were those recorded?

M: Must have been. Alain had gotten the Nagra, and he was the recorder, and as far as I can remember, every time Krishnaji spoke to any groups, it was recorded.

Sometimes these education meetings were in the tent, and sometimes they were up at Tannegg.

On the ninth we had a big lunch at Tannegg for twelve people, and Alan and Helen Hooker**[7]** cooked it. At 4 p.m. the Saanen educational meeting with Krishnaji was held at Tannegg, and it was decided that the school was going to be in Switzerland! [*Chuckles.*]

Again he came down that night for supper and stayed. He said, it says, 'has difficulty sleeping at Tannegg, as if people's attention is concentrated on him. He feels a target, but he has privacy down at Caprices.'

He was still working very hard because he held the last educational meeting on the thirteenth, and it was an extraordinary meeting. My notes say, 'it left me dazed.' This is August thirteenth.

We went for a drive up the mountain in Rougemont. Then at 4 p.m., Krishnaji had a talk with young people at Tannegg.

S: It was pretty relentless.

M: Very relentless. And again, on the fifteenth, there was another young people's discussion at Tannegg.

On the sixteenth, we drove in *his* Mercedes to Lausanne. Lunched at Ouchy and came back via Vevey, Montreux, Aigle, etcetera. The three of us had dinner and talked.

The next day I lunched with them up at Tannegg, and we went for a walk and talked of having a house for all of us in Gstaad. [*S chuckles.*] I remember there was a piece of land that we looked at. But it was *incredibly* expensive! I've forgotten now what it was, but something like $40,000 dollars for a little tiny piece of land you would just build a house on. But we were talking about all living together all the time.

S: Mm.

M: Presumably, the three of us, and then Vanda whenever she wanted to be there, the four of us, would share a place, but it didn't come to anything. [*Laughs.*] But we went on for several days discussing this building in Gstaad and somehow it was nice. We also went to look at some land near the Sonnenhof, you know up that way.

S: Yes, I know it.

M: I'd forgotten that. [*Laughs.*] Then Saral and David turned up, and they came for lunch, and walked, and talked, and everything.

On the twenty-second, Vanda came back from Rome. And then one day Krishnaji, Alain, and I went to Lausanne where they both went to the dentist, and I did errands. We had lunch at the Grappe D'Or. We don't want all these details, do we?

S: Well, it doesn't hurt. [*M laughs*.]

M: My notes say that on the twenty-sixth, I went with Mr. Graf to look at chalets and land we won't buy! [*Both laugh*.] And then with K for a drive in his car toward Gsteig, and we walked there. Do you remember Edgar Graf?

S: Yes, of course. So Edgar Graf was on the scene as early as '67?

M: Yes.

S: Uh, huh.

M: Then one day, interesting, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lippmann came for dinner at Tannegg. And later I took them to the Menuhen concert. They owned a house, a moulin**[8]**, actually, near Fontainebleau, which they wanted to sell. So there was talk about that. On the next trip to Paris we went and looked at it. But we didn't like it.

S: Mm, hm. [*M chuckles*.] Were either of the Lippmanns interested in the teachings?

M: Well, they had met Krishnaji, and they knew Vanda, and so she invited them.

S: It was more social, then.

M: They happened to be in Gstaad. It was more social. But I think both of them had a considerable feeling of Krishnaji and what he talked about.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Here's one day when Krishnaji appeared at Caprices before lunch. His Mercedes wouldn't start. [*Both laugh*.] So he kept it down at Les Caprices. Some of the time he kept it down there, and sometimes he kept it up at Tannegg. So, we drove up in the Jaguar, and met the Bohms for lunch. My diary says 'came down after reading what K had written this morning on meditation and ecstasy. He wrote more here [at Les Caprices] while waiting for his car to be fixed. Later walked with him and Alain, and talked of Fontainebleau.' Fontainebleau is the new idea, you see.

S: This is the Lippmann place.

M: Yes, the Lippmann place. 'Again the next day the Lippmanns came for tea at Tannegg. And we started packing. Krishnaji came down to pack all his things that are here,' which means at Les Caprices. He left things in both places. Again 'we went to Lausanne, dropped Sacha, and then Krishnaji and Alain went to the dentist, and then on

to Geneva for Alain to get his Indian visa. To Patek for Krishnaji's watch and back to Gstaad [*chuckles*]. Then we went to Thun and left Krishnaji's Mercedes for storage, and I ordered a Mercedes for April delivery'! [*Both laugh*.]

S: What did you order?

M: The first of the grey ones, like the one I have.

S: Was it the same, a 280 SE?

M: Yes, yes. [*Chuckles.*]

The Lindberghs came for lunch on September third at Tannegg. They had known Krishnaji and Vanda, and they had a house, over the mountain where Noel Coward and Joan Sutherland had a house. It was interesting to meet them.

On the fourth I drove to Lausanne, met Alain there, stopped for his tape recorder, and then I drove on to Paris via Saint-Cergue, Champagnole, Poligny, Dijon. [*Laughs*.]

S: And where's Krishnaji?

M: Well, he stayed in Gstaad, but the next day, I went out to Orly and met K arriving on a flight from Geneva. Alain drove in his car to Paris. We stayed at the Hotel Westminster in Paris, which is a rather uninteresting hotel. It says here, 'We went to Lobb's.' [*Chuckles*.]

It also says, 'We went out to look at the Lippmann house, which we didn't like. [*Laughs*.] Came back and walked in the Tuileries, lunched at Le Pre Catelan, walked in the Bois, and went to Lobb for a fitting.' Only you will enjoy this! Anyone listening to this tape in the future will be bored stiff!

S: [*laughs*.] That doesn't matter; I'm *thoroughly* enjoying it!

M: [*laughs again*.] 'Then we went to a movie, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.*'

S: Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

M: The next day 'I left Hotel Westminster, Paris, at 6:45a.m., drove to La Touquet, 153 miles in three hours. Breakfasted and took the air ferry across the channel to Lydd. Drove to London in two and a half hours.' [*Chuckles*.]

On September ninth, 'I got to Kingston Vale and a house rented by Mary Cadogan and Doris Pratt for Krishnaji. It was rather dreary. [*Both laugh*.] We had three bedrooms and one bath upstairs, and downstairs there was a sitting room, dining room, kitchen.' I remember that if you wanted to wash any clothing the idea was to hang it over the stove

in the kitchen, which I find squalid! So, it wasn't great, I must say. Anyway, we got there, and 'the Cadogans and Jane**[9]** were there, and we went over the house. Later I had supper with the Cadogans in an Indian restaurant in Wimbledon.' [*Laughs*.]

The next day, 'We went to the Heathrow and met Krishnaji and came back to the house by 3:30 p.m.. Went for a long walk in Richmond Park.' That was next door, more or less.

The next day Mary Cadogan came for lunch.

On the twelfth, 'Alain arrived in his Volkswagen in time for lunch.' [*Laughs*]. Alain must have stayed with Krishnaji in Paris, and then taken him to the Paris airport, and I met him at Heathrow. That makes sense. [*Chuckles*.]

Then, on the thirteenth 'we went to Huntsman, and I ordered my first suit there, after which we lunched at Mary Links's flat. I then went to the airport to meet Adrianna.' Adrianna was an Italian maid who Vanda had working in Tannegg. I asked her to take care of the house and cook the meals while we were in England, which didn't work too well, but anyway.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Rosalind Rajagopal was in London, and she telephoned Krishnaji and was invited to the house. She came an hour late, and talked to Krishnaji alone and disagreeably.'

S: What do you remember of it?

M: I wasn't present so I didn't know directly, but I know she was being troublesome, saying that Krishnaji must make friends with Rajagopal. She was always on Rajagopal's side.

S: Do you remember the kind of atmosphere she brought in with her? Was she disagreeable when she came in?

M: I just remember that she was disagreeable. My impressions were formed previously that she was a dreadful woman.

Then, Krishnaji started giving his talks in Wimbledon. Every day we walked in Richmond Park.

One morning Krishnaji said that Alain and I should come into his room, and we'd all three meditate together.

S: What did he mean by *that*?

M: I don't know! [*Chuckles*.]

S: Did you do it?

M: Yes.

S: What did you do? Describe that.

M: I just sat there. [*Both laugh*.] Nothing whatever came into my mind.

S: Now were you sitting on the floor?

M: Cross-legged on the floor.

S: And how long did you sit for?

M: I don't know. Not very long. A while.

S: Was it special for you? Or was it…

M: I don't know; it was sort of an experiment, but I don't think anything came of it.

S: What did Krishnaji say about it?

M: I don't know, he didn't say anything. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: What did Alain say about it?

M: There's no record in my memory. It was like an experiment, but there was no result from the experiment. [*Laughs*.] But we did it again: 'On the twentieth, meditation with Krishnaji and Alain.' It was just sitting quietly and watching, as it were.

Again, there was Huntsman, different people came to lunch. This is all boring!

S: Was Mr. Cummings at Huntsman in those days?

M: Yes, but Mr. Lintott was still alive, so everything was Mr. Lintott. Mr. Cummings was in the background. I had a second fitting, but my suit was not a success. They can't make women's clothes, at least for me. [*Chuckles*.]

On September twenty-third, Krishnaji said, "You are not responsible just to yourself anymore. You must be very careful."

S: Yes, he told me that, too, later.

M: Yes, he did.

S: We're running out of tape, so this might be the point to end.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Mary was a very early recipient of radiation treatment to cure what the doctors thought was bone marrow cancer when she was about twelve years old. She had severe radiation burns and both muscle and bone damage. For the rest of her life she was in constant pain, but few people ever knew that.

[2] The name of the Krishnamurti Committee in Holland.

[3] From Mary's voice, it seems she is partly telling me the story, and partly reading it from her diaries.

[4] The head of the Rishi Valley School in India.

[5] Nandini was the sister of Pupul Jayakar, and had been close to Krishnaji since the 1940's, and remained so for the rest of his life. She became important in the various Krishnamurti organizations in India and started a school for poor children in Bombay under the Krishnamurti Foundation of India.

[6] Dorothy Simmons was picked by Krishnaji to be the head of a Krishnamurti school in Europe, so she eventually was the founding Principal of the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre. Her husband Montague taught history at the school.

[7] Alan and Helen Hooker started a famous gourmet restaurant in Ojai. Alan also published the first gourmet vegetarian cookbook. When The Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre opened, he came for a year to start the kitchen and train other cooks.

[8] A windmill, inside of which there is a house.

[9] Jane Hammond contributed to Krishnamurti's work in England and Saanen, and eventually became a Trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust and the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre.

Issue 8: September 1967 to April 1968

In this issue there is a discussion of a part of Krishnaji's understanding of reality that was important to him, but which he never brought into the body of his work: his view of good and evil. Part of this is his sense of "protection" in doing the right things.

There is also a discussion of peculiar relationships which had been part of his life since his boyhood.

Additionally, we see the three-person team of Krishnaji, Mary, and Alain Naudé moving smoothly and expansively around the world—England is decided upon as the venue for the new Krishnamurti school; an editing and publications committee is begun with no relationship to KWINC for the first time; and the first moves are made to recover Krishnaji's copyright.

Mary: I think we left off that Krishnaji was giving talks in Wimbledon and living in Kingston Vale. Does that make sense to you?

Scott: Yes, that sounds about right.

M: I also spoke of the experiment of the three of us sitting cross-legged on the floor in his room in the early morning in dead silence. What it was for the two of them, I do not know!

S: Did Krishnaji have you sit with your back against anything?

M: No; as I see it in my mind's eye, we were sitting on a rug in the middle of the floor. He had a big bedroom.

S: Because, years later when Krishnaji was teaching me pranayama and such like [*M chuckles*], he would have me sit with my back against the table leg of that white table that his stereo was on…

M: Yes, yes.

S: …so that my whole spine was straight.

M: Well, I think he was not thinking so much about our spines [*both laugh*] at that point. At least, I can sort of see it in my memory.

S: I'm just trying to picture it, that's all. How many times did you do that?

M: I don't quite know. But we did it several times, but it didn't become a habit by any means! [*Chuckles*]

S: [*laughing*] It wasn't a great success then?

M: You'd have to ask the other two! [*Both laugh.*] But I must say it was very moving to me, and I couldn't put into words why, except that Krishnaji, as you know, could induce *tremendous* quiet.

S: Yes.

M: And it was, for me at least, a kind of a wonderful space with nothing going on but quiet.

S: What did you do afterwards?

M: Oh, I don't know, I suppose we went and had breakfast or something, I've forgotten now. It was early.

S: It was pre-breakfast.

M: It was pre-breakfast. I guess I went down and got breakfast going, or something like that. No, I'm blank on that.

S: Were you dressed, or were you in exercise clothing or were you in bathrobes or…?

M: I probably had on pants and a sweater or something, in order to sit on the floor. And Krishnaji was in his dressing gown.

S: Right.

M: I've forgotten what Alain had on. He was dressed, I think.

But it was the time (I probably mentioned this the other day) when he began to say, "You are no longer responsible to yourself; you're responsible to something other."

S: Yes, yes.

M: And he was to say that to me over and over through the years to come.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm. If I can just interrupt here, Mary, and perhaps this is just to clarify in my mind, but when Krishnaji said that kind of thing to me many years later…

M: Yes.

S: It was very much in the vein of: you can't just do whatever you want now with your life.

M: Yes, that's right.

S: You can't just take risks, you can't just…

M: The risking was very much a feature of it.

S: Perhaps we ought to talk about that because somehow your life is no longer yours…

M: That's right.

S: …to just do whatever you want to with it.

M: That's right.

S: It's now part of something else, or it is, um…

M: Yes. You are responsible to the something else which was, I supposed, though he didn't say so, "the Other". But now, it wasn't your life any more. You were…

S: Yes, yes.

M: And the risk part, he was very insistent on. Whenever I would go back to California, and not go to India, he would admonish me: "Don't do anything unnecessary that's risky." And that usually was spelled out as unnecessary flying. It was alright for me to fly from wherever we were to New York and then go up to Martha's Vineyard to see my mother because that was necessary. And then fly back to California, but what wasn't alright would be, say I thought I'd like to run up to San Francisco for lunch with somebody tomorrow. Don't do that. You see, that was unnecessary. And he also used to say, though I don't know that he said it at this point, but maybe he did, "When you are with me you are protected, but when you are on your own, I can't protect you." Sometimes he would say, and I suppose one could ask, was he joking or was he serious, but he used to often say, "I'm sending two angels with you." And, I won't interpret that.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Whether he was just saying something metaphorically or not, I don't know. But then he would add, "But don't strain them!" [*Laughs.*] "Don't make them work too hard." In other words: Don't do foolish things that you could have avoided. In other words: Don't drive the car too fast, and drive carefully. An example of unnecessary things was in Saanen, where I was tempted, though I never did anything about it, to go up in a glider. It turns out he was, too; he thought that would be wonderful!

S: I know, I know.

M: But he thought that that was something that was unnecessary, and he shouldn't do it. And therefore, similarly for whatever came up in my life, I must be careful.

S: Let me give you my impressions of this and get your response. When Krishnaji said similar things to me, it was almost as if, if you were doing something that was necessary, there was an element of protection with you, because you were still somehow part of…

M: You were being responsible to something.

S: Yes, you were somehow part of some activity that you were supposed to be doing. It's like you were in the right place.

M: That's right. Yes.

S: But if you started doing something that was unnecessary, then you were outside of the right place.

M: Mm, hm.

S: And being outside of the right place you no longer had that protection.

M: It wasn't all that categorical.

S: No, it wasn't; I'm just saying this is the sense that I had.

M: Yes, that's right.

S: And, in fact, there was also…you were there when Krishnaji talked about…because we were involved in what we were involved with, there was even something terrible that was more inclined to…come out. I don't know if you want to talk about this.

M: Yes, I do.

S: It's almost like there was something like evil waiting for us to be outside of the zone of protection.

M: That's right. Yes, he said, at some point, I don't remember when, we may come to it later, if I have notes about it, but…he said it more or less…I don't want to try to quote him. I'll just give you my understanding of it. As though evil wanted to get at him…

S: Mm, hm.

M: …and couldn't, because he was protected by…

S: Whatever.

M: He was protected.

S: Yes.

M: Therefore, failing to get at him, evil might try to strike down those who were around him, who were in some way useful to him, a part of what he was doing.

S: Yes.

M: And therefore, we were targets.

S: Yes.

M: He didn't say that exactly, but that was the content.

S: Well, that was very much the sense…and I'm referring to this because the only…well, the first time, not the only time, but certainly the first time Krishnaji talked directly about that to me, was when he prevented me from climbing.

M: Yes.

S: Do you remember?

M: I do remember. [*Both laugh*.] He went to the heart of it with you…

S: Yes.

M: …because climbing was the most dangerous thing you were doing! [*Chuckles.*]

S: Yes, yes, and he prevented me from climbing.

M: I know!

S: Initially, he didn't tell me what he was doing, if you remember. He just said…because he had been [*chuckles*] worried and…this shouldn't be my reminiscences on this tape…

M: No, come on, this is a joint effort.

S: Alright. He had been worried about my climbing, and he'd been admonishing me, etcetera.

M: Yes.

S: And especially because I was climbing alone sometimes. And then one year he asked me at Brockwood before I left for Switzerland, "What are you going to do before the talks?" I said, "Well, I'm just going to walk and go up into the mountains." I didn't say I *wasn't* going to climb, I just made light of it. And Krishnaji was anxious…

M: Yes.

S: …that year, he was anxious. When I came up to see him, because I always went to see him as soon as I got to Saanen, he was anxious about me.

M: Yes.

S: And he asked me admonishingly, "What were you doing?!"

M: Yes.

S: He was very much scolding, "What were you doing…what…"

M: Yes.

S: And I had planned to go up again into the mountains after the Saanen talks, but as the talks were ending, he said, "Come and stay with me in Tannegg, for, you know…"

M: Yes.

S: "…a few days." And, of course, I was *thrilled* to stay at Tannegg! [*Both chuckle*.] I think the Olympics were on.

M: Yes, there was one summer when we were all watching television.

S: Yes, we were watching the Olympics. Anyway, so then the time extended on for a little, you know, I was just…

M: Yes.

S: …staying a little longer, and it dragged on for I don't know how long.

M: You never went walking in the mountains! [*Both laugh*.]

S: And then the weather went bad.

M: Mm, hm.

S: The weather changed and you could see on the weather map that for the next week it was going to be bad weather, so no climbing. And then Krishnaji said [*laughing*], "Well, if you want to go, you can go now!" [*More laughing.*] And that's when I asked, I said, "Now Krishnaji, you've been deliberately keeping me from climbing."

M: Mm, hm.

S: "What is this?"

M: Yes.

S: And that's when he talked with me about the whole thing, and he also said, as part of this whole thing, which is interesting, too, I feel, is that he seemed to sense that there were times when this evil force was stronger than other times. So there were times when it was more risky or was, was something.

M: Yes. Yes.

S: And I think that was also the year that he didn't want you to fly to see Filomena.

M: I'm thinking about that as you're talking.

S: You see because, somehow it was…

M: And one year…

S: Somehow this was…I don't know, and quite frankly and this might all be in my imagination…Krishnaji didn't make this connection to me at all…but there seemed to be something…like it was connected to what Rajagopal was doing. That somehow Rajagopal having…

M: Yes.

S: …more strength…more…was all…

M: It was…

S: …somehow a reflection of this evilness…

M: Yes.

S: …and it was like this was an especially dangerous time.

M: Yes. Well, I used to try to go every summer just for two days or three nights or something, to see Filomena—for the benefit of whoever listens to this in the future, she was a very dear and, by then, a very old Italian woman who had been in my family in various capacities…she was a maid to my aunt, and then she came to me and my husband after my aunt died. She was really a member of my family, more than her own family, and I felt the same way about her. She had gone back to Italy thinking she was ill (she wasn't really) to be with her family—she had retired, in other words. So I would try and fly down to see her in the summers, and it was alright. But then there was one summer when, really, it was upsetting, because Krishnaji asked me to telephone when I got to Rome. I drove down to the airport in Geneva and telephoned, and said, I'm here, on the plane any minute. But when I got to Rome, I couldn't get to a telephone until much later.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And he was worried that something had happened to me.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And I felt awful about it because I suspected this. And then, again, I'm not sure of the sequence, but I think it was the following year, which is the one you're referring to, Krishnaji asked me not to go. And it was, for me, difficult because Filomena lived for those visits. And I couldn't bear to hurt her in any way.

S: I remember it. I remember it.

M: But naturally when Krishnaji asked me not to go, I didn't go.

S: Yes, of course.

M: I tried to explain it to her as best I could.

S: Mm, hm.

M: There was that element that something might have attacked me, in a way.

S: Mm, hm.

M: When we were in Malibu, and I'd go into Los Angeles to do errands, if I was late coming back, he'd often be standing near the gate, waiting for me. And he would say, "I could feel you were coming."

S: Mm, hm.

M: He often had a sense when something was about to happen.

S: Mm, hm.

M: I remember when my father died, we were in Tannegg, and my father wasn't well at all and Krishnaji knew that. He hadn't been for a long time. But the woman who was looking after him, called me and that's how I learned that he'd died. I was in my room, and Krishnaji came in seconds later. He had sensed what had happened without knowing it.

S: Mm, hm.

This seems similar, in a way, continuing on this theme a little bit, this kind of sensing that there were moments of greater danger than other moments.

M: Yes.

S: At the end, in Ojai, when Krishnaji wanted us…remember there was a period we were never to leave him alone. It was a moment of particular danger. I think we both slept on the floor of his bedroom.

M: Yes. That's right. We both slept on the floor.

S: We were taking turns, but that one night it somehow…and then the next day he said, "It's passed."

M: Yes. "It's passed." that's right. And the first thing he said to me when he came back that last time [from India], if you remember I brought his car and drove him back, and you and Parchure went with Mark Lee and all the luggage followed.

S: Yes, yes.

M: The minute he got in the car he said, "I must tell you something very serious. You mustn't leave me alone for even a moment, for the next forty-eight hours." He didn't explain why, but it was…danger.

S: Mm, hm.

M: In a way, it was like what he told me to do in the hospital, but we'll get to all that later, and the thin line between living and dying, which he said was the way he lived.

S: Yes, yes.

M: The danger was that he would "slip away," as he put it during the operation and afterwards. And I must somehow prevent it. We'll come to that later.

S: Yes, but that's slightly different, isn't it? Because that wasn't a sense of some *menace*. That was a sense of his perhaps slipping away, and you were to prevent it. But this other thing we're talking about is like an active menace that somehow is waxing and waning.

M: Yes. Some extraneous thing was threatening or trying to threaten in some way. [*Long pause*.]

It's curious. Of course, this is all out of sync with our story, but since it came up…I suppose we should just talk about whatever we think of.

S: Yes.

M: Well, especially in his last few years, he had this feeling about darkness, that there was kind of…when the sun is gone, the forest, which he loved, and he felt a wonderful place to be…evil went into the forest at night. He said he would never go into a forest alone at night.

S: I remember something like that, that he felt there was a very strong sense of menace in a forest at night.

M: Yes. But there was also protection. I said, "Would you go in with me?" and he said, "Yes, but only if you were there." And, for instance at Ojai, apparently he wouldn't have gone out of the house at night alone, even to walk to Arya Vihara**[1]** for instance, once it was dark.

S: Mm, hm.

M: I mean he had no occasion to go, but I asked, "What if?" and he said no he wouldn't. It's as though something menacing, something evil, would come with darkness, and could creep into an otherwise benign and much loved place.

S: Yes.

M: Curious, isn't it?

S: It is very curious. It's very curious because…well, for a lot of reasons, but here was something that had a great deal of reality for Krishnaji, but he never brought it into his teachings.

M: No.

S: Now I can easily understand why, because of the superstition and the hysteria and all the imaginations.

M: Yes. What people would do with this?

S: I suspect that many people would just make a hash of it.

M: I know.

S: But it was something that was very real for Krishnaji.

M: Well, he said very categorically, if you like, that there is such a thing as good and evil.

S: Evil, yes.

M: And one is not the other face of the same coin. There is no relation between the two. But both exist.

S: Yes. Also I would just say this: when Krishnaji, this first time when he was talking with the two of us about this, and I can tell you exactly where we were when we got to that part of the conversation. We were on the walk, and we had just…

M: In Switzerland.

S: In Switzerland, walking up through the forest from Tannegg.

M: Yes.

S: And it was just where the path comes out to the road…

M: Yes.

S: …where he finally got to this topic, and we stopped and talked about it.

M: Yes.

S: And as Krishnaji was speaking about it, and he spoke very hesitantly, as though he felt he *had to* say some of these things, I think because I was forcing it with my questioning, in a way. But he also said something I can't exactly quote, but something to the effect that one has to be very careful in talking about it because you invite it if you talk about it.

M: Well, I was about to say that very thing. He said to me many times, not many times, but several times, it's better not…you shouldn't talk about evil…it invites it.

S: Mm, hm.

M: He said that, I know, in Ojai, he said it to me. And he also felt the contamination, as it were, of people who had evil intent or something evil in them. For instance, again this is way out of the progression of this saga, he told me I must never let either Rajagopal or Rosalind come into the cottage. Those two, he said…

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: Never let them come into this place. And so, at the very end, when he was so ill, I went to him and said, "You told me never to let either of them in here, but supposing the doorbell rings and I open the door and Rajagopal is on the doorstep, what do I do?" Of course, Rajagopal never did give a sign that Krishnaji was dying. But Krishnaji, in a way, shrugged, you know, as if he was saying well, I'm dying, you know. In other words, whatever, he was beyond being affected by it.

S: Mm, hm. Would you let either of them into the cottage? Well, Rajagopal is dead, but would you let Rosalind into the cottage now?

M: No! *Heavens* no!

S: I wouldn't either.

M: No, I would never have let him in, or her in, either, not that she would come.

So, he had a perception of good and evil as realistic forces.

S: Yes, as real things.

M: The way there is, I don't know, electricity or something.

S: Yes.

Well, we've had a little digression here. [*Chuckles.*]

M: Big digression. Shall we go back to September 1967?

S: Absolutely.

M: Where were we?

On September twenty-fourth, Robert Lutyens, the brother of Mary, who Krishnaji hadn't seen for probably decades. *Decades*! He and his wife invited Krishnaji to tea at their house on Mansfield Street**[2]**. I suppose they hadn't met in, good lord, I don't know when!

And at this point Mary and Robert were estranged. And his wife wasn't very sympathetic to all this. Anyway, we went for tea [*S chuckles*], and Krishnaji hadn't been for so long to the Mansfield Street house where he went so often. It was quite an interesting time. They had a child who was there, and the child and Robert seemed to get on quite well.

S: That's nice.

Was this the last family home? I mean, was this where Sir Edwin and Lady Emily lived?

M: Yes. They lived in it. Robert had inherited it, I guess, or acquired it in some way. It was interesting.

Then, Krishnaji had more young people discussions, which were held in the Wimbledon Community Center. The Bohms used to come and go for walks in Richmond Park with us. Krishnaji and Dave would walk ahead talking, or Saral and I would walk ahead talking. It was just the way he and David always were: discussing something intently.

Then later that week, I think it was, Krishnaji, Alain, and I drove down to East Grinstead to look at a house to buy! [*Both laugh*.] It was an Elizabethan house, a small one. A friend of mine who lived near there suggested that we go look at it. And we did. We didn't like it, but it was fun to go and look.

S: Mm, hm.

M: This is part of the question of where shall we live in Europe—all together, everybody. These were sort of pipe dreams, I guess. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes, yes. East Grinstead…I can't remember, but didn't Krishnaji spend time there as a boy with a tutor to help him get into Oxford?

M: Yes, he stayed at Ashdown Forest. There was a so-called cramming school.

S: That's right, isn't that near East Grinstead?

M: Yes. Ashdown Forest is right near East Grinstead. Mary writes about it in her book.

And that same week we went to Cecil Beaton's for photographs.

S: Mm, hm.

M: That's when those pictures were taken. I had known Cecil for years because of my career as a model. He used to come to New York in the winter, and there'd be parties and all kinds of goings-on. So when we wanted to have photographs for publications and had none, I called Cecil up out of the blue. I hadn't talked to him in years and years, and asked if he would like to photograph someone who is very interesting. And I said, "I think you'll like him because he's the most extraordinarily beautiful human being." That interested Cecil very much. So we went, and he took the pictures.

S: How old was Cecil Beaton at this point?

M: Oh, lord. Well, he was getting on. I suppose when I first knew him, which was in the thirties, he was, I suppose in his thirties then. So he would be in the sixties by now.

S: How did Krishnaji and he get on?

M: Well, I've seen Cecil in endless photographic sessions where he's very cheery and talkative. He has a way of making the subject relax [*chuckles*] by his chatter. He was the same way with Krishnaji, and he was very enthusiastic because he saw the remarkable face. The three of us went—Alain, Krishnaji, and I, and Cecil actually took a photo of the three of us; it isn't good, but he took a picture at the end of it of the three of us.

S: Oh! I've never seen that picture.

M: It's not very good.

S: [*laughing*] Oh, why haven't I seen it though, Mary?!

M: I don't know. [*S laughs again*.] I suppose I have it at home. He did it as a sort of present.



Photo taken by Cecil Beaton of Krishnamurti, Mary Zimbalist, and Alain Naudé

S: Well, I'd like to see that.

M: Well, if you come to Ojai, I'll try to find it. [*Laughs.*]

S: Alright, I'll be there in February.

M: Hm…

S: What did Krishnaji say about Cecil Beaton?

M: He didn't say much of anything. I don't remember what he said. [*Chuckles.*] But it was entertaining for me to see. [*S laughs.*]

S: Yes, from the little I know of Cecil Beaton, which is very, very little, I don't see a natural rapport occurring between them.

M: No, but Cecil had a great eye for beauty and quality—he was sensitive to those things. So I knew that he would very much like to do it. He put one of the photographs, one that I didn't like in a book of…well, he used to publish books of his photographs.

S: Yes.

M: I didn't like it much, but he thought it was very poetic and beautiful. It's a profile of Krishnaji, almost turned away from the camera. Anyway, so we did that.

S: Where was that?

M: At Cecil's house, in Pelham Place. He took pictures in those days just with a Rolleiflex and natural light. There was no big studio business.

S: Mm, hm. There were no artificial lights?

M: No, not in this one. I mean, he presumably did for other things, but that day he was using just a Rolleiflex and daylight coming through the window.

Again, there were public discussion meetings in Wimbledon at the Wimbledon Community Center.

Of course, whenever London was anywhere nearby, there were trips to Huntsman, after which we lunched at the L'Aperitif, which Krishnaji liked very much. It doesn't exist anymore, regrettably, and was supplanted by Fortnum's, which was a considerable comedown in the quality of the food. It was on Jermyn Street, but somebody bought the building, and the man who ran it, the mâitre d'hôtel, moved to Brown's Hotel and we went there and tried it once, but it wasn't the same. The chef was different, I suppose.

S: Why on earth did you and Krishnaji settle on Fortnum's where the food was so awful?!

M: I know! Because it was near Huntsman! [*Both laugh.*] And because the tables weren't close together. Mary suggested it.

S: Yes, so you could get some distance from other diners. But my god, there must have been other restaurants in walking distance of Huntsman.

M: You'd think so, but, no, there aren't. Name one. You can't.

S: Claridge's?

M: Claridge's is quite a ways away. I don't think he would have liked that.

S: Jermyn Street? Aren't there any others on Jermyn Street?

M: Not restaurants; there's a hotel. Anyway, it became Fortnum's.

S: …where the food was just appalling!

M: [*laughs*] Well, they had just the one monotonous dish that was vegetarian.

S: Yes. The onion flan or cheese flan.

M: The flan, yes. It really had nothing to recommend it except that we created our own tradition [*both laugh*], which became compelling!

S: Yes, and the Scottish lady.

M: Yes, Angela.

Angela's not there anymore. Mary told me the other day that she's working in Harrod's.

Krishnaji gave six talks in Wimbledon. There are the usual notations in my diary of walking in the park, etcetera. [*Laughing.*] This is rather repetitious.

I see that Pamela Travers came to lunch.

S: Ahh, yes, the Mary Poppins lady.

M: Yes. She came with Mary Cadogan. I think Mary Cadogan brought her to meet Krishnaji. That was the beginning of her contact. The trouble is that the ink is [*chuckles*] faded in this! [*S laughs.*] I'm having difficulty.

S: See, it should all be transcribed.

M: Oh lord! Well, I should live so long, as they say.

Now we're into October! We left Kingston Vale, drove to the airport and then Krishnaji and the maid Adrianna (who had come from Vanda to help us) flew to Rome. Alain and I, in his Volkswagen, drove to Lydd, flew on the air ferry to Le Touquet and drove on to Paris. I went to my father's to stay, and then I flew to New York.

Ah, there's more detail in this other diary—September twenty-eighth to October fourth. 'I went with Krishnaji in a taxi to the airport and Alain followed with the maid.' Then, like I said about Alain and I to Paris. While there, 'I settled the April rental for the house for the next year on the Rue de Verdun. Alain was to see Gérard Blitz, and then leave for Rome on the sixth of October. I arranged with Blitz to see him in Los Angeles after he had been to see Rajagopal.' I forget if I described this but…

S: You did. Yes. Blitz was going to talk to Rajagopal.

M: Yes, Blitz was going to talk business-man to business-man to find out what this was all about. So we spoke on the phone, and the next day I flew to New York and then, a week later, I flew on to Malibu.

On the eighteenth of October, I met Blitz and heard about his seeing Rajagopal. Somewhere there's a recording of that conversation, at least I thought I taped it. God

knows where it is now. But he apparently had a lonnnng talk with Rajagopal, which he described to me. I then telephoned Krishnaji and Alain in Rome to report it. Blitz said that Rajagopal talked from ten points of the compass, you know; he'd be at times surly and antagonistic, and then he'd be ingratiating, and then he'd be very manipulative. Really nothing came out of it. They just talked for hours, apparently.

S: Hm.

M: Anyway, I reported it all.

S: Can you remember Krishnaji's response to your report?

M: No. It says here, 'I woke up at midnight for a clearer connection and telephoned Rome, spoke to Alain, then to Krishnaji.' They were leaving for India the next day. So, that was it.

S: Mm, hm. Why did you not go to India that year?

M: Couldn't tell you. Don't remember. I didn't go to India for quite some time. I went the first two times. And then I didn't go for a long time. More or less he didn't need me in India. There were a lot of people there to do what was needed. Alain was with him, and I had to sort of catch up with my own life a little bit. So I went on and did that.

S: Of course, of course.

M: It says here that 'I got a letter on the twenty-third from Krishnaji posted from the airport in Rome, which would have been the twentieth of October.'

And then on November third, 'I met Blitz at the airport and gave him papers from Krishnaji. He flew on to Paris postponing meeting Rajagopal again the next day.' He was supposed to meet him again. I've forgotten why he didn't. He had some business problem.

By this time, Krishnaji was on tour; in November he was in Rishi Valley. I got a letter from Alain in Rishi Valley on November thirteenth with a memoranda from Madhavachari for our lawyers. So we were already involved with lawyers.

S: In the Rajagopal case?

M: Yes, it hadn't become a case yet but it was heading that way. And, well, my notes from then on are just when Krishnaji moved around from Delhi to Rajghat to Delhi to…so forth…

S: Yes.

M: Oh, wait a minute, before I leave this, it says here, 'On December seventeenth, Blitz returned and had a seven-hour conversation with Rajagopal at the Vigevenos'.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'After that he came back to Malibu for dinner, and he taped a report for Krishnaji, and I cabled Krishnaji in Rajghat.'

On the nineteenth it says, 'Blitz telephoned me to ask if his lunch tomorrow at the Vigevenos' could be held at my house, and so I called them up and invited them.' And on the twentieth, 'Blitz arrived in the morning and made a second taped report for K. The Vigevenos came at twelve for a discussion and lunch. Blitz gave them his reaction to his meeting with Rajagopal. They left, and I posted the tape to K in Madras.' Well, that's about it.

S: Right.

M: Blitz was hoping in those days that the Vigevenos would somehow be helpful.

S: Yes.

M: But they were active in the case against Krishnaji from then on.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: So that was the end of 1967.

S: Before we get started in 1968, can I ask you about Krishnaji writing to you?

M: Well, I was about to say on the third of January I got a letter from him discussing the tapes that Gérard Blitz had made in reporting the conversations with Rajagopal. I think it was this year or '67 really, when he went to India, that I think he wrote to me every day. Which means that he would write a little every day, like a running diary of what he was doing. He would write a paragraph, either short or long, and when he'd covered two pages, he would have it posted. So, I didn't get a letter every day, but I would get letters that continued and that contained something from every day. And he continued this to the very end of it all, except eventually it became tapes.

S: Yes, I remember, I remember well.

M: Yes.

And then I got a letter from Alain about Krishnaji speaking in Claremont College the next autumn. He thought that that was a good idea and so forth, and so did I, and Krishnaji did eventually do that.

It says here that on the twelfth I met Blitz at the Los Angeles Airport between flights, and he suggested meeting Krishnaji in March, in London. Also that Mary Links had written, suggesting that when we came back to London that we stay at the White House Hotel on Marylebone Road.

On January thirtieth, Rosalind Rajagopal telephoned me, asking to see me. She came to Malibu in the afternoon, but it was a completely pointless conversation. She rambled on about how awful it all was, and then she started to talk against Alain. I said, "Look, we can discuss anything you want, but I will not discuss Alain Naudé with you. He's a friend of mine and that's out." But all she really wanted to say was attacking him. At one point I remember, she said she had some proof that she wanted to show me; a letter that proved something. She went out to her car and came back with some papers and proceeded to read me a letter [*chuckles*], which she didn't know that I'd already heard, because it was a letter she had written to Krishnaji, and he had read it to me, or I'd read it. So this proof of whatever it was she was trying to say wasn't a letter of any proof: it was her own concoction. She didn't know I knew that. [*Both laugh*.] Anyway, it was a completely pointless conversation, and she was just meddling, or trying to.

On the twentieth of January, I got a cable from Alain about meeting in March.

On the twenty-first, Krishnaji and Alain were going to Bombay.

On the fourteenth of February, Krishnaji and Alain left Bombay for Rome. Also that day, James Vigeveno telephoned, asking if he and his wife Annie could come to see me, which they did. They came down to Malibu, and they had a proposal for me from Ojai, [*chuckles*] meaning Rajagopal. The proposal was that I join the board of KWINC, as a trustee. So I asked them if they had consulted Krishnaji about this, and Annie said that she didn't see that that was necessary. [*S laughs*.] How do you like that! So I said I couldn't even discuss such a thing, unless it came from Krishnaji. So they left. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Good old Mary. Boy, I tell you the…

M: [*laughing*] Impossible!

S: It never stops…

M: Unbelievable what people will…

S: It's still…but it…I mean, it still goes on!

M: I know.

S: It would have served their purposes beautifully to have you on the board.

M: Yes. To have me as a figurehead.

S: Of course.

M: [*laughs*] Anyway, the next day I went to Claremont to look at possible places for K to stay when he spoke there the following November, and somewhere in here I got a cable from Krishnaji with a message to the Vigevenos. I've forgotten what it was now, but something to do with all of that. At this point my notes say: 'New guest quarters by garage finished.' This was because the house in Malibu had only two main bedrooms and baths, and it had the room that Filomena used which was in the back. So when Krishnaji and Alain were there I slept on the couch in the living room and used Filomena's bath. So, if they were going to be coming regularly, we needed more rooms. So I built a little apartment onto the garage, further back on the lot.

S: So alright, now here's a new piece of information that we didn't have before. That, when Krishnaji and Alain were staying with you in Malibu, you slept on a couch in the living room!

M: Yes! [*S laughs.*] Naturally!

S: So, Krishnaji had which room? Your room or the guest room?

M: He had, what was then, the guest room, what had been Sam's room. The house had my room and then Sam's room; each had a bath.

S: Right. So Krishnaji had Sam's room?

M: Yes.

S: And Alain was in your room?

M: Yes.

S: And you slept in the living room on a couch.

M: Yes.

S: And used the maid's bathroom.

M: It was the same couch, by the way, that you later slept on in Ojai!

S: Oh, I know that couch! That's a very comfortable couch!

M: It's a very comfortable couch. [*S laughs*.] It makes an excellent bed, and it's very easy to make up; you don't have to have all kinds of a…

S: I know. Although whenever I slept on that, I felt I should have been much taller! [*Both laugh*.]

M: It's a twelve-foot couch!

S: That's just it. I felt I should have been much taller.

M: Well, it served its purpose very well.

S: Yes. So you built the guest apartment onto the garage? How did you envisage that being used? Did you envisage yourself using that? Or Alain using that?

M: Either Alain could use it if he wanted to be aloof and independent or…

S: So you could stay in your room!

M: Yes! [*Both laugh*.] Or Filomena could move up there, and he could have her room.

S: Where was Filomena during this time? Filomena stayed in her room?

M: She stayed in her room while I was on the sofa.

S: Right, so then you shared her bathroom with her?

M: Yes. It was easy, I could scuttle through the kitchen to her bath.

S: Right.

M: But anyway, it was finished then, so all was in order.

On March second, I flew to New York. There were letters from Krishnaji waiting for me there. I arranged for an apartment for September in New York, which at that time was my ex-sister-in-law's flat, which I rented from her.

S: Bud's ex-wife?

M: Bud's first, yes, Bud's first wife.

On the ninth, I flew to London from New York. The next day I lunched with Mary Links, and then Alain telephoned from Rome, and it says here: 'We are *not* going to Castellaras.' Castellaras is in the south of France, and Blitz had a house there, and he was insistent that Krishnaji come and stay there, and there was much backwards and forwards about that, but in the end we never went.

S: Because Krishnaji didn't want to?

M: Yes. There was still the notion that someday we would all have a house someplace. And Blitz wanted Krishnaji to see Castellaras in case that plan ever panned out.

S: Right, so that you might buy a house in Castellaras area?

M: Something like that.

S: Right. Did Krishnaji, for personal reasons, not feel it was right?

M: I don't remember. It didn't sound like something we'd like. It was one of those things where it's a closed settlement of rich people who have houses and nobody else can come and all that. It didn't sound like what we'd like.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And, I don't know, I didn't take much to Blitz. I mean he was being helpful then, but…

S: That's why I'm asking this; whether you didn't take to Blitz or Krishnaji wasn't really taking to Blitz, or what.

M: Well, at that point he was being helpful, so Krishnaji thought well of him, but he wasn't someone who was terribly congenial. He sort of wanted to boss everything.

S: Yes.

M: On the fourteenth I dined with Mary and Joe and her daughter and son-in-law; and Mary gave me the manuscript of her book on Krishnaji to read. The first one. That was a big event.

S: Of the first biography?

M: Yes, the first volume of the biography.

S: Ahhh. But it didn't come out until much later?**[3]**

M: Well it didn't, but she'd written it; there was a manuscript, yes.

Then on March eighteenth, I flew to Paris and stayed with my father. One day we went out to lunch in Barbizon, at a *very* good restaurant there called the Bas-Breau. My father was partial to it. They had rooms to rent, so I looked at the rooms and booked rooms for the interval between London and our rental of the house on Rue de Verdun. We'll come to that in a moment.

Then on the twenty-second, I went back to London and the White House Hotel and moved in, and at 5 o'clock, Mary and Joe came, and we all went to meet Krishnaji at the airport. He flew in from Rome.

S: Would you have gone in two separate cars?

M: No, we went together. I don't know how we managed that, but we did. I didn't have a car there then. But, when we got back to the hotel, Alain had already arrived in his car. He drove from Rome. Vanda had put Krishnaji on the plane, and we met him. And in the mean-time Alain had driven his Volkswagen. So that night, Krishnaji, Alain, and I had supper together in our sitting room. The reason White House Hotel was chosen was that it had little kitchens, so I could get meals for us.

On the March twenty-third, Blitz arrived, and Krishnaji, Blitz, Alain, and I discussed everything all day [*chuckles*]. Lunching in the hotel—you could lunch there, too. And the next day 'again an *all*-morning discussion between Krishnaji, Alain, Blitz, and me. And then I took them all to lunch at the Savoy Grill.' [*S laughs*.] 'Came back to the hotel where Mary Cadogan brought a solicitor, a Mr. Michael Rubinstein**[4]**, who specializes in copyright law.'

S: Ah ha. Enter Michael Rubinstein.

M: Enter Michael Rubinstein into our lives. Blitz then left and Sunanda Patwardhan came to see Krishnaji. She was in London.

Then the next day, on the twenty-fifth, 'Kitty Shiva Rao turned up. She was in London for one day, and she came to breakfast. And then Sunanda and husband, Pama Patwardhan came, and K told them of his break with Rajagopal.' And then, we went to Huntsman! [*Both laugh.*] What else!

S: Of course!

M: I took Kitty shopping. Then all of us, including Mary Links lunched at a restaurant Mary and Joe like called Angelo, an Italian restaurant.

On March twenty-sixth, 'the Bohms, Mary Cadogan, Dorothy and Montague Simmons came to discuss the school.'

S: May I just interrupt for a minute here? Do you remember the conversation with Michael Rubinstein?

M: Well, we brought him up to date on how things were, the discussions with Blitz, and what he'd said, and what he would do and wouldn't do and all that.

S: And did Michael see that you had the right case and you could get the copyright back and all that?

M: Yes, that was his opinion. I don't remember when he delivered that opinion to us. At the moment I can't remember, it may say in here, but that was really our first worry and concern—what would happen when Krishnaji broke off from Rajagopal, what would happen to the tapes, and the books, and Krishnaji's copyright, and everything?

S: Of course.

M: That was really *THE*, *THE* concern. And that was why Michael was chosen—his saying that no, you can't give away your copyright for life [which Rajagopal had had Krishnaji do], it's against some English law. I *do* remember that because it struck me as sort of funny in a way, that it was rooted in some concept of slavery. Don't ask me how or why, but that was an ingredient.

S: Sure, that all of your labor belonged ahead of time to someone else.

M: Yes, that was the idea. And, of course, this made a *huge* difference in a view of the future.

S: Of course, of course.

M: Anyway, we have Dorothy and Montague, who came to discuss the school, and the decision was made to go ahead and buy a place near Canterbury [*chuckles*] for the school.

S: At what point was it decided that the school would be in England? You see, because the last time that we heard…

M: Yes.

S: …and incidentally, since we last spoke, I pulled out and listened to the tapes of the 1967 education discussions in Saanen, and Krishnaji is saying, "we're going to have a school in Holland."

M: Yes.

S: So how, when, where did it change to England?

M: Well, as I recall, he was sending people off to find out about the different countries, what were the requirements, in Holland, England, France, Switzerland, etcetera. And I guess by now, although I don't remember when, it was apparent that England was going to win out. We must have heard from the other people. In Holland, I seem to remember, you had to teach part of the curriculum in Dutch, which limited things considerably. And France, de Gaulle was still alive and who knew what would happen when he either died or revolution occurred or something. Switzerland—there were too many private schools, and all too expensive, anyway. England was the obvious choice because there was freedom in England to do whatever you wanted scholastically, and by this time, Krishnaji was sure that he wanted Dorothy to be the principal. So, in the intervening months they'd obviously made some investigations. I remember that the Canterbury place…I never saw it, but I saw pictures of it, and it didn't look as nice as Brockwood.

So after talking to Dorothy and Montague, Krishnaji, Alain, and I lunched at the L'Aperitif, and then Krishnaji and I went to a cinema called *Scalp Hunters* [*both laugh*]. We walked back to the hotel from that and had supper in the rooms.

It says here for another day that we had lunch with Mary, and we went for tea with Mrs. Bindley. She was sweet, Mrs. Bindley.

S: Tell me about her, because I know she was from the old theosophical days.

M: Yes. She was the representative of the TS in Scotland.

S: Yes. Wow.

M: [*both laugh*] And she lived all by herself in a house up near the Kensington Church Street. I used to take Krishnaji there for tea, and then I'd wander through all the antique stores on Kensington Church Street while they chatted, and come back to pick him up.

S: So she had her own house there?

M: She had her own house. She was a very independent little lady.

S: Yes.

M: The Digbys lived not too far away and they kind of kept an eye on her.

S: Mm, hm. So you would drive Krishnaji there to tea and drop him off?

M: Yes, and in later years, some evenings, when he spoke at the Friends Place, he would come in from Brockwood and go to Mrs. Bindley's and rest there before going on to the talk. She was a little Scots lady; very, very nice. White hair, and a sort of bird-like manner, and she adored Krishnaji. She was really charming.

S: Hm.

M: Some dentist appointments are in here, and Krishnaji had a meeting with the Editing Committee. This must have been the beginning of the Publications Committee. Of course it would be Mary Links, Mary Cadogan, the Digbys, and at some point Ian Hammond comes into it.

On the twenty-ninth, after going to see Michael Rubinstein at Gray's Inn**[5]**, Krishnaji went to the dentist, then to Huntsman, then Lobb. [*Chuckles*.]

S: He was going to Lobb in London?

M: Yes, he tried out Lobb in London again, but they failed the test.

S: Yes. Which dentist was he going to at this point?

M: Mr. Campion. I think Mary went to Mr. Campion or Joe or somebody, that's how we went to Mr. Campion.

It says here that on the same day, the twenty-ninth, 'I took the boat train to Paris, and then I went to Orly, where I met Krishnaji at 2:30 p.m., in a rented car.' Oh, this was a lovely time. 'We drove to Barbizon and the Hôtellerie du Bas-Breau. It was perfectly heavenly.'

As you entered, you came into a courtyard, and there was the hotel with a wonderful restaurant in it. But on the other side of the courtyard there was another building where they had a few rooms for rent. It was very quiet and very nice. We had two very nice rooms there. And we could walk in the forest, but it was rather cold. It was lovely. We could order from the restaurant and have supper delivered to the rooms. So Krishnaji could have supper in his dressing gown and go to bed early. Our routine was to walk in the forest before lunch, take long naps, go for another walk, and then supper in rooms.

Then on the first of April, two days later, he dictated a letter to the schools.

S: Oh, is that when that started?

M: Yes.

S: But the first *Letters to the Schools* wasn't actually circulated until much later.

M: Hmm, that's true. Well, I don't know whether that was an individual letter or the beginning of that series of letters. We'll see if it talks about it.

S: Because I don't think the letters to the schools started circulating until something like '76 or '77 even.

M: Well, it might have been just one letter that he wrote, I don't remember well enough.

It seems we drove over to Fontainebleau, but Krishnaji didn't want to go in. He's not a museum person. We sort of just stared at the palace. And then we walked in the snow. A snow-storm!

S: Good lord!

M: Mmm. It's cold! And it says here that we talked to Mary in London, and that her grandson Adam had just been born.

Krishnaji dictated in the morning, but I don't know whether that was these letters to schools or whether it was just letters to people, you know, correspondence.

S: He dictated to you?

M: Yes, yes, he would have. If Alain had been there, it would have been Alain, but it was me.

S: Did Alain have shorthand?

M: No. He wrote it all out in very scratchy longhand.

S: And you don't have shorthand either, so Krishnaji had to speak slowly if he was dictating to you.

M: Yes, well, one sort of… luckily he wasn't a fast dictator. And one developed a kind of shorthand that worked.

On the fourth of April, we were in the restaurant, as I recall, and saw a newspaper at another table that Martin Luther King had been shot. I remember the shock of that.

S: Mmm. Because you had marched with him from Selma to Montgomery. What was Krishnaji's response to Martin Luther King's assassination?

M: Just horrible. You know, I mean a sense of something truly ugly having happened.

On the fifth, which was the next day, we drove to Paris, and moved into the little house on the Rue de Verdun, unpacked, and called Alain in London.

This time, from the time we left London to when the Paris talks began, was meant to be a rest for Krishnaji. So, we went for walks in the afternoon in the Bois, and saw for lunch people we thought of as friends, like Mary and Yo de Manziarly. Yo was the younger sister who eventually turned and supported Rajagopal. She came under the influence of her older sister Mima Porter. But in those days she lived in Paris, and she was amiable.

There was a cook-cum-maid who came with the place, so my tasks were lighter.

We also went to the movies, of course, *High Noon* on this particular day. [*Chuckles.*]

S: Can I interrupt for a minute?

M: Yes.

S: It has to do with Yo, who you said had turned against Krishnaji eventually because of her older sister. It might be worth just talking about this for a minute or two because it's such an extraordinary phenomenon, and it seems to go on in this world of the teachings and the people around it, where someone can turn against Krishnaji or against another person. Now, obviously it's poignant for its own reasons, but it seems incredible that anybody could turn against Krishnaji.

M: I know [*softly, sorrowfully*].

S: Now, how did he respond to this? How did he take this? What did he do with it, or why do you see it happened? While perhaps Yo was influenced by her older sister, that's not the base of it. That can't be the base of it. There has to be something else going on. This happened to *so many* people.

M: I know.

S: Look at the Rajagopal crowd.

M: Yes.

S: Look at people like Wedgwood and Arundale**[6]**.

M: Yes.

S: I mean all kinds of people, actually.

M: Yes.

S: Someone once said to me, "Oh, well, Krishnaji drops people." But Krishnaji said he never dropped people.

M: He never dropped anybody.

S: People always left him.

M: They dropped him.

S: But how?! I still can't…

M: People felt very strongly about Krishnaji, and if they had certain expectations of how he should be toward them, and when they didn't get that…they weren't recognized in some way, that may set up a terrible enmity. I don't know.

S: I think that there's something else that goes on. Again, this might just be a speculation, but it looks as though, from the bits that I have seen, despite everything Krishnaji says about the ego, that people's egos actually often get increased somehow.

M: Yes. I see what you mean.

S: It's like they start to walk around thinking: "Oh now, I'm more religious, I'm more enlightened or self-actualized than some other person."

M: Mm, hm.

S: And they actually become…

M: It's a kind of super-egotism.

S: Yes, a super-egotism if people aren't actually serious enough.

M: Yes.

S: And, of course, Krishnaji doesn't feed that, and I think people go to Krishnaji for confirmation of their superiority…

M: That's right, yes.

S: But they don't get that. And I think that they turn against Krishnaji because of that.

M: I think there's a large element of that.

S: And then there's also something about…if anybody listens to Krishnaji, they get a glimpse of something so extraordinarily wonderful. And at the same time, if we look deeply at ourselves, there is a lot that's really very ugly.

M: Mm.

S: And the deep challenge that Krishnaji set us…

M: I think the deep challenge is very much a part of it, because I'm thinking of, well now, I'm thinking actually of David Shainberg, where you've seen something and you haven't been able to rise to it. Therefore, the firmly entrenched ego says: "Well, it's his fault, not mine."

S: Yes.

M: It's the fault of the teachings. Or it's the fault of the way he lives, or the way he combs his hair, or the way…something…anything. And that fault is what's preventing *me* from realizing what I could if only he were different. You see what I mean?

S: Yes.

M: They displace…

S: All of their frustrations and their inadequacies.

M: And it's all his fault.

S: Which is, of course, repeated.

M: Yes.

S: But it is extraordinary, I mean, I still find it extraordinary that people don't catch themselves, here in front of this man that they couldn't catch themselves.

M: Yes, yes. The fact that people over and over say it's his fault, or the teaching's fault if everybody doesn't realize it. [*Laughing.*] It's nobody's fault but the person!

S: Yes, yes. I think there's an element, too, in this, which Mary Links talked with me about when she, in a way, left Krishnaji in 1929.

M: Yes.

S: It was, for her, as if the intensity of being with Krishnaji and all that *he* is, and all that *he* was doing internally, and all that was therefore called upon in a person…like she burned out…she couldn't face any more, and, without thinking, without anything, she just turned away.

M: Yes. Yes.

S: And, in a certain way that in itself is something significant that we should somehow be looking at because most people, if they, you know, they're with someone, and then they grow a little tired of that person, they simply don't see them quite so often. Instead of seeing them every week, they will see them every month and then three times a year. That's the way most people respond to estrangement; most don't react to others the way they reacted to Krishnaji.

M: Yes.

S: It says something profound about him that there was this deep kind of challenge.

M: And of course, too, in Mary's case, well, it's up to her to talk about her reasons, but it was also that she couldn't go on living in this sort of a limbo that it was for her.

S: Yes, of course.

M: I mean, she couldn't lead a worldly life and simultaneously lead a spiritual life; that was too much for her.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But she didn't turn against him.

S: No. Mary Links never turned against him.

M: No. No, no.

S: But she just had to kind of get space, get away and get off the merry-go-round she was on.

M: Yes.

S: Mind you, it was also a pretty crazy time, 1929, Eerde**[7]** and all the rest of it.

M: Yes.

S: But also Krishnaji had seen all this before, I guess, or he knew this happened, that people who were for him turned suddenly against him.

M: Yes, all those [*chuckles*] nutty theosophists, the Arundale types he'd seen all that, intensely egotistical…

S: Yes. And the Rajagopal crowd: wife, and then the daughter, someone who as a little girl had Krishnaji's attention and affection as she was growing up, and then she turns into that!

M: Yes.

The Suarèses are another kind of example of this.

S: Mm, hm.

M: You see, when Krishnaji decided not to stay with the Suarèses, it was because he had felt unwelcome there.

S: Yes, yes.

M: They took him for granted and complained about. "There's so much to do when you're here, it's such a strain." That kind of thing.

S: Yes.

M: And for a sensitive man like Krishnaji…

S: Of course.

M: And his having to always be a guest, he…

S: Mm, hm. He would feel that very intensely.

M: He would feel that particularly.

S: Of course.

M: And the Suarèses then turned nastily against him.

S: Oh, did they?

M: Oh, yes.

S: You see, that's *incredible*!

M: Oh, yes. Yes. They took him for granted and weren't sensitive to him. And then when he had an alternative…

S: They then turned antagonistic.

M: …they turned nasty. Yes.

S: To me this is just very weird behavior.

M: Yes.

S: And I don't think I ever saw this in my life before I came into these circles. You might go from having a close contact to kind of losing contact.

M: Yes, it sort of fades away.

S: Yes, but not going to this vitriol, this antagonism, this vindictiveness. It's just *very* odd, I think.

M: Mm, yes. I think it's that people didn't feel vague about Krishnamurti. They either saw something and revered him, or they rejected him in some way for their own peculiar reasons.

S: [*big sigh*] Anyway, we should probably move on. We have ten minutes left on this tape, probably. Where are we in our date-wise?

M: Well, we are in Paris in the first week of April.

Alain turned up on the tenth, 'and that afternoon,' [*giggles*] 'and Mr. Moser from Thun called saying he is bringing the new Mercedes' [*S laughs*] 'next Wednesday', it says. 'We were agog.'

Then on the eleventh, 'Mima Porter came for lunch. While she talked to Krishnaji, I went to do errands, and later met Krishnaji and Alain at Lobb's.' I think that was when Krishnaji was saying to her, 'Look, I want an answer from Rajagopal before the talks in Saanen. Either I am made a member of the KWINC board again, and am informed about everything, or I have to dissociate.' And so she then said she would go back to Ojai and talk to Rajagopal and deal with it. And so, he expected something from her.

Then what happened? Ah, well, I [*chuckles*] returned the rented car. So we now have just Alain's car and the prospect [*S chuckles*] of the new Mercedes! We went to another movie; what was it? It's a French movie with Jean Gabin called…can't read my writing…looks like *Le Pacha*, but I'm not sure. Blitz came for lunch.

S: There's going to be a Ph.D. somewhere, studying the movies that Krishnaji watched!

M: Yes! [*Both laugh*.] There's another one we went to the following day called *Point Blank*.

S: A thriller.

M: I have no idea what it was. It's disappeared from…

S: Yes, yes. [*Chuckles.*]

M: …my ken. [*S laughs again*.] We went to Notre Dame. It was Easter Sunday, and the three of us went to Notre Dame and listened to the Easter music. It was lovely.

S: Mm, hm. Do you remember what it was?

M: I don't know, the choir was singing something.

Marcelle Bondoneau, Gisela Elmenhorst, and her sister came for lunch that day. And there's another cinema! [*Laughing.*] We went every day! This is called, um, it's Italian, something paranormal something, I can't read my writing. We lunched at the Bouvard's. I think I've mentioned General and Madame Bouvard were part of the French world that went to hear Krishnaji; they lived in Paris, they came to Saanen in the summer, and they used to entertain. They're before your time. He was a retired French general, and she was a woman of somewhat a mystery. There was some vague…well, I'm not going to tell gossip to posterity, so it doesn't matter. [*S laughs*.]

S: Okay.

M: Anyway, they gave very nice lunches.

S: Gossip, gossip worthy of Mary.

M: Say no more! [*Both laugh.*] And then came what? Oh, his first Paris talk at the Maison de la Chimie. Now this was a *big* improvement over the Salle Adyar of previous years.

S: Ah ha.

M: This was on Rue de Grenelle, I think it is.

S: Gisela would have organized this?

M: Oh, yes and Marcelle, the whole French group did that. And it says here, 'Read that Iris Tree died last Saturday.' I knew she was dying when I'd seen her in London just a few weeks before.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Cancer.

On the seventeenth, Jane Hammond came for lunch and Mr. Moser arrived from Thun with the new Mercedes 280.

S: 280 *SE*.

M: SE. Yes.

S: 3.5 [*M laughs*.] I assume it's the same model that you have now.

M: And we all went for a drive.

S: Is it the same model you have now?

M: Yes, same one, but previous incarnation. And we all went for a drive.

S: So Jane Hammond came to Paris?

M: Yes, to the talks.

S: And came to lunch with Krishnaji?

M: Yes. And later we walked in the Bois.

So then, on the next day, the eighteenth, I drove Krishnaji in the new Mercedes to the second talk at the Maison de la Chimie. And the car was a great success. He enjoyed it. I enjoyed it. Everyone was happy. [*Giggles*.]

S: [*laughing*] I'm sure!

We can probably finish the third talk and then we probably ought to finish this recording session.

M: Alright. Then what happened? We had Madame Duchet to lunch. And we went to a cinema later, [*both laugh*] oddly enough! It doesn't say which one. And walked in the Bois, as usual. Then, it says just, 'cinema in p.m.' so that isn't helping us.

S: No, you're robbing history of valuable…

M: I know.

S: …information by not telling us which films you were watching!

M: I'm not being an archivist here.

His third talk was on the twenty-first of April, and some pupil of Alain's came for lunch. And then [*laughing*] we went to see a Jeanne Moreau picture.

S: I think we're going to have to end this because we're running out of tape.

M: Well, Kitty Shiva Rao came for lunch on April twenty-fourth, 1968. We went to Bagatelle in the afternoon for a lovely… [tape cuts her off.]

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Which is only about fifty yards from Pine Cottage.

[2] This was the family house of Edwin and Emily Lutyens that Krishnaji had known as a boy.

[3] It didn't come out until 1975.

[4] From the '50's to the '80's Michael Rubinstein was known as "the book trade's lawyer." He became famous in 1960 by winning for Penguin Books the right to publish *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, overturning decades of obscenity laws.

[5] Gray's Inn is one of four Inns of Court (professional associations of barristers and judges) in London to which a person must belong in order to practice as a barrister in England and Wales.

[6] James Ingall Wedgewood and George Arundale made themselves high clergy of the Liberal Catholic Church and, when Krishnaji would not confirm what they thought was their exalted spiritual status, they denounced him, claiming he had been taken over by evil spirits.

[7] In 1929, in Eerde, Holland, Krishnaji dissolved all the organizations that had been created in his name and for his support, and he gave back all the assets that had been donated for his work, saying that, "Truth is a pathless land…" and that none of the things that people expected to lead to inner liberation would actually set people free. This was the beginning of his split with the Theosophical Society.

Issue 9: April 1968 to September 1968

This issue covers what was very significant to the organization of Krishnaji's work: his formal break with Rajagopal and KWINC, and the creation of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust. This involved making the break public, and also quickly setting up mechanisms to keep informed those interested in Krishnaji's speaking schedule, coming publications, and how to contribute to his work.

Also, the first moves were made to recover his copyright, a vital element of control Krishnaji needed to recover for his work.

Mary adds to her previous discussion of Krishnaji's state of being before and after talking, and makes a link between that and "the process" that had existed in Krishnaji's life.

We also see the first forays into finding a location for a school in England.

Scott: We're beginning this from April twenty-fifth.

Mary: Well, I think we left off when Krishnaji and I and Alain Naudé were in Paris living in the little house on the Rue de Verdun, and Krishnaji was there to give talks in La Salle de la Chimie in Paris. He gave five talks, and had young people discussions. I think he had four of those. The rest of his life was seeing people, as usual, and also the walk in the afternoon. We used to walk in the Bois, or at Bagatelle in the Bois; otherwise we'd do a bit of shopping. There were various people in Paris whom we lunched with, or they lunched with us. That year, we had a male chef who did the meals in the house, so we had people over for meals, and they were generally people like the de Manziarlys, Sasha and Mar, and also one day Mrs. Porter came for lunch.

S: Ah!

M: Mima Porter was the one who was supposed to give Krishnaji's messages to Rajagopal, and something would result, she said. Well, in fact, nothing did result.

S: If I may just stop for a minute…when Krishnaji had these discussions with young people, did he have them in French?

M: No, no. He had them in English. They may have asked a question or two in French…I didn't go to those. So I can't tell you.

S: Where did the discussions take place?

M: Alain and I hired a room in the hotel where I had stayed previously, which was the Pont Royale, over near Rue de Bac, that section of Paris, and we just hired a room where they could meet.

S: Mm, hm.

M: I went to, I think, one or two, but I didn't go to them all, and mostly as I recall, it was in English. If it had all been in French, I would remember. Krishnaji was speaking English, and obviously they understood that. Now, this is interesting because this is the year of the "manifestations," as they called them in France; the student revolt.

S: Ah, yes.

M: Well, they very nearly overthrew the government.

S: I remember.

M: And we were told at that point by—who told us? Nadia Kossiakof. Do you remember her?

S: Yes, I do.

M: She, in those days, had to do with the publications of the French books. She was rather involved with the youth, students, the revolution, all those things, and she used to go to the Sorbonne, and apparently in one of their main meeting rooms, because the students took over the Sorbonne at that point, they had on the blackboard a saying of Krishnaji's, [*S laughs*], the spirit of the meeting, apparently. We were told that, but we didn't realize how intense the feeling was.

My recollection is that the day we left Paris, which was May third, I think, and we were driving along up the auto-route du Nord, toward Lille and Belgium, where we were headed, was the day that violence started. Students were pulling up the paving stones and throwing them.

Somehow I felt that Krishnaji's presence [*S laughs*] was part of the ingredients of all this. But maybe I'm just imagining it.

S: Well, who knows? Two years ago there were again demonstrations in Paris, and someone showed me a photograph of a group of students carrying a banner with a quote from Krishnaji on it.

M: Really?

S: Yes. [*Laughs*]

M: Well, there you are. [*Chuckles.*] So, we got out just before the paving stones flew, and were unaware of it. We didn't know till we got to Belgium what had happened.

What else? Oh, Blitz came over. Blitz had been to England and with Mary Cadogan had gone to see Michael Rubinstein because this was the time when people were beginning to

say, “What do we have to do if Krishnaji wants to break away from KWINC?” So that was in the offing. But we went off, spent the night in Oostkamp, outside Bruges, at Château des Brides, which is a rather stately park and quite nice, something I found in Michelin, I guess.

The next day, we went into Bruges and stopped to see the Memlings.

S: Yes.

M: And in the city of Bruges there’s a statue by Michelangelo, which is quite beautiful. And then we went across one of those huge dikes. This is the dike of…oh dear, what is the name of it, where you drive right across it? It’s part of the outer protection of Holland. We were in Holland by now; and we were headed for Noordwijk, where Anneke had taken a house, which turned out to be right on the beach, or just above the beach. That sounded nice, but when we got there, we weren’t so enraptured. It was grim [*laughs*].

S: Was it?

M: The house was alright. It was a kind of rambling beach house with a lot of stairs, but it was *cold* and *damp*, and the wind came off the North Sea.

S: [*laughs*] Yes, I can feel it.

M: And after one night, we said, no, no, this is impossible for Krishnaji; it’s bad for him. And I tried every hotel anywhere around. *Nothing*. Not a room, not even one room. So we had to face it—we had to stay in this house, but it wasn’t one of the nicer places we stayed.

S: What were you going to Holland for?

M: Well, we were going there for the talks at Amsterdam.

S: Oh, in ’68?

M: Yes. And there was a little wood nearby, which was adequate to walk in; it wasn’t great. Anyway, we settled in.

I think the second day, or so, we went to see the tulips in, what is it called, Keukenhof.

S: Ah, yes, the Keukenhof, yes.

M: And that was lovely.

S: Yes. Was it at the height of the season?

M: Yes.

S: Oh, wonderful!

M: The tulips were blazing.

S: Yes, yes. [*M chuckles.*] And the daffodils there! Wonderful.

M: Yes, it was really lovely. So that was cheery.

And then I had to reconnoiter on how to get to the RAI in Amsterdam from that side, which was different, and Krishnaji came with me, and I got hopelessly lost [*chuckles*]. So I went again the next day and finally found the route. His talks were to begin on May eleventh.

On May eighth, Krishnaji, Alain, Anneke and I drove to Bussum to record Krishnaji answering people's questions. We watched on TV as Krishnaji answered eight questions in about forty minutes. It was faultless.

The questions were read out by somebody and without a hesitation out came a *superb* reply.

S: Who chose the questioners or the questions?

M: I think the station people. Alain or I may have had a glimpse before-hand. I don't quite remember, but Krishnaji hadn't seen them. His ability to be, in effect, word-perfect on microphone was once again demonstrated [*chuckles*], which was nice.

S: So Alain and Anneke were staying in the house also?

M: Oh, yes. Yes, yes.

S: And she was doing the cooking, or…?

M: She was doing the cooking.

S: Was anyone else there?

M: No. Oh, wait, that's not so. The chef we had in Paris arrived by train a couple of days after we got there. He did the cooking. So there was only the marketing to do.

S: How did you find that chef in Paris?

M: I think someone like Marcelle Bondoneau, or maybe Gisela Elmenhorst went to an agency and got a chef.

S: Mm, hm.

M: His name was André. His presence meant it was less wear and tear on the rest of us. So, we went on with life in Noordwijk. We found a better wood to walk in, but still, it wasn't wonderful. It was cold, and it was windy, and it rained, and it whistled. [*S chuckles.*]

Krishnaji's birthday came along, but, as usual, we didn't dare mention it. [*S laughs*.] That was the day he gave his first talk.

S: Ah, ha.

M: We got back for lunch. It only took about thirty-five minutes to go there, so it wasn't bad. That was the beginning. I think that day Alain went to see some Dutch TV people, and while he was there, the owner of the house came to lunch [*laughter in voice*] because he wanted to see his famous tenant. As I recall, that was rather sticky. I don't remember too much about it, but it wasn't one of the finer moments. [*Both laugh*.]

Let's see what else happened. We went to the Hague one day, and looked around. And, of course, people came to lunch; Doris Pratt came, Mary Cadogan came, and I think the Digbys came.

S: Mm.

M: But, anyway, we entertained [*laughs*] ourselves. I think Mary and Joe came.

After the fifth talk, coming home, one of those curious fainting things happened with him, where in the car he suddenly keeled over. But he came to quickly.

S: Who else would've been in the car? Was it just you, or was Alain there?

M: I think just me; Alain would've stayed on, but that was a particularly *heavy* day at the RAI, because not only was the hall filled, but the whole outer hall was filled with about 150 people watching it on television. And many people came up to him afterward; and he was in those days, and other days too, when he'd given a very intense talk, he would come out as though dazed, and he'd sort of stand, and the idea was to keep people away from him, but he always didn't want people kept away. He didn't want to be aloof.

S: That remained like that right through to the end.

M: Yes. So, people would come up and you could see him sort of…not recoil, but his body would shake from the effort to come out of the way he felt and reply to the person. I always wanted to stop people.

S: I know.

M: It was painful to see.

S: I know.

M: And I could see him standing there outside the hall and this was happening.

S: Yes, I've seen it. When he was on the stage and that "vast energy," as he called it in his final days, was pouring forth, even when people asked really stupid or even aggressive questions, he was unshakeable. There was nothing that was vulnerable about him.

M: No, nothing. And even when people, you know, nutty people got up, he would deal with it and calm them down.

S: Yes. Absolutely. Absolutely.

M: He was in total control, whatever happened.

S: And yet in the transition to his normal state, he would be tremendously vulnerable.

M: Yes. Someone coming up to him could be like a physical blow to him.

There were many, many times, and I suppose after talks was a particular example where you had to be absolutely quiet with him. So, it would happen for instance at Saanen, my job was to get him as quickly into the car after the talk as possible, and then he would sometimes want to just drive, just sit quietly in the car, and I'd drive and drive till he said, "Alright, let's go back." It was sort of coming out of whatever state of heightened action he was in. I don't know how to define it. And then the fainting on this particular day might have been part of that, the actual need to decelerate, if there is such a word, or if leaving the body, which the fainting was, according to what he said to me, was the way to …was a manifestation of that.

S: Say that again.

M: Well, this fainting that he would do at different times seemed to be, or he said it was when I asked him, he said, "It's leaving the body."

S: Mm, hm.

M: And he always, in the beginning said, "Don't touch the body"—in other words, just leave everything alone, and don't attempt to intrude by a gesture or a question.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Just don't say anything; just be there. And the only thing I ever did, which I've explained in these interviews before, is when he was going to fall, I moved so that when

he landed on my forearm; it was no different than landing on a sofa, and I was trying to avoid his hitting his head on the steering wheel. So, that was different. I wasn't doing something. I just put an obstruction in his way to protect him.

S: I understand. Yes.

M: But, those were the necessities: to *not* interfere, and *not* be nervous. That was also a thing, "Don't let it worry you." That was in the beginning when he said, "Don't be afraid, if it happens, it happens; just be quiet, don't be alarmed." So, I think that there's a link between his coming out of being almost unconscious, like not-knowing-where-you-are kind of thing; not that he didn't know where he was, but gearing his mind down to ordinary perception of people and having to speak to people. He had to be quiet for a bit before he could get back into that other state, the normal state.

S: Now, Mary, this also, of course, has some relationship to what Krishnaji used to call "the process" and which has been written about so much, in the sense of going out of the body, the fainting.

M: "The process" was going out of the body, if I understand it, which anybody can criticize as partly avoiding the pain that was happening; when the pain got too bad, as it says in Nitya's account, Krishna went away and left the body, which was exemplified by the little child voice, to cope with it. That seems to be Nitya's description. I have no way of adding anything to that. Of course, going out of the body is not an extraordinary thing if you've gone into esoteric things.

S: Yes. It's just that it seems to have some relationship to this state right after he talked, to this fainting, to several things that were part of Krishnaji, even…I don't know, he said sometimes that he had a marvelous meditation, for instance, even though he didn't do anything anyone would call meditation. So, there's just these things which are worth mentioning and I don't know, just recalling to the best of our ability…

M: Yes, recall. I don't think anybody can explain this.

S: No, no.

M: And I don't think our talking about it is an effort to explain it.

S: No. But it's just important to get these things down.

M: To report what we observed, or were told by him.

S: Yes.

M: And how it seemed, bearing in mind that it may be my imagination, or my jumping to a conclusion that isn't so.

S: Now, while we're on this subject too, and I know we've spoken about this before, but the moments just before Krishnaji would speak were different to right afterwards, but somehow related. I also knew I was not to speak.

M: Yes.

S: I was not to speak unless Krishnaji said something to me; I was just to be there…

M: That's right.

S: …and keep people away, but really just to be silent with him.

M: That's right.

S: And Krishnaji went through something. It's not as if he just came in and walked up on the stage. He went through something.

M: Well, the good example, in my experience, was at Saanen, where he walked into the tent while I parked the car, so that he got there on the dot, and all that had to be silent and exact.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And if he did speak to me on the way down, it was usually something like, "What am I going to talk about?" to which I never replied.

S: Mm, hm.

M: It was a kind of preparation, as it were. And, as you remember, when he got on the platform and whoever it was put the mike on him, he would then sit there and look for a while. It was like…I don't know what, I don't know how to describe it, but it was…it was something he went through in the beginning.

S: Yes, exactly.

M: And then, I know you remember, he very often began a talk with saying, "This is not a lecture; it is not entertainment." He would give that preliminary thing, which was sort of like easing into something that he was *then* going to start examining. And I do think it was linked with what happened afterward, but it was different.

S: Yes, I know. All one can say is that it feels like it was linked, and yet it felt different also.

M: In the later years, after a talk, usually when we got home, he would lie down for quite a while.

S: How long?

M: It depended where we were, but, oh, at least a half an hour.

S: He didn't lie down after the talks at Brockwood.

M: No.

S: Because he would come up and have something to eat here**[1]**, a salad or something like that.

M: Yes, he'd go into his room or the bathroom and I, in the meantime, had put the salad and fruit on the table, then he'd come out and he'd sit down and eat it. But then he would sort of decompress by looking out the window and commenting on the people…

S: I know.

M: And that [*chuckle*], that was usually rather critically.

S: [*laughs*] Yes, I remember.

M: People…

S: …especially people who were parking on the lawn, or doing something ridiculous.

M: Yes, something. And then, after he had eaten *then* he'd go back to the tent and face people on a different level. But then when he came up after that, he went right to sleep.

S: Mm, hm, mm, hm.

M: Which isn't surprising, considering what he gave out in those talks.

S: Yes.

M: I don't want to try to make anything more than what we've just said.

S: No, no. Anyway, back to…

M: Back to Noordwijk.

The talks ended and we took off; Krishnaji was with me in the Mercedes, and Alain was in his Volkswagen with lots of luggage. We drove across Holland and into Germany via Arnhem, and on this trip, we met somewhere near Frankfurt, I think, and had a picnic lunch. Oh no, we had a picnic lunch alone; Alain went alone—you couldn't keep track of each other on the autobahn. That was too difficult. So we drove and had our picnic lunch in a lovely wood, and then we drove on to Ettlingen, which was near Karlsruhe, where

we had intended to stop, and we met Alain there at, I think it's called, the Erbprinz Hotel; we had rooms there. It was a good hotel; Father had told me about it, a very good hotel.

S: Mm, hm. Mm hm.

M: I had booked rooms for us, but that was the time when we got there and went in for something to drink, I could tell that he didn't want to spend the night, that he wanted to get on and get to Gstaad and finish with the travel. So, I said, "Well, if I can have a pot of coffee, I can drive to Spain!" I was doing all the driving. [*S chuckles*.] And so, they brought me the most wonderful whole big pot of coffee with lovely little cakes. Krishnaji had herb tea, and I drank the *whoooole* pot.

S: [*laughs heartily*]…and went racing off! [*Laughs more.*]

M: And felt I could do anything! And so we drove on. It was a 600-mile drive from Noordwijk to Gstaad, and we got there about 10 p.m., and Madame Duperrex, who was the concierge of Les Caprices, had everything ready, but she didn't expect us till [*chuckles*] the next morning. So there we were, went up in that silly lift, but we couldn't get into the flats. So, Alain went off and found out where she was, and she eventually came back about 11 p.m. and let us in. I had my usual flat. And Krishnaji stayed with me, and Alain had the studio, it was called.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But, we got there. It was a *long* drive.

S: [*chuckles*] Yes, that would've been.

M: And I remember the driving on the autobahn where *every* car was passing me, and I glanced at the speedometer and I was going 110 miles an hour. [*S laughs heartily, M chuckles.*] It shocked me so much, because it was as though we were going fifty.

S: Yes, yes.

M: [*chuckles lightly*] So that was how we got to Saanen. Now, what happens in Saanen?

S: So, what are the dates, just to keep some sense of chronology?

M: We left on the twenty-fifth of May, 1968.

The next few days we're unpacking, and going for lovely walks.

And then we had news from London from Rubinstein on the twenty-eighth that the copyright could be recuperated.

S: Great.

M: That was a major jump.

S: Yes.

M: We also were talking about the school, and that over near Canterbury they'd found something. That means Dorothy and probably Donald Hoppen**[2]** and Montague. Eventually it was said, "No, Canterbury's not possible." But on that date, we heard that, yes, maybe we *could* have it in Canterbury. But that didn't last very long because it was decided that the place near Canterbury wouldn't do.

And then I remember that on the thirtieth of May (this refers to Paris) that de Gaulle called for a referendum instead of bringing in the troops to fight the students, which would've been a real revolution. He said we'll have a referendum, and that deflated the students. Things subsided.

It was curious the other day—I was talking with someone and I said, "Were you in Paris during that time?" And he said, "Oh yes!" and what had happened, he rushed out in the street to see everything, and he told what it was like from his point of view. And I told what it was like from Krishnaji's and my point of view.

S: Hm. I'd forgotten that.

M: Yes. So that's something notable at that point. The news from Paris then got better every day, I mean, more quiet every day.

It says here that Krishnaji dictated to the tape recorder a letter to the schools, which he didn't usually do; he usually dictated to me. But he made a tape that day. Wonder what's become of it? Then we went to get his car in Thun and to get my car serviced.

S: Well, that would've been to the Indian schools.

M: Yes, yes. We didn't have a school. Yes, that was to India.

S: You don't remember why he did that, because that's an unusual thing to do, isn't it?

M: Don't remember.

Well then, much walking toward Lauenen, and I remember there was still snow under the trees, and it was warm, but the mountains were white, and under the trees where it was shady there was still snow.

S: Hm.

M: Beautiful, happy days. We drove to places like Turbach and walked up, isn't that funny?

S: Yes.

M: Turbach, down by the river.

And it says here that on the fourth of June, California held its primary election, and Robert Kennedy was elected the presidential candidate in California, and we got the terrible shock the next night that he was shot. It was horrendous for me, and Krishnaji was pretty shocked by that as well. That was in a way because earlier that year when we had dinner at Barbizon was when Martin Luther King was shot.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And here it was again. Very ugly, violent.

It shocked Krishnaji very much.

Um, let me see. [*Long pause*.] We went into Geneva to do the usual ritual things in Geneva, Patek, etcetera—the familiar routine.

S: Jacquet and…

M: Jacquet and the neckties were ordered. [*S chuckles*.] And we bought bath-robes, those bath robes we've all got, towel bathrobes, and we spent the night in the Hotel du Rhône, and we also went to a movie, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner…*it's an old, well, old, it was new then, with…

S: Yes, I remember…Sidney Poitier.

M: …Katharine Hepburn and Sidney Poitier and Spencer Tracy. Uh [*chuckles*], Krishnaji and Alain went to see the homeopathic Dr. Schmidt, and they got good reports. And what else did they do? Oh, we went to another film the next day called *Je t'aime, Je t'aime*. I can't remember what that was. It was a French film. [*Chuckles*.] So then we came back, stopping in Lausanne at the Grappe D'Or for lunch; rather pleasant meal, a place we liked.

Then, what happened? We got confirmation that regaining the copyright looks possible. So that was cheery.

John Kenneth Galbraith**[3]** came for tea.

S: Mm.

M: We're still all in Caprices.

S: I didn't know he…

M: Galbraith used to spend a bit of time in Gstaad, and Krishnaji met him before. I had, too.

S: Was he an admirer of the teachings?

M: Not so you'd notice, but he was interested in Krishnaji, and was very respectful of him. I don't know how much attention he paid to the teaching.

On June twenty-fifth, we got news from Mary Cadogan that another possible school site had been found. But Krishnaji thought he ought to see it this time. I tried everything to get hotel rooms in London, but it was in the middle of Wimbledon, and there was nothing, absolutely nothing, every hotel I tried, including Claridge's, where at least I knew them, nothing doing; they hadn't anything.

On the twenty-seventh, Krishnaji, Alain, and I drove to Evian and lunched beautifully at the Hotel Royal, then onto Geneva and checked into Hotel du Rhône, where we also had tea. Errands. Then we saw a movie, *Prudence and the Pill.*

The next day we returned to Gstaad.

On June thirtieth, Mary and Joe arrived, and we had tea. Hay fever was quite bad for Krishnaji and Alain.

The next day, Vanda arrived and opened Tannegg. I had Mary, Joe, Krishnaji, and Alain for lunch at the Palace Hotel. Narasimhan brought Jayalakshmi from Madras. She will stay at Tannegg.

July third, the Linkses left for Italy; Krishnaji came to Caprices in early evening. He had a fever of 101 degrees, but he wants to go to Geneva as planned. I packed for Krishnaji, and we left for Geneva and the Hotel du Rhône. Krishnaji lay in the back of the car. That night the fever continued, which worried me.

On July fourth, Krishnaji awoke without a fever, so the three of us took a 9 a.m. flight to London. Mary Cadogan, Blitz, and Jane Hammond met us and drove us to Ayot Place in Hertfordshire, which was thought of as a possible school. Dorothy and Montague and David Bohm met us there. We went through the whole place and then had a picnic lunch on the lawn. It was a Jacobean building. I didn't particularly like it. The country around there was more built up, a bit more suburban, and there weren't any good walking places. I don't know where Krishnaji could've stayed in it. It wasn't really big enough. I would've had to find another house for him somewhere nearby. But it didn't come to that.

Alain dashed into London for an errand, then joined Krishnaji and me at the airport, where we caught a 5 p.m. plane back to Geneva and the Hotel du Rhône, where we had supper in our rooms. Instead of sleeping in London, we slept in Geneva, because of the hotel situation.

The next day, after breakfast, we returned to Gstaad. In the afternoon, Krishnaji did a TV interview for Holland.

The first talk in Saanen was on July seventh, and it was the first time we had the hangar-type tent.

Blitz and Michael Rubinstein arrived, and there was much talk about what was going to happen after breaking off with KWINC.

On July eighth, Rubinstein had breakfast with Alain and me. We were called to come up to Tannegg at lunchtime. Krishnaji met with me and Alain, and he was very upset by his morning talk with Blitz. We talked until 4 p.m. when Blitz, Rubinstein, Mary Cadogan, and Doris Pratt came for a meeting, and the decision was made then by Krishnaji to severe relations with Krishnamurti Writings.

On July ninth, before Krishnaji's second talk, Michael Rubinstein got up on the stage and read out to the audience a statement about Krishnaji's dissociation from KWINC, and the formation of a new Krishnamurti Foundation to be based in England, which would reflect Krishnaji's wishes and would ensure that his will would always prevail in it, as it should. If people wished to support his work, they may contribute to the new foundation. So that was that. Rajagopal's name was not brought into things. It wasn't explained why he disassociated himself.

There was a meeting the next day, the tenth. There was a fund in those days to provide for Krishnaji when Rajagopal was not providing. Krishnaji wouldn't take money toward the end from Krishnamurti Writings and so, to look after him, there was a fund donated by several people, and Krishnaji decided to give away a large amount of that to buy Ayot Place. We still were thinking of Ayot Place. The meeting that day was of the foreign committees, and Krishnaji named the members of the new foundation which were to be Blitz, Alain, Rubinstein, Mary Links, the Digbys, Dorothy Simmons, and me. When the foundation finally was actually made, it was changed, but that was his first choice.

There was another meeting on the eleventh with each foreign committee, country by country. And Rubinstein, Cadogan, and I met with them all together in the afternoon, and in the evening, at 7 p.m., we met with the U.S. people who had come to the talks.

The meetings continued the next day at Tannegg, this time with the Italian committee, the Swiss committee, the South African and the Finnish representatives. Krishnaji, Alain, Cadogan, Rubinstein, and I were present at these meeting.

Then…let's see. I'm trying to find out what day Krishnaji talked to those people from Ojai, and what's-his-name taped it.

S: Blackburn?

M: Blackburn. Al Blackburn taped it. Krishnaji didn't authorize the taping. I think he just didn't pay attention. And this tape became a great matter of contention with Rajagopal because in it Krishnaji explained why he'd broken off. When we, later on, had the court case, Rajagopal wanted this tape destroyed. But, in the end, it was a trade-off to get back the manuscript of the *Notebook* in return for giving the tapes to Rajagopal and destroying any copies that existed. In point of fact, Al Blackburn, unbeknownst to us, kept one, but we didn't know that.

S: Mm, where is that now?

M: Well, it's now probably in the KFA Archives [*chuckles*].

S: Good.

M: I assume. I don't know positively, but eventually, of course, after all this was over and Blackburn, I think, died, I think he gave it all in his will. Eventually, we got the tape.

S: What date was that tape made?

M: On July eighteenth.

Then there were more meetings from the thirteenth with Blitz, Alain, Cadogan, Krishnaji, obviously, and myself on plans for not only the school, but for a bulletin, and to let people know what was happening and to raise money through the bulletin and so forth. I mentioned that Mrs. Jayalakshmi was, during this time, in Saanen, and she would be at Tannegg for meals.

And the talks still went on. I eventually drove Mrs. Jayalakshmi back to Geneva, and she left for wherever she was going. Alain, I think, oh yes, it says here, Alain came on that trip, and we went to see the Royal Ballet with Fontaine and Nureyev dancing in Geneva.

S: Mm.

M: That was lovely.

S: What were they dancing?

M: I think *Romeo and Juliet*. Yes.

S: Mm. I saw them do that.

M: Yes, yes.

S: Extraordinary.

M: So, he and I drove back the next day, lunching at the Grappe D'Or [*laughing; S chuckles*], getting back to Gstaad in the afternoon. In the meantime, Krishnaji had his first meeting with the young people in the tent, a discussion. This was on a Wednesday, and the next day he had his sixth talk.

On the twenty-first, there was a tea for the foreign committees at Tannegg, and after that Krishnaji took me on a drive to Lenk in his car.

S: Did you go up to that little…no, you wouldn't know that walk, never mind.

M: We didn't walk. We just drove.

Then Mary Cadogan and I did a lot of business matters, which we discussed at length, but that isn't very interesting.

Again, Krishnaji had a young people discussion. I ran into Vanda in the village in the afternoon, and she insisted I come up and walk with Krishnaji back at Tannegg through the woods.

On the twenty-fifth, Krishnaji gave the ninth talk. Lunch at Tannegg with Vanda, Krishnaji, Alain, and myself. I was usually up there for lunch. Vanda very kindly invited me.

And then the tenth talk. He gave so many talks in those days…[*Aside to Scott*:] This account is going to take us into the next century.

S: It doesn't matter. [*M chuckles*.] We have the time.

M: There was a meeting. Krishnaji, Alain, and the Simmonses, and me. We discussed our staying at Ayot Place next year. I said I would look for a house for the three of us, and then Krishnaji, Alain, and I went for a walk and talked about a house. [*Chuckles.*]

On the thirty-first, Krishnaji began his public discussions in the tent. The Wingfield-Digbys were there and came for lunch.

On August second, Vanda left in the early morning, and I drove Krishnaji to the third public discussion. Before, she always drove him when she was there, at least in those years. Later on, she didn't bring a car; she came by train, so I drove him.

So, more public discussions. Vanda asked me to stay up at Tannegg while she was away to run things in her absence. So, I moved up to Tannegg, partially. I mean, I didn't like to sleep up there, but I would be there for meals and so forth, so I didn't move things out of Caprices.

S: Which room did you supposedly stay in?

M: The one right opposite the front door. That was really the only room.

S: Well, there was a small one off the dining room.

M: No, yes, I didn't use that one. Alain sometimes used that one, but he was down at Caprices at this time.

S: Who was cooking?

M: Oh, Fosca. Always Fosca. [*Chuckles lightly.*]

So the discussions went on each day. And then, a man arrived. Wait a minute. Oh, yes, this was—heh!—a Mr. Tomchuk. I haven't thought of that name since. He warned Alain that a man called Fred Williams, who was really, in fact, I think I'm about to get a letter from him; he was a violent, awful man, and Mr. Tomchuk warned Alain that a violent letter about him had been circulated by Fred Williams, or sent by Fred Williams to Rajagopal, and that Alain should be careful; Fred Williams might assault him, hit him. So, Krishnaji sent for Fred Williams and told him to leave Gstaad.

Williams turns out to be…well, he once insulted Mary Cadogan most grievously. Then one year, not this year, he came to the chalet, and wanted to see Krishnaji, and I said no. He said, "Well, I want to give him a book," and I said, "Well, I'm sorry, he's resting and can't be disturbed." And so he produced the book, which was the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, you know, the violent anti-Semitic book that was a famous forgery.

S: Yes, yes.

M: He said, "You read it," and I said, "No, I don't wish to read it. I know what's in it." And we had a bit of a backwards and forwards about that. And the other day**[4]**, well, this isn't important, I got a letter from Doug saying, "There's a book that's arrived and do you want me to send it on?" and I said, "Well, open it and see if there's a letter in it for me." And he said he would, and later when he told me that the book was from an F. Williams somewhere in northern California. I said I don't know any such person. Afterwards, I thought, my god, I bet it's the same man. And I bet it's another anti-Semitic book.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Anyway, it was suspected that he was supplying, I guess, cocaine, or whatever the drug of the moment was, to young people in the tent.

S: Mm, hm.

M: The last discussion was on the sixth of August, and that day, Krishnaji had a meeting with Colonel Noyes. Do you remember Colonel Noyes?

S: Of course, yes.

M: …and the Blackburns and the Hookers. I don't know what happened; I wasn't there, I don't think. Various people came. Nothing special. The Digbys came for lunch. We went for a drive in Krishnaji's Mercedes [*chuckles*]. Alain went to Paris, I forget why. Something to do with Blitz. Oh, Blitz had gone to the U.S. and he'd seen the Vigevenos in Los Angeles, and he was trying to find out what was happening for Krishnaji in Ojai. Madame Duchet came for lunch. Colonel Noyes came to see K. Then David Bohm. Alain telephoned from Paris, but I don't know what it was about. The Bohms frequently came for lunch.

[*M chuckles.*]

S: What are you laughing at?

M: 'On this day, it was a free day, and with Krishnaji in his Mercedes we drove to Lausanne, and part way on the auto-route the car went 115 miles an hour like a bird.'

We had lunch at Beau Rivage, drove back through Montreux, Aigle, and Les Mosses. Alain came back from Paris, and we all three walked in the rain up Turbach. Supper and talk.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Mm, how nice.

M: Apparently 'I went down to Caprices and did some ironing,' which will be fascinating for history to know. [*S laughs.*] 'Back to Tannegg. Doris Pratt for lunch and we went again in the afternoon up Turbach, across the stream, and down the other side.' That was a long walk. There's a bridge or something way up there.

S: Yes.

M: 'The Galloways came for lunch.' Now, the Galloways were a couple that had lived in India; he was Scottish, I think, and at one point, Krishnaji wanted him to head the Indian Krishnamurti Committee, or whatever it was called then, but nothing came of that.

Krishnaji came down to Caprices. He still had a lot of clothes at Caprices, so he came down to consider his packing [*laughter in voice*].

S: [*chuckles*] They'd been there for over a month.

M: Yes. And he kept the car down there because it had a garage he could use.

[*Chuckles.*] He was sort of living in both places.

Then on the eighteenth, 'we packed at Caprices, and *he* went for a drive alone. In the afternoon, we walked up past the tent and up above the sawmill. The snow line was low on the mountains.'

On the twentieth, ‘we took Krishnaji’s and my Mercedes and Alain’s VW to Mr. Moser in Thun and left them. Krishnaji’s was to be traded for a new one in the spring.’ This is where he wanted to get a bigger one.

S: Right. Is this when the Green Beauty enters?

M: Yes.

S: No, is the Green Beauty from 1969?

M: Well, what happened was that we ordered it, and it came, but the next year’s model had something ugly on it, some chrome stuff that I didn’t like, and Krishnaji didn’t like—nobody liked. So he then got Stuttgart to agree to change the order for the following year’s one.

S: Right, so it was a sixty…no, it was a seventy then.

M: I guess so.

S: The Green Beauty is a seventy? Must be.

M: I thought it was a little later.

S: I did, too.

M: Well, that’s what it says here. It’ll be revealed in due course. [*S chuckles*]

Then we took the ferry and went to Beatus. You can walk from Moser’s place to the lake ferry—a steamer is what it is—and get on, and then a couple of stops down the far side of the lake is Beatenberg; there’s the hotel where we used to go for lunch. It was a lovely, warm, clear day.

The next day, it says here, ‘the Russian army aided by the East Germans invades Hungary. Bulgaria is occupied, and Czechoslovakia is occupied during the night.’ That was another historically horrible day.

We, however, ‘went to Geneva, checked into the Hotel du Rhône, and lunched at the Hotel des Bergues, went to Patek, rested in the afternoon, and had dinner in our rooms.’

On August twenty-second, the three of us took the noon plane to London and went to the White House Hotel. It’s up near Regents Park, just down the road, on, um, what’s that big road where the Friends…

S: Marylebone?

M: Marylebone; it's down only a few blocks from where you go into Regents Park on Marylebone, east of Regents Park.

Krishnaji and Alain went right to Huntsman while I unpacked [*S chuckles*] and fixed supper. We had a little tiny kitchen; that's why we went there. Later that evening we watched films of the Russian tanks in Prague. It was awful. Complete occupation, just overnight.

The next day 'Doris Pratt lent me her car, and I drove Krishnaji to Huntsman. Sacha de Manziarly met him there, and we all lunched at the Ritz. We bought things at the health center for food. Then had a long meeting with Michael Rubinstein at the hotel. We walked in Regents Park, and we got a tape from Blackburn in Ojai, after he and his wife had met Rajagopal.'

On August twenty-fourth, Krishnaji, Alain, and I met with the Linkses, the Bohms, the Simmonses, and Doris Pratt. Later, the three of us had lunch at the Royal Lancaster, then went to a movie in Leicester Square.

On the twenty-fifth we went too, oh! Nice day! The three of us went with Mary and Joe to Epping Forest for a walk, and then back to lunch with them at the Saint George Hotel.

Then the next day Krishnaji, Alain, Mary Links, and I lunched and drove to Ayot Place. The Wingfield-Digbys and Simmonses met us there. We went through the house again and drove back and had tea at the Linkses. Sacha de Manziarly came to supper with Krishnaji and me. Then [*laughing*], I went to Heals to buy beds and linens for Ayot Place. I remember that I picked it all out in case the place was bought while I was in California. Nelly Digby was to arrange for their delivery if it happened.

On the twenty-eighth, a threatening cable came from Rajagopal to Krishnaji. Blitz and van der Straten arrived for the first Krishnamurti Foundation meeting with the new trustees.

This is when we founded the KFT**[5]**. It was in Michael Rubinstein's office. The KFT was legally founded with Blitz, van der Straten, George and Nelly Digby, Alain, Dorothy Simmons, and myself as trustees. Also present were Mary Cadogan, as the secretary, and Mary Links was there, too, but she wouldn't be a trustee.

S: Mm, hm. How did van der Straten get in the picture?

M: Well, he was in Saanen, you see, all the time. They didn't seem to come to meals very much because it doesn't mention it, but, I don't know, Krishnaji knew him and thought that he'd be a good trustee: a businessman and interested in the teachings, and [*laughing*] a vegetarian! And he thought he'd be a good trustee, so he invited him. Krishnaji appointed everybody.

S: Mm, hm.

On August twenty-nineth, after tea with Mrs. Bindley and a walk back across Hyde Park, at supper, Krishnaji, Alain, and I discussed Ayot Place versus something else. We weren't so pleased with Ayot Place. It didn't seem a good idea.

The next day, the thirtieth, Dorothy and Montague Simmons came in the morning and Krishnaji told them to look further for a house. They went to agents and came back with information. K and I lunched at the White House Hotel. Jayalakshmi arrived from New York and came for supper.

On the first of September, 'the Digbys came in the morning and will help with house hunting for a school. Colonel Noyes arrived from Ojai with an offer from Rajagopal to turn over most of KWINC. We talked to Rubinstein and Noyes is to call Rajagopal back.' Krishnaji was suspicious, and he said, "Well, call him back and see if he means this." 'Krishnaji, Alain, and I lunched at Claridge's, came back with Mrs. Jayalakshmi and her nephew for a walk. A photographer and Noyes came for tea, also Doris Pratt.' It says here, 'Rather confused meeting. Finally all left and Noyes went to call Rajagopal. Came back to report utter failure. K wants archives and Rajagopal refuses all concessions until he has met Krishnaji. Same incredible behavior. We had postponed our flights to the U.S. until Wednesday, and it's too late to change back.' We'd switched the flight to let Noyes make this call, and Noyes came back in a state of shock, white-faced. Apparently, so he said, Rajagopal had said, "What do you mean by giving me such a message? I never empowered you to go…" Now, Noyes had been on his way to India, and because Rajagopal asked him to talk to Krishnaji, he detoured to London especially to talk to Krishnaji and deliver the message. So when he goes back to telephone, Rajagopal says, "I never sent you. I never told you to go. I never empowered you to do anything." This was *standard* procedure.

S: Right.

M: So, it wasn't a bit surprising to anybody on Krishnaji's side.

The next day we lunched Claridge's, Krishnaji, Alain, Fleur Cowles**[6]** (that's a friend of mine) and I. Michael Rubinstein and Doris Pratt came in the afternoon, and I finished packing.

September fourth, 'Drove with Krishnaji and Alain to the airport. They took the 11:35 a.m. plane to Madrid and on to Puerto Rico. I took a TWA flight to New York.' Well, then what I did was go to my brother's and so forth and so on.

Krishnaji was to speak in Puerto Rico, and I had to see my mother and family and so forth, so I didn't go with them. I waited in New York for them. Now let's see, we'll jump ahead because this is all about me, not about Krishnaji. I went up to the Vineyard.

S: Okay, so you arrived in New York, saw your mother in Martha's Vineyard.

M: Yes, then went back to New York, flew to Malibu briefly, and then flew back to New York on the nineteenth of September.

On the twentieth, 'I moved into the flat I had rented from my former sister-in-law, at 40 East 62nd,' and I sort of set up the apartment and marketed and things, and had it cleaned. You don't want to hear all this. Now, when does Krishnaji get here?

Krishnaji arrives on the twenty-third of September with Alain.

S: Okay. Alright, let's end it there, then. We're running out of tape.

M: Alright.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] All of these early discussions with Mary occurred at Brockwood, in the kitchen of her private quarters.

[2] A young architect who was involved with building issues at the beginning of Brockwood.

[3] Galbraith was a Harvard professor, an economist, author of many books, a leading proponent of American liberalism, and ambassador to India under Kennedy.

[4] Mary is saying this on the day of our discussion, which was June fifteenth, 1995.

[5] The Krishnamurti Foundation Trust.

[6] An American writer, editor, and artist.

Issue 10: September 1968 to January 1969

This issue sees Krishnaji, Mary, and Alain in begin to get information on the shady dealings of KWINC, and their meeting with several lawyers to figure out how to deal with it. The basis for the legal case becomes clear.

This issue also sees the start of the new Krishnamurti organization in the US.

Finally, after considering many properties in England for a school, Brockwood is found and acquired.

Mary: So, we left off with Krishnaji and Alain arriving in New York on the twenty-fourth of September, and I had just arrived from Malibu. Krishnaji had been speaking in Puerto Rico. Alain was with him, and during that time I visited my family in the east, went back to Malibu for less than a week, and returned to New York to prepare the flat that I had rented from my former sister-in-law, which was at 40 East 62nd, a small flat, for the time that Krishnaji would be in New York.

Scott: Where was Krishnaji speaking in New York?

M: He was speaking um…indeed, where was he speaking? I haven't read ahead in this. [*Chuckles*.]

S: [*laughing*] Right, never mind.

M: It will be revealed!

S: Okay.

M: We had no sooner gotten there than we started to talk things over about the school in England, because there was said to be a house in Surrey, which was a possible school. So, it was decided that Alain would fly back to London, which he did the next day. And that he would go and look at it and report. So he flew back, and stayed with the Digbys.

On the next day, which was the twenty-fifth, we rang him and he'd already seen the house. We also received photographs of it and liked it. He liked it too, but said we should wait and discuss it when he got back. So that's all we know about that house.

Now in the meantime, Blitz was somewhere around, and Krishnaji wanted to talk to him. Blitz, as well as Krishnaji, received in the summer, while still in Gstaad, a letter from a Mrs. [Erna] Lilliefelt, who had read or heard the news that Krishnaji had disassociated himself from KWINC and that it had been suggested on his behalf that people who wanted to help with the work should donate to the new foundation. She was startled because she knew that over the years a great deal of money had been given to Krishnaji's

work and why did he not have it? She wrote a very intelligent letter, I must say, which, when it came to Saanen, was like a breath of good sense.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And Krishnaji said, "Who is this Mrs. Lilliefelt?" It now developed that he wanted Blitz, and Mrs. Lilliefelt, and Rubinstein to come to New York and discuss the situation. So I rang Alain in London to please get Rubinstein to come. And I telephoned Erna, whom I didn't know at all in those days, and asked if she would come to talk to Krishnamurti. Both said yes. So, those were immediate things that happened.

Blitz came immediately on the twenty-sixth, and we had the meeting set up for the following week. Then what? Oh, we went to a movie! [*Chuckles*.]

S: [*laughing*] What did you see?

M: It doesn't say. Oh, wait a minute. Radio City, we went to an Ustinov movie. It doesn't say which one. We walked back from there, and Rubinstein called from London to say that he would come.

Alain returned the next day and had news of the house. The pictures were very nice, but it looked too small. It looked VERY nice. It actually turned out to be the house that belonged to…ahh…movie actor whose name we both know well…English actor. Can't think of it now! I'm not prepared for this. [*S laughs.*] Anyway, it was an attractive house. It was called the Newal, for some reason.

S: The whole idea was to have a house big enough for Krishnaji to have a place and a school, which is a sizeable building.

M: I know. Well, this building was made for one man, a single man at that. But it was attractive. So we talked about all those things. But, anyway [*laughing*], Krishnaji decided to buy the Newal [*both laugh*]. We telephoned Mary Cadogan to have Rubinstein negotiate. So, well, then we lunched and went to another movie not mentioned here, so I'll skip that day.

Now we come to the twenty-ninth, and Alain went up to Yale to see about Krishnaji's talking at Yale, and I went with Krishnaji to Mrs. Pinter's in the afternoon.

S: What was Mr. Pinter famous for?

M: I never met Mr. Pinter because he was dead before I came on the scene. He was a businessman who had known Krishnaji forever. Mrs. Pinter was a retired opera singer, and she was in poor health. Normally, when Krishnaji had come to New York in the recent years, he'd stayed with the Pinters; and with Mrs. Pinter after Mr. Pinter died. Mr. Pinter was the man who warned Krishnaji that Rajagopal was taking over and that Krishnaji would find himself completely excluded from his own organization.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Apparently Rajagopal used to come over to see them, and Pinter would put down, as Krishnaji put it, a bottle of Johnny Walker on the table and a glass. And by the time Rajagopal left, half of it was down his gullet. This loosened his tongue and he was telling Pinter what he was doing here and there, and Pinter saw what was going to happen.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And he warned Krishnaji. He said, "Look into it, or you'll be *out* of everything. He'll have the money and the power and the whole, whole thing." But, of course, Krishnaji didn't know how to go about that.

S: Mm, hm.

M: They were down on 58th Street West. And that's where Krishnaji would have stayed the previous year, when he was talking at The New School, but Mrs. Pinter wasn't very well, and that's when Krishnaji asked me to find a place for him and Naudé to stay in New York. And I did that, if you'll remember, by taking my brother's flat.

S: Yes.

M: So that's who the Pinters are. She was more or less an invalid and an elderly woman, and she regrettably died fairly soon after all this, I think. She disappears from the story. Alain also went up to Brandeis University to also arrange for Krishnaji to talk there.

And now Mrs. Lilliefelt makes her first appearance on the scene. She came to New York and came to tea, and we talked. It says here 'Krishnaji fell ill in the night, but he nevertheless went to his first talk at The New School at 4 o'clock.' Huh, he must have talked twice at The New School.

Mrs. Lilliefelt came to lunch the next day, October second, and so did Mitchell Booth. Mitchell Booth was my father's lawyer in New York; and sort of our family lawyer. He still takes care of Bud's affairs, my brother's.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And if I had any affairs he'd look after them. He makes wills and things like that. We talked about all these Rajagopal matters. Erna brought with her her research that she had done on the transfers of property—land, houses, real estate that Rajagopal had done where he played what we called the Shell Game. He would transfer something that belonged to the Brothers Association**[1]** and transfer it to the *Star Bulletin* and then some other local *Star* thing, and then he'd move it again. He moved these things around creating little foundations as he went. And, lo and behold, everything went into the ones controlled by him and nothing was left in the ones where Krishnaji had the power that Mrs. Besant had insisted he have, which was meant to be total power.

So everything had just been removed to empty shells. So Erna Lilliefelt had, by tracing land ownership, because land ownership has to be recorded; if you sell me a house, you have to record the sale to me in the county.

S: Mm, hm. So she could trace land?

M: Yes, she could trace land.

S: But she couldn't trace money.

M: No, she couldn't trace money. But she traced enough land to show how he would sell a property to KWINC at a high price. Then he would have KWINC pay to improve it vastly. And then he would buy it back from KWINC at a low price. So KWINC's money was spent, and he wound up with just about everything, including the house, which had been built by James Vigeveno for his daughter. When Vigeveno's daughter divorced her first husband and moved out, Vigeveno owned the house because he'd built it. That was then sold to Rajagopal by Vigeveno, but with money that Rajagopal had gotten through these manipulations.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So Erna had this really curious picture of the transfer of assets, and that's what she brought with her and showed to Mitchell Booth.

So the next day, the third of October, there was a meeting with Krishnaji, Alain, Mrs. Lilliefelt, Blitz, and me, and we went through all these papers again. Michael Rubinstein arrived from London at 2:30 p.m. And at 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji and I went to The New School for the second talk, but Rubinstein, Blitz, and Lilliefelt continued to go through all these papers. When we returned, Blitz had gone to Los Angeles, and we talked some more with Rubinstein, who stayed for supper.

The next day, October fourth, Erna Lilliefelt, Michael Rubinstein, Mitchell Booth, and I all met, and we went over all this again until the afternoon, when Rubinstein flew back to London.

S: Now what was the purpose for Rubinstein coming?

M: Well, he's the one that had done the initial recuperating of the first thing, which was the copyright. He'd been the legal advisor then. But when we get to New York, it's obvious that all this has to be coped with in the U.S. where he couldn't participate. So then Mitchell Booth was brought up to date; they sort of talked lawyer-to-lawyer.

S: So it was really to bring Mitchell Booth up to date that Michael Rubinstein came.

M: Yes, yes. And then, as will develop in all this, Mitchell Booth then suggested that we get a Los Angeles lawyer, and he suggested the one that we eventually went to.

S: Who?

M: Saul Rosenthal was the one who handled it, a youngish man, very bright, very nice, but he was in a big—a very prestigious law firm in Los Angeles.

S: Mm, hm.

M: It was good advice that Mitchell gave. Eventually, and this is down the road, but when it was seen that it would be tried, if it came to trial in Ventura county, Rosenthal said "Look, when you get out of Los Angeles, the judges, the courts, the whole thing, tend to favor local people over the big Los Angeles law firms." So he advised that we get the man we got, Stanley Cohen, who was in Ventura.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: So after the beginnings of it were all handled, things were eventually all transferred to Michael Stanley Cohen, who was the lawyer throughout the entire case for Krishnaji and the Foundation.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: Krishnaji had his third talk at The New School, and Paola, Vanda's daughter, and her husband, John Cohen, came to lunch. And we went to a movie called *Rachel, Rachel*, which I don't remember at all. [*S chuckles.*]

S: Just while we're here, if I may interrupt, who would choose the movie? How did it get decided?

M: Well we'd go through the list, and you know, just…we'd say what they were about. It was all tailored to fit Krishnaji's interests, obviously. Or something we thought he would like. If there was no cowboys, something, then we'd try to figure out, um…I remember once going to a lovely movie, and he liked it, called *The Endless Summer*. Did you ever see it? It's a surfing movie. It was the first epic surfing movie. It's just two boys wandering around the world looking for the perfect wave.

S: Yes, I do remember that.

M: I remember going to that and he enjoyed that. [*M chuckles.*]

S: Were you eating all of your meals in the flat?

M: Well, sort of. I was scrounging around, I guess. I seem to have done a lot of cooking in those days. We went out occasionally. I see that we lunched at The Colony one day, Krishnaji, Alain, and I [*chuckles*], which was THE restaurant of my youth and childhood. [*S chuckles.*] My father used to take me there when I was old enough to be a presentable

child [*S laughs and M chuckles*], when I was nicely mannered and nicely dressed and he felt I did him credit. [*More laughing.*] I loved it.

S: Does it still exist? I've never been in it.

M: It doesn't exist anymore. It was a wonderful restaurant! And it was THE chic restaurant in New York, but it wasn't flashy-chic; it was just wonderful food. And it was run by three Italians who had a brilliant sense of what tables to give to whom [*both laugh*]. There was a terrific hierarchy in New York life in those days.

S: Ah ha.

M: The service was superb, and the food was wonderful. I've never been anywhere better. So we went there one day for lunch.

Fourth talk. Did I say that? Erna had gone back to California. Then there was a series of young people's discussion, also held at The New School.

There was a fifth talk on the tenth of October, after which we did some shopping. There was another discussion for the young on the eleventh. About 400 young people came.

S: Wow. That's remarkable.

M: Yes, it was very good.

S: This was all at The New School?

M: Yes, at The New School.

S: Was it at an auditorium there? Or…?

M: Ah, yes, in an auditorium.

Then on the eleventh, Erna called from Los Angeles to say that she'd gone to see Saul Rosenthal, our new lawyer.

On the twelfth, it was Alain's birthday, and at 10:00 a.m. Krishnaji gave his sixth and final talk at The New School. Then Krishnaji lunched with Narasimhan and U Thant at the UN. I don't know if I've mentioned Narasimhan before. He was at the UN, the second to U Thant, who was the head of the UN then. So, he was Chef de Cabinet, and a cousin of Jayalakshmi's in Madras. He had known Krishnaji for a long time.

Alain and I went to La Côte Basque, which was another wonderful restaurant.

There was talk of having a New York Krishnamurti office, but K didn't have confidence in the people who wanted to do it, so nothing happened.

S: Who were these people?

M: I don't think I listed them all. We'll let them fall into obscurity.

S: [*laughs*] Alright, but don't leave things out, Mary, because this is supposed to be a complete record.

M: The fact that he didn't want it was sufficient; we don't want to blacken their names.

S: No, we don't want to blacken anyone's name. [*Chuckles.*]

M: Besides, I can't remember.

We went to another movie on the thirteenth, which was *Rosemary's Baby*, which he did *not* like.

[*Chuckles.*] And then at supper, it was decided to cancel the trip to Yale, but go to Brandeis on Thursday. I forget why we cancelled Yale. For some reason.

S: Where did you walk? In the park?

M: In the park or up and down Madison Avenue or 5th Avenue, but usually in the park.

S: Hm. How would you walk to the park?

M: We walked across 62nd Street to the park because 62nd ends at 5th Avenue, which is on the park. The apartment was between Park and Madison.

On the seventeenth, we lunched at Voisin (that's another *old*, but good restaurant) and then we went to LaGuardia airport, flew to Boston, rented a car, and drove to the Charter House Motel in Waltham. The dean of students at Brandeis University was there to greet us, and we had dinner in the dining room.

The next day, the eighteenth, we were taken around Brandeis by some students. That was rather fun. We lunched in the faculty dining room, and at 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave his first talk to the students.

S: Do you remember how many people came?

M: I'd say about three hundred. It wasn't big. But it was…

S: That's enough.

M: It was good. Yes.

The next day, the nineteenth, Hughes van der Straten arrived from Brussels, and came for lunch. I don't know where we had lunch. Krishnaji gave interviews in the afternoon. Then with Alain we went for a walk, and then Hughes joined us for supper.

On the twentieth, we talked all morning with Hughes about houses in England, and there's a new one in view, and its name is Brockwood Park.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'In Hampshire,' it says. 'All four lunched. Hughes left in the afternoon, and Krishnaji, Alain, and I went for a walk', after which there were more interviews. One was with Jacqueline Onassis Kennedy.

'There was a morning discussion on the twenty-first at Brandeis between Krishnaji and students. And in the afternoon he gave another talk at 4:30 p.m.'

On the twenty-second, 'in the morning we watched on TV the return to earth of the astronauts from four-day orbit. At 10:30 a.m. Krishnaji held a discussion with students at Brandeis, and we walked. Professor Klee', it says here, 'lunched with us.' I don't know who he was, and then 'in the afternoon there was a third talk at Brandeis.'

On the twenty-third, 'we had a quiet morning, but at 3:00 p.m. Krishnaji spoke to graduate students at Brandeis.'

He worked an awful lot in those days, as you see.

S: Yes, he did. Giving private interviews in the afternoon, and occasionally…

M: Yes, and discussions and then talks and so forth.

S: Mm.

M: On the twenty-fourth, 'we left Waltham, drove to Boston, and flew to New York. We lunched at The Colony. We packed.' Then my family came in, and my father was suddenly in New York, so I had dinner with him.

The twenty-fifth: 'We left New York at noon and flew to Los Angeles. Amanda**[2]** met us with the Jaguar; also the Blackburns came from Ojai. We went to the house in Malibu.' It says here 'the house and garden looked lovely. Filomena had everything shining and ready. We unpacked, and we had supper in the quiet peace of the house.'

S: Tell me about the contact between Filomena and Krishnaji.

M: Oh, it was wonderful.

S: Describe it. Talk about it a little bit.

M: Well, she immediately…he was all the things that are enshrined in Filomena's estimation. He was a great gentleman. He was also courteous and friendly, and she immediately took to him. And he recognized all her lovely qualities. Eventually, somewhere in here, she had awful arthritis pains, and he asked me if I thought he could put his hands on her to try and help her. So, I spoke to her, and she, of course, said yes. So he had me be present, I don't know why. He did what he always did: stood behind, putting his hands on her shoulder. When he finished, as always he did, he left the room to go wash his hands, but he said to her: "Just sit quietly." So she sat there, as though in a trance and finally got up. Afterward, that's when she said to me, as I've already reported, "A les mani di un santo." He has the hands of a saint.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm. How nice.

M: Well, we started right away having beach walks, which was pleasant. But, you know, Krishnaji's walks were not a stroll.

S: I know, I know.

M: They were vigorous. I suppose about an hour, all told, by the time we got back.

The next day, the twenty-seventh, Mr. and Mrs. Lilliefelt came.

S: Was this the first time you'd met Theo**[3]**?

M: Yes, yes.

Then the next day, the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji, Alain, and I went to meet the Lilliefelts at the lawyer's. The lawyer we saw was something like Berkowitz, Selvin, something and Myers. It was one of those kinds of names. We met a senior lawyer, Mr. Berkowitz, and Rosenthal at 4:30 p.m. Then on our return home, we got a letter from Mary Links about Brockwood. Well, she thought Brockwood was *the* place. And, as she explained, there was a part of it called the West Wing, which could be a sort of separate residence for Krishnaji. And she'd already picked out who got which room. [*S laughs*.] We didn't stick with that as she was giving Krishnaji the room you sleep in now**[4]**. She liked it right away, and I must say, that had a big influence on us.

We got a cable and a telephone call from Mary Cadogan on the twenty-ninth saying that Blitz had resigned from the Krishnamurti Foundation at the trustee meeting yesterday. We also learned that Brockwood can be ours. And Krishnaji sent a telegram to Rajagopal suggesting that they meet to discuss KWINC.

S: Wait a minute. Let me go back here, because in my discussions with Nelly**[5]**, Nelly was at that trustees' meeting. And she said that a telegram arrived during the meeting for Blitz, telling him to resign.

M: I don't think so.

S: From Krishnaji.

M: I have no such recollection. No, Blitz…

S: She said it arrived right in the middle of the meeting. She said it was very embarrassing; it was obviously something that was memorable for her.

M: I remember that Blitz's resigning was in disagreement over something. I think financial.

S: Well, Dorothy**[6]** used to say that Blitz insisted that before a school could be started there had to be X amount of money.

M: Yes, I think that's true. I think that's what it was.

S: And there wasn't that amount of money, so he was in disagreement about starting the school.

M: Yes.

S: And I think Mary Cadogan told me that as soon as he resigned he went out and bought a yacht. [*Both laugh*.]

M: My recollection is that we know that Blitz resigned on this date. I do remember that there was a disagreement financially between Blitz and everybody else, that he was uneasy about starting the school until we had lots of money collected, and of course we didn't. But we did have enough to buy Brockwood, and that was enough for Krishnaji. So, whatever persuaded him, whether Krishnaji was the author of a telegram and what may have been in it, I don't know because I don't have any record of it today. But I don't think Krishnaji would have told Blitz to resign. That's unlike Krishnaji, but he would have said that he wanted to go ahead. But that's speculation, because I have no record of it in this account. And I don't remember it well enough, but I do know that at the time I felt Blitz was being very high-handed. He wanted his own way in most things, and when it didn't go that way, he resigned. That was my recollection of it.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm. And, if there had been a telegram, it wouldn't have been sent by Krishnaji personally; it would have been you or Alain?

M: That's right. Yes. Anyway, he resigned.

To continue, 'Krishnaji sent a telegram to Rajagopal, saying he would like to meet with him to discuss KWINC and he would like the meeting to be held at the Lilliefelts'.' Whereupon 'Rajagopal telephoned and spoke to Krishnaji, and he refused. Then he called back and Krishnaji had me talk to him, and Rajagopal hung up on me. Then Rajagopal called Erna at home and was insulting,' according to Erna. So the gist of it, as I recall, it

doesn't say here, but you know: "Who are you to interfere? You people are outsiders. This is between Krishnamurti and me." That's the line he always took.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Also on that day, Alain went to Claremont to settle everything about Krishnaji speaking there. Also, my brother got married, but that's out of [*S chuckles*] this story. [*M chuckles.*]

The next day, the thirtieth, 'Krishnaji decided to have the Lilliefelts head the USA branch of the Foundation, and to commence forming it. The Lilliefelts and Blackburns came down at 3:00 p.m. We talked of plans, and had tea. Later, Rajagopal gave me a message for Krishnaji, who didn't want to talk to him: There will be no meeting unless they talk alone first.' That was his pitch the whole time. He wanted to get Krishnaji alone and browbeat him. And Krishnaji wasn't planning to do that.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Alain went to Ojai the next day. And Krishnaji and I lunched here, then went to Santa Monica to look for…*coat hangers*!' [*Both laugh*.] What in the world did we want with coat hangers?! I guess he wanted to come along. [*More chuckles*.] 'We drove through Topanga and Mulholland. Alain got back after having trouble with the car. Krishnaji spoke to Vigeveno, and gave him a *vivid* talking to on the gravity of the meeting with Rajagopal and the board. Krishnaji said, "It's very grave and you must realize it and there must be a meeting at which not just Rajagopal, but the whole KWINC board must be there." And he was very firm.'

'The next day we talked with Erna on the telephone about getting the KWINC board here for Krishnaji to see. And he invited—'

S: "Here" meaning to Malibu?

K: To Malibu, get them to come to Malibu. And 'he invited Mima Porter, the Vigevenos, Castlebury…they refused. So no meeting was held. Krishnaji had made every possible gesture,' which was what he was aiming to do. He didn't think they'd come. They wouldn't *dare* come.

Then it says here, 'Rosalind called to ask to come here tomorrow.' So she came the next day, which was November second. She came at 10 a.m. and stayed till 1:30 p.m. in a three-way conversation with Krishnaji and me.' And I [*laughing*] have in my notes: 'ugly people.' Alain wasn't there, but I remember what she did. [*Chuckles*.] I received her at the door, politely as hostess and took her into the living room, at which point she announced, "You sit here, and Krishnaji sits there, and I'll sit there." This was in *my house*, so this was a bit much.

S: Hm.

M: So, we sat down, and I don't know, she talked in circles, sort of. It was just junk, you know.

S: Give me a feel of it. What do you mean?

M: [*Sigh*.] She was berating Krishnaji: "How can you have this quarrel with Raja?" and "It's all awful, and you don't know what you're getting into." You know, it was just picking at him, picking at him. It was just unpleasant. She was attacking Alain, too. And she said to me, "Oh, well, you, you're infatuated with him." [*Laughing.*] And Krishnaji and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. [*Both chuckle*.] It was ugly.

S: Was Rajagopal financially supporting her at this point?

M: No, she's a rich woman by this point. She had inherited from Mr. Logan a great deal of money. He left her in his will. Plus, she had several houses.

S: So this was just at Rajagopal's behest? Do you think? Why would she be doing this? What interest was it of hers?

M: Because she was in cahoots with Rajagopal. The whole thing, in my opinion, in all these things, I mean, they fought over their own complications…she didn't want him to divorce her, or her to divorce him when he wanted to marry Annalisa, but that wasn't to preserve a beautiful marriage; it just suited her the way it was. They had fought over that, back in early '60s. But, no, they were manipulating Krishnaji. They wanted him to be subservient to, in this case, Rajagopal, whatever Rajagopal decided. And she was prepared to testify for Rajagopal in the case. She went to our lawyer, which is absolutely beyond the pale; you can't do that, and they said that she couldn't do that; they had to show her out. She wanted to say that there were things they didn't know about. As though she knew what they knew. So, she tried to blackmail our lawyer before she blackmailed anybody else. It was all blackmail from beginning to end.

S: Extraordinary.

M: The hold they thought they had over Krishnaji were those stories about an affair. She never said it, but she hinted at it, and that Rajagopal had letters that would be compromising. Our lawyer said: "I'm sorry, it's immaterial, you have nothing, and we can't talk to you" and they put her out.

S: Hm. [*Pause.*] Now, she had already somehow gotten hold of the Happy Valley School?

M: Oh, years before!

S: Back in the '40s or something.

M: Yes, yes. Way back. No, they were, at least to me, perfectly clear, and Krishnaji felt this too, that their interest was in holding Krishnaji, and controlling what he did. It was alright for him to go around and talk and for people to send money, that's fine. They didn't think anything was wrong with that, but they wanted to control everything after that.

Now we come to the third of November. 'The Lilliefelts came at 11:30 a.m. to talk and then have lunch. There was a wire from James Vigeveno saying that a meeting "can be arranged" for K personally with the board at the KWINC office after Claremont,' because Krishnaji was going to Claremont. 'It was unacceptable to Krishnaji as it was a rejection of his invitation.' So, we talked some more to the lawyers the next day and the Lilliefelts. 'A rude letter came from Byron Casselberry. And we went for a long walk on the beach. Betsy**[7]** dined with us.'

'We instructed our lawyers to write to Rajagopal,' but I don't remember the details of what that was. It may be in Erna's account. But in other words, we instructed the lawyers to enter the picture as our lawyers, and it was the first time, as far as I know, this been mentioned straight to Rajagopal.

The next day, 'Annie Vigeveno turned up and brought a letter from James Vigeveno about Rajagopal, etcetera.' I'm sure Rajagopal wrote the letter. Actually, a lot of the Vigeveno letters, which are very ugly letters…Gaby Blackburn, who is the daughter of James and Annie, has since told Erna, that James Vigeveno never really wrote those letters. Instead, Annie got her husband to write something, which she then took to Rajagopal, and she and Rajagopal rewrote it, and then James just signed it, and they sent it out.

S: Wow.

M: I thought Vigeveno was a worm to do it, but I wouldn't be surprised if it were true. Then the same day, on the sixth, 'we drove in two cars to Claremont. And we met at something called the Blaizedell Institute,' which is the entity that invited K to come to talk, 'and a Mr. Rempel, the head of it, showed us to the house that was provided,' and it was a very nice house. And I remember the first evening, a family of raccoons came to the porch, obviously expecting to be fed. They were charming, and that was enjoyed by Krishnaji and me.

The next day, 'Krishnaji took a canyon walk in the late afternoon. And I put food in the house. Rosenthal rang'…about legal matters.

'We were shown around the campus the next day, and at 7 p.m. Krishnaji gave his first talk to the students and faculty and public in something called "Bridges Auditorium."'

On the next day, the ninth, 'Krishnaji discussed the threat from Ojai with Alain and me and what to do. There was a student from Fordham, Jim Eagan, who came to lunch with us. We walked.'

On the tenth, the Blackburns came to lunch, Krishnaji gave the second talk after which the Lilliefelts came to the house. They left after supper.

On the eleventh, Frances McCann**[8]** came to lunch and at 4:30 Krishnaji had a discussion with students.

On the thirteenth, 'Krishnaji gave a talk and discussion at the School of Theology. After lunch, Krishnaji, Alain, and I walked two miles up the canyon while Krishnaji gave us a history of Zen!' [*M chuckles, then S chuckles.*] 'And back down in the dark,' it says. 'Four miles in all.'

On the fourteenth, 'Huston Smith came for lunch to discuss a televised discussion they are to have tomorrow. At 4:30, Krishnaji held another discussion with students.'

S: How did Krishnaji get along with Huston Smith?

M: Well, it didn't seem to be going anywhere as far as I was concerned. I was very unimpressed with Huston Smith, why…I don't remember. Krishnaji didn't comment.

There was the just-mentioned recording for television discussion in the morning, and at 4:30 p.m. another discussion with students. Then it says, 'Krishnaji decided to cancel a Tuesday meeting, and go back to Malibu on Monday.'

The next day, Krishnaji 'decided to cancel the Monday afternoon meeting at the college and leave for Malibu after lunch. But he had an informal discussion with students.'

S: Why did Krishnaji do that? Was he disappointed in the way the talks were going?

M: I really don't remember. I guess he thought he'd done enough or something; I don't know. I shouldn't say because I can't remember.

On the seventeenth, 'after lunch, the Blackburns came by and wanted,' they were always wanting, to get into the work, so-called. So, the only thing that Krishnaji could come up with was, "Well, if you want to travel at your own expense with us"—meaning the 3 of us—"maybe Gaby could type and Al could help record, that was alright," but it had to be at their own expense, because we couldn't afford it.

On the eighteenth, Krishnaji recorded a television interview for NBC. 'We left in the afternoon, and were home in Malibu by 4:20 p.m.' It says 'home to stay for a while!' exclamation point. [*S chuckles.*]

S: When Alain was there, he was going off and arranging meetings, so what car did he use?

M: That's a good question. What car did he use? I don't remember. I only had one car in those days. I suppose I must've rented a car for him or something like that. I can't

remember. But, there must've been another car because he was all the time going somewhere.

On the twenty-second, 'at 11 a.m. on the twenty-second, there was a meeting with Krishnaji, Alain, the Lilliefelts, me, and lawyers Berkowitz, Selvin, and Rosenthal. They will now write to Rajagopal to meet with him and his lawyers.' It's getting into serious legal things now.

Now, there had been talk that Alain should go away for a holiday, and it had been back and forth between Krishnaji and Alain and me, too. But, at this point, Alain said that he would prefer, instead of going away for a holiday, he would like to do things he enjoys, such as writing, etcetera, here in California. So, that was decided. It didn't happen that way, but temporarily it was decided.

The next day we went to the Zeffirelli movie of *Romeo and Juliet.*

S: Wait a minute. This holiday of Alain's?

M: Yes?

S: Didn't he suggest to Krishnaji that instead of going away for a vacation, that he would prefer to have a series of discussions with Krishnaji?

M: Yes, that's what develops.

S: Isn't that the holiday book, what's called the *Holiday Book*?

M: Yes, that is the *Holiday Book*.

S: Hm.

M: Well, we went to the dentist, we went to the movies, we took walks, we bought a windbreaker for Krishnaji.

S: Where would you go shopping?

M: In Beverly Hills or Westwood. Are we running out of tape?

S: No, we have lots of it.

M: Well, it's a succession of beautiful days and beach walks for quite a while. We always walked in the afternoon, at sunset, which was lovely.

S: Sounds heavenly.

Give me approximately what would happen on the typical day here, when you're all having time off.

M: Well, Krishnaji would have, as usual, breakfast in bed.

S: What time?

M: Oh, dear me. I don't know…eightish, I guess. And then we would often sit, he in bed, and Alain and me sitting on the couch or on a chair or something, for quite awhile. And then eventually, Krishnaji would get up and bathe, and be dressed for lunch, and meanwhile, I usually cooked the lunch. Filomena would assist but I did the main cooking. And then, he'd rest after lunch. And later, in the afternoon, go for a walk. Or, if we were going to do errands, we'd have gone probably in the afternoon.

S: Instead of a walk?

M: No.

S: In between the end of the rest and walk time?

M: Yes.

S: Right.

M: Another young people discussion on December first, and Alain and I went to hear Vladimir Ashkenazy at the Music Center.

Here's a nice day. December second, 'Windy day, after lunch, went to town for errands, saw Amanda, had tea with a friend. Radha**[9]** rang Krishnaji, and Sidney Field came to see Krishnaji.' Radha gets into the picture to chivvy Krishnaji on behalf of her father. And Sidney Field was a long-standing friend of Krishnaji's, and Krishnaji would get Sidney Field**[10]** to help him wash the car! [*Both laugh*.] That was a big event, or go for a walk on the beach with him sometimes.

S: How often would Sidney Field come over?

M: Well, he came every couple of weeks or so, I don't know.

S: Where was he living?

M: In Hollywood. Now, here it says that 'Alain went to the Huntington Library for Mary Links.' She needed some research. 'Krishnaji and I went to the dentist, and then there was a meeting held with Mr. Selvin and Rosenthal, and Rajagopal's lawyer, Mr. Loebl,' and it says here, 'pessimistic outlook.' Alan Watts**[11]** offered his mailing list to Krishnaji.

S: That was nice of him.

M: We're getting to the end of the year. Oh, on December fifth 'After lunch, Jennifer Selznick'—that's Jennifer Jones, the actress—

S: I don't know Jennifer Jones, but I hardly know any actresses.

M: Well, Jennifer Jones, what was she in? *Duel in the Sun*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, um, all kinds of movies. She's a big star, big, big Oscar-winning star. And she was married to David Selznick, who produced *Gone with the Wind* and all kinds of movies that you've seen. So, she had a son by her first marriage to an actor called Robert Walker. She called up and asked to come to tea. I knew her vaguely, and she brought her son.

S: Did she come to see you, or to see Krishnaji?

M: Krishnaji, naturally. Her son was on drugs, I think.

S: And she was somehow interested in Krishnaji?

M: Well, supposedly, but not really.

S: Not so you'd notice! [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Um, now this is interesting: on December seventh, 'Erna made a draft of questions about KWINC for our lawyers to ask.' She was the one who knew where all those bodies were buried in the county records. She'd done all that research. In fact, Erna did all the research, really, for the case; she was really remarkable about that.

'Twenty-odd people came for lunch, and to discuss with Krishnaji' on the eighth of December.

S: They came to the house in Malibu?

M: Yes.

S: Obviously, the handiwork of Alain?

M: Yes, he was the shepherd.

Next day, that would be the ninth of December, 'in the afternoon, Krishnaji, Alain, and I went to town, did some shopping, and then at 6 p.m., we had tea with Sidney Field. Then, we went to see Judge Robert Kenny.' Now, that was a very important day because we had all this data that Erna had dug up, and didn't know what to do about Rajagopal. Judge Kenny was a very good man. He'd been the attorney general of California, and he was now a superior court judge, or something like that, and just a very nice, very liberal man. He used to fight for all kinds of good, liberal things in California, and he was a

friend of Sidney Field. So, Sidney suggested that Krishnaji go and talk to Judge Kenny, and we went on this particular day, the ninth of December 1968, and told him what we knew. He said that there was no question that all this was very suspicious, and that we must take the evidence to the present attorney general immediately and present it to him and he would then advise us. But it was clear that something is there to be investigated. So, that is just what we did.

On the eleventh, 'Christopher Isherwood and his friend Don Bachardy came to lunch.' Do you know who I mean by Christopher Isherwood?

S: I know the name.

M: Well, you know Auden, the poet?

S: Yes.

M: Auden and Isherwood were the two young people from Cambridge, and both were writers.

S: Yes.

M: Isherwood's best-known book is the *Berlin Stories*, which were about Berlin in the early Nazi days, and it was also made into a movie. He had been living for some time in Santa Monica, and Don Bachardy was the man he lived with, and was a painter/artist. Isherwood became a Ramakrishna disciple, and he wrote the life of Ramakrishna, a very good likeness. It's well-written. So he was very involved in Ramakrishna things. He was also a friend of Huxley, and all that English literary world.

S: Yes.

M: 'In the late afternoon, Rajagopal telephoned. Krishnaji picked up the phone, and then put me on.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Rajagopal again said he wanted to meet Krishnaji alone,' etcetera, you know, the same old thing. I think that was the time that he said, 'Wasn't that Krishnaji who answered the phone?'

I said, "Yes."

He then said, " I want to speak to him."

I replied, "He doesn't want to speak to you. You'll have to tell me whatever it is."

The next day, 'Deborah Kerr and her husband Peter Viertel, a movie writer, came for lunch. Also Amanda. Krishnaji and I had a lovely walk at sunset.'

S: So, people like Deborah Kerr, they would call up and ask if they could…

M: No, no. I knew Deborah. She was in Sam's picture *Quo Vadis*, and I used to see her and her previous husband and the children quite a bit. I heard she was in town, so I invited them for lunch, and they came.

On the fourteenth, 'the first of the discussions that we held at the house began at 4 p.m. and about 15 people came.' Again, that's all Alain's doing.

S: They'd be young people?

M: Youngish, not student age, but people interested in the teachings.

The next two days saw another discussion with youngish people and lots of interviews.

Oh, on the morning of seventeenth of December, 'a cable came that Brockwood papers were signed today, and is Foundation's as of today.' Heh-heh. It's nice to be able to sit here and say that.

S: Yes, yes, it is.

M: On the nineteenth, 'we all three drove to Ojai and to the Lilliefelts for lunch. There was a tea afterwards for Krishnaji to see Ojai friends.' Lots of people came for that. It says here, 'I was having trouble with my leg.'

On the twenty-first 'Krishnaji talked to Alain and me about Alain's feelings of tension between Alain and me, and apparently my remoteness was at fault.'

S: Between you and Alain?

M: Mm.

S: [*laughs*] You must've cured that fault in a big way, because I've never known you to be remote!

M: [*laughs*] I thought I was rather nice! [*Both chuckle more*.]

On the twenty-second, 'there was the fourth discussion of the group.' My leg was too numb to walk, so I didn't walk on the beach.

S: Mm, this is your famous leg?

M: My famous leg.

[*Chuckles*.] On December twenty-fourth, 'in the evening, we had supper and watched the live television of the moon from the Apollo flight. After the tenth orbit, they headed back to earth.' Oh, they didn't land that time.

S: They didn't go till '69.

M: Oh, I didn't remember that.

'We watched a Horowitz concert on television.' This is Christmas Day.

S: What would you have typically done with Krishnaji on Christmas Day?

M: Well, it says 'quiet day at home.' We don't do anything about Christmas. 'Miranda, Philippa, Jessica, and Miranda's beau all came to tea, after which Krishnaji walked on the beach with Steve, the beau, and Jessica, while Miranda and I talked in the car.'

[*Chuckles*.] 'Supper as usual by the TV and watched the Horowitz concert. I spoke to all of my family in New York,' and that was this Christmas. We didn't celebrate Christmas.

S: Did you ever give each other gifts for Christmas?

M: Oh, no. Heavens, no.

S: Well, I'm just trying to get all this on the record. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Christmas is a heathen festival. [*S laughs more*.]

S: Now, where was Filomena on Christmas, because was Filomena a practicing Catholic?

M: Oh, yes.

S: So, she would've gone off to mass on Christmas Eve, and would she have made a special meal for Christmas, or done anything like that?

M: No, because I did the meals. We just did lunch. I probably gave her a present, yes. And I probably gave the Dunnes, too, because…

S: I'm sure you did to the Dunnes.

M: But I didn't go over there or anything like that.

On the twenty-seventh, 'On seeing the face, I should by now.**[12]**

There was another group discussion on the twenty-eighth at 4 p.m. and another at 11 a.m. the next day.

Mm. On the thirtieth, '*Freedom from the Known*, Krishnaji's new book edited by Mary L. arrived, published by Gollancz. This is the first Krishnamurti Foundation copyright book.

I can't imagine that posterity will be anything but bored by all this!

S: [*laughs*] No, I don't know, but anyway, we need something for serious researchers.

M: Like you!

S: Exactly [*humor in voice*], and maybe this is just for me!

M: I'm sorry, I haven't got the proper book, which might be a little more flowery.

S: You will for 1969, right?

M: I'm not so sure.

S: You do have 1969, don't you?

M: I have everything from '70 on, but I haven't yet located '69.

S: You haven't located '69?

M: No. I'm really quite worried about it because I…

S: '69 is a big year.

M: I remembered that you had said, "Please, bring everything." So, I thought I had. Now, why isn't it here? It's worrying…

[End of recording.]

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This was an organization set up to look after Krishnaji and his brother Nitya in the late teens or early twenties.

[2] Amanda Dunne, Mary's next door neighbor in Malibu, and Mary's best friend for many years.

[3] Theo Lilliefelt, Erna Lilliefelt's husband.

[4] I was still living at Brockwood at the time this interview occurred, and using what was Krishnaji's and Mary's guest room as my bedroom.

[5] Nelly Digby, also called Nelly Wingfield-Digby.

[6] Dorothy Simmons, Brockwood's first principal and an original trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust.

[7] Betsy Drake was an American actress, psychotherapist, and writer, and wife of Cary Grant from 1949 to 1962. She and Mary had been friends since the 1940s.

[8] Frances McCann, wanting Krishnaji to have a permanent base in Europe, bought Brockwood Park for the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust.

[9] Radha Rajagopal Sloss is Rajagopal and Rosalind's daughter.

[10] A comedy actor and successful comedy writer.

[11] A well-known philosopher, writer, speaker, and popularizer of Eastern philosophy, especially of Zen, in the counterculture of the 1960s and 1970s.

[12] This is a long and very intriguing subject, which is dealt with at length in a later discussion. It is just worth noting here because it is the first mention of this topic.

Issue 11: January 1969 to May 1969

At the end of the last issue, Issue 10, we read that Mary had brought her diaries with her from Ojai to Brockwood for the purposes of these discussions, but she found that when she got to Brockwood, she didn't have diaries for 1969. As a consequence, we simply skipped 1969 and went on to 1970, intending to go back to 1969 after she found the missing diaries. We knew that, if she had indeed left the 1969 diaries by mistake in Ojai, we would have to wait to cover 1969 until the following spring, when she returned to Brockwood from Ojai. This discovery of the missing diaries and our discussions that skipped 1969 took place in the summer of 1995. In fact, when Mary got back to Ojai, she scoured everywhere for the diaries, but couldn't find them.

Mary and I continued our discussions, and in 2005 we had progressed in the chronology of Krishnaji's life to 1983. I was, by that time, living in Oregon, and I would regularly fly down to Ojai to continue this project with Mary. That year, mysteriously, and Mary never understood how, the small daily diary for 1969 appeared among her collection of diaries. It is important to note it was only the small daily diary, because the size of this diary matters. The pages of these diaries are 4 inches by 2½ inches (10mm by 6mm), and each page contains space for two days. So, the actual writing space for any particular day is only 1¾ inches by 2½ inches (4.5mm by 6mm). This is miniscule, and it has an impact on what you will find in this and the next two issues (Issues 11, and 12).

One impact is the sparseness of detail, and another is the frequent use of incomplete sentences. As to the larger diary that Mary kept for other years, she either didn't keep for this year, or it never miraculously reappeared as did the small one. Readers may remember it had previously been stated that for most of the years Mary knew Krishnaji, she kept two kinds of diaries: one was a small daily diary that she would fill in every night before going to sleep; and the second was a larger diary that was more like a small notebook, in which she would write whenever there was something she felt needed greater exposition and detail than her daily diary allowed.

By the year 2005, Mary was 90 years old, and frail. It had taken us eleven years to discuss the beginning of her contact with Krishnaji as well as the first nineteen years of her intensely working and traveling with him. In 2005, we still had to cover the material from 1983 until Krishnaji's death in 1986. We did not want to rush through this; we wanted to be as thorough with the remaining years of Krishnaji's life as we had been with the previous years. Still, there was an unspoken acknowledgment that we had only finite time to complete this project. And this project was important to Mary, as she had come to feel this project was the way she would meet her promise to Krishnaji of presenting to the world what it was like to be with him. The energy she had for her own writing was now a trickle.

There was also the sense in 2005 that our discussions had slowly and meticulously gone over every aspect of being with Krishnaji that Mary could think of. We had discussed, explored, and unfolded every detail we could imagine; we had gotten to 1983—within sight of the finish line—and now we had to go back to 1969. And 1969 was such a

momentous year in so many ways. The details of that year had to be reported for the record. So, we set about doing this, but with a spirit of getting things right for the record, rather than discussing things, and you readers will notice a difference between the style of these issues covering 1969 and both the previous issues and the subsequent ones.

1969 saw the founding of the Krishnamurti Foundation of America, and the quickening of the legal case against KWINC. This was a major change in Krishnaji's work and life. In 1969, the newly formed Krishnamurti Foundation Trust in England bought Brockwood Park; Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre started with one student. By the time Krishnaji, Mary, and Alain made their first trip to Brockwood in March, there were four students. That autumn, the first public talks at Brockwood were given, and these would continue for the rest of Krishnaji's life. 1969 was also the year that Alain Naudé stopped traveling and working as intensely with Krishnaji.

All these momentous things occur, and Mary and I have very little discussion about them. Instead, this and the next issue read like a list of short diary entries, which, essentially, they are. All the things that we could have and should have discussed were discussed in the previous years, so these two issues are an anomaly. To flesh out some of what should have been discussed, I have put in quite a few "***Editor's Notes***."

Mary: So, off we go. 1969, January first. Krishnamurti was staying that winter in Malibu. My diary reads, 'What a lovely way to start the year. A warm beautiful day, clear, still—like summer. Krishnaji, Alain, and I were out on the lawn before breakfast. Krishnaji dictated in the morning.' He would've dictated to Alain at that stage.

Scott: Mm, hm. These dictations that Krishnaji made to Alain, do we know where those are? Does Alain still have anything like that?

M: Not that I know of. It was all processed into books and things. I've now forgotten which books have what, but there's quite a lot of those things in one of the books.

S: I wonder if Alain still has anything, like you know…drafts of old…

M: Well, we can call him. I'm remiss. I owe him a call.

S: Well, if you call him, ask him what things he might have that the archives might be interested in.

M: I will, I will.

S: Good. January second?

M: January second. 'Alan Watts and the Basses, and wife.' The Basses were a couple (I've forgotten their first names) who lived down in San Diego, who were friends of Alan Watts. All four came to lunch this day. 'Alain Naudé left afterwards to drive north, and

set up Krishnaji's talks in Berkeley, Stanford, and Santa Cruz. Krishnaji and I went for a beach walk.

The third says, 'to town for errands. Back before lunch. Krishnaji made the first direct tape by himself. After lunch, we went to Sears and bought Krishnaji blue jeans, then to Saks for loafers. Home for supper. Alain rang; spent last night in Buellton and tonight in Carmel, having come along the Big Sur Road.'

January fourth. After lunch Krishnaji held a discussion with a group at 4 p.m., and the next day 'the eighth group discussion at 11 a.m. Then lunched alone, rested, and went for a walk on the beach.'

On January sixth, 'Desk work. After lunch Krishnaji came with me to town while I went to Tassell.' Tassell was a designer of clothes. I had quite a lot of clothes from them.

S: Ah, that yellow coat?

M: Yes, that yellow coat, it's a Tassell. 'We then looked at a Leicaflex.' That's a camera.

On January seventh, 'After lunch with Erna and Theo Lilliefelt, they followed Krishnaji and me to a session with Saul Rosenthal about the list of questions for Rajagopal and KWINC. Also set up the Krishnamurti Foundation of America. Very productive,' it says.

S: Yes, there wasn't a foundation in America yet. This was the founding of it.

M: That's right. After we all studied the questions, we had the lawyers send them off.

Editor's Note: ***There needed to be a legal American entity to receive the money and property that had been given for Krishnaji's work, but these were controlled by Rajagopal, a fact that would eventually become the subject of the lawsuit. The Krishnamurti Foundation of America eventually got the copyrights for Krishnaji's pre-1968 works, an important legacy.***

On the ninth, 'Ruth Tettemer and her daughter Eve Siegel…' Ruth was eventually a trustee of the American foundation in those early days. '…came to lunch, and at 4:30 p.m. I had another injection. An X-ray of my left leg showed my blood vessels were causing intermittent claudication.' Those were what the pain spasms I was having all the time were called.

Editor's Note: ***Mary had been one of the first people to receive radiation treatment for what doctors believed to be cancer when she was a girl. It was dramatically overdone, and she suffered radiation poisoning as a girl, which left the muscle, bone, and vessels of her left leg permanently damaged. As she got older, the left leg broke several times. She had constant pain in her leg all the years I knew her, but she never complained, though it was a constant vulnerability.***

On the tenth of January, 'Krishnaji and I drove via Moorpark through Santa Paula to Ojai. We lunched with the Lilliefelts. Krishnaji gave two interviews, and we drove home along the ocean.'

The next day, 'Alain returned from San Francisco in time for lunch. There was group discussion number nine, and the next day at 11 a.m. there was the tenth discussion.'

Then there are just a lot of days with small things happening until the fifteenth, when 'I flew to San Francisco at 9:15 a.m. Looked at Canterbury Hotel for our stay in February. Then, to the Clift Hotel where father and Olive'—Olive is my father's wife—'are. Lunched with them at the Villa Taverna, and walked back through Chinatown. Flew back to Los Angeles at 4:45 p.m. and was home in time for supper.'

S: What were they doing in San Francisco?

M: Well, they were staying there for a while. They traveled all the time.

S: Yes.

M: On January eighteenth, 'The eleventh group discussion in the morning. We all three went'—that means Alain, Krishnaji, and I—'at 4 o'clock to meet Mary and Joe Links, who arrived on a polar flight from London. They have rooms at the Casa Malibu, but came here for a late tea and early supper.'

S: That was such a big deal to fly over the poles in those days.

M: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.] It was awful. Mary and Joe came to get away from the London winter, and it rained every day they were there. [*Both laugh*.] And the day they left, I remember, as their car disappeared to the airport, the sun came out! [*Chuckling.*]

For the nineteenth, it says 'Pouring rain! The Linkses came to breakfast. The Lilliefelts and Ruth Tettemer followed. Talked about the Bulletin, donation appeals, etcetera, until the group discussion began. Mary and I went over Brockwood matters. Then, after the group left, we continued discussions of the foundation and Bulletin**[1]** matters with Krishnaji, Mary, Erna and Theo, and Ruth Tettemer. Finally, Krishnaji, the Linkses, and I had a late lunch. Talked most of the afternoon. Rain kept pouring down. The Linkses are going to Pasadena tomorrow.' She was going to the Huntington Library**[2]**. 'Filomena and I fought leaks.' [*Chuckles.*] Then the next day it says, 'Filomena and I *fought* mud in the garden!' [*S chuckles.*]

<u>Editor's Note:</u> The mudslides were, and remain, a hazard to the cliff-top property in that part of California. Mary eventually lost a substantial portion of her property over the cliff.

January twenty-first. 'The storm total is seven inches. It cleared in the morning. Early lunch, and three of us went to a movie, *Bullet*, in Hollywood.' That was a good movie. It

looks like ‘Alain went on to join the Linkses in Pasadena, and Krishnaji and I came home.’

Various people came over during the next few days: Gavin Lambert, the movie writer, and Jennifer Jones Selznick, and Betsy Drake.

On January twenty-third, ‘I bought a Leicaflex camera with a 90-mm lens…’ It was really for taking pictures of Krishnaji, because the new books and the Bulletin that were planned needed photos. ‘…and was back by tea. Mary and Joe came for dinner. We watched the Traverses’ film of lions in Africa.’ That was *Born Free*. ‘Listened to some tapes of the conversations in the *Holiday Book* collection.’

The twenty-fifth of January: ‘Mary and Joe came to breakfast, lunch, and supper. There was a group discussion in spite of being, for a while, cut off by the rain and mudslides. Ojai was blocked, but one boy, Lloyd Williams, from Ojai walked seven miles to a bus to come!’ How extraordinary. ‘Mary and I made notes about Brockwood. The roads are blocked to the north. The Linkses and Alain decided to fly to San Francisco instead of motoring.’

January twenty-sixth. ‘The Linkses came to breakfast, and the fourteenth and final group discussion was at 11 a.m. The rain stopped at last. After lunch, Krishnaji and I drove the Linkses and Alain to the airport where they flew to San Francisco. Krishnaji drove the Jaguar back and practiced parking in Santa Monica.’ Heh. That’s when he wanted to get a license. ‘We walked on the beach strewn with driftwood. A quiet supper in a quiet house.’

Well, on the next few days there were some legal meetings, including setting up the American foundation, which required, for some reason, some life members, which Erna and I became. I’m afraid this became a point of contention with Alain, as he was only made a member for a year.

On the twenty-eighth of January, ‘Rang Alain. Unhappy conversation. Felt sick. Rang Lilliefelts to discuss with Rosenthal if there isn’t some other way. Krishnaji drove as we went to the dentist for a filling that he lost. Eve Siegal and children came to tea. Krishnaji took his driving license test. Excellent on the written, but nervous on the driving part. They gave him only a temporary permit. We had a picnic in the car.’ Then it says, ‘packed.’

Editor’s Note: ***We have been reading of Krishnaji driving for several years now, in America and in Europe. Mary comments that he was a good driver, and that he enjoyed driving on occasion; but from this and subsequent material, it seems that he didn’t have a license in America or in Europe. This didn’t seem to be of much concern to Mary.***

January thirtieth, ‘Krishnaji and I left at 11:45 a.m. in the Jaguar and drove north. Stopped beyond Santa Barbara in Dos Pueblos for a picnic lunch. Drove on. The country

was green and beautiful. Big Sur Road was closed, so we took the inland 101 freeway through Salinas and into Carmel Valley. Spent the night at the Highlands Inn.'

Thirty-first of January. 'We drove down the Big Sur Road a little to Point Lobos. Walked and I used the new Leicaflex. We shopped in Carmel, and lunched at the Pine Inn, then drove on to San Francisco, arriving at the Huntington Hotel at 5:30 p.m. Alain was there. We unpacked, and had a long three-way talk, and supper.' We had quite nice rooms in the Huntington; there was a kitchen, a sitting room, and two big bedrooms and bath.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> There isn't any note of what was talked about, but after the difficulty of "life membership" and knowing that there were many three-way conversations trying to resolve Alain's unhappiness, as well as seeing that Mary felt the need to write about this conversation despite there being so little space in her small diary (implying this conversation had significant psychological weight for her); we can assume that the "long three-way talk" was about all that. I do know that Krishnaji tried to support and keep Alain in the work, and since Alain stayed, at least for now, we can assume that Krishnaji had some success.

The next day we lunched in the sitting room. 'Then we drove to Muir Woods and were able to walk only a short way, but Krishnaji had a good walk.'

February second. 'A sunny day. Michael Korman of KPFA'—that's a nonprofit radio station out of Berkeley that played audiotapes of Krishnaji's talks—'for lunch. Later I went to see Father, walking down the hill but not up it.' They were down at the bottom of the hill; we were up on top of Nob Hill. The leg is very numb. Joan Baez came to see Krishnaji. Alain and I dined downstairs in the restaurant, L'Etoile, and reviewed our Friday conversation.' [*Seems to start to explain*:] Alain was upset about the life memberships for setting up the foundation and his not being one of them.

S: Yes, I understand.

M: On the third, Alain and I went to Macy's for an electric pot to do wheat in.' I was making wheat meal, it's like oatmeal, but made with wheat. 'I made wheat meal for lunch, then Alain and I reconnoitered at the Berkeley Theater, where Krishnaji is to talk. At 8 p.m. I drove Krishnaji to the first Berkeley talk. There were about 2,500 in the audience. We had supper afterward.'

The next day there was the second Berkeley talk. 'Tremendous, tremendous one,' it says here. Also, 'Krishnaji has a slight cold.'

Fifth of February. 'Rain. Sonoma student, Terry Agnew, came to lunch, then to the third Berkeley talk.' The next day, 'the final Berkeley talk. It was a great one.'

February seventh. 'Michael Korman came to lunch. Krishnaji, Alain, and I went to Alan Watts' in Sausalito; he had people to meet Krishnaji. Messy discussion!' Alan Watts, do you know who I mean?

S: Yes.

M: He lived on a houseboat in Sausalito, and he had wanted Krishnaji to come and meet all the distinguished, intellectual people in San Francisco. But when we got there, both he and his wife were drunk! And the people asked stupid questions. It was a fruitless event! It was just a mess. We left.

Editor's Note: ***I have never heard of anything else like this: someone inviting Krishnaji and being drunk on the occasion, thereby showing disrespect toward Krishnaji. This seems particularly odd for Alan Watts who showed on other occasions great respect for Krishnaji, and wanted to be helpful to Krishnaji's work.***

S: Oh, dear.

M: February eighth. 'With Krishnaji to a meeting arranged by KPFA at 7 p.m. in Berkeley. Came back to supper. Rajagopal has formed another foundation called K & R.'

Editor's Note: ***There was the suspicion, at the time, that Rajagopal's new foundation was merely a legal tactic to help defend his possession of the assets he controlled but which had been given for Krishnaji's work. In any event, it didn't work.***

Ninth of February. 'We lunched, and then Professor Nader and family came to tea. Father and Olive came at 7 p.m. Then, I took them down to dine in the L'Etoile.' That was the very good restaurant downstairs, down just next to the Huntington.

The next day, we 'packed, left the Huntington, and drove to Sonoma State College, where Krishnaji spoke. We lunched with students, Terry Agnew and Helen Hauserthen, then drove south to Palo Alto, where we had rooms at the Stanford Faculty Club.'

February eleventh, 'lunch with Buckminster Fuller, Michael Kerina, and John Digues.' John Digues is the one that brought Buckminster Fuller. 'A discussion was taped for KPFA. At 4:30 p.m., went with Krishnaji to his first Stanford talk, but I had to return to San Francisco to an appointment with a vascular doctor.' My leg was troubling me, and my Los Angeles doctor said I must see this vascular person. 'He thinks the femoral artery is blocked.'

On the twelfth, 'Leg a little less painful. Have a cold. Krishnaji decided to cancel the Australian tour, then he went to the second Stanford talk.' I'd forgotten about the intention to go to Australia.

The next day, 'Krishnaji is tired, but he gave his third Stanford talk. Alain out for supper. He is to go ahead of us to Europe.'

Finally on the fourteenth, at 4 p.m., 'the final Stanford talk.' The next day Krishnaji and I both rested all day in bed.

On the sixteenth, ‘we packed, had lunch, and drove to UC Santa Cruz. Krishnaji and I were lodged in a nice flat. Alain was nearby. Krishnaji gave a talk at 8 p.m. to students in Cowell College. The next day, he gave his second talk.’

On the eighteenth, ‘Krishnaji had the day off. We went for a drive inland through the Redwoods. He walked while I followed him in the car.’ I couldn’t walk much at that point. I used to drive along, you know, slowly.

S: Yes.

M: I can still see him. [*S laughs*.]

On the nineteenth and twentieth, Krishnaji gave his last two talks at Santa Cruz.

On the twenty-first, ‘We were early. Breakfast at 7 a.m. Alain loaded the car and Krishnaji and I left Cowell College and Santa Cruz at 8:45 a.m. Drove via Carmel, Big Sur, stopped briefly at Nepenthe’—you know that’s that restaurant right on the water. ‘The coast road only just opened after the storm and mudslides. Had a picnic lunch near Cambria. Krishnaji drove the rest of the hundred miles to Santa Barbara, and then I drove the remaining way to Malibu, arriving at 4:20 p.m. Good to be home. House and garden beautiful. Filomena was well. Alain arrived afterward in the night. No rest for me, pain in leg.’

February twenty-second. ‘Beautiful morning after the rain. After lunch, Erna and Theo Lilliefelt, and Ruth Tettemer came; we discussed affairs and formally signed, before a notary, the trust’s founding documents of the Krishnamurti Foundation of America. Trustees are Krishnaji, Erna Lilliefelt, Ruth Tettemer, Alain, and me. Had our first trustee meeting.’

February twenty-fourth. ‘Took Alain to the airport. He flew to Paris, and will go to Gstaad and find housing for students next summer. Went to the French consulate for Krishnaji’s visa, then to Henry Bamberger about my tax and selling Alain’s VW.’ So, that was the car Alain had.

Nothing much happens until the twenty-seventh. ‘Krishnaji and I met the Lilliefelts and Ruth Tettemer at Rosenthal’s office. We all went to the attorney general’s office downtown for a meeting between Krishnaji and Laurence Tapper, the attorney general. He will investigate KWINC. Krishnaji and I had lunch in the car. And then I went to fetch the visa and my Tassell coat, while Krishnaji had a haircut.’

The next day, ‘we packed, and I took four bags to Pan American cargo for shipment to London.’

Then nothing very special until March fourth. ‘A big slide where my pump house had been. The trees there dropped thirty feet down the cliff beyond the gate. Have to leave it to Carlson’s hands’—he was a contractor who did things like that. ‘We left at 10 a.m.

Amanda drove Krishnaji and me to the airport, where we took a new Pan American flight nonstop to London. I went first class with Krishnaji.'

On the fifth of March, 'Krishnaji and I arrived in London, and spent one half hour waiting in transit before flying on to Paris. Telephoned Mary Links, the Digbys, and Mary Cadogan. Alain surprised us by being at the Paris airport with his car. He had got rooms in the new school in Schonried for students. We all lunched and talked. Krishnaji and I walked over to see my Mercedes in the garage, brought by Mr. Moser from Switzerland. We took naps, then phoned Madame Duperrex.' She was the very nice concierge of the rooms in Caprices at Gstaad. 'We rented rooms in Trois Ours.' Yes, she was also the concierge for this chalet just below Tannegg. Instead of staying down in the village at Caprices, I had wanted to stay there.

S: Ah, yes, Trois Ours. I remember it.

You're in Paris at the moment. Where were you staying in Paris?

M: Um, where were we staying? Ah, it says here, 'Le Pont Royal.'

'Dined in rooms. Tired. Alain has a new Nagra.**[3]**

March sixth, 'We left Pont Royale and Paris in both cars at 8:40 a.m. Krishnaji and I drove to Le Touquet, 160 miles in three hours. Alain met us there and flew both of the cars to Lydd. We lunched there, and then at 2:30 p.m., left and drove across southern England, 120 miles. We met Alain at the West Meon Hut, and then together, we all went to Brockwood.' This is the first time we'd been to Brockwood!

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Brockwood Park was built in 1769, and was what was known as an English "country house." In the decade or so before it was acquired by the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust, it had only been used for a few weekends every year for pheasant hunting. It had been sold to the local landowner only a year before the KFT bought it, and he only wanted the large amount of land attached to the house, but not the house. Unfortunately for him, Brockwood was listed as a historic building, so he could neither tear down nor neglect the main building. He then had to find someone who wanted to buy such a large historic house with very little land (only about fifty acres). The only buyer for something like that was either someone wanting to start a hotel (but there was nothing to bring clients to a hotel in that area) or someone wanting to start a school. The landowner was thrilled to have the KFA as a buyer, and sold the house, the gate house, two cottages, a barn, and the fifty acres for £40,000.

I remember…well, anyway, 'just as sun was setting, the Simmonses, Donald Hoppen, Doris Pratt, Alan Hooker, and four boy students were there. The house and grounds are beautiful. Saw it, had supper, and went to bed.' I remember that I was so tired because I had misjudged how long the journey would take. I knew how long it took to get to Le Touquet from Paris, then cross over in the plane; that was easy. But then, on the map, it didn't look very far to cross the south of England.

S: Yes, I know. Going across southern England on those little B roads takes forever.

M: Yes. I'd been driving since…what was it? Eight in the morning or something, and by the time I finally drove up the lane to Brockwood, and had the first glimpse of Brockwood, I was in tears from exhaustion.

S: Yes, yes. Oh dear.

M: Anyway, it was nice, though.

S: Where did you stay that first night at Brockwood?

M: Oh, in the West Wing.

S: So, someone must've furnished it before you got there?

M: Well, I had, on a previous trip, knowing we were going to do something like this, I'd asked Nelly Digby to go to Heal's and get sheets, and I'd picked out beds. Krishnaji's room had everything it needed, and my room had that big dressing table, which was left by the former owners. And there were shelves. I'd bought the two little white drawer things in my bathroom. I bought those at Heal's, too. And I'd asked Nelly to install those things, if we got a place. Those are the things that I thought I would need.

S: Right.

M: I learned that from my aunt or someone who put Heal beds in a house in Rome, because they were supposed to be wonderful. And so, we planned all that ahead of time.

S: And Nelly was there to carry it out?

M: Yes. So we had the necessities. We had beds, linens, and towels.

S: And there were shelves and cupboards in the bathrooms.

M: Yes, yes.

S: So you could unpack things.

M: Yes, we could unpack.

S: Where did you get those big white tables?

M: Oh! Huh. You know that place that had very good modern furniture…

S: Started by Corin.

M: Yes, yes.

S: What was his name, the designer. Not Corin, but something like that.

M: Yes.

S: Yes, yes. I know the place.

M: And the main shop was in London. There was one also in Southampton.

S: And so those were bought subsequently?

M: Yes, and everything else. I got the chairs from Mr. Bekema in Alresford. I still had to do all the downstairs.

***Editor's Note:* "…do all the downstairs" sounds fairly innocuous, but it was anything but that for Mary. What Mary refers to as "the downstairs" was the formal drawing room, the sitting room, and a secondary sitting room of Brockwood. Mary knew this is where Krishnaji would have formal interviews, where filming would take place, and where trustees would meet. The rooms are beautiful, built as the original part of the house in 1769, and Mary felt that the furniture should be from that period, and that the rooms should be "worthy" of all that would occur in them. For the next year or more, we see Mary laboring to make these rooms the beautiful spaces they became.**

S: Right. But that could come afterwards. At least there was a place for you and Krishnaji and Alain to stay.

M: Paul Anstee will come into this. He got me all that furniture downstairs; the drawing room and all that.

S: Right, right.

M: So, predictably, on the seventh, 'unpacked. Mary Cadogan arrived for lunch and talked with Krishnaji, Alain, and me. Went for the first walk with Krishnaji in Brockwood Park. Lovely, small copse…seven redwood trees, the cedar of Lebanon trees, the fields and orchard, and an enormous rose garden and vegetable garden.'

The next morning, 'Alain and I left early and drove to London and the airport to fetch the four bags I'd sent a few days ago by Pan American cargo. Frost on the fields. Lovely landscape. Returned in time for lunch. A discussion with Dorothy Simmons about which rooms will be Krishnaji's section of the house; also of plans for the school.'

On March ninth, 'The Linkses came to call in the morning. The Digbys and the Cadogans came to lunch. Trustees meeting all afternoon. George Digby reassured on KF of America being able to contribute funds.' [*Both chuckle*.] Well, in those days, the KFA had nothing much to do except run an office, so Erna was glad to send funds to England.

It turned out pretty soon that it was illegal to give charitable funds from the USA to a foreign entity.

S: Yes.

M: But George Digby was concerned. 'I went for a short walk with Krishnaji and Alain. Krishnaji decided we must use only two floors of the West Wing.' Well, what else would we have used?

S: There was the floor above and that staircase to it.

M: Ah, yes. 'Discussed alterations, etcetera, with Donald Hoppen. The weather was still clear and beautiful.'

The next day. 'Cloudy with rain later. Went on to Winchester with Donald Hoppen to buy some household things. Back for lunch. Ironed shirts for Alain. Walked in the rain with Krishnaji.'

March eleven, 'Krishnaji decides not to spend the night in a hotel in London before and after tomorrow's talk. Relief to all three of us to stay in Brockwood. Spent a quiet day doing household things.'

Editor's Note: ***Brockwood became Krishnaji's and Mary's home in Europe, and the place Krishnaji would spend more of this time than any other location in the world. The public talks at Brockwood eventually replaced the London talks.***

The next day 'I drove early to London with Donald Hoppen. Hunted for carpets and chintz. Lunched with Fleur at Albany.' This is my friend Fleur Cowles again, and when she heard what I was doing, she said, "You need Paul Anstee." Anstee was a young man, a decorator.

S: Right. Yes.

M: I met her at Albany, where she lived 'and called Paul Anstee to help with the furnishings and made an appointment at Brockwood for Monday. Met Donald Hoppen and Mary Cadogan at builder's service to look for kitchen equipment. Alain had taken Krishnaji to Mrs. Bindley after lunch. At 5:30 p.m., I went there to drive him to the first talk in Wimbledon at 7 o'clock. We drove back to Brockwood afterward.'

Then various people came: Claudine and Gérard Blitz, Mary Cadogan, Mary Links, and Hughes van der Straten. Frances McCann came to stay for several days.

On the sixteenth, 'Krishnaji and I drove to Wimbledon at 9 a.m. for the 11 o'clock talk. Went via the Hog's Back.' Do you remember that road?

S: Oh, yes. I do indeed. Guildford.

M: Yes, 'to Guilford. The ride in was one-and-a-half hours. Sat in Richmond Park for a while. Then, to the hall. We drove back afterward, immediately afterward, and had our picnic lunch in the kitchen. Rested, and then walked. Very cold, about twenty-nine degrees.'

On the seventeenth, 'Paul Anstee came to discuss furnishings for Brockwood. He, Alain, and I lunched at the West Meon Hut. Then continued work on same, all afternoon.'

On March eighteenth, 'With Krishnaji and Alain to London by train from Alton. He went to Huntsman, and then he, Mary Links, Alain, and I lunched at Claridge's. Krishnaji and I went to see the BBC for a color television interview of Krishnaji. I did errands at Harrods, etcetera, and met them at Waterloo Station for return train at 6:30 p.m.'

S: So there was a color interview?

M: Apparently. Then there are lots of meetings to outfit the house, plan the kitchen, and all that.

Krishnaji had the third talk at Wimbledon on the twentieth.

On March twenty-first. 'Went to London with Alain and Narendra in Krishnaji's car.' That was an Indian boy student that made such difficulty for Alain. Alain and Dorothy quarreled over him.

S: Yes.

M: 'I left them at Harrods and drove to Kenwood to look at a wall color.' Kenwood is, um…oh dear, who lived there? Famous writer, can't think. I can see it; I can drive there, but I can't tell you the name—anyway, I had seen it when I used to go and look at houses like that. The point of it was I remembered that there was a color on a room, a living room, that was sort of like coffee with milk in it. It was a beautiful color. And I was trying to think what to paint the drawing room in West Wing, so I went to refresh my mind.

So, where was I? 'Drove to Kenwood to look at the wall color. Had coffee there. It was a cold day. Left the car for Alain in the parking lot, and went to Paul Anstee to see samples of materials, carpet, etcetera. Came back to Alton by train and then onto Brockwood.'

On the twenty-third, 'Motored with Krishnaji to Wimbledon for the fourth and last talk of the series, a very moving one. We came back and lunched alone. Then a lot of people came. Krishnaji had a school discussion which included the Simmonses, Alan Hooker, Alain Naudé, and me.'

<u>Editor's Notes:</u> Krishnaji spoke more to the people at Brockwood than he did to any other group. He eventually settled into having one discussion a week with just students, one discussion a week with just the staff, and one discussion a week with staff and

students together, as well as any other guests who were there. People would come to Brockwood just for the day in order to attend these discussions when this pattern became known. So, this is three discussions a week for approximately six months a year—a tremendous number of discussions.

It is also worth noting that while most of these discussions would have seemed normal to any audience of Krishnaji's work, a great many of them addressed problems in the school.

The times when most of Krishnaji's discussions were aimed at problems seemed to come in waves, and this beginning of Brockwood was certainly such a time. The reader will see that Mary mentions below how Krishnaji discussed with students and staff questions of authority and the responsibility of the then-principal Dorothy Simmons. The first several years of Brockwood (as with many new schools) were volatile; conflict, factions, staff and students leaving in the middle of a term, attempts to take power away from Dorothy, etcetera.

It is not within the purposes of these memoirs to explore the nature of these conflicts (which readers will see re-emerge in the early 1980s) or to explain them, but the great many discussions the readers will notice in this first year need to be somewhat described as Mary was in the thick of it, and these would have been part of what it was like to be with Krishnaji.

The next day Krishnaji and Alain took the train to London and I drove in. I did household errands, and they went to Huntsman and then Sullivan & Wooly. Wooly (which was their nick name) are down the street from Huntsman and less expensive.

For the next few days I continued to work on house things, plus dictations from Krishnaji, and I worked a little in the garden, pruning.

For April first, it says, 'Packing. Painting samples for walls.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I in the Mercedes, and Alain in the VW left Brockwood at 10:30 a.m. Outside Rye, in a place called Playden, a man ran into the Mercedes, crushing the right rear fender. The police said it was the man's fault. They bent the metal away from the wheel, so I continued to Dover. Krishnaji rode with Alain for less weight. We all got on the 4:30 p.m. ferry to Calais. We had driven the 144 miles in England and then on as far as Montreuil, where we spent the night in a charming hotel, Château de Montreuil.' That was a nice hotel.

On the third of April. 'We left Montreuil at 9:45 a.m. and drove via Arras to the autoroute to Paris. Krishnaji and I arrived at 12:30 p.m. at 16 Rue de Verdun, and Alain slightly later.' That's the house I rented.

S: I remember.

M: 'There was a maid, Marguerite, and a cook, André, and they had lunch ready. We unpacked and rested. After supper, Alain and I went to the Salle Pleyel and heard Sviatoslav Richter play Bach's *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, numbers 13 to 34. Infinitely beautiful playing!' I was a big fan, still am, of Richter. So, it was nice.

On the fourth, 'Lunched with father, Bud, and Lisa at the Berkeley. Olive is still in the hospital. Went shopping with Bud and Lisa and bought Herend and Limoges china for Brockwood.' Herend is the stuff with the birds on it.

S: Yes, yes.

M: It's a copy of the old Meissen, but it's made now in Hungary. I drove my father and company to the Tour,' that's the Tour d'Argent**[4],** 'and got back to the house in time for supper. Krishnaji and Alain had had a good day of shopping.'

On the fifth, 'Krishnaji dictated more of the *Holiday Book*. De Vidas came by. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Alain, and I went to a movie, *Mackenna's Gold*.' [*S chuckles*.]

The next day, 'Krishnaji worked on the book and after supper I played a tape that Alain made of his notes of conversations with Krishnaji.'

There's nothing much until the first talk on the tenth, in the Salle de la Chimie, except walking, shopping, seeing some people, movies, and—oh yes, I bought two paintings from Dieter Kopp, who visited. Those are the two green paintings in the front hall of the West Wing.

On the eleventh, 'I left at 1 p.m. for Orly, flew to London, spent the day with Paul Anstee, working on Brockwood. Lunched at Au Pere de Nicole'—that's on Pics Street; nice restaurant—'…left at 6 p.m. and took the 7:20 p.m. plane back to Paris.'

April twelfth, 'Krishnaji and Alain worked on the book. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with young people at the Hotel Pont Royale.' That was followed the next day with the second talk at the Salle de la Chimie.

On the thirteenth, 'Suzanne and Hughes van der Straten came for coffee and stayed till 5 p.m. Invited us to stay with them on the way to Holland. Spoke to Anneke about a house at Hilversum.'

The next day, 'I had my hair done at Elizabeth Arden, and a Chinese boy and woman came to lunch.' I think this is Tunki. Do you remember Tunki?

S: Yes, very well, but he didn't have a wife.

M: She was an older woman, like a governess or something. He was like a little prince.

S: Yes. He was! [*Chuckles*.]

M: They came to lunch.

On April fifteenth, 'Mary and Joe Links arrive in Paris. I shopped. Met Krishnaji in town and brought him back for lunch. Alain was lunching with the Linkses. Mary Cadogan came in the morning. Alain got word he has been granted British citizenship.'

There are notes here about walking in Bagatelle, which I loved, but you don't need to hear about that again.

On the sixteenth it says, 'Second young people's discussion.'

The next day, after shopping and lunch with my father and brother, after which I visited an old friend I roomed with in boarding school. It says, 'Back in time to drive Krishnaji to the third talk at the Salle de la Chimie.'

On the eighteenth, 'Fetched the Mercedes. All fixed.' That was after the Rye episode. Marcelle Bondoneau and Doris Pratt to lunch. There was a tea at 4 p.m. for the French group, which consisted of the Suarèses, de Vidas, Ma de Manziarly, Madame Samuel, Madame Safra, Madame Ettori, Madame Banzet, someone Leroi…'—I don't remember that one—'…Mademoiselle Borel, someone Suydoux and Frances McCann.'

Another young people's discussion on the nineteenth at 4 p.m, followed the following day by Krishnaji's fourth talk.

On the twenty-first, left for Orly at 5:45 a.m., took a 7 a.m. plane to London. Paul Anstee met me and drove to Brockwood. The daffodils were all out. We spent the day on painting problems. He drove me back to the airport just in time for me to catch an 8:30 p.m. plane back to Paris.' [*S chuckles.*] Active life!

S: Indeed.

M: On the twenty-second, 'Krishnaji saw de Vidas about his telling lies to Mary Cadogan.' Goodness, he did? 'Yo de Manziarly came to lunch. Took Krishnaji to get his visa photos and then to the Pont Royale for another young people's discussion.' Oh, I had tea again with my former roommate.

On the twenty-third, 'Krishnaji saw Doris Pratt, and then Alain with her. Loads of criticism.' [*Chuckle*.] 'I went with Krishnaji and Alain to UNESCO, where they taped an interview with Krishnaji. Talked to Alain, who is upset at the Pratt / De Vidas criticisms.'

'At 7 p.m., Krishnaji had his fifth and last Paris talk.'

On the twenty-sixth, 'We left Paris at 11 a.m. and drove to Arras, lunching at Le Cheuzy.' It was on the way, and a very nice restaurant. 'Left there about 3 p.m. and drove around Lille to Tournai, crossing into Belgium. Onto Brussels, where Krishnaji, Alain, and I spent the night with Suzanne and Hughes van der Straten. Their children Gauthier,

Favienne, Marie-Laure, Evrard, Marjolaine and Ariane were there. A nice, immense, comfortable house, and very nice family.'

The next day, we 'spent a pleasant, relaxed morning with the van der Stratens and left after lunch. A three-hour drive to Hilversum in Holland, and to the house at S'Gravelandsweg…' [*Chuckles. S laughs*.] And if you lived there, you know how to pronounce it!

S: Yes, well, I did at one point.

M: And if you don't, you can't say it. [*Both laugh*.] '…where Anneke was waiting. A house rented for Krishnaji and furnished with loans from well-wishers.' [*Chuckles*.]

I spent the next morning 'getting settled. After lunch, Krishnaji, Alain, and I drove to Keukenhof,' that's…

S: Yes, I know Keukenhof. Beautiful flowers.

M: Yes. 'The tulips were just beginning. I ordered perennial bulbs for September delivery to Brockwood. On return to the house, we heard of de Gaulle's resignation.'

S: Hm.

M: What do you know?

On the twenty-ninth of April, some people to lunch, Krishnaji came with me to do errands in Bussum, 'and then walked in a lovely wood near the farm house we lived in two years ago.'

The next day, 'I did errands in Bussum. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Alain, and I went to Amsterdam to a movie: Peter Sellers' *The Party*.'

Then the usual: various people to lunch, errands, etcetera, until May third. 'I drove Krishnaji via S'Gravelandsweg [*chuckles*] to first Amsterdam talk at the Congress Centrum, in the RAI. It was a very strong talk. Krishnaji was slightly faint in car on the return. After lunch, he came with me to Bussum on errands. Then I typed for Alain. We all three went for a walk. It was a warm spring day.'

On the fourth of May, 'With Krishnaji to the second talk in Amsterdam. There was an afternoon tea for all the people who have helped in the week here.'

On the fifth, I had a discussion with Krishnaji about how we might cut down on some of his traveling and talking. And the very next day, we continued the discussion on the way home from a 5 p.m. young people's discussion at the Congress Centrum.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Since Alain and Mary started traveling and arranging Krishnaji's speaking schedule, the number of talks, interviews, discussions, etcetera, exploded. Krishnaji was, by now, 74 years old, and I believe it is correct to say that he had never been more active. An actual count of the number of speaking events he had in these and subsequent years would be interesting.

It is interesting to note that Mary started talking to Krishnaji about cutting back on the demands he was putting on himself, a subject that was to continue with many of those around him for the rest of his life.

On May seventh, 'It was Filomena's seventy-second birthday. After lunch, Alain and I went to Amsterdam to the Theosophical Society Bookshop to buy a book that Alain wanted.' And I remember vividly, they had a big picture of Mrs. Besant and a big picture of Leadbeater on the wall, life-size, in sepia…you know, old-fashioned. And I looked at these two photos. It could've been 300 years ago. I thought, those two people were in Krishnaji's life! And the contrast between the apparent age of these people in the photographs and Krishnaji, who was as young as could be, was astounding.

S: Yes…yes.

M: 'Returned and met Krishnaji taking the walk.'

On the eighth, it just says 'Second young people's discussion.'

For the next day it says, 'Krishnaji decides not to come to Amsterdam next year. I marketed all afternoon. Alain and I rang Madame Dupperex in Gstaad about Chalet Trois Ours.'

On the tenth and eleventh, Krishnaji had the third and fourth talks.

Then I went to see the Van Gogh paintings at the Kröller-Muller Museum in Osterloo, while Krishnaji had interviews.

On the thirteenth, Krishnaji had the third young people's discussion, and the next day he gave the fifth and final Amsterdam talk.

On the fifteenth of May, it says. 'Packing. Went to meet mother and Huges'—that's my stepfather—'at Schiphol, and drove them to the Park Hotel in Amsterdam. They came from Rome and are staying here five days and then go to London. We then joined Krishnaji and Alain at a young people's discussion at the RAI. The hall was full, and there was an audience listening outside in that big room. After that, I brought Krishnaji home.'

Sixteenth of May, 'We left Hilversum at 10:30 a.m., and drove to Rotterdam, where we got lost for an hour, but finally found the airport. Alain was already there. The attendant broke the Mercedes' left window. We flew on British Air Ferry to South End, where

Mary and Joe Links were there to meet us and guide us into London through terrible traffic.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: So, this was another one of those car-airplane ferries?

M: Yes. 'Arrived at 7:30 p.m. at Brockwood.'

The entry for the next day reads, 'Brockwood is lovely. Slept well, unpacked, and put everything in order. The carpet is down in my room. There was a meeting between Simmonses, Krishnaji, Alain, and me on school matters. Walked with Krishnaji through the bluebells in the woods.'

The next day was 'a quiet day at Brockwood, but Alain is feeling low.'

On the nineteenth, 'I drove Krishnaji and Alain to London. Left them at Huntsman's, then they went to lunch with Mary L. while I took the Mercedes to be fixed. Then went to Anstee and miscellaneous shopping for the house. Came back to Alton on the 4:56 p.m. train.' I must've left the Mercedes. 'Krishnaji and Alain came back on the 5:20 p.m. and I drove back to Brockwood with them. I have a sore throat.'

On the twentieth, 'Alain had a long talk with Krishnaji. Mary Cadogan came and we had a meeting with her and Dorothy. We are going to have the gatherings at Brockwood in September on two weekends. My mother and Huges are in London at the Goring Hotel.'

For the twenty-first it reads, 'A lovely, quiet day. Stayed at Brockwood resting. Felt much better, and went for a walk with Krishnaji across the field. It was warm and beautiful. Krishnaji's talks to Alain seems to have changed and cheered him.'

The next day, 'Drove Alain's car to London. Went to the Chelsea Flower Show and to Anstee's and Harrods, etcetera, on errands. Back to Brockwood for supper. The kitchen cabinets and appliances arrived.

The following day I returned to London to pick up the Mercedes and it took me three hours to drive back to Brockwood through the Whitsun weekend traffic, arriving at 9:30 p.m.

S: I think we're going to have to end it there.

M: Okay.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The Krishnamurti Bulletin, which began in England, and which subsequently was published in various forms in different countries, was the only real means of the new

Krishnamurti organizations to keep people informed of Krishnaji's upcoming talks and the new publications that were emerging.

[2] Rajagopal, rather than giving to the Krishnamurti Foundation the very considerable archives of Krishnaji's work that had been amassed since the 1920s, gave most of it to the Huntington Library, where it remains.

[3] A professional-quality portable audio recorder made in Switzerland.

[4] Mary's father and stepmother, Olive, had an apartment just beneath the famous restaurant La Tour d'Argent, which is on the top floor.

Issue 12: May 1969 to December 31, 1969

The introduction of the last issue was really the introduction to both Issues 11 and 12.

The only thing to draw the reader's attention to in this introduction is the growing tension in the school and the entourage, and Alain's departure.

Mary: Alright. Shall I jump in?

Scott: Jump in!

M: So, we're living at Brockwood, and Anstee was helping me get the furnishing for it. I'm oriented now.

On May twenty-fourth, it says, 'to West Meon on errands. Then, worked on the shelves in Alain's room,' I must've been putting things away, I can't remember what it was. 'After lunch, Krishnaji, Alain, and I in both cars drove to Blackdown for tea with the Linkses.'

S: Where did they live in Blackdown?

M: Well, south of Godalming. It was out in the country, but that's the nearest town. It was a nice house. I don't know why they sold it eventually, or they gave it…I forget, I think they sold it.

S: But, it was their little country retreat.

M: Yes, their little country place.

Anyway, on the twenty-fifth, 'Finished Alain's room.' I was doing something with the shelving in there, putting shelves in. 'David Bohm and Donald Shoemaker came for lunch.' Who was Donald Shoemaker? Well, anyway, he came to lunch.

S: Which room was Alain's?

M: Where you and Kathy**[1]** wound up.

S: Right, right. I remember.

The next day, 'I washed the kitchen walls. Unpacked cabinets. The Chinese-Indonesian family of possible student came.' That's Tungki.

Over the next several days, I went to London and Winchester to find things to furnish the West Wing, and do odd jobs around the house, including on the twenty-ninth, when 'Krishnaji and I began weeding the lawn.' Heavens.

S: [*chuckling*] That must have been a task!

M: That was…yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

On the thirtieth, 'Krishnaji, Alain, Donald Hoppen, and I drove to Broadway in the Cotswolds at 10:30 a.m. We lunched at the Lygon Arms, then visited Gordon Russell's furniture factory…' [Pause.] 'Found nothing.'

S: But that's where the school dining room tables came from, wasn't it?

M: Yes, that's right. 'Drove back to Brockwood through lovely country.'

Then various things, like my mother and step father visiting. Nothing major except the first and second of June, Krishnaji and I continued to weed the lawn. And on the second, 'Took Alain to Winchester. Did errands. Alain brought back Desikachar from the airport when he arrived from Madras. Also, a Mark Schmidt also arrived from the U.S. to become a teacher at Brockwood.'

On June fourth, 'Drove to London early. Had my hair cut. Lunched with Mary Links at Le Méridien. Shopping. Errands. Mercedes light fixed. Anstee at 4 p.m. Bought two more sofas and a chair. Tea with Mother and Huges at the Hotel Goring.' That's where they were staying in London. 'They fly to New York Friday. Back to Brockwood by 8:30 p.m. Krishnaji began a new book.'

S: Is that to read a new book?

M: Oh! Yes, it wasn't writing, it was reading. I don't know why I didn't put what the book was, but I didn't.

On the fifth of June, 'Had fifth yoga lesson with Desikachar. Very good with the leg.' In other words, he didn't do what Iyengar had done, which hurt my leg.

The next day, 'Mother and Huges fly to New York. Krishnaji washed the car. The kitchen is finished. I began cleaning it. The Linkses brought Alain, who had spent the night in London, back to Brockwood, and they had tea.'

On June seventh, as well as work in the house, 'There was a meeting after lunch with Krishnaji, the Simmonses, Alain, and me about Brockwood policies.'

Editor's Note: ***We can read this code for difficulties about school policies between Alain and the Simmonses.***

S: Stopping a minute here: you're mentioning you having lessons with Desikachar.

M: Yes, I began.

S: Was Krishnaji having lessons at the same time?

M: Oh, yes. He'd come to work with Krishnaji, and I was just lucky.

S: Right, yes.

M: So, June eighth. 'A warm day. Yoga at 4 a.m. Drove to Dorking to lunch with Ginny Travers**[2]** and children. Back to Brockwood for supper.'

Then the next several days there was nothing special, just more work to find things for the house. A trip on the eleventh with Krishnaji to London for tailor, dentist, haircut, etcetera.

It seems that on June twelfth, 'Krishnaji's right foot was swollen and sore,' which continued the next day. Also the next day, 'An unhappy discussion between Krishnaji, Alain, and Dorothy Simmons. Alain called me in the night, talked to him for hours.' He and Dorothy didn't get on *at all*. And it was over that student, that Indian boy. Alain felt he was his guardian or something. The father had given him permission to put him in the Brockwood School, and Dorothy didn't want Alain interfering. They didn't get on at all, and Alain was very emotional about these things. This was the year that Alain finally left.

S: Right, right.

M: And I was trying to, you know…

S: Make things work, yes.

M: June fourteenth. 'Alain rang Dr. Schmidt.' That's the Swiss homeopath who says that 'Krishnaji has gout. The Digbys and Mary Links came in the afternoon for an editorial meeting. Joe Links came with Mary's grandchildren, Anna and Nicky. We had tea. After supper, Krishnaji, Alain, and Dorothy had another meeting about Alain to which I didn't go.'

The next day, 'Another long talk with Alain. Walked alone in the afternoon.'

June sixteenth, 'Talked early to Alain, then Krishnaji. Then we had a three-way talk with Krishnaji, Alain, and me, at which it was resolved that Alain promised not to talk about leaving or to leave.' Well, that didn't last, but anyway, that's what happened in June. 'Winchester in the p.m. On return, I took Krishnaji for a drive toward Droxford along the lanes. Breathtaking countryside.'

June seventeenth, 'It was raining. Yoga lesson number twelve. Krishnaji came with me to Alresford and Winchester. After supper, Krishnaji talked to Alain and me about the danger of destructive forces.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Readers will remember in Issue 8 that Krishnaji's understanding of "good" and "evil" were not abstract notions, but real and palpable; and that "the good" was often under siege by forces wanting to destroy it.

There are no other notes of this day's discussion, that I know of, on "the danger of destructive forces" that Krishnaji wanted Mary and Alain to understand; but Mary often subsequently expressed that she felt that the forces that compelled Alain to leave the important work he was doing with Krishnaji were more than anything easily understood.

S: Mm, hm, mm, hm.

M: Then, there's more about decorating and buying antiques for the house. Oh, on the nineteenth, 'Mr. Knight brought a desk for Krishnaji.' That's the desk you have now. It was fun going to the antique dealer's.

S: Of course.

M: Then let's see…Krishnaji's foot was better so he could walk. He was also practicing his driving so he could get his English drivers license. Then on the twenty-second of June, 'Krishnaji held first talk and discussion at Brockwood in the big room. About 165 people came, including two boys, Terry Agnew and Alan Hansen from Sonoma. Sandwich lunch afterwards.'

Krishnaji drove me to Winchester and beyond, practicing with the Mercedes for the driver's test. We had our first meal at the new long table in school's dining room. Krishnaji played a game of throwing the Frisbee on the lawn after supper.'

S: The big room you mentioned where the public discussion occurred, is that currently the big sitting room at the school?

M: That's right. In the school.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> One hundred and sixty-five people in that room would have meant the room was absolutely packed, with everyone sitting very tightly on the floor.

S: Right. And the school's dining room is where the new tables were laid out.

M: Yes; when we bought Brockwood, where the dining room area currently is was a billiard room. In my mind's eye, I see billiard tables. I guess they were taken away. But that had been nothing but billiards, because their dining room was the paneled room.

S: Yes, yes.

M: So, on the twenty-third, 'Alain went to town. I had a yoga lesson. Krishnaji spoke of a committee to supervise everything someday. Heh-heh. [*Both chuckle.*]**[3]**

The next day, 'Krishnaji talked to two new teachers, Mark Schmidt and John Digues as well as the Simmonses, Alain, and me about the school.'

On the twenty-fifth, 'Alain took me to the 8:50 a.m. Alton to London train. I met Mr. Knight, went to Christie's and then Sotheby's, Mallets, Partridge, etcetera,' they were all antique places. Christie's and Sotheby's you know. 'Spent the rest of the day doing errands. Had tea with Fleur and her sister and caught the 5:20 p.m. train back.' In those days, we always went to Alton, till we discovered Petersfield was more convenient.

On the twenty-sixth, 'Anstee came in the morning and he slightly darkened the glaze, and gave final okay to the painter to go ahead.' That was the drawing room.

S: Yes. We should say it was a very special old-fashioned painting technique that was used. And people won't realize that. Called scumbling or stippling.

M: I can tell you how to do it.

S: Good. Tell us.

M: Well, you painted the room the color you wanted, and then to get the stippled effect, to make it look like parchment, you take a thick painting brush that's very tight and doesn't bend.

S: Right, with short, stiff bristles and you tap it.

M: That's right; up and down and all around.

S: Right, tapping the ends of the bristles, and you don't drag it, like normal painting. You just tap it with the end of the bristles. And this makes little tiny dots.

M: But they do it very regularly, and that gives a textured effect.

Editor's Note: ***Click here to see an example of this method of painting***

S: Right, right. But, now, isn't it that there is one color underneath it, and one color on top of it, so that when you do that banging effect, it actually shows through the surface color to the base color, or something like that?

M: The word "glaze" keeps coming into my mind.

S: Yes, that's the surface one. That's the surface one.

M: But it doesn't have to be colored. It's kind of like honey, almost. I mean, it's just the substance of it—there's not pigment in it.

S: Oh. Anyway, it's a very old fashioned technique. And you had to have…

M: An old, old, old painter.

S: He had to come from London, right?

M: He had to come from London, because local painters just couldn't do it.

S: Yes. I remember, there were these two wonderful old painters who worked on the Krishnamurti Centre in 1987, wonderful old, old painters, who would come in their white overalls [*M laughs*], paint all day long, and take them off at the end of the day, and they were immaculate! [*M laughs.*] There was not a splash of paint on their fingers or clothing! [*Both chuckle.*] They were also painting at an incredible speed, and absolutely not a drop spilled. [*Both laugh.*] And I showed them that room, and they were…

M: They knew.

S: They appreciated the work of the West Wing. They said they could've done it, but they said the West Wing was done by someone of the old school who really knew how to do it properly, and [*M chuckles*] there weren't many left.

M: That's right. And when we had the fire…

S: I remember.

M: …I had to repair some of that.

S: Yes.

M: I got it through a lady who paints for Anstee, what's-her-name.

S: Oh, that lady. I remember her.

M: Yes, she was providing…

S: Right.

M: …decorating help. I mean not decorating, but furnishing.

S: Right, yes.

M: And she got me the painter; this old fellow, and she brought him down from London to do it.

S: Yes.

M: 'School meeting in the afternoon; Krishnaji, Alain, the Simmonses, Digues, Schmidt, and me. Tensions are everywhere. Alain was very tense. Had a yoga lesson.' Everybody was tense, particularly Alain.

S: Yes.

M: The twenty-seventh of June. 'Talk at breakfast with Alain. Then, he and Brant Cortright left by car for Paris en route to Saanen.' Brant Cortright was a student, I think. Krishnaji and I went to Winchester in the afternoon. Got his temporary driving permit.'

The twenty-eighth of June 'A lovely day. Gentle day. Meeting on school matters in the morning. We will accept Marcus Lavarra and Alan Shapiro as students. Mirror for the drawing room arrived, and so did the desk for Krishnaji.'

Oh, here's something fun. June thirtieth: 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji passed his driving test in Winchester and now has a lifetime license!' That was a triumphant day! Because, if you recall, he'd gotten turned down in California, and he was unhappy that he'd flunked. So, he said he'd get one in England, but to be on the safe side, he engaged an equally aged gentleman to give him driving lessons, so he'd learn the English driver's laws and techniques. And [*S laughs*] this day, what happened was that the teacher, a little old man, came, and he rehearsed Krishnaji, though he didn't tell him that, by having Krishnaji driving all through Winchester. He said, "turn left here" and "stop here" and "turn right here", and all that. He knew exactly the pattern that the inspector would take Krishnaji.

S: Right, right.

M: And Krishnaji did it flawlessly. So the old man got out, and the inspector got in, and they went over the exact same route.

S: Oh, perfect.

M: And Krishnaji got it. And he came back very happy, because everyone had said to him, "Oh, nobody ever gets it the first time, and they're very difficult."

S: Right.

M: And he was quite put out at having flunked in California. [*S laughs*.] He came back, you know, just triumphant!

S: Good.

M: It was a splendid day. [*Both chuckle*.]

July first. 'Krishnaji and I to London by car. Took him to Sulka, where Mary Links met him while I went to fetch bedspreads, etcetera, and with Anstee to find Japanese shades.

Met Krishnaji and Mary and L'Aperitif for lunch. We went to Lobb afterward. Then Krishnaji and I drove back to Brockwood.'

July second, 'Packing, etcetera. Krishnaji washed the car in the afternoon, and while backing into the garage, his foot slipped on the accelerator and the back of the car was slightly demolished [*chuckles as she reads this*] against the garage door.' I was upstairs doing something, and he came up looking stricken! *Stricken!*

S: Oh, yes.

M: I thought he'd hurt himself. I blurted out, "What happened? Are you alright?", you know. He couldn't speak, he was so shocked.

S: He'd hurt the poor Mercedes.

M: Yes. [*S chuckles*.]

July third. 'Krishnaji is still shaken by yesterday's car episode. Dorothy Simmons in the Land Rover drove Krishnaji, me, Desikachar, and Narendra to the London Airport.' Narendra was the bone of contention between Dorothy and Alain.

S: Right, the Indian boy. I remember.

M: We ate sandwich lunches there, and then Krishnaji, Desikachar, and Narendra flew to Geneva where Alain was to meet them, and Dorothy and I came back to Brockwood. The Mercedes had been towed to Southampton, and they will let me know the damage tomorrow.' There didn't seem to be very much.

S: So, Alain had already gone.

M: He'd gone. Alain would have taken Krishnaji to Vanda at Chalet Tannegg because she would've been there. She always came in July.

S: Right, right.

M: The fourth of July. 'Krishnaji and Alain in Geneva to see Dr. Schmidt for a check-up, and then they went to Gstaad. I put things away at Brockwood, paid the bills, etcetera. Two months to fix the Mercedes! The house is so quiet. There's scarcely anyone here. Alain called from Gstaad, got me an Avis rental car.'

The next day 'I put everything away in locked cupboards for Krishnaji and Alain. Packed for myself. Went to Winchester to get a plane ticket.'

On the sixth of July. 'Donald Hoppen drove me to the London Airport. I took the 2:40 p.m. Swiss Air flight to Geneva. An Avis VW was waiting, and I drove to Gstaad and

found Chalet Trois Ours.' That was the year I rented part of Chalet Trois Ours, which is just below Tannegg, as you come up the hill.

S: Yes.

M: I took a flat in it. About half of the house.

S: Right.

M: 'Went to Tannegg to see Vanda and Krishnaji. Unpacked a little at Trois Ours. Alain came in later.'

The next day 'I had the twenty-sixth yoga lesson with Desikachar at Tannegg. I lunched there with Vanda and Dorothy. Talked to Vanda till 4 p.m. Did errands in the village, and finished unpacking.'

July eighth. 'Lunched at Tannegg with Krishnaji and Desikachar. Krishnaji held a discussion with the young people at the Schonried School.'

Krishnaji held another young people's discussion on the tenth.

On July eleventh, 'Early lunch with Krishnaji and Alain. Then, we drove to Thun, where Krishnaji got his new Mercedes sports car! [*S chuckles*.] I drove back with him. Exhausting afternoon, and on into the night with Alain. He was being impossible.'

July twelfth, 'Lunched at Tannegg, with Vanda, Krishnaji, Alain, Brant Cortright, and Narendra. Alain saw de Marxov at 2:30 p.m. and I had him to tea to discuss Alzina.' Alzina, I've been into that with you.

S: Yes, but who is de Marxov?

M: De Marxov was the person in charge of Alzina. Alzina was an account that was for Krishnaji to use as he chose.

S: Right. Yes.

M: Frances McCann was behind it. And de Marxov was broker or businessman or investor. He was quite an elderly man.

July thirteenth. 'Drove Krishnaji to Schonried, where he spoke to young people. We had lunch at Tannegg, Vanda, Krishnaji, Alain, and a Mr. and Mrs. Raul, a UNESCO man from Paris. Had a nap. Then, a looooong conversation with Alain on all the difficulties. Had a violent headache.' He was so being difficult, and I was trying to keep him with us, because I thought he had very useful capacities and skills in bringing young people.

S: Yes, you've always said that.

M: And I felt that was important.

S: Yes, it is.

M: He wanted to storm off, and I wanted to hold him there, for Krishnaji's sake, the work, and everything.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And this particular day, we had this awful conversation that really baffled me, and suddenly, I got a blinding headache so severely that I almost fell over, and it shocked him out of his tirade.

S: Right.

M: But it was most unpleasant.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Mary always maintained that Alain had been so good for Krishnaji's work as he was the one who brought groups of young people, and got Krishnaji to speak at universities. In fact, no one did that after Alain left.

The next day, 'Lunch at Tannegg with Vanda, Krishnaji, Alain, and Desikachar. At 4 p.m. I went with Krishnaji in his new Mercedes. He had his hair cut. Then, we went for a long, peaceful drive across Les Mosses.' You remember Les Mosses?

S: Yes, I do.

M: 'And back via Le Pillon. Krishnaji asked me to talk to Vanda about Tannegg next summer.'

July fifteenth, 'The thirty-third and last yoga lesson. Desikachar leaves tomorrow for England. Then, meeting with Krishnaji and Noyes…' Colonel Noyes, do you remember Colonel Noyes?

S: Ah, yes.

M: '…the Hookers, etcetera, about the Live Oak School.' Noyes was running a little school in Ojai. 'Lunched at Schonried, in the young people's chalet.'

The next day, 'Desikachar left. Vanda went to Geneva and met her son-in-law. Krishnaji took me for a drive to Lenk, and then we lunched alone. Astronauts Armstrong and Collins took off on Apollo 11 for a moon landing.' That's going on.

July seventeenth, 'Drove Krishnaji to the opening Saanen talk. The question and answer period was broken up by an angry Norwegian boy.' That was before your time.

S: No, no, it wasn't. I mean, I wasn't there that year, but that Norwegian kept going forever.

M: Yeah, I know.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Lest the reader think there was any substance in the outbursts, this Norwegian and a female confederate were invariably off subject and seemed only intent on showing off or drawing attention to themselves. There were clearly psychological issues involved. They were simply disruptive.

Anyway, 'the Simmonses, Donald Hoppen, Alain, and I met afterward with Krishnaji who offered Donald de Vidas's job in the Saanen Gathering. He is to think it over.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji had a meeting with Mary Cadogan and Alain. Vanda and I had a brief talk and agreed to all share Tannegg next year.'

On the nineteenth, 'There was a Saanen Gatherings Committee meeting at 10:30 a.m. with Krishnaji, Alain, de Vidas, Mary Cadogan, Doris Pratt, and me, plus Donald Hoppen, who can't accept Krishnaji's offer to run Saanen in de Vidas's place because he needs one more year in the U.S. for his final qualification there as an architect, but he will help. De Vidas's resignation was accepted as of the end of this season. But he has not resigned as head of the French group, as his letter implied. Lunched at Tannegg. Krishnaji, Vanda, and I talked about young people's housing next year. Vanda and I talked alone about sharing Tannegg and its costs next summer. Went to a movie alone in the evening.'

On July twentieth, 'I drove Krishnaji to his second talk. Lunched at Tannegg with Krishnaji, Vanda, and Alain. Alain and I dined with the van der Stratens, and at 8:30 p.m. news came that the astronauts Armstrong and Aldrin had landed a capsule on the moon.'

The next morning. 'Went to Tannegg at 6 a.m. to watch on Krishnaji's television, Armstrong followed by Aldrin, setting foot on the moon. Vanda left for Florence after lunch. I moved up to stay at Tannegg.' When she went away, she had me come and run things. 'Watching at 6 p.m. TV shots of the astronauts taking off from the moon to rendezvous with the main capsule and the waiting astronaut Collins.'

On the twenty-second, 'Took Krishnaji to his third talk. Robert Weikoff and his fiancée, Favienne van der Straten, came for lunch. Desikachar's wife had a baby girl!' Gosh, he got back just in time. 'But it didn't live.' Oh dear.

S: Yes.

M: 'John Digues not to be a Brockwood teacher. Fetched Krishnaji up the hill after he walked down it.' [*Chuckles*.]

On the twenty-third, '9:30 a.m. meeting, all the committees of other countries. The Simmonses stayed for lunch. Krishnaji took me for a drive and a walk toward Lauenen.'

Krishnaji held the fourth talk on the twenty-fourth. 'Came back and watched TV of the perfect landing and pick-up of astronauts in the Pacific.'

On the twenty-sixth, 'Krishnaji had taped discussion with Swami Venkatesananda.

Then, there was a meeting of Mary Cadogan, Donald Hoppen, Ms. Keller of the Swiss Committee, and Mr. and Mrs. Graf. Latter three are to handle the Saanen business matters for the Saanen Gathering Committee. Cragnolini, Senior Navarra, and Bruno Ortolani came for lunch. A secretary, Ms. Anderson, arrives. I brought her up to Tannegg to take dictation.'

S: This was the secretary that was to help you?

M: Yes. But I'm not good at dictating.

July twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji to the fifth talk. On return, Mark Schmidt made a fuss about Dorothy Simmons's remark.' I don't know what that was. 'Suzanne and Hughes van der Straten came for lunch. Then, at 4 p.m. there was a Brockwood meeting. Krishnaji, Alain, Simmonses, Schmidts, Donald, and Laurents'—were they there in your time?

Editor's Note: ***It seems extraordinary that in such a small school, there could have been so much conflict, and that Krishnaji would have to be pulled in. But Mary's diaries, and many conversations with people who were present at the time, confirm that this is what the beginning of Brockwood was like.***

S: No.

M: He was a Frenchman who taught yoga, and he had a wife and a child, and they eventually went off because it was decided that there couldn't be little children underfoot at Brockwood.

The next day 'I became signatory for Krishnaji of his account. I went for a drive with Krishnaji. Mrs. Travers…', that's Pamela Travers, '…Frances McCann, and Ted Santos for lunch. Donald rang and asked to see Krishnaji, and came at 2:30 p.m. I fetched the Simmonses, who were disturbed over the friction yesterday. Krishnaji is upset too.' This was a bad summer, I mean overall.

On the twenty-ninth, 'With Krishnaji to his sixth talk. Meeting afterwards with the Simmonses, Donald, and finally Alain. All ate lunch late.'

On the thirtieth, 'Krishnaji and I to Thun in the Mercedes while it had its 500-kilometer service. We took the lake steamer to Spiez and back, having a picnic lunch on-board.

Then, drove to Interlaken in a borrowed car. We got caught in traffic. Came back in the Mercedes, slightly late for Krishnaji to go to a Spanish tea.'

On the thirty-first of July. 'With Krishnaji to the seventh and last of the Saanen talks. There was an interview. Marketed. More interviews. Krishnaji walked almost to Saanen, and I picked him up and took him to say goodbye to Swami Venkatesananda. Donald came to supper and talked to Krishnaji.'

First of August. 'A long talk with Alain at breakfast. Vanda arrived from Florence. She is coming with Alberto', that's her son, 'on Monday. David Bohm and the Hammonds came for lunch. There was a tea for all the foreign committees. Krishnaji walked to Saanen afterwards and I picked him up. Madame Duperrex…' She's the very, very nice concierge of Les Caprices and also Trois Ours'. '…suggested renting Chalet Trois Ours to someone else for August' because by this time, I was taking care of Tannegg with Vanda away.

S: Of course, of course.

M: She was very nice and said she could rent it to someone else for August, because I'd taken it for the summer. 'Talked to Alain, who came to supper.'

The next day 'Krishnaji spoke to an encampment of young Theosophists. There was a meeting of the Dutch Committee. There was a discussion all afternoon between Krishnaji, Alain, and me.'

On the third of August, 'Krishnaji came to breakfast with Alain and me, and talked till almost 10 a.m. Then, we dashed to the tent for the first of the public discussions.'

August fourth, 'Krishnaji held the second public discussion. Simmonses, Donald, and Alain to lunch. Talked afterward without Alain. Then there was a meeting of the Saanen Gathering Committee after which Alain came to Tannegg. Krishnaji talked to him with me there for three hours. Alain will no longer be his personal assistant. He is to work away from him.'

The next day was the third discussion. In the afternoon, I took Krishnaji to Schonried for a discussion with young people. At 5:30 p.m., the Simmonses and Donald came, and Krishnaji told them of Alain's change of work.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> It doesn't seem right to proceed without underscoring the amount of talking Krishnaji was compelled to do in four days.

- ***Long talk with Alain at breakfast.***
- ***David Bohm and the Hammonds for lunch.***
- ***Tea with the foreign committees.***
- ***Speaking to an encampment of young Theosophists.***
- ***An all-afternoon discussion with Mary and Alain.***

- ***Krishnaji speaks to Alain and Mary from breakfast to 10 a.m.***
- ***First public discussion.***
- ***Second public discussion.***
- ***Simmonses, Donald, and Alain over lunch.***
- ***Saanen Gatherings Committee meeting.***
- ***Three-hour discussion with Alain.***
- ***Third public discussion.***
- ***Afternoon discussion with young people.***
- ***Late afternoon discussion with Simmonses and Donald about Alain.***

On the sixth, 'there was the fourth discussion. Supper with Vanda, her son Alberto, and Melanie Wyler.' Melanie Wyler was the daughter of Willie Wyler**[4]**, an old friend of mine from the movies.

S: Right.

M: August seventh through ninth were the fifth through seventh, and last, public discussions.

On the tenth there was a long talk between Krishnaji, Alain, and me about Alain's new work for Krishnaji. All sounded well. After the walk there was a phone call from Dorothy that Narendra was leaving Brockwood to go with Mark Schmidt. Krishnaji disapproves. A cable was sent to his father. Narendra was at the base of the Alain's ill temper.

S: And what was he doing, Narendra was going off with Mark Schmidt?

M: He was going with Mark Schmidt somewhere, I don't know why.

The next day, 'Krishnaji, Alain, Vanda, and me in discussion on the Narendra thing, all morning. A second cable was sent to the boy's father.'

On August twelfth, 'Krishnaji and I took a picnic and drove in his Mercedes down to the Col de Pillon, Les Avants, and then back via Bulle.' You know, down to the lake and then up to the mountains again.

August fourteenth, 'With Krishnaji to the bank to put his account from AN to MZ account, "trust account"'—that was to authorize me to handle it. 'Frances, and Pietro came to lunch, also Madame Duchet. Walk with Krishnaji.'

Then Krishnaji has a series of personal interviews, and I had a lesson from Alain on running the Nagra as I would have to do the taping from now on.

On August eighteenth, 'Last talk between Krishnaji, Alain, and me on his plans. Krishnaji and I went to Thun to leave his car with Mr. Moser's garage for the winter. We had a picnic lunch by the lake. Returned to Gstaad in Alain's VW. Posted tapes to the

Lilliefelts. Packed. Alain, Vanda, and I had supper. Alain goes to Italy tomorrow, so does Vanda. Alain said goodbye to Krishnaji, and then to me.'

August nineteenth, 'Vanda left very early for Florence. Alain also left early for Italy. Krishnaji and I left at 11 a.m. and had a picnic lunch near Rolle on the lake. Continued to Geneva and the Hotel du Rhône. It was such a relief when Alain left.' You know, this drama and tension that was going on was terrible. When we drove down to the lake, I remember we were, huhhhh [*deep breath out*], you know, relieved.

Editor's Note: ***While Mary is expressing relief at the moment when the source of tension was finally relieved, it was in fact a deep sorrow for her that she continued to express even decades later. Not only did she feel that Alain was important for Krishnaji's work, but she had a genuine affection for Alain and an appreciation of his company. There had been the understanding for many years that Krishnaji, Alain, and Mary would be a lasting team; a living, loving unit that would spend their remaining years together. Mary never lost her affection for Alain.***

S: Yes, yes.

M: On the twentieth, 'Krishnaji and I carried three tape recorders and a camera. Flew to London at 12:30 p.m. Dorothy and Montague met us. One of the shipped bags was lost. Arrived at Brockwood at 5:30 p.m.'

The next day, 'I unpacked. Mary Links came for tea. Explained some of the events of the summer, Alain, etcetera. She is disturbed. Also, she doesn't want to do the Bulletin anymore. The Mercedes won't be ready for three weeks.'

Editor's Note: ***Mary and Joe Links remained close to Alain, and were of the opinion that Dorothy was a large part of the reason Alain was no longer part of the work, but that Alain had suffered all the consequences. I remember the Digbys voicing something similar.***

On August twenty-third, 'Krishnaji dictated a conversation. In the night I kicked something and the next day I had a sore foot. In the afternoon, Alan Hooker drove me to Winchester. The foot was x-rayed at the hospital. A slight fracture of a toe.' Huh.

On the twenty-fourth, 'Krishnaji dictated another "conversation" to me. We walked around the garden.'

August twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji has a cold. I went to London by train. Met and then made the rounds of the King's and Fulham Road.' That was, you know, picking up things for the house, all the different antique stores.

Editor's Note: ***All with a slightly fractured toe.***

S: Mm, hm. Yes, yes.

M: August twenty-sixth, 'To Winchester with Donald about a TV set for Krishnaji. His cold is better, but he's very tired. He stayed in bed all day. I moved furniture, and changed rooms around. Krishnaji's study goes to the school.' Krishnaji's study was what became the school library, the end of the building, under my room. 'Alain's study goes to the school and his bedroom becomes a guestroom. The present guestroom becomes the dining room, and the dining room becomes an office.'

S: That's right. That was a little room that became your office.

M: That was my office eventually.

S: Right, which you never used.

M: Never used. [*S laughs*.] I used it a little bit. It was just easier to do it in my room.

August twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji stayed in bed all day resting. His cold is improving. I did desk work.' Let's see…he seems to have stayed in bed until lunch on the twenty-ninth when 'Krishnaji got up for lunch. Saral and David Bohm came. There was a discussion with Krishnaji about the school.'

August thirty, 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji and I drove in the Hooker's small car, now bought by Brockwood, to Blackdown to have tea with the Linkses.'

On the thirty-first, 'Krishnaji dictated to me in the morning. The Digbys came to lunch. After tea, they left, and Krishnaji and I walked down the lane across a golden field. How lovely this country is. Worked on learning to use the Nagra.'

September first, 'Krishnaji dictated to me. Frances McCann arrived to stay through the talks. I went to Heathrow to meet and bring back the Biascoecheas, who are also staying here through the talks.'

The next day Krishnaji held a discussion with the school at 4 p.m.

On September third, 'I went with Krishnaji and Donald to London by train to Sullivan and Woolley. Then, Krishnaji and I went to Huntsman, then to L'Aperitif, where I saw Winny Portarlington.' Lady Portarlington was a great friend of my Aunt Dorothy, and I knew her as Winny. 'We came back on the 4 o'clock train.'

On the fourth of September, 'the tent is up in the field.'

On September sixth, 'Krishnaji gave his first talk at Brockwood in the tent in the field. Ginny and Bill Travers came and lunched afterwards with Krishnaji, Suzanne, and Hughes van der Straten, and me in the West Wing dining room. First meal there.' I'd forgotten that. 'Trustee meeting at 3:30 p.m.'

On September seventh, 'Krishnaji gave the second Brockwood talk in the tent. The Bohms and van der Stratens lunched in the West Wing. Krishnaji invited David to be a trustee. There was Indian music in the afternoon. I spoke to Sidney Roth about TV films of Krishnaji.' Sidney Roth was the man from Chicago who was paying for filming Krishnaji, and he must've come to Brockwood, I guess.

On September eighth, 'Meeting at 11:30 a.m.: Krishnaji, school members, and the Bohms.

The following day, 'Krishnaji had a discussion in the tent with about sixty people. It went well. We ate the cafeteria lunch that was on sale. Walked with Krishnaji around the lanes.'

Editor's Note: ***Unlike every other place that Krishnaji spoke around the world, the kitchen at Brockwood Park felt it was right for them to feed people who came to hear Krishnaji. The small kitchen staff with a few volunteers consequently sold lunches and snacks to any who wanted it; preparing meals for sometimes six times as many people as when the school was fully occupied.***

September eleventh, 'I spoke to Alain who arrived in London, and will see him Monday. Krishnaji held the second discussion in the tent. We lunched there again.'

On September thirteenth, 'Krishnaji gave his third Brockwood talk. We lunched in the tent. At supper we were forty with sixteen nationalities. Mercedes was delivered after ten and a half weeks.' That was from when he pushed it into the garage.

The next day was the fourth Brockwood talk.

On the fifteenth, 'I drove to Blackdown and saw Alain and Mary Links. I brought Alain his belongings. We lunched in a pub. Then they went to London and I went to Guilford to the garage that fixed the Mercedes for a mirror adjustment. Back to Brockwood by suppertime.'

On September sixteenth, 'Krishnaji decided against the scheduled public talks in Rome and so will go there later, staying here until about October twenty-first. In the morning he dictated a conversation to me. We walked in the afternoon.'

The next morning, 'Krishnaji dictated a very subjective conversation to me, #93.' Well, he was dictating those over a period of years…they were called conversations, but it was just a dictation. In p.m., Krishnaji drove me in the Mercedes to Ringwood and Netherbrook antiques'…that was the antique store I wanted to go to. 'Came back via the New Forest. A lovely afternoon.'

Over the next two days, Krishnaji dictated two more conversations to me, #94 and #95.

On the nineteenth, 'Krishnaji's head is bad.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> "The head is bad" was Krishnaji's expression for times when he would suffer terrible pain in his head. They did not seem to be headaches or migraines or anything commonly understood. "The process" almost always involved such pain.

On September twentieth, 'Pupul Jayakar arrived. I met her at Winchester. She spent the day and night here. I took Krishnaji and her for a drive in the surrounding country.'

On the twenty-second, 'David Bohm came and there was a discussion with Krishnaji, staff, and students.'

On September twenty-third, 'Krishnaji and I drove to London. He had a Huntsman fitting and haircut. We had a picnic lunch in Hyde Park.' You know, we just drove to London as though it was driving to Alresford. It was nothing in those days, no traffic.

S: Yes, yes. Well, without traffic, it's not very far away. It's only about 60 miles away.

M: Yes, and the parking was easy.

S: Yes. No longer.

M: It became impossible.

S: Yes.

M: Anyway, we went. 'We had picnic lunch in Hyde Park then looked at some furniture in Mallet's on Bourdon Street and then left him for an hour with Mrs. Bindley. Left some papers at the Digbys for Alain, who was staying there. Krishnaji and I left at 3:30 p.m. and got back to Brockwood in record time.'

On the twenty-fourth, 'Mr. Graf of the Saanen Committee was at the house. There was a meeting to decide on a tent versus a building for 1970. We chose a tent.' In those days, I think we thought of building something permanent…

S: Yes.

M: …with rooms for teachers to come and stay. [*S chuckles*.] We chose a tent. 'Met Michael Rubinstein at Alton. He lunched with us. I took him back to the train later.'

On the twenty-fifth, 'I missed the 8:55 a.m. train from Alton, but got to London in time to have my hair cut. Krishnaji came by a later train alone' which worried me…I'm saying today that it worried me, whether it worried me then…[*S chuckles*]. 'We met at Huntsman, after which we went to the Digbys for lunch. Did errands, and saw a chair. Took the 55 train back.' The chair was something more for Brockwood, maybe.

There doesn't seem to be anything until the twenty-seventh, when Krishnaji dictates another conversation.

On the twenty-eighth, Krishnaji held another discussion with the staff and students. It was a good one.

On the twenty-ninth, 'Krishnaji dictated conversation #97. In the afternoon, Krishnaji washed the car.

On the thirtieth, 'To London by car.' Where I did various things for the house, then at '4:30 p.m., there was a Publications Committee meeting at the Digbys'. The Hammonds, Mary Links, and Mary Cadogan were there. Got back to Brockwood after 9 p.m.'

On the first of October, 'there was a school meeting with Krishnaji at 11:30 a.m.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated conversations #98 and #99 to me. He washed the car. And we walked.'

On October third, 'with Krishnaji in the car to London. Stopped at Anstee's to see tables. We went to Huntsman and Sullivan, then picnicked in Hyde Park in the car. Then, we drove to Beckenham, where we visited the new Krishnamurti Foundation Trust office, where there was Mary Cadogan, Jane Hammond, and Ms. Reid. Jane Hammond guided us back as far as Cobham and so home.' I didn't know how to get out of Beckenham without going to London.

S: Yes. Quite right. [*Laughs*]

M: On October fourth, at '11:30 a.m. another school discussion with Krishnaji and David Bohm. After lunch, Krishnaji and I drove to Blackdown. Walked and had tea with the Linkses. Drove home in marvelous late afternoon light and rising mists, such a sense of peace and beauty.'

The next afternoon, 'we went for a wandering drive to Woodlands, Selborne, Pulborough, Hooke, and back via Petersfield.'

On the sixth and seventh, Krishnaji did another two dictations to me. Also on the seventh, Krishnaji held another meeting with the school, and talked about responsibility and authority, and Dorothy Simmons' responsibility in particular.

Then nothing much until the tenth, when 'with Krishnaji to London. Huntsman, bookstore, lunched at L'Aperitif. I bought a Phillips tape recorder for Krishnaji to take to India. Went to the health food shop and back to Waterloo to catch an early train home. Krishnaji postponed our trip to Paris by two days.'

On the eleventh, 'a quiet day. We went for a walk and cut ivy from trees along the lane.'

On the twelfth, there was another school discussion with Krishnaji.

On the fourteenth, I went to London to get Krishnaji's visas for France and Italy, and did more antique shopping.

The next day, Krishnaji dictated another conversation. It also says, 'walked in the afternoon. Pondered Mercedes.' But I don't know what that means. Who did the pondering and what for?

S: I think it had to do with if the Mercedes remained a British car, then you had to pay some import tax, which was very heavy.

M: It was very heavy, and that's why I kept cars for a long time in Switzerland, to avoid it: the tax was terrible.

S: Yes, it was.

M: For the sixteenth of October it says, 'Krishnaji and I to London by car. We went to Huntsman and Krishnaji had a dentist appointment at 12 p.m. Teeth are all fine. We went to the Mercedes agency for advice. Then, had a picnic lunch in the car in Hyde Park, and Krishnaji went to see Mrs. Bindley and we drove home via the Heathrow, Camberley way.'

The next morning Krishnaji dictated a conversation, and at 3:30 p.m. a trustee meeting began that lasted the rest of the day.

On October eighteenth, 'Krishnaji dictated conversation #105 to me. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Donald Hoppen, and I walked the boundary of Brockwood to consider conceding a piece of land to the previous owner, Mr. Morton. Rajagopal telephoned Krishnaji from Ojai.'

Nineteenth of October, 'Krishnaji had another discussion with the school on authority.'

On the twentieth, 'Went to Winchester about custom and excise on the Mercedes. Then we went to Guilford about the Mercedes' last fixing.'

The following day, 'Krishnaji held another discussion with the school. In the afternoon, he washed the car and gave another private interview.'

On the twenty-second of October, 'Krishnaji and I to London by train. He had fitting while I fetched his Air India ticket. We met at L'Aperitif where we lunched with Mary L, Winny Portarlington, Ian Mingies'—that's a friend of Winny's—'and Martin Batteisby. 'Then, Krishnaji and I returned by train to Brockwood.'

On October twenty-third, 'Krishnaji had discussion with school at 4 p.m.'

On the twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji held a discussion with the school in the afternoon on love, pleasure, etcetera. We went for a last autumn walk. After supper, Dorothy brought

another Labrador puppy, female, 8 weeks old, and golden. A lovely puppy [*S chuckles*] named Whisper.'

October twenty-sixth, 'Krishnaji and I left Brockwood. Dorothy drove us to Heathrow. We took Air France flight to Paris, at 3 p.m. after eating a picnic lunch in the car. We have rooms at Plaza Athénée. Unpacked and took a walk. Supper in our rooms. Today was most beautiful autumn day ever at Brockwood, and Paris was gentle and a soft gray.'

My diary for October twenty-seventh says, 'Lobb was closed. We bought books, went to the Jeu de Paume [*S chuckles*], walked through the Tuileries to the Louvre, saw the Victory of Samothrace…' That was lovely because, if you remember the Louvre…

S: Oh yes, the Winged Victory. Yes, of course.

M: The Winged Victory. It's up at the head of a great marble staircase.

S: Yes, yes.

M: We went in, and for me, the sight was: Krishnaji, very small at the bottom of the stairs, looking up with just total enjoyment of this marvelous statue, and the whole scene was quite wonderful.

S: And Krishnaji kept a black and white photo of the statue near his bed at Brockwood.

M: Yes, he did.

S: And I have that photo.

M: Have you?

S: Yes. He kept that photo, and I know he loved that statue.

M: Yes, he found it wonderful. All those really ancient Greek things he had great feeling for.

S: Yes, yes. But that in particular. It was just a black and white photo, but it was nicely lit. It was an old postcard.

M: Postcard. I think I remember that Naudé sent it, actually.

S: There was no writing on the back.

M: There wasn't?

S: No. There was no writing or postage on the back. He got it. Well, maybe Alain Naudé bought it for him.

M: Yeah, I think he did. But I'm not…

S: And sent it in an envelope.

M: Anyway, this is the day we went. He was here on the steps, in front of the statue, and I was over to his left, but I was out of the frame, as it were. We'd come in from the left.

'We had lunched at the hotel. And then went to the cinema, and the movie was *Once Upon a Time in the West*' [*S laughs, M chuckles*], which he liked because it was a western.

Editor's Note: ***Krishnaji's preference for movies was westerns and thrillers, and he would make a face and a disparaging remark whenever a romantic scene appeared. His taste in reading was thrillers.***

S: Yes. Of course.

M: 'We walked back, stopping to buy a bag at Vuitton and shoes at Mancini,' that's a good shoe store. 'Marcelle Bondoneau came to tea with me, and G.V. Rao came to see Krishnaji. We had supper in our rooms.'

S: When you say had supper in your "rooms," if I may ask here, would you both have it in one room, or would you have it in separate rooms?

M: Oh, no. We'd eat together. We'd tell them to bring the supper to his room or my room, whichever.

S: Right. Exactly.

M: They were identical rooms.

S: I know. It's just that when you say "rooms," you mean that you had it in one of your rooms.

M: One of our rooms, yes.

S: Right, right.

M: I don't want to imply that we were sharing a room.

S: No, no, no. We're not doing that. [*Chuckles.*]

M: So, that's where we had our supper.

October twenty-eighth, ‘We went to Lobb’s. Krishnaji ordered four pairs of shoes, and then we went to Au Vase Etrusque,’ which is sales of china that I was buying for Brockwood; two sets and those white place settings.

S: Where is that?

M: It’s on the Place Madeleine. Then, ‘We lunched at Conti,’ that’s the Italian restaurant that he likes so much. Monsieur Conti was an ebullient, cheerful man.

S: Where is that?

M: It’s up near the Étoile on Rue…I can see where it was, but I can’t remember the name of the street. ‘Then, we went to a movie, *The Wild Bunch*.’

S: Ah, ha. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: ‘Donald appeared at the hotel with letters from Vigeveno and Alain. About the Vigeveno one, Krishnaji had me telephone Erna in California, and then he sent a cable to Rajagopal.’ Vigeveno wrote these awful letters, but really I think Mrs. Vigeveno did it.

S: Right.

M: Krishnaji never quite blamed him because he thought that he was being manipulated by his wife. Doesn’t say here what any of this was about, so I can’t tell you, but it was one of many unpleasant communications. ‘Went to Madame Welser for Krishnaji to help her.’ She was a French woman and an invalid, she used to come to Saanen, hoping that he could help her, heal her. ‘Then, we came back to the hotel and had supper in our rooms.’

Editor’s Notes: ***Although Krishnaji did heal people, and sometimes had spectacular results, this was not something he was known for, and in fact often asked people not to talk about it. I once asked him what he did when he healed people, and it is one of only two questions I ever asked him (and I asked him thousands) that he wouldn’t answer.***

On October twenty-ninth, ‘Accompanied Krishnaji to Orly. His 1:30 p.m. plane was postponed till 3 p.m., so we lunched there, and then he left for Rome. I went to see my father and stepmother for dinner at Conti’s.’

S: Didn’t you and Bud and I and Kathy go to dinner at Conti’s?

M: I think we probably did.

October thirtieth. ‘Telephoned Rome. Spoke to Vanda and to Krishnaji. I shopped at Dior, lunched with Father and Olive at Le Doyer. Then, dined with them and Thomas…somebody…at the Tour d’Argent.’ That was a friend of Father’s.

The thirty-first of October. ‘Left the Plaza Athénée, lunched with Father and Olive at the Ritz, spent the afternoon with Lacerta,’ that’s an old friend. She was German or Austrian, and her father was a herpetologist, and Lacerta is the name for lizard in Latin. Anyway, she lived in Paris, so I went to see her. ‘Had a light supper at Father and Olive’s. Then, took the 10 o’clock boat-train for London.’

November first. ‘Arrived in Victoria station, caught the train from Waterloo to Winchester, was back in Brockwood by 11:30 a.m. I did sorting of papers all afternoon.’

The next day I was putting things in order for the winter, and packing because on the third of November, my diary reads, ‘Finished packing. Dorothy and Doris drove me to Heathrow, having sandwiches in the car as we did with Krishnaji on Sunday.’ I then flew to New York.

Now the rest of this is mostly about my life away from Krishnaji, but there are some Krishnaji-related things, and I’ll mention those.

November sixth. ‘First letter from Krishnaji written and sent from Rome.’ Then there was a meeting with someone from Harper and Row—they were one of Krishnaji’s publishers—and Curtis Davis of NET about the films of Krishnaji they made.



Mary Zimbalist’s house in Malibu

On the tenth, ‘I took a noon plane to Los Angeles. Amanda met me; Filomena and Cracker,’ (Cracker was our Siamese cat) ‘welcomed me to Malibu.’ Um, ‘Malibu has had two inches of rain and looks beautiful. Also talked to Erna about the meeting between the attorney general’s man and our lawyers, which was postponed.’

On November fifteenth, I got the first letter and cassette from Krishnaji, written in Delhi.

The next day, ‘I drove to Ojai to lunch with the Lilliefelts. Spent the afternoon with them and saw the new Krishnamurti Foundation of America office.’

On the twentieth, ‘I drove to Claremont and met the Lilliefelts and Sidney Roth at the Blaisdell Institute.’ We were setting up Krishnaji talking at Claremont College again. ‘Lunched with Mr. Rempel’—he’s the man that ran the institute—‘and then saw the film made last year of the discussion between Krishnaji and Huston Smith.’ Rempel had had to do with that.



Inside house in Malibu

November twenty-first. ‘Letter #3 from Krishnaji in Delhi. The Lilliefelts and Roth came to lunch, and we discussed filming Krishnaji.’

On the twenty-third, ‘Brant Cortright came to discuss Krishnaji’s speaking at Santa Cruz.’ That was a student. He’s appeared in the record before. Oh, ‘he told of meeting Rajagopal and possible eavesdropping. I wrote to Krishnaji.’ Rajagopal was always surreptitiously recording conversations.

The next day I got two letters from Krishnaji. They often didn’t come in the same sequence as they were mailed.

November twenty-fifth, ‘Erna came, and we went to Santa Monica auditorium about Krishnaji’s talks there. Then to see the videotape of Krishnaji that the Claremont students made last year.’

I see I typed Krishnaji's conversation dictations in here.

On December first, 'Letter and cassette #2 from Krishnaji. He goes from Delhi to Rajghat tomorrow.'

On the fourth, 'A letter from Krishnaji in Rajghat. He went today from Delhi to Bombay.'

The next day I got a cable from Krishnaji.

On the eighth, I wrote a report on Brockwood for the Bulletin.

On the thirteenth, 'A letter from Krishnaji in Bombay enclosing a letter to KFA trustees about Rajagopal.'



Kitchen – Malibu house

On the fifteenth, 'Alain'—that's Naudé—'telephoned and arrived from London last night. He is staying with the Morrises. Alain came for tea; took him back afterwards to where he is staying.' The next day Alain came to supper.

On the seventeenth, 'Cable from Krishnaji about an attempt by Rajagopal to telephone him in Bombay. Spoke to Erna and Saul Rosenthal'—that's our lawyer—'as Krishnaji's cable asked me to tell Rosenthal,' so that's why I called him.

The next day, 'Call to Bombay came at 6 a.m. Could scarcely hear Krishnaji's voice, but he said he is leaving India January twelfth.' Uh, 'I drove to Ojai for trustees meeting with Erna and Ruth Tettemer. Returned for a quick tea with Alain.'



Mary's bedroom – Malibu house

S: Yeah.

M: December twentieth, 'Cable from Krishnaji. He's canceled the Rome talks and is coming here February first.' He would've gone, as usual, to Brockwood first, I guess. And I see that I'm still working on typing Krishnaji's conversation dictations.

On December twenty-second, 'Typed all morning. Letter from Krishnaji in Bombay about Rajagopal. Erna Lilliefelt and I to see Rosenthal and Leipziger'—Leipziger was another colleague of Rosenthal—'about a January meeting between them and Rajagopal and his lawyer. Erna and I came back. Alain came for his luggage and then left. And then Rajagopal telephoned me and talked for half an hour. I wrote to Krishnaji until late.' Rajagopal would sort of grow hot and cold with me, and then he would say, "we've known each other so long" and be sort of that way.

December twenty-third, 'A letter from Krishnaji, and Alain came to supper. Krishnaji goes to Madras on that day.'

Editor's Note: ***The relationship between Alain and Mary remained cordial for the rest of Mary's life, but Alain would not be traveling with Krishnaji again. The exact nature of Alain's work has never been clear to me other than he was, in some way, to help arrange for Krishnaji to speak in different places. I have no sense of how effective this was.***

The next day, 'A letter from Krishnaji about Rajagopal. He's coming here February first.'

On December twenty-seventh, ‘To Ojai with Krishnaji’s letters and to talk to the Lilliefelts.’

Then the last day of the year, ‘Letter from Krishnaji, posted in Madras.’ End of 1969.



Krishnaji’s bedroom – Malibu house

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Kathy was my wife for most of the years I was at Brockwood, and played a pivotal role in the video recordings of Krishnamurti, and starting the first adult center for Krishnamurti’s work.

[2] Born Virginia McKenna, a British stage and screen actress who married Bill Travers. She had been a friend of Mary’s since the 1950s.

[3] Krishnaji suggested this until the end of his life, but there was never any agreement among the Foundations about it.

[4] William Wyler was an American film director, producer, and screenwriter. He won an Academy Award for directing *Ben Hur*, which Mary’s husband produced.

Issue 13: January 1970 to April 1970

If you will remember from the introduction to Issue 11, the discussion for that issue and Issue 12 occurred ten years after the discussion of Issue 10. Mary couldn't find her diary for 1969 for that length of time. Instead, the discussion that produced this issue occurred right after the discussion that produced Issue 10. Consequently, the tone of the conversation in this issue is much more like those of the earlier issues.

Mary is still trying to explicate a fuller picture of Krishnaji's character and of his relationship to the outside world continue to emerge in this issue. Things like his peculiar handwriting in his letters to Mary, and his normal morning routine at this time are discussed. We also see Krishnaji's inability to repeat himself (making it impossible to edit his work with him). Also, even though he had spoken to thousands of people at a time for most of his life, Krishnaji's peculiar shyness is discussed. We also see Krishnaji's extraordinary disassociation with himself.

Scott: So I think we're starting on January first, 1970.



Malibu house

Mary: Well, 1970 began with Krishnaji in India, and I was in Malibu. He'd been in India since the autumn. In January, the first thing that happened to me was that I went down to La Jolla because there was a possibility that Krishnaji would speak in San Diego. I went down to find a place for the three of us to live and to talk to the people at San Diego State University. There I met a man who was the head of religious studies, a Dr. Ray Jordan. I also met, from the philosophy department, Dr. Allan Anderson, who, as we all know, is

the person who eventually did the video recorded dialogues with Krishnaji. I also met a woman called Martha Longnecker who had a house down there, and she very kindly offered it if Krishnaji came down. It was a little house, a very nice house. She is a potter, and had a nice comfortable small house, which she turned over for Krishnaji—she moved out, and Krishnaji and I lived there.

On the twenty-sixth of January, Krishnaji left Bombay and flew to Rome, and after two days he flew on to Brockwood, where he stayed until the second of February, when he flew to Los Angeles. I met him at the airport, and we drove up to Malibu. He'd been up by then for twenty-four hours, but instead of being wilted, he was full of vim and talk. It was lovely.

In those days he was writing to me, and he brought with him…he wrote small amounts every day, but he didn't mail the letter every day, only when he had about two pages…letters numbers 25 and 26; one he wrote while at Brockwood, and one he wrote on the plane.

S: [*laughs*] How nice!

M: They were always wonderful, especially the ones he wrote on the plane. He would describe what he saw out the window and things like that. And his handwriting, it was more like his early writing, because it's become more pinched together somehow.

S: Um.

M: He would write right to the edge of the page. And if [*S chuckles*], let's say, the last word on the line was 'that,' it would be *t-h* on one line, and then *a-t* on the next line. [*Both chuckle*.] He wrote right till you fell off the edge of the page. In other words, he didn't write…what is the word we use in computers?

S: Right justification?

M: Yes, yes.

S: Right, it was right justified! [*Chuckles*.]

M: It was right justified with a pen. [*Both chuckle*.] Anyway, now he rested for a couple of days. I caught him up on all the news of what was happening with the Ojai people.

On the fifth of February, we got a letter report from our lawyer in those days, who was essentially Saul Rosenthal. David Leipziger was a fellow lawyer, youngish fellow—both of them were young in that office. David did a lot of handling the case day to day. Saul was slightly more overall. Anyway, we got a letter from David, who had just met with the attorney general, Laurence Tapper, the deputy attorney general, and Rajagopal, and Rajagopal's lawyer. In those days, his lawyer was a man called Jim Loebl who lived in Ojai. And as a matter of fact, Erna had gone to talk to Jim Loebl when we first started to

think of dealing legally with Rajagopal, but he stopped her—she'd known him personally, socially, sort of—in mid-sentence and said, "I represent Mr. Rajagopal." [*Chuckles.*] And that ended that meeting.

Eventually, Rajagopal changed and got a big law firm in Los Angeles. Anyway, Leipziger had a meeting, and so he reported all that. We read it through, and then Krishnaji had me telephone Rajagopal to say that he had arrived in Malibu and that he would telephone himself in a few days when he was rested. So, that was the opening contact with Rajagopal. When that was done, we went off to see a movie, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*…

S: Oh, yes!

M: …which Krishnaji was very pleased with.

S: Mm.

M: That was just right for him. [*Chuckles*.] Two days later, we went to another movie, *Topaz*.

S: Ah, yes.

M: On the ninth, we drove up to Ojai and had tea with Erna, Theo, and Ruth Tettemer; and then drove back.

On February tenth, Krishnaji began to dictate to me. It was the opening of a book to be done in 1970, and you're going to ask me which book it turned out to be.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And I'm not quite sure. [*Both laugh*.] I'll have to go further in my notes before I'm sure which one it turned out to be.

A couple of days later he dictated one to me on suicide, which was a topic generated by me. And it's in one of the books, it's one of the books that the Digbys did, the big, big fat book.

S: The big fat book is *The Awakening of Intelligence*.**[1]**

M: I think it's *The Awakening*. I'll have to look it up; it may be another one. I really interviewed him in that, on suicide.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But it was really interesting, whether there was ever a justification for committing suicide. The question was…but it's in the book, so it's no use going on about it. There's one chapter in whatever book it was.

S: Mm, hm.

How would this interviewing typically come about? Would Krishnaji have said to you, "Come, I want to dictate some things. Let's start a new book."



Malibu house – Mary's bedroom

M: Yes. Or, he just wanted to dictate. It was, I think, to be a new book, but it hadn't…he didn't think that far ahead.

S: That's what I'm trying to get at. He didn't think that far ahead, he really just wanted to dictate some things.

M: Yes, he wanted to dictate. On a regular basis.

S: On a regular basis.

M: Probably for a book.

S: Alright. But he said to you that he wanted to do dictations on a regular basis.

M: Oh, yes, he did.

S: Right.



Malibu house

M: And he dictated…well, my diary, for instance, says he dictated in the morning, and so forth.

S: Right. Also, since this is going to be for the record, you don't have shorthand.

M: No, I don't have shorthand.

S: So you had to write this all down furiously in your own personal…

M: …in my own longhand, which is…has…

S: Yes, has some your own short-hand shortcuts.

M: Yes. And he didn't dictate that fast, so it was not difficult. I've got the old notebooks, but I don't want to put them in the archives because they look so messy. [*S laughs*.]

S: This will be a good thing for historians to think about!

M: Tom**[2]** has already sort of dismissed that point of view.

S: (*jokingly*) Completely…*completely* useless point of view! Absolutely!

M: And, generally what I used to do was take it down and then Krishnaji would go and have his bath, and I would go and look at what I had written in the notebook, and then if there was something that needed clarification, I would ask him. But he didn't like to repeat…he was very apt to change.

S: I know.

M: You know he [*S sighs*] would rewrite or re…something.

S: I know. In the few things that he dictated to me for the Centre and for the video—every time he would dictate something and I would bring it back to him and I would read it, he would change it all.

M: That's right.

S: Eventually he said, "Look, I'm going to change it as many times as you bring it back to me, so you just decide [*both laugh*] whether you like what you have!" Because I was just automatically bringing it back to see if he liked it but he…

M: He couldn't repeat!

S: Yes. Alright now, let's set the scene here, because you said afterwards he would take a bath, so…

M: Well, this was after his dictation in the morning.

S: Right, so set the scene. He would have his breakfast in his bed.

M: Oh, yes.

S: Right.

M: And then came the dictation.

S: And then came the dictation, but he was still sitting in bed?

M: Yes.

S: And, he would dictate for an hour?

M: Ah, I suppose so. I don't remember accurately, never timed it. But, he'd dictate till he was finished with it.

S: In those days did he have the same routine that he had later on? That when he woke up, he would have something hot to drink like nettle tea or…?

M: Yes, yes. And then he would do his exercises.

S: Right.

M: And then breakfast.

S: And then get back into bed for breakfast?

M: Yeah. As far as I can remember that was always the routine. Unless we were traveling or something.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, usually, for this particular February we are in now, the day was spent at home with this in the morning, and then lunch, and then he'd take a nap and after that we'd take a beach walk.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Unless there was someone for lunch, and even then he'd take a nap. He would unwind from all the traveling and it was lovely, it was nice.

Let's see. On February twelfth, the Lilliefelts, Ruth Tettemer, and Sidney Roth came for lunch. Sidney was a man from Chicago, a business man, and he had given money to KWINC, and because he had, it was felt by the lawyers that someone who was a donor had the right to say, "What have you done with the money that was given in donations?" And so, Sidney became involved in the case.

S: That's right, I remember that.

M: His lawyer would advise with our lawyers.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Anyway, we all went into town after lunch to see Rosenthal and Leipziger, and talk over where we stood in all this.

S: But Sidney Roth disappeared from the scene.

M: He disappeared eventually, yes, meaning by that he went back to Chicago. But he'd appear from time to time, but he didn't take any further active part.

One day, we went up Corral Canyon, which is about a couple of miles up the beach, and it goes back into the mountains. And if you go all the way on the road, you get up, well, it's on a ridge that runs along on top of the mountains behind Malibu. And for me that was a special day because Krishnaji suddenly said, "Oh! This is the real old California mountains and scenery." And it pleased me because that thing that he loved about California, he saw it in Malibu for the first time. It wasn't just a house on a hill looking over the ocean.

S: Yes, yes.



Malibu house – Krishnaji's bedroom

M: It was a part of California that he cherished.

S: Yes.

M: Then, he spoke one day to Rajagopal. He called up, as he said he would.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And Krishnaji invited him to come and to discuss what Rajagopal envisaged as a peaceful settlement, which of course Rajagopal was always saying, "When you come to California again, we'll get together and talk and make a peaceful settlement."

And so, Krishnaji would say, "Come and let's discuss it." And that called Rajagopal's bluff, because he immediately said he couldn't discuss it, his lawyer wouldn't allow it. So, this was the sort of come-on that he was doing forever. When you'd say, "Alright, what about it?", the door slammed in your face.

On February twenty-first, Alain came down from San Francisco, and brought two friends for lunch. Later that day, we had twenty-eight people for a discussion, mostly rounded up by Alain**[3]**.

The next day, there was the second discussion with the same group. And according to my notes, it was videotaped. What's become of that? Have you ever come across it?

S: This is probably one of those old tapes that no one can play or copy.

M: No?

S: Mm, hm. Okay, I'll check.

M: One of the ones that we can't play?

S: Yes.

M: I thought Jean-François**[4]** found someone.

S: He found someone that could do it, but I think that it's gotten disrupted with his leaving and all of that.

M: Not that there's something extraordinary on it; I just was curious that it was videoed that far back.

S: Yes. It would be nice to have it.

M: So, then, ABC, the American Broadcasting Corporation, wanted to interview Krishnaji for a news thing. So, we went into the ABC studio and a man called Robert Abernathy interviewed him. It was a fifteen-minute thing for a news program.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Abernathy used to do commentaries on the news every day in those days.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Again, it wasn't something brilliant. Abernathy had done some homework, but it was rather routine.

So, we come now to March. On the first of March, he gave his first Santa Monica talk. He gave four in all. The auditorium in Santa Monica is not very attractive, but 3,000 people came. Some had to be turned away. The auditorium is fairly good-sized, and it was full to overflowing. But I remember after the fourth one, during the drive home Krishnaji said, "I felt it was like singing to the deaf."

S: Mm, hm.

M: They weren't a very good crowd. Then he started giving interviews to people. Some of the people, I don't remember now who they were, but they were mostly people who'd been in the discussion group; other people had written in. So they came to the house. Then one day he started speaking to me about the events of his life, and he went in, very much, to the sort of …I forget whether he called it this, but a "protective providence" that looked over him. I mean there's many references to his having felt it all his life.



Inside Malibu house

S: Protected, yes.

M: Protected. And he talked a lot about that to me. Nothing that is new, I mean, for me to tell you now, that hasn't been said.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But that was a very strong conviction on his part.

S: Well, more than a conviction in a sense, a feeling.

M: A feeling, yes.

S: He felt that protection.

M: He felt that protection. It was a fact to him. Let's put it that way.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Oh…it was on February seventeenth that we did the piece on suicide. I just came across a note on that.

S: Okay.

M: On March tenth, Krishnaji gave three interviews to people who had written and requested them. And Erna telephoned and reported [*chuckling*], with satisfaction that

we'd grossed $13,600 in Santa Monica [*S chuckles*] and netted between $9,000 and $10,500.

S: Let me ask you just a little bit about the interviews, Mary.

M: Yes.

S: You say Krishnaji had three interviews. Now, would he determine how long he would spend with each one? So that he would say "Have one come at 3 o'clock, one at 4 and one at 5"? Or would he just have them come together and they would wait?

M: Well, either of the above. They were spaced apart, but how long he talked to them was one of the mysteries of my life that I could never [*both laugh*] understand. Because, at times he would talk quite a long time, and at other times, especially here in Brockwood, when he was seeing a lot of people, troubled people would solemnly enter the room, close the door, and within fifteen minutes they would come out looking transformed. [*S laughs.*] And I thought it was impossible that he could even listen to what they would come to tell him in that time, much less solve their problem. But that's how it appeared to me outside the door.

S: Right, right. But the Malibu situation. Where would the people wait?

M: Um…

S: Where would he see them? And where would they wait?

M: That's an interesting question. Now wait a minute. They'd have to wait in the only living room there was, and he would have seen them, I guess, in his bedroom. There's no other place because there was only the one. The dining room was open to the living room; it wasn't closed off, so he couldn't have had it there.

S: Mm, hm. Was there a study or anything like that?

M: No. There were just two bedrooms, two baths, a living room and then a dining room, but there's no door between the living room and dining room. So I guess, although I haven't a direct memory.

S: Okay.

M: But his bedroom was a good-sized room; it had a sort of couch and chairs and things.

S: Mm, hm.

M: It wasn't just a bedroom.

S: Yes; there was a sitting part to it, too.



Inside Malibu house

M: Yes, yes. So…hm. Again, more interviews are noted. And again, beach walks, and again, we discussed Krishnaji's remembrance of childhood, which wasn't very great. And we talked about Masters**[5]**, etc. And he remembered something that happened that was of a spiritual significance. And he knows that it happened, but he can't remember any details of it, just sort of a vague fact that something happened.

S: So now is this in connection with Masters?

M: Um, well, it was after talking about Masters, so it may have been…uh…

S: So Krishnaji remembers that something happened and that it was important and it had spiritual significance, but he can't remember what it is.

M: Yes. Now it might have been the pepper tree event**[6]**, but I don't…I'm not sure.

S: Mm, hm.

M: My notes, alas, are incomplete. Because otherwise, he said he didn't remember that.

S: Yes. Can you recollect what it was he was saying about the Masters?

M: Well, he had that way of talking, explaining the theory, and never saying whether it was so or not.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And he would tell you in detail about how the whole hierarchy worked; he did this at various times.

S: Yes, I know. [*Laughing.*]

M: Most notably the time driving from Rishi Valley back to Madras, and Dr. Parchure was sitting in the front seat, and Krishnaji was talking to me in the back seat and giving the whole picture of everything from the Lord of the World, down. Parchure remembers that.

S: Hm.

M: So you have to…we're in unknown territory when we go into that.

S: [*laughing*] I know. [*M chuckles.*]

M: On March twelfth, we went to Ojai, but Krishnaji drove the whole way and we went to Lake Casitas and took a picnic lunch with us and had a lovely day sitting by the lake, on the ground, and on a hill looking over the lake. And then we went to the Lilliefelts where Krishnaji rested; he took a slight nap. And then we had tea and then there was a discussion for Ojai people; a lot of the old timers appeared.

S: Mm, hm. And that discussion took place in the Lilliefelts'?

M: The Lilliefelts' living room.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And everyone that knew him, except the KWINC people, were there.

S: Where would Krishnaji have sat in Erna's room?

M: He would sit near the piano, if you can remember.

S: I can.

M: And then people would fill the rest of the room, and even out in the front hall where they had lawn chairs.

S: Right.

M: We came home in time for supper. The Dunnes came over and we all went to the movies together.

Amanda and Phil, Miranda Dunne, my friends, for the benefit of future tape listeners, they lived next door to me in Malibu. There was a sort of a canyon, so called, a kind of a little valley between the two places.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And it runs out to the beach and into the sea. And they're, well, like family to me.

S: Yes. What did the three girls feel about Krishnaji? Or how did they get along with him?

M: They loved Krishnaji. They were delighted in his presence. He was wonderful with them, as always.

S: Of course.

M: And, they were devoted to him. Alas, they were not very impressed by what he said, but I, of course, am the world's most zero missionary. [*S laughs.*] I never attempt to persuade or anything. So, although they think he was a very wise man speaking absolute truth and a wonderful human being, and loved to be with him, I can't really tell you more than that. I've given them the books for Christmas, just so they have them. But I don't push it at all.

S: Of course, of course.

M: But they loved him. And the parents also, particularly Amanda. Phil, of course, has a different take; he's intellectual about everything. But, anyway, as a person they liked him enormously. He was rather shy with them in a funny way, the parents. He knew they were my closest friends, and it made him sort of not want to intrude, as it were.

S: Mm, hm.

M: In a way, I wished he hadn't felt that way. But he was always a little bit shy.

S: I don't know [*laughing*] if this is the point to bring it in, but I can remember so many times Krishnaji kind of humorously chiding you that they were your only friends!

M: Yes, yes.

S: He would kind of … [*Chuckles.*]

M: Yes, he chided me for being too…

S: …a hermit or something.

M: …remote or too hermit-like or something. [*S still laughing*.] Also, when we would get into descriptions of what was wrong with people, and I used to tease him and say, "The reason that you are always so critical of married couples, and say that they nag,"—he always used the word *nag*—"is that people only come to tell you their troubles. They never come to tell you how rapturously happy they are."

And he would say, "Well, who do you know that are happily married?" and I would say, "The Dunnes!" [*S laughs*.] And I wasn't very good with further examples.

S: [*laughing*] Well, there aren't a lot.

M: So, anyway, they came and over [*S chuckles*], and we all went to see a movie called *Anne of a Thousand Days* in Beverly Hills. That night Alain arrived late.

We're making a snail's pace through history here.

S: Great.

M: If you say so.

On March fourteenth and fifteenth, there was a third and fourth group discussion this year, also videotaped.

Then Alain went back to San Francisco.

On the seventeenth, Krishnaji resumed dictating a book chapter, and he gave another interview.

S: Mary, can I just ask, when we're clipping through these interviews here, if anyone is, I don't want to say, famous, because I don't care if it's an actor or something; but if it's anyone that it looks like they would have been influenced by Krishnaji's work, then…

M: Yes, of course. Well, you see, now I see a name, F. Fraser; I don't know if it's a man or a woman. And so names like that I don't…

S: Right, no, but I'm just keen also that we trace, when we can, the influence that Krishnaji had on things.

M: Yes. Well, there are names here, but most of them I can't even remember.

S: Yes, it doesn't make any difference.

M: Again, Krishnaji's dictating in the mornings, and giving interviews during the day, and then a beach walk.

Then on the nineteenth, we drove to Ojai via Santa Paula and stopped at that little park at the top of the valley that looks out over Ojai where *Lost Horizons* filmed that view that was used. We had a picnic lunch there. And then we came down to the Lilliefelts', and he held his second Ojai discussion with the group that had been there before.

The next day, Krishnaji had a toothache. We went to a dentist in town, and the dentist said the tooth had to come out because it was just worn down. There was hardly any tooth left. On the way home we went to Lindberg's, the health food store. He took quite a pleasure in going to the health food store. He would walk around and look at everything. We went there quite often.

S: Mm, hm.

M: People who recognized him would walk around and look at him! [*S laughs*.]

That evening we saw on television the first of the NET films made in 1966. They were the first ever done in the Oak Grove when he talked, those black and white…

S: I remember them. But they weren't shown until then? That was the first showing four years later?

M: That was the first showing, and that was the first one of the series.

S: Ah ha.

M: The next day was a Saturday and his toothache continued, but he gave interviews, and held the fifth group discussion. It says here, "Good discussion." But that's all it says.

Editor's Note: ***The Krishnamurti Foundations have put online a great deal of material they have of Krishnaji's public talks and discussions. When Mary feels that an event is especially good, as she does about the talk just mentioned, from now on a link to that event will be given to the readers of her memoirs whenever possible.***

On Sunday, he held the sixth Malibu discussion with the same group, and again interviews in the afternoon. On the beach walk we ran into Jennifer Selznick**[7]**. I mentioned her before. They had a house on the beach.

On March twenty-third, Krishnaji gave two interviews, one to a nice boy, Bill Burmeister, who has since disappeared. He was a seventeen-year-old boy, and he used to come to Saanen in later years. But who knows where he is now.

At 4 p.m., Krishnaji had his tooth pulled out, which was loose and infected. The tooth came out easily, but Krishnaji fainted twice in the car on the way home. The tooth has probably been making him feel under par for months, according to the dentist.

He felt better the next day. Bill Angelos and his wife, and Charlotte Zuteman came for lunch. Then some people I knew who had lunch the day before with Rajagopal at the Vigevenos, they came by and told about the meeting. The Vigevenos and Rajagopal had said that Krishnaji refused to see him. A black lie. [*Both chuckle*.] So, later I telephoned Rajagopal and asked him with or without the Vigevenos to come here to see Krishnaji. He said he would think about it and let me know. Rajagopal always claimed he wanted to see Krishnaji, but alone and on his territory, which Krishnaji wouldn't do. We all believed Rajagopal taped everything, all conversations, without telling you.

S: Mm, hm.

M: On the afternoon of March twenty-fifth, Krishnaji held a young people's discussion. Young people brought by Sidney Field and Laura Huxley and four sent by Dr. Weininger. I forgot whether his name has come into this.

S: I don't think so.

M: Well, Weininger, you would remember, because two of his children came to Brockwood as students. Ruben…

S: Ah, yes, and Rachel?

M: Rachel. They were Weiningers. He was a psychoanalyst/psychiatrist, lived in Santa Barbara, had known Krishnaji for a long time, and was responsible for Krishnaji's only trip to Washington before he spoke there in 1985. He'd taken him to see a meeting of psychiatrists, and I think Krishnaji was taken through a mental hospital, which I think was called St. Elizabeth's in Washington. But any contact that Krishnaji had with psychiatrists in those days was through Weininger.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Laura Huxley was working with Weininger, doing some sort of psychotherapy. They left, and Krishnaji and I walked around the garden. When we didn't have time to go to the beach, we'd walk around the garden, and he saw for the first time the great-horned owl that had come to stay.

S: Mm, hm.

M: That was lovely. It nested in a big eucalyptus tree out by the garage, and you could see it sitting up there with…

S: [*chuckling*] …with his horns, yes.

M: Wonderful.

On the twenty-sixth, we again went to Ojai via the inland way and had a picnic in the little park, Dennison Park. Again, at the Lilliefelts', there was the third discussion with the Ojai people, and then Krishnaji had an osteopathic treatment from Dr. Edna Lay, who was a very good osteopath. And we drove back to Malibu.

The next day, the Lilliefelts, Ruth Tettemer, Sidney Roth, and Donald Hoppen all came at 11 a.m. and we held the annual KFA board meeting.

S: Was Donald Hoppen a trustee?

M: No, he wasn't. But he somehow was there. Alain was supposed to come down for the weekend, and…

S: Because Alain was still a trustee?

M: Yes, he was a trustee. So, I sent Narayan to pick him up at the airport, and he arrived in time for lunch with everyone else. The meeting lasted till 4 p.m., when Krishnaji gave interviews. He was tired that night. That was the first trustee meeting after the formation of the Foundation.

My diary says for the twenty-eighth, Saturday, that we had an interesting discussion at breakfast. When Alain was there, Krishnaji would come to the table so we could all have breakfast together, and we'd often talk quite a long time. It was recorded onto an audio cassette, Krishnaji, Alain, and me. In the afternoon, there was a seventh group discussion at 4 o'clock, and that was videotaped.

That same day, a letter came to Krishnaji from Rajagopal saying that he couldn't leave Ojai to meet Krishnamurti.

On the twenty-ninth, Krishnaji held the eighth group discussion, which was videotaped. Afterward, on the remaining tape, Krishnaji restated something he said at the board meeting about the future of Brockwood and of the foundations. He also discussed Rajagopal's reply with the trustees. I wonder where all these ancient things are.

The next day, 'Alain has decided to stay in California, and in the afternoon, Krishnaji gave an interview to two rabbis, Rabbi Rabin and Rabbi Lymen.' I remember them, sort of.

On the thirty-first, Krishnaji, Alain, Miranda, and I lunched at the Bel Air Hotel. That's a rather nice hotel in Los Angeles, in a canyon; very pretty hotel, lunched in a sort of garden-ish place. And then we went to Hollywood to see a movie called *Airport*. After that we drove Alain to the airport and he went back to Oakland and Berkeley, and he said that he planned to go to Europe in May, gather his things, trade in his VW for a new one, bring all this over. Said a warm goodbye, and Krishnaji and I came back to supper.

Then nothing much happens until the third of April. 'At breakfast, we decided to go to La Jolla the next day, instead of today. I said, it was too nice here, and we didn't want to leave.'

S: [*laughs*] How nice.

M: Yes. So, we had a long, lovely beach walk in the afternoon. Krishnaji had written a letter to Rajagopal, which we posted, and he rang at suppertime and said he wanted to see Krishnaji before he left. Krishnaji said he would ring before leaving. It was a brief conversation.

The next day, 'I packed for Krishnaji and myself, and we left at 12:30 p.m. on a hot, calm day for La Jolla. Stopped and had a picnic lunch in the car, near San Juan Capistrano, and arrived at 3:45 p.m. at Martha Longnecker's in La Jolla. She has lent her house to Krishnaji for the week of his talks at San Diego State. She and the Lilliefelts were staying nearby. We unpacked and went for a walk along the cliffs above the ocean. I made supper.'

On the fifth, 'we went to the hall in the morning with Mrs. Longnecker to see it, and Erna and Theo were there. And then we came back to La Jolla, and I quickly marketed and had lunch cooked for Krishnaji by 12:30 p.m. I drove him to Montezuma Hall at San Diego State campus, where he gave the first of his talks at 3 o'clock. We came back, and walked in the neighborhood. Krishnaji spoke to me about the two months he spent alone in a cabin at Sequoia…' I'm sure he's told you about that.

S: Mm, hm. Absolutely.

M: Yes. And his shyness in avoiding people. He was always more or less shy, but particularly in the early days, and 'he would go to the store in Sequoia, when he figured out there'd be the least people around. He had to buy his own supplies because he did his own cooking. He was shy even of the ranger who cautioned him to be careful on his long walks. He says even today he's too shy to have ever walked alone when we were here on Sunday.' In other words, he wouldn't have walked in La Jolla alone; he'd have been too shy. He's alright when it was in a wild place like Sequoia, but around people he is very shy.

S: So, you didn't walk in La Jolla?

M: Well, I was with him. He didn't do that alone.

S: Right. Now, you have to explain that. Is that because if he is alone, more people will come up to him?

M: Well, La Jolla was a town, I mean, a town in California means houses with gardens and sidewalks.

S: Yes. So he wouldn't have walked alone?

M: No, out of shyness.

S: But, you have to explain that. Why is it alright with you, and not alone?

M: Why? [*Laughs.*] I suppose because people wouldn't have spoken to him, or, I don't know. All kinds of things he could do if someone was there, that he wouldn't have done alone, apparently.

S: I'm no doubt just putting my own interpretation on it; but one of the reasons that I have always liked traveling alone is because people do come up and talk to a person alone; whereas, if there's even just two people, they won't; they leave you alone.

M: Well, that's it then. Yes, he…first of all, he would always attract attention because of his looks. And people who knew who he was would probably want to speak to him.

S: Yes.

M: And he was shy. I'd forgotten that he said that.

The next day was the sixth, and he gave his second San Diego talk at 7 p.m. They were college students that came to that. It was well attended, as I recall, but nothing much came of it.

On April seventh, 'in the morning, Krishnaji had the Lilliefelts and Roth come to discuss legal matters. And then Roth consulted by telephone Mr. Wyatt (his lawyer in Chicago). The attorney general's man, Mr. Tapper, was aroused by the situation set forth by Leipziger and Rosenthal and a meeting of the results of the January twenty-first meeting with Rajagopal and Loebl. We had lunch alone, and Krishnaji rested all afternoon. 'At 7 p.m. he gave his third and a *great* talk,' it says here, 'at San Diego State. We had supper afterward.'

'It was another beautiful day' on the eighth, 'and at 11 a.m., he held a big public discussion at San Diego State. On the way back, we stopped to see a Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sellon who live on the top of a hill above La Jolla. He is ninety-five years old and knew Krishnaji in Adyar, years ago.'**[8]**

S: How nice.

M: 'He gave early books to the Foundation. We came back for lunch. And then, with Theo Lilliefelt, we went to Coronado'—oh, Coronado—I remember this, this is nice—'and visited a heavy cruiser, the Saint Paul, which Krishnaji found very interesting.'

S: Oh, what's this?

M: There's a naval base at Coronado, and Krishnaji had wanted to visit a naval ship. The only one we could get him permission to visit was a heavy cruiser, but he walked around and looked at everything, the way he looks at cars.

S: Yes.

M: It was a little bit like the time in Australia, and the American aircraft carrier; Krishnaji was fascinated by that. I wanted to get him a battleship, but there wasn't one handy!

S: Yes. [*Laughs.*]

M: On the ninth, 'there's a long telephone and talk with Sidney Roth and his lawyer, Mr. Wyatt, who gave advice. Krishnaji and I lunched quietly, and at 7 p.m., he gave his fourth and final talk at San Diego State. There was a huge crowd,' it says. Then, it says here: 'Krishnaji's comment on seeing the photo of himself in a 1929 *Star Bulletin*.' We got that from Mark Sellon the day before. 'He said, "He must've been a very gentle person."'

'We were up the next morning at 6 o'clock. Had breakfast, loaded the car, and had left La Jolla by 7:30. Martha Longnecker came to help and receive her house back. Krishnaji drove the first eighty miles, and we were home in Malibu at 9:50 a.m. The garden and the house was bright with flowers. The Blackburns came at 11 a.m. to see Krishnaji. He wants to do tape duplication for Krishnamurti Foundation.

S: I wonder if it's worth saying something about a seeming disassociation that Krishnaji had with his physical self. I have heard it many times, and it was absolutely genuine. A lot of people could think it was contrived. By contrived, I mean things like Margaret Thatcher's third person "we feel," etcetera.

M: There was nothing contrived about Krishnamurti.

S: I know, and it's important to say that. But, it is also perhaps important to just uncover this phenomenon a bit, because in a way I find it completely consistent with what Krishnaji says about the ego, about not identifying, about the past, etcetera. But all of us live so much the antithesis of that—we look back at a picture of ourselves when were four years old, and we say, "Oh, that's me." Krishnaji would look at a picture of himself as a young boy, and he would see a young boy, and like he would look at any picture of a person, he could tell certain things about that person. Now, Krishnaji seemed to have this disassociation, well, I don't know if it's an exaggeration, but almost about what he was yesterday or five minutes ago.

M: And it's also in the talks. He never liked to say "I"; he'd say "the speaker."

S: Or, K.

M: Or, K, yes. It was part of his…it was his…it was so natural to him. It, um…

S: To me, this is actually an indication of something quite enormous, that he genuinely didn't remember things about himself because in a way, I don't know, perhaps there was no one (no ego, no identity) there to record the events at the time. I can remember, I think when he was reading the first volume of Mary Lutyens' biography of him, he wanted to find out what happened to that boy. It was like he was reading about something with which he did not identify in any way. That's an extraordinary thing.

M: And yet he didn't identify with anything else. I mean, people might easily say, "Well, he identified with a Master or the Maitreya or the World Teacher or something," but it wasn't what we call identification. It was, as you said, there was no *self* to identify.

S: It is quite a phenomenon.

M: Yes, it is. It is. Last night, I was looking through that little book, *The Young Krishna*, that Mary's just done, and reread the part where Nitya talks about when the little child was talking to him.

S: During "the process."

M: Yes, "the process." Nitya writes how the little boy would prattle on to his mother and saying that he had some biscuits in his pocket. You remember that part? And quite a lot of them, he told his mother, and then he confessed that he'd been stealing them from her cookie jar, although he didn't call it a cookie jar, but wherever she kept them, and so he thought he ought to tell her because he thought she maybe suspected it. And Nitya makes the comment that he must've been a very nice child. In a funny way, that character was still there.

S: That's the other part which is remarkable. That character, which one seems to see in early photographs, or one hears about in the early stories, so much of that character never left.

M: Yes. There was…there was…

S: And yet there was not continuity of a "person."

M: When you say he had a childlike quality, this was that in a man in his eighties or something, and it was not in any way odd or incongruous. There was that wonder that a child has, and if he was interested in a motorcar or something, he was like a child looking at toys, with that kind of…

S: Simple absorption, and it's uncomplicated.

M: Yes. [*Pause.*]

S: [*Sighs*] All of this, Mary, all that Krishnaji asked us to do, being able to convey to other people what he was like, it's absolutely impossible.

M: It is impossible.

S: It's just impossible.

M: How can you say a man of eighty-something is, in a way, a child? He sounds as though he's senile or something…

S: I can remember going for a walk with Krishnaji, and he said something about the "old people," then caught himself, realizing that he was old, in that he had lived many years. He started to laugh and then said, "No, no, the really old people," because he wasn't.

M: He wasn't.

S: He just was never old. [*Pause.*]

M: And the heartbreaking thing is that toward the very end, when he knew how bad the cancer was, that it was fatal, he said, "What did I do wrong?" as though it was…

S: A punishment.

M: …a punishment, or that he hadn't been responsible enough to keep the body healthy, which was his job to do, that he had failed in that. And that just broke my heart. [*Long pause.*] It's…I don't know…I don't think…I don't think we can convey this. We can try, and use words, but unless someone intuitively picks it up, or someone perhaps saw some evidence of this in him and would recognize what we're trying to say. Otherwise, people will think we're just devoted devotees…

S: Yes. It also doesn't make any sense…

M: …there's nothing remotely sentimental about Krishnamurti at any moment. He was absolutely repelled by it, and it just wouldn't have…it wouldn't have been possible. And nothing about him should ever be interpreted as sentimental.

S: Yes. Well, that's why it's important, why I want to stop on something like this, because this is such an unusual thing where he could look back at himself as completely divorced from it.

M: Yes.

S: And he always seemed to do that. At least all the time I had contact with him, he always seemed to do that.

And something that seems related: When I saw Krishnaji look at photographs of himself, or the first video of himself that I shot, it both was and it wasn't himself he was looking at. There was no…

M: He also had a fairly—I'd say it was an aversion, though he didn't do it all the time—I often had photographs of him on the desk or somewhere, and he would turn them face down. [*S laughs*.] He wouldn't make a point of it; he'd just, as he walked past, he'd turn it over and go on doing whatever he was doing. [*S chuckles more*.] Or, if a book had a photograph of him on the dust jacket, he'd turn it, so it didn't show in some way. And he seldom, as you know, listened to any recordings.

S: I never knew him to listen to *any*.

M: I remember being aware of it in Rome the first time when Alain was playing for Vanda and me one of the talks, and he'd come into the room and stood there looking questioning. He just stood there and listened a couple of minutes, looking rather critical, and then he'd disappear.

S: Well, this is out of sequence, but that first videotape that we made, and Krishnaji wanted to see it, he came down that evening to the Saanen tent, and there it was, and he looked at the picture for, I don't know, seconds, if that, and then he wanted to look at the wiring, he wanted to look at the back of the machine. He wanted to look at everything other than the picture. He saw that it was a picture of him, and that was enough, you know. But he wanted to look at everything else.

M: He wanted to see how it worked.

S: Exactly.

M: That's why he came, probably.

S: He didn't want to see the picture. Yes, he wanted to see the machinery. Anyway, let's move on.

M: On the eleventh of April, 'we watched Apollo 13 take off for the moon.' That was something he was interested in. 'After lunch, Krishnaji, Filomena, and I went to Santa Monica and saw the movie *True Grit* [*S chuckles*] with John Wayne.' [*M chuckles, too*.] That he also liked.

S: So, Filomena would come with you to the movies sometimes?

M: Not often, but sometimes.

The next day I 'telephoned Alain, who is flying into London and returning in June. The Lilliefelts and Alan Kishbaugh came at 4 p.m. about publishing.'

S: Ah ha, this is the first appearance of Alan Kishbaugh.

M: Yes. He was in those discussions. I'd forgotten that.

S: In your house?

M: Yes. That's where I first met him. I forget how he came to be there. We'll have to ask him. But, he was really the only person in those discussions who seemed a likely person to be helpful with things.

S: Yes. And he was working for a publisher in those days.

M: He was working for a publisher. It was, um, oh dear, what was it? The ones who published Mary's book initially in America. A very good publisher. I can't remember names, anymore. Anyway, he was their representative on the west coast, and dealt with authors and such.

We're about to go to England. So, 'in the afternoon on the thirteenth, there was a 3 p.m. meeting with Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, Ruth Tettemer, Sidney Roth, and Saul Rosenthal.

Krishnaji and I had supper as usual and then news came of the electrical trouble on the Apollo 13 moon mission, forcing cancellation and return to Earth.'

The next day, 'young people came to discuss with Krishnaji in the afternoon. A letter came from Rajagopal and the Vigevenos, and a telephone call from Mima Porter came while we were out.'

On the fifteenth, 'I telephoned and spoke to Sidney Roth and his lawyer, Mr. Wyatt. And spoke to Mrs. Porter. The osteopath came to the house and gave both Krishnaji and me treatment.' That was nice.

We watched the fourth NET film that was shot in 1966 on the seventeenth. I wrote to Mima Porter.

S: I'm sure Rajagopal kept all these letters too, so…

M: Oh, don't think he didn't. Then the next day, 'Rajagopal telephoned Krishnaji and said "Don't desert me."' Imagine that. Hm-hm. 'It was a brief conversation. We had lunch. It was a clear, lovely day, and the flowers and birds fill the garden. Amanda came over at 1:30 p.m. We said goodbye to Filomena and drove to the airport. Krishnaji and I took the 3 p.m. TWA nonstop flight to London. Smooth flight, but virtually no sleep.'

You don't want me to read these day by day!

S: Yes, I do. Yes, I do.

M: Alright.

So, this is the nineteenth. It says, 'Krishnaji and I arrived in London at 10:30 a.m. The Digbys came to greet Krishnaji, and Dorothy was there to bring us back to Brockwood in

the Land Rover. Dorothy said this was the first spring-like day. We arrived at Brockwood, where the daffodils are out but the trees are still bare. The house looked lovely. Everyone gave a warm greeting, and we were just in time for lunch. Both were groggy and tired. Telephoned Mary Links at Blackdown. Alain was there, having flown from San Francisco last Monday. Slept all afternoon.'

On the twentieth, the morning, 'I felt sick, but better later. Very tired. Krishnaji felt the same. Mary Cadogan came by in the morning and for lunch. I brought her up-to-date with the news. Slept in afternoon. I did a little unpacking. Krishnaji and I went for a walk with the two dogs, Badger and Whisper.'

The next day, we're still getting unpacked. 'The Mercedes was reactivated, and in the afternoon we drove to Winchester on errands. Krishnaji talked to me about change that is necessary and quiet within and without.' He was always talking about being quiet within. As you know, a little-paid-attention-to factor in his teaching, the real necessity to be quiet, which, of course, is the emptiness.

S: Yes, an inner quiet.

M: An inner quiet.

S: Mm, hm. Yes.

M: He talked often, *often* about that.

Heh-heh. The next day, it says, 'A quiet day, and I was quiet, too.' [*S chuckles*.] Unfortunately, I wasn't as quiet as I should've been.

On the twenty-third, Krishnaji and I left the car at Alton and 'we took the train into London. Alain met us, and then both Alain and Krishnaji went to a homeopathic doctor, Dr. McGowan, the one that's best in England, according to Alain. He gave Krishnaji a general checkup, and then we went to L'Aperitif, where Mary Links and Alain lunched with us. Alain is to go to Rome on Saturday and later to California. Krishnaji and I went to Flora's and Hatchard's for nature books, and then to Dr. Peter Campion.' Krishnaji's dentist in those days was Dr. Peter Campion, not Mr. Thompson. 'He X-rayed him for an abscess, results tomorrow. Then, we went back to Huntsman, where Krishnaji fitted an overcoat and ordered a blue suit, and I ordered a pair of slacks. We caught the 5:45 p.m. train back.'

S: We must stop there 'cause we're running out of tape. Okay.

M: That was the twenty-third of April, and I'll put this here to mark it.

S: Okay.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Published in 1973, this 538 page book is the most eclectic collection of Krishnaji's material in print: talks, discussions, and interviews.

[2] Tom Heggestad spearheaded the creation of the archives for the Krishnamurti Foundation of America, and continues to work there.

[3] Alain had continued to help organize events as part of what he was doing for Krishnaji even though he no longer was Krishnaji's assistant.

[4] Jean-François Dubuis started working for the video department of Brockwood as a young student at the school, and he continued to work for the department during the summers after he went to university, and again after he graduated. His efforts were indispensable to recording the videos of Krishnaji, and to translating them into so many different languages.

[5] This refers to Masters in the Theosophical esoteric cosmology.

[6] The first time "the process" occurred to Krishnaji, in 1922. For a description of the event see Mary Lutyens' first volume of Krishnaji's biography, *Krishnamurti: The years of Awakening.*

[7] The actress Jennifer Jones who had married David O. Selsnick.

[8] This probably refers to sometime between 1909 to 1912.

Issue 14: April 1970 to June 1970

In this issue Mary brings up what she perceives as Krishnaji speaking on several different levels simultaneously, and also living on different levels.

There is also a discussion of what Krishnaji may have meant by "dialogue" or the exchange he was always looking for in his discussions.

Krishnaji's interest in why he wasn't conditioned as a boy is explored, as is "silence."



Brockwood Gathering 1970

Scott: We're picking this up where we left off, which was April twenty-fourth, 1970.

Mary: Good. Well, we were then at Brockwood. And on that day, I went to Paris and stayed in the Hotel Plaza Athénée.

S: Was this to see your father?

M: It was to see my father because his wife, my stepmother, was very ill. She looked dreadfully, and she was in the hospital. So, I stayed there.

I got back to London on the twenty-seventh, and went from Heathrow to Waterloo Station in London. Mary Links met me there, and we both met Krishnaji when he came in by himself at 3 o'clock. Dorothy would've put him on the train.

We all met at Waterloo. [*Chuckles*.] And then we went to the dentist, who did more X-rays on Krishnaji's teeth. And…oh dear! There was a necessity of three more of Krishnaji's teeth to come out.

S: Oh dear.

M: The dentist was to confer with Dr. McGowan and report. But while we were waiting in the dentist's waiting room, Mary, Krishnaji, and I, to some degree, talked about the biography.

So, we went back to Brockwood, and Dorothy met us at Alton. Krishnaji had written to me both of the days I was away. He had letters for me, which was lovely. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: He wrote to you, and then gave them to you when you came back?

M: That's right.

S: Yes, how nice.

M: Yes. He wrote whenever I was away. And even though I came back two days later, I had two letters, two letters.

S: How nice. If I can come back to Mary's biography, how did she come to write that?

M: Mary must've been in communication with Shiva Rao**[1]**. You know, Shiva Rao was supposed to do the biography, and he assembled a lot of material. But then he got too ill and old and so forth, and so Krishnaji asked Mary to take it over, and Shiva Rao turned over all that he'd written and also the research material, which he'd gathered quite a pile of it, he turned all that over to Mary. She continued, really out of politeness I think, to communicate with Shiva Rao for quite a while. But the book that came out eventually is really all hers because she has a very different style, I think. But that day, he talked very much of what he talked often about, which was, why was the boy unconditioned, and what looked after him? He wanted to discuss it some more another day. He kept coming back and back to that. It's such a…well, now, I find, reading through things, his teachings I mean, his writings, I keep highlighting some things. It keeps jumping out at me, this necessity for everyone to be able to have this emptiness.

S: Mm, hm.

M: He talks so much about emptying the mind. There's some place where I've probably come upon it in notes where he says that every night, before you go to sleep, empty the mind, go through what happened, what you've been preoccupied with that day, and empty it. Finish it! So the mind can start anew the next day. And, of course, this is something few of us even think of trying to do, much less doing it.

S: Yes. There are two things, Mary, in regard to this. It is extraordinary that even up until the end, through all the time I knew him, Krishnaji was interested in why that boy, meaning himself…

M: Yes, yes.

S: …why that boy was never conditioned. And, I can remember Krishnaji also talking about himself once and talking about the Buddha. As you know, it's never a kind of egotism with him, but he was talking about the extraordinariness of the Buddha, but the Buddha had been conditioned and then freed himself, liberated himself from his conditioning; whereas Krishnaji never was conditioned.

M: You know, one of the great mysteries of right now, and I would think it will continue to be mysterious in people who really take this very seriously, is the apparently extraordinary fact or phenomenon of this man who apparently was unconditioned and yet he lived on so many different planes.

S: Yes.

M: I mean, I can rattle on about everyday life with him, but the infinite fact of this man is that that played a very small part, I think—I mean, I'm guessing actually, in the totality of what he was. A lot of what I've been talking about this summer with Dr. Parchure is looking in old, early talks of the 1930s (the collected works that are part of the record), and the hints which a lot of us mightn't pick up in the writing because he'll say something, but it has a much deeper meaning in another context, and yet it seems understandable in our context. We understand it on our level, but it has a deeper significance if you continue to study and see how he's really testifying, or there seem to be very strong hints of a lot of things he didn't go into in depth with that audience, because they wouldn't have understood it. Or, he may come back to it later and deepen it. The study of Krishnamurti seems infinitely subtle.

S: Yes. But he really was living on all of these levels simultaneously not because he's skipping from one to the other, but what he expressed sometimes seemed to have been about different realities.

M: Yes. He moved…it seemed he could operate on all of them.

S: He seemed to operate on all of them at once, which is also what, to me…well, one of the extraordinary things was how fascinating it was to watch Krishnaji do anything, even the most mundane thing.

M: Yes.

S: Getting his food from the school buffet…

M: Yes, how he would do it.

S: …or going for a walk…because there seemed…there were always intonations, there were all these hints of some vastly different consciousness that was at work.

M: Yes.

S: It's not that he was just picking up his salad. It was something…

M: Yes.

S: …which is why, I could've sat and just watched him, just watched him, all day. And I think there is this, it was almost as if Krishnaji was speaking a language which had different kinds of meanings.

M: Well, it did. It did.

S: Yes. And it had a very profound meaning; it had a surface level…

M: And he would take language, the computer, just working on, and rearrange its position, he would substitute a new word for an old word, but it really was the same thing he was talking about.

S: You know what also comes across whenever we talk about this kind of thing, something that strikes me, and almost it's like an ache of how alone Krishnaji was. He had no kind of soul mate; he had no real colleague that actually could journey with him…

M: Yes.

S: …wherever he went. And he seems often, in the things I read, to be calling for someone to go with him.

M: Well, he was calling…

S: And no one was capable.

M: …in the sense, he was looking, or at least he hoped we would find, someone. I think that he felt that with David Bohm, he'd gone as far as they both could go. But he used to say, there's more…

S: Yes.

M: And, I would say to him, "Krishnaji, couldn't you just talk?" And he said, "No. It takes, a kind of"…he didn't use the word stimulus, but…

S: …a resonance.

M: Yes, a process of having not only just a listener, an audience, but there's that communication, you know…we sit here opposite each other on either side of this kitchen table, and I know from your face if what I'm saying is registering, and similarly, he could tell, or so he said, what the other person was picking up. Therefore, he knew, had he explained it properly.

S: Yes.

M: He did this in talks. This he did tell me. He would find a face somewhere in the audience that seemed to be following, he could tell, and he would talk at that person, not necessarily just looking at him constantly and excluding the others…

S: No.

M: …but that was like a thermometer of the temperature of interest, or what he was saying was communicating to somebody; somebody was going with him. And he used to say, he used to say, "Does this interest you?" or "Do you understand?" or "Are you going with me?" He wanted that reciprocal response.

S: Yes.

M: Not that he had to have it, but it made it easier.

S: I think this is what Krishnaji also meant by dialogue.

M: Yes.

S: The other person that one is talking to forms a part—their listening, their understanding forms a part of what is expressed.

M: Yes, yes. That's probably why he would say to the audience it was dialogue, even though he was doing all the talking.

S: Yes, exactly.

M: But there was that sonar going out and coming back, which somehow paced his talking. In other words, if he had to go into it again, or that curious pattern of how he would go forward and then he would loop back part of the way, and then go a little forward, like endless figure eights on the side.

S: Yes.

M: And therefore, he also needed the challenge. He wanted someone to challenge him, which would make him dig deeper into his perception and his language to bring it out.

S: Yes, is this partly…it's not that Krishnaji didn't have the insights or the depth of perception without this, but to form this into an expression, to form these things into a communication, words, it needed someone who was listening, who was understanding, and he could test whether this communication worked or not. So, it's not as if Krishnaji needed…

M: Well, maybe we don't disagree about this, but I'd like to put that, it wasn't that he sat there and saw the whole distance of whatever it was infinitely into…who knows what. It was that in order to talk and have this…because he was communicating something, he had to get something back to tell whether he was communicating it adequately. But, at the same time, the challenge of questions made him look deeper. It wasn't that he was sitting seeing, you know, a whole ocean there; he had to go deeper into his power of perception to meet the challenge of a question, and what he brought out of that made it…it sort of stimulated another step.

S: Yes, yes.

M: It's, it's, uh…

S: This is very important because I've often thought that Krishnaji…and I'm convinced of it…that Krishnaji heralded in a new age, as the Buddha heralded in a new age.

M: Yes. I think so, too.

S: And part of this new age is the way in which one can find the ultimate truth. Whereas the Buddha seems to have done this through a solitary meditation, and then set up a teaching…

M: Steps…

S: Steps, but it's also a teacher and the students, and somehow the teacher would teach the disciple and so it was passed down. Whereas Krishnaji was really saying that this process we are trying to engage with, we're fumbling around with, which one can call dialogue or…but what was so extraordinary is that two people, neither of whom was enlightened, could—by this process of exploration that I feel Krishnaji demonstrated in every talk—by this process, they could come upon the ultimate truth.

M: Yes.

S: And that's unprecedented, as far as I know, in religious literature. And that's quite an extraordinary thing. And Krishnaji kept talking about this dialogue; I feel he kept demonstrating it and I feel also Krishnaji kept dropping whatever it was he had seen before, and it was always dropped, stopped…and…

M: He never wanted people to turn it into a process.

S: Yes.

M: Even when he was saying to negatively look at what's going on in you, don't try to look at what's out there. Nevertheless, people tend to say, "Oh yes, I must be aware." Well, people have no idea what he meant by awareness. I don't know what he meant by awareness, but I know from reading and talking and so forth, that it's infinitely deeper than just being aware of sitting in the kitchen, and flowers on the table, and I'm sitting here trying to think.

S: Yes.

M: Also, he seems to be calling for…I've been talking about mutation with Parchure and what Krishnaji meant by that, and Parchure has looked up what science has said causes mutation, to try to see what this thing is in outward life. In other words, scientifically, it's mostly medical, about the genes, all the genetic things they found and how that works. And the thing that Krishnaji's always said which is it's the constant change and flow, which is really of life. I mean, as we sit here, we're both changing, both organically in various ways and psychologically. And he was trying, I think, by all the ways that he spoke of awareness and watching and all these things, to bring people into that perception that thought is never the flow. In other words, the stuff of thought happened, it's over; it's a reflection of something that is by now static and over. And to bring people into a state where psychological change can occur, because the mutation is a psychological mutation, obviously. This is also why he was so interested in talking about the brain, and the repercussions of perception in the brain cells; and even into genetic change. He seemed to foresee all this way back before science caught up with all these things, that that is the evolution, not some step-by-step unfolding of human potential. I don't know what else to say. It's a psychological "going further." We've evolved physically over a period of whatever it is, but now what is required in order to survive, and it's part of the survival thing. The mutation that's possible and the next…what human beings should be doing is to mutate psychologically, which would be into this state of not being bound by conditioning, and all the level that we live at ninety-nine percent of the time, and which we perpetuate in a way, by thinking; because as we think and talk, we're adding more data into our brain cells, which is indeed, that's where the self lives, and the self wants to keep that going and resists the emptying, resists the something that threatens it.

S: Mm, hm.

M: I don't know. I may be doing a lot of interpreting here or this isn't too…?

S: No.

M: But you see, it's fascinating to read…read almost between his lines…

S: Yes.

M: …and not without interpreting, but seeing he says this, and that on that level is what he meant to say, but what else…the depth of these things.

S: Yes, yes.

M: People don't realize the *extraordinary* depth of what he was saying.

S: Yes.

M: Sometimes it sounds so simple, which is where people get hung up because they think it is simple. It isn't. It's immeasurable.

S: Yes. Let me come back to this, Mary, because this question that Krishnaji kept asking, why wasn't that boy ever conditioned? And then, tie that in with something else that Krishnaji said, which is that you only need one Thomas Edison to invent the light bulb.

M: Mm, hm.

S: And everyone after that only has to flip the switch.

M: Yes. (*Chuckles.*)

S: There is something about the role of Krishnaji and the fact that for whatever reason, and one can only suppose that they're otherworldly, he was *not* conditioned, and therefore could continue to speak out of this unconditioned state and communicate to all of us in our conditioned state from an unconditioned state.

M: Yes.

S: And that this communication, I'll call it from the unconditioned to the conditioned, this dialogic process, had the potential to foster or encourage or assist in this mutation. That he, well, one can't say he underwent that mutation, because it's almost as if he started off mutated! (*Both laugh.*) He called himself a freak often.

M: You can't mutate to something you already are.

S: Exactly. You have to be something to mutate from, yes.

M: Yes. It's two things.

S: Exactly, so I feel this ties back into this thing that started off this diversion here, which is Krishnaji being so interested in why "that boy" was never conditioned. Because it's not just curiosity…you know, "Oh, it would be nice to know why this boy was…"

M: No.

S: But, it is deeply related to something that is absolutely at the core of the teachings about this mutated brain. He might have been the Thomas Edison, and while we might be able to just flip the switch, we don't do it!

M: (*chuckling*) That's right.

S: So, it would seem that somehow whatever allowed him to be the Thomas Edison is probably directly related to our being able to flip the switch—this facility with electricity, or this facility to be unconditioned, or to have an empty mind. It seems that somehow, with all the teachings, with all that Krishnaji has said about desire, and love, and meditation, and death, and all of the…there is something extraordinary…about silence.

M: Yes.

S: And emptiness that Krishnaji keeps coming back to, and seems more important than everything else, almost.

M: Yes.

S: And it seems, this silence is directly related to the state of mind that Krishnaji spoke from. It seems also directly related to having no conditioning and to this dialogue process that he talked about so often.

M: Yes.

S: And while Krishnaji was talking about why wasn't this boy conditioned, he often, in almost the same sentence, would talk about how that young boy had such a vacant brain. So, it's related to that, too.

M: Yes, yes.

S: Somehow the vacancy is what perhaps contributed to his not being conditioned or…

M: Oh, yes!

S: …maybe it's a reflection of his not being conditioned. One doesn't know what comes first but…

M: It wasn't *resistance* to conditioning, because he didn't resist anything. He said it just went through him. You know, they told him all these things and the heavy conditioning of a Brahmin life at that point.

S: Yes, and Theosophy and…

M: And then Theosophy. And he went along with it, I mean, he was…

S: Mm, hm. Yes, he didn't rebel, or…

M: *No*. On the contrary he loved to go to the temple with his mother.

S: Mm, hm.

M: In fact, he went to temples by himself in Rishi Valley, there was some temple way up some mountain that he used to climb up and go to it. I think it was a deserted temple or something. So he didn't either embrace it or resist any of all this. The more, the more one ponders all this, both Krishnaji as a human being and his teachings, the more extraordinary both become.

S: Mm, hm.

M: It's just our shortsightedness that prevents us understanding all that or seeing it.

S: Yes.

M: But it's important, I think, to realize that, to know that. To never say, "Oh yes, this is, this is what he meant. I understand this."

S: Yes. Yes.

M: It's just like the light coming in this window. You can't say, "I've so much light now and I've got it."

S: Yes, yes.

M: It's alive; it's there.

Well, now, I guess we have gotten to the twenty-eighth of April, and Krishnaji went on dictating chapters of a book. You know, we mentioned that earlier. And then the dentist rang, and said that he would come and pull the teeth out here at Brockwood.

S: Good grief!

M: Yes. He wasn't coming that day, but that's what was said. And let's see, we went to Winchester, and bought some warm gloves, etc.

S: Where would you have gotten them in Winchester? At Jeeves and Hawks?

M: Oh, I know, there's a place that isn't there anymore. No, not at Jeeves, it had nice sweaters, those things Krishnaji liked that turn up at the collar and the long sleeves.

S: Ah, ha.

M: So that's where we went. And then we came back wandering around all the lanes, you know, behind Brockwood on the way back from Winchester.

S: Yes.

M: Krishnaji liked to do that and I loved it.

The next day, Krishnaji 'dictated another chapter. And we talked to Mary Cadogan and also to Mary Links about publications. Mary and Joe were to go to Venice the next day for a fortnight.' Also it says, 'In the p.m., Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I drove to pretty country beyond Petersfield and walked there.' Well, I now know exactly where that is because when I go over to see Christopher Fry I go on that road, and there's a field where we walked. I discovered it later on in going there, realizing that, "Oh yes, that's where we were."

S: Oh, how nice.

M: Because, at the time Dorothy was driving and I didn't really know where I was at the time.

For the thirtieth, it says, 'Nixon sends troops into Cambodia, and Krishnaji dictated another chapter and we went for a walk.'

On the first of May, 'Again Krishnaji dictated in the morning, and in the afternoon Mr. Campion and a nurse arrived and they set up their equipment in the guestroom. Campion pulled two of Krishnaji's lower left molars. They came out very easily. Krishnaji felt well enough to listen to a little of some Indian musicians who came to play for him at the school. He went to bed and had a liquid supper.' He had a terrible time with his teeth all the time. And as a dentist once said, they just wore out.

S: Yes.

M: The next day, 'Krishnaji was feeling fairly well, and he got up for lunch and came with me on errands to Petersfield, and we went for a walk.'

S: That must have been pretty unusual though, for the dentist to be making a house call.

M: I know, well this is, remember, many years ago. We're talking about 1970. [*S laughs*.] A different civilization! A different society! Medical people came to you if necessary [*S laughs more*]. No more!

On the third, he spoke to the students.

S: My goodness, after having two teeth out.

M: Yes. For the fourth, it says, 'it was a spring day at last,' so it must have been rather cold. [*Chuckles*.] 'There was a Saanen meeting in the morning. And we walked across the fields and down into the lanes, and started cleaning ivy off trees.' He was very intent on getting the ivy off the trees.

S: I know.

M: Yes, so there was a lot of ivy cutting. It still bothers me!

S: I know! It's one of my stories also because in later years when he and I were going out for walks, we'd clean the ivy off of the neighbors' trees…

M: [*chuckling*] I know.

S: …which is not necessarily something they wanted! [*Both laugh*.] So, at one point I asked Gary**[2]**, who was then the principal gardener, to clean the ivy off some of the trees because it was too thick.

M: Yes.

S: Gary said, "Well, it doesn't hurt the trees at all, and it's good for butterflies" and I can't remember what else. When I reported this to Krishnaji, Krishnaji looked at me like I was absolutely crazy (*M chuckles*) and said, "Can't you see it's strangling the trees? Can't you see?" (*M laughs*) as if he had direct communication from the trees that they didn't like it; and what was I doing asking for scientific, biological, or horticultural advice when I could have just asked the trees?!

M: Yes.

S: And it made sense actually, but I remember thinking to myself [*laughs*]: I've done this completely backwards by trying to get the existing knowledge about this, rather than just looking at the tree and having an insight that, "Yes, of course the tree doesn't want this."

M: Well I, to this day, if I pass a tree and I think the ivy isn't too strong, if I can get a grip on the ivy and pull it off, I will.

S: Yes. Yes. [*Both laugh*.]

M: It makes sense!

S: Yes, it does make sense. I continue to do it, too.

On the fifth and sixth, I went to London, and Krishnaji came on the second day. 'Usual errands.' And, oh, 'we looked for raincoats in a place on Piccadilly called Cordings.'

S: Oh yes, of course.

M: Do you know that place?

S: Oh, yes!

M: 'Then to the L'Aperitif for lunch. Good lunch,' it says here. 'We bought books at Hatchards, sweaters at Peale's and W. Bill, and reached Mr. Campion at 4 o'clock.' You know, to see how the missing teeth place was. And it says here, 'On the train in the morning, we had a discussion of what is sacredness, and what freedom is to the sacred.' I'm afraid I don't remember the contents of that. 'Later Krishnaji had an idea to bring his Mercedes to England and sell mine in January.' But then he changed his mind because he didn't want to bring the little one.

Now we come to the eighth, and 'a student meeting and made a tape from it on education to be used in Finland at an educational conference in June.'

The next day, James Brodsky interviewed Krishnaji and stayed to lunch. Saral and David Bohm came for the weekend.

On the tenth, Krishnaji spoke to students in the morning. I talked to the Bohms and the Simmonses about trying to raise money by the English Foundation for a grant for Brockwood. Obviously, we didn't get it.

According to India, the eleventh was Krishnaji's seventy-fifth birthday. And it says here, 'as he brushes it away, no reference is made to it in the school. He dictated on the book in the morning. And he washed the Mercedes very thoroughly.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I went for a walk alone as he'd had enough after the car washing." [*Chuckles again*.] That was his seventy-fifth birthday. [*Both laugh*.]

The next day we went to London and Huntsman for a fitting for each of us, and then to the dentist…

S: Huntsman is working very fast in those days if you're having two fittings within…

M: Yes. Within a month.

S: …two weeks.

M: Two weeks, yes. Well everything was different in those days. [*S laughs.*] You don't realize because you're so young that there's another era [*both laugh*], which I remember well. Now this is the day that Huntsman, I realized, wasn't going to do too well by me, and they realized that, too. So they gave me the name of a Mr. Hewitt who now no longer exists, and I went to him for a tweed skirt. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Was he just around the corner?

M: Yes.

S: Near Gieves and Hawkes?

M: He was up, well, in those days he was up the street on, um…what do you call it, the street? [*Chuckles*.] Anyway, Mr. Hewitt disappeared after a bit, but he was a nice round-faced man who made things nicely. Then we had lunch at the Aperitif and then went to Mr. Campion and Krishnaji had a bridge fitted while I went and cased the Friends Hall for parking because the talks were coming up. And then we drove home. Krishnaji drove from Guildford to Brockwood. In the evening, 'we watched on television a BBC film of the trial of Roger Casement and Krishnaji remembered it a little.' You probably don't know who Roger Casement was.

S: I don't.

M: He was an Irish patriot, very distinguished, bright, intelligent, quite remarkable man, and he was tried and I think executed for treason, for having favored the Germans in the First World War. Apparently there was tremendous feeling at the time because he wasn't a traitorous man; he was a very distinguished man, supposedly. But Krishnaji remembered the trial.

So, he spoke to students again on the fourteenth about, 'What is stupidity and what is prejudice? And in spite of the rain, he washed the Mercedes in the afternoon and then we went for a walk.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The next day, 'Krishnaji did a dictation for *The Bulletin,* on the functions and future of the Foundation and Brockwood.'

On the sixteenth, 'Krishnaji and I left at 11:30 a.m. and drove to London, taking a picnic lunch, which we ate in Richmond Park.' In those days we drove in quite a lot because it was possible to park. After eating, 'we went to Mrs. Bindley's at 2 p.m., and Krishnaji slept for an hour, and then he went to the Friends Hall where he gave the first of his London talks. The hall was just about full. We drove back to Brockwood easily; no traffic. It wasn't too tiring for him.'

The next day, 'there were some Dutch visitors, and Krishnaji discussed with them about a school.' For many years there were people from Holland who wanted to start a Krishnamurti School in Holland, but it never came to pass.

For the eighteenth, my diary says, 'House still full of Dutch people. Donald Hoppen returned from California. In the afternoon, there was the showing to the school of the first of the three parts of those NET 1966 talks,'—those first ones that were ever filmed of his talking—'and Krishnaji again washed the car!' [*Chuckles*.] 'A Miss,' something like, 'Tara McCarthy of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation came and wants to do a taped interview of Krishnaji.'

On the nineteenth, 'Krishnaji dictated a statement for *The Bulletin*, the Dutch all left, and the house was quiet again. We walked across the fields and back by the lane. Again

pruned ivy from the trees. I had a telephone from my father that his wife was dying, so I rang my brother in New York and asked him to fly over, and I will go.'

The next day, a Wednesday, 'Krishnaji and I drove to London and went to the Digbys, where Krishnaji rested and then, taking Nelly with us, we drove to the Friends Hall for his second London talk at 7 p.m.'

S: Yes, because the Digbys lived very near Mrs. Bindley.

M: Yes, just about three blocks away. It says here, 'the talk went wrong for him. He felt that the talk didn't get going. The answer period went better, but the audience was not good at all. We came back to the Digbys, and had supper. Krishnaji and I spent the night there.'

'We left the Digbys the next morning, picked up Mary Links. Krishnaji had an appointment with the dentist to have the bridge looked at, during which time Mary and I sat in the car and talked. When Krishnaji was finished, we took Mary to lunch at L'Aperitif, and then went on to Huntsman. After that we went to Hatchards for books, and Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt while I fetched my Air France ticket. Then we drove back to Brockwood, with Krishnaji driving from Gilford the rest of the way.'

Well, the next two days are not material to all this: I was in Paris visiting my father and very ill stepmother.

On the twenty-fifth, 'I flew back and when I got to Brockwood, it was a lovely warm day. Krishnaji had washed the car [*chuckling*], and we went for a stroll in the Grove.'**[3]**

Again, we went by car to London on the twenty-seventh, taking a picnic to eat in Richmond Park. Krishnaji rested at Mrs. Bindley's all afternoon. I went to tea with Mary Links and then came back and took Krishnaji to the Friends Hall for his third talk at 7 p.m., a very fine one this time. We had a quick picnic supper on Wimbledon Common in the car on the way home and arrived at Brockwood after 11 p.m., which was too late.

I went to London the next day to see my mother, and then went to a Publication Committee meeting at the Digby's.

On the thirtieth, Krishnaji and I left Brockwood at noon, had a sandwich lunch while driving, and reached Mrs. Bindley by 2 p.m. Krishnaji rested, and then we went to his fourth and final London talk in the Friends Hall, a very good one. Drove straight back to Brockwood.

On the thirty-first, there was an all-day trustee meeting with the Digbys, Hughes van der Straten, David Bohm, Dorothy Simmons, and me.

Krishnaji's hay fever began on the first of June, and he had to stay in that day, the next day, and the following day; but still gave an interview to a French woman from Pondicherry called Jannie Pinson.

On June fourth, Krishnaji and I had one of our lovely days in London. We went to Huntsman, then I went to Mr. Hewitt for my fitting, then to W. Bill for a cashmere turtleneck, and Demiel's for underwear. Then, as usual, we met Mary for lunch at L'Aperitif, and again to the dentist while I hunted for hay fever remedies! Then we went [*chuckles*]—this was fun—we went to Mallett at Bourdon Street, that's the *antiquaire*, where we saw a beautiful eighteenth-century Italian table and then in another shop on Davis Street, we saw three large pictures of trees made by needlepoint. They were hung over the stairs, and I remember he was behind me, and we were both looking up at these needlepoint trees, and he said, [*mimicking in a whispery voice*]"Oh, that's very nice," in that kind of a voice.

S: Yes.

M: And that's how we came to get the ones downstairs. Krishnaji felt well in London as his hay fever was less there. Anyway, we went back to Huntsman, and he gave me two scarves and then we went back by train.

On the fifth, Mary Links came down, and I met her at the early train. She interviewed Krishnaji for the biography, and I taped it and sat in. Later, Krishnaji chided me for not pursuing questions, and for trying to guess what he does or doesn't want to say, and editing my own questions. He seemed to be pushing us to inquire, though not stating himself what it was that was behind "the boy," and what, if any, power looked after him, etcetera. Mary stayed to lunch; we walked in the grove and saw the handkerchief tree and talked. Francis McCann arrived to stay, and the Digbys came for the weekend. Also, the Finnish ladies and Joan Wright are here. [*Long pause*.] All through this, my brother was with my father and he was talking about his life being over.

On the sixth, 'after lunch, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and Sebastian put two hives of bees, which arrived in cartons, into the new hives in the orchard. Krishnaji said later, "Now I feel this is a real place; it has bees."' [*Both chuckle*.] "Bees are a marvelous thing," he said. He used to take care of bees, as you know, in Ojai.

S: Yes.

M: Yes. So he felt very pleased with the bees. [*Chuckles again*.] 'At 4 o'clock, he held a discussion for about 200 people who were invited. It was held in the big room, and he talked mostly on violence. Afterward, he gave an interview to Mrs. Zarick. I talked to Sybil Dobson and the Digbys about *The Bulletin*. Supper was served out on the lawn. It was a cloudless, hot day.'

On the seventh, 'Krishnaji held a second group discussion in the big room. It was videotaped, but the picture was faulty. We had a picnic lunch on the lawn afterwards. It was a very hot day.'

The next day, 'in spite of his hay fever, Krishnaji went for a walk. It was very hot.'

Here's something on the ninth: 'Krishnaji said there was a different something in meditation in what would have been described in old terminology as an initiation.'

S: A different something?

M: I don't know what that means. I don't remember. Alas, I wasn't keeping proper extensive notes at this point. But we're getting into July, when I did.

The next day is the tenth, and I went hunting for furniture with Paul Anstee in London, on the Fulham Road. That was always fun; we'd wander down the Fulham Road and go into all the antique stores. And also, we went to the Antique Dealers' Fair, and I lunched at Cranks. Then I took Krishnaji's trousers to Huntsman.

The next day was less hot, so Krishnaji washed the car! [*Both chuckle*.]

The twelfth of June, oh, this is a nice day! 'After lunch, Krishnaji and I drove to the Traverses' for tea, but got caught in a cloud burst outside Dorking. The car stalled for over half an hour. We finally got there. Ginny and Bill were there with the four children; we had tea.' Well, I could tell this, so I don't have to read it. I'd heard from Ginny Travers that…shall I explain who the Traverses are for posterity?

S: Yes.

M: Well, the Traverses are Virginia McKenna and her husband Bill Travers, both actors. I've known them for many years, since they both acted in a picture that Sam did many years ago in London. And they have lived near Dorking with their children, and they made the film in Africa called *Born Free*, about Elsa the lioness who was taught to be free. So they, as a result, have a passionate interest in not only lions, but all animals, which has become almost a career with both of them. And some of their children, too, later on, but this is back in 1970. Apparently what had happened was that they were in London one day walking down the Kings Road, and Ginny went into some store for clothing or something, and Bill wandered into an antique store. There was a young man who was there, the salesman, who recognized him, and said, "Mr. Travers, I think I have something that would interest you in the back." So Bill went into the back expecting to see a table or a desk or something, instead of which he saw a young lion, a young male lion. Bill said, "Where did you get him?" The young man replied, "Harrods." It seems that at Christmas time in those days…

S: Yes, yes, yes, I remember.

M: …maybe today, Harrods would have all sorts of exotic, odd things to sell to customers, including this lion cub. This young man was so horrified by this that he bought the lion cub and raised it, but by now it was getting pretty big, and it was getting difficult to keep in the back of an antique store on the Kings Road in London. Apparently, Bill asked, "How do you manage it?" And the young man said, "Well, there's the vicar of a church down the Kings Road, who allows me to bring it at night time to the graveyard so I can exercise it." [*Both laugh*.] Well, as a result of this, Bill and Ginny took over the lion's fate and they had it at their place near Dorking, which is where Krishnaji and I went on this day, the twelfth of June, to see the lion. And indeed we did. We went out in the back and they had in the garden an enclosure with a high wire fence, and there was this young male lion. It had a great big rubber tire as a sort of plaything. Krishnaji immediately wanted to go in and touch the lion, but both Ginny and Bill said, "No, I think not." Ginny said, "We can go in because he's used to us, but we'd rather you didn't." So, we stayed outside. Bill went in and fed it. And indeed, I could see why they were so careful because one of their younger children, who was about four years old, came trotting along and outside the fence with us, and the lion looked and immediately began to stalk it from inside.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And the parents said, "You see, they think that humans, because we're taller than they are, get some respect, but a small child is prey in the lion's mind."

Anyway, Krishnaji was delighted by seeing that. 'After seeing all that, we drove home via Billingshurst, Petworth, Midhurst, and Petersfield. Krishnaji's hay fever was better in the rainstorm, but Brockwood is still in a month's drought, and he coughed a great deal in the night. It has moved into his bronchial tubes a bit.'

On the weekend of the thirteenth and fourteenth, 'the Digbys came for the weekend. We rang the doctor, Mr. McGowan, for a new remedy for the hay fever. In the afternoon, Krishnaji had the third group discussion, which was videotaped. The big room was full.' Where are these tapes?

S: No idea.

M: The next day, he held the fourth Brockwood discussion. Narasimhan came for lunch, and we ate it in the West Wing. We went for a short walk. Later [*pause*], Krishnaji asked if I might carry on the work when he is gone: "You have listened to all this."

The fifteenth of June was spent in 'Krishnaji giving an interview in color for the BBC television. He was questioned by Oliver Hunkin, head of the religious department of the BBC, and a Miss Shirley du Boulay was the producer of the show.' I remember that; it was in the drawing room.

On the seventeenth, 'we went to London for Huntsman and then the dentist for Krishnaji's bridge to be adjusted. Then we lunched with Mary at her flat, and continued

the discussion of Krishnaji's early life for the biography. The Uher'—that was my tape recorder in those days—'didn't work, so I took notes. Krishnaji felt tired on the train back and quite sick when we got home. He coughed a lot, and though he was without fever, he became somewhat delirious. And he said, "He shouldn't have gone to town. Who's looking after him? He's left the body. No, no, not that."'

S: Can we talk for a minute about Krishnaji's, what we have called, "going off"?

M: Yes, "going off." You see, he wasn't well that day, and he'd done too much. When he first told me about the "going off" thing, he said, "If I have fever this may happen."

S: There's an interesting and an unexpected correlation here, because this "going off," which was associated originally with some spiritual or some religious process, and at the same time it could occur because of an illness.

M: Yes. When it happened to me in Gstaad, it was a fever when he left, you know, "Krishna's gone away."

S: Yes. It's unusual in any case, but something spiritual is not normally thought of as being brought on by an illness.

M: Yes, but remember the fainting, when he told us about the fainting…

S: Yeah.

M: …and not to be worried. That often happened after some physical strain, either being tired…

S: Stressed. Yes.

M: …or stressed or when he had that cyst in his mouth, I think we went into that, and he fainted in the car coming home…

S: Yes.

M: …three times, I think. And Krishnaji said it was like violence to the body: apparently illness or fever, particularly fever. The time in Gstaad he said, "If I…if my fever goes up…"

S: It's really as if this leaving the body was so ready to happen, that the slightest excuse, the body couldn't hold this…

M: When the body was under great stress, and in the hospital it happened, too. See, when the body was under stress from either operation or fever or a slight, even…

S: Mm, hm.

M: …thing in his lip, Krishna would leave the body. Krishna would go away. And the little creature that was left…

S: The little person…

M: Yes. I don't remember that it was a child's voice, this time. You see, he went by train that day; and then he went to Huntsman, and then the dentist, and then the lunch with Mary, the discussion, and he was tired on the train and sick when we got home. He coughed a lot. It says here '*without* fever, he became somewhat delirious. He said, "He shouldn't have gone to town. Who was looking after him?"' He's left the body. And then he said, '"No, no, not that."' I don't know what that refers to.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And the fainting, he later explained, was a kind of leaving the body to rest something.

S: To rest something?

M: Yes. He didn't say that, it's not a quote, but that was…and once he fainted after arriving on a plane from London; in the apartment he fainted.

S: In what apartment?

M: It was the apartment that I took in New York. We passed that, I don't think I mentioned it. He fainted in the apartment I took on 62nd Street. And yes, we came in from the airport, and I was showing him his room and so forth, and he fainted. It was fatigue, in a way. But he would only faint when he was with people he trusted. He wouldn't faint in public.**[4]**

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, we finally got there, and I took him in a sort of back room, the main room, and showed him where it was and ah, he was standing by the window and fainted.

S: Did he fall on the floor or…?

M: [*in a whispering voice*] Yes. He fell on the floor. I wasn't quick enough to catch him. I'd turned away or something. That time, I was not warned. Every other time I've…something has always warned me.

S: Has warned you?

M: Yes. But it's some relief from some kind of strain.

S: So it's healing in some way?

M: Yes.

S: Would you imagine that Krishna going away, when he comes back he somehow is stronger or he, ah…?

M: I don't know. I can't make even an imagination of what that is.

S: But it is healing?

M: It seemed to be, yes. It's as though from time to time…well, again, this is such speculation, that as though he needed to be away from the body, and perhaps when these things happen to him in sleep, it's that happening, you know these strange sort of meditation things, where…I don't know. That's all just speculation.

S: There's in some of the early process things, it's as if [*pause*] when Krishna is away from the body, other powers are doing something to the body.

M: Yes.

S: They're doing something to the brain, they're doing some…

M: Yes. It's to spare "Krishna" that.

S: It's to spare Krishna that. So, in a way, one could also say that that would then tie it in with this illness because if Krishna is away while the body is not well, and the body is healed by whatever, then Krishna comes back. Then there's an equation between the illness and the spiritual realm.

M: Mm, hm. Maybe. We must be careful not to try to fit it into something.

S: No we mustn't, I agree. But at the same time, one has to say all these things because people in the future will speculate. So, we can say what we know and…

M: Well, we're speculating now; we don't know, really, what happened. We can only say…we can describe what happened and what was said.

S: Right.

M: Those are the only facts.

S: Yes, but we can say something like, that Krishnaji would be stronger afterwards or would be healed slightly, and that is something that is significant.

M: Yes, it…I, and again this may be just me, but I feel that the faintings in the car, when they happened, especially the one after Paris that first time, it was like…it, it was a rest.

S: Mm, hm.

M: A rest and therefore restorative.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: It's like a kind of…

S: Relief?

M: Relief, yes. But that…who knows.

S: Yes.

M: The next day, the eighteenth, 'Krishnaji was shaky and weak at first, but he stayed in bed all day, but felt better after lunch. He read and watched television. I put Kaolin poultices on his chest. The new blue sofa came for the drawing room, and so did the needlework trees. My stepmother was in a coma in Paris.'

On the nineteenth, 'Krishnaji stayed in bed all day and had poultices again and rested. But he was coughing less by then.'

The next day, 'he remained in bed till 4 o'clock when there was a discussion in the big room. He's weak but much better. It was another warm day, and there was a picnic supper on the lawn.'

On the twenty-first, 'he held the sixth discussion at Brockwood, but he stayed in bed otherwise.'

On the twenty-second, 'I went to London for furniture, but Krishnaji stayed in.' Then there's nothing much for a while as I had to fly off to Paris. So perhaps, we should end here.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Shiva Rao had been part of the circle of people around Krishnaji since at least the early 20s, in the days of Theosophy.

[2] Gary Primrose was head gardener at Brockwood for many years.

[3] The Grove is a one-acre ornamental grove at Brockwood with spectacular rhododendron and azalea bushes and redwood trees.

[4] As strange as this may seem, I heard about this several times, and it is as if there was something protecting him from fainting at times that would be dangerous or deleterious to him.

Issue 15: June 1970 to August 1970

This issue is the first time we see the effects of what Mary called "the big books"—the large page diaries she periodically kept which allowed her to write as much as she wanted about any day. We have more direct quotes from Krishnaji, and more details of her daily observations of Krishnaji.

Consequently, although there are the customary twenty-some pages of material in this issue, it only covers just over two months.

Mary provides an interesting description of the infectious nature of Krishnaji's enjoyment of things, which was such a large part of the time Krishnaji and Mary spent together.

Mary: So, from the twentieth of June, which is where we left off, until the twenty-fourth, there is nothing much to report. And even on the twenty-fourth, there's nothing about Krishnaji (except, of course, he was giving interviews), but I flew on that day to Paris to see my father. His wife, my stepmother, was very unwell and in the hospital. Bud had flown there from New York. I returned to Brockwood on the twenty-fifth.

The first notable thing we did was on the twenty-seventh, when 'we drove over to Blackdown and had tea with Mary and Joe. We took a walk and had a lovely time. "Let's enjoy ourselves," said Krishnaji.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'And we did. We had fun.' He was so quick to enjoy things, when things were nice and enjoyable, he entered into it with such relish…not relish, it's the wrong word, that sounds…

Scott: …with such ease and such speed.

M: Yes, and such a kind of childlike—I keep using this word *childlike* for a man who was so far from childhood—and yet he still had that lovely quality of openness and entering so easily and quickly into anything nice that happened.

S: Yes. That's true.

M: It made one want him to be pleased…

S: Yes.

M: …because seeing him enjoy something was really such a selfish pleasure for me.

S: Mm, hm.

M: A delight.

S: I completely understand that. Yes.

M: One had that joy also because of his reactions.

S: Exactly: We could enter into it, too, because of him.

M: Yes.

S: Whereas otherwise, I…what is it? We become so blasé, or so jaded, or…

M: Exactly.

S: …so complicated and…

M: Yes.

S: …all those things that Krishnaji wasn't and I guess we wish we weren't.

M: He sort of swept one along into his joy without meaning to.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, one shared that kind of wonder and enjoyment.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Yes.

So, on June thirtieth, 'we left Brockwood and drove to Hastings, and then to Lydd, where we flew the car across to Le Touquet in France, as we had before. Krishnaji drove about halfway there.'

S: To Hastings?

M: To Lydd, yes. 'We went on a little further to Montreuil,' where we had stayed a number of times, 'and stopped at the Château de Montreuil,' which was a very nice hotel, a château made into a small hotel. It's right on the sea with battlements in front of it.

S: How nice.

M: 'We walked along the battlements before supper with the sea wind blowing in. It was lovely. We had a pleasant supper in the dining room,' and that was it. 'We'd driven 141 miles,' it says here. [*Both chuckle*.]

'We left the next morning,' the first of July, 'and went via Arras to the autoroute and reached Paris at about 1 p.m. We lunched at the Tour d'Argent with my father.'

S: Oh, so Krishnaji lunched with your father there also?

M: Yes.

S: What did your father think of Krishnaji?

M: I don't know. Father didn't ever say, but he appreciated Krishnaji's presence, his grace, his beautiful taste in clothes, his manners, and all that. Beyond that, he didn't know what it was about.

S: Of course.

M: But, he liked him. My father wasn't a very expressive man. If he didn't like someone, he clammed up, but he was impressed [with Krishnaji], obviously not knowing how much there was to be impressed about. But he took it for granted that he was someone very distinguished, very remarkable.

S: Hm.

M: So, 'we left Paris, and went to the hotel Bas Bréau in Barbizon,' where we'd stayed before. 'We had the same rooms as before, which was very nice.' It was a little upstairs in another building. It was very quiet. 'We went for a walk in the forest and had dinner up in the rooms.' You could have meals brought, which was nice.

The next day, 'we left Barbizon and drove to Sens, where we took the little tiny yellow roads on the maps,' those small country roads…

S: Yes.

M: '…and wound our way. We went to Troyes, and beyond Troyes we lunched at the Hostellerie Pont in Pont Sainte-Marie. We went on towards Chaumont and finally came to Prangey, where we had rooms in the Château de Prangey,' which wasn't so good. 'The food wasn't too good'; we didn't like that too much. I got all these things out of the Michelin.

S: Of course.

M: But that was one of the *few* ones that didn't turn out well. 'We went on' the next morning, the third, 'through Dijon, Dole, Poligny, and Champagnole, where we lunch nicely at the Grand Hotel Ripotot.' Have you ever been there?

S: No. [*M giggles.*] Champagnole, yes, but not the Grand Hotel Ripotot.

M: Yes. 'And then on via Saint-Cergues,' you know, you go over the pass.

S: Right.

M: 'Down to Nyon and to Geneva, and to good old Hotel du Rhône.'

S: Yes! [*Chuckling*.]

M: 'We're both pleased to be in Switzerland and in Geneva' and naturally, the minute we were into the hotel, we left our things, and we went to, guess where?

S: [*laughing*] Patek Philippe.

M: Patek Philippe!

S: Of course.

M: 'We left my wristwatch and both K's *montre de poche* to be cleaned,' and then went where?

S: To Jacquet.

M: Yes, of course! [*Both laugh*.] You know your lines! 'And we chose fine neckties to be made, and we spoke to Vanda, who was already in Gstaad.'

The next day, the fourth, 'Krishnaji stayed in bed all morning, and I went out on errands. In the afternoon, Narasimhan…' you know who I mean by Narasimhan?

S: Yes, you mentioned him before.

M: He usually was in New York at the UN. He's also a cousin of Mrs. Jayalakshmi's, comes from Madras, same family. 'We visited with him for a while, and then drove to Gstaad.'

S: Which way did you go?

M: Let me see if it says…it doesn't say. But I'm sure we went along the lake; I think we went up via Bulle. In those days we always went that way. And arrived at Chalet Tannegg. 'Vanda was there, also Fosca, and a maid called Olga.' So we were well looked after.

The next few days were quiet: 'Krishnaji stayed in bed most of the time. Sacha de Manziarly came to lunch, and for that Krishnaji came to the table' because he was fond of Sacha. Sacha told him stories and made him laugh and that was very nice.

'Unfortunately, Krishnaji was having hay fever trouble. They were tossing the hay in the fields, and that got to him, as it always did.'

On the tenth, 'Vanda left for Florence. Krishnaji and I drove my Mercedes to Thun and had just a lovely drive. We picnicked at the edge of the lake, which was fun.' Swans used to come in and beg for food. And it was fun to see them with their baleful eyes, but lovely, long, graceful necks.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Then we went back to the garage, by which time Krishnaji's Mercedes was ready, and we drove back to Gstaad.'

On the thirteenth, 'Krishnaji was feeling quite a bit better, and he got up for lunch with Marcelle de Manziarly. We went for a walk along the Turbach River in the afternoon. Vanda telephoned from Florence about Krishnaji's speaking in Italy in October; some talks in Perugia and some in Firenze.' He was asked to speak there and she arranged it. 'Krishnaji spoke after lunch to Herri and Hilda Moorhead**[1]**, and he talked about India a lot with them, and who can carry on the teachings in the school and see that they're followed and taught. Also, and if money becomes available from KWINC for the Indian schools, who is to see to that and see that it's used for the teachings and not used for buying tractors, etcetera?' [*Laughs.*] 'He also asked, "Who has the teachings at heart?" They had no answer. "All the old Foundation for New Education, that is the present KF India, is mostly old followers who don't want any interference, even by me. They care about the status of it and little else." The Moorheads pointed out something about the Krishnamurti Centre in Madras, and *The Bulletin*, and Krishnaji got quite upset. He wanted to revise the text of his statement, but I pointed out that the omission in the statement was because of his talking of all three foundations and not all the allied committees.' I don't know quite what that's about. I don't remember it.

'We went for a walk up the hill toward Turbach where the river has again tried to wash out the road, and the burly Swiss workmen were slowly and skillfully repairing it.'

'In the evening, Krishnaji suddenly said to me, "Make a note of it. I've been talking in India, spending more time there than anywhere else, and there is not one person who listens and has changed. It is terribly difficult for people to change. They are what they are. When I die, it will be over. I thought Naudé might have done something, but he wasn't ready. What will happen to you? People aren't serious. Are you serious? I've been talking over forty years, and I'd be a damned fool if I didn't realize people are as they are. I'm not depressed by it, I'll go on talking." It was a kind of…I don't like the word *frustration* about Krishnaji, but he felt that people were all busy there, but it wasn't…the teachings were somehow, I don't know what, taken for granted, as it were.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, the next day, the fourteenth, 'Krishnaji wanted to go for a drive and we took the Mercedes, stopping at the Biascoecheas. We went past the tent and on to Château d'Oex and Les Moulins. Krishnaji said he was nervous in the car. I don't know why. We came back and had lunch at Tannegg alone. I spoke to the doctor in London about his health and also to Mr. Moser about the cost of another 280 Mercedes next year, if we could put the present one in trade. Krishnaji gave interviews…' if you want to hear about all that.

S: Yes. Mary, just read it. It's so powerful to read what you wrote at that time.

M: Really?

S: Yes, really.

M: Huh? But, it's full of stuff…

S: No, that doesn't matter, Mary.

M: Alright. 'Krishnaji gave interviews to Mrs. Semmel. Her husband, Doctor Semmel, died a few weeks ago. We went for a walk toward Turbach. Krishnaji asked what will happen to me when he dies. He said that it depends on what I do and am now, i.e., the changes in me. He asked me if I felt any presence of Sam after he died. I said yes. We discussed what is evidence and what is imagination. I said I felt it strongly but neither saw objectively nor heard anything. It was a strong sense of presence and communication, real to me, but I cannot offer it as objective evidence to another. Krishnaji said to me, "You can tell the difference between imagination and a something." He wished he could remember how it was when his brother died. I asked how one can assess such things. I don't assert anything because I cannot see how it can be proven. But I pay attention and do not deny any part of it. I spoke of the conversation with Vanda last week: her saying that neither she nor I have theosophical conditioning and therefore her experience of being spoken to when Krishnaji was unconscious and the words spoken to me when Krishnaji was sick on June seventeenth…"—that was when he said he shouldn't have gone to town, who was looking after him—"…were not out of our projection."' That's what Vanda felt.

Krishnaji then spoke of change and listening, i.e., '"if you really listen and see, that erases the habit, the previous imprint. The new then functions in the mind and whenever an action of the old pattern arises the mind alerts the consciousness, the conscious attention." He spoke of my bad habit of frowning, and the need for "a quiet face"'—he always used to say to me, "Have a quiet face"—'remains because I haven't seen the importance of changing them. If I had, the old pattern would be erased, he said. He said, "The body sometimes takes time to relearn, but the mind can be instantly alert, therefore, to listen, to see, to change, to wipe out the old pattern. Lack of change is inattention," he said. "What is listening? Make a note. I will talk about that."'

On July fifteenth, 'The weather is suddenly cold and rainy. It was a quiet day, and I did desk work. We ate lunch alone. In the afternoon, I did errands, went to the tent and to the camping site to greet the Simmonses. After a walk alone, I talked to Vanda in Firenze about Krishnaji's Italian schedule.'

On the next day, 'it was snowing early. I drove Krishnaji to the tent for his first talk of the year. There were many people, and it was a good talk. The Simmonses came to lunch. We walked in the afternoon. I felt a little light-headed. Donald Hoppen had arrived from Brockwood and he spent the night here, and will look for a place of his own.'

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji spent the whole day in bed resting and reading. I had a good day's work at the desk. It is still cold with thick clouds. I went down to do errands in the afternoon, and ran into Fabienne van der Straten and Donald, who came with me for a walk.'

The next day, 'I took Donald to a chalet where he has taken a room up the mountain above Saanen and near Chalet Helios, where Brockwood people are staying. I visited there. Krishnaji and I went to the Biascoecheas' for lunch. Krishnaji asked Enrique to tell me about the dreams he had before Krishnaji was found as a boy. In Enrique's dream, Mrs. Besant appeared with a young Indian and said, "This is the world teacher-to-be." The dream was so strong that Enrique, who was speaking at a Theosophical meeting, announced that a boy had been found before he knew it officially.'

S: Hm!

M: [*Chuckles*] '"What was he like when you saw him?" Krishnaji kept asking. But Enrique was only able to discuss what he himself felt and not what the boy was like, except that he was very warm and friendly. "Write it down, sir," said Krishnaji. I asked later, would it be interesting for Mary's biography? At 4:15 p.m., Krishnaji saw Gisela Elmenhorst's sister's son, Andreas, who is retarded due to an injury in childhood. Krishnaji came out and asked Gisela, who was talking to me, "What do you want to do? Are you asking me to try to heal him?"

"We ask nothing", she said, "only perhaps my sister would like any advice you would be willing to give her."

Krishnaji explained about healing which sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. He looked from one of us to the other, and we were silent. And then he said he would do it. The boy must come each day for a week. Gisela was almost in tears. He went back, and saw the boy.'

On the nineteenth, 'it was another beautiful day and it was Krishnaji's second talk in the tent. Herr Graf had water trickling down the exterior of the tent to cool it, but the tape recorder picked up the sound of it, so the water had to be turned off. Krishnaji spoke on freedom, authority, compassion, and the basis of fear. In response to a question, "Is it possible to learn all the time?" he said, "You block yourself in such a question. If you are watching, there is nothing to learn."

People swarmed around him afterwards. One of the hippies, bearded, barefoot, in jeans and a skivvy top, was wearing a pistol and walked out before the end.' I remember that.

'Krishnaji wanted to drive before going back to Tannegg and we went toward Lauenen. The snow on the mountains at the end of the valley was marvelous. At Tannegg, he saw the boy, Andreas, and then a Doctor Sinai, a German woman in a white sari, sent by Vanda, as she was in charge of the conference in Florence, at the end of which Krishnaji will give a talk on October twenty-ninth. We stressed that he is *not* to be part of the

conference, which is on science and meditation and has Western doctors, etc. Also Gopi Krishna and Swami Chidananda,' and somebody else. 'Vanda is hiring a hall for Krishnaji separately. We lunched quietly alone, and I, too, took a nap afterward. Krishnaji will not go to Geneva Tuesday if Narasimhan calls with Mercedes news!' [*Chuckling.*] 'It is too much for him.' Narasimhan was looking into the possibilities of getting another Mercedes, what the facts were about it.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'But he doesn't want me to go alone. He suggested Dorothy going with me, and we went to ask her in the camping**[2]**. She was out, so we went for a walk along the river by the airfield. Krishnaji said he didn't want to walk far as he was tired, but he kept saying, "Further," and we walked to the end and back, which was too far. My leg was protesting; he looked tired. We saw Dorothy on the way back. Krishnaji seemed full of energy in spite of being tired.' Do you want me to go on?

S: Oh, this is wonderful!

M: Alright, so, the twentieth, let's see. 'A rainy day. Joan Wright fitted two dressing gowns for Krishnaji. I went on errands while Krishnaji saw the boy, Andreas. Frances McCann came for lunch. She says that Krishnaji's audiences are no longer welcome in Gstaad. Krishnaji attracts hippies.'**[3]** [*Chuckles*.]

'Krishnaji and I went for a walk in the rain down behind Gstaad. He had me make mental notes that "Creation is never conflict," and later that "You all don't make use of me enough." I asked if he meant we didn't ask the right questions. He said, "Partly. It's all so vast. You are not serious enough."'

'Narasimhan rang from Geneva with Mercedes lore. It is unnecessary that I go there tomorrow. He will send all the information and suggested I ship my car to New York, where he will sell it, then order through him, getting 10 percent off on the diplomatic discount! [*Chuckles*.] Krishnaji was very pleased.' We didn't do that, but that was the suggestion. [*Both chuckle*.]

On the twenty-first, 'Krishnaji gave his third talk in the tent. A very good one on inner real revolution, the dangers of analysis, time, and postponement. The Lilliefelts were there, having arrived early by car from Spiez, Frankfurt, and California. They came up for lunch and we asked Señor Fresia too. After the latter left, Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, and I caught up on all the news. A letter came from James Vigeveno in the usual vein i.e., "it is a personal matter between Krishnaji and Rajagopal," the usual threats, etc. Krishnaji refused to touch it. He made me open it. When I began to read it to him, he stopped me and made me jump to just tell him the gist.' He didn't like to touch or be too close to these things that he found soiled and dirty and somehow evil.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘I read most of it to him over his expostulations as he should know. Each of these letters has seemed something unclean to him. He would not touch or look at them. He gave it to the Lilliefelts to read. A meeting of lawyers is now set for the sixth of August. The summary of a settlement offer is due here any day. Harper & Row are eager to do the books. *Urgency of Change* is coming out in time for Christmas, so they want the talks from 1969 on and are trying to buy up ones Servire**[4]** have. Mr. Cutler’—that must have been the man at Harper—‘is very enthusiastic. The Lilliefelts are staying at The Rössli.’ That’s a hotel. ‘Krishnaji invited them to stay downstairs when Vanda is not here. They will think it over.’

‘Krishnaji had walked down the hill before lunch, so we went for a drive in his car toward Les Mosses. I talked of the hippies to Graf, who says the locals wouldn’t rent a barn to Krishnamurti people because the hippies come and behave amorously near the tent [*S laughs*], next to the children’s encampment!’ [*Both laugh*.] I don’t quite know how far that went, but that’s what it says. ‘Krishnaji sent Graf to see Mr. Mueller to find out if the community is really becoming hostile. Krishnaji decided to hold discussions with the young people in the tent. Older people could sit *silently* in the back if they want.’

‘He spoke of a quiet mind.’ I’m having trouble with my eyes.

S: Let me turn on this light, too.

M: Yes, that’s better. ‘I discussed the endless serving up of thoughts and images that is all trivia. If one widens the scope, like looking from one’s finger to the wide valley, it is still an act of the conscious mind and will, and not very different.’ I don’t know what that means. ‘Then, attention to inattention can become a succession of images. As I spoke I find myself saying that a different sense comes about when there is great physical quiet in that there is almost a detachment from the body, a different quality of mind. Krishnaji said, “Try to act from emptiness. Find out what it is and do that. It is the way one should live.”’

S: Hm.

M: Throughout his life the emptiness has been the most dominant quality.

S: I know.

M: Both for him, naturally, and to try to convey that to us.

S: Yes.

M: On the twenty-second of July, there was ‘a meeting at Chalet Choucas of all the committees. The Lilliefelts were there and later came to lunch. Suzanne and Hughes came too. After his nap, Krishnaji walked down the hill, did some small errands in the village, and picked up his car, which was washed. Later Krishnaji said, “You must be transformed in every way inside and out.”’

‘The fourth talk,’ on the twenty-third, ‘was a *very* good one. He spoke about the only change being the inner one. Solutions to fragmentary problems only create new difficulties. Biascoecheas, Sendra, and a lawyer from Puerto Rico named Farias.’ Oh, he was an awful man! He was a Puerto Rican lawyer, but a rough man, not very nice. ‘Krishnaji tried to question Sendra about his trip to South America for the Krishnamurti teachings, but couldn’t get him to understand his questions.’ Sendra used to go off, claiming to represent Krishnamurti all over South America giving lectures, usually talking to Theosophists.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘Krishnaji met a group of the Spanish-speaking people who admit that most of the Spanish people who come to Saanen come to see Krishnaji, not because they can understand what he says. The day was hot, so we went for a drive in his car to the Col du Pillon and back by the Col des Mosses.’

On the twenty-fourth, ‘Krishnaji held a young people’s discussion at 10:30 a.m. in the tent. Others could attend but could not speak. It was almost as full as for the talks. Very good on Krishnaji’s part. The slight initial aggression in questions evaporated. We drove a little afterward, but it was too hot. Had a quiet lunch. Ortolani came for coffee, bringing a present for Krishnaji of a jersey shirt from a French woman. He examined it very carefully with the absorption of a child and liked it. Put it on; it looked very nice.’ [*Chuckles.*]

‘Later, we went over the hill, along the river and saw a machine clawing enormous rocks from the river. Ran into Mr. and Mrs. Graf. He has got a tent as shelter for the hippies to camp in.’

‘Krishnaji asked me what I would do if he died. I asked what he would want me to do, but he wouldn’t say. Later, he came back to it again, saying how he lives between life and death—it has always been a very thin line for him. Sometimes he feels like disappearing. I asked if he meant dying. He said, “No, no,” just going off where nobody knows him. He said he had often told me that talking is necessary in what he is supposed to do. Could living quietly, remotely and just writing be sufficient? And he said, “No.”’

On the twenty-fifth of July, ‘Krishnaji weighs only fifty kilos on the scale, but looks less thin and is full of energy. This morning he had me telephone Mr. Moser in Geneva about a Mercedes. He thinks it’s too complicated to ship mine to New York as suggested by Narasimhan, as it involves getting it to the port, finding an agent, insurance, etcetera. So we are back to plan A, which is to order a new 280 SE 3.5. This took the whole morning. So, he polished shoes with a *fury*,’ [*laughs*] ‘and had his bath as the Simmonses and Lilliefelts arrived for lunch. He went merrily off down the hill for his walk. I fetched Donald and a dessert, and then we went back for Krishnaji. Erna and Theo had a baptism of fire about Brockwood as Dorothy described some of the behavior of the students before she left. Her worries over the girls here in Gstaad is because of the hippies.’ She was afraid the girls would get mixed up with the hippies. ‘I talked to Erna and Theo while

Krishnaji napped. They left and then Krishnaji and I did some errands and then for a walk up over the hill. The weather has turned cold again.'

The twenty-sixth: 'A cool day. Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen talk, an absorbing, very clear one on fear and pleasure. To be caught in them is the bourgeois mind, or rather "the essence of the bourgeois mind is pleasure and fear." When you are aware of yourself, see the action in you, what happens? There is a greater sensitivity. You don't suppress or reject it; you see. The sensitivity sees joy, enjoyment, which is different from pleasure.' Is this making sense?

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: 'Madame Welser'…oh, she was a French woman who had multiple sclerosis. She 'came, as did Frasier and Dorothy, for treatment. Then, Nadia and her husband Nicolas Kossiakof.' Did you know Nadia Kossiakof? She was an Egyptian woman with…

S: Yes!

M: …enormous turquoise eyes.

S: Yes, yes, yes.

M: Dark hair, very portly.

S: Yes, I did.

M: And she was married to a Russian, Nicolas Kossiakof, who was a journalist. Very bright man. She used to handle the French publications. 'Also, Marcelle Bondoneau came for lunch. Krishnaji stayed talking till 2:30 p.m. Nadia spoke of seeing Radha and Jim Sloss. This prompted him to speak a little about the Rajagopal situation.'

'Mary Cadogan had an appointment to see him at 4:15 p.m. I fetched her and sat in. The problems of Miss Keller.' Miss Keller was a Swiss lady on the committee who didn't like Graf. They couldn't work together. And it says here, 'she sounds highly neurotic. Various other matters. Then, Mary brought up reactions to Krishnaji's talks and discussions and the feeling some people have that they can't get through to him. Krishnaji listened and examined it and said, "The speaker *also* feels you are not coming to him with great buckets, etcetera. He says, 'Please take anything you want,' and you say, 'Here, give us a little bit of that.' He doesn't want to push. He can pour, pour when you say, 'That is not enough,' then he can pour. He, the speaker, he says, 'Alright, I'll give you…you know?'"

'It was decided to hold smaller, daily, more intense discussions at Brockwood. I took Mary back to Chalet Choucas while Krishnaji walked down the hill. We walked together a way and ran into the Simmonses. At Krishnaji's urging, Dorothy had had a word with Alexandra and Yvonne on the danger of the hippie boys.' That was two of the students then.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Yvonne was the…

S: …Carnes's**[5]** daughter.

M: Carnes's, yes, and Alexandra was the one with the blonde Botticelli hair. 'On our walk back toward the car, we passed U.G. Krishnamurti, who gave the Indian salute unsmilingly with a sort of hunched turning away. Krishnaji said after we passed, "I felt something unclean.'"

S: Hm.

M: On the twenty-seventh, well, it's about my father and his wife, who no longer recognized even the nurses and had worsened, and later that day died. And my brother flying out to help father who is in Baden-Baden**[6]**, etcetera. I spoke with my father on the phone and will go by train to Baden-Baden and return on Friday.

On the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji gave his sixth Saanen talk, and an Italian hippie, Enzo, shouted at him in the middle of it. Krishnaji, who had been talking about pleasure in sex, in various things, was quiet, then resumed, "You take pleasure in violence, in anger, etcetera."'

'Anneke, Doris Pratt, and Jane Hammond came to lunch. A professor and Mrs. Foster, a niece of Fredrick Pinter, and her daughter came to tea. Krishnaji and I walked later. I talked to father by telephone; Bud arrived in Paris.'

[*Chuckling.*] This is the twenty-ninth, 'Krishnaji said to me, "I came from Madanapalle**[7]** to make you intelligent." [*Both laugh.*] The taxi I had ordered didn't come, so Krishnaji put a coat over his dressing gown, and drove me down to the station. I caught the train to Zweisimmen, and he took the car back up the hill.' Well, this is when I go to Baden-Baden, and you don't want to hear about all that.

I was in Baden-Baden till Friday the thirty-first. 'I left my brother and father and took the Trans-Europa Express to Basel, changed there for a train to Bern, then on to Spiez, and then to Zweisimmen. At Spiez I had a forty-five-minute wait, so I called Tannegg to say that I'd be later than planned. Krishnaji heard the phone ring and was sure it was me and offered to meet me in Zweisimmen, but I dissuaded him. I was back by 8:45 p.m. Erna and Theo have moved into the downstairs flat. Antonia arrived to replace Olga, who leaves tomorrow'—that's the maid. 'Krishnaji held the second discussion with young people this morning.'

On the first of August, 'there was the annual Saanen Gatherings Committee meeting. Krishnaji, Edgar Graf, Mary Cadogan, Doris Pratt, and me. Miss Keller said she was ill. She has been talking indiscreetly outside the Committee, saying Graf is not honest and doesn't cooperate with her. He is the treasurer; she is the secretary. Krishnaji will talk to

her next week. Fresia was also away. George Digby came for lunch (Nelly was sick), and so did Erna and Theo. They met Thursday at the Cadogan's and all was very friendly, thank goodness. Erna's negotiation with Harper and Row has been accepted, and they will do all the books. After lunch, there was a Krishnaji, Digby, Cadogan, de Vidas, and me meeting about French publications followed by a Spanish one with the same cast, plus Biascoechea, Farias, and Sendra. It developed that they want their own foundation. Erna was called into this meeting. There is a resentment of the English Foundation, which was evident. Mary Cadogan and George Digby are disturbed by this. Farias is quite aggressive, calls people *gringos*. A long, tiring day. Krishnaji and I walked a little over the hill.'

On the second of August, 'Krishnaji held his first public discussion in the tent. The Lilliefelts and Olaf Campbell to lunch.' He was an American who used to come.

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave the second public discussion. Mary Cadogan came to see him. She is disturbed about the resentment of the Foundation. She has to leave tomorrow. Badger died from garden poison at Brockwood.' That was one of the school dogs.

S: You know, I had no idea that the first dog was called Badger.

M: Didn't you?

S: I never knew that.

M: Yes. I named Badger, Badger. Whisper came with the name Whisper.

S: Isn't that funny. I never knew…**[8]**

M: But Badger was black. We got a black one and a beige one.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And, ah, I thought up the name Badger just because he was black and because of Brock…

S: Well, that's how I named Badger! [*Laughs.*]

M: Yes. We'd only had the first Badger less than a year. 'Mrs. Pamela Travers and Ruth McCandless came for lunch. Mr. Moser came at 4 p.m. and discussed trading in my present Mercedes on a similar one, a new 3.5 with English right-hand drive for next year.'

On the fourth, 'Krishnaji held the third public discussion in the tent. A Saint Bernard tethered to the fence near the car jumped at him aggressively but didn't hurt him. After the discussion, Krishnaji saw the Biascoecheas upstairs at Tannegg, while I had a meeting downstairs with Joan Gordon and the Lilliefelts about New York next April.

Then Madame Duchet and Marcelle Bondoneau came to lunch. Krishnaji asked questions on what *he* was like when he was about twenty-two and Marcelle first met him. Marcelle imitated the way Indians talk, animated.' [*M and S chuckle.*]

'At 4 p.m. Krishnaji gave interviews to the two Shepard sisters from South Africa, and a Bertil Gedin. A girl named Blazier telephoned to say she couldn't come because she had just given birth to a baby.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'She was at the discussion this morning!' [*More laughing*.] 'Krishnaji drove his car a bit, and we did errands in the village.'

On the fifth of August, 'Krishnaji's fourth public discussion on fragmentation and thought; it was a very good one. Krishnaji saw Achard and Gaillard before lunch.' Achard is the one who did a thesis on Krishnaji at a university in a city in the Savoie. My mind's gone blank.

S: In the Savoie?

M: Yes. Achard did his thesis on "Le Langage de Krishnamurti" because the university wouldn't accept a thesis just on Krishnaji's teachings, so he had to figure out how to do it and it was acceptable to do it on Krishnaji's language.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Cragnolini, Malvias Navara, Ortolani, and Signore Betilli came to lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji interviewed the twenty-year-old Californian, Jim Wallace.' Do you remember Jim Wallace?

S: No.

M: Big blond boy. 'Krishnaji had me vet him for his staying at Brockwood for a while. He is not a hippie, and was not involved in the fracas at the San Francisco Hotel, but seems really interested in inner things. I felt the first spark of hope that here might be a serious one who could truly benefit from Krishnaji's teachings.'

S: What was the fracas at the San Francisco Hotel?

M: Can't remember. [*Laughs.*] 'He and Krishnaji walked down the hill, and I picked Krishnaji up on the road to Saanen.'

For the sixth of August, it reads, 'Did errands early; lovely summer morning light in the villages, clean. The early people doing marketing. Such a sense of summer, simplicity, and that lovely inner shine this time of year always brings me. Krishnaji gave a superb fifth public discussion on inner and outer revolution. Answered all the youthful insistence on social revolution. He had enormous bursting energy. Anneke came for lunch with us in the car and discussed Amsterdam for next year. She also raised the matter of the antagonism of the Suarèses, who are here. He lectures about his Kabbalah book and doesn't come to the talks. He doesn't come to the talks, and he's hopeless, according to

Anneke, but she [Mrs. Suarès] came to listen and is also full of lies from Rajagopal, who has been wooing them.' In other words, his wife came to the talks, but he didn't.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: 'Anneke stayed to lunch and de Vidas came, too. At 3 p.m., I met Dorothy at the bank and transferred to her some gold for Brockwood, which was…' [*Laughs.*] I remember this! '…which was left to Krishnaji by an old French woman. This makes 48,280 Swiss francs or $1,115 US dollars. Dorothy was up till 3 a.m. with Joanna, who was having a fight with a hippie.' That's Joanna, who was a Brockwood student then, and who was here just lately with her child.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Dorothy is in a mood to expel the three girls who have behaved badly here. She is tired of playing policeman to save silly girls from delinquency. The school was meant for more than that, she said. At 4 p.m., she brought up Mr. Motani, Sunita's father.' Sunita was that same group of first students.

S: Ah, yes, yes, yes.

M: The girl was from Pakistan, I think. 'A Mr. and Mrs. Perrine!' You remember Warren Perrine? He used to come around quite a bit in those days. They lived in California, up near Big Sur.

S: The name says something to me.

M: Yes. They were quite nice. It says here, 'Perrine from California wants perhaps to buy the hundred-acre place across from Brockwood.' What? What hundred-acre place?

S: Maybe Morton was going to sell a piece.

M: 'They would go there and see it. It had been a very hot day, but Krishnaji walked up to the river and back. The meeting for Tapper, Leipziger, Loebl should have occurred today in Los Angeles.' Those are the lawyers on the case.

S: Mm.

M: On the seventh of August. 'Krishnaji gave another superb discussion in the tent. Number six. Nadia spoke to us about the Suarèses. When I came back, I telephoned to invite the Suarèses to lunch, but Madame Suarès was busy. After Krishnaji had treated Madame Welser'—that's the paralyzed lady—'Dorothy and Anneke and Krishnaji held a meeting with Miss Keller, Doris Pratt, and me on why Miss Keller was so antagonistic to Mr. Graf, her general indiscretions and remarks about him. She said she could not work with him, so she resigned from the Committee and will be responsible to Mary Cadogan at the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust for selling books in Zurich.'

‘Nadia came up and sat with Krishnaji through lunch and discussed the Suarèses, Rajagopal mess, etcetera. Krishnaji is upset by it. On top of everything else, another Vigeveno letter came, he says his last, saying that only Krishnaji can save the situation without interference with lawyers, etcetera. Krishnaji again would not touch it or read it but had me tell him the gist of it. He had a brief rest before the Saanen Gatherings meeting at 4 p.m. with the Grafs, Doris Pratt, and me. Krishnaji asked Graf to suggest a Swiss replacement for Miss Keller and also why, after he has been speaking for ten years here, there are only about a dozen Swiss at the talks? And what to do about this. When they left, we prepared for a walk, but there was such a thunderstorm with hail and heavy rain that we went downstairs and called on the Lilliefelts. Krishnaji is tired, and all this Suarès/Vigeveno junk is a harassment to him. He slept poorly; his body’s disturbed. He says I mustn’t be tired or it affects him.’ [*Sighs*.] ‘Talked to my father.’

On the eighth of August, ‘Krishnaji’s eighth public discussion. Miss Keller has not resigned from everything. Sybil Dobson and Erna and Theo came for lunch. At 4 p.m., all the foreign committees came, fifty-some people. Krishnaji talked about the function of the committees after his death and much about publications. He spelled out that Vimala Thakar has nothing to do with anything. George Digby has to answer endless questions asked by the Spanish group who, as usual, monopolize things. A Romanian woman was there, also a Russian woman, who translated books.’

On the ninth of August, ‘Sidney Roth rang from Chicago, and Erna took down in shorthand the news that will come in full from Leipziger next week. At the meeting on the sixth between Tapper, Loebl, Leipziger, Tapper proposed a settlement that leaves KWINC as a shell but gives all assets to the KFA. Loebl for the first time was conciliatory. Each lawyer now consults clients, etcetera. All of us feel Loebl’s attitude is now a key one to persuade Rajagopal. So far, so good.’ Of course, Loebl was soon out of it. Rajagopal fired him, I think.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘Krishnaji gave the eighth and last of the public discussions in the tent. It seems these talks and discussions were the most intense Krishnaji has ever given. Superb. He came back and saw Madame Welser, Dorothy, and Anneke for treatments. Anneke told me she has a faulty valve in her aorta. Krishnaji saw the girl, Dorothy Blazier, who had the baby last Tuesday. The baby died.’

S: Oh, dear.

M: ‘George and Nelly Digby came to lunch. We had a relaxed time, very congenial. Krishnaji talked till 4 p.m., when the Ojai group came to tea—the Hookers, Noyes, Kate Nadje…’ Kate Nadje died soon afterwards. She lived in Ojai. ‘…Essie Bates…’

S: I remember…

M: Essie Bates was a real estate woman, old lady, in her nineties.

S: Mm, hm.

M: '…Verna Krueger and the Lilliefelts. Krishnaji went off for a walk and when they'd gone, I joined him. I saw his footprints along the muddy road. It had been raining and then the remote figure in his raincoat and beret came along the path. He is tired but full of energy. These concentrations of meetings seem to bring him the necessary, almost limitless vitality, but they all are now over, and he will give no more interviews, etcetera. He was restless at night, cried out, "Mama! They don't know how vast it is." He said he might start writing.'

The tenth was 'a cold, foggy day. Krishnaji wanted to shop for shoes, so we went to the village and he found a pair he liked for walking. Joan Wright, the American young man Jim Wallace, Canadians John and Elaine La Marquand came for lunch. The latter was a boy who seemed to be listening so intensely in the talks. Madame Duchet saw Krishnaji briefly at 4 p.m. Then Krishnaji took Dorothy Simmons and me for a ride in his Mercedes. Let her drive it, too. Both of them were quite nervous at that.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji and I walked with Dorothy down to the van der Stratens, where she and Montague went, and Krishnaji and I came back.' They had that chalet right by the palace before you turn down…

S: I remember.

M: 'In the morning, Doris and Graf came by. Until the Saanen Gatherings Committee gets more members next year, Graf will sign checks alone. Paola and Jon Cohen and Alberto appeared after supper. They will move here Wednesday when Erna and Theo leave.'

S: That's Vanda's daughter and…

M: Yes, and Jon is her husband. And Alberto is Vanda's son.

The eleventh. 'I fetched Madame Suarès up the hill to see Krishnaji at noon. She has sided with Rajagopal through misinformation of Mima Porter, according to Nadia Kossiakof and Anneke, but she was upset. So Krishnaji talked to her and gave her the facts. She had been told that Krishnaji had refused to see Rajagopal. He explained why he wouldn't see him alone and that he had tried repeatedly to meet. Blitz's story was distorted. Alain was blamed for all of it. Krishnaji said that his trouble with Rajagopal had been going on for over ten years before Alain appeared. Krishnaji didn't mention the attorney general at all, but said that things are now up to Rajagopal if he wishes to settle. Mima Porter sent her a seventeen-page copy of accusations for Suarès to read. If this is the Leipziger letter sent by Tapper to Loebl, it means that the KWINC board has seen it. Krishnaji told her that he doesn't ask her or care what she does, but if she wants to write to Porter, to remember that now is the time for Rajagopal to settle. Madame Duchet, Marcelle, and Madame Suarès were at lunch. Everyone kept the amenities going. Krishnaji talked alone with Madame Suarès for a short time after lunch and then they left.

Krishnaji saw Topazia, and her daughter.' Topazia Alliata is an old friend, lives in Rome, and is a friend of Vanda's.

S: Mm, hm.

M: You know her. She…

S: Yes.

M: 'Also an Italian young man who wants to start a school. I fetched from the bookstore the large copy of a photo of Krishnaji taken in Chicago, on the roof of the Palmer house when he was very young. Alain had it blown up and it was used on Mrs. Ruisch's bookstore window when Krishnaji's books are on display. She is selling the store. The photo is too big to take to Brockwood this year. We will store it here. Krishnaji and I walked to inspect the river. Talked to Erna and Theo a little. They leave in the morning.' What's happened to that photograph?

S: I think it disappeared. Dorothy had it for years above her desk.

M: Yes.

S: And then she took it down, and I don't know what happened to it.

M: Huh.

S: Shortly after I became principal we looked for it. We couldn't find it.

M: Mm.

On the twelfth, 'The Lilliefelts left; and the van der Stratens came for lunch. Krishnaji said he read in his Maigret**[9]**, which he reads to practice French, the phrase, "his thought was faster than his words."' [*Chuckles*.] 'And he realized that when he is giving a talk, he does not think at all!' [*Both laugh*.] 'Paola and Jon Cohen, Alberto, and an American girl moved into the flat downstairs.'

The thirteenth of August. 'It was a marvelous morning, cloudless, warm, clearly the day to go out in Krishnaji's car, and off we went, down to Aigle, Montreux, and to lunch in Lausanne at the Grappe D'Or. We walked up the hill and looked for knitted shirts. Found some. Also size 9½ socks. They were women's socks, ribbed nylon, just what we've looked for. We drove back the Bulle way. It was beautiful. I took some pictures. We could see the Dent du Midi.'

'Along the way, Krishnaji said, "Shall we talk seriously? That no one has made the change. Is there something he should do before he dies about this? I don't feel I'm to blame." I began to ask him what the process is of meeting a statement of his, such as "having an empty mind," i.e., hearing that, my mind sees it has known such moments but

doesn't know if what I have known is what he refers to. I suspect it is far less, but that is speculation. How indeed should one proceed? He seemed to want to go into it but not today. I am to bring it up again. This drive was a little too long for him and he was tired, but still wanted to stop at the shoe store in Saanen—Kohi—where he found some walking shoes that pleased him. Later he said, "I come from so far away."'

S: Hm. Completely trivial here, but that shoe store, was that the one that was right on the edge of town?

M: Yes, of Saanen. And the man who was…

S: He made shoes.

M: Yes, he made shoes. And he was a mountain ah…

S: Mountain rescue man.

M: Yes.

S: And then he went out of business.

M: Yes. A nice man.

S: Yes. Yes indeed.

M: 'The next day, the weather was clouded. Paola, John, Alberto, and Phyllis came to lunch. I went afterward with Madame Duperrex for a ride high above Château D'Oex.' Madame Duperrex was the concierge at Caprices; nice woman, and she used to look after things for me. 'She's such a nice person. Came back and walked with Krishnaji.'

Saturday, the fifteenth. 'Paola, Alberto, John, and friend to lunch. Krishnaji saw de Vidas at 4:00 p.m. and went to the shoe store in Saanen again. Better size for Krishnaji was 39½. We went for a walk by the river. He said he thinks the second-rateness of the early people (Rajagopal, Rosalind Rajagopal, Suarès, Vigevenos, etcetera) was just that they were at hand, and therefore served a purpose in a practical sense to whatever seemed to order things around Krishnaji.' That was his estimation. 'The present entourage is more mature-thinking. He used the word *indecent* about Rajagopal and RR'—RR is Rosalind.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'She once kicked him with her knee, and he was in pain for days. But he never felt angry. It left no mark in his spirit. Rajagopal was as he is from the beginning. Krishnaji and Nitya both felt an aversion to him. Rajagopal once had rheumatism in India, and an Ayurvedic doctor said he could cure him if treated for a year. Rajagopal refused, saying he must leave with Krishnaji or Krishnaji would forget him. "Which was true," said Krishnaji!' [*Both laugh*.] Oh dear! [*They laugh again*.]

On the seventeenth of August, 'I talked to Vanda in Rome. Ruth McCandless came at noon. Ruth told me, at my request, the sequence of her experiences as follows: that Mrs. Shannon, who was here in 1965, through her met Margot Wilke. In early 1968, after Krishnaji had agreed to speak at Claremont that autumn, she was invited by Mrs. Mathias, with whom Wilke stayed in San Francisco to meet Rosalind. They quizzed her on how Krishnaji came to be speaking at Claremont. "He can't do that," said Rosalind. "Was it a group or an individual, who had arranged it?"'

'"Both," said Ruth. "The individual would be me, and the group was Blaisdell"'—that's the place at Claremont that invited him. '"Oh, we knew Allen Blaisdell," said Rosalind. It wasn't until this year that Ruth learned from a passing remark of Mr. Rempel'—he was the head of Blaisdell—'that they had to override Allen Blaisdell to have Krishnaji speak at Claremont. Within a day or two, Rosalind invited Ruth to tea and told her how easily influenced Krishnaji is, and that now I and Alain Naudé were doing so, and then launched into her usual libel of Alain. Shortly after that meeting, Mrs. Mathias rang Ruth and said that she had known Rosalind for years and knew her to be without guile, whereas she, Ruth, had guile. Furthermore, she and Margot Wilke, and Rosalind, had been friends for years and years, and no one was going to break that up. This left her amazed, said Ruth.'

'The Suarèses then were fetched up the hill to lunch by me, and after that, Krishnaji talked alone with Mrs. Suarès, told her to ask Yo'—that's Yo de Manziarly—'why she didn't attempt to find out the facts, but instead turned against him.' You see, Yo sided with Mima, her sister…

S: I know.

M: …with Rajagopal, whereas Marcelle and Sacha remained friends of Krishnaji's.

Let's see. Oh, this is all about Biascoechea: 'I went to the bank with him, where the bank manager sent a draft of $25,000 to the Cantonal Bank for the account of Alzina.' Alzina was an account for money for Krishnaji's needs, as he wasn't getting any money from Rajagopal, obviously.

S: Why was the name chosen?

M: There was a Mr. de Marxof, who was a financial advisor to Frances McCann, and he suggested having an account in Switzerland where money could be put, and he thought up the name.

S: Did this account later turn into the Teachings Trust?

M: Yes.

S: Hm.

M: Yes. I was the one to handle it for Krishnaji, and the bank advised on how to invest it. 'The bank invested in Danish bonds, paying 9 percent annually on March third, redemption in 1982. These are not subject to withholding tax. This new Alzina account is a numbered one, and Krishnaji is the owner, and power of attorney is given to me. On Wednesday, Krishnaji will come to the bank for signing. Meanwhile, at his instructions, I put a £2,000 scholarship for an Indian boy to be selected by Krishnaji to go to Brockwood, given by Madame Duchet. I put it into Dorothy Simmons's account at the Cantonal Bank. I also arranged for Krishnaji's trust account, and personal account to get 5 percent net. I deposited money for our use next year at Tannegg. Krishnaji walked down, and had his hair cut. We did some errands; walked by the river.'

Are we near the end of the tape?

S: We're near the end of the tape. Is the next day a short day? It looks short—why don't you read that one?

M: Alright. The eighteenth of August. 'It was a nice day, clear in the morning. With Krishnaji driving, we went to Thun in his car. We ate our picnic in the same little place beside a church at the edge of the lake. We left the car for the winter at Moser's and went over the contract for the trade-in of mine to order a new Coupe 280 SE 3.5 for the end of next April. Then we walked over to the lake steamer and took it to Spiez. The Mönch, Eiger, and Jungfrau were visible with heavy new snow. We took the bus from Spiez up the hill to the train station. Krishnaji had given much of his rice at lunch to the swans [*chuckling*] and some ducks. So, we went to the buffet and he had a bun and some tonic water. We took the train to Zweisimmen, where we changed onto the Gstaad one, which delighted him. He stood all the way, absorbed as a child, [*S chuckles*] with his hands in his driving gloves, holding the edge of the window, lost in looking out; that remote, absent look. He followed where the road went, but saw all the countryside, silently. Later he said, "I like to go in trains. You see better. I must go more in trains."'

S: Hm.

M: 'He used to watch from trains in India, the vast country unroll in the days before he flew. We got off in Gstaad at 6:18 p.m., bought our paper, took the shortest and most expensive ride in a taxi *ever,* paid five francs and got off at the palace and walked the rest of the way up hill.' [*Both laugh*.] And so…do you want one more short one?

S: Yes!

M: Wednesday, the nineteenth, 'Packed. Spoke to Vanda in Rome. Mrs. Lindberg and the Biascoecheas came to lunch. Mrs. Lindberg talked about ecology, concern of young husband in the Philippines. She talked quite a bit, rather intensely, nervous but direct, both assertive in conversation and shy. Shyness is not the surface thing, though perhaps is behind it. She was dressed in a pantsuit with odd *pantoufle*. Very nice, very perceptive person. Krishnaji was pleased to see her. Later, Krishnaji and I went to the bank, where he opened the Alzina account to house the Biascoechea sum. Power of attorney to me,

and Krishnaji received power of attorney from Isabel Biascoechea for another $25,000.' That was money Krishnaji could use, but it must go eventually to Isabel if something happened to Enrique.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'We went for chemist things, then came and took a last walk of the season to the river. Inspected the stonework. Later Krishnaji said, "Since the train ride I have felt very far away."'

S: Hm.

M: I think that's a good place to stop because the next day we went to Brockwood.

S: Right. Good.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] An English couple who moved to the Rishi Valley School to start the dairy for the school.

[2] Dorothy and her husband Montague always stayed in their Land Rover, which was made to easily convert into a small trailer, at the camping site in Saanen. Doris Pratt always stayed in a tent next to them.

[3] With over two thousand people coming to Saanen for the talks for at least three weeks, all of them staying in the environs, eating in the restaurants and cafés and buying things; commercial interests always trumped moral indignation.

[4] A publisher in Holland, and the first one to publish after the break with Rajagopal.

[5] George and Esme Carnes were two of the earliest staff members of Brockwood, and worked there for a great many years.

[6] A spa town in Germany, located in the western foothills of the Black Forest.

[7] The small town where Krishnaji was born.

[8] In 1986, the school got a new school dog, and he was named "Badger" because Brock is an old English name for a badger, so Brockwood means badger-wood.

[9] Krishnaji's favorite reading matter was what he called "thrillers" detective stories, or spy stories, and his favorite French detective was Jules Maigret, a fictional character who appeared in seventy-five novels by Georges Simenon.

Issue 16: August 1970 to October 1970

This issue is the normal length, but covers only three months, which means it is full of detail. In it we see enthusiasts of Krishnaji's work wanting to start Krishnamurti Foundations in several different countries, and a clarification of Krishnaji's role in the possible new foundations.

We also see more of Brockwood's early teething troubles, many of which reflected more that period of history (the late 60's and early 70's) than anything about the individuals involved.

Several attempts at a peaceful resolution with Rajagopal and KWINC are made, but come to nothing.

Throughout this time, Krishnaji is dictating a book on education which, interestingly, has still not been published.

Mary: We pick up this account on August twenty, 1970, and the day starts in Gstaad. 'It was a cool grey day, and Krishnaji and I said goodbye to Fosca and Antonia'—that was the extra maid—'and drove in the Mercedes toward Geneva at 11:30 a.m. We had a terrible time finding a gas station open to fill the tank. But we did and we had a picnic along the autoroute before we got to Geneva. We arrived at the Geneva airport where Mr. Moser met us.' He's the man who sold us all those cars.

Scott: Mm, hm.

M: 'We signed the order for the new Mercedes 280 SE Coupe 3.5 for next April, and he drove off in the dear present one.' As usual, I got very sentimental [*S laughs*] about giving a car away.

S: I quite understand.

M: It's going to be maltreated and awful things are going to happen to it. It's going to the knackers, [*S laughing*] as they say here about horses. 'It had *hummmmed* at 105 miles per hour on the auto route.' [*Chuckles*.] 'The nicest car I ever drove,' I say. 'Krishnaji and I took the 3:15 p.m. British Air flight to London. Dorothy met us, but on exiting the terminal, found that her car had been impounded [*chuckles*] for illegal parking! [*S laughs*.] So there was a delay while she got it back. We then drove to Brockwood. Krishnaji was very silent and remote. He has been "far off," he says, since the train ride on Tuesday. He said that Rajagopal and Rosalind must have asked him for things when he was in such states, and he would say, "anything you say," the way he used to say to Leadbeater. His face was an austere mask in the car, but he returned enough to greet people on arrival at Brockwood, and wanted to have supper downstairs with everyone. Dorothy looked tense. Brockwood needs pulling together, but it is good to be back. Slept very well.'

On the twenty-first, 'Unpacking. I put all of Krishnaji's drawers and cupboards in order. Rang Mary Links at Blackdown. Also Doctor McGowan to give him Krishnaji's health report. Paul Anstee says the new leather chair looks very nice in the drawing room.' [*Chuckles.*] You don't want all this, do you?

S: Yes, yes, absolutely.

M: Okay. 'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a meeting with the Simmonses, Doris, Donald, and me on Brockwood and all problems and general disorder. A female teacher, who was left in charge of Brockwood with an American couple called Janetson, is having…' oh, well, I can't go into this.

S: Yes, you can.

M: Censored!

S: Why can't you put this in?

M: Because it's nobody's business.

S: But this is the kind of thing that Brockwood has gone through, don't you see?

M: Well, someone was having an affair with someone else at Brockwood, and that was the problem. [*Laughs.*] 'Krishnaji really blazed at all of us. He said, "When you have tried reasoning, talking with them, and it does no good and you don't want to use threats, what do you do?" He hammered so hard on Dorothy, the others kept silent, but I was afraid she would come apart, so I drew some of the fire, and what a fire it was! "You can't walk away from me. You have to educate them." In the end it was a matter of saying that we have tried dissuasion, and they have turned that into a game of contention.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: Sound familiar?

S: Only too familiar. You see, Mary, this is why it's important to put all of this down—because all of this is familiar, and also unfortunately, it is what's going to happen in the future. This is all going to come up again, and there has to be some way of looking at this…

M: History.

S: Yes.

M: 'Krishnaji said, "We are through with that. This is the direction of Brockwood, not your direction, but the original direction for which it was begun. Do you want to come

with us? If so, it will be an answer in action and not merely verbal." It was 7:00 p.m. by the time this meeting ended.'

On the twenty-second, 'Krishnaji finished unpacking and I put away all his things, reorganized drawers, etcetera. In the afternoon, he gave interviews to Mr. Warren Parriae who wants to do something about an annex to Brockwood,' it says here.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Krishnaji and I went for a walk around the lanes.'

On Sunday, the next day, 'the Lilliefelts arrived, having motored around southern England for a few days. They are in the West Wing spare room. Krishnaji was interviewed at noon for the *Times*' Educational Supplement. Mr. Parriae wants to invest $100,000 in a house nearby, which Brockwood can use. After lunch, I took Erna and Theo around the place. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji had another meeting with the Simmonses, Doris, Donald, and me. Dorothy has asked all the extraneous people to leave, including…' those people who are having affairs.

S: Alright, without naming names here…

M: Yes.

S: …as you feel uneasy about that, but what is significant here is that…

M: He was dealing with it.

S: …and that people were engaged in their own relationship difficulties…

M: Mm.

S: …which was felt by Krishnaji and obviously others to be inappropriate in a school.

M: Right.

S: Now, this is a very contentious issue. And this is something that needs a little light shed on it. Because they were insisting that it was right, or they wouldn't stop…

M: Mm, hm.

S: …or something, even with Krishnaji around, they were saying, "No. What I think is right."

M: Yes.

S: That's something that's very interesting to go into. Do you remember anything about why Krishnaji said it was inappropriate? I mean, obviously, it would either mean some people were married to other people when they were having the affairs…

M: Yes, yes.

S: And this was just felt to be a bad influence on the students or…

M: Well, it was…

S: …were they just too self-indulgent…

M: …messy.

S: …and stupid?

M: It was messy.

S: Yes.

M: I mean, I can't quote him on it, and what I'm saying might just be my interpretation; but it seemed these people were putting all their personal junk first, and not the school.

S: Yes, and also, it puts into perspective the kind of arguments that happen now after Krishnaji is gone, when people say, "No, I have a right to do this, or this is my living the teachings. Who are you to say that I can't do this?" I mean, it puts it in perspective that people were even willing to say that to Krishnaji.

M: Mm, hm.

S: Which is staggering, when you think of it.

M: Well, the very next morning he talked to the woman concerned before lunch. But I wasn't there so there's nothing about what he said. And 'in the afternoon, I went to Winchester with the Lilliefelts in their car and then went alone by train to Southampton. At the Hertz office I rented a tomato-red Volkswagen and drove home to Brockwood. Krishnaji went walking with a young man who wishes to be part of Brockwood. This was good news to me until Krishnaji added that this young man said that he had a feeling of Krishnaji's death and that he would be present then when Krishnaji is seventy-seven.' This is the kind of nuttiness that floats up.

S: Oh, lord.

M: 'This so shocked me that I felt sick and wished never to hear of this young man again. [*S laughs*.] Krishnaji was impatient with all this. "You must face it," he said. "I don't know why you all make such a fuss about death." I said I would face it when it came, but

I didn't want to face the trivial references to it conversationally. Later, he said, "I think I will live quite a lot longer, or pop off any time!" [*S laughs heartily; M chuckles*.]

S: All very comforting!

M: Yes! I was reassured, you can see.

S: Yes. [*More laughing*.]

M: The next day 'was quiet. Krishnaji slept a lot. We walked a long walk in the afternoon.'

August twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji and I in the red Volkswagen went to Alton, then to London on the 10:20 a.m. train. Naturally, our first stop was at Huntsman, where I ordered a pair of grey Birdseye slacks, and Krishnaji liked the material so much that he ordered a double-breasted suit of the same material. [*Chuckling*.] We walked to W. Bill Limited and bought two Shetland pullovers for Krishnaji, and then went to the Aperitif, where Mary Lutyens met us for lunch. Krishnaji asked her about "continuing conversation" for the next book…' That must mean some provisional title. I don't remember.

S: Mm, hm.

M: '…or doing one on parents, children, and teachers. He will start that. We went to Mr. Campion.' Mr. Campion was the dentist.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'And while Krishnaji had his teeth done, I did errands. Then we came home. Erna has heard a rumor that Loebl has resigned as Rajagopal's lawyer.'

'The next day was a lovely, warm, clear day. I did deskwork all morning while Krishnaji slept. In the afternoon, we drove to the Itchen River near Avington. Lovely clear stream. We walked along it, but it was too short and we came back to Brockwood.'

S: That must have been from the Bush Inn?

M: It's the Bush, yes.

S: Hm. [*M chuckles; S laughs*.]

M: On the twenty-eighth, 'Before lunch, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I continued the conversation Krishnaji and I had on what are our reasons to the students against their sleeping together. [*M chuckles*.] He had to stop for lunch before we finished. Then Krishnaji met the staff and two students who are here for discussions of what cooperation is. Krishnaji said the feeling of cooperation comes first; then, out of that comes its

objectives, etcetera. On the walk after, he lit into me, saying I didn't understand when I asked if the cooperation doesn't imply action with others, and around some endeavor, the objective or some general nucleus of something, a direction stimulates a feeling of wanting to cooperate. Or, does it get started in the beginning? It generates the wanting to cooperate. I had felt in the discussion that he was stressing cooperation as a primary thing to lead people past the pitfall of beginning by defining what the objections are.' Does that make any sense to you?

S: Mm, hm.

M: I think I know what he was saying.

S: Yes, I think I do, too. Krishnaji would say that you cooperate for the sake of cooperation.

M: Yes, and then you…

S: Not for a thing.

M: That's right; you don't get inspired by the problem and *then* cooperate.

S: Yes, yes.

M: You cooperate…

S: …out of the spirit of cooperation.

M: …and then deal with problems when they come up.

S: Yes, yes.

M: '…and, hence, my bringing up the above went against that. He said he has no plan, but I had said in discussion, that he did. That it was not so. That he was examining and had no preconceived plan.' I was saying, "You planned what you would say." He was *vehement* and impatient. I felt an impasse I couldn't bridge. Later, he sensed this and said he was sorry. He had been rough and it wouldn't happen again. When he saw Dorothy later, she was almost in tears of exhaustion. People tried to push their way into staying at Brockwood. Somebody in the garden left.' Can't read the writing.

On the twenty-ninth of August, 'there was the first official meeting of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust and the Krishnamurti Foundation of America. Present were Krishnaji, Dorothy Simmons, Mary Cadogan, George Digby, David Bohm, Erna and Theo Lilliefelt, and me…also Hughes van der Straten, who stayed for the night. Earlier the post brought Leipziger's account in detail of the Tapper-Loebl-Leipziger meeting held on August sixth. In it, we learned for the first time the disturbing news that Tapper, without consulting Leipziger, proposed that Rajagopal be allowed to carry on publications of

post-1968 material. Everyone thinks this is non-negotiable. Krishnaji leans to thinking that perhaps Rajagopal may want to settle with him rather than go through lawyers. All this plus the Indian Foundation, Spanish-American, and Australian potential foundations were discussed. Finances look somewhat more optimistic.'

Next day, 'there was a long morning talk between Krishnaji, Hughes, Erna, and me about the impossibility of the Tapper proposal, that Rajagopal carry on publications. Erna cabled Leipziger our feelings and drafted a *stiff* letter on all of this. Krishnaji again explored the idea that Rajagopal doesn't really want to carry on this work; he's too old and sick, but wants the rapprochement with Krishnaji, and may want to hand things over personally to him.' This was his perpetual hope…

S: Mm, hm.

M: …or optimism. 'Hughes flew back to Belgium. After lunch, I drove Erna and Theo to Blackdown for tea with the Linkses. Krishnaji was ready to come but looked so tired that he stayed and slept. Mary had written to him yesterday to suggest that Brockwood needed his presence eight to nine months of the year. It was a warm day, and pleasant at the Linkses. We got back to Brockwood in time for supper.'

On the thirty-first of August, 'Krishnaji dictated to me, in the morning, a conversation on the meaning of cooperation for *The Bulletin*. In a resolve never to fall behind, I spent most of the rest of the day typing it, and before going to bed had it in an envelope and in the post, on its way to Mary L. for vetting. If I could keep up-to-date with book, letters, and laundry, all would be well.' [*Both laugh.*] 'I rang father in Deauville. He is well and busy with his friends, returns to Paris Thursday. At lunch, Dorothy gave a resume of the instant hostility of the latest pupil from the U.S. He wants to leave after being here two hours'—[*both laugh*]—'because of his hair!'

S: Oh, yes!

M: 'It was suggested that it be kept reasonably clean, neat, and not too long. Hair is one's most sacred object these days. Krishnaji and I and Whisper walked along the road toward West Meon and then down the hill between the fields, a long and lovely walk.' That's when you go toward West Meon and then you go left. There's a way you can go down.

S: Down to the Farm Shop?

M: Yes, toward the Farm Shop.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: 'The first time there for me. Krishnaji decided to start a new book tomorrow on education. Giving views of parents, students, and teachers in India, Europe, and the U.S. Mary L. wants to start editing his next book in January, which means we must work on this one every day. I will put aside typing the other one and try. I must keep this one

typed without falling behind. It takes me all of a day, so it will take some doing.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The first of September. 'Krishnaji began dictation of the new education book. It began very like the conversations except that the questioner was a group of parents, in this case, Indian ones. There was the usual lovely bit of nature descriptions at the beginning—Rajghat in this one. Though I typed in the afternoon, it was impossible to finish. Krishnaji talked to the Biascoecheas at 4 p.m. and wanted me present on it, as it was about the Hispano-Americana Foundation. Then we took Whisper for a walk. Erna and Theo went to Stonehenge, Longleat, and the New Forest.

The next day, 'Krishnaji did #2 of the education book. I went to Winchester on errands. It rained and the de Vidases came for the talks.'

On the third of September, 'he dictated #3 of the education book in the morning. We had a 12:30 p.m. lunch, and made the 1:50 p.m. train from Alton to London. Both had Huntsman fittings. Krishnaji bought a windbreaker at Lillywhites and we were back at Brockwood by 6:30 p.m. On trains, Krishnaji gets very dreamy.' [*Chuckles*.]

The next day, 'again he dictated. The house is swarming with people. Balasundaram arrived from India. There's a letter from Rosenthal'—that's our lawyer—'who will be in Norwich on Sunday.'

On the fifth, 'Saturday, a lovely sunny day. The tent had been put up in the field beyond the swimming pool, and in it, Krishnaji gave his first of four talks. About 600 people came. The sound system worked excellently this year, and lunch was had after the talk by everyone, including Krishnaji. Martha Longnecker was there—the Digbys, the Lilliefelts, and I discussed publication matters afterward.'

Sunday the sixth, 'another lovely day and Krishnaji gave the second talk, very good, very strong. Again, a picnic lunch in the tent—800 to 900 people today. At 4 p.m., the two Krishnamurti Foundations met—Biascoechea, Farias, and Sendra, regarding their forming a Krishnamurti Foundation; a Krishnamurti Fundación Hispano-Americana. They never could give a reason why they wanted to be called a foundation, but it looks as if they will. There was talk of how more protection could be put in all the foundations' charters to protect Krishnaji's intention. For instance, they would publish only his books, etcetera. Later, we took Whisper for a walk, and later I spoke to Father in Paris.'

The seventh of September, 'Erna and I rang Saul Rosenthal in Norwich. He can come here next Sunday to discuss settlement proposals.' Then things about my brother and sister-in-law. 'Krishnaji dictated No. 5 on the education book. At 4 p.m., he held a meeting with the school. Brockwood's intention is intelligence, which is sensitivity and freedom. Freedom equals freedom from one's own conditioning. A very good discussion;

Editor's Note: ***The linked discussion is labeled as being on the eighth of September, but the archivist of the Krishnamurti Foundation of America reassures us that this is***

actually the discussion on the seventh, and is simply mislabeled in the book as the eighth.

it should be in *The Bulletin*. Krishnaji walked with Balasundaram, and I walked with the Lilliefelts. Mrs. Jayakar has the flu in Bombay and can't be here till the eighteenth, missing the meeting on Monday. The Lilliefelts' charter flight leaves that day. We will go ahead with the meeting on Monday. A tiring but busy day. Balasundaram showed Rishi Valley slides in the evening.'

Tuesday, the eighth of September. 'There were showers, and it was colder. Krishnaji held a discussion in the tent for those who are staying in the neighborhood between the weekend talks; 150 to 200 people or more. Questions were on education and ran rather like yesterday's school discussion, except that he made it sound utterly new. Intelligence, freedom, and the fragmented conditional mind could see that it is patterned as it happens, and that instantaneous perception frees it.'

'The Bohms asked to see Krishnaji and he talked to them at 4 p.m., and later Krishnaji went for a walk with Dave. Meanwhile Erna, Theo, Balasundaram, and I talked until suppertime. Balasundaram gave us the background of the Foundation for New Education in India.'

S: What happened to the Foundation for New Education?

M: It became Krishnamurti Foundation of India. They just changed the name.

S: Oh, that's right, that's right.

M: But there was a big fuss about whether Krishnaji could be on the board.

S: I remember.

M: I don't know if that's mentioned in here.

S: Do you want to mention it now? Let's just talk about that for a minute, that whole fuss, because that was a really interesting [*laughs*] ordeal.

M: It must come in here somewhere. Um, well, let me read what it says here.

S: Ok.

M: Just the end of this day and then we can discuss that. As I was saying, 'Erna, Theo, Balasundaram and I talked till suppertime. He gave us the background of the FNE-KFI, and we gave the reasons for the charter of the KF England—an effort to safeguard Krishnaji's legal rights to the hilt. At the end, he asked what we wanted them to do in India, implying that they would.' And then it says, 'to be continued.' I suppose that's sort

of me being—[*S laughs*]—skeptical! 'Earlier, we gave him Leipziger's report in June and Tapper's letter to Loebl, etcetera.'

S: Do you want to talk about what happened with this Foundation for New Education?

M: Well, I can't remember the exact details, whether it had already happened or happened later. But they…it's as though when Krishnaji started making Krishnamurti Foundations, that became *the* thing to do, if you know what I mean.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And that's, I think, why the Biascoecheas wanted a fundación in Puerto Rico, instead of just a committee. And also, India caught on that they were a bit out-of-date if they didn't do something to equal KFE, as it was known then (Krishnamurti Foundation of England, later known as KFT, Krishnamurti Foundation Trust) and KF America. But, as I recall, and I can't give you the dates of this now, but it may emerge that they did that, but with the interesting condition that Rajagopal was a member of it and Krishnaji wasn't. So figure that one out! [*S laughs*.] Reasons were, for Krishnaji, that he shouldn't have to bother with things like that. He was above all that. He was a spiritual head and shouldn't be troubled with the nitty-gritty of meetings.

S: Right, the things of the material world. Like money. [*Laughs.*]

M: And why they were holding onto Rajagopal was never clearly explained. Eventually, they dropped him when he came up for reelection, I think, as I recall. Maybe. Anyway, eventually he was out. And, of course, what changed everything, and I am now being catty, I guess, but it's how it happened, was when they wanted Vasanta Vihar**[1]**, they had to bring a lawsuit against Rajagopal to get it and almost didn't.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So that kind of changed their attitude.

S: Yes. And there were also some strange people on it, though, as I remember, in the early years, who were left over from Rajagopal's school of thought that…

M: Yes, there were. And, of course, Madhavachari was on it, and the head of it, and it turned out in the end, to their surprise, that Madhavachari had been passing all the information about the case that he got from Krishnaji to Rajagopal. So Rajagopal knew what was being planned. A real betrayal. That sort of took the icing off their feelings for Madhavachari.

S: Yes. Terrible. But also, Pupul also was not wanting Krishnaji on this board.

M: No, no.

S: None of them: Sunanda, Pama. None of them, as far as I remember.

M: Well, I remember Pupul as the chief spokesman for this point of view.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But I don't know how many…it's an odd group of people, because a lot of the people, as you know, don't know what's going on, and only turn up for a yearly meeting where they sit silently and nod.

S: Mm, hm.

M: The people who ran it were the…

S: …same ones who run it now.

M: Exactly.

S: Yes.

M: Well, you could say that of us, too. Only we don't run it quite as…

S: [*laughing*] No, some of us don't run any of it anymore. [*S laughs more*.]

M: No, some of us don't run it anymore! That's right! [*Laughs.*] I don't know whether to boast or to sort of mention it out of the side of my mouth. [*Both chuckle*.] Anyway, that's how it was then.

The next day was Wednesday the ninth, and 'gale winds and cold prevailed. Krishnaji was full of fire and dictated No. 6 on the educational book.'

S: Which we still don't know the name of.

M: Which we still don't know the name of**[2]**. 'At 3:30 p.m., de Vidas, Erna, and Theo were to meet, but de Vidas was late and I had to leave them to tape Krishnaji's discussion with the school. We continued, "what Brockwood is about," how to bring about intelligence and freedom in this. And what is discipline? What do we do if after discovery through intelligent discussion and agreement the person still doesn't follow through?' That's what we talked about. 'Hair was brought up as a subject by Dominic. If clean and tidy, fine, but otherwise is disagreeable to others who have to live alongside. Sensitivity, consideration, should prevent dirty bare feet, etcetera, etcetera.' Oh dear! [*Both laugh*.] That was the early problems. 'But if a person perpetually disregards all this, do we discipline, punish which is repellent? What do we do?' [*Chuckles*.] It became almost a detective story, wondering how Krishnaji would solve it. Later, he told me that he had no idea where he was going; it just came out. That it is the reluctant person who punishes

himself by pulling away from the intelligence of an offer to live in friendship and accord, and the learning process here.

Krishnaji was too tired to walk after all this, and went to bed. I was exhausted, too. Erna and Theo and de Vidas were still talking. That was useful, too. We called George Digby about a meeting on Saturday afternoon for publications for the foreign members here. Erna had earlier drawn up a letter answering Leipziger's questions on past publications. In the evening, Balasundaram talked with Biascoechea and said he had seen Krishnaji's Indian horoscope at Adyar, and that he was born at 12:24 a.m., after midnight on May thirteenth, 1895.' That's still another date. 'The Indians traditionally counted the day as starting at 6 a.m.' I thought it was 4 a.m.

S: I also thought it was 4 a.m.

M: So they consider that May twelfth is his birthday, but according to Western figuring, it is 24 minutes into May thirteenth. Well, all that's wrong**[3]**.

S: Hm.

M: 'Theosophy said Krishnaji, in a former life, was one of the Buddha's disciples. Balasundaram gave me a photo of Krishnaji when young, and said'—this is all Balasundaram—'said Krishnaji, in answer to his and Pupul's question on how it was he could see things without division, etcetera, how it came about. Krishnaji replied, he could remember that as a boy he had always seen things without any division, i.e., the observer and the observed were there from the beginning in him.' The perception of that. 'Yesterday, Balasundaram told me of Rajagopal's bullying Krishnaji in India in 1957, and also Rosalind's rudeness to him in India in 1956.'

On the tenth of September, 'Krishnaji held the second discussion in the tent for those here between talks. A woman new to all this and a worker in a mental hospital, by the name of Spooner, kept asking, from the psychiatric point of view, questions on thought, solving everything, trying to understand through the brain. Krishnaji gave a brilliant analysis, laying bare how thought is the cause of trouble—fear, as an example, cannot exist without thought. Erna and Theo left for London after lunch and spent the night there.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated #7 in the education book. Rosenthal rang from London and will be here on Sunday. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I took a long walk down the lane between the fields. Erna and Theo returned. They'd had a long lunch with Michael Rubinstein and Mary Cadogan. After supper, I talked to Balasundaram about Indian publication matters.'

The twelfth of September 'was pouring rain in the early morning, but it luckily stopped in time for Krishnaji's third talk in the tent. He lunched there, sitting with Mar de Manziarly, who had just come from Boston. Later, he showed her through the West Wing. Erna, Theo, and I were talking right up to the 4 p.m. meeting with the Digbys to persuade George, at Krishnaji's instructions, that the foreign committees must be able to

get publication rights for their languages from KF London directly and not have to go to Servire or Gollancz**[4]**. George clings, like a limpet, to his concept of loyalty and to Verhulst of Servire. He feels overly indebted to him for publishing the talks when we first began to do it and we hadn't a publisher. Verhulst has profited by this, and has, in fact, done us no favors, but George cannot see that the committees, though they have every sound reason not to want to deal with Servire and Gollancz, nevertheless, do much work and are owed something by the Foundation, too. De Vidas has been the opponent of Digby, rude as usual, and has stirred up others too, but he did come up with an offer from Delachaux et Niestlé, a Swiss publisher, to do the French translations, and George had brushed him off. Nelly was on our side in all this, and Erna, Theo, and I talked to George right up to the 4 p.m. meeting attended by Krishnaji, de Vidas, Madame Samuel, Farias, Sendra, the Biascoecheas, Tilly Von Eckman, Schmidt, Balasundaram, and the Greek and Danish representatives, Sybil Dobson (who took minutes), the Digbys, the Lilliefelts, and me. Krishnaji led the meeting. Then there were sparks between de Vidas and Digby—de Vidas being his rude and heavy-handed self, George resenting it and defending Servire. It came out, at one point, via Tilly, that Verhulst hadn't even published in Dutch, except the Gollancz books. With Nelly prodding, George said that *The Flight of the Eagle*—it was called the *Cry of the Eagle* then (selected 1969 talks being published by Harper and Row shortly)—is available without Servire, and they all dove for that. De Vidas will offer that to Delachaux et Niestlé. Then, when the meeting was all over, George said to de Vidas he would have to wait three weeks until George had talked to Verhulst. At that point I went back in, and Nelly and I pointed out that he had to give de Vidas a letter authorizing him to offer the book immediately. A long day.'

Sunday, September thirteenth, 'Erna, Theo, and I met Saul Rosenthal at Alton, and we all came back in time for Krishnaji's fourth talk in the tent. A big crowd. Afterward, the four of us lunched and talked in the new West Wing dining room. Krishnaji ate in the tent, then joined us, and we set a line of proposal to be made to Rajagopal to join us, and become a trustee of KFT in London.' *What?!* Well, that's what it says. 'Via a cordial letter from Saul and Leipziger to Loebl saying that Krishnaji would come on his way to Australia to Ojai to meet Rajagopal to invite him into the fold. Specifics to be worked out by lawyers later. Discussed this as essentially what Rajagopal seems to want as an ultimate face-saver for him. Krishnaji then rested and went downstairs, and he questioned Mary Cadogan on events in the past. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji came down and the English trustees, i.e., the Digbys, Dorothy, and David Bohm, met Saul. All of us discussed the above proposal and got their consent to inviting Rajagopal to join KFT London.' I don't remember anything about that!

S: I never heard of that before.

M: Well, it obviously sank into the mist, and was never heard of again, but at least it showed an effort to try to have come to some accord.

On the fourteenth, 'Saul Rosenthal left Brockwood and flew to Los Angeles. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, the Digbys, Dorothy, David Bohm, Balasundaram, and I met to discuss the Indian Foundation and relations between the three Foundations. The question

of Krishnaji's formal position on the KF India was discussed, but can't be settled until Pupul Jayakar arrives later in the week. Krishnaji raised the question of what is his and everyone else's responsibility in all these matters, and bore down on Balasundaram about whether the Indian schools really work at the teachings. Otherwise, the American trustees—if they get Ojai funds, can't, with a responsible conscience, support them,' meaning India. 'Balasundaram gave the history of the Rishi Valley Trust, the Foundation for New Education and its relation with KWINC, and finally the structure of the present KFI. This took all day.'

The next day, 'Erna and Theo left Brockwood to drive back to Frankfurt and fly from there to California. Krishnaji dictated #8 in the education book to me. The de Vidases left. I put de Vidas clear on the story he got from Vigeveno, and has repeated, that in 1966, when Krishnaji came to Ojai, he refused to see Rajagopal but sent Alain Naudé instead.' That was a complete fabrication. 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the p.m.'

The next day was pretty much the same.

On the seventeenth, 'he dictated #10 of the education book. Pupul Jayakar was met at airport by Dorothy and Balasundaram, and arrived at Brockwood for a very late lunch. Krishnaji talked to her and Balasundaram, and after tea Dorothy, Krishnaji, and I went for a walk.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji, Pupul Jayakar, Balasundaram, and I met in the morning and discussed the KFI's relations with the other KFs. She understands, as does Balasundaram, that funds in the United States cannot be divided equally.' They wanted whatever KFA got to be shared.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'She suggested an annual meeting be held of at least one member of each of the three main Foundations, as only then could there be cooperation built for now and for the future. Suggested topics: the needs of each foundation, publications, matters of overall policy, and any other pressing matters. She had read the legal papers about Rajagopal and is shocked. She wants Madhavachari to see them. Krishnaji asked for suggestions for a settlement, and it was suggested that Rajagopal be given something to do. Krishnaji then told her and Balasundaram, in total privacy, of what was decided during Rosenthal's visit last Sunday, i.e., to offer Rajagopal membership as a trustee of KF London, and this in return for all assets in archives.' You can see why…

S: I can see why that didn't float. [*Both laugh*.]

M: 'They both welcomed the idea and approved completely. We discussed Krishnaji being on the KFI board as a distinction for three main Krishnamurti Foundations, and as a differentiation from subsequent ones.' If he was on the board, that would be the difference between the three main ones and any future ones. 'They will try to come up

with something, what will probably be honorary.' You see, they didn't want him to have any power.

S: Any voting rights, yes.

M: 'Pupul says that if Krishnaji disapproves of anything, everyone on the Indian board would do what he says.' And then I have parenthesis question mark: '(?)'

S: Mm.

M: 'Later in the day, I voiced my doubts about being an Indian trustee. She said it had been a gesture, and it didn't matter if I couldn't attend meetings. She seems to understand that it wasn't feasible to have representatives of each Foundation on all the boards.' That was another thing that came up. 'But thought the idea was a good one in principle. Hopes that the annual meeting of representatives from each Foundation will have the same effect. In the p.m., Krishnaji held a meeting with the school. A Wilfred Thomas telephoned to ask to interview Krishnaji for Australian broadcasting. Michael Rabiger of BBC came to talk over a half-hour film of Krishnaji and Brockwood next weekend. This was a long and tiring day.'

On the nineteenth of September, 'Krishnaji dictated #11 in the education book. Balasundaram left. In the late afternoon, Krishnaji and I took a long walk, coming back across the fields and into the Grove. We had Whisper with us, and we no sooner entered the grove than there was an extraordinary silence. Neither of us spoke, and we walked as though we didn't want to tread on the grass. There was no wind; an utter stillness. The great trees were like silent living guardians of something, witnesses. There was a sense of something sacred, a presence that was total stillness. When we came out, latched the gate and walked across the field, Krishnaji said, "Did you feel it? It was something holy. One didn't even want to step on the grass. Whatever there is about this place is centered there, not in the house." Late in the evening, I remembered my dream several summers ago in Gstaad.' Oh, that's the river dream; I don't want to go into it again.

'After supper, Mrs. Jayakar and I talked in the drawing room. Krishnaji was above in his room, and while we sat there, that strange quality was in the room. She spoke of the book she is writing on art and yoga. We spoke of Krishnaji.'

On Sunday, the twentieth, 'Krishnaji planned to write, but a conversation at breakfast lasted into the morning. He sat with Pupul and me in the West Wing dining room, and got onto the subject of kundalini. He questioned Pupul on whether her observation of what happened in Madras and at Ooty in 1948**[5]** could have been kundalini. Her version, which she wrote in detail, was taken by Rajagopal, who forbad her to make a copy. She described it to Krishnaji and me. She and Nandini were staying in Vasanta Vihar. They heard Krishnaji groaning in his room and went in, fearing he was sick. He looked at her and said, "Are you Rosalind?"

She said, "No."

He told them to stay in the room and not leave him alone. He said, “Krishna has gone away,” and then he put his hand over his mouth and said, “I mustn’t say his name. He doesn’t like me to say his name.” He was in apparent pain, sweating and faint.

This happened again the same year when he was staying with Frydman**[6]**. It would start around 6 p.m. and lasted until 1 a.m. He told Pupul and Nandini to stay in the room’—this is the Ooty occurrence—‘but wouldn’t have Frydman there. He would faint and an extraordinary beauty would come into his face. Pupul described what was happening to him as seeing a total cleansing of his mind.

In reply to Krishnaji’s questioning, she said that she wouldn’t describe it as kundalini, which is a result of conscious deliberate meditation on chakra centers in the lotus pose, and the result of great effort and a release of great energy, bringing various powers, etcetera. But Krishnaji’s various related experiences were different. Leadbeater, who knew at least something about kundalini, couldn’t explain Krishnaji’s experience. In kundalini, there is a breaking of the energy in the mind, like an explosion. Krishnaji never seems to have been caught in conditioning. He was very interested, and questioned her at length. After these episodes, he has no memory of them at all. In Madras, and maybe it was at Ooty, he spoke of “the shining ones, the great ones are here.” In the afternoon, Krishnaji spoke to the school and we took a walk.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji dictated #13 of the education book. I went for my postal order for a new passport for Krishnaji. Pupul will take the application to the high commissioner tomorrow. We walked in the afternoon.’

On September twenty-second. ‘Pupul left, and the following day, Krishnaji dictated #14 in the morning. I dashed for the 12:50 p.m. train to London and, with Anstee, covered many shops looking for a table and something to put over the fireplace in the drawing room. Home by 7:15 p.m.’

On the twenty-fourth of September, ‘Krishnaji and I to London by train. Huntsman fittings for both of us. We lunched at the Aperitif, stopped at Mallard’s for Krishnaji to look at the third piece of the tapestry we could get for the drawing room’—that’s the one over the fireplace—‘and a vase of flowers. Krishnaji liked it, and so I will get it for the fireplace. We took an early train back.’

Friday, the twenty-fifth, ‘Michael Rabiger who works for the BBC and is making a half-hour color film of Krishnaji and Brockwood, came with two others to start three days of work on it. Krishnaji dictated #15 to me in the morning. I met Sacha de Manziarly at Alton. He is spending the weekend.’

On the twenty-sixth, ‘Krishnaji dictated #16 to me in the morning. In the afternoon, there was filmed discussion between Krishnaji and fifteen students and staff. We took a walk with Henri Methorst, who came for lunch. Anneke came in the evening. I met her at Winchester. She is to spend the week.’ Do you know who Methorst is?

S: Mm, hm.

M: Sunday, the twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji dictated #17 in the morning, and then held a discussion with the school later in the morning. In the afternoon, he was interviewed on film by Michael Rabiger.

On the twenty-eighth, 'I read in the *Times* that there is a huge brush fire in Malibu. Krishnaji said I should telephone immediately, but it was 1 a.m. in California then, so I waited. Then a telegram came from Betsy saying both houses are safe, the Dunnes and Filomena as well. Krishnaji finished dictating #17 that he'd begun the day before.'

On the twenty-ninth, 'With Krishnaji to London. He to Mr. Campion'—that's the dentist—'and I to Mary Cadogan, and then to American Express to pick up Krishnaji's new passport and tickets. Straightened out my own at TWA, and bought at Pan Am my LA to Sidney/LA ticket. Meanwhile, Mary Links fetched Krishnaji at Campion's, and we met at L'Aperitif for lunch. Sacha came, too. Krishnaji and I did errands and finally took the train home.'

On the thirtieth, 'I took the 7:50 a.m. train to London. Got Krishnaji's and my Australian visas and then Krishnaji's Italian and U.S. visas, and got to the Brompton Oratory at 1 p.m., where Ginny Travers met me, and we found a small Italian restaurant in Beauchamp Place for lunch. Bill is in Spain on a picture. The lion that Krishnaji and I saw in June is now in Kenya with George Adamson.**[7]** [*Both chuckle lightly*.]

At 3 p.m., I met George Digby at the Victoria & Albert and had a very nice afternoon, being shown all through his department, which was textiles. I saw a tapestry like our tree and the vase one at Brockwood. I went with him to their house, and had a pleasant tea with him and Nelly. Caught the 7:42 p.m. train home. A letter had come from Filomena about the fire.'

On October first, 'for the first time, Krishnaji and I went to London via the Winchester Station. Krishnaji was very pleased with it, as it was a better train. Part of the scenery was new, with some yellow fields of mustard. He was "lost" and far away. Later, he tried to put it into words in a dictation: emptiness and stillness within, which lasts all day. "That is my rest," he said. We went to Huntsman and to L'Aperitif, where Mary L. joined us. Krishnaji went to Mr. Campion while I walked to the health food shop on Baker Street. We had luck in immediately finding a taxi, which took us to the train back to Winchester.'

October second. 'Krishnaji had said he would have only one more talk to the school this coming Sunday, but Doris Pratt came upstairs and made a rather dramatic plea for one today, too. I said it was too much, but left it to him. "Nonsense" from Doris; she said something to the effect that people were going to kill him with their demands anyway, so it was necessary for the school that she should be the one to kill him by asking for the meeting.' That was Doris's…

S: That was Doris's logic.

M: …logic. [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji said, oh, it didn't matter; he would see them at 4 p.m. He thought I was angry, which I wasn't, only disapproving, but leaving it at that. He charmingly tried to divert me by saying lovely things and about the trees and sky. [*Both chuckle*.] He began dictation on #18, but it didn't come, just a description of yesterday in the train. He intended to do one from the point of view of European students, but gave it up. A walk after the school discussion, and he *was* tired and wanted to turn back before either Dorothy or I did.'

October third, 'I got a letter about the California fire: horrendous. Krishnaji switched the student in the dictation to an Indian one, and completed #18. He slept well last night. There was a cable from Erna that Rajagopal telephoned her last evening, asking "as an old friend" if she would see him. She said yes.

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated #19. Roger Straus of Farrar, Straus & Giroux came to lunch with Krishnaji, bringing an Italian woman, Lucia Marionetti Barbi. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with the school.'

On October fifth, 'I spoke on the phone to friends in Malibu. Krishnaji dictated #20. We talked Anneke about the Stichting**[8]**. She left after lunch. Krishnaji was interviewed for Australian radio by Wilfred Thomas and his wife. We took a late walk in the rain.'

The sixth, 'was packing and deskwork all day. The drama over Dominic leaving or not leaving continues. He wants Krishnaji to see him. The students also want Krishnaji to see him, and Dorothy said it would help their state of mind. So, he saw Dominic. The boy really had nothing to say.'

'In the afternoon, we fled the packing and had a marvelous walk down the lane between the fields. The sky had dark clouds with bright sun, illuminating the earth. Autumn has touched the trees. There was the lovely color of the Hampshire earth, honey-buff and pinkly brown where some of the fields were plowed. The air was bright and clean and had the sharpness of autumn, though it wasn't cold. We cut across the great bowl of a field and ate blackberries along the hedge. Whisper has learned to catch them. What a lovely land it is.'

On the morning of October seventh, 'we were up early at 5:30 a.m. Krishnaji did his exercises, and I packed. Doris was very helpful with last-minute things, and yesterday, she got the interview correspondence off my back'—that means she typed things for me. We said goodbye to Mary L. by telephone. Everyone was lined up on the driveway to say goodbye to Krishnaji. I went around first, and there was a real warmth of affection in each one of them. Even Dominic, who was leaving the scene, was on the point of tears, and leaned suddenly to kiss my cheek. Katherine Merriment Lane, the new student, gave me two little letters, one for Krishnaji, one for me. A very touching and gentle goodbye. Krishnaji then shook hands with each one; and with Dorothy in the Land Rover, we drove off for Heathrow.'

‘Letters had just come from Erna, describing her telephone call from Rajagopal. Copies of lawyer Wyatt’s reactions to Rosenthal-Leipziger draft. I read them to Krishnaji in the car and raised the point that Rajagopal may well try to telephone Krishnaji in Rome. We discussed what he would say if this happened, i.e., that if Rajagopal asked to see him, that he is coming via California to Australia and might see him then. Wyatt made a strong point that Krishnaji shouldn’t see Rajagopal alone, and Krishnaji said he would take me, or if Erna has seen Rajagopal by then, that the three of us should see Rajagopal. Wyatt wanted a witness to what is said at the meeting.’

‘At Heathrow, we negotiated our mountainous luggage, mostly mine. Went first to Alitalia and checked Krishnaji through, then to Air France for me. Dorothy said goodbye to us and we went through immigration and sat in the departure lounge for about forty-five minutes. Humanity was a scruffy lot, and Krishnaji was all elegance and simplicity. His Rome flight was called and he went off with the grace, exquisite manners, and face lighting up in affection that only he has. My flight was an hour late leaving. Krishnaji was arriving in Rome before my Air France took off at 3:15 p.m. The walk to the plane and from it in Orly was almost more than I could manage. I carried camera, cassette tape recorder, Uher, typewriter, and a bag with all of Krishnaji’s dictations, and both books in tape and notebook form. [*Both M and S laugh*.]

S: That’s your playing Sherpa once again. [*Said laughingly; M chuckles, too*.]

M: I went to Father’s and found him looking well. We talked and had supper. Doris telephoned from Brockwood that Rajagopal had just rung from California for Krishnaji, and was told he’d gone to Rome. I thought about telephoning Krishnaji to let him know Rajagopal might call, but thought this morning’s conversation covered it. Shortly, the telephone rang again and it was Vanda’s voice, and Krishnaji wanting to tell me that Rajagopal had just rung in a very pathetic voice, and wants to see Krishnaji as soon as possible. Would he come to California? Krishnaji said he already planned to go there en route to Sidney. Rajagopal wants to see him and tell him that he loves him, and then see that things are alright. Krishnaji said he would think about it and Rajagopal said please telephone as soon as you are there, that the meeting was more important than the talks in Australia, that he wants to see that things are alright and be his old self. Krishnaji said to me he thinks Rajagopal is afraid he will die and wants to mend things with Krishnaji. Asked me to tell Erna but have her keep it quiet.’

The next day, ‘I wrote a cable and letter to Erna with Krishnaji’s messages. I lunched with Father at Ledoyen, and bought a suit at Dior.’

On the ninth of October, there is more about Paris. ‘I went to Charvet and chose four shirt materials for Krishnaji. During supper, Vanda and Krishnaji telephoned. Rajagopal had rung again from Ojai. Vanda asked him not to speak to Krishnaji, who was resting. Rajagopal gave his message that if Krishnaji didn’t “withdraw for technical reasons,” Rajagopal would be forced to go to court to defend himself, and Krishnaji would be “exposed.”’ You see, it was always one day that, and the next day this.

S: Remarkable.

M: Yes. 'That he loved Krishnaji and that the reason he was calling was that Krishnaji must see him in California. I asked both Krishnaji and Vanda if Rajagopal had said *he* would go to court, or *it* would go to court. Krishnaji put Vanda on, and she wasn't positive which of the two it was. Rajagopal asked if I were there, and she said I was in Paris. Rajagopal said that Krishnaji would never have done all this but for those around him.' [*Both M and S laugh*.] 'Krishnaji had been resting in bed'—this is in Rome—'and felt (quote) "washed out" (unquote), but went for a walk and to Marchetti today, but found it closed.' That's the shirt-maker.

S: I remember.

M: 'The telephone connection broke at this point. Wrote another cable to Erna about Rajagopal.'

'The next day I moved to the Plaza Athénée to make room for my brother and Lisa, his wife.'

On the eleventh, 'We went to Longchamp. I spent the evening typing in the hotel.' [*Said with a chuckle*.]

On Monday, the twelfth, Paris. 'Krishnaji telephoned from Rome. He has had no more calls from Rajagopal. He has been resting and going to the cinema. Sounds relaxed and as if he felt like chatting. He speaks in Perugia on Saturday. He asked me just when I will be in California.' Well, then it's family things.

'I went to the Goya exhibit at the Orangerie, and walked to Robert's chemist for a Braun electric razor for Krishnaji. Arranged with Mr. Dickinson at Lobb to get Krishnaji's new moccasins and *embauchoir***[9]** by Wednesday. It was a hot day, 75 degrees or more. Marcelle Bondoneau came to tea. There was a late supper at Father's. Played parts of Betsy's tape with the Dunnes and Filomena on the Malibu fire to Bud and Lisa.' Betsy went out and interviewed them all. They'd had a terrible fire; we almost lost their house and my house next door.

On the thirteenth, "to the races again with Father. His colt came in second in a race. Bud asked where Krishnaji and I would stay in New York in April. I asked Father if I could be the tenant of his Ritz Tower flat. He said he wouldn't use it; go ahead and talk to the manager about it. No offer to let me have it or reduce the rent. Bud was aghast, but I wasn't surprised. Father seems to have some sort of insecure feeling about money, bordering on anxiousness.'

The next day, 'Father is taken in an ambulance to the American Hospital. He was in intensive care. He'd had a heart attack.'

S: Oh.

M: ‘But it doesn’t seem too severe. I canceled my flight tomorrow. Bud telephoned Ms. Neilsen to tell Mother and so forth. I packed and checked out of the Plaza Athénée and moved over to Father’s flat. We went to see him in the afternoon and he was sitting up and reading a detective story and complaining most energetically about the supper they gave him. I talked to the doctor. I talked to Krishnaji in Rome and told him the change in my plans. He goes on Friday afternoon to Perugia and returns to Rome on Sunday.’

On the fifteenth, ‘I went with Bud and Lisa to the hospital. Father was sitting up very talkative, indignant at the food.’ Then it’s all about Father.

S: How old was your father in 1970?

M: He was born in ’92. So, he was 78.

I’m still in Paris on the sixteenth. ‘Father was better and so I decided to leave for New York tomorrow. He was eating lunch when we left the hospital, so absorbed in it that he didn’t look up when we left. We ran into Dr. somebody, the English doctor who examined…’ well, that’s all about Father. The heart event did no damage to the heart, but he’s not generally in good condition, nor is his whole vascular system.’ Well, I won’t go on about that.

On Saturday, the seventeenth, ‘the news from Father at the hospital was that Father spent a good night. This allowed me to pack early and breakfast with Bud. The bags were already loaded in the car by Michel’—Michel was the chauffeur. ‘When the telephone rang, it was Krishnaji from Perugia asking for news of my father and my plans. I said he was better and I was leaving in ten minutes. “Oh, in that case, I won’t say what I was going to suggest?”’

‘“What was it?”’

‘“That if you have to stay with your father and you want to come with me when I go? Do you want to come with me when I go?”’

‘I said, did he want me for any reason? That I would, if he wanted me to. It was very tempting. But I would still have to go to New York eventually and settle everything there. So, we talked just a little. He gave a talk this afternoon. The call made me happy.’

‘So I went to Orly and took the noon plane to New York.’ Well, it was about the plane; officials are looking at baggage now of suspicious-looking things. Had a seat in the non-smoking center section. ‘Got to New York seven and a half hours later, exhausting wrestle with my six checked bags and four hand-carried ones.’ [*S laughs heartily; M chuckles*.] ‘Went to Bud’s apartment. Spoke to everybody on the telephone.’

The next day, ‘I went up to my mother’s at the Vineyard, and went to Seven Gates and walked around.’ And we’ll skip all that.

S: Did your mother just have property at Seven Gates?

M: Mother owned the property; it was hers, and she left it in her will…

S: The property that Bud has?

M: Yes. She left it in her will to Bud and me, and as I never intended to use it, Bud bought me out and built his house. Mother owned it for years; she kept talking about building, but she never did.

There's just family stuff until October twenty-second, when 'I left on an early flight to Boston, then New York. Letter from Erna about her calling Rajagopal to accept his request that they meet, which got postponed, of course. Went to the Ritz Tower to speak to the manager about Father's apartment for Krishnaji in April. The daily rental is $108!' Huh-huh. That seemed awful to me by the exclamation point.

S: [*chuckling*] Oh, yes.

M: On the twenty-third, 'I went to meet Mr. Donald Cutler and Mrs. Marie Carlton respectively, religious books and publicity department at Harper. Saw the cover of *The Urgency of Change*, which has a dark blue and black background, full face of the Beaton head of Krishnaji. George Digby says Mary L. dislikes it. Not a photo I like, but thought the cover used it fairly well. Discussed TV and magazine interviews and articles with Krishnaji for the spring visit. They suggested David Frost, Dick Cavett, and Newman on today's shows, also *New York Times Sunday Edition* and *TIME Magazine*. Went to the Town Hall and met the manager, Ms. Bean, who showed me around, and discussed details for Krishnaji. Lunched with Phyllis Lutyens. Bought a T. Anthony bag. Quiet evening. Typed the dictations. Telephoned June Gordon, who had told me there was a rumor among the Gurdjieff people who quote Alan Watts saying that "Krishnaji has died, and they are keeping it quiet."' [*S chuckles*.]

It goes on about family things. Hehhh. 'Went to Asia House where I saw an exhibit of Asian statuary, including two Cambodian statues of a standing Maitreya.' The rest is all family stuff. I'll skip all this.

On the twenty-seventh, 'I left Bud and Lisa after breakfast with seven bags checked, four in hand still.' [*Laughing*].

S: You picked up another bag! [*chuckling*]

M: 'Took TWA to Los Angeles, passing over Monument Valley, the snowy Rockies, and down into the dirty brown smog of Los Angeles. Amanda met me and we came to a burned, black Malibu. Filomena, looking strong and healthy and full of energy, rushed up the path. A Santa Ana'—that's that wind, you know— 'was blowing in the night and had destroyed the garden flowers and the pristine neatness she had achieved, but the inside of the house shone with white immaculate walls. She has painted the whole inside; ceilings,

cupboards, shelves, everything. New blue and white curtains were up in Krishnaji's room, made of the toile Anstee got for me and sent over. Outside the trees are brown. The eucalyptus may come back; I doubt the pine trees will. The fire went over the brick wall and burned all the oleanders right up to the house. I haven't yet walked to see all the rest, but the canyon is a blackened void. Went at 5 p.m. to the Dunnes' and sat for an hour and talked with them both. How good it is to be with them, to see Filomena, and be in this dear, beautiful, and surviving house.'

'There was a letter from Rome written by Krishnaji each day. He had rested a lot and went to the movies. He says he might have more rest in the future. I must see to it. Oh, how willingly.' [*S laughs*.]

S: Boy, that came really close, that fire.

M: Yes. That was part of the awfulness of Malibu, these fires that you could do nothing about. And then ironically, you know, Sam and I lost our original house to fire, but not one of these wildfires. So, there's a pause here.

S: Good. Where do we pick up? We'll stop now.

M: We'll stop now.

S: But where do we pick up?

M: We pick up on Thursday, November third, 1970.

Editor's Note: ***A loose leaf of paper fell out of one of Mary's diaries when I was checking on something. The paper is undated, so I have no way of knowing where to put in in the chronology of these memoirs. Nevertheless, it seems important to put the contents somewhere, as they appear to be direct quotes from Krishnaji. The four short quotes are as follows:***

"I woke up yesterday a.m. I don't know how to describe it—I never had it in my life before. I had it all day. It is there now."

"A sense of tremendous brain power—not to do something—just pure brain power. I got a little nervous of it watching. Yes, it is indeed. Entirely different—never had it before."

"Woke up with it."

"Woke up and there it was. Then I got a little nervous—it was so strong, as though tremendous power was there—limitless, vast. I don't know how to describe."

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The large property built for Krishnaji's work in Madras when he broke away from Theosophy.

[2] There were eventually twenty chapters of this book, but to this date, it has still not been published.

[3] My understanding now is that May twelfth is believed to be his birthday.

[4] Publishers of Krishnaji's books in Holland and London.

[5] This was a time when Pupul and her sister Nandini took care of Krishnaji, who was going through what has come to be called "the process."

[6] Maurice Frydman, born in Poland, converted to Hinduism. He was active in India's struggle for independence.

[7] Adamson was a wildlife conservationist in Kenya; his training and releasing a lioness into the wild was the basis of the film *Born Free*.

[8] The Krishnamurti organization in Holland.

[9] Shoetrees. Lobbs handmade shoe trees to exactly fit the shoes they made.

Issue 17: October 1970 to May 1971

This issue sees a flurry of attempts to have a resolution of the Rajagopal conflict without it going to court, but they are all futile.

This issue also seem to contain, more than most issues so far, Mary's expressions of wonder and appreciation of Krishnaji's nature, and her dedication to him and his teachings.

Scott: Where are we beginning?

Mary: October twenty-seventh, 1970.

S: Okay.

M: Well, it starts for me in New York. I'd been there for a week or more with members of my family. I flew back to Malibu on that date, and it was lovely being home. There was a letter from Krishnaji, um…

S: Yes, read everything. [*M chuckles*.]

M: Well, there was a letter written by Krishnaji each day. 'He had rest and more rest and had gone to the movies. And he says he must have rest in the future and I must see to it,' which of course pleased me profoundly, because I thought he should, too. So we now jump to November…

S: Maybe this is just an interesting point for a diversion, because [*chuckling*] I know Krishnaji used to say that he needed to rest, or he would acknowledge that it was good for him to rest…

M: Yes.

S: …but as soon as something came up, Krishnaji would give it his attention.

M: That's right. That's living in the present!

S: [*laughing*] So, it was absolutely hopeless to try to get any rest for him!

M: I know. I know it well! [*Laughs.*]

S: Well, this is just important to mention for the historical record.

M: For those who may someday listen to all this.

S: Somehow he always put his own well-being *after* the needs of…

M: Yes.

S: …other people and the places he created.

M: Quite so. [*S laughs.*] We now jump a week to Tuesday, November third, 1970: 'Krishnaji left London on TWA at 2 p.m.' Krishnaji had flown to England after his brief series of talks in Italy. 'I voted in the morning and met him at the airport at 4:30 p.m., and he looked very well in spite of the long flight. He wasn't at all depressed by all the fire'—if you remember, or anybody remembers in this account, Malibu had been devastated by fire—everything was black and horrible. But, 'he didn't seem to be downcast at all. And said, "It will all grow back."'

S: Mm, hm.

M: He thought that everything would be razed to the ground, but what little was left, the few houses, surprised him.

The next day, 'we had to go to the dentist because Mr. Campion in London had given him a bridge, which was hurting him, so we went to my dentist, who fixed it. And then we came back for lunch, and Erna, Theo, and Ruth Tettemer came at 4 p.m. to see Krishnaji, have tea, and talk everything over. Earlier that day, I had talked to Saul Rosenthal'—our lawyer—'who had rung Mr. Loebl'—Rajagopal's lawyer—'to prod him for a reply to our offering Rajagopal to become a trustee of both the English and U.S. Foundations.' There was no reply, obviously.

The fifth of November 'was a lovely, quiet day and Krishnaji slept mostly. I spoke to Alain Naudé in Berkeley and invited him to come down for the weekend.'

On the sixth, 'Krishnaji felt feverish in the morning. His temperature was 99.6, going up to 100.2 in the afternoon, but it fell back to normal by nighttime. I met Alain at the airport in time for lunch, and he rang Dr. Schmidt, a homeopathic doctor who is the brother of Pierre Schmidt'—the one that Alain and Krishnaji had gone to in Geneva. 'He suggested ferrum phos,' which is like giving aspirin in homeopathy [*both chuckle*]; if you don't know what to say, you give ferrum phos! [*S chuckles.*] It can't do any harm. Anyway, 'Alain reported that there were no serious religious people where he'd been. In the evening, Rajagopal rang and told me to "give Krishnaji his personal, not legal, greetings."' That was the message.

The next day, 'Erna said that Rajagopal had also rung her and asked her when Krishnaji arrived and when was he leaving.' And then, well, there's a lot about my father's health, which was bad. Oh, yes, 'Alain said that what he saw around him was a drug-oriented society. He said that a good article he wrote was refused in the *Berkeley Barb*…' That's the university paper.

S: Yes.

M: '…because it implied criticism of drugs. Krishnaji was well on this day, and wanted to go to a movie. So we drove to Hollywood and saw something at the Chinese Theatre, which was dreary,' [*chuckling*] it says here.

November eighth, 'we had breakfast in the dining room, all three, and talked at length. Krishnaji said that if one is serious about inner things, the means come about. One doesn't worry about it. Later, Alain was taken back to the airport by friends, and Krishnaji and I had a beach walk. He asked me to telephone Radha Sloss and give her his greetings, to say he had not been feeling well, but he would ring her on his return in March.' You see, we're now about to go to Australia.

On Tuesday, the tenth, 'Krishnaji rested and I did deskwork. After lunch, we drove to Santa Monica to fetch things at the Jaguar place, and bought some Scholl's sandals. [*Chuckles.*] After that, we then went to a movie called *Cougar Country*. In the evening, Rajagopal telephoned. Krishnaji wouldn't speak to him. He told me to tell him that because he (Rajagopal) had been abusive on the telephone in Rome, he would not talk by telephone. If he had anything to say, to write to him.'

'Rajagopal said angrily, "I will never write him," and rang off. Later, he rang back in a different tone, and asked if I would talk to him. Then there ensued a part of his neurosis, saying Krishnaji had destroyed him all over the world, with people thinking he is an embezzler, etcetera.'

'I tried to get through and say that first Krishnaji had not talked about him—on the contrary. And that if he wants to be reconciled with Krishnaji, to reply through Loebl to the settlement suggestion we had made. That the door was open to a solution, and that we all wanted it, and with deepest sincerity. But from his non-response, we could only conclude that he didn't want a settlement.'

'"How can I work with people who think I am an embezzler?" he said. Then he said that there would be no settlement until there is a meeting between him and Krishnaji. That it is a personal matter.'

'I said, "Krishnaji has said there is nothing personal to discuss, only what concerns KWINC, the Foundation."'

'"What foundation?" said Rajagopal. "You aren't in this," he said, "It is between Krishnaji, Rosalind, and me."

'I repeated Krishnaji's statement, and said that Krishnaji had been repeatedly willing to see Rajagopal, and that in every instance Rajagopal had prevented it. His last telephone call to Krishnaji in Rome was an example of his being disagreeable and abusive.'

'"I didn't abuse him," he retorted. "He is a liar, a hypocrite, and a coward."' [*S laughs.*] '"He hides behind women," meaning me and Vanda.'

‘I finally rang off.’

The eleventh. There’s a long thing about my father, which I won’t repeat. But also, ‘I talked to Saul Rosenthal and David Leipziger and reported the conversation with Rajagopal. They have a reply from Loebl, which is discouraging. Loebl wants to know if our offer for Rajagopal to join the Foundations as a trustee rejects the suggestions of Tapper about publications.’ You will remember that Tapper**[1]** had said that Rajagopal should have something to do with publications, which we were dead against.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘I said he has summarized Tapper’s suggestion incorrectly, that Tapper’s suggestion had been that Rajagopal would get copyright to the post-1968 material, etcetera. I said Krishnaji and I both felt Tapper should take hold and bring in the KWINC board. Krishnaji and I then took a beach walk. In the evening, Rajagopal again telephoned and asked to speak to Krishnaji. Krishnaji told me to tell him that he had again abused and insulted him through me, and therefore, if he had anything to say, to write. Rajagopal was angry, and said a “goodnight” and hung up.’ This went on and on.

S: Extraordinary.

M: On Thursday, November twelfth. ‘We finished packing. Krishnaji and I had supper at 5:30 p.m. At 6:30 p.m., Amanda came and drove us to the airport. We boarded a Pan Am 747 plane at 8:30 p.m., but were almost two hours on the ground before taking off. We landed at Honolulu around midnight. The tropical soft air was lovely and we walked for exercise and circulation briskly up and down the airport waiting room for forty-five minutes. We changed to a 707 and flew on across the vast ocean.’

People stared at you, you know, if you didn’t just sit down or stand there.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm. This is also an opportunity to say that Krishnaji often exercised in breaks on flights. And that’s unusual, walking briskly up and down.

M: Well, it was as I recall, a twenty-two-hour flight.

S: Yes.

M: So it was a good idea to walk.

S: Yes, but even on the flights to India, and from Europe to America, he would exercise if there was a stop.

M: Mm, hm. Yes.

Friday, November the thirteenth, 'crossing the international dateline, we lost this day. But in East Pakistan there was a devastating typhoon and tidal wave which may have killed a million people.' God!

Saturday, November the fourteenth. 'We crossed the equator somewhere west of Fiji—a first for me—and landed in Sydney around 10:00 a.m. The press and television people interviewed Krishnaji. We then were met by Mr. and Mrs. Reg Bennett, Barbara and Spencer English, Donald Ingram Smith, and a Mrs. Marsha Murray. We were taken to Manly, a suburb of Sydney, to a very nice apartment on the eleventh floor of a new building above the harbor with a magnificent view of the bay. The Bennetts and Englishes have thought of everything. Mavis B. and Barbara E. are to do the marketing and lunches, and I will do the rest here. They would come each morning. Krishnaji and I took naps all afternoon.' [*Chuckles.*] It was very nice. They had arranged everything very well.

Sunday, the fifteenth, Sydney. 'Krishnaji rested all morning. Mavis Bennett and Barbara English did the lunch. We discussed the plans for the meetings in Sydney, TV, and newspaper interviews, etcetera, and also their thoughts on whether an Australian Foundation is necessary. Reg Bennett and Spencer English came in the afternoon for the walk. In the evening, Krishnaji and I watched the Hitchcock movie *North by Northwest*.' [*Both chuckle.*]

The next day, 'Donald Ingram Smith brought a TV interviewer, also a reporter from the newspaper *The Australian*. The Bennetts and Englishes and Smiths were all at lunch. The Bennetts took me to Manly for errands, and Krishnaji and I walked at six.'

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji had a public discussion in the Mona Vale Memorial Hall at 10:30 a.m. He said later it was like, "pushing a weight."' [*Chuckling.*] 'We drove with the Englishes and their son David, who came back for lunch. We had naps in the afternoon, and Krishnaji and I went for a late walk. At supper, we saw the television interview that Krishnaji made yesterday, and out of all that they shot, they only used one minute of what he said. They spent the rest of the time on the story of his arrival here in 1925, when the Australians thought he would arrive walking on the water.' [*M and S laugh*.]

The next day, 'Krishnaji showed the Leipziger and Tapper letters about Rajagopal to Reg Bennett and Spencer English**[2]**. The Bennetts then took me on a drive northward to Ku-ring-gai, where I saw koala bears, emus, and wombats, all kinds of brightly colored parrots, and went in the kangaroo enclosure where you can come close to them. They have soft fur.'

S: Hm.

M: On Thursday the nineteenth, 'Krishnaji held the second public discussion in Mona Vale, and it went better; they seemed to catch on.'

‘The next day was quiet. In the afternoon, I went in to Manly and bought paperbacks for Krishnaji to take to India. Detective stories,’ obviously.

On Saturday, November twenty-first, ‘we had a quiet morning. I made a light lunch for us, then we went with the Bennetts to the Sydney Town Hall, where at 2:30 p.m. Krishnaji gave his first talk. There was a crowd of around fifteen hundred. It was Election Day, and some rather rowdy young people, who had been passing out communist papers at the polling places next door, came in and called out rough questions. One came down to the edge of the stage and challenged Krishnaji on a question of social change. Krishnaji’s answer quieted him to silence.’

Next day, Sunday, ‘Krishnaji and I drove with the Englishes to Sydney for Krishnaji’s second talk, a most intense one. In the middle of it, a young man climbed up on the stage and sat himself self-consciously at Krishnaji’s feet. Krishnaji was taken aback for only an instant and asked him to move further away. He then took up his talk where he had been interrupted. When it was over, Krishnaji had that half-faint, far-off look. In the p.m., we walked alone. At 7:00 p.m., we saw a good nature film on TV of rare Australian animals; and at 7:30 p.m., the Bennetts and Englishes came and showed a color film of the Great Barrier Reef.’

On Monday, November twenty-third, ‘Krishnaji held a discussion with about thirty-five people chosen by the Bennetts and the Englishes, here at the flat in the morning.’

The twenty-fourth. ‘Krishnaji has been questioning the Bennetts on what it was like here in the Leadbeater days; why people accepted Leadbeater, etcetera. They suggested asking Harold Morton, who was once one of “Leadbeater’s boys” and still lives here with his wife, whose brother is Oscar Kollerstrom, a Leadbeater favorite, now a psychologist in London. So, Morton came for lunch. He was a white-haired, pink-faced, aged, adolescent-looking man. He spoke with some detachment and a tinge of humor about it all. Krishnaji questioned him, and most of his answers as to why people believed so in Leadbeater were that they wanted to believe in all of it, in the supernatural, his supposed clairvoyance; and so, no one really dared question him. Krishnaji asked him if Leadbeater was homosexual, and Morton replied that he was; he knew it definitely in two instances, one from the boy himself, and in the other from the father of the boy. Krishnaji was appalled that a man would so use his position of trust. The clairvoyance was discussed, its apparent genuineness, first of all in the recognition of Krishnaji, and in foreseeing a ship sinking which turned out to be the Titanic. Also, its nonexistence, as when he cabled for news of one of his boys, Tom somebody, who had already died.’

S: Hm.

M: ‘Krishnaji and I walked in the rain in the late afternoon. In the morning, we had watched the departure of the aircraft carrier S.S. America. Krishnaji said it would be fun to be its captain. He would like that.’ I have photographs of that; we were standing on the balcony.

S: Yes, I've seen those.

M: This splendid great carrier was going out through what they call "the heads," which are the two cliffs on either side of the entrance to the harbor. It was a very splendid sight. We could see right across. We were high up on a hill and also on the eleventh floor, so we had a great view of this, steaming out through the heads.

On the twenty-fifth, 'he gave his third talk.' I don't seem to say much about it.

On the twenty-sixth, 'Donald Ingram Smith and Marsha Murray came to take Krishnaji and me to the Australian Broadcasting Corporation, where at 1:45 p.m., Krishnaji was interviewed on television for half an hour by a Ross Saunders. It looked excellent on the monitor. Krishnaji paid little attention while Saunders read passages on belief from Penguin Krishnamurti Reader, which is published here, too. Then Krishnaji demolished belief, religion, etcetera, and went on with such a fresh clarity until the end of the half hour, covering a great deal with simplicity and eloquence. We must get a print for the archives. We took naps when we got back and then walked in the rain.'

Editor's Note: The linked text is labeled as occurring on November twentieth, but Mary's daily diary is certainly correct.

On Friday, the twenty-seventh. 'After lunch, the Englishes took me to see The Manor, where Mary Lutyens and Ruth Tettemer, as well as the others, lived with Leadbeater. It is now a Theosophical home for retired people. We drove past, then went to a Swiss health food shop where I arranged for some good lecithin granules to be packed so that Krishnaji can take them to India. Then we went into Sydney and got Krishnaji a beige sleeveless pullover, which he likes so much that I will try to get a cardigan to match. Kitty has written'—that's Kitty Shiva Rao—'that it is cold in Delhi.'

On Saturday, 'Krishnaji had a quiet morning in bed. I fixed us a light lunch, and then we went with the Bennetts to Town Hall for Krishnaji's fourth talk at 2:30 p.m. At the end he spoke of beauty, asking, "Is it in the object? The sky? The white sails on the harbor? A Velázquez?"—which sold yesterday in London for $2.2 million pounds,' [*chuckling*] 'which I had heard on the radio and told him about at breakfast). "Or is it in you? As long as there is space between you and that, there is no beauty. Only when there is no self is there beauty." He was tired when we came back and we skipped the walk.'

On Sunday, the next day, 'he gave the fifth talk at Sydney. He said to me, "I don't feel as if I had been working here," which made my spirits soar. He said he wasn't tired because he had done nothing when not talking. He had slept, read, and walked. NO'—underlined four times—'private interviews. I am to reply to inquiries in the U.S. saying there will be no interviews.'

Monday, the thirtieth. 'Krishnaji held the second private discussion in the apartment. He was delighted with the cardigan to match the beige pullover I bought on Friday. If I see something I think he would like, in the way of some good detective novels, I am to buy

them for his arrival in Malibu. “I like new things,” he said, with his face alight.’ [*Chuckles*.]

S: Mm.

M: So, December first. I went into Manly to cash a check and send flowers to the Bennetts and Englishes. This was a packing day. The Bennetts and the Englishes came by in the p.m. for the walk. In the evening, Krishnaji told me to write only letters that could be read by anyone, as his mail is not secure in India, and even at Brockwood, letters could be opened by mistake. He said about Rajagopal that I, Erna, and Roth lawyers must discuss what to do, and not wait to consult him. He will not be a part of litigation, but if we decide to pursue Rajagopal, “All the better.” He said this might need immediate decisions to be made, and he trusts me to make them. If I am acting for him according to the thing, not because of my personal feeling, I will be alright. He said Rajagopal has stolen. That he, K, will not accept any telephone calls from him or any emissaries. It may be a question of money to finance a suit, and we, KFA, must decide. This was the first thing he wanted to tell me, and the second was that we are getting older and must beware of falling into bad habits,’ [*chuckles*], ‘i.e., I have rubbed my nose in an unbecoming way lately.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘Three, he is feeling increasingly far away: “Lately, perhaps, I am becoming as I was as a little boy, vacant.”’

S: Hm.

M: ‘I must look after things, somehow do things anonymously, so people will not resent it. “We must figure out a way.” He asked me about the book’—that’s the book he’s writing. ‘He feels it should have another five chapters. I am to send him a list of what questions were asked in the student section of the book. He may add to it. I asked him about the part in which he said, “You have raised a generation with regard for nothing.” And he agreed that it was too harsh, and that I must change it. We talked about the personal letters that came for him; he has changed back and forth whether I am to open them or keep them for his arrival. It wound up that I should open them and, if they appear very personal, to hold them. But no one must know they have been opened by someone other than him. He said he felt very well; he looks and acts well.’

On the second of December, ‘Krishnaji and I had breakfast and were packed and ready by 9:45 a.m. The Englishes came and took the luggage, while Krishnaji and I drove with the Bennetts to the airport. I checked Krishnaji through for his flights to India; his tickets and passport. Then, checked myself and luggage onto Pan Am for my 5:30 p.m. flight back to L.A. There were some people to see Krishnaji off. He had that remote look.’

‘It was hard to have him go on such a long flight alone. His Qantas flight to Delhi went via Hong Kong, ten hours, and then another six-and-a-half hours to Delhi. He had said goodbye to me in the apartment; from then on, he was far off. It was a hot day, and he wore his cotton grey sports shirt and carried the nice Gucci bag that Vanda gave him. At the airport, he wandered off and stared while waiting to leave, as he does so often in airports. He shook hands very formally with everyone, including me, and went to his

plane. We all waited and watched until it took off and became a tiny white dot in the sky.'

'I went back to Sydney and took the Bennetts, the Englishes and David English, Marsha Murray, and Donald Ingram Smith to lunch. Had something called the Salad Bowl in Kings Cross. Then said goodbye to them and went back to the airport with David English, who works in a restaurant there. I sat and talked to him for an hour, and then read until my 5:30 Pan Am flight.'

'Krishnaji had left at 11:30 a.m., was due in Delhi at midnight. I flew all night and landed back at Honolulu at 7 a.m., which was also December second because of gaining back the day that we lost on November thirteenth. I went through customs there, and walked for exercise for an hour. Then, in another aircraft, flew to Los Angeles. Flying along the coast on such a clear day, I could see Ojai and houses all the way down to the airport. Arrived at 4 p.m. Amanda was waiting, and we came back to Malibu in clear, clean air. Five-and-a-half inches of rain fell here last weekend. I cabled Krishnaji of my safe arrival as he had asked me to.' That's it.



Krishnaji in India

Editor's Notes: ***On December fifteenth, Krishnaji wrote to Mary from New Delhi that "We did another dialogue this morning with Pupul. They are going to be rather good." http://www.kfoundation.org/transcripts/701215.txt***

Krishnaji wrote that "Pupul & others said, what a marvelous talk etc." he'd given on December twenty-fourth. http://www.kfoundation.org/transcripts/701221.txt The Archivist assures us this is the talk from the twenty-fourth, but is mislabeled as being from the twenty-first.

There isn't much about Krishnaji until February twentieth, when Krishnaji flew from Bombay to Rome after his India program, and on the twenty-second, from Rome to London to stay at Brockwood for a couple of days.

So, on February twenty-fourth, 'I drove to the Los Angeles airport at 4:30 p.m. and ran into Peter Ustinov**[3]**, who was also waiting for the Pan Am arrival. He said he has children who live near Lausanne. Krishnaji arrived from London at 6 p.m., looking marvelous. We came home and had dinner by the fire.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji rested and slept most of the day. We talked at length. He taught me a new pranayama**[4]** taught to him by a sannyasin from Bangalore. We went early to bed.'

On February twenty-sixth, 'at 11:30 a.m., the Lilliefelts and Ruth Tettemer came, and with Krishnaji we discussed current matters. At 1 p.m., Sidney Roth joined us for lunch. We continued our discussion until 5 p.m. Theo drove Roth to town, and dropped Krishnaji and me at the repair place, where we picked up the Jaguar with its new fender, and from there we came back to Malibu. Krishnaji and I had supper by the TV.'

The next day was a quiet day. Krishnaji slept a lot. We walked around the garden in the afternoon.

'Four days after his arrival, I telephoned Rajagopal and invited him and Mima Porter here on Krishnaji's behalf. Rajagopal said that he couldn't leave Ojai because he was ill; we must come there. It was agreed, and an appointment was made for March third, at 2 p.m.'

On March second, Krishnaji reported having a dream of a large man who was unfriendly to his being in this house. Something about the man's mother in the dream.

On the second, 'Krishnaji began a new dictation tentatively titled, *This is meditation*.' I think I labeled it Dictation No. 1 – Spring, Malibu. 'It was a clear, cold day. We walked in the garden.'

On the third, 'the weather was marvelous. We had an early lunch, then Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai and met Rajagopal at his house at 2 p.m. He, in bare feet, Krishnaji elegant in grey flannels, turtleneck jersey, and a tweed jacket. His wife was there initially, but soon left. Mima Porter was half an hour late, so we sat and made social chat. Krishnaji

looked splendid and was quite relaxed. The talk was casual of things and doings in India. This continued for some time after Mrs. Porter's arrival.'

'Rajagopal seemed nervous and unable to begin a serious conversation or say what he had asked Krishnaji to come and hear. Krishnaji was poised. Finally, he asked Rajagopal to talk about whatever it was he had to say. Rajagopal began what became a tirade, saying that Krishnaji had attacked him, blackened his name, etcetera, etcetera. Krishnaji explained why he broke with Rajagopal and KWINC, and said he had completely lost contact with Rajagopal due to all this, and probably there had never been a real relation between them. This seemed to shake Rajagopal. At one point, when I was pointing out to Rajagopal his inconsistencies, he tried to silence me by saying that I was trying to protect Krishnaji. I said I was replying to what he, Rajagopal, had said and continued, and it looked for a moment as though he would come apart. He shook. He cannot stand logic and pressure. He veers off and tries to muddy the issue. At the end of three hours, he said that Krishnaji must retract all criticism, announce publicly that he was mistaken, that Rajagopal has done nothing improper, apologize, and *then*, *perhaps*, the right time could be set to discuss what should be done with KWINC and KFA. We left at 5 p.m. and went to the Lilliefelts' for tea. Ruth was there, too. We were back in Malibu by 8 p.m.'

The following day, 'Krishnaji dictated a letter to Rajagopal saying that he had come to try to find a basis for some contact with Rajagopal, and that it was up to Rajagopal to respond in deeds—that his action would be his reply. It was up to him. I spoke to Leipziger. After lunch, we went to the Truffaut movie *Bed and Board*. Home in time for a walk.'

On March sixth, 'Krishnaji, Alain Naudé (who arrived yesterday for the weekend), and I had breakfast in the dining room. Krishnaji rested all morning. We had an early lunch. At 2:30 p.m., Krishnaji and I drove to Santa Monica for the first of Krishnaji's four talks at the Civic Auditorium. It was full. We walked in the garden on our return. Krishnaji and I were alone for supper.'

The next day, 'I cooked an early lunch for Krishnaji and Alain. Krishnaji and I drove to the Civic Auditorium just in time for the 3 p.m. talk number 2. He spoke of the violence of comparison, and as long as thought exists there can be no meditation. Afterward, Frances McCann, Ruth McCandless, and the Lilliefelts came to tea. Krishnaji, Alain, and I had supper by the TV.'

On March eighth, 'Alain, Krishnaji, and I talked at breakfast and Alain talked alone with Krishnaji during the morning. Krishnaji, Alain, and I drove up Coral Canyon and walked along the top of the hills.'

The next day, 'Alain left for Berkeley. Krishnaji and I lunched alone. After his rest, we went to town for errands. Bought books at Campbells, etcetera, and came home to supper.'

On March tenth, ‘at 4 p.m., Peter Racz, a young man who had come from Brazil to hear Krishnaji, had a meeting with him. We walked in the garden. A copy came of Tapper letters to Loebl regarding Rajagopal’s abuse of trust.’

The next day, Sidney Field lunched with us.

There is nothing more on Rajagopal matters until ‘a letter came to Krishnaji from Mima Porter dated March twelfth, hinting at “personal matters between Krishnaji and Rajagopal,” which Rajagopal was hurt by Krishnaji not coming openly to tell him squarely what had happened, surreptitiously that all this was the crucial matter Rajagopal wanted to clear up in private conversations with Krishnaji.” Hence, Rajagopal’s exasperation when Krishnaji wanted only to discuss KWINC affairs and not “that cadaver which is rotting between you and him.” And she added that Rajagopal is the victim. To this, Krishnaji wrote to her: “If there were problems between Rajagopal and myself, I do not see that it is anyone else’s business. The fact is there are no personal matters that need discussion between Rajagopal and me. The constant implications of something personal is a very obvious attempt by you, by Rajagopal, by others, to evade the serious issues of KWINC and your grave responsibilities to that trust.”’

On March thirteenth, ‘Krishnaji gave the third talk in Santa Monica.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji gave the fourth talk at 3 p.m. in Santa Monica. A wonderful one on meditation. The Lilliefelts came for tea afterwards.’

On March fifteenth, ‘Krishnaji sent a letter to Mrs. Porter. A Mrs. Nicholson and her son Richard came for interview as a possible Brockwood student.’

The next day, ‘after lunch, Krishnaji and I drove to Santa Monica on errands. We walked in the garden. Rajagopal telephoned to speak to Krishnaji but hung up when I relayed Krishnaji’s message that he wouldn’t speak to him, but to write or give me a message.’

On March eighteenth, ‘we left at 10:30 a.m. for Ojai. Krishnaji had a treatment from Dr. Lay. Then we had a picnic lunch at Lake Casitas. It was a clear, hot, marvelous day. Wind from the lake kept us cool. Krishnaji was delighted. We went to the Lilliefelts’, where Krishnaji rested. Then at 3 p.m., there was an open house for all and sundry to see Krishnaji. We were home by 6 p.m.’

Three days later, ‘Dr. Lay gave Krishnaji a treatment in Malibu and stayed to lunch. Philippa came, too. We did a garden walk.’

On March twenty-second, ‘Krishnaji dictated book material and letters. A letter came from Rajagopal to Krishnaji saying that it was obvious that Krishnaji wished their personal friendly relationship to cease, but that he intended to continue his work for the teachings.’

On the next two days, Krishnaji dictated on the meditation book and also letters. And on the twenty-fourth, Krishnaji had me ring Rajagopal and say he wished to see him and Mrs. Porter next week, and that he had something very serious he wished to say. It was set for next Wednesday. It was subsequently postponed by Rajagopal by two days.'

On the twenty-fifth, 'we drove to the University of Southern California; at noon, Krishnaji held a discussion with students. The Lilliefelts came back with for a late lunch. We talked all afternoon.'

On March twenty-sixth, 'I went early to town on errands, including renting a Nagra tape recorder. I then met Alain and Professor Jacob Needlemen and wife at the airport, brought them to Malibu where a taped interview occurred between Krishnaji and Needlemen. At the end of that we had tea, and then there was a second discussion. Alain drove Needleman to the airport and came back for supper and to stay. We all three watched a TV version of "Gideon" with Peter Ustinov.

The next day, 'I recorded two dialogues between Krishnaji and Alain. Alain was in good spirits and behavior, helpful, relaxed, and nice. In the evening, a French mathematician, Yegor Reznikov, came to call on Alain and they went out to dinner. Alain will continue what he is doing, but hopes that through some charter to get paying speaking engagements in the fall. Krishnaji is going to give him his old bequest from Mrs. Dodge**[5]**. I will try to help.'

On March twenty-eighth, 'after breakfast, Krishnaji and Alain did a Nagra recording of a discourse on good and evil. We discussed Rajagopal. Krishnaji rested in the afternoon. We all went on a garden walk, then had an early supper, and were early to bed.'

On March twenty-ninth, 'Krishnaji, Alain, and I drove to the University of Southern California, where at noon Krishnaji gave the second student discussion. We gave a lift back to Westwood to Yegor Reznikov, and then the Jaguar blew a gasket. Alain collared a taxi, and Krishnaji and I returned to Malibu in it. Alain got the Jaguar to Brentwood Motors, and came home in a taxi. The Lilliefelts arrived too, and we all had a late lunch and talked all afternoon. We took a late walk in the garden. Alain is to leave tomorrow.'

Friday, the second of April. 'Krishnaji and I, on a lovely day, drove after lunch to Ojai and Rajagopal's house. Krishnaji had said that he wanted to be outside, so we sat on a balcony. Mima Porter was there. Krishnaji had brought notes in his handwriting of the points he wanted to cover.' You see, they had to be in his handwriting. If they were in my handwriting, Rajagopal would say, "This isn't you. You're being influenced."

S: Mm, hm.

M: That perpetual nonsense.

S: Hm.

M: 'He said it was a last attempt to bring order. He spoke of his reasons for the break; Rajagopal's refusal to inform or consult, and the limited activities of KWINC; the systematic elimination of Krishnaji as the founder, and the plot by Rajagopal; the Vigeveno letters, and the Casselberry and Porter letters, all threatening; the lawyer saying that Vigeveno and Casselberry letters were extortion; Porter's broken promise in Paris about the archives; the Noyes' settlement offer which came to zero; Rajagopal using KWINC money to fight Krishnaji; his showing letters to Hislop'—Hislop was a man who was around—'spreading stories to Fred Williams.' Fred Williams is that awful man.

S: Which awful man?

M: Oh, he was a violent man. He came to Saanen and he threatened to kill Alain Naudé, or at least attack him. He was very rude, and awful to Mary Cadogan. He's the one who was terribly anti-Semitic.

S: Mm, hm. Yes, you told me about him.

M: 'Rajagopal and Porter were dead quiet through all of this. Krishnaji was nervous, but spoke very slowly, almost hesitantly.'

'Porter took exception to the comment of her doing nothing, said she had written to Krishnaji in '68 that Rajagopal would hand over everything to him.'

'Krishnaji said, "I never got that."'

'I reminded her that her letter had said that Rajagopal loved Krishnaji and that they should talk it over in the autumn and settle it then. But that this was a brush-off at the time, and not an offer to turn everything over to Krishnaji.'

'Rajagopal then said that he had been accused, and that "your lawyer" had dug up information and that he must have the chance to refute it.' Actually, it was Erna who did all the research on finding out his maneuvering with real estate sales to his own benefit.

'Porter went on about the letters of criticism of Rajagopal.'

'I said that the ending of all this, if it was so distressing, was through the open door of the settlement, a dignified reconciliation and joining of forces.'

'To Krishnaji's saying that KWINC funds were being used to fight Krishnaji, Rajagopal said, "Your funds were going to lawyers."'

'I said that that was not so. Not a single dollar of public donation had been spent for legal fees, only private and special money given for that very purpose.

Rajagopal was so insistent that only a public vindication would satisfy him and that reconciliation with Krishnaji wasn't enough, that we said it was then fruitless to continue,

and that he was choosing to push it to court. He said we did; that we offered a reconciliation with one hand and a gun with the other. We started to leave. Rajagopal said that he had wanted a private conversation with Krishnaji, and then the work, etcetera could be allocated in discussion between all of us. Krishnaji said he would do that, but that now he was too tired and had to leave. He went out to the car. I rose to follow, and Rajagopal said he had the Dodge papers I had requested for Krishnaji. These turned out to be a statement from the First National City Bank in New York and a checkbook on an account in Krishnaji's name at Security Pacific in Hollywood. Rajagopal said he would ring me tomorrow about another meeting. I said that, if it concerned the work, that Erna Lilliefelt should be there. He said, "not now."'

On Saturday, April third, 'A hot day. Ruth Tettemer lunched with us. Erna and Theo went to town to lunch with Sidney Roth, and brought him here. Krishnaji napped while the rest of us discussed relations of Roth's fund and KF of A. Sidney has given ten thousand dollars outright for legal reasons and ten thousand for filming. But part of the legal ten went into the filming so as to not miss the opportunities to record Krishnaji on film. He pledged $30,000 in total, but $20,000 is to be paid back out of the film income, if and when we get it. The formula for this was the subject of discussion. Also in dispute is Sidney Roth's wanting us to pick up his expenses.' Well, I won't go on about that, but we said we couldn't put them on our books. 'We said that none of us, as trustees, are charging the expenses we incur, but are doing it in our personal tax return. The KF books should cover no personal expenses, even though incurred in the pursuit of KFA duties. Sidney Roth is emotional, touchy, but basically kind and generous. His unfortunate long-windedness wears everyone out and causes both Erna and me to push somewhat to get to the point. He feels, or felt, till today, antagonism in Erna, but today's meeting cleared the air.'

'A proposal to find an educational film company to put up funds to finance the film we have in storage, distribute them, might solve the above $20,000 problem. Theo took Roth back to town, and Krishnaji, Erna, Ruth, and I had tea. Krishnaji wondered out loud about what would be a proper response if and when they meet and Rajagopal admits his faults. Meanwhile, Rajagopal has not called about this next meeting.' Krishnaji was always hopeful that the man would behave decently.

S: I know. I know.

M: 'It was a hot day' on Sunday, the next day. 'Ninety-three degrees in town. I rang Rajagopal about a meeting tomorrow at 3 p.m. I worked all day at the desk, except for weeding and pruning a little in the garden. And then a walk with Krishnaji around the lawn when it was cool. When I asked Krishnaji on whether he wanted to go to a movie, *Wellington*'—there was a movie called *Wellington*—[*mimics Krishnaji's voice*] '"What! Go to see my favorite hero defeated?"' You know he was a great fan…

S: Of Napoleon! Yes!

M: Of Napoleon! [*S laughs.*] Which I found absolutely incomprehensible! He was a man who defeated all of Europe, who did nothing but wage war [*more laughing by S*], and Krishnaji admired him. [*Both laugh.*]

'As part of our ongoing feud about who was doing the dishes, Krishnaji said, "I'm carrying out the dishes, and if I can't do that, I'm going back to Madanapalle!" I said, "Do you want to be the Rishi of Rishi Valley?" Krishnaji said, "Yes."' [*Both laugh.*] Oh, dear.

On the fifth of April: 'We drove on a hot lovely morning to Ojai. At noon, we had a board meeting of the KFA: the Lilliefelts, Krishnaji, Ruth, and me. Then lunch. At 3 p.m., Krishnaji and I went to Rajagopal's, and Krishnaji and Rajagopal talked on the balcony while I sat in the car. Mima Porter arrived at about 4 p.m. and sat with me in the car. We didn't discuss anything serious.'

'At about 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji called to us to join him. Rajagopal said they had completed a personal discussion, and I asked Rajagopal to repeat to me his proposition. Rajagopal said it was the offer he had made through Colonel Noyes in London in 1968 with some modifications. I asked why then he had withdrawn the offer, or denied it.'

'Rajagopal said because Krishnaji had "demanded that the archives be turned over to him."'

'I said that request was made after Rajagopal had sent word to Krishnaji that he would have to go to court to get a tape of the talk he had given the day before in Ojai, and refused him his own manuscript.'

"I deny that," said R.'

'I said, "Don't deny it to me. I came over to this very door with Alain Naudé, and asked you for it, and was refused admittance." I said I could not remember the details of the Noyes memorandum. Would he have Loebl send it to our lawyers?'

'He said he didn't want to do it through Loebl. That he and Mima Porter would draw it up and send it to us. Then all of us and our lawyers could consider it with Tapper and, if we have an agreement, then all the lawyers could draw it up in legal form. All through this, Rajagopal was alternately irritable, ready to fly off the handle, or insistent; which irritated Krishnaji, and made him try to stop Rajagopal from hammering points. This, in turn, made Rajagopal madder. I tried to quieten it and get him to say what he proposed. He wants, of course, a statement from Krishnaji withdrawing accusations.'

'We left, and Krishnaji told me the personal side of their discussions. The bickering in the past, past disputes, hurts. Krishnaji injecting himself into Rajagopal's divorce dispute. Krishnaji told him of Rajagopal's daughter's visit to him and me. I don't know whether Rajagopal knew about it, but probably yes. I also don't know if Rajagopal had just

secretly recorded Krishnaji's conversation with him. My last words of warning to Krishnaji as we drove in the entrance were, "Remember, please, that he could."'

'"I completely forgot," said Krishnaji. "I looked at the mountains and forgot everything."'

'We drove to the Lilliefelts'; Ruth was there, too, and we all talked a while and then we left. On the way home Krishnaji said he felt free of a weight, the weight of Rajagopal. It wasn't until later that he wondered if he had said too much. Said he had done everything he could to reach Rajagopal, to go far beyond halfway in trying to solve it all. He never wants to see Rajagopal alone again. He said, "I don't know how to deal with people like this. I would be vague and agree to anything. That is what happened in the past."'

S: Mm, hm.

M: That's the only time they talked alone during all these years.

April sixth. 'Donald Hoppen just arrived from Brockwood, and came to lunch. He feels Brockwood lacks vitality. It needs better staff but something in the atmosphere has kept some good prospects away. He showed a plan for a new dormitory and pictures of a model of it. It will go where the pavilion**[6]** is. Krishnaji was tired and didn't have his mind on Brockwood. He asked Donald to make a memo on it. Krishnaji went to bed after a short walk and supper.'

The next day 'we went to the dentist, and Krishnaji had his teeth cleaned. A memorandum came from Rajagopal on the settlement basis he spoke of Monday. He proposes to "turn over part of the real estate," but it is so poorly worded with assessor's value and cash value that it is unclear whether he will give it or sell it to K Foundation. There was no mention of Arya Vihara. There was also no mention of K & R…' That's the K & R Foundation, '…or AB trust.' That's the, um…

S: Annie Besant.

M: …Annie Besant trust. 'He wants funds for salaries for KWINC and he wants statements clearing him. From all this it appears he will keep the assets transferred and the K & R, the archives, and some of the land. What KF would get is problematic. I read it to Erna and then to David Leipziger on the telephone. The latter will discuss it with Saul Rosenthal.'

The next day, the eighth. 'Leipziger and Rosenthal do not think Rajagopal's memorandum will lead to a settlement, but think we should reply in the form of a letter from Erna, Ruth, and me as trustees, keeping Krishnaji out of it; asking for clarification of his points while stating that we are continuing the lawsuit, because of the long delay in exploring "other avenues" of action. Erna is to draft the letter.'

The following day, 'Erna, Theo, and Ruth came in the afternoon with the draft of a letter, much of it by Leipziger. Erna and Theo looked up assessors' maps and discovered that an eleven-acre piece south of the Happy Valley School is part of the twenty-three-acre piece. Apparently he will keep most of the fifteen acres around his own house. Erna, Ruth, and I are on the committee for KFA to sign for this end. Krishnaji doesn't want to have any part of the settlement negotiations. Erna retyped the letter with some small changes, and we signed it.'

On the tenth of April, 'We packed. Sidney Field, and a Mr. Harry Wolfe, whom Krishnaji last saw in 1935, came for tea. Donald Hoppen came later. We discussed Brockwood, and also the possibility of Alain Naudé being there.'

S: Of Alain going to Brockwood?

M: Yes, being part of Brockwood. You see, Alain had then left all the Krishnamurti organizations. But, um…

S: But Donald thought that perhaps he would do some good at Brockwood?

M: Probably.

Sunday, the eleventh April. 'Such a lovely morning. The Bullock's Orioles were bathing and preening their feathers. A great-horned owl made his sound in the pale dark before dawn. It was quiet and completely perfect waking up in this house.'

'Then, in the morning, Krishnaji felt he should telephone Radha Sloss**[7]** because he had said he would. There ensued a tirade from her, hammering at Krishnaji. Her father might go to jail. Krishnaji said it was up to Rajagopal. He had been offered a settlement to wipe out the past, but he hadn't taken it. If Rajagopal settled, Krishnaji said he would make a public statement of reconciliation.'

'"You should make it first," said Radha. "You care about money." She repeated this over and over. When Krishnaji said it was up to Rajagopal, the way out had been offered, she said, "I don't accept that. You told me three years ago you wouldn't have anything to do with KWINC as long as he was head of it."'

'Like both her parents, she reiterates what was said in the past as though the present didn't exist. Her blistering nag had Krishnaji shaking. It was worse than his meeting with Rajagopal. He was a wreck by the time he was able to end the conversation.'

'An hour later, during lunch, she rang back and said that her father had offered a settlement and had no acknowledgement. Krishnaji said it would reach him Monday or Tuesday. Other people are busy, too. "But you'll be gone. Who is he to deal with?"'

‘Krishnaji said he was out of it, and that the KFA would reply. At the end of this conversation, Krishnaji said that he would never ever see any of them again alone, that I must remember this, and remind him, and protect him from this sort of bullying.’

‘I asked if I had his permission to answer them immediately if they should telephone and handle it directly without going to him to ask what to do. He said to do it myself. It was monstrous to see him belabored this way. I felt bruised as if it had happened to me. Curiously, it was as though I felt what he felt, rather than the effect it would have had if it had been directed at me. Later in the afternoon, I went over to see Amanda and Phil, while they had supper. The peace of sanity there [*chuckling*] and the rare lovely quiet of the house and garden and place we love.’

The next day, the twelfth of April. ‘Amanda came at 7:30 a.m. and drove Krishnaji and me to the airport, while Filomena followed in a taxi with our pile of luggage. Krishnaji, Filomena, and I flew on TWA to New York, arriving at 5 p.m. A car and driver met us, and we went through the slow traffic to the Ritz Tower, where Krishnaji and I have taken Father’s apartment, and Filomena has a studio in the same building.’

The next day, ‘I did some marketing. We lunched in the flat, and went in the afternoon to the Hotel Lombardy, where Krishnaji had his hair cut. Then over to Doubleday to buy some detective novels, and Krishnaji chose a new Barzini book, *From Caesar to the Mafia*.

S: Hm.

M: I have that at Brockwood.

S: In Ojai?

M: No. This is, I took it to, ah…

S: Oh, you brought it here?

M: Brockwood…no, it’s at Brockwood.

S: We’re at Brockwood.

M: Sorry, I’m disoriented. [*S laughs.*]

S: I know; it feels like we’re back in Ojai.

M: We’re in Brockwood, are we? [*Laughing.*]

S: Yes, we are. [*Laughing.*] I think so!

M: Yes, we are! [*Both laugh*]. It's here, probably in the other room. I saw the shelf in my mind's eye and thought, that's at Brockwood! [*Both laugh*]. Hippocampus gone! 'We walked back. Narasimhan came to see Krishnaji. [*Chuckles.*] His new Mercedes 300 was stolen on the streets of New York.'

S: Oh, dear!

M: 'We spoke of China opening up; the U.S. ping pong team has just been invited there. Sees rapprochement between U.S. and China and Russia in the future. Rajagopal received the letter from Erna, Ruth, and me today. We don't know yet what happened.'

April the fourteenth. 'After lunch, Krishnaji and I took the American Airlines flight from LaGuardia to Washington. It was a pretty day; daffodils were in the park, and they pleased Krishnaji. We went to the Shoreham Hotel where the American Society of Newspaper Editors is holding a conference, and where it had engaged rooms for us. Krishnaji didn't want to go out for a walk, so we had supper in the rooms.'

The next day, 'Mr. A.A. Smyser of *Honolulu Star Bulletin* was in charge of Krishnaji. We met him downstairs, also Mr. Newbold Noyes, editor of the *Washington Star* and the man who had invited Krishnaji, and also his assistant editor, a Mr. J. William Hill. Krishnaji was the last speaker after the others, who spoke on the future. Toffler, the author of *Future Shock*, was the first speaker. We had to wait downstairs for about twenty minutes. Krishnaji was to speak, but they only left him fifteen minutes. He spoke forcefully and to the point, but he felt afterwards that it was a waste. Theo had come down. He and Erna had arrived in New York from Ojai yesterday. Krishnaji, he, and I had a meager lunch at the Shoreham, and left for the airport. It is impossible for Krishnaji to eat in this country in restaurants [*chuckles*]. We flew back to New York and Theo came up for tea. Then we walked a bit down Park Avenue. He and Erna are at the Commodore. Krishnaji wonders if it had all been worth it.'

The sixteenth, 'After lunch, Krishnaji, Filomena, and I walked up 57th Street to the Sutton and saw a movie, *Little Big Man*.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Krishnaji said it was very good. We shopped in the Bloomingdale's food department, and came back in time to have Erna and Theo to tea. They brought a copy of Krishnaji's latest book, *The Flight of the Eagle*, a Harper paperback, 1969 talks in Europe, and some Saanen discussions. Nice-looking cover. They also brought a book, *The Quiet Mind* by John Coleman, a former CIA Agent who has two chapters in it about Krishnaji. He came to Brockwood and had an interview with Krishnaji in September '69, and had met Krishnaji in India previously.'

'After supper, Krishnaji spoke of chastity. It must have an absence of ego, will. It is missing in most people.'

Saturday, which is the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji felt sick to his stomach at lunchtime and ate almost nothing. He slept till 4:00 p.m., then had a cup of rose hip tea. At 5:15 p.m., in Bud's station wagon with a driver, we went to the Town Hall on 43rd Street. A huge queue outside. We caught Narasimhan outside of it and took him in. The house was totally filled, and some had to be turned away. Krishnaji showed no sign of weakness, but spoke in that deep other voice, almost from the beginning of the talk. There were difficulties with the sound, and an officious woman was clearing the aisles. The talk was videotaped. The audience seemed young in a larger proportion than usual. Afterward, Krishnaji was dizzy, far-off, and seemed almost faint, but wanted to sit at the card table where we eat, and even turned up the television. "It helps me unwind," he said. He ate very little, and went right to bed.'

'In the talk, he had said, "The worst crime is to be in conflict." And later he told me to remember to tell him, "Knowledge is the basis of the mind being hurt." During the talk, a man brought a brilliant red rose and put it at his feet on the platform. Later, when he seemed to cough, another one brought him a paper cup of water. Krishnaji put it on the floor and seeing the flower, tried to put the stem into the paper cup. He said later, "That man on the platform must know a great deal." [*Both laugh*.] And we talked of pain, as opposed to suffering. Pain can be felt organically, or through sensitivity, but suffering is when the mind holds onto it.'

The next day, 'at 5:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave his second talk at the Town Hall. During the day, he spoke of Rajagopal, Rosalind, and what makes people go wrong. I asked if there were ever a time when Rajagopal and he would talk about the teachings, about all the things he and I talk about, and he said, "Never."'

On Monday, the nineteenth of April, 'I did deskwork all morning. It was a bright spring day, and we walked to the Côte Basque and lunched with the Ingersolls. He thinks,' [*meaning Ingersoll*] 'that Krishnaji should talk only to a few influential people. Wonders if the young today are not a suicidally self-destructive generation. Mrs. Ingersoll mistook Krishnaji's estimate of the world as cynicism. Krishnaji and I went to Mark Cross for my annual new wallet, and then went to Tiffany's, where Krishnaji chose four twisted gold rings for me. We came back to the Tower and he took a nap while I went to see Natalie Davenport at MacMillan for fabrics for the living room in Malibu. I brought back samples for Krishnaji to see. We walked up to 70th Street and back.'

On the twentieth, 'Mr. Clayton Carlson, the new religious book department head of Harper and Row, brought Mrs. Claire Rosen of *TIME Magazine* to interview Krishnaji. A nice, bright woman. In the p.m., we went to look for other fabric samples for Malibu sofas, and decided the first one was best.'

The next day. '*TIME Magazine* sent a photographer, who took about a hundred pictures of Krishnaji. He sat quietly as though it were part of the job.' I never could get hold of those pictures. I wrote and tried to get hold of some.

S: From *TIME Magazine*?

M: Yes.

S: Hm.

M: 'Frances McCann came for tea at 4 p.m. and talked to Krishnaji. We walked her back to her hotel.'

The next day, 'While Krishnaji called on Mrs. Pinter, I shopped at Bergdorf, and then we walked back to the Ritz Tower. Then we walked to see a movie called *The Andromeda Strain*, science fiction, and Krishnaji found it exciting. Mitchell Booth**[8]** came in to see us, and said that the people most prone to court litigation are schizoid, paranoid personalities. [*Both chuckle*.] Quite late, Krishnaji said, "Angels are looking after you. They will look after you after I am gone." He repeated it.'

On Friday, April twenty-third, 'Krishnaji asked me if I remembered what he had said. I repeated what he said about angels, and asked what he had meant. "You should have asked the man then," he said. "Probably it meant you are protected, and will be after I am dead." I felt and said my life's meaning for me is usefulness to him. He said he had a marvelous meditation in the night.'

'I went to Bloomingdale's and bought him a new Tourister bag. After that, Jonathan Ward of CBS came and interviewed Krishnaji for radio, accompanied by Miss Margo B'—something—'of Harper and Row. Ward seemed intelligent, and the interview, which will be used in segments on the CBS network, went well. Krishnaji again talked of the futility of external change.' The rest is just family.

The twenty-fourth of April. 'Krishnaji said that in the night his head felt as though the brain were being operated on. There was no pain but "the body was frightened." Had I been awake, he would have talked to me and "gone off." The unusual thing is that I was quite widely awake in the night. At lunch, he seemed "off" and remote, a little unconnected, and said he felt quite empty. At 5:30 p.m., he gave a very good talk, the third at the Town Hall, on relationship. "Corruption is absence of relationship," love, and death. He spoke for one hour this time, and over half an hour on questions. An Indian woman, Susheela Deshponde, had an appointment to greet him backstage very briefly.' I forgot to say that Narasimhan came by to see him in the morning. 'Krishnaji looked exhausted, and for a short time, as we sat down to supper, he was still in the state of the talk. His hands were cold. And then he relaxed, and television, as usual, came like an aspirin for him.'

Sunday, April the twenty-fifth. 'It was my father's birthday and so I went up to lunch at Bud's and we talked to Father, who was in Paris. I got back in time to go with Krishnaji to the fourth talk at the Town Hall. It was another superb one on religious meditation. These four have been among the very best.' I haven't listened to those talks since. I should have; I will.

The next day, ‘I went for Krishnaji’s French visa. Krishnaji and I took the Lilliefelts to lunch at Orsini. We decided to rent Carnegie Hall for Krishnaji next year. The Lilliefelts leave tomorrow.’

April the twenty-seventh. ‘I fetched Krishnaji’s French visa and got him the Netherlands one. In the afternoon, we went to a movie, *Valdez is Coming*, and walked back. David Leipziger telephoned that Tapper wants a copy of the complaint to go to the KWINC board before he calls them. There has been no reply to Erna’s, Ruth’s, and my letter by Rajagopal. I talked to Erna, who has gone to Connecticut. Theo flew home to Ojai.’

The next day. ‘Packed. Filomena and I rushed over to Bloomingdale’s to exchange Krishnaji’s new suitcase for another one. Packed until at 4:00 p.m. Bud’s car with a driver came. We said goodbye to Filomena, who flies back to Malibu tomorrow, and left for the airport. Our flight to London, which was to leave at 8 p.m., was merged with another and later TWA one. We ate a miserable salad in the TWA restaurant, and finally took off at 11 p.m. Krishnaji was appalled at a gross woman [*chuckles*] who had false eyelashes, a low-cut dress, and dyed wild hair. “An insult to women,” he said. We had little sleep.’ [*Chuckles*.]

The twenty-ninth. ‘Dorothy Simmons, who had been waiting since 7 a.m., was there when we arrived at 11:30 a.m. In the Land Rover, we drove to Brockwood. Spring is just beginning. The trees are still bare, but the daffodils are bright. It is lovely to be here again. We were in time for a late lunch with the school. We took naps. Then, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I took a walk, which blew the staleness of travel out of our lungs. I slept profoundly.’ Now this is…you’re not there yet, are you in ’71?

S: No, I didn’t start at Brockwood until 1974.

M: Well, the next day we unpacked and I talked to everybody.

On May first, ‘Krishnaji and I drove to Blackdown for tea with Mary and Joe. Alain has just arrived from California, where he spent Wednesday night with the Dunnes, and was there for a weekend, and will be in London for a month. We all took a walk and saw the bluebells and came back to tea. Amanda Pallant**[9]** and her children, Anna, Nikki, and Adam were there. It was her seventeenth wedding anniversary and hard for her, as she and John**[10]** are still separated.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji talked to the students, and I taped it on the Uher.’

On the third of May, ‘Mary Cadogan and the Digbys came down. We all talked before and after lunch, discussing all sorts of things, including what the Perrine building would be used for.’ This is the building that never came about. Mrs. Warren Perrine was going to build a building over where the pavilion used to be. It never happened. ‘Krishnaji said a dormitory for students and lodging for an ashram when he holds that. If the school had fifty students, it could break even.’ [*Both chuckle*.] Oh, those were the days. Krishnaji mentioned to the Digbys the idea of Alain being invited for the ashram if the hatchet

between him and Dorothy could be buried. The Digbys were enthusiastic about the idea, but questioned if it could come about.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> An "ashram" is what Krishnaji was calling, in the early days, what came to be called "The Study Centre." Krishnaji seems always to have wanted a place, or places, where serious adults could come to study the teachings, and have dialogues with each other. It took fifteen years of his requesting this at Brockwood for it to come about.

The next day, the fourth, 'Krishnaji talked to students in the morning' and, well, I did errands.

Then, on Wednesday the fifth, 'Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to Heathrow airport, stopping in the short lane near the airport 'as we've done before, and had a picnic lunch.'

S: Mm.

M: 'Our Air France 3 p.m. flight took off at 4:45 p.m. We sat in the departure lounge and read. We lunched at Orly airport outside of Paris on our arrival, and took a taxi to the Plaza Athénée hotel, arriving at 6 p.m. I rang Solange'—that's my father's housekeeper—'to tell Father I would be there at 7 p.m. I got K's supper ordered. Then he wanted to go for a walk, so we went for a short one, and I reached Father's at exactly 7 p.m. He seemed about the same as in January, but had no recollection of where he had seen me, and asked if Olive had already died by my last visit.' That's his wife. 'We had supper. A new nurse was present. He has been to the races lately, and invited me to Longchamp tomorrow, as he has a horse running. I was back by 8:30 p.m. Krishnaji had had his supper in his room.'

Then, the next day, 'I went to Chanel and ordered some things. They are very expensive, but in the end should be better than money wasted on inferior things. I then walked to Charvet where Krishnaji met me, having come from the hotel in a taxi. We picked out material for four shirts and bought four ties. We returned to the Plaza Athénée, and with the help of Roland in the Régence'—that's the maitre d'hôtel—'I ordered lunch for Krishnaji and Marcelle Bondoneau, who were to go to a cinema. At 1:15 p.m., Father and Madame Hadé, his Danish nurse, came by in the car driven by Michel'—[*pronounced Michelle*]—that's the chauffeur. 'We lunched at Conti, Father rushing through his food as he does at home. We went to Longchamp,' but I won't go on about Longchamp. 'The horse ran well. The interest in racing has given Father energy. He dropped me at the hotel. Krishnaji had been to the cinema. All had gone well, and we went for a walk before having supper in our rooms.'

The next day was the seventh of May. 'We packed and went quickly to Charvet for more ties, and got back to the Plaza at noon, where Moser and wife'—that's the salesman of the car—'were waiting with the new Mercedes 280 SE 3.5 coupe, which he had driven from Thun. I paid for it and Moser left. Krishnaji and I went into the Régence for a pleasant lunch. In the atmosphere of such a restaurant, his elegance makes him the

embodiment of every aristocracy the past has ever produced. He was wearing his navy blazer, the best cut of all his Huntsman clothes, and looked superb. Also, as innocent as a beautifully mannered child. We felt festive: the new car, Paris, the delicate smells of a very good French restaurant, the ease, the fun, the expectation of the drive. There was that lovely sense of adventure, of our life together. For me, the fun of providing fun for him. The decorative embellishments to amuse him, to which he is as charmingly responsive, again as a child might be.'

S: Hm, hm [*chuckles*].

M: I'm afraid of calling him childish in this thing.

S: No, you're not calling him childish.

M: I don't know what else to say!

S: It's that innocence, it's that extraordinary simplicity.

M: It's innocence. It's his response in which his face lights up.

S: Yes. I absolutely…

M: There's no sophistication in it at all.

S: Yes. Nothing jaded…I know exactly what you mean.

M: I mean, "childish" sounds as though he was retarded or something. On the contrary…

S: Yes, on the contrary…

M: It was this wonderful response.

S: It had all the beauty and cleanness of a young person.

M: Mm, that's true.

S: Where is the Régence restaurant?

M: It's the name of the restaurant in the Plaza Athénée.

S: Ah.

M: They had a small restaurant, which is sort of separate, and then they had their main…well, they had two main restaurants: one's inside, and the Régence is in the front of the building. And this is in May; also, there's a courtyard, and we'd eat out there. The hotel is built around a courtyard.

S: Mm.

M: And the maitre d'hôtel was a tall, thin, nice man named Roland, who liked to please Krishnaji. 'We bade Roland goodbye, had the luggage put in the Mercedes for the first time, and drove in this *splendid* new car up the Étoile, out to Avenue de Wagram, to the autoroute du Nord. She drove as though on air.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Autoroute du Nord? Where were you going?

M: We were going back to Brockwood.

S: Ahh.

M: 'Krishnaji took the wheel for over an hour. We had to get off the autoroute for petrol, but arrived at Château de Montreuil by 7 p.m. Krishnaji kept me going only slowly to break the car in properly.' [*Both laugh*.] He was absolutely severe about that. You couldn't drive over, I don't know what, thirty or twenty or something.

S: Well, even when I got the two Mercedes vans for the video equipment to record the talks in Saanen and Brockwood, and they were brand-new Mercedes, he insisted before I left for Saanen that I only crept along. I think that I drove from Brockwood to Saanen at thirty miles an hour [*laughing*].

M: And the Mercedes people say that's not necessary! Never mind what they say! [*S laughs*.] So, 'We had the rooms we've always had from our first visit. Krishnaji had the Boiseries Room'—it was a lovely old-fashioned room with boiseries all over the wall—that is wood paneling; they had lovely carved wood paneling in France.

S: Oh, how nice.

M: Which is either plain or painted, either one is called "boiseries."

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'We had dinner, and felt very well. Later, Krishnaji said that he had a meditation in the night. For some reason he has had them in these old hotels, as if being away from people's attention being focused on him is a factor. I was afraid the trip would be tiring for him, coming on top of all the rest, but he said, no, it broke the pressure of people.'

S: Mm.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Laurence Tapper was the attorney general who had joined in the lawsuit against Rajagopal.

[2] Reg Bennett and Spencer English had been involved with Krishnaji since at least the 1930s.

[3] Peter Ustinov was an Academy Award-winning actor and director who had starred in *Quo Vadis* in 1951, a film that Mary's late husband Sam Zimbalist had produced.

[4] A yogic practice having to do with the breath. Krishnaji had written to Mary about meeting this "well-known Sannyasin" and having discussions with him in Rishi Valley. He went on to write, "This kind of breathing is kept secret & he has learnt it from some somebody who won't teach others who are not serious, Sannyasin, Brahmans etc. This Sanyasi wants to help others and that which has been kept secret, he wants to see man benefit from them. He said he knows Mr. Iyengar quite well & has told him that what he teaches is not yoga but he won't listen."

[5] In 1913, Mary Dodge put a sum of money aside that would give Krishnaji £500 a year for life.

[6] The Pavilion was a building built in the old days as a social center for the servants, and used by the Brockwood Park School, when it acquired the property, as an art pavilion. In the 1980s it was turned into garages. These garages have recently been replaced with new student housing.

[7] Rajagopal's daughter.

[8] An old lawyer for Mary's family.

[9] Mary Lutyens's daughter from her previous marriage.

[10] John Pallant was Amanda's husband.

Issue 18: May 8, 1971 to July 31, 1971

This issue covers Krishnaji's busy summer schedule of the end of the school year at Brockwood, Amsterdam, Paris, and Switzerland.

There is another discussion about Krishnaji's sensitivity to his surroundings, and the effect this had on him.

Mary: I think we start on the eighth of May, 1971.

Scott: Right, yes.

M: So, 'we left Montreuil and drove to Boulogne-sur-Mer and took the hovercraft to Dover. It took thirty-five minutes, and it was the first time that I'd ever been on a hovercraft, or that Krishnaji had ever been on one. The old air ferry to Lydd is no more.' We used to do that.

S: Yes, I remember.

M: 'Krishnaji stood looking out the window all the way, observing everything. He had that look that he so often has when he studies things when we're traveling.'

S: [*chuckling*] Yes, I know that look.

M: 'We drove across southern England.'

S: How would you describe that look?

M: Well, it's very circumscribed in that he doesn't wish to be seen to be staring…

S: I know, I know.

M: …at anyone or anything. So, it's very kind of held within. But nevertheless, he's taking in *everything*…

S: Yes.

M: [*chuckles*] And he's quite absorbed in the study.

S: Yes.

M: And I can tell what he's looking at and sort of how he's reacting.

S: Yes, but he even held his mouth in a funny way a bit. Of…

M: He sort of held his chin in a little bit, didn't he?

S: Yes. And not that his mouth was quite open, but his lips [*both chuckle*] were only loosely closed.

M: I don't see the mouth, but I see the general attitude of him…

S: Yes.

M: …the way he stood.

S: Yes.

M: And the head…

S: Wishing he could be invisible.

M: …the chin, yes, yes. He was invisible in a sort of way. [*Chuckling.*]

S: Yes.

M: And the chin in and head slightly down and eyes not appearing to stare. Anyway, [*S laughs*] he did that.

S: Yes.

M: 'We drove across southern England on a lovely sunny, warm day, stopping for a picnic lunch somewhere west of Hastings. Montreuil had made us sandwiches, which turned out to be a huge half a baguette [*chuckling*] with a good Normandy cheese inside and butter. [*S chuckles*.] We drove south of Chichester, through Arundel, near Portsmouth, and turned inland at Fareham to West Meon, and along the lane to Brockwood, where we arrived by 6 o'clock.'

'The next day, Krishnaji spoke to the students in the morning, and we walked in the afternoon.'

On the tenth, 'we went to London by train. Krishnaji had a Huntsman fitting on a topcoat he ordered two years ago, and a suit of grey-green tweed. He has decided to keep a complete wardrobe at Malibu and one at Brockwood so that he need never carry a lot of luggage between the two. [*Both laugh*.] So, with some excitement, he discussed what things he would need. Another grey flannel.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'We then walked to Brown's Hotel. L'Aperitif is no more; the building is coming down and Ferdie'—that's the maître d'hôtel—'who had been there for thirty-five years,

is now at Brown's. Mary L. and Alain met us there for a happy lunch, but alas the food is not L'Aperitif. Krishnaji suggested going back to Mary's to talk to her, so Alain went off shopping, and Krishnaji, Mary, and I went to Hyde Park Street**[1]**. Krishnaji then told her the essential history of his years with Rajagopal and Rosalind in Ojai, which she had not known and which shocked her, as she still had a slightly schoolgirl memory of Rosalind as a nice person. "I had a crush on her," she said. Krishnaji had me describe the atmosphere when I was there with him and Alain in 1966, and the reason for my estimate that both R's worked together to dominate Krishnaji.'

Tuesday the eleventh. 'After lunch, Krishnaji and I drove to Heathrow. Krishnaji had given the Mercedes its first wash in the morning.' This is the new car, you understand.

S: [*laughs*] Mm, hm.

M: We met Nandini and her daughter Devi Mangaldas and the latter's daughter, Aditi and son Arditia, who had been in Rome with Vanda for ten days. We got back to Brockwood in time for supper. I had fixed the West Wing dining room with three cots for Devi and the children, with Nandini in the spare room, but for some reason they all four slept in the dining room.' That kept happening with Indian guests.

S: Yes.

M: They'd all pile into one room.

S: I know, yes.

M: I never quite understood it. [*Both chuckle.*] Still don't!

The next day, 'Nandini and Devi went to London for the day. Krishnaji rested, and I went to Winchester in the afternoon, and then joined Krishnaji and Dorothy on a walk. It was Dorothy's birthday.' Now this is the twelfth of May, you understand.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But in this book is a gross inaccuracy because it says, 'Thursday, the thirteenth of May, 1971, at thirty minutes after midnight, it was Krishnaji's seventy-sixth birthday, but no mention was made of it as it is something he quite ignores. A quiet day.' The dates were still not precise.

S: Yes.

M: Now, unfortunately, we only have the little book until July. I clearly wasn't doing a very good job of keeping notes. Anyway, on the fourteenth of May, 'I went up to London alone and did the rounds of antique shops with Paul Anstee, looking for a table for the drawing room. Alain met me at Anstee's at 1:15 p.m., and we walked to Au Pere de Nico for lunch. He told me that Yo de Manziarly visited Mary Links yesterday and was full of

lies and slander about Krishnaji and about Alain. We discussed the books, and also I touched on the possible ashram matters at Brockwood in the future. Um, now wait a minute, there's nothing interesting…

S: It doesn't matter. Don't leave it out because it's uninteresting; leave it out only if you want to censor it, but not if you…

M: Well, it's, you know…we went for a basket at Peter Jones, and then we walked to so-and-so. I mean, this'll be never-ending if I put in everything.

Yo had telephoned Krishnaji, but hadn't spoken to him. I first spoke to Mary at Blackdown, then returned Yo's call.

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I spoke to Mary L., but it was all about the KF of India wanting the freedom to edit Indian dialogues. We walked in the rain. Earlier, Krishnaji had washed the car.'

On May sixteenth, 'Nandini, Devi, and children left to fly to Toronto. Krishnaji held a student discussion at 11:30 a.m., a very good one. The weather turned cold, but we walked in the evening.'

The next day, May seventeenth. 'We packed and left at noon with Dorothy for Heathrow. Had a picnic lunch in the car and at 3 p.m., Krishnaji and I flew on KLM to Amsterdam. Anneke and Willie Perizonious met us. I rented a Hertz Ford Escort and we all drove to Huissen, where Dinneke'—that's Anneke's cousin—'and Professor van der Veen have lent Krishnaji their house for his visit. They were there to greet him and then left. We unpacked, and Krishnaji, Anneke, and I had supper.'

The next day, 'I drove into Bussum to get Krishnaji a Phillips electric razor.' He was always buying electric razors.

S: I know.

M: I can't count how many electric razors over the years.

S: And I usually inherited them; well, some years later, I would inherit them.

M: Yes, other people did in the meantime. He liked having the latest one.

S: Yes, but also [*laughing*] they weren't *quite* what he wanted. They were initially, but then…

M: Yes, they faded somehow.

S: Yes. [*Laughs.*]

M: Anyway, we got a Phillips one—being in Holland it seemed appropriate, I guess. 'In the afternoon, there was a meeting of the Stichting Krishnamurti. Anneke, Professor van der Veen, Tilly van Eckman, and Perizonious, with Krishnaji, and I were present. Discussed was the future of the Stichting and a documentation center.' Anneke was always talking about how they must have a documentation center.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And indeed, they eventually…

S: It was eventually in Deventer. Yes.

M: Yes, they did in Deventer. It also says here, 'we had tea and then Krishnaji and I walked northward across fields of heather.'

S: The documentation center**[2]** really was her creation, wasn't it?

M: Yes, it was. And most of what was in it was her own collection.

The next day, the nineteenth, 'I went to Bussum on marketing errands. Krishnaji met Mr. Methorst and his son Erik about work with young people and vitalizing interest in the teachings in Holland. Mr. Verhulst came by'—that's the publisher, remember—'and gave Krishnaji a copy of the latest publication, *The Flight of the Eagle*. I did deskwork after lunch, and then Krishnaji and I walked once again in the lovely wood near the farm we lived in four years ago.' That was that magical wood with the little canals running through it, and the ducks.

S: I remember.

M: 'In the evening, I watched on television some of the questions Krishnaji answered on film here in 1968.'

On the twentieth, 'Krishnaji gave a taped radio interview, and I talked to Mr. Van Praag, who did the TV interview with Krishnaji here and in Gstaad. He wants to do another one, at Brockwood in June. It is tentatively agreed to. Van der Veen, Peter and Joyce Marenbreker, and Dick Richardson came for lunch.' These are all Dutch people, except for Richardson. 'Later, Krishnaji saw a newspaperman, and I worked on correspondence before the walk. There was a television program about divers and the Andrea Doria.' Do you remember the Andrea Doria?**[3]**

S: Mm, hm, of course.

M: It was the Italian liner that went down, and onboard were my mother and stepfather, and also Betsy Drake.

S: Ah, that's right, you told me about that.

M: On May twenty-second, 'Krishnaji and I drove into Amsterdam for his first talk at the RAI at 11 a.m. The crowd had overflowed into an extra hall. It was a very good, very long talk. [click here for a hyperlink to the audio of this talk] We came back to lunch, rest, and then Krishnaji wanted to go into Bussum on errands. We then had tea and walked past the farmhouse where we were four years ago, and into the lovely little wood.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave the second talk at the RAI at 11 a.m. We brought Mar de Manziarly and Nadia Kossiakof back in the car to lunch, and Anneke brought Betsy Debass.' Do you remember her?

S: No, I don't.

M: She was an Egyptian; a friend of Nadia's. An Egyptian woman, portly, used to go to the Saanen talks, and lived in Geneva. 'Later, I took them to the station in Bussum. Krishnaji and I went for a walk. After supper, Dutch television showed the BBC-filmed interview of Krishnaji by the religious affairs head, made at Brockwood last spring. I saw it in black and white, though it was made in color. It was very good. Best yet of Krishnaji.'

The next day, 'Frances McCann came to lunch. I bought a Phillips cassette recorder, and I went with Krishnaji to the third Amsterdam talk held at 7:30 p.m. at the RAI—an evening one.'

May twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji gave his fourth talk.' I don't seem to say much about it.

The next day, 'I did correspondence, ran errands in Bussum. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji, Anneke, and I were at the RAI where Krishnaji held a young people's discussion with several hundred untidy, sad-looking young people.'

The twenty-seventh of May, 'We packed. After lunch here, we drove to Schiphol and took a 2 p.m. flight to London. Dorothy met us. We got to Brockwood in time for a walk. Oh, it is good to be back!' [*Both chuckle*.] 'A new washing machine and dryer has been installed in the West Wing kitchen.'

Then there doesn't seem to be much until the twenty-ninth, when 'I met Suzanne and Hughes van der Straten at the train station in Winchester, and got back to Brockwood in time for lunch. Later, Krishnaji and I went to tea with Mary and Joe at Blackdown. Alain was there. He flies to Pretoria next week. Mary and I discussed the Indian dialogue book and then Krishnaji joined us for further discussions. He will read it.' I don't know what that means.

Editor's Note: ***This was in the early days of the Krishnamurti Foundation of India starting to try their hand at editing Krishnaji's material, and there were differences of opinion between India and England about what constituted good editing. Most of the important people in the KFI had been involved, in some way, in the Indian struggle for***

independence of India from England, so this contention, though seemingly dealt with sensitively, touched some very real trigger points.

S: Mary, there's something that has not been gone into here. A short while ago, it had been suggested that Alain might look after some kind of ashram here, or something…

M: Nothing came of that.

S: …if he and Dorothy could bury the hatchet.

M: He and Dorothy never buried any hatchet, and Alain never came here.

S: Yes.

M: Whenever we met, it would be in London, or at Mary and Joe's, or somewhere.

S: Oh, so Alain never even came back to Brockwood?

M: I don't think he ever came back. No.

S: Do you think it was more on Alain's part or Dorothy's part?

M: Both.

S: Did that sadden Krishnaji, or did he just say well, that's…?

M: No. You see, by this time Alain had left. He was living his own life, and these were all possible things to discuss, but…

S: Not serious intentions.

M: Not, no. You know, maybe it would be nice, but…

S: Right. It didn't happen, and so that's alright.

M: It didn't happen, and that was that.

S: Yes.

M: I don't remember ever discussing it with Dorothy.

The thirtieth of May, 'Krishnaji held a student discussion. I taped it for the archives. Before that, I fetched Dieter Kopp at Alton.' He's the man who painted those two greenish paintings downstairs, a young German artist with a little daughter, a very pretty little tiny daughter, aged about five or something. 'He attended the discussion and lunch with us. The painting that Krishnaji and I had liked in the photo was too large. I gave him

another down payment on some future paintings. My mother happened to be in Paris and telephoned.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji started revision of the Indian dialogues. He did three.' That's interesting.

S: What were they for? Did they go into anything?

M: Can't remember. We'll have to wait and see.

S: [*chuckles*] That's interesting, that he revised them himself, though.

M: *Yes*. I can't remember how that came about.

The first of June. 'With Krishnaji to London by train. He had a Huntsman fitting. We met Alain for lunch at Claridge's, and discussed future writings. We then walked down Bond Street, and Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt, and Alain went off. He goes to South Africa, then returns to London on the third of July and then goes to Italy. Krishnaji and I went to tea with Mrs. Bindley and came home by train. [*Laughs*.] It says here, 'in the evening, Mr. Morton talked to the students about farming.' I think that was one of the times when he made a terrible mistake. I've probably told you this: He told all about the crops and all that, and then he suddenly talked about pheasants as a crop**[4]**.

S: Oh, I'm sure that went down really well.

M: And there was shock! A thudding, icy [*S laughs*], silence. He was not the most sensitive man, as I recall, but he realized something had changed [*both laugh*], and he didn't know what he'd done! [*Chuckling.*] I think this is the time that happened, although it doesn't say so. [*More laughing*.]

The next day, 'Krishnaji worked on the Indian book revision. Jane Hammond came for lunch and tea. Dorothy and Jean-Michel came with us for the walk.'

S: Jean-Michel?

M: Yes.

S: Not Maroger—he wasn't in the picture then?

M: It's some other Jean-Michel. Jean-Michel Laborde? Not sure. 'Students have been discovered using drugs,' it says.

S: Hm.

M: On the third of June, 'there was a staff meeting on the drug situation; then the students and staff had it out. Two boys are to leave, and possibly a new girl.' I can't remember those students. It says here that '*TIME Magazine* has an article on Krishnaji.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji worked on the Indian book revision in the morning. The table for the corner at the end of the long sofa was delivered.' I must skip these things.

S: No, no! This is history.

M: On the fifth, 'Krishnaji held a meeting with the whole school in the morning, and went into responsibility and freedom. In particular, for Dorothy, who must be given room to do her job here, without being attacked as being authoritarian.' [*S laughs*.] You might be interested in that one.

S: Yes, I imagine! [*Both laugh*.]

M: The next day, which was the sixth, 'Krishnaji rested, and in the late afternoon Krishnaji, Dorothy, Montague and I went to Bedales School at the invitation of the principal, a Mr. Slack,' it looks like. 'We were shown around the school, which was near Petersfield. And at 6 p.m., Krishnaji talked for an hour to the students. There was a ceremony of the students shaking hands with the staff. The staff all lined up, apparently, after their meetings or this sort of a meeting, and every student shakes hands with every member of staff, including us, on the way out. A very formal ceremony.' I don't know whether they do it all the time, but they did then.

So, it looks like the most significant thing for Krishnaji over the next days is that he continued to revise the Indian book.

On the tenth of June, Krishnaji held a discussion with the students, and showed me what to do to improve my pranayama.

On the eleventh of June, 'Doctor Chok of Rajghat arrived.'

On the next day, 'Pupul Jayakar came. She stays till Monday. Doctor Chok talked to Krishnaji almost all day long. It was a cold, rainy day. We went out for a walk dressed for winter.'

Pupul left at 7:15 a.m. on the fourteenth. 'At noon we held a Krishnamurti Foundation Trust meeting. Present were Krishnaji, George Digby, Mary Cadogan, David Bohm, Hughes van der Straten, Dorothy, and me. We continued after lunch. It is as cold as March, and the boiler is not working—no hot water, either.'

On the sixteenth of June, 'I left Brockwood on the 7:15 a.m. train from Alton to Woking, where I got a taxi to Heathrow. Then the 10 a.m. BEA flight to Orly.' Well, this is again with my father. We don't have to go into all this.

S: Ah, so this is just you traveling?

M: Just me. And I'm there until, let's see…oh, until the seventeenth. 'I did several family things and errands and got back to Orly for 5:30 p.m. Air France flight to Heathrow. Taxi to Woking. Caught the 7:45 p.m. train to Alton. Arrived as Dorothy and Doris met me with a car.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji had hay fever, but we went to London for a Huntsman fitting. Then met Mary L. and took her to lunch at a small restaurant near there, San Marino. Krishnaji went to the dentist, Mr. Campion, and I to get his Swiss visa. It was rainy and cold, and we went right to Waterloo and home.'

On June nineteenth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the students and staff in the morning.'

Then nothing regarding Krishnaji until June twenty-first, when Dorothy tried to deal with a thorny issue with a gardener, and talked with Krishnaji about it.

Then, on June twenty-second, 'Krishnaji felt ill. He thought it was something he ate, but he had no nausea or other symptoms. He felt he couldn't get up. He stayed in his room all day, sitting in a chair, or in the bed. He said that he felt that "if I went through that door I could die," he said. "The wall between living and dying is very thin, and it always has been that way with me. Suddenly, it will be there. But not today."'

'He told me I must not be upset by his illness, or it would upset him, and then he will not tell me. He ate a fairly good lunch and supper in bed. We watched Wimbledon tennis and a Gary Cooper movie on TV. The Dutchman van Praag and his son came to film some questions for TV with Krishnaji tomorrow. I went over all that with them. Took a short walk with Dorothy and discussed the gardener situation. Krishnaji seemed better by evening.'

June twenty-third, 'Krishnaji was better and was able to do the filming of questions and answers directed by F. Van Praag and his son for HIRO, the Dutch television channel. It was shot in the hall of the West Wing. Later, Van Praag went for a walk with me and Whisper.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held a very good discussion with the students and staff on thought.'

On the twenty-fifth, 'We both went to London and to Huntsman. I bought Krishnaji some jerseys. We lunched for the first time at Fortnum.**[5]**' [*Chuckles.*]

S: Hm.

M: 'Krishnaji liked it! We bought books at Hatchards. Krishnaji went to Mr. Campion for the completion of three fillings. I fetched'—something—'and we took the train back.

Krishnaji coughed badly in the night. He has a touch of bronchitis. He had been free of hay fever in town.'

On June twenty-sixth, 'Jean-Michel'—could it have been Laborde?—'suggested Contact for the hay fever. I went to Winchester with Dorothy and got some Contact and also Friars Balsam for Krishnaji, who spent the day in bed. Dorothy met Narayan and Shakuntala and their daughter Natasha**[6]**, and we all came back to Brockwood with Dorothy. Krishnaji rested all day. The Contact seemed to help him and stopped the hay fever.'

On the twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji had slept fairly well and was able to give a superb talk to students on what is most important in their lives. He said, "For me, it is to be nothing."' Yes. I remember that. 'The Narayans left. We packed.'

On the twenty-ninth, 'We left Brockwood in the morning and drove via Midhurst, Petworth, on the A-272, then Uckfield, Tenterden, and Ashford to Dover. It took four-and-a-half hours. We found the hovercraft cancelled, so we took the 4:30 p.m. ferry, which left half an hour late, and finally reached Boulogne at 6:30 p.m. Brockwood to Dover was 141 miles. [*Chuckling*.] Then Boulogne to Montreuil and Château de Montreuil. We had the same rooms again. We dined nicely and slept well.'

The next day, 'we left Montreuil at 9:50 a.m. and drove via Arras to the autoroute where Krishnaji did part of the driving. He said he had a meditation in the night. He feels the lack of pressure which is when he stays'—this is this strange thing about pressure, when people know where he is—'in places where people concentrate on him, that's what bothers him. We reached Paris by lunchtime, but coming down the Champs-Elysées, [*chuckling*] I bumped into a car and damaged the grill of the Mercedes. We reached…' This is when [*laughs*] I used to drive on these long drives with my shoes off.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And as we were coming down the Champs-Elysées and getting near the Plaza Athénée, I was groping for my right shoe and a car in front of me stopped [*chuckling*], and I ran into it. But I barely broke his taillight only. Out got a *furious* owner who upbraided me: "How could I do such a thing?!" He saw it was a foreign car—it had Swiss plates in those days—so he thought I was Swiss. And my one thought was to get Krishnaji to the Plaza Athénée quickly…

S: Of course.

M: …and anything that had to be done in the meantime was fine. So, I expostulated a bit, but said, "Look, it's not very much. How could I make this good?" You know, and so forth. So, I opened my purse and said, "What can I pay you?" And he took everything I had! [*Both laugh*.] I didn't have all that much cash; it wasn't that it was hundreds of francs, but it was more than I…

S: It was more than the price of a taillight. Yes.

M: …for the taillight, and he went off still surly. So, this is the beginning of Krishnaji saying, "Never change your shoes in the middle of the Champs-Elysées." [*S laughs*.] And from then on, he would tell me, *admonish* me about this forever, whenever we drove! [*More laughing*.] It was a sort of a joke. [*Chuckles*.]

S: I think we might discuss something: this curious thing of Krishnaji feeling the pressure of people who are concentrating on him, and how, when he didn't feel that pressure, then these meditations would come. What can you say about that? Because he would feel that, for instance, in Saanen.

M: Mm.

S: Even when he kept to himself in Gstaad, it's not as if people would see him every day, but it was just that there were all these thousands of people there, concentrating on him.

M: Mm.

S: And this was something that was a palpable force.

M: Yes, he felt it.

S: A pressure, an energy.

M: It was a sort of psychic *something* that pressed on him.

S: Did he ever say much about it?

M: No, except *that*—I mean, just what you've just articulated. And I didn't really ask him more, because I thought I understood that.

S: Also, there were times when he would be some place that was kind of neutral—not a "Krishnamurti place"—and someone would recognize him, and he was always so disappointed.

M: Yes. [*Both laugh*.]

S: It's just such an interesting response.

M: Yes, he didn't like to be stared at or noticed. I mean on the platform, obviously, I mean, you accept that, but otherwise…

S: Yes.

M: And he felt it in Ojai.

S: Mm, hm.

M: People used to say that they knew he was there, or could feel he was coming, all kinds of things. It was something like he was pinned to the wall by the concentration of people's consciousness on him. And being extraordinarily sensitive, he felt it. And that was one of the reasons that he liked, in these days, the motoring because first of all, he saw the lovely country, which he liked, but also nobody really knew where he was. I mean, they knew he was somewhere in Europe or France, but there was no pressure involved. I don't know, I mean, it never surprised me; I could instinctively understand it.

S: Yes. But it says something interesting…you see, I'm quite convinced that this is not just something that Krishnaji imagined. Now, if it was, for instance, *me* who felt this, I would have to be questioning myself: Am I imagining this? Is this just something I'm making up? What's my problem, etcetera.

M: Mm, yes.

S: But, for a variety of reasons, I don't believe that this was something subjective with Krishnaji…

M: *No*, and he didn't…

S: …so it says something very interesting about the nature of people's attention and focusing, and really also says something about the kind of self-sacrifice that Krishnaji continued to make.

M: Mm, hm, yes. Well, in a way, I think, there is in ordinary people some sort of psychic something that happens. For instance, with an audience, if you're an actor, you feel something from the audience, either negative or positive. Or maybe it's the quality of attention, and it just isn't because they clap or don't cough or something.

S: Mm, hm.

M: You feel a tangible *something* that's invisible.

S: Oh, yes.

M: A rapport going on. And Krishnaji felt that, too, when he talked, because he reported that sometimes the audience seemed to be deaf and not understanding, or that they were, as he used to say, hypnotized. He felt that response in a mass of people.

S: Yes.

M: Whereas, if I suddenly thought that people are staring at me or focusing on me, people will think that I'm getting paranoid. But with him it was, it seems to me to be

something, a variation of what would be normal in other people, but only in certain circumstances.

S: Yes.

M: Maybe it's the same kind of thing for an athlete, you know, playing at Wimbledon, and they feel the crowd is with them; it gives them something. There is that unspoken communication.

S: Yes. The first time I felt something of this was really at the start of some of the talks when I had to make announcements…I used to *hate* making announcements.

M: Yes.

S: Just hate it.

M: Yes.

S: And finally, I just sat for a few seconds before speaking, and looked at the audience, and tried to see what I was hating.

M: Yes.

S: And there is a tremendous force coming from a group of people looking at you.

M: Yes.

S: It's a physical force!

M: Oh, yes.

S: And when I finally saw that, I could see that it was this force I'm reacting to. This is really powerful. And I'm not exactly a delicate flower.

M: There's a communication between a speaker, be it theater or something else, and the people that are listening.

S: Yes. But, you see, Krishnaji could even have it, for instance, just being in Ojai. So, it's just so interesting that it could happen not just in a room where everyone is physically looking at you and you see them.

M: That's right; they're just in the neighborhood.

S: They're just directing their attention to him.

M: Yes.

S: And that's already enough for someone sensitive.

M: I forget where I've read it, because I've been reading so many things lately, where Krishnaji talks in Ojai about wishing we could have a little cabin in the hills somewhere, where we could go and get away from that focusing on him. I even thought of renting a house at the beach in Carpentaria, where…but again, it was a bit too close, and people would have known he was there.

S: I know.

M: And, of course, in the end, nothing happened, but it was in my mind to find a place, probably up in the mountains. I sort of understood it, when he talked about it…

S: As one stops to think about it, it's quite something, because it's kind of a force field that our thinking about someone puts out.

M: Yes. And in a way it's part of human—not understanding, but—consciousness, you know, like people praying for someone who's ill.

S: Mm, hm.

M: There are those who believe that goodwill flowing toward a sick person can help them. Maybe so, I don't know.

S: Yes.

M: It could work negatively or positively. And if someone is ignored, that can be perceived without anybody doing or saying anything. There's a lot of psychic or psychological communication that goes on that people don't really know anything about objectively, or what it is, but it's felt. I think one feels it quite often. Don't you feel it?

S: Yes.

M: Well, you must! Oh!

S: Unfortunately, I've had more of that than I even want to talk about…

M: Yes!

S: But, for myself, I always have to question how much am I making this up? How subjective is this? And so I always—I don't trust my sensitivities, whereas I do trust Krishnaji's. You see, this is why it's an interesting point to discuss.

M: Yes. I completely understand. Was it yesterday that we came across Krishnaji saying about how pain and suffering are two different things?

S: Yes.

M: You see, that's something to do with that. Pain can be a response to a physiological sensitivity. But suffering is the mind…

S: …holding on to it.

M: …holding on to it. That has *great* meaning.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And it has a lot to do with what's gone on here.

S: Absolutely, absolutely.

M: So, do we continue?

S: Absolutely.

M: Yes. So, we can go on. Where did I leave off? Um, hm, hm, hm, hm. Oh, 'he spoke about meditation in the night. He feels the lack of pressure, which builds when he stays in one place and people concentrate on him. We reached Paris by lunchtime, and the Plaza Athénée. I ordered Krishnaji some lunch, and went briefly to see my father, and got back to the hotel quickly.'

The next day, July first. 'Krishnaji had a quiet morning. We had an early lunch in the hotel and left at 2 p.m., missing the traditional July first traffic exodus from Paris. We drove slowly, relaxedly south on the autoroute, not going over sixty except in spurts. It was a beautiful day. Krishnaji felt full of delight in the country and in slowly drifting along. We reached Saulieu in three-and-a-half hours from Paris. We had rooms at the Hotel Côte d'Or. Took a walk through the old part of the ville. Had a good dinner and were in bed early. Feeling much better than yesterday.' [*Chuckles*.]

The next day. 'A lovely day. We left Saulieu at 10:45 a.m. and drove on 77 bis'—that's the little tiny yellow road [*S chuckles*]—'to Sombernon, then the N5 to Dijon and on to Dole for lunch at the Grand Hôtel Chandioux.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: We'd been there before. 'Then on via Saint-Cergue and Nyon to the autoroute, and to Geneva and the Hotel du Rhône. We walked to Jacquet, where Krishnaji ordered nine ties, and to Grand Passage, and to Patek, where Krishnaji looked at a new Naviquartz clock.'

S: Mm, hm!

M: Remember the Naviquartz clock?

S: Very well; very, *very* well!

M: Have you got the Naviquartz?

S: No, Krishnaji gave it to Dr. Deutsch.

M: Yes! I'd forgotten. Of course he did. Oh, of course.

S: He asked, when Kathy was coming over for the plans of the Study Centre…

M: To bring it.

S: …he asked specially that she bring it so he could give it to Dr. Deutsch.

M: Hm. I must ask Gary about that.

S: Yes.

M: So, 'we had supper in the rooms, and telephoned Vanda at Tannegg.'

The third of July. 'A relaxed morning. We went back to Patek and looked at the Naviquartz clock again [*chuckles*], shopped for sweaters for Vanda and Fosca, and had lunch at the hotel. Then drove along the Route du Lac'—the one he liked—'to Lausanne and on up to Gstaad. Vanda, Fosca and Antonio, and Antonio's cousin Silvana as their summer extra maid, etcetera, were there. Krishnaji's hay fever worsened between Lausanne and Tannegg. We unpacked his things, and I did mine. He stayed in bed the next day, nursing his hay fever. And Vanda and I talked and walked.'

On the fifth, 'Krishnaji remained in bed. I did errands in the village. Vanda showed me pointers on pranayama.'

On the sixth, 'Krishnaji felt better in the morning, but less well after some yoga in the p.m. He has bronchitis. Vanda and I talked long about his health. She plans to leave tomorrow.' Then, just things about my father.

The seventh of July, 'Vanda delayed her early train departure until noon to see how Krishnaji felt. I talked to Dr. Pierre Schmidt in Geneva who will send some palliative remedies. I took Vanda down to the train. Krishnaji got up for lunch and came with me to Moser's in Thun to have the Mercedes repaired'—that was the grill that was hurt in the Champs-Elysées collision—'and also have its three-thousand-mile service. We picked up Krishnaji's SL Mercedes and drove to Beatus for tea and came back, Krishnaji driving all the way from Thun.'

The next day, ‘Krishnaji felt very tired, with less energy than yesterday, but the congestion in his chest is less. He came to the table for lunch in his dressing gown. Vanda called from Firenze. I did errands for Krishnaji in the p.m. He wanted some thin trousers. The weather is still hot. Krishnaji had supper on a tray with me in the living room.’

July ninth, ‘Krishnaji is better, but stayed in all day. He’s taking the Schmidt remedies and bronchitis salts. Biascoechea came up to see him. I met Balasundaram at the station. He is staying in one of the rooms downstairs at Tannegg. Krishnaji ate in the dining room for lunch and supper. It was a hot day and Mary Cadogan arrived.’

The next day, ‘Mary Cadogan came up to Tannegg. She, Balasundaram, and I spent the morning and much of the afternoon discussing the Krishnamurti Foundation of India. Krishnaji joined us at lunch. Later he went for a *very* small walk.’

We’re getting close to where the “big book” starts.

On the eleventh, ‘Krishnaji had coughed in the night. There is still some congestion in his bronchial tubes. He did no exercise and stayed in, reading. He was at the table in his dressing gown for meals. I worked at the desk all day and took a walk alone.’

On the twelfth, ‘Krishnaji felt better. I went on errands in the morning and deposited money for Vanda’s account at the Cantonal Bank. Krishnaji walked down the road before lunch and I drove him up. Mary Cadogan, Isabel and Enrique Biascoechea, and Mr. Faria came to lunch. Balasundaram went to Cheseaux to Kudelski with the old Nagra. We discussed the affairs of Foundation Krishnamurti Hispano-Americana. Later, after much thunder, rain! It changed enough for Krishnaji, Balasundaram, and I to walk down the road past Trois Ours and back.’

We now resume the other journal, the “big book,” so we’re finished with the little one.

July thirteen, 1971, Gstaad. ‘Krishnaji was feeling well enough, though still some wheezing in his chest for bronchitis, that he wanted to come to Thun with me to fetch my car. So we went in the morning in his, he driving. He said “a marvelous meditation” had been in the night.’

‘I asked what made it marvelous, special. Was it the intensity or content?’

‘He said, “Both.”’

‘I asked if it had content, and he said, “Of course not.”’

‘I asked, “Is it a feeling without content, without words?”’

‘“Yes,” he said; it was in his sleep, but continued when he awoke and got up in the night, and when he went back to bed.’

‘My car was looking pristine again after the bumped grill from my idiot shoe-changing in the Champs-Elysées. Moser had a brochure for Krishnaji on the latest Mercedes sport model SL350. Krishnaji’s eyes lit up. [*S laughs*.] We drove both cars, me following, back to Tannegg. He drove faultlessly. It was enormously touching to watch the little silver car winding precisely along the road, the head and shoulders just showing through the rear window. We had a 1:30 p.m. lunch alone as Balasundaram was out. At 4:30 p.m., a Mr. de Marxov came to tea and talked ponderously and interminably for two hours.’ He was the man who was Frances’ financial advisor; an old man who advised for the account called Alzina. I think I’ve mentioned it before. ‘Most of his decisions have been hesitant on getting out of his bad choices, and on the whole, Alzina has not been well-handled since the Brockwood money was so luckily taken out. At present, I am uneasy at continuing as is. I will write to Bud. Krishnaji walked with Balasundaram while I coped with de Marxov. Erna telephoned. She and Theo just arrived from Ojai. No news at all of Rajagopal, whose lawyers have till Thursday the fifteenth to show cause to the attorney general why we shouldn’t file suit.’

Sunday, the eighth of August. How did we jump to that date? Dear me.

S: Well, we can go back to the little book.

M: We better go back to the little book. [*Chuckles*.]

So, on the fourteenth of July, ‘At noon, there was a meeting at Tannegg of Mary Cadogan and Graf. The Lilliefelts and Balasundaram had lunch, with Mary Cadogan joining afterward for an all-afternoon discussion of business. Krishnaji had a haircut. He, Balasundaram, and I went for a walk toward Turbach.’

The next day, the fifteenth. ‘I drove with Balasundaram to the Geneva airport so we could meet Pupul Jayakar, and came back to Tannegg. It was a tiring drive. I walked with Krishnaji and Balasundaram.’

On July sixteenth, ‘there was an all-morning meeting of Krishnaji, me, Pupul, Balasundaram, Mary C., Erna, Theo, and Hughes van der Straten. Pupul wants copyright for India. [*S chuckles*.] *Long* discussion. I finally suggested that the KFI be given permission to publish in India only in perpetuity, and it was accepted. She resisted Krishnaji being on their board but agreed in the end to some special title for him, such as founder. We had a buffet lunch. The Hispano Fundación in persons of Biascoechea and Faria came at 2:00 p.m. So the first four-Foundation meeting took place. They planned the second in Rishi Valley in December of ’72. Mary C. leaves tomorrow. Krishnaji, Balasundaram, and I went for a walk.’

The seventeenth of July. ‘I did errands, saw Dorothy, Montague, and Doris. They came in the Land Rover via the south of France. In the p.m., Yves Zlotnitska**[7]**’—remember him?

S: Mm, hm.

M: '…ran a BBC film and an NET film for Pupul, Balasundaram, van der Straten, Lilliefelts, Enrique Biascoechea, and Faria. Krishnaji, meanwhile, intently washed the car! [*Both chuckle*.] And then a thunderstorm came. Krishnaji and I were alone.'

On July eighteenth, 'I first took Pupul and Balasundaram to the tent (a new, very stately one), then drove Krishnaji there for his first Saanen talk. The tent was almost full. A good beginning talk on "What are you serious about?" He talked for forty-five minutes and took questions for half an hour. Mar de Manziarly came to lunch and stayed for the 4 o'clock showing of the NET film of Krishnaji's discussion with Huston Smith at Claremont. I hadn't seen that one. It was most overwhelming to me. Everyone had tea. Erna and Pupul discussed ways to help India with films there.'

On the nineteenth, 'Dorothy came in the morning to see Krishnaji and talk to Pupul and Balasundaram about Indian scholarship pupils coming to Brockwood. Pupul and Balasundaram had an early lunch, then left with Yves Zlotnitska for Lausanne, where Pupul took the train to Geneva, Paris, and on to Rome and India. Balasundaram went to Kudelski and fetched Nagra Three'—I think it is—'plus new equipment to take to India to record Krishnaji there. Krishnaji and I had a quiet lunch, enjoying the quiet house. Later, we drove down and did errands. We went for an early ride to Gsteig, and took a walk when we came back. We saw a man with a twenty-year-old Mercedes beautifully kept.' It was parked up above the road when you leave Tannegg and go up and around…

S: Mm, hm.

M: …and it gets sort of flat and then it goes across the field. Well, up there, under some trees, was parked this beautiful old Mercedes, and of course, when we walked up there, Krishnaji saw it, and the man—I think he was English, I'm not certain—was polishing it, and tending it, and caring for it. Krishnaji was *charmed* [*S laughs*] and wanted to see the whole thing [*chuckles*]. He kept it parked there for some time, and every day he would come and polish the leather or polish the chrome or something.

S: Mm.

M: 'It pleased Krishnaji,' it says. 'Balasundaram returned for supper.'

On the twentieth of July, 'Krishnaji gave his second Saanen talk, on order. Dorothy, Montague, and Balasundaram came to lunch, after which I drove Balasundaram to the train, and he left carrying the old Nagra on his way to India. I went to see Erna and Theo. A letter from Leipziger says Loebl's father died, so a further delay is allowed for a response by Tapper from the fifteenth deadline to the nineteenth, i.e., yesterday. I got back in time for tea and a walk with Krishnaji and Peter Racz.' He's a Brazilian boy.

S: I remember that, yes.

M: 'A lovely quiet supper by ourselves and early bed time.'

On Wednesday, the twenty-first, 'Tilly van Eckman came to lunch, and Sacha de Manziarly arrived to stay at Tannegg until Saturday.'

S: What happened to Sacha?

M: He died.

S: When? I never met him.

M: I remember his death. Krishnaji had just arrived in Paris, I can't remember which year, but we'll come to it, and Sacha was in the American Hospital. So, we went, and Krishnaji saw him just before he died…

S: Mm, hm. Well, we'll come to it then.

M: Yes.

S: Okay

M: On the twenty-second, 'I went early to the tent and then came back for Krishnaji. He gave his third Saanen talk. Seeing with no observer. No subjective anything, but only objective fact. Seeing uncolored by any residue of time past, therefore without self. Sacha and Marcelle Bondoneau at lunch. Krishnaji was very absent, concerned with the car. I did some errands and coming up the hill met him walking down. We went to look at bags in a boutique.' Don't know what that was for. 'Came back to tea with Sacha. Then we walked to Turbach. The talk had left him washed out mentally. He couldn't read, and his body was hypersensitive. He dined at the table with Sacha and me. There was too much chatter.'

July twenty-third. 'We left at 10 a.m., picked up Dorothy and Montague, and drove to Thun. We saw the SEL 350 Mercedes at Moser's. I left my car for the replacement of…' something. 'We lunched at Beatus and returned to Thun on the steamer. We tried out the 350 SEL. Krishnaji was delighted by it. We made deal for delivery of one for him next year, using his present one as a trade-in. Then, in my car, we drove back. Sacha had supper with us and went to see the Krishnamurti films in the tent. Krishnaji and I stayed in.'

S: Now that must have been the Green Beauty**[8]**. Wasn't it?

M: Well, what happened was the next year, he didn't like the model that came out. And although the deal had been made, somehow Stuttgart was willing to put it off for a year—great exceptional, you know, concessions being made, etcetera.

S: And then it was the Green Beauty.

M: That was the Green Beauty.

S: Right.

M: The next day, July twenty-fourth, 'Sacha left. Krishnaji and I had lunch at the Biascoecheas' and rested. Then we washed the Mercedes.'

On the twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji gave his fourth Saanen talk. It was on relationship: If there is a center of self, there is no relationship. It was hot in the tent, and Krishnaji felt very tired afterwards. He lay down until lunch. Erna, Theo, and Warren Perrine came to lunch. Afterward, we discussed the pros and cons of a Saanen film proposed by Guido Franco.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: Oh, we had endless trouble with Guido Franco. 'I walked down for the paper in the late p.m., and Krishnaji met me halfway up and we walked back. We telephoned Vanda in the evening.'

The next day, 'Dr. and Mrs. Questiau came to see Krishnaji at 12:30 p.m. Fresia to lunch. At 4 p.m., Biascoecheas and Sendra came and saw Krishnaji for one hour, sapping his energy. We then walked to the Turbach Road, and Krishnaji treated me for my eyes.'

On July twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen talk, a continuation of his "thought-space," a memo he gave me on Monday.' I can't read my writing. Something about 'can the mind inquire into the quality of the immeasurable? Can this be free of all distortion? Factor of distortion is fear and demand for pleasure. It was an intense talk, and it was very hot in the tent. Immediately afterward, he saw for an hour the Spanish-American Fundación: Faria, Biascoechea, Sendra, and another; then de Vidas, who is ailing; and finally for lunch Frances McCann, Pietro Cragnolini, and Malvina'—that was a friend of Cragnolini's. 'Later, Moser came with the contract for the new SL 350 for next year, and took away in trade Krishnaji's present one. I did some errands for him and drove Krishnaji up the hill after he walked down.'

On the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji treated Fresia and de Vidas. Mrs. Pamela Travers and Dr. Steven Schoen came to lunch.' That's interesting; that's the man that wrote that book I have in the other room.

S: Aha! On the origins of Krishnaji's thinking.

M: Is that what it is?

S: Well, that's the one that you discussed, or where his teachings came from, or something like that.

M: No, that's another one, that's Sana. No, this is a book that was published some years ago. I have it in the other room. But I didn't realize he'd come to lunch. 'Krishnaji told Mrs. Travers some of the early history of finding "the boy." We walked to the river.'

On the twenty-ninth, 'Krishnaji gave his sixth Saanen talk, another intense one. The Digbys and Lilliefelts came to lunch. Krishnaji was tired in the afternoon. He wasn't going to take a walk, but in the end, he decided to, so we went to the river.'

July thirty. 'Jane Hammond and Sybil Dobson came to lunch. At 4 p.m., the annual meeting for all the foreign committees. Fifty-six people came, and Krishnaji was present. George Digby presented various questions. Dorothy reported on Brockwood. Sybil reported for *The Bulletin*, George on publications, and I very briefly on the KWINC situation. Fruit juice afterward, and then Krishnaji and I went for a walk.'

The thirty-first. 'A lovely, empty, quiet day. No one for lunch. Rest. We cleaned cars a little and took a walk. Watched the Apollo 15 astronauts, Scott and Irwin, on the moon.' End of July.

S: Okay, we should end there because we are running out of tape.

M: Good. I'll put this marker here.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] That is where Links' house was.

[2] The documentation center holds all of Krishnaji's published material in English, and as much material translated into Dutch as had been produced at that time. There are also photographs, newspaper articles, video tapes and audio tapes, and anything else the Dutch Committee could collect.

[3] The SS Andrea Doria sank off the coast of Nantucket in 1956 after being rammed by another ship. Most of the passengers and crew were rescued.

[4] The school was vegetarian.

[5] Fortnum & Mason.

[6] Narayan was Krishnaji's nephew, Shakuntala was his wife, and Natasha is their daughter. Narayan and Shakuntala had been working at the Rishi Valley School, and Narayan would eventually return to be headmaster of the school. Shakuntala came to teach at Brockwood for many years.

[7] He was a professional sound recorder who, for a short period, took over the audio recording of the talk at Saanen.

[8] This car was eventually taken to Ojai, and remained Krishnaji's car until his death in 1986. Mary kept it and used it until her death in 2008.

Issue 19: August 1971 to September 1971

This issue covers less history (just two months), but much more discussion.

A settlement with Rajagopal seems tantalizingly close.

Also discussed is Rosalind's disturbing physical abuse of Krishnaji, which he tolerates, even though he would not tolerate any attempt to influence his teachings.

Krishnaji's peculiar memory is explored, as well as his inability to visualize from maps or architectural drawings, and what this may imply about image making.

There is a discussion of Krishnaji's seeming fragile health, and the possible relationship there might be between this and his inner life and "the process."

There is also brief mention of Krishnaji's peculiar aversion to using the telephone.

Mary: Alright, we're picking this up at August first, 1971.

Scott: Great.

M: Well, that date finds Krishnaji in Saanen, obviously, and 'he gave his seventh Saanen talk, which was on intelligence—intelligence that comes when thought realizes it cannot go beyond itself, and is still. It was a very hot day, and Krishnaji said that he felt ill that day. He said he was as tired as though he'd been ill. And he said that he felt like disappearing after the talk. Instead of that, he treated people: de Vidas, and the Kossiakofs. Marcelle Bondoneau came to lunch, and we discussed doing an interview for French television.' You'll remember that, later on, as a result of all of this, Krishnaji did a television interview in French for a Monsieur André Voisin, who was an interviewer on French television. We'll come to that later, because we did go over to Paris for that.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'We discussed also the dead-end of hippy-ness in the young, and their need to see that intellectual action is not against Krishnaji's teachings, but lives alongside it. He said that he wanted to go into this in his next discussion. He was tired, too tired to walk, but dusted the car'—[*chuckling*]—'instead. And I went off up into the meadows, high on the hill for my own walk.'

The next day, the second. 'He was still tired. He felt as if he had been sick, he kept saying. I went to the village on errands, and he met me at the station, and we started for a drive, but it was too hot. He was nervous for some reason that day. I don't know why. Coming up the hill, something punctured the right tire on the car, and I somehow got it all the way up the hill and into the garage before it was literally destroyed. There was no tire left.'

‘At four o’clock, all the Ojai people came to tea. And Krishnaji spoke about what was going on.’ It doesn’t say what here. ‘Dorothy came at 5:30 p.m. and went for a walk with us to the river. Krishnaji persuaded her and Montague to move up to Tannegg to try to get some rest.’ When they were in the camping site, they didn’t have a moment’s privacy, and people were always dropping by unexpectedly, and it was wearying. ‘Later that day, we watched the Apollo astronauts, Scott and Irwin, take off from the moon and dock with the space capsule.’

‘The Simmonses moved in the next day to Tannegg downstairs. They had lunch with us. A new tire was put on the Mercedes, and Dr. Padma Modulka came for tea with me.’ I don’t know if you’ll remember that Indian lady.

S: Oh, a little.

M: She’s a doctor.

S: Yes, and she was a small lady. Yes, I do remember her.

M: And she lives or…lived—for all I know she’s still there—up near Uttarkashi, I think.

On Wednesday, the fourth of August, ‘Krishnaji held the first of seven daily public discussions in the tent. This one was on conscious and unconscious, and seeing the whole. Madame Duchet, Marcelle Bondoneau, and Gisela Elmenhorst came to lunch, and that Fred Williams came afterward and brought an anti-Semitic book for Krishnaji. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I had talked about new teachers for Brockwood.’

On the fifth of August, ‘Krishnaji gave his second Saanen discussion, a *marvelous one*, one on the old brain and the new brain.’ Do you remember when he…well, you weren’t there then. ‘Thought is the old brain, and cannot find that which is beyond itself, which is the new.’ Make a note; it would be interesting to hear that one again. “The perception of this is intelligence,” he said. In this perception, the old is quiet and in abeyance, but it’s there; it just doesn’t interfere. Then the new one can be, and this is intelligence. Intelligence can perceive the unknown, the new, and this can use the old when it is necessary.’ An interesting talk.

S: Mm, hm.

M: It says here ‘it was a talk that left me drained with its intensity. We came back, and at 3 p.m., Krishnaji came with me to the bank to close an account that Rajagopal had opened, and which he was co-signatory of. Also, we bought some detective novels and a Mao book, which I’m to read and report on to him later,’ it says [*chuckling*].

S: Which Mao book?

M: *The Little Red Book*! [*Both laugh.*] And I never read it! [*More laughing.*] Or reported on it, and I don’t think it was ever referred to again, but that was my task! [*Both laugh.*]

S: I don't see you walking around with *The Little Red Book* for some reason!

M: No. I didn't either; in fact, I just forgot about it quickly [*chuckling*]. 'At 4 p.m., the Saanen Gathering Committee came: Krishnaji, the Grafs, Doris Pratt, and me. Later, Krishnaji and I walked alone by the river. I spoke to Vanda in Rome, and we will renew Tannegg for the following year.'

On the sixth, 'Krishnaji held his third discussion in the tent. This one was for young people. A letter finally came from Leipziger saying that Rajagopal is trying to get the firm ____'—and then I have a blank because I don't know the name of firm—'to represent him either with or without Loebl. Rothman'—that's a member of the new firm—'is to look into whether to take the case, and hence another delay. Erna and Theo came for lunch and we discussed all this. Sybil Dobinson also was there, and we discussed with Krishnaji material for *The Bulletin*. It was still hot, and Krishnaji and I were both too tired to walk.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave his fourth discussion. I fetched the Suarèses up to lunch. The Lilliefelts also came. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Sloss, the parents of Radha's husband, came to tea. Mr. Sloss said that Krishnaji should take Rajagopal to court. He has no use for Rajagopal or Rosalind. Krishnaji and I washed the car.'

S: So, she's still married to…?

M: This is her in-laws.

S: Right. So they have no use for Rosalind or for Rajagopal! [*Laughing.*]

M: No, that's right.

On the eighth, 'Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen discussion, mostly on fear. The audience seemed limp. At lunch were the van der Stratens, Topazia Alliata, and Frances McCann. Krishnaji was abstracted during lunch. The ladies talked heatedly about education and permissiveness. Topazia thought marijuana should be legally sold. Krishnaji said she didn't know the dangers of it. They left, and Krishnaji went for a nap. At 4 p.m., Sybil Dobinson and the Lilliefelts came to tea with me to discuss *The Bulletin* and the German Publication Committee,' and then it says here, 'there really is none. A Mr. Werner, whom we haven't seen and whom Grafs says doesn't want a committee around him, and a Mr. Kanthor'—remember Mr. Kanthor?

S: Yes.

M: …'a humble, earnest, not too educated man, not capable to deal with publications.' That's my comment. [*S chuckles.*]

'Nelly had copies of letters given her by Mrs. Fidélius written by Methorst saying that he had been asked by Krishnaji and the KFT to show films, play tapes, and collect money to

pay for films; also that he had been asked by Dorothy Simmons to collect for Brockwood. Dorothy Simmons told Nelly this is untrue [*chuckles*]. Erna, Theo, and Sybil Dobinson arrived, and Krishnaji joined us. We had tea and went into some of this and then discussed *The Bulletin*. It was agreed to condense business news and to make the rest of it Krishnaji's material. Sybil, who had had no material given to her, could now have Indian discussions and possibly talks, the Australian ones, and discussions from the KWINC period. It was agreed to go ahead. If Rajagopal challenges, we will deal with it.' That's about publications challenges.

'Krishnaji and I told Erna and Theo of the meeting at tea yesterday, when Mr. and Mrs. Sloss, parents of Jimmy Sloss, came. Mrs. Sloss obviously wanted to find out the Rajagopal situation. Krishnaji asked them if they wanted him to speak of it, and Mrs. Sloss replied, "Yes, but before you do, I want to tell you, I'm on your side!" [*Chuckles*]. Krishnaji described ten years of Rajagopal's refusal to let him know anything about KWINC, the necessity for the break, etcetera, efforts to find a settlement, and Rajagopal's refusal to answer. Krishnaji said that he had gone three times to see Rajagopal. Mr. Sloss said that Krishnaji should get a lawyer and sue Rajagopal, that Rajagopal wouldn't listen to anything else. Mr. Sloss also said that Rajagopal lied to him the first time they met. He repeated that Krishnaji must sue and "let the chips fall where they may." He took me aside and said that he had no use for either Rajagopal or Rosalind Rajagopal, and that Jimmy had told him he wanted nothing to do with either of them. We reassured him that we had excellent lawyers and had gone to the attorney general and we had him on our side as a result of his investigations. Sloss left saying, "You go ahead."'

'After the Lilliefelts left, Krishnaji and I started to go for a walk just as Iyengar was coming in with Mrs. Walsh.' Mrs. Walsh was the lady who lived in the east apartment, downstairs in Tannegg. She took that every year. And she was the hostess to Iyengar every year.

S: Mm, hm.

On the ninth, 'Krishnaji held the sixth Saanen discussion; this time on education. The questions were mostly poor. Madame Welser came for a treatment'—that was that paralyzed lady. 'Peter Racz, the young Brazilian, and Bill Burmeister, a nice boy from California, came for lunch. At 3 p.m., Mrs. Henry Heller came to see me about the possibility of starting an Austrian committee. She's a teacher of hatha yoga in Vienna and learnt it in India under a Raja yoga teacher, but she teaches only exercises. She also has classes in English for an atomic commission of the UN in Vienna [*chuckles*]. She was a Jewish refugee from Hitler, and her family went to Scotland.' I don't know why I tell all this, but anyway…'She seemed businesslike, aware of things to be avoided, i.e., propaganda, interpretation, etc. Would want three others to form a committee under Austrian law. She has an apartment that could be used for offices.' [*Seems to make an aside*:] I don't think anything ever came of that, as far as I know.

S: Mm.

M: 'She seemed sensible and workmanlike in her approach. I suggested she write to Cadogan and see if during the winter she finds other seriously interested people to share the work and committee-hood. Then come here next summer and discuss further whether to become an accredited committee.' Then I went for a back treatment'—I was having back treatments by a chiropractor. 'Ran into Cragnolini, Pietro. He says the eclipse of the moon affected Krishnaji in his health because it was Aquarius or something. I met Krishnaji coming down the hill, and we went up. I paid a deposit on Tannegg for next summer. They have raised the rent by five thousand francs [*chuckles*] to eleven thousand for two months.'

On the tenth, 'Krishnaji held his seventh Saanen discussion, completing this year. We had a quiet lunch alone. Dorothy and Jean-Michel Laborde'—that was the Jean-Michel that we'd talked about, and his wife.—I mentioned the couple earlier—Margot Laborde.

S: Right. So she went off?

M: Yes.

S: But he stayed?

M: He stayed around for a while.

'Dorothy, Jean-Michel Laborde, Sara Garetson, and Sunita Mahtani came for tea.' Sunita and Sara were in the first group of Brockwood students…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …and in the film *Can You Live That Way***[1]***?*

S: Yes.

M: 'Then, Krishnaji spoke to six young, lost-looking people who want to start a school as a result of yesterday's discussion. They haven't the vaguest qualifications or plans. [*Both laugh*.] Suarès brought a Monsieur Bey, editor of Stock, to greet Krishnaji briefly.'

The next day, 'Madame Welser came at 9 a.m. Erna came to lunch, Theo was in Zurich. They leave on Saturday for Majorca before going home. I had a back treatment; met Krishnaji at the foot of the hill, and we walked up together. I dined with Suzanne and 'met parts of their vast family, the van der Stratens' [*chuckling*]. 'The car was *drenched* with rain, and when I got back, just after nine o'clock, Krishnaji came out and said it must be wiped dry, so we did it.' [*Both laugh*.] Oh, goodness!

On the twelfth, 'Madame Duchet came to talk to me about a French committee. At noon, Krishnaji and I walked down the hill and met the Grafs at the new curling building, as a possibility for the talks. It is large and efficient, but looks like a factory. Krishnaji didn't like it at all. So we will stick with the tent, which is a very good one this year, but costs

Swiss francs 37,000—$9,000 to rent. The Grafs lunched with Krishnaji and me at Tannegg. At four, Nadia Kossiakof saw Krishnaji. I invited her to stay in the West Wing during the September gathering at Brockwood. Bruno Ortolani and his lady friend came to tea.'

The thirteenth 'was a clear, warm, beautiful day. Taking Dorothy and Montague, Krishnaji and I drove to Thun. We left the Mercedes to have its door lock fixed and walked to the steamer, where we boarded for the two-and-a-half-hour sail to Interlaken and back. We took a picnic and also ordered on the steamer to be able to use a table.' [*Chuckling.*] You had to order some food to use a table.

'The lake was a deep jade and the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau were majestic in their snows. It was a peaceful, far away day. The car lock disgorged a piece of metal mechanism that Moser said might have been part of an attempt to break into the car. I arranged to store the car with him this winter. We drove back to Tannegg. Dorothy and Montague dined upstairs with me and we went to a concert in Saanen church. Maurice Gendron played the Bach unaccompanied cello pieces. Then Menuhin, in beard and kurta, sat on the stage with Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha and played a raga. Lastly, Shankar played without Menuhin. Some of the usual audience left, and the hippies clapped wildly. Bad form in the church. [*S chuckles*.] I got noddingly sleepy.' [*S chuckles again*.]

Saturday, the fourteenth of August. 'The Simmonses left for Brockwood, somehow taking two of our bags in the Land Rover. This was Krishnaji's suggestion; he doesn't want the Mercedes to carry too much!' [*S and M laugh heartily*.] Oh, dear! 'How Dorothy managed that I don't know' [*laughing*]. Yvon Achard came to see me at eleven. He's going to make an anthology of Krishnaji's writings in French, which will give much circulation in French academic circles. He teaches hatha yoga.' He lived in Grenoble.

'When he had gone, I opened the letter box and there was a three-page cable from Leipziger saying that he had met the day before with Tapper and Rothman (Rajagopal's new lawyer), and at Rothman's request discussed settlement along the lines of the memorandum *we* drew up: Rajagopal and the KWINC board to resign, and the KFA to have control, plus two or three others'—meaning on the board—'with publishing or educational background.' That was the project. 'All property, archives, etcetera to be turned over. Rajagopal to do some limited editorial work, but copyright goes to KFA. Tapper wants only California residents on the board, suggests not having Krishnaji on the board because of his age and travel. And KWINC retained as an entity as the easiest way to accomplish things, rather than dissolve it. Leipziger wants a reply by Monday from us so that he can tell Tapper who will present it to Rothman. Rothman says that he will have a reply from his client'—meaning Rajagopal—'within a week. Leipziger is due to leave for England a week from today.'

'Krishnaji said, "I knew something had happened" when I relayed all this to him. Meanwhile, Erna and Theo had left Schonried this morning en route to Majorca. But I caught them at the Hotel du Rhône in Geneva and told them. Krishnaji wanted them to

come right back, which they immediately did, moving into the room downstairs that the Simmonses had vacated. They arrived around 3:30 and the four of us talked for two hours, and then rang Leipziger in Beverly Hills. Erna took it all down in shorthand. The call lasted sixty-nine minutes.' [*Almost inaudible*:] 'Expensive.'

'Well, the Biascoecheas came for lunch on the fifteenth, and they and Erna and Theo and I talked about all this possible settlement business all afternoon.'

August sixteenth was 'another hot but lovely day. I had a back treatment. The Suarèses for lunch. The Lilliefelts were out. Had my hair cut.' This is boring!

S: No, it's not. Let's get it all down. There might be a little gem in there. We're not going to say that everything is fascinating, but…

M: Alright. 'I met Krishnaji at the station at 4:30 p.m., and we went to shop for walking shoes for him in Saanen. When we came back, we took a walk with the Lilliefelts. They and I had supper together.'

On the seventeenth, 'The Lilliefelts went off to see the Matterhorn. Topazia saw Krishnaji and then lunched with us. Aurobindo Bose…' Who was he?

S: I don't know.

M: [*chuckles*] Familiar name; I can't put anything to it. '…came to see Krishnaji. After that, we went down to the village and changed the shoes, bought the paper, and read that Nixon is floating the dollar. Froze wages and prices for ninety days, etcetera. The stock market rose thirty-two points on a $31 million share day, and the dollar has dropped everywhere, and there is difficulty changing dollars in Europe [*both chuckle*]. We went for a walk.'

August eighteenth 'is a hot day. We left at noon and drove through Cheseaux, where we picked up the Nagra from Kudelski. It had been serviced. Stopped along the autoroute for a picnic lunch and went to Geneva. Picked up Alain's watch, which had been serviced, and then bought the Naviquartz clock for Krishnaji. Came back to Gstaad, with Krishnaji driving about fifty miles. The Lilliefelts were also back. They and I had supper and went to a Menuhin concert in Saanen—Schubert trios.'

There, we get to August nineteenth, which is…

S: Back to the big book.

M: …other book again. 'As Erna, Theo, and I were finishing breakfast, Krishnaji came in and began a talk that lasted until a quarter to one, when we had to go to the Biascoecheas for lunch. Krishnaji began casually by asking when we might have word from the lawyers on the results of the Tapper settlement proposal.'

‘Then he said, as he has so often, what went wrong with Rajagopal? He was intelligent, chosen for the work, able when young, chosen by Leadbeater, but never especially liked by Leadbeater, nor was Mrs. Besant close to him. He was the son of a district judge. His brother was like him. Krishnaji described seeing the brother in India, and thinking for a moment that it was Rajagopal. He sat just so, expecting to be waited on, had Rajagopal’s refusal to do anything with his hands. Krishnaji used to clean up after the dog in Ojai. Rajagopal always had reasons not to do the dishes. Has Rajagopal remained Theosophist at heart or has been in fact all these years? Did he go with Krishnaji to eventually lead him back to Theosophy?’

‘Krishnaji doesn’t think so. But Erna remembered an odd remark by Radha when discussing what might happen to Happy Valley School at the time when Rosalind was managing it, and was being possibly unbalanced. Radha said she didn’t think Erma Zalk would object’—Erma is the sister of Rosalind—‘would object to returning it to the T.S. Rosalind considers herself the representative of Mrs. Besant. Anna Lisa Rajagopal’—that’s Rajagopal’s second wife—‘joined the T.S. after marrying Rajagopal. Krishnaji spoke of incessant quarrels with Rajagopal and Rosalind. He said it was surprising they had not shot him. Rosalind Rajagopal once taking a hammer and hitting him on the head in the car, taking a bottle and trying to hit him with it in India, witnessed by Sunanda, etcetera. Telling him to jump under the train once at a station’—that was in Santa Barbara. ‘And hitting him in the groin with her knee once so that he could barely walk for a day.’

‘Why, I asked, had he not turned away from these people after all this?’

‘“I don’t know,” he said. Talk went to the protection of the boy when young. There were always with two initiates to accompany him, the right food, etcetera, etcetera. Necessity for the body’s protection. But if the body was attacked by Rosalind, why was she tolerated by him? And if there are some powers watching over him, by whatever they may be, why did no one else help him out of the situation until Alain Naudé and Mary Zimbalist and now Erna and Theo Lilliefelt came along? I asked him if the two Rajagopals had ever tried to influence him in his speaking. “Never,” he said. “I would not have tolerated that.” Suddenly it seemed clear, and I asked if it was that if he were attacked personally he would do nothing, but if an attempt were made to influence his teachings he would not have tolerated it for an instant. “What would you have done?” I asked.’

‘“I would have left,” he said.’

S: Now let’s just review this. [*Sighs*.] Rosalind hit him on the head with a hammer in the car?

M: Yes.

S: Is that what you’re saying?

M: Yes.

S: And she tried to hit him with a bottle…

M: Yes.

S: And that was witnessed by Sunanda Patwardhan.

M: In India.

S: In India. And has Sunanda spoken to you about that?

M: No. I don't know if it was only Sunanda.

S: And this whole thing that he would put up with anything physically against himself…

M: But not against the teachings.

S: But not against the teachings.

M: Mm, hm.

S: But why wasn't he protected?

M: I don't know. I've asked myself that for twenty years. If he was protected and…

S: The protectors were doing a lousy job.

M: To leave him in the hands of these two really despicable people. [*Long pause*.] I never understood it, and I still don't.

S: No.

M: Now, there are no more entries in the big book until October.

S: Alright, so let's go back to the little book.

M: The little book. That was the nineteenth, so now the twentieth. 'Erna and Theo left for Frankfurt and California. Krishnaji and I are alone. Then Krishnaji and I went to the village, him to have his hair cut and I to the bank. The car wouldn't start. Then it started. I drove to the post office; then it wouldn't start again. It was towed to the Mercedes man in Saanen. It started, and we drove back to Tannegg. Must have it fixed by Moser. Later, it started perfectly. [*Chuckles.*] Krishnaji gave me a long talk on my face and hands, my restless habits that get on his nerves.

S: Hm, what, you fiddle with your hands or…

M: Yes.

The next day, 'Packing, and Moser sent a mechanic from Thun who checked out the car and tightened one wire connection. I went to the bank, the post, etcetera. We lunched alone, and both walked down to the village for last minute errands. Then we washed the car and loaded it with almost all the luggage. Telephoned Vanda in Rome.'

On the twenty-second of August, 'we got up at 3:15 a.m.!' Heavens. 'After saying goodbye to Fosca and Silvana'—Silvana was the girl helping—'we left at 4:10 a.m. The roads were dark and empty. It was light when we reached the border at Saint-Cergue. We drove through Morez, Lons-le-Saunier.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: [*chuckling*] Remember those days?

S: I remember them all. I think I could drive from Brockwood to Saanen and back in my sleep.

M: 'To Chalon-sur-Saône in four-and-a-half hours and 175 miles. We bought croissants on the way and had our picnic breakfast with fruit by the roadside.'

I will digress from reading for a moment to talk about Krishnaji's strange memory, which didn't remember all kinds of things, but he would remember places on the road. And this place, where we ate our croissants, I guess this was the first time. We did this every year after that. We'd buy croissants and then we'd drive to this little place sort of off the road, like a bypass in England. Behind some trees and bushes.

S: Yes.

M: And we would have our breakfast there; we'd carry fruit and breakfast from Tannegg, but we'd buy these lovely hot croissants, just out of the oven!

S: [*chuckles*] How nice. I'll just also digress on this point because when I would drive to Saanen, inevitably Krishnaji would say, "Which route did you take?"

M: Yes.

S: And he knew them all. Again, this funny thing about his memory. I remember once reporting to Krishnaji that "We got off the highway at the Chalon-sur-Saône exit and then we went by…" and I couldn't remember the names, but he knew the names of the villages.

M: Yes.

S: And then you can either go through Nyons or you can go to Geneva.

M: Yes. He knew all that.

S: He also impressed me later on when we would go out for a walk on his first time *back* to England for the season; walking around the grounds, he would notice small things that had been changed. *Small* things.

M: Yes.

S: So it's as if he had an extraordinary memory for things that were not personal.

M: Yes. Yes, the look of things, the look of places. But at some point, when we were going some places we didn't know, I tried to get him to be the navigator, look at the map, and he was ***hopeless***! He'd tell me, "Drive on, drive on, drive on!" when I should've gone left or right or something. And I'd have to stop and look at the map and back up and turn around. He was no good at that at all. But when he'd ***seen*** it; it was a visual thing.

S: That's interesting, because the same thing as his not being good with maps, he was also not good with building drawings.

M: No. He had no visual sense, imaginary visual sense. But once it was imprinted…

S: Yes, exactly. There's something strange about this, the ability to go from an abstraction or representation, which a map is or an architectural drawing is, to see the real thing. That's something that he just didn't…

M: Didn't have at all.

S: …have, or didn't do it.

M: No, no.

S: But, and I'm not sure that I could have said to him, if I was with him in India or in California, "Well, Krishnaji, you know going through the gate to the grove…"

M: Mm, hm.

S: "…we changed the little gate closure." I don't think, or I'm not sure he would've remembered that. But actually being there…

M: Yes.

S: …and seeing that the gate closure had been changed, he'd say, "Ah, you've changed this." So it's something, there's something…

M: Yes. Well, that ties in with, for instance, he said that he could not evoke his brother's face.

S: Yes.

M: And yet, if you showed a photograph, he not only naturally knew his brother, but he knew all these other people because he saw them.

S: Yes, yes.

M: He once told me that he couldn't tell me what Vanda looked like when she was away. And one of the reasons he wrote to me all the time, he said [*chuckling*] was that…

S: It kept the memory alive.

M: …it kept the memory alive.

S: So, there's something very strange in this.

M: Mm. It's interesting. At some point in the building of the Centre, didn't we have a maquette**[2]** or something?

S: Yes, we had a model.

M: Yes.

S: That was for the first architect.

M: Yes, yes. We didn't have one for…

S: The eventual building, no. But it's only because we didn't have time. I really had that model made for Krishnaji.

M: Mm, hm.

S: And that's when he saw that he didn't like it.

M: Yes, he had to look at a thing.

S: Yes. There's something sensible about that. But…

M: Well, now we're talking about all these people. Unless you'd never met them, at least some image comes into your mind.

S: Yes.

M: Mine, too. I don't remember the man who was the chiropractor; that is blank.

S: Yes.

M: I didn't remember the name. But all the other people, I can see them in my mind's eye…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …as I read their names.

S: One of the things that we do is that we make a confusion, or I'll say me, *I* make a confusion between reality and images. It's part of the human condition that Krishnaji spoke of.

M: Mm.

S: But, it seems that Krishnaji didn't make images. His brain just didn't seem to make them.

M: Mm, hm.

S: If I see the drawings of a building, I can visualize what the building would be like. I can walk through it…

M: Mm, so can I.

S: …from the drawings. But then I think that that capacity also leads to some quirky things about creating images of things that aren't really there, and mistaking them for things that *are* there.

M: I'm trying to relate this to building the house in Ojai, or remodeling it. But again he… he was relating to things he'd seen.

S: Mm, hm.

M: He wanted the brickwork because he liked the house in Malibu, which was white brick. So he wanted it to look like that. And the floor, the tiled floor…

S: Mm, hm, mm, hm.

M: …he knew what that looked like, and he liked that. And then when I asked him how big he wanted the living room to be in Ojai, he related it first to the number of people to have at meetings. When I asked how many people, he said, "Oh, about fifty." But then I said, "Do you want it as big as the Malibu living room?" which was I think only thirty feet long. He wanted the Ojai one a bit bigger, but, again, he was relating to a physical thing that he knew.

S: Krishnaji also did the same thing with the Centre. He'd asked how big the guest rooms would be; I would have to mention rooms here at Brockwood.

M: Mm, hm.

S: Yes, now that you mention it, he always did that.

M: Yes.

S: What would this or that look like…

M: Yes.

S: …and we'd have to talk about something that he had seen.

M: Yes, yes. Hm. It's interesting. Well, I don't know how we can better describe this, but it's something to do with the way his mind worked.

S: Mm, hm.

I wonder if we could talk about something else at some point, and this is possibly a good time. Krishnaji's fragile health. Because Krishnaji never seems to have been robust, at least in my understanding. And I never questioned it, or looked at it, or thought about it, but it seemed to be a consequence of the extraordinary sensitivity that he had, and perhaps also of internal things that he was going through. It's not as if he was just someone who was frequently poorly because his body didn't work well; quite the opposite. In fact, it seemed that his body worked extremely well, but it was put under such severe pressure…

M: Mm.

S: …by his internal life, or by his sensitivities, or by the process, or something like that, or the demands that he made on it with what he gave out to the public in his talks.

M: Yes.

S: So, I might have just imagined all this. But there was also a very strange phenomenon —and we have already talked about this—of his not being well, and we didn't know if he could give a talk or not; and then, suddenly, this incredible force would be there, and he would be fine.

M: Yes.

S: And he'd generally be fine until the talks were over and then…

M: Yeah, that's right.

S: …he would collapse.

M: No, this thing about energy coming to him through…what other, what source, I don't know what to say. But it was from the viewer's point of view; it was extraordinary. Where again and again and again, he would be ill the day before or two days before, and then…

S: I know. Just roaring…

M: Blazing in effect…

S: But what about his kind of fragile health? Do you feel that this is just a connection I've imagined?

M: No! I mean, that's the way I saw him, too. Now, he would sometimes say that it was something he ate if he didn't feel well. But I don't think it was something he ate. I think it was that he was under too much demand physically. And all the traveling around, he said it more than once, that if he just sat in India under a tree and people came to him, that he'd probably live longer.

S: Oh, yes. And at one point when he said that to me, I asked, "Like a hundred?" He said, "Oh, no, *very* old!" as though a hundred wasn't. [*Chuckles*.]

M: Well, his predictions of how long he'd live were so varied.

S: Yes.

M: It's like the, um…

S: Coming back to his health; it's just very strange, for instance, that Krishnaji would have a fever…

M: Mm, hm.

S: For no apparent reason, no apparent infection, and then it would be gone…

M: Mm, hm.

S: …in a day or two. That's all very strange; people just don't get fevers and then it goes.

M: Well, of course, he did have…he did have medication of *some* kind, naturopathic or homeopathic. But, yes, his health was delicate, but on the whole his health was very good when you consider it, except for certain times like in India when he was so sick for so long. And in the '40s, when he was supposed to go to India, and he had some sort of kidney trouble.

S: Yes.

M: But on the whole, he didn't have any of the things like heart trouble or any of those things.

S: No. He didn't have any of those things. He took just immaculate care of himself. But, at the same time, his body just didn't function like a normal body. At least, it didn't seem to me.

M: Yes.

S: It seems…it was like his saying that the, the line between life and death was *v e r y* faint and *v e r y* thin, or there is a very thin thread.

M: Yes.

S: So, it's just not…there was just something odd about his delicacy that didn't seem to be biological or physiological. It seemed to be a physiological consequence of something else.

M: You have to also consider this: An awful lot of conflict went on around him…

S: Oh, yes.

M: …when he lived with the Rajagopals, it was awful. And later on, in the school, we know all that.

S: I know.

M: And in India there were always problems.

S: I know.

M: Now, the things that make for stress and worry and wear and tear that the rest of us all cope with, in a way, he didn't. They bothered him at the moment they were happening, because that was what was happening, but he then dropped it. I mean, it was gone. It was dropped. I don't know how to put it, when it wasn't in front of him. Now, that would have a lot of effect on your physical health. I mean, the way that we worry about something that affects our health, but he didn't have those things.

S: No, he didn't…exactly. He didn't have any of those.

M: He didn't worry. But, he would say to me, "You mustn't get tired, or it will affect me."

S: Mm, hm.

M: And you must do so and so because it will affect me. Now that, if you put two and two together, it was as though it would affect him in the moment, if you know what I mean.

S: Mm, hm.

M: It wouldn't affect him beforehand or the next day, but if I were tired, that would be what was happening then, and that would affect him.

S: Mm, hm. Is it that, if you're tired, it's as if that puts something into the atmosphere…

M: Mm.

S: …and being so sensitive, and taking things in…

M: That's right.

S: He would then take that in.

M: Yes.

S: And so, when he went to London or he went to the airports, all of the crudeness and insanity and violence and all of that…human condition…

M: Mm.

S: …was just so intense and that's what was hard on him physically.

M: That's right.

S: Well, he said as much…in many, many things.

M: Yes. And, for instance, his not wanting to go into hospitals is part of that. When I had the skin graft on my leg, it wasn't serious, but he said to me, "You know that I can't come and see you in the hospital," and I said, "Of course I know, I wouldn't hear of you coming to see me in the hospital!"

S: Mm, hm.

M: He knew I was in the hospital, but it wasn't so much me in the hospital, but it's all the terrible things that are happening to people all around. It was the hospital, not me.

S: Yes. I'd like to come back to this because to continually deal with the awfulness, which Krishnaji did—as he traveled, as he spoke publicly, as he subjected himself to terrible atmospheres with different people, problems in Brockwood, and all…

M: Mm, hm.

S: …god knows what. All of that seems to have taken a physiological toll. It's not that it created some kind of psychological stress where it made Krishnaji anxious or whatever…it's not that.

M: No, he didn't sit up worrying about things.

S: It was actually a physical assault.

M: Yes. And when he said to Dorothy or to the school, "If you don't settle all of this between you, I will close the door to the West Wing," and that would be a physical cut-off.

S: Yes. But also, it seemed that he was saying that if that happened, then something like his aura or the atmosphere around him would then not go into the school.

M: Yes.

S: It would be stopped…

M: Yes, yes.

S: …at that door. Which, to me, was the most horrible thing that could possibly happen.

M: And when he would come to Brockwood, when the troubles were going on, he would pick it up the minute he got here, that it was…

S: Yes. And it had physiological consequences. This is why I feel that part of his fragile health is that all of this would physiologically attack him.

M: Yes. It also ties in with him saying that he wanted students, when they came through the gate, to feel something.

S: Yes. They were to be instantly changed the moment they set foot on Brockwood…

M: Yes. Well, that would be, for him, a normal thing! You see what I mean.

S: Yes. Perhaps it is normal for all of us, but most of us are not conscious of it, whereas Krishnaji was conscious of it.

M: Yes.

S: I don't know; maybe it attacked him physically, not just because he was conscious of it, but also because…there's a sense that he almost wasn't really meant to ***be***…and was only ***just***…

M: How do you mean?

S: Well, all of these things in the different accounts of people when Krishnaji was going through "the process" that there would be, you know, "is Krishna going to come back? Watch out…"

M: Um.

S: …you remember when the bell tolled in Austria**[3]**…

M: It nearly killed him.

S: …and it nearly killed him, and all kinds of things where his being here was just <u>*sooo*</u> iffy.

M: It's an extraordinary extreme of sensitivity, an extreme of protection from the results of that sensitivity.

S: And being subjected to <u>*extremes*</u> of awfulness.

M: Yes.

S: The whole thing—it's a very bizarre mixture. I mean, quite frankly, if I had grown up, with my *insensitivities*, but physical robustness, etcetera, in an environment with Leadbeater, Arundale, and Wedgwood, and then in the clasp of Rajagopal and company, I think I would have been dead by the age of twelve! [*Laughs.*] I mean, it was just an <u>*awful*</u> existence! An extreme sensitivity, being brutalized terribly, having fragile health, almost not meant to be, or just barely meant to be, and yet surviving all these things. It's just …it's very strange.

M: It is. [*Long pause*.] I keep coming back in my mind—I know we talked about the angels. Two angels who were looking after me.

And he asked me the next day, "Do remember what we talked about?" and I said, "Yes, about the two angels." And then I said, "What did you mean by that?"

S: Mm, hm.

M: And he said, "You should have asked *the man then*." That has been haunting me.

S: Yes.

M: What did he mean by "*the man*"?

S: Yes. [*Long pause.*] Who was saying that?

M: Exactly.

S: Yes.

M: And when I said something, he said, "Probably." I mean that was a bystander's comment.

S: Mm, hm.

M: It's very strange if you start questioning these things.

S: I know, but one needs to question them, because this thing that Krishnaji said to you, and what he said to Mary Lutyens about water can't know itself. It seems he couldn't just say who he was…

M: Yes.

S: …but he could answer your questions.

M: He would know if we were right.

S: He would know if you were right. So, you could say things and…it's almost like the person who said, "Probably"…

M: Yes.

S: …or the person who says, "Well, you should have asked *the man*."

M: Yes. It's not necessarily the same, and there's that strange repeated statement reported by Nitya in "the process" times of "the man who came to watch." Did you read those things?

S: I did, but I can't remember them.

M: Well, there were different entities during "the process"; there was Krishna, who went away; there was the little child who was left; and there were entities or "somethings" who were doing operations.

S: Yes.

M: And then the man who came…

S: That was in Pupul's account.

M: Well, Pupul got it from Nitya. Yes, but the man who came to watch.

S: Yes, there was a man who came to watch. [*Long pause.*]

M: So, "*the man*"…

S: Yes. [*Long pause.*] Mm.

M: Mm.

S: Anyway. Yes, let's go on. [*Chuckles*.]

M: [*chuckling*] Where were we?

S: I don't know! [*Both chuckle*.]

M: We go wandering around in this uncharted land. [*S chuckles*.] Ahhh…the picnic place, that's where we were.

S: Yes.

M: 'We stopped again for a picnic breakfast with fruit that was with the croissants, by the roadside. At Chalon we took the autoroute, and Krishnaji drove for fifty miles. We stopped again for a picnic lunch, went through heavy showers and reached Paris and the Plaza Athénée at 2:30 p.m., 160 miles from Chalon, or a total from Gstaad [*chuckling*] to Paris of 385.5 miles.' [*S chuckles*.] Being very statistical! 'We unpacked a little and then went to a movie, *Big Jake*, with John Wayne at 4:30 p.m. [*Both chuckle*.] Supper in our rooms. While driving, Krishnaji said he had a meditation,' it says here. '"Be empty and aware from within."'

S: Mm.

M: That's what he told me out of that.

The next day was the twenty-third of August. 'We lunched in the garden at the hotel. While Krishnaji rested, I went for a final fitting at Chanel. We both went to Charvet to order eight shirts and sport shirts! To have four at Malibu and four at Brockwood. [*Both chuckle*.] Then we went to a movie,' ah, I can't read my writing…it's a French movie. It's something *Des Hommes*. 'We had supper in our rooms.'

The next day, 'I went back to Chanel and looked at winter coats. Then I met Krishnaji at Charvet; he came back briefly with me to Chanel to look at the possibilities. We lunched at Chez Frances,' wherever that is. 'Bought some linen for Brockwood at Porthault; rested; then went to a late afternoon movie, *The Horseman*.' Don't remember that. 'Supper in the rooms.'

On the twenty-fifth, well, family things. My father was in Deauville at that point. 'We had lunch in the garden at the Plaza Athénée; the Chanel things were delivered; we left at

2 p.m. and were soon out of Paris on the autoroute. Krishnaji drove all the way until we got off it, and we went via Arras to Montreuil. Spent the night at the Château de Montreuil, and took a walk before dinner along the ramparts.'

The next day, 'we left Montreuil for Boulogne and took the 11:30 a.m. hovercraft to Dover. No difficulty with the car at the customs' [*chuckles*]; that was the anxiety for me. 'We drove the 145 miles to Brockwood via Ashford, Tenterden, The Hawkhurst, Cross In Hand, Petworth, etcetera.'

S: The old 272 route.

M: Yes. 'Stopping to eat picnic lunch. [*S chuckles.*] A long winding trip, which took until 6 p.m. to reach Brockwood.'

S: I know.

M: 'Five-and-a-half hours from Dover.'

S: I know.

M: 'Everything looked beautiful. It is so good to be back.'

S: It would take as long to get from Dover to Brockwood as from Geneva to Paris.

M: That's right.

S: Ridiculous.

M: That's the 272's fault. Well, 'unpacked; talked to Mary L. and the Digbys; went for a walk.' Father suddenly was in the American Hospital, but it wasn't serious.

On the twenty-ninth, 'In the afternoon, I met David Leipziger, the KFA lawyer, and his wife at the Alton train station. They came for the night. Krishnaji met them at tea, and Leipziger recounted the Tapper-Rothman meeting and settlement discussion in detail. Rothman should have his reply on Tapper's desk by tomorrow.'

The thirtieth of August, 'Leipziger talked to Enrique Biascoechea and Doris Pratt about Rajagopal in the past. In the afternoon, I took him and his wife to Winchester and the train.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I went to London by train to Huntsman for a fitting, shopped for shoes, and met Mary L. and Alain at Fortnum's for lunch. Krishnaji went to Mr. Campion,' the dentist, 'and then we took the train back to Alton and Brockwood.'

On September first, actually through the third, 'Krishnaji dictated three essays, the first of which was on attention. People began arriving for the Brockwood Public Talks. I fixed

flowers and the Digbys arrived to stay in the West Wing for the weekend and to bring lovely porcelain "Japanese porcelains for the drawing room."' They brought all those lovely things.

'Krishnaji gave his first talk on the fourth in the tent at Brockwood,' marquee as we say here. 'It was a lovely day, a big crowd; everyone ate in the tent afterward. We are seventy-two people at meals in the house. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went for a long walk.'

On September fifth, 'Krishnaji gave his second Brockwood talk. It was again a lovely day, and it was a very great talk', it says here. 'At tea time, Mr. Albion Patterson talked with Krishnaji, the Digbys, and me about the anthology he wants to make of Krishnaji's published works from 1945 to 1968.'

The next day, the sixth, 'in the afternoon, just as I was leaving for a walk with Krishnaji, my brother telephoned from Paris saying that Father had a sudden fever of 105 degrees. The doctors are unsure if he can survive the night. I caught the 6 p.m. train to Woking, a taxi to Heathrow, and would have left on Air France at 8 p.m. but the flight was delayed till after 10 p.m. Reached the flat in Paris by midnight. Father is slightly better. Bud and Lisa'—that's Buds wife—'were at a hotel. I sat with Father till 2:30 a.m., then slept on the sofa. Father couldn't recognize me. He has heavy congested breathing, which I encouraged him to cough up. He heard and tried.'

The next day I'm still in Paris. 'Father's fever is slightly less. The doctor said it was pneumonia as a result of poor heart function. Penicillin is controlling it, but the brain function has lessened. He may get a little better, but cannot be cured. Father seemed to see Bud and me for a few seconds. When I said all the family is together, he repeated it.' Oh, I won't go on about all this.

'I spoke to Krishnaji on the telephone and said I would return tomorrow. Doctor Theng came again; Father's about the same, but he cannot pull through this, said Theng, but Father is without pain or discomfort. He cannot say when it will end. Father replied "no" when asked if his hiccups bothered him. Bud and I talked till late.' Well, this goes on…Father didn't die then…'He had a quiet night. Bud and I talked at length; then after seeing Father one more time, as he slept quietly, I went downstairs to where Marcelle Bondoneau was waiting for me for a lift to the airport. I said goodbye to Bud. He and Lisa are flying to New York at 5 p.m. Michael,' that's the chauffeur, 'drove me and Marcelle to Le Bourget. Nadia came there, too, and we took Cambrian Airway flight to Southampton, and then by taxi to Brockwood. Was unpacked by the time Krishnaji awoke from his nap. I was very tired by nighttime, but we took a beautiful walk across the fields.'

On September ninth, 'Krishnaji held the second discussion in the tent. It is perfect weather, warm. He gave an interview in the afternoon. Then, he, Dorothy, Whisper, and I took a walk across the fields. Krishnaji had supper downstairs, and then went to the tent to see the Felix Greene film on China. I slept the sleep of exhaustion again.'

On the eleventh, 'Krishnaji gave his third Brockwood talk in the tent, and he also had lunch in the tent. The Digbys brought some more china for the shelves in the drawing room. Krishnaji met first with the Grafs and then Mr. Kanthor, the German Committee, and Mr. Struzenegger…' Do you remember him?

S: [*laughing*] No!

M: [*chuckles*] '…about the Swiss German Committee work. They want Krishnaji to talk in Munich or Hamburg. Then Anneke, Nadia, and Marcelle met with Krishnaji and me about the functions of a committee and relationships to people who want to talk about Krishnaji and the teachings.' My mother-in-law, Sam's mother, had died the day before.

On the September twelfth, 'Krishnaji gave his fourth Brockwood talk—a marvelous one. We lunched in the tent, and I talked to Cadogan and Mr. and Mrs. Agashi'—I'm not sure that's correct—'an Indian who lives in Canada and who has written a book on the effect of Krishnaji's teachings on himself. He wants the KFT to publish it. We explained that that was impossible. Then discussed with the Digbys, Cadogan, and Anneke a problem with someone in Holland who is a self-proclaimed authority on Krishnaji's teachings. Krishnaji spoke briefly with Miss Helen Meyer'—it looks like—'of the BBC book review program on BBC radio. They will do a broadcast on *The Urgency of Change* using what Krishnaji said. We had the Digbys up for a brief tea. Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the lovely fields. In the evening, we ran a film of Krishnaji's interview made in 1968. Felix Greene talked to me about doing an interview with Krishnaji, on film, for young people. Krishnaji agreed to do it.' When do you get into your story?

S: I arrive in '74.

M: Oh lord, we have a long way to go.

S: Yes, I know. I go to my first talk in Saanen in '72, but I'm invisible until '74.

M: [*chuckles*] I feel you were there through all of this.

S: [*laughs*] I am now.

M: 'Most of the visitors left on the thirteenth. We walked in the fields. Father is slightly better. The fever is gone, and he is taking a little soup.'

On September fourteenth, 'Krishnaji and I went to London. We both had Huntsman fittings, and both went to the Dior boutique, but it was too crowded. We went to Hatchard's and ran into Mary L., who was lunching with us at Fortnum's. We had a "just right"'—that's from him—'lunch there. Looked at some clothes, but Krishnaji found them cheap-looking. I was wearing my new Chanel coat for the first time, and he liked it. He had a filling put in by Mr. Campion, which fell out by evening!'

S: Oh dear!

M: 'On the train, Krishnaji observed with horror three businessmen, commuters. "Society must change! Some other way to live must be found," he said. [*Both laugh*.] We came wandering home from Alton via Selborne, Liss, Hawkley, Privett. Found a letter from Leipziger in which the Rothman-Tapper settlement was discussed.' Doesn't say what happened. Nothing happened [*chuckles*].

The next day, 'we telephone Erna in Ojai regarding Leipziger's letter, but we are to await her letter.'

On September sixteenth, 'at 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a meeting with the staff on what we are trying to do in the school. A new physics/chemistry teacher arrived from the U.S. and was present.' I don't remember him.

S: He didn't last very long.

M: 'Students are arriving for the start of school on the Sunday. After lunch, Krishnaji and I telephoned Erna in Ojai as we had received her letter. We are all in agreement about the settlement terms Tapper should offer to Rajagopal. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I for a walk across the fields. Father is physically better, but there has been cerebral deterioration in the last three days.'

S: While we're just talking of you and Krishnaji calling Erna, it just reminded me of something…Krishnaji didn't like speaking on the phone very much.

M: No! He would sit beside me and cue me.

S: [*laughing*] And cue you, I know! But that's also rather funny.

M: He very seldom talked on the phone.

S: I know, and the times that I've spoken with him on the phone, you could tell he was uncomfortable.

M: Yes.

S: And he made it as quick as possible.

M: Yes.

S: And then, I think he always just handed the phone to you. It was like a few words from him and then [*laughing*] passing it on to you.

M: Yes, he always did that. Mostly. [*S laughs*.] Sometimes I'd have to almost force him to speak so the person would know that it wasn't just me!

S: That he was there…yes. [*Both laugh*.]

M: On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji and I went to London. Huntsman fittings; I bought a raincoat and some shoes; we lunched at Fortnum's; bought some sweaters' [*chuckles*]. 'And he went to the dentist, and the tooth was filled for the third time!'

S: Oh!

M: Yes, 'the tooth he filled last week and which fell out the same evening. Then we caught the 4:12 p.m. back to Alton and were at Brockwood in time for a late walk across the fields and down to the lodge to look at a sign from Ojai.' That's the Brockwood Park sign made by that man in Ojai who makes those signs.

S: Mm, hm.

M: [*chuckles*] I don't know why we had to send it to Ojai, but…[*S laughs*]. Krishnaji had…

S: Things were always better if they came from somewhere else.

M: Somewhere else, yes! Also the sign man made them lovingly out of…you know, something. [*S laughs*.] 'Krishnaji had supper downstairs. The Sherman twins have come in; Krishnaji took a particular interest in them.' That was…oh, dear! They were two children that Krishnaji ran into down by the river in Saanen with their mother. Their mother was, well…but two beautiful children. And we took them on as students. Yes, it says here 'he saw them in Gstaad while on a walk and thought they were nice children.'

S: [*chuckling*] That's a nice admissions policy! [*Laughs heartily*.]

M: Well…the next day nothing happened, except Krishnaji held a discussion for the staff. So…

S: Alright, so we'll start our next discussion on September nineteenth?

M: Okay, good.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] A film made about Krishnaji's view of education, and Brockwood.

[2] French for an architectural model.

[3] Ehrwald, Austria. See Mary Lutyens's *Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening*, Chapter 20.

Issue 20: September 19, 1971 to December 31, 1971

The winter introduced in this issue is one of the few in which Krishnaji doesn't go to India because he is exhausted and he says, his "body is rebelling against it." So, after a few weeks in Italy, Krishnaji joins Mary in Malibu, and we, as readers, see more of him than we would normally over this period.

This issue includes discussion about an aspect of Krishnaji's presence that is very difficult to put into words—that people could have a sense of what he was saying without knowing (in any conventional sense) what he was saying.

Mary: So, we'll begin on September twentieth, 1971 because nothing happened on the nineteenth.

Scott: This is at Brockwood.

M: Oh yes, we're at Brockwood. And on that day, 'Krishnaji talked to the students and the staff on the opening day of school. We had thirty-two students, of fourteen nationalities, and they looked like a nice group.'

On the twenty-first, one of my godchildren came by to stay for a while.

On September twenty-second, 'Mary Cadogan came to lunch and Krishnaji, she, Dorothy, and I discussed the building at Brockwood and Donald Hoppen's**[1]** failing to return until possibly in December. We decided not to do a new building, which would cost almost as much as Brockwood did when we first bought it, but to remodel a bit in the house and convert remaining external buildings.' So much for that.

On the next two days, 'Krishnaji held a discussion with the staff and students. But also, on the twenty-fourth, my' [*chuckles*] 'Tiffany clock disappeared!' [*Laughs*.] There was much drama that ensued.

S: Now, wait a minute, what? Was it stolen?

M: I've still got it. But, yes.

S: It was stolen?

M: It must have been stolen because nobody could find it, and I searched my room minutely. Then I had the good idea, as it turned out, to get the students in to help me search. Perhaps they were better at searching. And lo and behold, it turned up [*chuckles*] in my room.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Somebody had put it back.

S: Mary, what was going on with Donald Hoppen at this time? Because this was also, um, a small drama in the making, wasn't it? Or in the unfolding by then?

M: Yes, he had that plan for a building, which was going to be…

S: A multistory building where the art pavilion was. And the students were going to help, or something like that.

M: I don't remember the details, but it had the look of no results from the beginning. But let's let it unfold. The next couple of days are busy with nothing in particular.

On the thirtieth of September, 'I taped on the Nagra a discussion Krishnaji had with the students. Then, he and I caught the 12:50 p.m. train from Alton. We had a picnic lunch on the train, then Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt & Hill. After that, we went, for the first time, to a new dentist, Mr. Hamish Thompson.' He was the good dentist who took care of Krishnaji's teeth from then on. 'He was recommended by Mary Links' sister, Mrs. Herbert Eggar. Krishnaji said he was excellent.'

Then on the second of October, 'a letter from Marcelle Bondoneau came saying that Mr. de Vidas had died.'

On October third, 'Krishnaji spoke to the students in the paneled study. I taped it on the Nagra. The Moorheads came to lunch and they spoke to Krishnaji later, and so did David Bohm at 4 o'clock. I copied the Nagra tapes onto the Uher. Then we went for a walk.'

October fifth…oh, we can jump to the big book.

S: Read out the whole thing.

M: Okay. 'Krishnaji gave a wonderful talk to the students on the vividness of awareness and a quiet mind. He showed them pranayama. We went to Winchester after lunch for the Normandy Ferry tickets, intending to go on to Southampton to scout out where we would dock, but Krishnaji was tired after trotting around Winchester, so we came back. It was a marvelous, clear, sparkling autumn day: very exhilarating. We went for a walk and Krishnaji said, 'This is better. Now I feel better.' [*Chuckles*.] Later he told me he had dreamt he met Winston Churchill talking to a girl. Churchill said to Krishnaji, "Oh, it doesn't matter if you marry a girl or not." Krishnaji said to Churchill'—[*laughing*] I'd forgotten this—'"If you'll forgive my saying so, Churchill, you are naughty!"' [*Both laugh*.] 'To which Churchill replied to Krishnaji, "I love you, I love you."' End of dream! [*Both laugh*.] 'Krishnaji said to me, "I've met very many distinguished people on the astral plane."' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: But he's joking about that?

M: *Of course*.

S: Well, we have to make that clear for posterity. [*Laughing*.]

M: Well, take it as you like, but it was said with humor. 'At lunch, a Tony Fergusson telephoned to know why he hadn't a reply to his letter to Krishnaji. He had joyous news about the reincarnation of Annie Besant. He said that there was a rumor that Krishnaji wouldn't see him.' [*Chucking*] 'Krishnaji said, "Oh, for god's sake," when he was asked about it. Ian Hammond**[2]** telephoned; he will come down Saturday about plans to enlarge the dining room, etcetera.'

Now we're back to the little book, but [*chuckles*], it was worth that one entry.

On the sixth of October, 'we went to London. There was the usual visit to Huntsman, and then lunch with Mary and Joe at their flat. Afterward, we went to Mrs. Bindley's for tea, and then came back to Brockwood.'

'Krishnaji had another discussion with the students on the next day, and then on the eighth. Mr. van Praag of Holland, who did the film interview with Krishnaji in June, came back and did two nine-minute segments in color.'

S: Oh, on film?

M: Yes. On the ninth, 'Ian Hammond came at 10 a.m. and with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me, went over our plans for enlarging the Brockwood dining room, and making the Cloisters where the kennels and potting sheds are.'

On October tenth, 'Krishnaji talked to the students, and I taped it on the Nagra. The Digbys came for lunch, and we discussed publications with Krishnaji after deciding to go ahead with the Cloisters building plan. It is still lovely weather, warm and dry.'

The eleventh. 'Dorothy and Doris drove me to the 8:50 a.m. train Monday to London. I went for Krishnaji's Italian and French visas, and purchased his air tickets. I walked to Harrods, where I lunched with a friend. Then I went to the Digbys' for tea with Nelly. Changed at 6:30 p.m. and went with them to a preview of a Cecil Beaton exhibit of photos at the Victoria and Albert Museum. We came back to the Digbys' and dined, and I spent the night there.'

The next day, 'after breakfast at the Digbys', I went to Waterloo train station where I met Mary Cadogan. We discussed business on the train to Alton. Dorothy met us, and we reached Brockwood just in time to set up the Nagra for Krishnaji's discussion with students. After lunch, Krishnaji, Mary C., Dorothy, and I went over money and other matters. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields.'

The thirteenth. It says, 'Rain finally. Went to Winchester. Met Mary L. and Amanda at the Wessex Hotel and brought them back to lunch at Brockwood. We all went out to look

at the Cloisters space. I had an idea for a garage and parking on the Morton land behind it. Eventually, I took Mary and Amanda to Alton; and came back to tea with Krishnaji. He, Dorothy, and I walked in the rain.'

On October fourteenth, 'Krishnaji again talked to the students and the staff, and I taped it on the Nagra. It was a cold, clear, beautiful day. Krishnaji washed the Mercedes. He, Dorothy, and I took a long walk.'

'I was packing all day on the fifteenth. Jane and Ian Hammond came for lunch and brought drawings of the proposed Cloisters. It looks very nice. Krishnaji was pleased.'

Again the next day, 'I packed all day. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across and around the fields. How marvelously lovely it is. We had supper downstairs and then loaded the car with the luggage, and the school was there to say goodbye. Krishnaji and I drove off in a light rain to Southampton, where we loaded the car onto the Normandy Ferry. We have state rooms, fairly comfortable. The seas were a bit rough in the night, but alright.'

On the seventeenth, 'the ferry docked at Le Havre, and we drove off at 7 a.m., going in the direction of Rouen. Stopped on the autoroute for a breakfast and were in Paris at the Plaza Athénée shortly after 10 a.m. It was an easy drive. I unpacked, bathed, and telephoned L'Hotel'—that's a hotel called L'Hotel. 'I found that my brother and Lisa had got in at midnight. She is there for a museum conference. They came over to see us before lunch. Mary and Joe Links are here for a Venice exhibition, and came over as well. We all sat and talked. Moser arrived from Thun and took the car off for its winter storage. Then Mary, Joe, Krishnaji, and I lunched in the Régence. At 4 p.m., Nadia Kossiakof came to talk to me, and then Mr. Voisin and an aide came to discuss doing a filmed interview for O.R.T.F. Krishnaji said yes. He and I then went for a walk and had supper in the rooms.'

On the eighteenth, 'I went early to see my father. Monsieur Voisin and his crew set up for a TV interview in the sitting room. Krishnaji came there at noon, and the interview was filmed. Afterward, Nadia Kossiakof and Marcelle Bondoneau lunched with us in the Régence. Krishnaji rested a little and I went to Chanel for fittings on a coat. Krishnaji came by taxi to see if he liked it. I ordered a tweed suit. Then, Krishnaji and I went to Charvet, and then walked back to the hotel, and had supper in the room.'

On the next day, 'Krishnaji did a further interview in French for O.R.T.F. He has done a total of four hours, including yesterday.'

S: Four hours of interviews?

M: Including the day before. They recorded four hours of interview. And he was talking French through all that, you must realize.

S: What was it for again? What's the name of the company?

M: O. R. T. F.…um…something television Français.

On the twentieth of October, 'Krishnaji flew on Alitalia to Rome. I went with him in Father's car to Orly. Returned to Paris, saw Father, etcetera, etcetera. Came back to the hotel tired.'

'A letter from Erna came, regarding the counteroffer from Rajagopal: he wants to keep the K & R Foundation, and $400,000. This is unacceptable to Tapper. Tapper is to call in the KWINC membership as a last ditch effort to settle. If not, the complaint will be filed.'

On the twenty-first, 'I telephoned Krishnaji in Rome and told him of Erna's letter. Rosalind tried to telephone him at Vanda's last night. She had postponed her trip to Israel in order to see him, "not about the dispute." Krishnaji sent a reply via Vanda that he did not wish to see her about anything. Erna's letter stressed that it was more important than ever that he not see Rosalind.'

On the twenty-fourth, 'my brother and his wife left for New York, and nothing of interest happened. Talked to Dorothy at Brockwood; all is well. Wrote to Krishnaji.'

The next day, I'm still in Paris. 'I went to exhibits at the Orangerie. I saw my father, had a fitting, then came back to the hotel, and telephoned Krishnaji in Rome. He has been resting since his arrival. There is still no decision yet on his going to India. The war news between India and Pakistan is still tense.'

The following day, October twenty-sixth, 'I left the Plaza Athénée and went to Orly. Took a TWA plane and got to New York at 2 p.m. Went to my brother's, and dined with him.'

I have a feeling there's not going to be much in these while I was there. 'I went up to Martha's Vineyard to see my mother and stepfather; the island was lovely. Saw the redone town hall, gift of Katherine Cornell. They came for dinner.' Well, you don't want to hear all this stuff.

'Telephoned de Marxov about Krishnaji's decision to liquidate Alzina.'

S: Mary, why wasn't Krishnaji going to go to India that year?

M: The war.

S: Which war?

M: Well, there was a war, I mean, a possible war between Pakistan and India.

S: Mm, hm.

M: On October thirty-first, it says, 'Krishnaji was to give a public talk this morning in Rome.' Now I'm back in New York. It's all family stuff.

On the first of November, 'I got letter #1 for that year from Krishnaji in Rome, which he began writing on October twenty-first.'

On the second, 'I flew to Los Angeles.' Then there are things about the Dunnes, Filomena, the house. 'We have a new cat called Timosi.'

S: Where did the cat come from?

M: I don't know. Cats just come, you know, they turn up and you have a cat! [*S chuckles.*] 'Rothman'—that's Rajagopal's lawyer—'told Tapper that the KWINC board refused to see him unless he had a substantially better settlement offer to make. Tapper has no such intention and therefore authorized Leipziger to file the complaint. I cabled this to Krishnaji in Rome. How arrogant to tell the attorney general "Don't bother to come unless you're…"' [*S chuckles.*] Really! 'I spoke to Leipziger; on Erna's return, we will go to the next steps in the R-KWINC matter. I wrote to Krishnaji.'

Nothing interesting. Just home things.

On November sixth, 'I had a letter from Krishnaji. He has decided not to go to India. Not because of the war possibility between India and Pakistan, but because "body is rebelling against it." Needs a complete rest. He's staying in Rome till the sixteenth, then goes to Brockwood, and then comes here'—meaning Malibu. 'I feel infinitely relieved and happy. I cabled to him.'

On the seventh, 'a letter from Vanda came that Fresia has died.' He was an old friend of Krishnaji's, and he was head of, well, as much as there was a head, of the Italian committee. He lived in the north of Italy. Nice man.

On the eighth, 'I talked to Erna, who returned yesterday; also Leipziger.'

The next day, 'at 4 p.m., there was long conference between Leipziger, Saul Rosenthal, the Lilliefelts, and me about the next steps in the KWINC-R issue.' I guess the complaint was filed by then.

On November tenth, 'Alain Naudé turned up. He was speaking at USC and staying with Alan Kishbaugh. We had an early supper, and he went off to make his speech. I went to Ojai and saw the Lilliefelts.'

S: What would Alain have been talking about? Music or Krishnaji?

M: Krishnaji.

S: Mm, hm.

M: In the beginning, he wanted to talk about the teachings. That was his original intention. I don't know how far he went with it. He used to say that he'd been talking here or there, places.

S: Mm, hm.

M: On the thirteenth, 'a letter came from Krishnaji. He is very tired and worried he may be involved in the Rajagopal case. He must be protected. I talked to Erna and agreed that he must be totally shielded, no matter what.' Then, I did all kinds of errands, and came home. 'I telephoned Vanda in Rome. She says Krishnaji is alright. Just tired. I spoke to him and reassured him about the case and about getting money for the Cloisters.' I don't know what that was. 'He goes to Brockwood on the nineteenth and will be here on Thanksgiving.'

On November fifteenth, 'Alain Naudé came from Ojai for dinner and to stay in the guest house till Wednesday.' That was on Monday. 'He says that Rajagopal and Annalisa Rajagopal were served with papers in the complaint.'

The next day, 'Alain was here all day. Alan Kishbaugh came to an early dinner and went with Alain to the Bodhi book shop where Alain spoke.'

On November nineteenth, 'Krishnaji flew from Rome to Brockwood, and I had a letter from him.' And…well, nothing happens the next several days.

On the twenty-fourth, 'I got an express letter from Krishnaji sent from England, Monday. Leipziger telephoned about Biascoechea doing a deposition and it being possibly taken here. Also, there are possibilities of protecting Krishnaji if he should be subpoenaed by Rajagopal.'

On the twenty-fifth, we jump to the big book. It's Thanksgiving, and it says: 'Krishnaji began this day awakening at Brockwood at 3 a.m. He couldn't sleep and so got up and did exercises and later left in the Land Rover with Dorothy Simmons and Doris Pratt for Heathrow, where he took a 10 a.m. TWA flight for Los Angeles. It was misty here. Philippa came over. I made soup and left early for the airport. The plane wasn't due until 4:15 p.m. Driving, I had that curious intense sense of awareness of every inch of the road and the other cars, because once again, I was on Krishnaji's business. It is conscious, but more than that, it is as if something took charge and my actions become, as Krishnaji has so often told me, responsible to whatever his are. That was a very strong feeling.

S: Do you want to talk about that a little more?

M: [*sighs*] Well, I can only say that I felt it, you know. I wasn't just trotting along in my own life. Suddenly, the things became serious.

S: Mm, hm. Also implied is that this is not subjective, this is not subjectively created. It's not that you suddenly decide, "Oh, I must get serious," and so you create it.

M: No, no. Oh no, no. It's something I become aware of. For instance, whenever I went to an airport to get him, I thought, what if I have an accident on the way? He'll arrive and he doesn't have any telephone numbers, he has no money, what happens to him? You know, I've felt that intense sense of responsibility. Drive carefully. Get there, be there.

S: But now, there's also something else in this.

M: Yes, there's something else. It was a feeling; people could say, "Oh well, she imagined it," but…

S: Well, people can say all that, but I mean according to you, something affected you.

M: Yes.

S: Something came that affected you.

M: Yes. I mean it…it was, it was there. It was happening.

S: Yes, I understand.

M: And the responsibility was both to him personally, because I naturally wanted to do everything for him that I could, but it was, as he had said to me early on (somewhere I must have talked about it), "You are no longer responsible to yourself, you are responsible to the Other."

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'So, sitting at the airport, waiting for him was for me a feeling of at once a very quiet intentness and the limitless feeling of joy at his coming. Again, most intensely personal and at the same time beyond and apart from any personal dimension. The plane came in precisely on time and through a window I could see him second off the plane, carrying his Gucci bag. In half an hour, his two bags were wheeled out of customs behind the porter. He was here! Somehow, his coming now, only five weeks from when we were last together in Paris, seems more momentous than it had been after the long weeks of the Indian tour. In some way, it is intently important that he has changed course and come here for, at last, a thorough rest.'

'He looked bright and very well in spite of accumulated fatigue, and the very long flight of eleven hours. Once turning onto the freeway, I thought he was about to faint, but touching him lightly seemed to prevent it. It was only when we were unpacking in his room, and he had just given me a little bottle of eye drops, that he suddenly fainted toward me, so quietly that I could only break his fall. It lasted about two minutes. Then he was alright, took a shower, and insisted on having his supper tray in front of the television news. Then, quickly to bed. He is wound up from traveling, chattery, and full of sparks, but his very simple supper came up, as had the food on the plane. He brought me a letter he had written at Brockwood, and today, to me, written on the plane.'

‘He wrote, “There was a right action when the Order of the Star was dissolved. There was a right action when the castle and land were returned. There was right action when he broke with Rajagopal, and there is right action now. We are dealing with a crook, unscrupulous, utterly unreliable, and deeply antagonistic, with a considerable hate. Action, any action where he is concerned will have in it the elements of distortion. We are not concerned with him. He’s unbalanced and self-centered. It is not the money we want, nor the property, nor the manuscript, etcetera. I feel that money was given with great devotion, sacrifice, love. To those people who gave it, we are responsible. And what is our responsibility? People, including Signora,”’—he always called Vanda, “Signora”—“‘have said to me, ‘Is it not violence to embark on the path of lawyers?’ Signora was wild about it. Personally, money, etcetera is nothing. But to leave it all in Rajagopal’s hands seems and feels totally wrong and not right.” And then, “Right action under any circumstances is always true, and from that everything flows easily. It is like a flowing river. The flow of the river is not inaction. Its action is of itself from the beginning to the end. There is a right action in this.”’

‘And later, he said, “One must be a complete outsider, and so the most true revolutionary, and then action will be incorruptible. We must act as outsiders with Rajagopal.”’

S: Mm, hm.

M: I think that’s important…

S: Yes, it is.

M: …that that be part of history.

S: Absolutely.

M: Monday, the seventeenth of April…oh, it jumps again!

S: The seventeenth of April?

M: Yes, oh, big jump. Yes. I was very bad about…I mean, I wrote something like that, but the daily things I was not good about. There’s a lot that’s going to be…

S: It’s okay. We’ll just take it as it comes from the little book.

M: The next day. ‘We just were home and he walked around the garden.’

On the twenty-seventh, ‘the Lilliefelts and Ruth Tettemer came for lunch. Krishnaji talked at length over what is best to do with the Rajagopal affair. What is right action in this? We came to the decision to proceed with the Biascoechea deposition and request for an injunction for a receiver…’ Oh, I had to have a receiver appointed for KWINC. That didn’t happen.

On November twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji slept all morning and again after lunch.' [*Chuckles*.] Krishnaji and I watched the Walter Mitty movie with Danny Kaye on television, and Krishnaji laughed endlessly.' He was a great fan of Danny…Donny Kaye, as he used to call him. [*S laughs*.]

S: That's right, I remember!

M: "Donny Kaye is the funniest man," he used to say. [*M chuckles*.]

On the twenty-ninth, 'we were home all day except for my going to the market. Leipziger telephoned about Biascoechea coming here for the deposition.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai. We each had a treatment by Dr. Lay'—she was a chiropractor—'and then we went to lunch with the Lilliefelts. Ruth was there. We held a KFA trustee meeting with Krishnaji, and Krishnaji temporarily withdrew from the board to avoid participating in the litigation. He suggested Theo Lilliefelt as a substitute member, and this was carried out.' That's how Theo became a member; we had to have one more.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And so, there we were. We have usually been against having husbands and wives on boards.

S: Yes.

M: But anyway, that's what happened. 'We then discussed Alan Kishbaugh as a possible trustee and agreed to invite him to become one. Krishnaji walked ahead down Grand Avenue with Theo, and I followed in the car, and we drove home from there for supper. Doctor Lay had said that his body is bone-tired. But Krishnaji says his mind is bursting with energy. He needs to slow down till his body can rest and catch up.'

The first of December was a quiet day at home.

The next day, 'we went to town, had a picnic in the car under the trees.' We used to find shady streets in Beverly Hills. There are lots of trees there, and we would sit in the car and eat our picnic. 'We shopped for French records and books' [*chuckling*] 'and went to Saks Fifth Avenue, where Krishnaji saw monstrous, devouring women shoppers!' [*Both laugh*.] 'He was horrified! We went to Bullock's for a windbreaker. Bought a small record player. Krishnaji fainted leaving Veteran Avenue. Drove home safely. It rained a little bit.'

December third seems to have been 'gardening. We had two gardeners come and help plant things. Krishnaji and I did a French lesson. Later we went into Westwood and saw the movie *The French Connection*.' Do you remember that? It was a thriller.

S: Ah, yes.

M: [*chuckles*] December fifth 'was a lovely, quiet day at home. We did French lessons in the morning. Alain Naudé telephoned from San Francisco. He's moving into an apartment. We walked on the beach road. Krishnaji dictated during lunch an article for *The Bulletin* on relationship.'

The next day, 'we did a French lesson, and we walked on the beach. There was a cable from Balasundaram about hearing from Frydman in Bombay that Krishnaji was in a New York hospital.' This happened all the time, rumors about Krishnaji.

S: I know, I know.

M: 'Erna says Biascoechea is coming out for the deposition in January.'

On December eighth, 'Krishnaji came with me on errands and to arrange to buy a Nagra 4.2. We had a picnic lunch in the car. Then we went to a movie, *Man in the Wilderness*, in Hollywood.' Don't remember that at all.

The next day, 'we did another French lesson in the morning. Sidney Field came for lunch. And we walked on the beach.'

S: What were these French lessons you were doing? Because Krishnaji already spoke French, and so do you.

M: Well, we were supposed to get better.

S: Mm, hm.

M: We played records.

S: Ah, you played records?

M: That's all we did, yes. You know that he…you know the story, the very last year of his life he wanted to improve his French.

S: I know.

M: 'I talked to my brother in Paris. The whole family, except me, were there with Father for Christmas.'

December tenth, 'Donald Hoppen came to lunch and talked afterward with Krishnaji about his relation to Brockwood, etcetera. I left them and took Filomena to the doctor for her arthritis. Krishnaji had walked in the garden when I got back, but had had no nap. He went to bed early.'

December eleventh, '"No more interviews," said Krishnaji. He's tired from the Hoppen one yesterday. He said he awakened in the night with a sense of joy and felt the room was filled with people. Quote: "Eminent, holy beings who seem there when something happens in his brain. My head felt enormous." We did French lessons in the morning and…'

S: He said that those people, those beings *seemed* there when something happens in his brain?

M: That's what it says, "who seem there." "Eminent, holy beings who seem there when something happens in his brain."

S: Yes.

M: '…and in the afternoon we went to a movie in Santa Monica, *Play Misty for Me*. That was a Clint Eastwood movie. It says here, 'not very good,' but…

S: No, that's only you…

M: …doubtless…

S: Doubtless, it was wonderful**[3]**. [*Both laugh*.]

M: It says, for the next day, 'home all day. French lesson. Walk in the garden.'

On December thirteenth, 'Krishnaji said to me, "You must be cured, not corrected."' I guess that was my ailments or maybe my habits [*chuckling*], I don't know which. [*S laughs*.] It doesn't say. [*Chuckles*.]

December fourteenth, 'we went to Ojai. We each had a chiropractic treatment with Dr. Lay. Then to lunch with Erna and Theo, Ruth, and Albion Patterson. There was discussion of the origins of the Happy Valley School and dissident teachers there wanting to hear the facts of it from Krishnaji. Would he see them or not? He and Theo walked, and Erna and I met them on the road. Krishnaji and I drove home, seeing a marvelous sunset.'

The next day, 'cold weather. Indian troops almost into Dhaka.' I haven't been following the war in this little book.

On the sixteenth, 'The East Pakistan army surrenders. India orders a ceasefire on West Pakistan front. Yahya Khan says he will fight on.' See, there was a war.

S: Yes.

M: That's when East and West Pakistan…

S: Yes, I remember, and Bangladesh broke off.

M: Yes, that's right. 'We went early to town on miscellaneous errands. Went to get the new Nagra. Krishnaji had rested all day. He walked around the garden, and had met me when I drove in. Krishnaji remote, as if aware of other things in the house. "Something is going on in the head," he said, but he slept throughout the night.'

On December seventeenth, 'India and Pakistan officially end the war after fourteen days. Yahya Khan accepts the ceasefire. We were home all day, and we walked on the beach. Krishnaji's head hurts.'

The next day. 'The pain in Krishnaji's head continues. He rested all morning, but wanted to go to a movie, so we saw the Disney *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* with Angela Lansbury. The pain stopped for Krishnaji, but resumed as we came out of the theater. He fainted in the car on the Pacific Coast Highway. We walked around the lawn on returning home, and at supper saw a TV program of the Indian war.'

On December nineteenth, 'Krishnaji's head was better. The Perrines came to lunch. Krishnaji talked to them about the purpose of a hot springs place they are thinking of having in the mountains in the back of Big Sur.'

The next day, 'we had a beach walk. Krishnaji felt better. No pain in his head.'

On December twenty-first, 'we drove to Ojai, and we each had a chiropractic treatment from Dr. Lay. We lunched with Erna and Theo afterward. Barbara Lama…' Barbara Lama was Albion Patterson's stepdaughter, I think, something like that '…and her husband. Albion Patterson and Mr. Sperry, a former teacher at Happy Valley, and the Essels came to ask Krishnaji about the background of Happy Valley, and under what condition he would be interested in the school. He said only if the trustees remove Rosalind. Krishnaji walked and talked for half an hour with Erna and Theo, and then we drove home.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji, Filomena, and I went to a movie, *Fiddler on the Roof*. My bedroom roof leaks.' [*Both chuckle*.]

On the twenty-third, 'I went to the airport to meet Alain, who is spending Christmas with us. In the p.m., I took Filomena to the doctor,' etcetera. Well, anyway, 'when I came home, Krishnaji and Alain had gone for a walk.'

On the twenty-fourth, Christmas Eve. 'Talked to Mother in New York. All the Taylors are in Paris with Father. Philippa and her young man came to lunch with Krishnaji, Alain, and me. Krishnaji, Alain, and I walked in the afternoon along the beach road.'

Christmas. Well, nothing. [*Laughs*.] 'I went over to the Dunnes' in the morning. Just another day.'

S: Hm, hm. Mary, you and Krishnaji didn't exchange presents on Christmas, did you?

M: We didn't even exchange "Happy Christmas."

S: Right, I know that, but I'm just saying this for the record. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: No. We ignored Christmas totally.

S: Right. [*More chuckling*.]

M: As we did birthdays, too.

S: Yes, I know.

M: On December twenty-seventh, 'Pouring rain. Took Alain and John Diegis to the airport. Shopped at Lindberg's'—that's the health food store—'and came home. Krishnaji got a letter from Vigeveno. Dr.…' somebody, looks like something '…Cotton and George'—looks like—'Ariba of the Happy Valley School board came to see Krishnaji. It is clear that the school is in a total mess, and that the board is totally under Rosalind's thumb.'

December twenty-eighth, 'there was rain in the early morning and then it ended. Six inches had fallen. We were home all day except for the trip to the Pacific Palisades, and then we walked on the lower road.' I don't know what we did at Pacific Palisades, probably marketing. 'Krishnaji dictated a reply to Vigeveno. I discussed it with Leipziger.'

On December twenty-ninth, 'The rains stopped, and it was a clear, beautiful day. While talking to Erna on the phone, we heard there was snow on the mountains in Ojai. Krishnaji said, "Let's go." So, we took a picnic and drove to the Lilliefelts'. Had our picnic there, and then walked with them three miles. The mountains are powdered with snow. We came home for supper.'

S: Hm.

M: [*soft chuckle*] That was the twenty-ninth, so we're almost finished with 1971.

On December thirtieth, 'we had an early lunch and then drove to Hollywood and saw a movie, *Dirty Harry*, a detective one. We came back [*chuckles*] via Pacific Palisades and bought a twelve-inch Sony color TV. We discussed in the car, "what is it to be bourgeois?" It is self-centered, desiring ego. Material things, concepts, but more than that, an inelasticity. I asked if I were that. Krishnaji thought I am not attached to money or things, and I answered, "no" to deriving ego from them. We posted Krishnaji's reply to Vigeveno.'

There was wind all night on the thirty-first. 'It was a beautiful, bright day. Krishnaji dictated a piece on what the bourgeois mind is. The wind was less in the afternoon, and we walked at low tide on the beach.' It says, 'a blessed way to end this year.'

S: When he would dictate one of these things, you would tape it or just take it down?

M: I would take it down.

S: Okay.

M: He dictated reasonably slowly, so even though I don't know shorthand, I could, with my horrible writing, scratch it out. And then immediately afterward, I would go through it, and if I were uncertain about anything, I would read it back to him.

S: Yes.

Mary, I also wanted to ask about something that came up the last time we recorded.

M: Yes.

S: It's something that I should have picked up before. And this has to do with Krishnaji waking up and saying that he'd had a marvelous meditation during the night. Now Krishnaji said that many times, and even to me…

M: Yes.

S: Toward the end of his life, also.

M: Yes.

S: The reason I want to pick this up is because Krishnaji is using the word *meditation* in such instances in a very different way from the way he uses it when he gives his talks. In the talks, for Krishnaji, meditation seemed to be a state of being that one should live in all day long. It wasn't something you sat down and did. But here, this is something else, because this is something that comes to Krishnaji.

M: Yes.

S: And in his sleep.

M: Or waking.

S: Or semi-sleep.

Editor's Note: This discussion seems important, but also challenging, at least partly because the word "it" sometimes refers to Krishnaji's meditation, and sometimes it is a

grammatical device (e.g., "It is a grammatical device."). It is clear in listening to the audio tapes which "it" is being used, but less clear in the transcript. To help the reader avoid confusion, when the word "it" is used to refer to meditation, it will be in bold and italics (***it***), but will otherwise remain in the normal font.

M: And sometimes in there, he says that ***it*** came in sleep and continued when he was awake.

S: Yes.

M: But, he has said, I think many times, or certainly elsewhere, ***it*** comes to you; you cannot go to ***it***.

S: Well, he would sometimes use the word *other* for that.

M: Yes, but he used *meditation* in various ways. I mean, he would say, "I had a marvelous meditation last night."

S: Yes.

M: Well, what are you going to call ***it***? People would say, "Why use the word *teachings*?" But, what are you going to call them?

S: I know.

M: So you use the word *teachings* finally, although he resisted the word at times.

S: Yes.

But what I'm trying to get to here, and I don't know if we can say anything more than what we've said, but it's the relationship, perhaps, of this meditation to sleep. So that somehow when the brain was quiet or, well, sleeping, ***it*** would come.

M: That's right. And you remember at the end of his life in the hospital.

S: I know, I know.

M: ***It*** came to him.

S: Even when he was back home right to the end.

M: Yes.

S: And his face would just…

M: Yes.

S: …*glow*.

M: Yes.

S: Did he ever say anything to you about…? Now, presumably ***this*** also came to Krishnaji during the day—I don't know. I can't remember him ever saying that, but it seems that when he said this was mostly when ***it*** would come at night.

M: Well, I don't think there are any rules about this. ***It*** came at night, and ***it*** came when he was awake. ***It*** came—I think, I don't know this—but I feel that when he was walking by himself ahead and far off. But I find hard and fast definitions of words…

S: No, I don't want that. I'm not looking for that.

M: I know that you're not looking for that, but I think we have to; when we're talking, recording this way, people are apt to seize on words.

S: I know.

Well, this is something that I feel that they'll seize on. This is why I'm bringing it up…

M: Yes.

S: …because they'll say, "Ah, but look at what Krishnaji said in all these public talks about meditation, and ***this*** seems to be something different." And indeed, ***it*** does seem to be different. He is using the word in a different way.

M: Well, I don't know if it's different; ***it*** may be wider than whatever we conceive of as meditation.

S: Mm, hm.

M: One instance of ***it***, and I'm uneasy of trying to explain anything too much because I don't think I have any right to…

S: Of course. What I'm doing is fishing around for any comments he made, anything else he said. See, even your saying "maybe ***it*** came when he's walking off alone…far ahead on his own in nature that…"

M: And he wouldn't talk about ***it*** then, but he would say afterward something about ***it***. He wouldn't say, "I am having a meditation."

S: Yes.

M: It would only be mentioned afterward because…

S: Mm, hm.

M: Though once, I remember when we were in that house in Kingston Vale, and Alain was with us. I must have already talked about it in these discussions. He had us come in and sit on the floor in his room. And just be silent like a sort of meditation where nobody spoke, a sort of an emptying-the-mind kind of a thing.

S: Mm, hm.

M: But he wasn't very specific about anything. But it was to sit and sort of be very quiet and turned in.

S: But you see that's something *very* different.

M: Mm. That is different.

S: You sit down and you deliberately do this.

M: Well, you sit down and you make yourself available by sitting down…

S: Exactly, yes. Exactly.

M: You see, it isn't that you do something.

S: No.

M: You make circumstances possibly more conducive to something happening if something is going to happen.

S: Exactly. But something else seems to happen at night or can happen.

M: I don't even want to call ***it*** something else.

S: Alright.

M: Because I don't know what happened at night, and I don't know what happened when he was walking in the hills. I don't know in the sense of something definable or describable.

S: Mm, hm, mm, hm.

M: And yet it seemed, well, ***it*** was, to the degree that anything could be said about ***it***, ***it*** was not only something *deeply* important, fundamentally important in his life; ***it*** was persistently a presence of something that he—***it*** was something centered in his life, I felt.

S: Mm, hm.

M: I mean, I felt, in a way, the reality of that for him was stronger than all the exterior things.

S: Mm, hm, mm, hm.

M: Maybe I'm inventing that, I don't know, but ***it*** was…

S: That's your sense of ***it***.

M: …a strong feeling, a sense of ***it***, yes.

S: Yes.

M: [*pause*] It's so easy to assume things. To make something…fit…what one can imagine.

S: I know.

M: And I'm very leery of that.

S: Yes, rightly.

M: Judgments about these things are…

S: We're not in a position to know anything.

M: No, no.

S: But I feel very strongly that we are in a position…and I feel we even have a responsibility to simply report what we saw…

M: Yes.

S: …and also what we sensed, recognizing…

M: What we sensed…

S: …that we might be completely gaga**[4]**…

M: Yes.

S: …and it makes no difference. But we still have to say these things.

M: It's like talking about the teachings. I feel profoundly, and also Krishnaji, in a way, okayed it, that one can talk about the teachings if there's always the ground rule that one's exploring, and one may be totally wrong, up a tree, who knows. And anyone who

listens or participates or joins you, or reads this or listens to whatever happens to all these tapes, must look at the ***whole*** reporting of it, because…

S: Yes.

M: …I suppose if I had to sit down and separate out what I could say of absolute facts that I could vouch for, like, you know, we walked on the beach on such and such a day [*chuckling*], things like that, there could…but so much else was happening with Krishnaji all the time that is not verifiable.

S: I know.

M: And, in a way, I feel uneasy about going on about "we did this; we did that; we did something else; went to the movies; we walked on the beach"—as though that was his life. His life was…who knows where? What we find so difficult or impossible to put into words was his life.

S: I know, I know.

M: This was his outward, physical life, his human life.

S: Yes. This is *absolutely* what was so interesting to me; the small time I had with Krishnaji, every year, or the years that I saw him here, there was an intensity and there was a *fullness* in his presence…

M: Yes.

S: …I mean, it just seemed that there was an awful lot going on.

M: Yes.

S: But if you reduce it to the physical, measurable—call it what you would get if you were following behind him with a television camera,…

M: Mm, hm.

S: …that kind of recordable information, well, it wasn't much.

M: Mm.

S: He went here and he talked, he then went there and he talked, and he shopped, and he went there and he talked, and…

M: Yes.

S: …you know, ad infinitum. But that's not really what was going on.

M: That's right.

S: And this is a little bit…this is why I keep prodding, I keep prompting, I keep trying to find some way of making more of that presence…

M: Mm, hm.

S: …that was going on, somehow, even though it is our subjective opinion, our…

M: Well, I think, we must…because all this stuff is really dangerous. Supposing somebody plays only one or two of these audio cassettes seventy years from now. It sounds all sort of trivial because we're putting in so much trivial…stuff, over and over and over.

S: I know, but somehow, this is why, whenever we have a chance to abstract something that's significant, or talk about something that's significant, I feel we always have to do that. It's like this thing about Krishnaji saying that he had a marvelous meditation at night. Well, we could just glance over that, or we could stop and say, now wait a minute…

M: Yes.

S: …this has significance here. Or, for instance, the feeling that you had which you wrote about so eloquently…

M: Mm.

S: …on that one page when you wrote that you had a sense of responsibility when you went to meet him at airports**[5]**. See, all of that, now, that *charged* the atmosphere around him. And I would maintain that it was not subjective…but one doesn't know how to talk about it. I mean, it is actually very difficult to talk objectively about things that are taken in.

M: Yes. Because the measure of them is, to the listener, you or me.

S: I know.

M: And people just have to, well, do whatever they're going to do. I don't know.

S: It's probably a good analogy for talking about these things with Krishnaji, to say it's like talking about love, even puppy love between two young teenagers who don't know anything about what they're experiencing.

M: Mm.

S: It's actually very difficult to talk objectively about that.

M: Yes.

S: But that does not mean that it's not going on. Whatever they're experiencing, whatever they're feeling, *it is there*, going on. And just like you were saying, it is more *real* than a lot of the physical phenomenon…

M: Yes.

S: …so much of this that was around Krishnaji, it was more real than the physical phenomenon.

M: Absolutely.

S: And much more intense and much more alive and…

M: It's just…I mean, statistically, we're flooding this tape recorder with trivia, in a way. Providing…this other sense that you're talking about now, can be seen to be the important part.

S: If it can come out, exactly. If it can just somehow come out at all, it makes the whole thing worthwhile.

M: [*very softly*] Yes.

S: Because this whole question that Krishnaji used to ask over and over again, "What will you say when the man from Seattle comes up to you and asks, "What was it like to be with K?"…well, we can say, "We went here, we went there, we did this, we did that."

M: Mm.

S: But that's not what Krishnaji was asking about.

M: No.

S: And it's that very difficult task of conveying this other, almost impossible *state of being* that was around him. I don't know how else to talk about it. I mean, here's myself, here's this physical body. It goes here, it goes there, it goes to another place, but there are different states of being depending on what one lives. And the state of being that was there because of Krishnaji's presence…

M: Yes.

S: …was absolutely remarkable, I think, because of his state of being. It just affected the other states of being around him.

M: Yes.

S: And maybe it was because of him and maybe it was because of something beyond him. One doesn't know. Krishnaji told you that you are responsible to the Other. But we don't have to conjecture what that means.

M: No, we don't. Except that we have to speak for the fact that there was a great deal that was beyond. And that we can't prove it or come up with…

S: Well, also, what we can say, though, Mary—and this, I think, is just a little bit the kind of thing we don't like to say—but we can say that when Krishnaji said something like, "You are responsible to the Other"…

M: Mm, hm.

S: …we had a sense of what he meant, rightly or wrongly…

M: Mm.

S: …and it made sense at the time. It seemed, "Yes, that's true!"

M: Yes. Of course!

S: It was "Yes, of course, it is correct" because there was a sense of that thing.

M: Yes, yes.

S: And *that's* important also to say. It's not just someone coming up and saying, "Oh well, you're responsible to, you know, the holy spirit or something…" We'd say, "What is he talking about?"

M: Well, the reason it seemed so right is that, at least for me—you'll have to say for you—is that one had already felt that.

S: *Yes!*

M: And it wasn't that you'd thought it up or imagined it; it was a sense of great reality that was already that way.

S: Yes. Exactly. And this is why I…

M: And it wasn't from him.

S: Right.

M: And it wasn't from me. It was from…I don't know what.

S: Yes. And it was obvious.

M: That's how it was, it was like the sun is shining today. It's a fact.

S: Exactly. It's just obvious. You don't even have to ask about it.

M: That's right.

S: And this is the source of my many regrets about the questions I didn't ask…

M: Yes.

S: …and should have.

M: Yes.

S: Because Krishnaji would say something of this nature, and, as you say, one would just say, "Yes, it's obvious, there's nothing…" you knew what he was talking about…there was nothing really to ask. But, of course, later on, when trying to talk about it or explain it or think about it, one thought, "I should have asked him, 'What do you mean?'"

M: Yes.

S: Or, "Would you explain that?" or "Could you go into detail?" Or, all these things, which I don't know if they would have been answered or not…

M: Well, I…yes…"You should have asked the man,**[6]**" you see.

S: *Exactly!*

M: Now I should have said, "What man?" or "Who do you mean?"

S: Yes, yes. "Is that man different from you?"

M: Yes! You see.

S: All of…I know. [*Laughing*.]

M: But I had this blanket thing about not prying.

S: Mm, hm.

M: If he wants to tell me something, wonderful. I want to hear. But, because I have this extraordinary opportunity of being able to ask him, I'm not going to nag him with questions.

S: Yes, I know.

M: If he wants to tell me something, he will tell me. And if he doesn't, I'm not going to pry.

S: I know, of course; I had that sense, too.

M: And that was true about everything.

S: Yes. But what I don't know is…it seemed right at the time, but… [*Both laugh*.]

M: Well, I took it to be…

S: But I do wish now that I had asked some of those questions.

M: Yes, I know. I know. Well, I used to say to Krishnaji, "Don't answer this if I'm asking the wrong question."

S: Yes.

M: Which I figured was, um…cricket.**[7]** [*Both chuckle*.] But I could have done that a little bit more.

S: Right. Well, I don't know. What is significant is that it is our reasoning, rationalizing, mechanical brain that says we should have asked more, but at the time, these things were obvious.

M: Yes.

S: A lot of these things just were obvious. One didn't have to ask any more.

M: No, no.

S: And that's also significant because that says something about the nature of the presence that was around him, and I think also the state of being that he elicited in us.

M: Yes.

S: There was a different way of knowing. There was a…or a different sensing or a… something. No one…I can't go too far with this…

M: No.

S: …but it's just that, it was different. And now, looking back, there are a hundred times…I think it's like your good example of "You should have asked the man."

M: "Should have asked the man," but one thing I should really ***not*** have been so retiring about is on one of the last mornings, he wanted to tell me something, wanted to teach me

something. And I don't think I said anything, because I felt, you know, he mustn't make any effort for me.

S: I know, I know.

M: And when I later said to him, "You wanted to tell me something. Do you want to tell me now what it is?" And it…it…

S: It was gone.

M: It was gone. I was…I was probably wrong.

S: I don't know, Mary. I don't know.

M: I mean, the way it seemed to me at the time was…

S: I know. Don't make any efforts that…

M: Yes. If I don't learn anything, it doesn't matter. What matters is the way he, his energy, his health, his *everything* was. And I probably made a mistake.

S: No.

[*Long silence*.]

M: It's now 7 o'clock.

S: And we have gotten to 1972!

M: So we have. [*S laughs*.]

S: Great, okay. We begin there.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] A young architect who contributed to the early years of Brockwood.

[2] Husband of Jane Hammond who has appeared preciously in these accounts, and who was an architect. He was the eventual designer of the Assembly Hall and The Cloisters complex. The Cloisters were a square-shaped housing complex with a covered walkway around the inside, resembling a traditional cloister—hence the name.

[3] Krishnaji and I were great Clint Eastwood fans. We would watch his films together on TV or rented video, and Mary would generally leave the room.

[4] English slang for “insane.”

[5] See the earlier discussion of November twenty-fifth.

[6] Refer to Issue 19’s discussion of August twenty-second.

[7] English slang for “fair” or “just.”

Issue 21: January 1, 1972 to March 31, 1972

This issue takes place only in California, so there is necessarily a great deal of activity about the legal case against KWINC. But these onerous activities do not dominate Mary's memoirs. Krishnaji is active giving public talks in Santa Monica, holding group discussions (including education discussions in Ojai and thereby laying the groundwork for the school the KFA would eventually establish there), and engaging in many recorded discussions. A series of such recordings were done in San Diego with experts on religion, and they were videotaped.

Yet, probably of most note in this issue for people interested in Krishnaji is his frequent telling Mary (often only very briefly) about what was happening in his inner life.

Mary: I believe we begin today on January first, 1972.

Scott: Yes, that's right.

M: Well, the scene is Malibu, and on January the first, 'it was a clear and beautiful day. Krishnaji watched the Rose Parade on television, saying "These people are crazy."' [*S laughs.*] 'Later, he watched the start of the Rose Bowl football game.' [*S chuckles*.] 'I went over next door to see my friends, the Dunnes. When I came back, Krishnaji had had his nap, and then we watched the end of the Rose Bowl.'

The next day was 'another beautiful day, and Krishnaji talked into the Nagra about the first of his reminiscences. He talked about the discovery of the boy in the early years. We walked on the beach in the late afternoon. And at night there were gale winds and the house shook with it.'

On January third, 'the winds had quieted in the morning but began again at lunchtime. The Dunnes had part of their roof ripped off.' Such were the winds.

The fourth of January, 'there was news from my brother about my father, and Dr. Joseph Pollock, who is the son-in-law of the late Louis Zalk, and his son came to tea with Krishnaji.' Does that name mean anything to you?

S: Nothing whatsoever.

M: The Zalk house is the one above the KFA building on Besant Road, at the top of the hill. It's now where there's the Ojai Retreat. Zalk was married to…how did it go? His wife was Rosalind's sister, Erma, and their daughter married Dr. Joseph Pollock. He's a, I think, medical doctor. They came for tea. The reason I'm talking about it at all is because he was on the Happy Valley School Board, and he was making overtures to KFA or to Krishnaji to somehow heal the breach or have some connection between Happy Valley School and KFA. He said he was not pro-Rosalind, and he wanted to hear what

Krishnaji's position was about the Happy Valley School. Well, Krishnaji didn't want anything to do with it. It's developed later, what Krishnaji said.

S: But, just give us a brief history of this. The Happy Valley property was bought by Annie Besant to start a school.

M: Yes, that's correct. But the school wasn't started until the '40s, during the war.

S: And as with everything else, Rosalind and Rajagopal eventually had everything in their names.

M: Yes, and it ceased to have anything to do with Krishnaji, although they used his name.

Now, Pollock and his wife were friends of Evelyne Blau**[1]**, and Evelyne thought we could get back the Happy Valley land, and don't forget, in these days, we had no place for a school, but there were intentions to start a school. And if we could have gotten the land back…

S: That could've been a good place for the school.

M: Yes. Hence, one listened to what Dr. Pollock had to say.

The fifth of January, 'Sidney Field telephoned that his brother John had died suddenly the day before. Krishnaji spoke to him and asked him to come to lunch the next day. In the afternoon, Krishnaji and I went to a James Bond movie, *Diamonds are Forever*, in Hollywood.' And it says here, '*terrible movie*.' [*S laughs.*] And it also says that 'Krishnaji shouted a bit and didn't sleep well at night.' He used to call it "shouting," you know, he woke up with…

S: I know, but why don't you explain what that is. I think you did earlier, but it is worth repeating.

M: Well, I heard it my first time way back in Rishi Valley, when we were all about to go to, I think, Bangalore, and I got up early. It was dark, and Frances McCann and I were right under Krishnaji's bedroom. I heard this cry and it sounded like distress. I didn't know what to do, so I went to Alain Naudé, and said something's wrong with Krishnaji, and I described it. He said, "Oh, no, no. Pay no attention, it happens all the time; Krishnaji doesn't like to talk about it, and it doesn't mean a thing." This was the first inkling I had of, really, part of the process, in a way.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Well, Krishnaji called it "shouting," and often he woke himself up by doing it.

S: Yes.

M: The next day, Thursday the sixth, 'Sidney Field came for lunch, and there was talk between Krishnaji and Sidney, and I was present, about life after death.'

On January seventh, 'Krishnaji did a Nagra dictation about Rajagopal.'

On the ninth, 'we drove to Ojai and met the Lilliefelts, Ruth Tettemer, and Albion Patterson to record a discourse on the Nagra based on their questions to him on the concept of the World Teacher. We lunched there afterward, went for a walk, and then drove home.'

The next day, 'Isabel and Enrique Biascoechea flew here from Puerto Rico. Theo met them at the airport and brought them to Malibu for tea, then took them onto Ojai, where they're staying with the Lilliefelts.' You'll recall that it was decided by the lawyers that we ought to do a deposition of Biascoechea**[2]**.

On Wednesday the twelfth, 'Krishnaji and I went to look at a Volkswagen in the afternoon.' I think that was a car I was getting for Filomena, but I'm not quite sure.

On January thirteenth, the Lilliefelts took the Biascoecheas to see Leipziger the lawyer, and then they all came back to Malibu for lunch. After that, the Lilliefelts left and the Biascoecheas stayed here in the guest room. At 4 p.m., Dr. Pollock came to see Krishnaji again, and reported that the Happy Valley trustees want nothing to do with Krishnamurti.' [*S chuckles.*] 'But he got Krishnaji to say that if they reconsidered, he and KFA members would talk to them. I was upset that Krishnaji was appearing to woo them.' I was. I didn't want anything to do with them. Dreadful people.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'The Biascoecheas told Krishnaji and me that Erna was on the verge of exhaustion from so much work, and I tried to get Krishnaji to see what adding a Happy Valley School controversy on top of all the other would mean to her. But, it is still in his mind,' it says. 'I drove the Biascoecheas to Leipziger's office. Erna and Theo were there, too. Enrique gave a deposition with Terry Christensen representing Rajagopal. It went poorly.'

What happened was that years before, Biascoechea was donating some money to KWINC, and he wanted to know more about the finances of KWINC.

Rajagopal refused to give that information, and said that if there were any difficulty about it, he would reveal that Krishnaji had a relationship with Rosalind. And this so shocked Biascoechea, not the relationship, but the fact that Rajagopal would blackmail him. And poor Biascoechea was concealing this for the rest of his life, including through the deposition. So, this wretched Terry Christensen lawyer got him to lie, that Rajagopal had never done anything wrong about money.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, that was what that was all about.

S: So he, in order to protect Krishnaji, Biascoechea said that Rajagopal had never done anything wrong with money, because he, Biascoechea, was afraid that Rajagopal was just going to bring all this out.

M: Yes.

S: Oh, poor man.

M: Yes, he was a sweet old man who adored Krishnaji.

S: Oh, poor fellow.

M: He was put in this awful position. [*Sigh*.]

S: And Krishnaji didn't know anything about this, presumably?

M: Ah, no. *No*! Krishnaji wasn't there.

S: And Biascoechea hadn't talked with Krishnaji about all this?

M: No. No, of course not.

S: Right.

M: He wouldn't have been so indiscreet as to mention a thing like that.

S: Yes.

M: So, Biascoechea was, in effect, blackmailed by Rajagopal. Poor fellow.

On January fifteenth, 'the Biascoecheas left for Oakland. Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai. We lunched with Erna, Theo, and Ruth, and discussed the Biascoechea deposition and the Dr. Pollock visit.'

S: So, you didn't know why, at that time, Biascoechea was lying, either?

M: No. Biascoechea had told Erna about it, but not me. I only knew about the purported "relationship" between Rosalind and Krishnaji from Krishnaji.

'At lunch was born the idea of a Krishnaji Education Center in Ojai. We planned to hold meetings in Ojai. Erna, Theo, Krishnaji, and I took a walk. Erna told me of Rajagopal's blackmail of Biascoechea in 1946.'

The next day 'was a beautiful day. We went to a movie called *Scalp Hunters* in Santa Monica.'

S: [*laughs*] Traditional fare, in other words?

M: Yes.

On January eighteenth, 'we went to Ojai. Krishnaji had his hair cut, and we both had chiropractic treatment from Dr. Lay. We lunched with the Lilliefelts, Ben Patterson, and Ruth. We discussed the Krishnaji Educational Center meetings, and set them for four days, commencing March twenty-ninth in Ojai. Erna and I telephoned Leipziger, and discussed the Biascoechea deposition. Coming home in the car, Krishnaji said he is willing to make a deposition, but have we gone as far with the case as is necessary morally?'

On the nineteenth, 'Sidney Field again came for lunch with Krishnaji, and talked to him about reincarnation.'

S: Was that recorded?

M: No, it wasn't recorded. You see, these conversations just happened. The one that was eventually done was a reconstruction of one of these things. We'll come to mention it.

S: Aha! Yes, I remember it, yes. So, these two were not actually recorded.

M: Never tape-recorded. No.

On the twenty-first, 'again we drove to Ojai and talked to Erna and Theo about the case. Lunched and drove home.'

The next day. 'I sold'…oh, I had a little MG car that Filomena used, and I sold it. Krishnaji and I went to a movie, *Le Boucher*.' Don't remember a thing about it.

On January twenty-fourth, 'we drove to Ojai. Krishnaji held a discussion with about sixty-five young people at the Lilliefelts'. I taped it on the Nagra. We lunched there with the Lilliefelts, Ruth Tettemer, Catherine Kieran, Albion Patterson, and KFA's new trustee, Alan Kishbaugh. After lunch, we held a trustee meeting and discussed the education plan and publishing.'

On the twenty-fourth, 'I met Alain at the airport, and went to the Volkswagen agent and bought a beige station wagon.' [*Chuckles*.] 'I left the Jaguar to have its 30,000-mile service, and drove home in the VW. Krishnaji was waiting by the gate, and approved the purchase. Alain gave Filomena a driving lesson in it.' It was for her use. She had to have a car when I wasn't there.

S: Of course.

M: 'At lunch, we taped a discussion on reincarnation derived partly from Krishnaji's conversation to Sidney Field last week. We walked on the beach.'

The next day, 'we drove in the new VW to Rosenthal's office. We met him and Leipziger and the Lilliefelts. We talked about possible future events in the case. The decision was made to go ahead. The Lilliefelts came back to lunch with us and Alain, and we discussed the education plan.'

'Later, Krishnaji and Alain had a conversation on the supposed Masters, which I taped on the Nagra. Krishnaji and Alain went for a walk while I rested a little.' [*Aside*.] Now that must be somewhere…

S: Yes. It's in the archives list.

M: 'Krishnaji and Alain did another discussion the next day.' And it says, 'a marvelous one.'

'I went to fetch the Jaguar and then all three of us went for a cold, windy walk on the beach.'

On the twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji and Alain did another taped dialogue, starting with the Upanishads, and going on to emptying the mind of everything but fact as the ending of thought. A mind that is not empty can never find truth. We lunched at home and walked on the lower road.'

The next day, 'I have a headache. Krishnaji and Alain did another tape. Mr. Faria arrived from Puerto Rico. Theo met him and brought him here to tea, then took him to Ojai, where Theo and Erna are putting him up. We discussed a little about the KWINC case with him.' He was a lawyer. 'Meanwhile, Alain left for San Francisco.'

The twenty-ninth of January 'was a lovely, quiet day. Krishnaji said there was "a fire of energy" in his head in the night. He said "memory is the source of the self." We did letters and walked on the beach in the afternoon.'

'A letter came from Marianne Borel about the de Vidases, having been threatened by Rajagopal in the past.' Remember Marianne Borel, that sort of spinstery, spidery French lady; she used to go to Saanen all the time, and she used to put up the money for the barn where all the young people stayed.

S: Ohh, yes, yes, yes. [*Laughs.*] The most unlikely supporter of the Saanen hippie crowd.

M: Yes. Absolutely.

S: I know. [*Laughs.*]

M: She was like sort of a bird, with white hair and very nice.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: January thirtieth 'was a windy, clear day, and Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai. He spoke again of extraordinary light burning in the mind.' It says he was awake three hours with it in the night.

'We lunched with Erna, Theo, Ruth, and Mr. Faria. Faria had read all the papers on the case and advised going ahead. We went for a walk up McAndrew Road and then drove home.'

The next day, 'I took the Nagra for an adjustment, then met the Lilliefelts and Faria at Saul Rosenthal's office. We discussed going ahead with the Rajagopal deposition with Rosenthal instead of Leipziger. I spoke briefly to Saul afterwards. Erna drove back with me and Theo, and Faria followed. We all had tea with Krishnaji.' He hadn't come to that meeting with the lawyers.

February first, 'Alain telephoned about some possible Zen experts for a discussion with Krishnaji.' That was when we had the idea of getting people from different persuasions or disciplines to do taped video recordings with Krishnaji. Or audio recordings, either one that we could.

'Krishnaji and I drove to the Lilliefelts' for lunch. Faria was there but left later. We discussed finances a bit. I had a treatment with Dr. Lay while Krishnaji and Erna walked. Then we drove home in time for supper. Martha Longnecker telephoned. San Diego State University wants to film the discussions that Krishnaji might do with various people.' That was the origin of all those videos that were done down there.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated a reply to Marianne Borel's letter. Sidney Field came and went for a walk with Krishnaji in the afternoon.'

On the third of February, 'Rosenthal is to file immediately for a Rajagopal deposition. Talked to Sidney Roth, Erna, Alain, Martha Longnecker about Krishnaji's videotaped meetings in San Diego. Krishnaji wants to give two public talks in Ojai in April.' Sidney Roth put up the money for some of that.

The next day, 'we went on errands in town. Passport photos and so forth. We bought books and silk lining for Huntsman gray flannel at'—well, a silk store I went to. 'Krishnaji says he hasn't felt so rested since the war,' i.e., the '40s.

S: How nice. How nice.

M: Having been there that whole winter was wonderful.

S: Yes. I'm sure it was so good for him.

M: It was marvelous for me, also, in spite of the case and all that goings-on—he was able to walk, to sleep, to just be quiet, more or less.

S: How marvelous.

M: The next day, the fifth, 'we went to a movie in Santa Monica, *Snow Job*, with Jean-Claude Killy'—it was a skiing movie. It was probably because I like skiing movies and surfing movies. [*S laughs*.] So, I guess that's why we went. 'Alain telephoned. He has found a Jesuit, Father Schallert, at San Francisco University to do a videotape dialogue with Krishnaji.'

'Krishnaji told of waking last night and seeing for a brief moment that it was as if something were being done in his brain, his inner brain,' it says. 'It disappeared, that is the feeling, and he felt he mustn't pursue it. It is part of what has been going on lately,' it says.

S: Hm. [*Pause*.]

M: On February sixth, 'I worked at my desk and Krishnaji slept. We watched the winter Olympics on television, and walked on the beach.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji wished to come with me to Inglewood to get new tires for the Jaguar. We tried to walk around there while waiting for the tires to be put on, but there was a sense of danger in that part of town, and we went back to the tire place. Krishnaji stood and watched the installing of the tires being fitted. He said, on the way home, that he shouldn't have gone there.' It was a part of town where gangs were beginning, and it really was a dangerous place; it wasn't somewhere to go for a stroll…

S: Exactly.

M: …which is what we did to pass the time. He felt it and I felt it, too.

S: Yes.

M: February eighth, the Rajagopal deposition was filed for.

On the tenth of February, 'Krishnaji slept in the morning and the afternoon. We had a beach walk. In the evening, Krishnaji was given a shock when I spoke to him while he was "far away" while watching television. It caused him to shake and he felt it all night, so sensitive has his body become.' We were sitting watching television, and after supper, I remember it clearly, I casually spoke to him. I didn't realize he was off…

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: …and he came to with this jar. It was like waking him up, which he said, never wake him up, or if you have to, when I did, I would make small noises, so that it would gradually enter his consciousness.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: It was something that…you never woke him up the way you would someone else, and that was a moment when I should have been aware, but we were watching television. Anyway.

On the eleventh, 'we went to Ojai with Krishnaji driving. We lunched again with the Lilliefelts, Ruth, and Albion. We discussed the educational gathering in Ojai during Easter week, and whether to meet a Mr. Kern from the Kern Foundation when he and Joy Mills and Helen Zahara of the Theosophical Society come here.' Mr. Kern, of the Kern Foundation, was then and still is publishing the *Commentaries on Living*. 'They have a huge amount of money to spend on publishing.' And in those days, we needed to publish.

S: Yes.

M: 'We went to look at the Ojai Bowl as a possible place for Krishnaji's talks in April, and to see a little house that a Ms. Gilman is giving to KFA. She is a little, bright-eyed old lady, shyly delighted when Krishnaji came.' I remember nothing more about it.

S: Where was the Ojai Bowl?

M: It's in town, where the little park is.

S: Oh, yes.

M: And there's the little tennis courts and there's a small stage, like a bowl, and they give concerts. They have the Ojai Music Festival there, and Krishnaji did speak there eventually.

February thirteenth. 'It was a beautiful day, all the loveliness of California. I cooked all morning. Father Eugene Schallert and his assistant, a Miss Jacqueline Kelly, came to lunch. He will do a dialogue with Krishnaji in San Diego on Thursday. He's a professor of sociology at San Francisco University, the Jesuit university. They left at 4 p.m., and we went for a beach walk. Television showed the first half of *Ben Hur*, and Krishnaji wanted to see it.' That happened to be my birthday, but nobody mentioned that. [S *laughs*.] I concealed it.

On the fourteenth, 'I packed. We had an early lunch, and left at 1:45 p.m. for La Jolla, 140 miles away, and to Martha Longnecker's house. She is lending it for Krishnaji's stay. We arrived at 4 p.m. She and Sidney Roth were there. Dr. Alan Anderson came to call. He is a teacher of Religious Studies at San Diego State and will do videotaped conversations with Krishnaji on Wednesday.' She had a very nice house.

S: Did it overlook the ocean?

M: Well, it was back in the town, but it slopes up a ways so you can see the ocean. It was a small house, but nice, and just right for us. She moved out so we could move in.

S: How nice.

M: The next day, Krishnaji rested while I marketed and checked motel arrangements for the Tibetan Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche, and for Naudé and for Schallert, etcetera. I made our lunch and we went to San Diego State University, where Chögyam Trungpa Rinpoche and his assistant, Marvin Kasbar, arrived. Krishnaji and Trungpa were videotaped in dialogue. The Tibetan was nice, but contributed little.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji did it all, so very valuable. The Tibetan, Kasbar, and two followers came back to tea.' [*Aside.*] I don't remember that. 'After they left, Krishnaji and Alain, who had arrived for all this with Trungpa, went for a walk, and I fixed supper for the three of us.' [*Aside.*] I forgot that he came for tea.

The sixteenth, 'Krishnaji did a videotape in the morning with Dr. Allan Anderson of religious studies, San Diego State. Krishnaji, Alain, and I lunched, and later went for a walk through La Jolla. Shopped at Tweeds and Weaves, and Krishnaji and I had supper alone.'

The next day, 'in the morning, Krishnaji did another taped conversation with Father Eugene Schallert. There was trouble with the assistant, Miss Kelly, about signing the release.' [*Chuckle.*] 'We loaded the car, took sandwiches for lunch, and Krishnaji, Alain, and I drove to Malibu.'

'Rajagopal is to make a deposition on March twentieth.'

On the eighteenth, 'Father Daniel O'Handlin from San Francisco came in the morning and we taped on the Nagra a conversation between Krishnaji and him. He stayed for lunch and then left, and later Alain left for San Francisco. Krishnaji and I beach-walked and went over to the Dunnes'. We were quiet at last after a busy week.'

The nineteenth 'was a quiet, gentle day. I did deskwork, and Krishnaji rested and slept. Leipziger called to ask if his wife Mary and infant son Charles could come by the house. They came for tea. Krishnaji and I walked later on the lawn. Krishnaji wonders if something in my past life' [*laughs*] 'causes my sometime mannerisms of tension.'

S: [*laughs, as M laughs again, too*] Was he serious about that?

M: I don't know. How do you know when he's serious about these things?

S: [*laughs*] I don't know.

M: And you didn't ask.

S: No…of course not.

M: If there's any posterity listening, you may well wonder why I didn't ask, and I'm tired of explaining that I didn't want to push, or ask pushy questions. If he wanted to tell me, hooray. If he didn't, he didn't have to.

S: I know. Yes.

M: Maybe that wasn't, from an archivist point of view, the thing to do.

S: But there was just a sense of that around Krishnaji; that there were certain things that you just took in, in another way, and didn't take in with your reasoning brain. That's just what one did.

M: And also, my point of view was to make everything go well for him.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: Anyway…There's nothing interesting about Krishnaji until the twenty-second, when 'he said, meditation was so strong that he couldn't sleep.' All these days, there's a walk on the beach, but I don't always mention it.

Nothing of significance until the twenty-sixth…

S: What about the twenty-fifth? What happened to twenty-fifth?

M: Nothing. I drove Filomena to the Italian consulate office and so forth, got home in time for lunch. Krishnaji walked with Sidney Field, and I went to see the Dunnes. You don't have to know everything!

S: Yes, we do. Absolutely everything [*laughing*].

M: But why? [*Laughing*.]

S: Well, we know that Sidney Field came. That's important.

M: …it says on the twenty-sixth, 'after lunch, we went to see a movie, *The Hard Rock*, a comic detective film. Coming out, Krishnaji asked about ice cream, which he hadn't had in years. So we went into Will Wright's—that was a little store that had wonderful ice cream—and he chose English Toffee. We had a small portion at supper. It promptly [*laughter in voice*] came up, but he said, "I see why people like it!"' [*S laughs.*] He liked ice cream, from then on.

S: How funny.

M: But his stomach couldn't take it initially, but it got used to it. 'Later he told me I should write some of the things he tells me very well, with style.'

S: When does the big book begin again?

M: It begins on seventeen April.

S: It doesn't begin until then? Okay. So you didn't heed his advice right away? [*Laughs.*]

M: No. [*S laughs.*] Um, oh, things about my family.

S: Alright, but you're not allowed to leave out one little thing about Krishnaji, not one little scrap.

M: The twenty-seventh 'was another quiet day at home with a lot accomplished. Because of my back, walking on the slant of the beach is difficult.' I'm sure you want to know this.

S: Yes, I do.

M: 'We explored other places for walking up Serra Road. At supper, we watched on television Nixon's return from China and a NET film *The Restive Earth* on the formation of continents.'

The first of March, 'was a clear, warm day. We drove to Ojai. Krishnaji had his hair cut, then we lunched with Erna, Theo, Ruth, Albion Patterson. Afterwards, Krishnaji answered questions, mostly from Patterson, on the relation of his personal early history to the teachings for people without that background. Krishnaji said it had no relevance. "What happened to him interests people who are not really interested in themselves."' [*Both laugh.*] '"There is no path, no system. There is a quality of mind you cannot put into words that can go into the question of truth. There is a mystery which one must approach with extraordinary delicacy. The conscious mind cannot do this. The word is not the thing. If one comes to the thing, one never puts it into words, but can say it is there. I know it is there." Krishnaji walked, but was tired and we drove home. Krishnaji wants to stay in Ojai during the educational meetings. Erna invited us both to stay at their house.'

March two. 'A quiet day at home. Deskwork for me and rest for Krishnaji. He added a small bit to yesterday's tape, saying he had no ill feeling towards the TS people who opposed him. He had no relationship at all to them.'

The fourth of March, 'was another hot day. In the afternoon, Krishnaji wanted to walk on the beach. The salt air does him good, and I feel my back better since not walking on the slope. So he walked on the beach, and I kept parallel on the beach road. We both walked very fast to Puerco Canyon and back to the end of the beach road.'

‘Krishnaji read a report on some kind of research that predicts the collapse of the world economies in seventy years unless growth, birth, and pollution are drastically halted. Krishnaji asked what is the individual’s answer to such catastrophe? He said the response must come not out of the problems, or compulsion, but out of freedom. What matters is to live rightly.’

On the eighth of March, ‘with a pot of beans, we left at 9:30 a.m. for Ojai. There’s a meeting at the Lilliefelts’ with John Kern of the Kern Foundation, Joy Mills, and Helen Zahara (of the TS National Headquarters in Wheaton, Illinois), Erna, Theo, Ruth, and Albion Patterson. Krishnaji explained vividly why his books should not be published by Quest, the TS publishing house, and they left.’

S: Hm. Was that recorded too, do you think?

M: I don’t think so.

‘We discussed miscellaneous business matters. At three, David Young and Mrs. Marjorie Keller came to talk to Krishnaji alone. Do you remember Marjorie Keller?

S: No.

M: Well, she had a daughter here at Brockwood who married Frodo.

S: Ah! Yes. Oh, I remember her. Cassandra. Yes.

M: Cassandra.

S: Oh, that’s Marjorie Keller. Aha.

M: And David Young—he was mixed up in Ojai and Happy Valley things. ‘They came about Rajagopal’s dispute and talked for one-and-a-half hours, after which Krishnaji recounted it all to the rest of us. He made it all very clear to them that if Rajagopal wishes to settle, it must be handled by lawyers and the attorney general.’

The next day, ‘Erna and Theo came down about Santa Monica Auditorium for Krishnaji to talk in. Sidney Field came for a walk with Krishnaji.’

On the twelfth [*laughs*], ‘Krishnaji and I telephoned Dorothy at Brockwood just for fun.’ [*S laughs*.] ‘Again we walked on the lawn. I was busy with income tax. Rajagopal has asked for postponement of his deposition for March twenty to the twenty-eighth.’

The next day, ‘we went to the dentist the next day and saw *West Side Story* on television. Krishnaji said meditation was so intense in the night that he wanted to get up. Also felt something evil outside so that he looked out the window, “as if when there is great good, evil attempts to come sniffing around.” He often said about that.

S: I know. [*Pause, Mary sighs.*] He said once that great good attracts evil.

M: Yes, yes.

S: And that there were times when evil was present and it was dangerous.

M: Yes. There were such times. He'd feel danger, and he would also feel protected, but—I know I've said this in a previous discussion—but he spoke of it often, that evil would try to get at him through…

S: People close…

M: …some others, you or me or somebody…and it really does. Not that we'd be evil, but that we'd be vulnerable…

S: …be hurt, or in an accident, or…

M: …yes, yes,

S: We'll talk about this later because it comes up later, I know.

M: Yes.

On the seventeenth, 'Alain arrived just after lunch, having motored down from San Francisco. He brought ties for Krishnaji and a pretty scarf and a little bottle for me. He and Krishnaji walked on the beach, and I went over to see the Dunnes. They were playing Mozart. Before lunch, I went over the Nagra equipment with Alain, who will tape Krishnaji's talks tomorrow.'

On the eighteenth, 'Alain went to the Santa Monica Auditorium early with the Nagra. Krishnaji and I got there at 11 a.m. A process server handed Krishnaji a summons for a deposition backstage just before he went on stage to speak. It was a cross-complaint from Rajagopal et al. against Krishnaji, Erna, Ruth, me, and Sidney Roth.'

S: How charming [*sarcastic tone*], just before Krishnaji is to give a public talk.

M: Yes, wanting to discourage him.

S: That guy was such an absolute, terrible, evil…

M: 'It had no effect on Krishnaji.' [*S chuckles.*] 'He handed it to Theo and went in and gave a fine talk' [for the video] [*S chuckles.*] 'for one-and-a-quarter hours. Erna and I telephoned Rosenthal, who was shocked at the service before the talk, but not surprised at a cross-complaint.'

‘Krishnaji, Alain, and I had lunch at home and Erna and Theo came by on their way to Ojai. Krishnaji was very sharp on analyzing Rajagopal’s actions, especially about the alleged oral agreement that Rajagopal says Krishnaji gave him on a trusteeship for life. Krishnaji said to me later, “Judas isn’t in it”—i.e., Judas was pale by comparison.’

S: Mm, hm.

M: Next day, the nineteenth, ‘Krishnaji gave his second Santa Monica talk with tremendous force. He based much of it on the questions asked in a letter handed in yesterday by a Bob Stevens: How can one be free and still be part of a rotten system and society due to having a job? At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview to a physics professor, Dr. Mael Melvin.’

On the twentieth, ‘Alan Kishbaugh came for dinner, and Krishnaji came to the table and stayed up till he left. Betsy**[3]** was there till they left.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji, Alain, and I drove to town. Krishnaji had space shoes fitting.’ [*Laughs.*] ‘Then we all had Mexican food at the farmer’s market. I took them to a movie in Hollywood, then I went for a fitting at a dressmaker.’

S: We should say what those space shoes are, for those people who don’t know [*laughing*], because we call them space shoes.

M: How could people not know what a space shoe is? [*S laughs.*] Well, they are remarkably clumsy, big shoes that are extremely comfortable and good for your feet; and how you acquire them is you put each foot into a shoebox, which is full of plaster of Paris, and you sit there. It’s usually very cold. And when you’ve sat long enough, the shoemaker takes it; from that he makes a form of your foot, and from the form, he makes two shoes which absolutely conform to every little bump or anything on your feet. And they’re light, because the bottoms are made with cork. They look heavy, like Frankenstein sort of shoes, but they’re actually quite light because they’re made of cork. I still wear them. And I thought Krishnaji would like them. He liked the idea, but I must say [*chuckling*] he didn’t wear them much. [*M and S laugh.*] They weren’t quite the best leather. They didn’t have a certain *je ne sais quoi*…

S: Exactly.

M: …that Lobb has, but anyway, he went along with it. [*S laughing.*] But beyond that, I can’t say too much. ‘I picked up Krishnaji and Alain after their movie, and we came home.’

Then, it says here, ‘Sidney Roth, Martha Longnecker, and a Mr. Van Lewin, and Miss… Mrs. Robinson or Mr. Robinson’—I don’t know—‘came to show the video cassette made of Sunday’s talk. Very good. The color is excellent. Ease of cassette. A Sony device. Exceptional.’ I don’t know what that is.

The next day, ‘we were home all day. Krishnaji saw Tara Singh at 4 p.m.’ Do I have to explain Tara Singh?

S: Yes, if he’s in this, you have to explain him.

M: Tara Singh is a Sikh. You can tell by the name. He left India ages ago, and he’s known Krishnaji for years. He was a man of mystery back in those days, who apparently could live in the United States without any visible means of support. Eventually, (he hadn’t yet at this point) he turned himself into a guru, and to this day, I think he has a some sort of a foundation.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And he teaches people to do miracles, I think. I’ve been told he’s written a book about it. I haven’t read it. And I don’t want to say too much more about him [*laughing, S laughing*, *too*] because my impressions are not flattering. And it’s of no moment to anybody for me to immortalize my opinions of Tara Singh. But, anyway…

S: Alright. We’ll let you off the hook on this one.

M: He had an interview.

‘Sidney Field came the next day, joining Alain and Krishnaji on the walk.’

On the twenty-fourth of March, ‘Alain checked two of the transcripts of dialogues with Krishnaji. I wrote a long letter to my lawyer in New York, Mitchell Booth, about the Miss Dodge will and Krishnaji. And also about the cross-complaint by Rajagopal about Mr. Pinter’s papers.’

S: What’s that all about?

M: I can’t exactly remember…Mr. Pinter, whom I never met, or I think I spoke with him early, he warned Krishnaji that Rajagopal was making off with everything. And that Krishnaji would wind up with nothing, without even a presence, much less any influence, in his own organization, which of course is exactly what happened. Somehow, all this came into the case. I don’t quite remember the details.

On the twenty-fifth, ‘Krishnaji gave his third talk in Santa Monica. He said, “order carries its own law, which is its own discipline.” We went back to the house for lunch. A woman called Ruth McCandless lunched with us, and so did Erna and Theo. And Leipziger has received some of the papers asked for from Rajagopal’—we’d asked for them. ‘No delay has been asked so far by Rajagopal for his deposition next Tuesday.’

March twenty-sixth. It says, ‘Krishnaji and I have been living on two levels for the last two days. He gave his fourth talk at Santa Monica, a superb one, [for the video] on energy that comes when thought is ended. The first step is the last, and it is freedom.’

Alan Kishbaugh brought Frank Waters, an anthropology writer on Native Americans, and Giovanna d'Onofreo, a voice teacher, to lunch. Krishnaji and Waters are to do a taped dialogue tomorrow. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave interviews to five people. Later, Krishnaji, Alain, and I walked on the lawn.

The next day, 'I had to do errands while Krishnaji held discussion with Frank Waters, which Alain recorded. At 12:40 p.m., Krishnaji and Alain met me at a movie theater, where we saw *The Godfather* with Marlon Brando. Krishnaji brought a picnic lunch, but didn't eat it till afterwards in the car in the parking lot. Krishnaji and Alain bought some shirts and we came home. I listened to the discussion recorded this morning and spoke with Saul Rosenthal, who will do Rajagopal's deposition tomorrow. Erna called later to say that Rosenthal wants her present at the deposition.'

I must say, I'd like to hear that tape again.

On March twenty-eight, 'Dorothy telephoned from Brockwood about the tenders on the building. We need £23,000 sterling more to complete the Cloisters. Krishnaji told me to say "Find out how much of it we can build doing the foundation of the whole."' I don't know what that means.

S: Do the foundation for the whole thing, and then only build like one wing of it or something.

M: I guess so. He suggested Dorothy write to Perrine, too. Krishnaji and I then drove to Ojai, arriving at 5:30 p.m. Erna had been all day with Rosenthal at the Rajagopal deposition. Rajagopal had done himself no good, she said.' Now, I perhaps shouldn't read what I wrote because we have an agreement not to discuss what was said in Rajagopal's deposition, so I'll have to censor this. So, I'll skip the part about the deposition.

S: Okay.

M: We spent the night at the Lilliefelts'.

The next day, 'Krishnaji held the first meeting of the educational gathering, a discussion with thirty-odd invited teachers and others. I taped it on the Nagra. Alain, who had spoken in Los Angeles last night, came up from Malibu. Erna again spent today with Rosenthal at Rajagopal's deposition. I marketed before the meeting, and did all the meals. Krishnaji, Theo, and I walked down the road and met Erna returning. All walked back and talked.'

'Rajagopal is turning and twisting. Rosenthal was very good, Erna says. He went through Rajagopal's complaint against us. Nonsense. Rosenthal bore down on Rajagopal about threats. Rajagopal said he had only seen Krishnaji alone for five minutes.' I can say this because it doesn't refer to his finances.

On the thirtieth, 'Krishnaji held the second meeting of the educational gathering, mostly on comparison. I taped it on the Nagra. I cooked for Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and me, then we went to Dr. Lay'—that was the chiropractor. 'I did marketing and then met Krishnaji and Theo on the walk. I invented a new soup for Krishnaji…' [*Laughing*.] Oh dear, you don't want that.

S: Yes, we do.

M: Alright, but I'll just say, 'Swiss chard and various vegetables. We had supper alone as Erna and Theo were out. In the morning, Krishnaji came to me with almost tears and said, "Come, let me show you this place." We looked down the valley and at the hills. He loves this place so much. The air was filled with the smell of orange blossoms, and he had me listen to a hum, which was the bees in the grove. I asked him if he would like to get a place here, that I would sell Malibu if he wished it. He wouldn't hear of that, but came back later to thank me.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: March thirty-first. 'Krishnaji held the third meeting of the educational gathering. It was a good discussion. Robert Gold, a lawyer from Blaisdell, lunched with Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and me and discussed the case. He advised receivership for KWINC. Krishnaji, Theo, and I walked down the Thacher Road. On our return, Krishnaji had me write down that he had, in the early morning, a feeling of meditation that he had never had before. "From my center, from my heart that filled the whole valley. It went on for a considerable time. From that, it went to my head, and was a most extraordinary thing. It has been pursuing me on all the walk and when I was talking to him"'—the lawyer Gold—'"it was just a voice talking. There was no reaction. It was just happening."'

S: Hm.

M: That takes us through the end of March, 1972, and a good place to stop.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] An eventual trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation of America.

[2] Biascoechea was one of the long standing donors to Krishnaji's work who legally had the right to know what was done with their donations.

[3] Betsy Drake, a long-standing friend of Mary's.

Issue 22: March 27, 1972 to May 6, 1972

This issue covers events that were almost entirely in California, but we see some significant things occur. The legal case intensifies, and a settlement outside of the courts seems all but impossible. Krishnaji discusses the future of the organizations he has created since his break with KWINC; what should the foundations do after his death, etcetera.

Also of significance are the first meetings on education in Ojai. This is clearly the beginning of the Krishnamurti school in Ojai.

We also see Krishnaji's first request to Mary that she write about what it was like to be with him; a request he would repeat for the rest of his life.

Mary: We were supposed to start at April first, 1972, but we have to backtrack.

Scott: That's right, but we're being thorough.

M: In the last discussion I had only consulted my little diary for the last part of March, but, in fact, I have entries in my big diary for March twenty-seventh to the end of the month.

S: And we don't mind hearing the same things again in more detail. [*Laughs*; "*hmmpff*" *sound from M*.]

M: Alright, we're now in the big book, so-called, which isn't very big, but anyway, it begins Tuesday, twenty-seventh March, 1972, Malibu to Ojai. Oh, this is boring.

S: No, it's not.

M: 'Lovely, bright morning. Dorothy telephoned from Brockwood. We have a building permit.' I've probably already gone into that.

S: No, we didn't hear a thing about it. [*Chuckling*.]

M: Well [*chuckling*], 'she called about the tender estimates from the builders. It is £63,000 sterling and we have only £46,000 sterling.' Doesn't that sound familiar to you? [*S laughs*.] 'It was not a competitive bid, which the builder knew. It was a company which had given a low bid based on Hoppen's plans for other buildings. To get other bids will cost us £1,200 sterling, delay of considerable time, and meanwhile the costs are rising. Krishnaji spoke briefly to her and we suggested asking Ian Hammond how much of the Cloisters can be done, including doing preparation for the foundation…' You understood that when I read it before.

S: Yes.

M: So you remember. [*Seems to be reading again*.] '…for the whole. Krishnaji wants to get on with what we can and hope to raise money for the balance. She will write to Perrines.' I know I already said this.

S: Yes, but we only got an abbreviated version of this.

M: 'We packed and did a hundred things before we left for Ojai. Then, Philippa comes by'—we'll skip that. 'Alain also was there. He was giving a talk at the Bodhi bookshop the next day. Krishnaji and I got off at 3:35 p.m. instead of 3 p.m., which made too much sun on him in the car, and he felt sick**[1]**. We got to Ojai and the Lilliefelts' at 5:15 p.m. Theo was there, but Erna only arrived later, having spent the whole day with Saul Rosenthal at Rajagopal's deposition. It took place in the KWINC office and Terry Christen, Rajagopal's lawyer, and a court stenographer were present.'

And then I'll skip the part about what Erna said about it because of legal constraints.

[*Chuckling*.] 'At one point,' this isn't very vital, 'Rajagopal denied that the old office next to Pine Cottage was a KWINC office. "It was," said Krishnaji' [*strong mimicking voice, followed by laughing*]. 'Rajagopal rambled, evaded, doesn't listen to the whole question before replying.' That's very bad if you're a good deposition-giver. One of the cardinal rules—I was schooled in this as it came to me eventually, *listen* to the question *thoroughly* before you answer; don't jump in. Anyway, 'Krishnaji and I stayed for the night.'

On March twenty-ninth, 'Erna spent the second day with Rosenthal at the KWINC office on Rajagopal's deposition. I marketed and did all the meals. Krishnaji said that he had not slept too well. He felt psychic crossfire "of those two"'—meaning Rosalind and Rajagopal. 'At eleven, he held the first of the educational gatherings. About forty people in all, mostly professors, and a few psychiatrists. I taped it. Alain arrived from Malibu. Alan Kishbaugh was there, Albion Patterson, etcetera. I made lunch for Krishnaji, Theo, and myself. Later, we walked down the road and met Erna returning from the deposition. I walked back and talked.'

My diary says, 'Rosenthal bore down on Rajagopal about the threats to Krishnaji, but Rajagopal wouldn't come out with it…'—he wouldn't admit it. 'It showed him that we knew what he had been up to and we are not responding to the threats. The cross-complaint was gone through and it said that the rest of us have sided with Krishnaji, that Erna had played the tape to someone**[2]**, and that I prevented Rajagopal from seeing Krishnaji. Rajagopal said that he hadn't seen Krishnaji alone, and then said that he had only seen him alone for about five minutes. He denied that he had taped that meeting. He admitted to taping Krishnaji's telephone conversation in 1966, the last call to Malibu before Krishnaji left California, and also taping a meeting they had face-to-face. He denied any other taping. Saul said that he felt Rajagopal might want to settle soon. There was to be another deposition meeting next week. Saul had to give the court stenographer a lift, and his comment on Rajagopal was that he is "a lying bastard."' This shocked Krishnaji because of the language, but as Erna told the whole story, Krishnaji again said,

"he is a crook,"'—[*soft chuckling*]—'"he is *lying.*"' I underlined that four or five times. [*More chuckling by both M and S.*] 'Erna and I sent a cable to Mary Cadogan, asking her to find out if Miss Dodge left a will in which Krishnaji and Rajagopal are mentioned.'

March thirtieth, a Thursday. 'Clear, exquisite morning. Krishnaji came to me and said "Come, I want to show you this place." We went out on the Lilliefelts' driveway and looked down the valley toward the mountains, and Krishnaji was half in tears at the beauty of this place, which he loves so much. The air was filled with the smell of orange blossoms, and he had me listen to a hum, which was bees, thousands of bees, that work in the orange groves. I said that if he would like it, I would find a house here, and sell Malibu. He wouldn't let me finish the sentence even, but later came to thank me. Today he didn't feel the psychic crossfire of Rajagopal and Rosalind. He had slept well. The silence here is good for him. No noise of cars or even the sea.'

'At 11 a.m., he held the second educational gathering, mostly on comparison. Afterwards, Krishnaji went in Alan Kishbaugh's BMW for a spin and pronounced it a good car, next to a Mercedes. [*S chuckles.*] I made lunch for Krishnaji, Erna, and Theo, and then went for a back treatment. I ran into Alain Naudé in the post office and asked him why he had in 1966'—oh, this is funny—'gone over to the office next to Pine Cottage when Rajagopal was there meeting with Krishnaji.' This was when we first came back and Rajagopal and Krishnaji had a meeting alone and Alain and I sat in the little flat in which he was staying next to Pine Cottage.**[3]** And at one point, I'd forgotten what happened, but Alain wanted to go over and wanted me to come with him. We thought that they were meeting in Krishnaji's flat in Pine Cottage.

S: But in fact they were meeting in the office?

M: Yes. And this is Alain's remembrance of it, which I'd forgotten. 'He remembered that we had thought they were meeting in Pine Cottage and that Rajagopal might be taping it. We went over looking for wires or something that might show this [*laughing*]. It happens that they were meeting in the office, which we didn't realize, and Rajagopal came to the door.' In his deposition, Rajagopal said that we had been listening. We hadn't. 'It happens that we were right about the taping because Rajagopal admitted that he had taped that conversation.' [*M chuckles.*]

'Krishnaji and I had supper alone, Erna and Theo being out, and Krishnaji had fun looking up things in a Random House Dictionary, which has all kinds of things in it.' [*Chuckles.*]

'Friday, March thirty-first, Ojai. Krishnaji held his third meeting of the educational gathering, a good meeting.'

S: Could we just stop for a minute, because that's the kind of thing that Krishnaji would do.

M: With the dictionaries?

S: Well, have fun doing something like that…

M: Yes.

S: …some small thing, that he would suddenly have a lot of fun doing.

M: Yes. He liked to look at certain objects. I can't give a category for what the objects were.

S: Well, give us some examples.

M: Looking up words is one of them. And what else? Well, he'd also be fascinated by very ordinary objects I bought, or things I got for the house, just what you buy when you go to the market.

S: Yes, I know.

M: He'd never done things like that.

S: Yes, I remember he would peer through all the shopping bags.

M: Yes. He had me put them out in the old kitchen in Malibu.

S: Yes.

M: He had me put them out on this very table that we're sitting at here at Brockwood. And then he'd look at them [*S laughs*]…boring things!

S: [*laughing more*] I know; detergents, cereal boxes, all kinds…

M: Yes, toothpaste. Soap. Kleenex. But he'd look at each one as though…

S: As though he was from outer space or something.

M: Yes.

S: Oh, this is what humans buy!

M: Yes. [*S laughs more*.] I mean, what do you do when you go to a market? Where do you go in? And then you buy? Well, here they were. [*Laughs*.]

S: Yes. I remember that. I'd completely forgotten that. And saw them, too, at any place, he'd just be…

M: Yes! Yes…

S: …fascinated by anything that was bought.

M: And then, of course, when he went in with me to the health food shop, he would walk around and look at the shelves, again, as if he was from outer space, as if he'd never been in places like that before. He probably hadn't. [*Both laugh*.]

S: Remember the time when he wanted to try a new kind of a shampoo because he saw it advertised on a plastic bag in Saanen?

M: Yes, that's right.

S: We were in Gstaad.

M: Yes, he would always be trying something new.

S: I went out and got the shampoo. [*Both laugh*.]

M: And he, as you remember, in that cupboard in his Brockwood bedroom, which is now a doorway…

S: I know.

M: …to your room, he had more things in that!

S: Yes. [*M laughs*.] I know, we'd joke about his cornering the market on certain things.

[*S laughs heartily*.]

M: I used to say that he had more in that cupboard than Boots had because he liked squirreling things away.

S: Yes, that's what I mean. He'd cornered the market in one shampoo.

M: Yes, he'd buy several, because we may not be able to get it.

S: Yes, quite right. [*Laughter*.]

M: And I, of course, encouraged him because I thought it entertained him.

S: Yes. [*More chuckling by both*.]

M: Anyway…where were we?

S: Incidentally, I still have some of his things.

M: I do, too.

S: Some of his hair things, and some of his…

M: So do I. I have lots of hair oil in Ojai if you ever come to call.

S: Yes. [*Much laughter*.]

M: But I don't use hair oil, and I don't know anybody who does who is worthy of receiving it.

S: Exactly, but when that worthy person come along…[*M laughs*.]

M: Where are we?

S: Thirtieth, weren't we?

M: Alright. We already mentioned the good educational gathering. 'Afterward, a lawyer named Gold brought by Mr. Rempel'—he's a lawyer from the Blaisdell Institute—'was asked for lunch. Erna and Theo had dined with him last night and had been asked about the Rajagopal case. This man is an aggressive lawyer. He said our case was political.' Do you want to hear all this?

S: Mm, hm. Absolutely.

M: 'Wyman'—he's one of the partners of Rajagopal's law firm—'being a political figure might have pull with the attorney general's office. Krishnaji gave him a background of the case, the reasons and unreasons for Rajagopal's animosity, including threats, etcetera. Gold thought we should ask for KWINC to be put in the hands of the Receiver. It might force Rajagopal to settle if it were all taken away from his control. Thinks we could ask the district attorney to act on embezzlement or bring suit against him personally instead of as a member of KWINC. The case can drag on five years with enormous lawyer bills, he said. The Receiver, if effective, could be a cheaper and quicker way to go. At the end of the conversation, it came to light that Faria and Theo had been upset by my returning to talk to Saul Rosenthal alone in our meeting on January thirty-first. I had explained it to Erna in the car on the way home, but apparently that wasn't enough for Theo till today when I talked about it and my worry over the responsibility of letting an ugly battle shape up around Krishnaji.' I had gone back to see the lawyer as I wanted to know what we were getting into, and the Lilliefelts were suspicious. I don't know what they suspected I was up to. People are quite weird.

'Later Krishnaji, Theo, and I walked up around Thacher Road. On the return, Krishnaji told me what had happened in the night. These are his words, quote: "I have never had this before, this feeling of meditation. I woke up this morning at 5 with the feeling from my center, from my heart that filled the whole valley. It went on for a considerable time, and from that it went to my head and was a most extraordinary thing. It has been pursuing me on the walk. When I was talking to him'"—the lawyer Gold—"'it was just a voice talking; there was no reaction. *It* was just happening."'

April first. ‘Krishnaji had the fourth meeting of the educational gathering’—this was in Ojai—‘and we stayed through lunch with Erna and Theo. An Ojai newspaper had a headline about the suit against Rajagopal. And then all four drove home to Malibu.’ Who were the others? I guess Alan Kishbaugh and Alain Naudé.

Anyway. Nothing much of interest. On April third, ‘there was a tea for eight people who had worked at the Santa Monica talks.’ Nothing of interest. On the fourth, ‘Krishnaji gave interviews and walked with Sidney Field.’

S: Well, that’s interesting.

M: [*laughs*] You find everything interesting. ‘Mitchell Booth…’ Mitchell Booth, to remind everybody, is the New York lawyer, whom. . .

S: Is your family lawyer.

M: Yes, my family’s lawyer who helped us first evaluate where we were legally with KWINC. He ‘telephoned as we’d asked him to look up Miss Dodge’s will because there was a legal point we wanted to know.’ She had left a living trust for Krishnaji, and also one for Rajagopal, and under it a yearly amount went to each one. I think there was one for Nitya, too, but she died after Nitya died, so I don’t know what happened to that. This is not discussed in the deposition, in which case I shouldn’t talk about it, but Rajagopal had always maintained that he was independently wealthy from benefactors, and at one point Krishnaji used to get his check sent automatically from the New York bank that handled the trust to his bank, which then was in Hollywood. I changed it to Ojai later. And by mistake once, they sent the check for Rajagopal to Krishnaji, which showed how much he was getting. Now, Krishnaji was getting the, I suppose, generous amount—when it was done, but almost meaningless by 1972—amount of £500 sterling a year, which didn’t even buy him a pair of trousers in 1972 [*both laugh*]. Nevertheless, it was his entire income. Rajagopal’s was less, so he didn’t become independently wealthy via Miss Dodge. So, I’d asked Mitch to find out if her will was probated there and if there was any mention of Krishnaji or Rajagopal, and he said there was no mention. The amount goes under agreement with a living trust made for her niece, a Mrs. Vanda de Webb, which means that probably the money went to Krishnaji and Rajagopal during their lifetimes and eventually to her niece. But that’s a living trust…living trusts don’t come up in probate.

April fifth, ‘Sidney Roth and a cameraman from San Diego came to the house and Krishnaji was videotaped in color, walking about the gardens. This is to be used in the titles of the San Diego films. We had a very quick lunch and left for four days in Ojai. Krishnaji drove the second half of the distance. We went to the Lilliefelts’ and left our things and then went back into Ojai, where Krishnaji had a haircut. Then we came back and walked with Erna and Theo. There was a good plain article in the *Ojai Valley News* on the talks in Ojai this coming weekend. At supper, Krishnaji brought up the subject he had raised with me earlier: What should be done by the Foundations when he dies? He spoke at first of support for people who might travel and speak, but the Lilliefelts and I

too wonder how one would choose such people, even if there were any to consider? Only Krishnaji can judge that. Again, I had an idea that came, as it had about the Educational Centre while sitting in the same place at the Lilliefelts' table, that a Krishnamurti library to house books, tapes, films, and people could come to study quietly would be part of the answer.' Well!

S: How about that?!

M: I thought of that? That's what it says.

S: Well, good.

M: It said "I" or Krishnaji; I never said "I." I didn't remember that. 'The rest of the three of us felt the Foundations should pursue every current activity, i.e., continue publishing of all the books. Krishnaji then dreamt of what to do if KFA gets the land here from KWINC. He felt the Oak Grove and adjoining fields for parking should be kept while he continues to speak and that the rest be sold, except the McAndrew Road property. The office there becomes an archive office, always keeping the present one in town.' Well, as you know, we didn't keep the office in town, very long.

'Pine Cottage becomes rearranged into a library and discussion center, and Arya Vihara be fixed for his living place. When I spoke of the sense of contamination there a few days ago, he had said, "Oh, one night there and we will sweep it away."' [*M and S both chuckle*.] '"You must do the house, nobody else"'—he meant me.

'"He didn't go into all the changes we spoke of to the Lilliefelts, but did say the upstairs of Arya Vihara where Rosalind and Radha lived are poorly planned and cheaply made and should be removed. India should make Vasanta Vihar into a center for a library, etcetera, continue the schools and education; England should continue the publications and support Brockwood both as a school and as a center. He spoke about my having use of the West Wing for life, which I said I couldn't possibly do. Krishnaji said, quote: "I say you must have it. What you do is up to you, but you like England and it should be your home there." Erna pointed out that all of us have probably only about fifteen-something years to carry on. Krishnaji said, "I am going to live another fifteen years." He mentioned cremation, scattering of his ashes, no ceremony, no churches, temples. Erna said that all these matters should be legally recorded as his intentions.'

'We spoke then about the third deposition of Rajagopal tomorrow, the point that he may be a Theosophist. His wife is. Casselberry had joined the Liberal Catholic Church, according to Sidney Field, and that others on the KWINC Board have shown open hostility to Krishnaji as well as acting counter to his teaching by those affiliations. I feel he should be asked under oath'—this is Rajagopal—'if he is a Theosophist. He could be planning to turn KWINC over ultimately on his death to the Theosophical Society. Joy Mills, the present TS president, whom Krishnaji saw here on March eighth, in spite of telling Krishnaji she would withdraw from her election to the Happy Valley Board, accepted the membership.'

Thursday, April sixth, Ojai. 'Erna went with Saul Rosenthal to the third day of the Rajagopal deposition. Fred Volz, the editor of the *Ojai Valley News*, interviewed Krishnaji about Ojai, what its quality was, the years Krishnaji has known it, and what will happen to it. The interview was taped by Volz. Krishnaji, Theo, and I lunched. The text of Rajagopal's first deposition arrived, 170 pages. I read about half of it after lunch, and it reads very evasively to my mind; at times, hardly a sentence is grammatical English; gives ridiculous explanations for holding all the land, for forming the K & R Trust and the Annie Besant Trust; real estate transactions are very weak. He said his birth date was seven September 1900, born in Periyakulam, South India.'

Then I went to the village, and ran into Erna and Saul at the KFA office. They came back to the house while I fetched Krishnaji and Theo, who were on a walk. We all had tea together. The deposition is finished and Saul said useful things were in today's. Erna said explanations…' [*seems to make an aside*] well, I can't go on about it…'it's just too much, she said.'

S: Yes. Because it's about the deposition?

M: Yes.

S: Yes, okay.

M: 'Rajagopal did admit that he was a lifelong Theosophist'—it was about his money that he didn't want anybody to read—'and so was his wife, Casselberry, and Austin Bee. He declined to answer about the others, i.e., Porter, Vigeveno, Weideman. Krishnaji was visibly shocked by all this and said, "How could a man that had corrected the talks and been part of this be at the same time a Theosophist?" Saul talked a little to Krishnaji about his own deposition, this week. Krishnaji said he felt a little nervous. An important question is going to be why Krishnaji broke with Rajagopal and KWINC. Saul left and all of us went for a walk. At supper, Krishnaji talked more about how Rajagopal could have become so crooked. Erna and I both feel he is even more devious than we suspected and is so deeply antagonistic to Krishnaji that he is trying to destroy him and the meaning of his teachings. Does he really believe in Theosophy? Can he believe in anything except his own overweening sense of self?'

Friday, April seventh. 'Another clear, warm morning. Krishnaji was out early looking at the mountains and down the valley. The smell of orange blossoms is like the warm sea. The morning dove and the bees are the sounds. Krishnaji again talked about making the eleven acres on McAndrew Road a center office, Pine Cottage the library/discussion center. Arya Vihara a private place for him during his lifetime, and then convertible for a quiet place to read, listen to tapes, etcetera. He also spoke again about Rajagopal being a Theosophist—is shocked and appalled by it. I worked all morning on letters, made lunch, and in the afternoon went to the chiropractor, Dr. Lay. I fetched our tickets from the travel service, marketed, and looked over the Bowl for tomorrow's talk. When I came back, I found Krishnaji and Theo just finishing a walk. At Krishnaji's urging, I walked alone and encountered Albion Patterson, who said that he thought Annalisa Rajagopal

was parked outside the Lilliefelts' house on Thursday when Krishnaji was seeing Volz.' She was scuttling around; who knows what she was doing?

Saturday, April eighth. 'Krishnaji took me out to see the wonder of the lovely morning, the hills and valley. He had slept well. I prepared lunch, then took the Nagra to Libbey Park in Ojai where Krishnaji is to give two talks this weekend. I set it up and left it to Alan Kishbaugh to watch while I came back for Krishnaji. Erna has stayed at the house till I came, feeling uneasy at Rajagopal's people doing…anything. I drove Krishnaji at 11 a.m. to the talk and it was videotaped in color by Ben Lewin…' He was a photographer.

S: It was videotaped?

M: Yes. '…arranged by Sidney Roth, who was there. A large, attentive audience. Krishnaji spoke of beauty, of the valley, of preserving it. Most of the talk was on thought. Erna said that Loebl was there with a tape recorder.' Loebl was Rajagopal's first lawyer. 'Casselberry was there, too. Kishbaugh dismantled the Nagra for me and joined us for lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw Mark Lee, his wife, and the twins. Sidney Roth and Martha Longenecker came with slides and the titles for the San Diego State University film of talks and videotaped dialogues with Trungpa, Anderson, and Schallert. They went over the rest of introductions, and the text of introductions, with Theo and me. I went to market. Krishnaji and Theo walked, then Erna and I walked passing Ruth's house. Donald Hoppen came out.'

S: Ruth Tettemer?

M: Yes, she lived down McAndrew Road from the Lilliefelts.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Donald Hoppen came out to greet us. He was quite friendly. He had written a note asking to see Krishnaji and me. I will try to arrange it here tomorrow. Said he was at two of the Santa Monica talks. I made a soup for supper that Krishnaji liked. [*Chuckles*.] It had everything…'

S: Good. That's what we want.

M: '…and he stirred it and sniffed it appreciatively. It was leeks and celery mostly, with one potato…' Do you want everything?

S: Yes, everything.

M: '…one zucchini, lots of parsley, the outer leaves of a lettuce, and cubes of concentrated vegetable broth, all put through the blender. At supper, Krishnaji talked of Rajagopal, his refusal of Krishnaji's healing, his self-pity. Krishnaji quoted Rajagopal as saying, "People will always look after you." Krishnaji made a gesture at me, "But me, who will care about me?" Erna said that Rajagopal told her that he and Rosalind had a

shared spiritual bond. Krishnaji wondered how, with this extraordinary protection that has characterized his life, that those two'—Rajagopal and Rosalind—'were allowed to come into it as they did.'

S: Absolutely.

M: Do we not all wonder that?

S: Exactly.

M: Sunday, the ninth of April. 'We went out to look down the valley and listen to the bees and the morning dove, which sat on a tree and made its lovely sound. I gave Krishnaji his breakfast tray, started lunch, and then took the Nagra to Libbey Park, set it up, and left it again with Alan Kishbaugh. I came back to fetch Krishnaji to his second talk. A strong, superb one, tremendous energy in it. He said, "Order is not within the field of consciousness." Bill Quinn, from past days in Ojai, spoke to him briefly after the talk, almost in tears. In the car, Krishnaji was shaking from the outpouring of speaking. It had been broadcast live on radio and was videotaped. He had worn a middling dark red knitted shirt, which came out well on colored video. We drove back very slowly, followed by a hippy. Krishnaji spoke to him. He was too choked up to speak to Krishnaji and later when we left, he was waiting by the gate to see Krishnaji again. Mark Lee and family came by for Krishnaji to touch the children's heads. His wife brought idli**[4]**, which Krishnaji, Erna, Alan Kishbaugh, Ruth, and I had with our lunch. At lunch, Krishnaji gave Kishbaugh a summary of what Theosophists believe, part of it very funny. I did a roll on the Leicaflex of him across the table as he talked.' I have those pictures in the other room.

S: Hm.

M: 'After lunch, we had a trustee meeting. When it was over, Donald Hoppen saw Krishnaji. I spoke briefly to him as he left and he said his being upset and angry is something he now looks on as a passing phase. Krishnaji and I then left and drove home to Malibu in time for supper. It had been a long and full day for Krishnaji, but he wanted to watch *High Noon*, a movie on television, and it was a diversion from all that had gone on.'

S: Donald Hoppen was talking about his own being angry?

M: Yes, he was angry at…

S: …at Brockwood and things.

M: Yes. I think it was because we didn't build his buildings for the school.

Monday, the tenth of April. 'Krishnaji found *Candles in the Sun***[5]** in the bookcase and he read in it. He read me the part in which Lady Emily and others resigned from the TS

and Dr. Besant offered to as well when Krishnaji broke with it. "And yet Rajagopal didn't," said Krishnaji. "How could he remain in it? This is worse than his stealing money." He told me, and probably Erna, that if he'd known that Rajagopal continued to be a Theosophist all those years, he never would have let him edit the talks.

S: That's interesting.

M: Yes.

S: It's also interesting that Annie Besant offered to resign from the TS.

M: Yes, yes. He often talked about that.

S: I didn't know about that.

M: Oh, yes. She said, "I'll give up all this and follow you." And he felt she shouldn't.

'Krishnaji and I walked on the beach road. At lunch, after reading *Candles in the Sun*, he spoke of "protecting the body", how it is necessary. Crossing the beach road together, Krishnaji paused and a car came along fast with the sun in its eyes. I called to Krishnaji, who was just out of my reach, and he said, "I see it, I see it," but he didn't move. He has an odd tendency never to act quickly when there is danger from traffic. He says he sees it as though that was enough.' [*S laughs*.]

S: Maybe it was.

M: [*laughs*] I remember the first time crossing Piccadilly road with him: he was about to step into traffic and I, without thinking, grabbed him. And he said very casually, "You just saved my life." And I was horrified, and he said, "Well, it wouldn't happen if I were alone. Then I pay attention." [*S chuckles*.] So, I thought, my god [*S laughing*], I have to save his life every time we come to cross a road, possibly. And once he went—it's probably in here somewhere—I left him for a fitting at Huntsman. We were going to lunch at Fortnum and when I came back, he'd gone on his own! I was in ***panic*** wondering which road he'd taken and rushed out, and he then reappeared. He not only crossed, but he crossed back, twice. Such things [*S laughing*] shortened my life span. [*M giggles*.]

Anyway, where are we? Oh, Tuesday, eleven April. 'We took a picnic, did a few errands in town, ate in the car, and met Erna at the law office. We conferred with Saul Rosenthal and David Leipziger about Krishnaji's deposition tomorrow. He was told to listen to the whole question, be sure it is understood, and answer what you know or remember. We came back to Malibu and spent the night.'

'In the morning, Krishnaji asked me to write each day, "What is it like to be with a man from Madanapalle."' [*M and S laugh*.] 'He said I must be able to write well. He has been reading *Out of Africa* because of my suggestion and sees that it is a style which means much to me. He said to do this, and that it is more important than all those letters to spend

“an hour or two each day.” This is something that I would like to do most deeply. Where that hour or two each day is to be found, god knows! I am drowning in deskwork, hopelessly behind. There are days after days when I cannot even read some of the mail that I should be answering. But he is right. And if he wants me to do this, “do it!” as he would say. He is confident about tomorrow.’

Wednesday, April twelve. ‘Saul Rosenthal came at 9:30 a.m. Then, a Mr. Nevel, a court reporter, then came Terry Christen, Rajagopal’s lawyer, and his assistant, G. Gilbert. I suddenly looked out the kitchen window and, completely unannounced, saw Rajagopal, Mima Porter, and Annie Vigeveno. I met them on the driveway and walked ahead of them to the house to warn Krishnaji and Erna. It was a shock to Krishnaji and an angry one to Erna and me. We sat at the extended table in the living room, Krishnaji facing the ocean. I sat just behind him and tried to draw the baleful stares of Rajagopal. He looked like an angry ancient baboon, a tense mouth, heavy, decayed body, and hands clasped and twisting, and angry eyes moving as if at a tennis match to the questioner and back. He would stare at my stare, not wanting to cede, and I had the feeling of calmly sending what I thought of him along the wire of his stares. [*Chuckles*.] Porter and Vigeveno sat at the end sofa, old and endlessly ugly, Vigeveno tense and hidden behind very black glasses. Tense, pursed mouth. Porter in her crazy ranch-hand face’—I was really not very flattering when I wrote this—‘sat in frozen attitudes, twisted over with her hands over her face. They looked cold and dead.’

‘Krishnaji spoke in a deep, slightly hoarse voice, slowly, carefully. When he became tired in the afternoon, he had difficulty concentrating on Christen’s questions and asked often for their repetition.’

‘During the break for lunch, Krishnaji went into the dining room and his body shook from head to foot. He lay down in his room for half an hour, and it resumed until 4:30. In the morning, Christen had asked for long explanations of Theosophy and what had happened in the early years. It occurred to me that he was trying to tire Krishnaji before more pertinent questions. Krishnaji answered carefully, giving more than necessary and making no derogatory references to Rajagopal. It is so against his nature to speak critically of someone that even in this context, he cannot do it. He also, out of a politeness, gave us margins for doubt in some of his answers, as though not wanting to contradict Christen. After it was over, he looked drained. When we saw that Rajagopal and the others had gone, Erna telephoned Theo to come, too, and he rushed from Ojai. He accompanied Krishnaji on the beach walk, and Krishnaji came back looking much better. Erna and Theo spent the night here. Krishnaji was shivering a little when he went to bed.’

S: I can’t believe that Rajagopal, Porter, and Vigeveno came to your house.

M: Yes. You see they had a right to be there, but they didn’t communicate they were going to come.

Thursday, the thirteenth of April. ‘Another even longer day of deposition. Again, Rajagopal, Annie Vigeveno, and Mima Porter lumbered in and sat as yesterday. These

two days are the only times I have ever seen Krishnaji sit with his legs crossed. At moments of fatigue, he would sit that way. Rajagopal sat opposite at the other end of the table and again was silent but with an attitude of shrugged shoulders and unspoken indignation. Porter stared out the window with a vacant eye one sees on senile wards.' [*Chuckles*.] I'm sorry, it's…

S: It's perfect. It's fine.

M: 'Vigeveno was controlled, hidden, venomous, but she provided the only humor for us. Before the meetings, I had put a telephone in the living room and suspected that Christen might be instructing her to get the new unlisted number. I had removed the number, leaving the old number [*chuckles*] on the instrument. In late morning, Vigeveno asked if she could telephone and when she had finished she scurried back to her purse, opened it, and surreptitiously wrote on a scrap on paper inside it with Rajagopal looking over her shoulder. The old number! [*Chuckles*.] Which they already have!

S: Why did you change your number?

M: To prevent his telephoning.

S: Right. So it was really to prevent him from calling all the time…

M: Yes, yes. I changed my number, but I figured that might happen, and so it did. 'This made Krishnaji laugh repeatedly in the evening after I told him. The questioning went on. Christen, a'—what?…A something—'in a loud striped shirt and tie, gold spectacles and rings, polite words, sharp eyes, ably and doggedly putting forth questions, seemed to be uncertain what would come from Krishnaji or how to deal with him. Rajagopal asked for a break in mid-morning because Krishnaji had forgotten having seen Joy Mills, etcetera, last month in Ojai. This was corrected. Yesterday, before leaving, Christen had left copies of letters he wished to put in as evidence. We had read them; Krishnaji had not. Some were so sad, Krishnaji apologizing to Rajagopal and mentioning a betrayal. They were letters written at Rajagopal's insistence. One in 1952 was written for Mrs. Bindley in London. Krishnaji was asked to identify his signature, but not the content, for he has no memory of them. Christen had shown us only about a dozen as he is supposed to by agreement.'

You see, probably you know this but, when you're in a case like this, you can ask that anything offered in evidence be shown to each side in advance of cross-examination.

'Krishnaji was shown only about a dozen as he is supposed to by agreement with Rosenthal, but Rajagopal offered some forty in all. The copy of the deposition will give the back and forth of all this, but when we stopped for lunch, it looked as if the questioning might be prolonged into tomorrow. Christen had not yet moved into anything touching on Rosalind, but there were signs of it coming closer. Krishnaji lay down after lunch and I took Saul in to speak to him before the resumption. Krishnaji was sleeping in his bed like a child—infinitely touching. He motioned Saul to sit down on the end of the

bed, and Saul told him that he was doing very well, 85 percent marks, he said, and Krishnaji listened as if he were taking an examination in school.'

'We went back in and it was agreed to try to finish today. As the afternoon wore on, Krishnaji was looking so frail, his body in his jeans and blue shirt and sweater seeming to become smaller. And then he seemed to gain a different strength. He began to speak on his own level of trust and friendship in the early days, which allowed him to leave everything to Rajagopal, of how that trust was eroded by Rajagopal until it was gone and he had to break. Toward the end, Christen was asking if it would meet with Krishnaji's approval, if Krishnaji could accept KWINC doing publishing of the already-published books, *not* by the TS Press. Krishnaji did not accede to this readily. He continued to speak of lack of confidence in Rajagopal. "Trust once broken is gone," he said. Finally, Christen asked him if the court found that KWINC could do that and if KFA did the rest, would Krishnaji accept it? Krishnaji replied that one must accept the court's decision, and if both organizations shared the work then that would happen, and "God help them both." It was over. They left.'

'Saul stayed on a little while. He had got into the record that Krishnaji repudiated a letter that Krishnaji wrote to Rajagopal years ago as a "will" that Rajagopal should carry on the work and appoint his own successor after Krishnaji is gone. But Saul wants Krishnaji to draw up a separate, more binding document to counteract this before he leaves California.'

'We all felt euphoric that it was over. Saul told Krishnaji that he got 100 percent for the afternoon, and Krishnaji was both shaking and laughing, as the strain was beginning to come out of him. He asked Erna and Theo to stay another night, and after Saul left we locked the gate and all walked around the lawn. All through supper we felt a little giddy, at least I did, that the ordeal was over. Krishnaji watched *Ironside* on TV and went to bed.'

S: I think you're going to have to explain, Mary, these letters that Rajagopal had intimidated Krishnaji into writing.

M: I asked Krishnaji what was the so-called betrayal; and Krishnaji said that it was an episode in Athens when they were both staying in a hotel and somebody had asked Rajagopal for an interview with Krishnaji, and Rajagopal turned the person down. Later, Krishnaji was in the lobby, or somewhere, and the person came up to him and begged him for an interview, and he agreed. Rajagopal was in a rage, and said this was a betrayal. This is what he dictated so he could use this as something about Rosalind.

S: And so how did Rajagopal get Krishnaji to write a letter apologizing…?

M: Well, bullying him…

S: Right.

M: …being furious so that Krishnaji would try to calm him down.

S: Yes, I know all this, but I'm asking this for the record.

M: I know you are.

S: So, he wrote apologizing for that betrayal…

M: Yes.

S: …but Rajagopal was making it out to be the betrayal as having to do with…

M: Yes.

S: …Krishnaji's relationship with Rosalind.

M: Yes, which it wasn't at all.

S: Right. Okay. I want to keep all this clear.

M: April the fourteenth. 'Several thoughts on awakening. The thing is not over. Much in Krishnaji's testimony can be pulled down in court because he does not remember things, but his evident *trust* he gave and Rajagopal's abuse is formidable. Erna and Theo left for Ojai and I went to town to fetch things. Krishnaji was very tired and slept all morning and after lunch. Sidney Field went with him on a beach walk.'

The sixteenth April—

S: What happened to fifteenth?

M: I don't know.

S: Well, let's look in the little book.

M: Well, we don't have to have every last thing.

S: Yes, we do. [*M laughs*.] This is the definitive history. [*Laughs*.]

M: You're being Rajagopal to me! [*Chuckles*.]

S: Exactly. Unbelievably.

M: Fifteenth April. I may withhold it. [*S laughs*.] 'Deskwork. We walked on the beach and Amanda came over to talk.'

S: I think…

M: There's no reason that you or anyone else [*S laughs*] should dwell on that…

S: Well, we just don't want to miss anything. If we know that there was nothing there that we'd missed, that's okay. [*M chuckles*.] But just a blank page doesn't do it, you see.

M: We cannot have 365 different entries for x numbers of years.

S: Yes, we can.

M: [*Both laugh. M uses playful "stern" voice*:] I may balk! You can't tell.

April sixteenth. Do you want the sixteenth?

S: Yes, definitely.

M: Apologize! [*In a mocking voice*.]

S: [*laughs*] I'm sorry, very sorry. I'll write you a letter…[*Laughing*.]

M: [*playful voice again*] You betrayed me!

S: …that I betrayed you, yes. [*Chuckling*.]

M: Alright, then. The sixteenth, 'Krishnaji told me I must have a secretary for all the letters, etcetera. He said I spend all my time working when I should be quiet. Think. Read. Write. And keep around him a serene atmosphere. If I get tired, it tires him. I must do everything to be well and stay well. He expects to live many more years and I must be well to help him. If anything happens to me, if I were in a hospital, he could not be with me, etcetera. He joked about, "the Master only speaks once." An old Theosophical saying, so I must pay heed. During the evening, he said something was happening as if someone were in the room watching. Something is happening to him, an energy. He said he understood something about a very, very long prolonged life. He chided me a little about *not* having noticed anything in the room. I had not been quiet.'

'We watched the sixteenth Apollo take off from Cape Kennedy on television, another moon voyage. In the evening, Phil Dunn called to say to look in the western sky as there was a sickle moon with Venus on its right tip.' I have a little drawing of that. So extraordinary and beautiful; Krishnaji held up his arms at the sight, his face alight.

S: Mm.

M: Now, we're going to make a jump, which you won't like, so I'll go back to the little book.

S: Exactly. [*Laughs heartily*.]

M: Don't sound so…[*Both break into laughter*.]

S: I…I feel…deprived. [*M laughs*.]

M: April seventeenth. 'Desk. Perrines to lunch. Krishnaji and I walked on the beach road, and then he spoke of Kundalini, something that cannot be sought and is not a reward. He asked me if I am writing these things down. It's my job.'

On the eighteenth, 'Erna, Theo, Ruth came at noon. We held a KFA trustee meeting. Krishnaji drew up a statement to prevent Rajagopal or KWINC having anything to do with his work after his death. They left after lunch and we went for a walk.'

On the nineteenth, 'I telephoned Mary Cadogan in London about a list of Foundation things. I went early to town. Took' [*chuckle*] 'Timosi…'—that was a cat—'to the hotel for cats. Then to see Saul Rosenthal with a copy of Krishnaji's statement about the Krishnamurti Foundations, carrying on the work. Then errands. Krishnaji, when I got back, had rested during the day. He'd seen Mark Lee and the children and walked with Sidney Field.'

April twentieth. 'We packed all day long. Krishnaji saw the Mark Lee children. I went to the Dunnes'. The astronauts landed on the moon while we listened on TV. Malibu was at its loveliest; flowers, sunlight, and a clear, clean wind from the sea.'

'I could have packed for hours but gave it up and went to bed.' [*M and S both chuckle*.]

The twenty-first. 'Up at 5 a.m., and we were ready to leave at 7:15 a.m. Filomena went by taxi and Amanda drove Krishnaji and me to the airport. We had ***thirteen bags***! to check. Good lord. We flew at 9 a.m. on TWA. Arrived in New York around 5 p.m. Very slow traffic going into town. TWA didn't have Krishnaji's black Anthony bag, but it came on the next flight and was delivered to the Ritz Tower during the night.' Now I forget whether I've mentioned the Ritz Tower before. My father had a very small apartment with two bedrooms and two baths and a little sitting room, and a sort of closet with a cooking thing in it. 'I had a limousine meet us. We are again in Father's flat and Filomena is in a studio room. We had supper and went to bed.'

In the morning, on the twenty-second, 'Narasimhan came to see Krishnaji. After lunch, Filomena and I went to Bloomingdale's for provisions. Then I came back for Krishnaji, and we walked in the rain to a movie done in Amsterdam.' I don't know what that was. 'Very satisfactory. We walked some more and came back. Krishnaji wants me to keep track of current thought, science, etcetera, and tell him. Then we should do dialogues about these things. Huxley used to inform him in this way.' I'm afraid I didn't…

S: So Huxley used to keep track of what was going on in the worlds of thought and sciences.

M: Yes, this is something that Huxley did for him. It wasn't quite as effective to have me do it, but anyway. [*S chuckles.*]

The twenty-third 'was a quiet day. I worked on letters. We went for a walk up to 72nd Street and back down Madison Avenue. We watched the astronauts working on the moon and their capsule take off.'

The twenty-fourth, 'Narasimhan came to see Krishnaji again and somebody else came. I did errands.'

S: Someone you don't want to mention, or someone you can't…

M: No, it doesn't matter…a woman called Elona Hessey; she lived in New York and did something about getting videotapes onto television.

S: Well, that's important.

M: Alright.

April twenty-fifth. 'I went to Carnegie Hall to speak to a Mr. Warkow, the manager, about the talks, the lights, the chairs, recording, etcetera. Walked back. Doing some errands on the way, and at 4 p.m. Krishnaji saw Joan Gordon'—that's another woman who used to do things about television. 'Mrs. Hesse brought me all the letters she'd done.' Oh, she helped me as a secretary. She was a nice woman who worked as a secretary, and I was able to get some help with the correspondence.

'Krishnaji said, "will is violence." Hughes van der Straten is in this country for a few days on business and he came to see us.'

April twenty-sixth. 'Narasimhan brought his granddaughter to see Krishnaji at 9:30 a.m. After lunch, Krishnaji and I went to *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*'—that was an Italian film—'at the Plaza. We had taken a walk before lunch and took another one after the movie.'

The next day, 'we walked in the morning and did errands. The Lilliefelts arrived from Ojai.'

On the twenty-eighth, 'the Lilliefelts came over in the morning. I did errands again.'

S: You're not skipping over anything?

M: No.

S: One of the reasons I ask is because I'm looking for something that is on the archives list that you haven't mentioned yet.

M: What?

S: Well, it might be in the wrong month, that's why. It's Huston Smith, in fact.

M: Huston Smith! That was done in Claremont. We're in New York now.

S: Yes, well, it's misplaced.

M: On April twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji's first talk at Carnegie Hall at 11 a.m. I had a car and driver. Everything went perfectly. Krishnaji spoke exactly one hour and then took questions. He said every form of conditioning is an *act* of separation. Theo came back with us to pick up the Rajagopal deposition and other papers to show Faria, who was here. After lunch, we each took naps and then went for a short walk. Too much wind and dust, Krishnaji said. He felt faint. We came back and he had a runny nose during the night. He took one Bufferin at 1 a.m.'

The next day 'was Krishnaji's second talk in Carnegie Hall. He felt alright and the cold symptoms stopped. After lunch I went to see a friend. When I came back, Krishnaji wanted to go to a movie, and we went to one called *Ten Days*. It was nearby. Then at 6 p.m., I went up to see my brother and his wife. Sat and talked till 8:15, and came back to Krishnaji.'

On the first of May. 'Narasimhan and child to see Krishnaji. Then at 11 a.m., Mr. Faria and Lilliefelts came. Faria had read the Rajagopal depositions, etcetera, and we discussed it. After lunch, Krishnaji and I went to 9 East 90th Street, the Cooper-Hewitt Museum offices. In the rooms made available by Lisa'—Lisa is my brother's wife, who was director of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum—'Krishnaji gave interviews…' and then it mentions the names of the people.

S: What were their names?

M: One was 'for the *Village Voice* magazine'—looks like—'Eve Berliner. Also Gary Wayne Londrin'—or some such name—'Paul Bura, and G. Marcello. Then we walked all the way down to 57th Street.'

On the second of May, 'Krishnaji saw Narasimhan, then Faria. I went to a back specialist, Dr. Hanz Krauss, on the recommendation of Narasimhan. I would have to be in the hospital for three weeks of treatment, so that was out. Then I went to see Mitchell Booth with the legal papers for him to look at. Then more errands and back to lunch.'

'Krishnaji and I went again to 9 East 90th Street and more interviews: Frank McClocklin, teacher and editor of a magazine *Media and Methods*; Marvin Barrett of Columbia University School of Journalism; Cheryl Wake; and lastly Dr. Broadbeck and his nine followers. We walked back to the Ritz Tower. I have a cold.' [*Chuckles*.]

The third of May. 'I went to get Krishnaji's visa for France, and miscellaneous errands. Felt poorly after lunch. I have grippe. Rainy day, so Krishnaji didn't go out. He had fever in the night. Paola and John Cohen came for tea'—that's Paola, Vanda's daughter, and her husband.

On the fourth, 'I went to Dr. Wolf, who gave me some quinine tablets for the grippe, and'—something else, some medicine. 'I fetched Krishnaji's passport from the French Consulate. A Mr. D. K. Jha, the Ambassador of India, came to lunch. He was an old friend of Krishnaji's. A nice man. Theo came at 4 p.m. to walk with him and I went as far as the barber in the Lombardy,' which is the hotel around the corner where Krishnaji had his hair cut.

On May fifth, 'I felt better. Krishnaji saw Narasimhan and child and then Faria. Filomena went up to Woodlawn.' That's the cemetery where my aunt**[6]** is buried. I went on errands to the bank. My cousin came to see me. Krishnaji's third volume of his deposition came from Rosenthal. We read it all morning, afternoon, and evening.'

May sixth. 'Krishnaji gave his third talk in Carnegie Hall. After the usual conference last night on which suit, shirt, and tie to wear; he was in dark blue, his hair a little shorter after the barber visit Thursday. The barber refused to cut it short, long pieces on the side now fly…blow in the wind, like ears, and seem a nuisance to him, but he didn't go as far as to cut them really short. I think it would look very nice and simple, but he must decide. The Carnegie Hall manager, Mr. Warkow, said when we arrived that Mr. Stokowski was in the audience and would like to greet Krishnaji afterward.'

'It was a very good talk, beginning with the need for order; a new dimension must be first in the individual. Unfortunately, we usually try to bring order about from the outside. Order is not to be cultivated, it is not competition, not conformity. Order comes from observation and choiceless awareness. Only the man who perceives without distortion, who will have the energy to change, will then, with others, make a change in the world. Order comes without effort, sweetly. A mind that is completely in order is good. In this order lies our whole problem of living. We must stop the disorder which society accepts. The pattern of society is corrupt. Can you put that aside and bring about order in yourself? Knowing yourself is the ending of sorrow. There is sorrow in each individual and there is a collective sorrow. Fulfillment, changing according to a pattern, is a dissipation of energy because it is an avoidance of what is, and you need complete energy to change what is. Order can come about without any effort. Effort implies division and conflict; order is only possible when we observe what is and go beyond it. So there is an ending of sorrow when there is order, and this comes about when one understands oneself. How do you look without division? No observer, but only observation. The observer is only a fragment, it is the ego, the me, the past, the thinker, and the creator of division and conflict. The understanding of disorder *is* order. For us, love is a series of disorders. How is it possible to have love without a breath of disorder? Love is never to be in conflict in relationship—relationship means responsibility. Love in which there is total responsibility. Death is part of living. We have to understand that extraordinary thing called death, which means: Can I be free of the fear to look at it? The chaste mind

has no image. You must find it. There is something permanent, not at the behest of time. *That* goes beyond death. Something not the product of time, physically or psychologically, not shaped by the mind, the environment, or experience, and therefore not touched by death.'

'Time, a psychological process we call progress. We need tomorrow because we are lazy. We need to live a complete life without fear of death and with no tomorrow, dying every minute, dying to everything you hold dear, which is memory and to the past, which is the me, the me that says I must be. To die to the past is to die to oneself.'

'Is there such a thing as immortality? Not me becoming immortal, which is such a small thing, which cannot love. There is only love when the me is not. So, is there eternity? That is what concerns man. If there is something beyond death, which is neither the continuity of what has been, nor seeking a heaven; to come upon that, which is not time or put together by thought as true.'

'Immortality is where time doesn't exist, and for this, the mind must be still. You cannot come upon this stillness without order. The really religious life is the life of non-self.'

'After the talk, Krishnaji waited backstage until Stokowski came. They bowed and shook hands with great dignity. They mentioned how long since they had met. Krishnaji says it was first in Ommen, then in Ojai when he brought Garbo with him. Each seemed to give an appraising glance at the other as if noting how the years had touched each one. Stokowski is ninety now, still conducting. He has a concert in Carnegie Hall tomorrow night and Mr. Warkow said he had made a box available to Krishnaji and his friends. Erna and Theo will go.'

'We came back to lunch, and while Krishnaji slept, I went to the Dray Gallery to see a Bourdelle watercolor done of Krishnaji in 1927–28, which is similar to the one at Brockwood given by Mar de Manziarly. The gallery tried to sell it to me for $2,500. Bought some shoes and came back.'

'During supper, the television showed an English curate doing exorcism on people possessed. Krishnaji told of doing it in the past. We watched a documentary on climbing Everest.'

Shall we keep going?

S: No, we should stop.

M: Very well. We finished sixth of May.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Krishnaji had had sunstroke as a child, and from then on had a susceptibility to the ill effect of too much sun exposure.

[2] This was the tape that Blackburn had made, and which, it had been agreed, would not be played to others. See Issue 9, page 15.

[3] See Issue 5.

[4] A small savory breakfast cake made of steaming a batter of black lentils and rice.

[5] A biography of Krishnaji's early years by Lady Emily Lutyens, the mother of Mary Lutyens, and who looked after Krishnaji in his early life more than anyone else.

[6] Filomena's first employer, for whom Filomena worked for decades.

Issue 23: May 7, 1972 to July 15, 1972

This issue starts with Krishnaji and Mary in New York, where Krishnaji completed a very successful series at Carnegie Hall. They then go to Brockwood (and briefly Paris to get the car) before having a seemingly wonderful road-trip vacation through France on the way to Switzerland and the Saanen talks.

During this time, the health of Mary's father is declining, and though she doesn't talk about it a great deal, it is clearly both moving and significant for her.

On their arrival in Geneva, Mary tears ligaments in her foot, and we see her soldiering on despite the obvious pain, reflecting her commitment to what she felt to be her life's work. Remarkable.

Mary: We're going to start with Sunday, May seventh, 1972.

Scott: Alright.

M: We're in New York, and 'it was Filomena's seventy-fifth birthday, and we celebrated that at breakfast. Then she came with us to Krishnaji's fourth talk at Carnegie Hall. It seemed to me a very great one. He asked, is there anything beyond time, something eternal, incorruptible? To search and investigate demands a mind that is capable of going beyond, if that is possible, a mind that is religious without dogma, belief, theory, a mind that depends on none of these. Search implies searching for something, something you think exists, and you believe in the capacity to recognize the seeker and the thing sought. Recognition is implied in search; the seeker divides himself from the thing he seeks; the thought is projected. Investigation is different; it implies tracing, going through, never accepting, or rejecting.' Do you want to hear all this? It's in the tape. Why should it be read out by me?

S: Well, alright, skip that part, but I don't want anything else skipped.

M: There's an awful lot of this, two pages of this. It goes on and on and on about it. 'After the talk, we came back to the Ritz Tower, and took the contents (mostly wine) of Father's locked closets in the apartment up to my brother's. Krishnaji, Filomena, my brother, Lisa, Daisy, and Laurie all had lunch together, and we had a cake for Filomena's birthday. It was a warm day and Krishnaji and I walked all the way back to 57th Street in the afternoon.' My brother's place is on 92nd, so that was a good long walk.

S: We should just mention for the record that Lisa was Bud's wife, and Daisy is his daughter, and Laurie is his adopted daughter.

M: Yes. The next day, Monday the eighth. 'Narasimhan came by and drove Krishnaji and me to his apartment for lunch with him and his wife. At 3:30 p.m., Erna and Theo

came by to discuss KFA matters, and at 5:30 p.m., Mitchell Booth joined us and gave us his evaluation of Rajagopal's deposition.'

S: Do you want to tell us what Mitchell thought of it?

M: Well, it doesn't say, and I don't remember now what he said, just general discussion of where we stood. On the ninth, 'Krishnaji was interested in Dr. Woolf.' Dr. Woolf was an old German doctor to whom my family went, and I'd been to, and I had been to him during this time. Actually, it's the Niehans thing—do you know what the Niehans thing is?

S: Is it in New York?

M: Well, Woolf gave it in New York, but Niehans was a Swiss doctor, who invented the thing about implantation of cells from a fetus of a sheep.

S: Ah, yes.

M: He invented that. I think they—"synthesized" isn't the word, but didn't have to kill the sheep to get it. Niehans's theory was there were certain things that make the embryo grow and develop, and it's not made after the birth of the creature, and those things Niehans felt would keep you healthy and your own body functioning well. A lot of famous people have had it; Winston Churchill had it; the Pope is supposed to have had it; I don't know who all.

S: Alright.

M: So, 'we went to Dr. Woolf and he took specimens from us to examine, and an infrared photo of Krishnaji's lower lip, which is supposed to show the arterial conditions.'

S: Hmmm. [*M chuckles.*]

M: 'He also gave Krishnaji a nose spray to desensitize his nose from hay fever, and ribonucleic acid tablets (cold pills) for the same. We got back to the hotel with plenty of time to do last-minute things, and say goodbye to Filomena, who is to fly back to Malibu tomorrow. And then we went to the airport, and at 8 p.m. took a TWA flight to London.'

M: The tenth of May. 'We scarcely slept on the 747, but arrived in London on time at 7:40 a.m. We were met by Dorothy in her new Cortina; Doris, Arthur'—remember Arthur?

S: Oh, yes, of course.

M: Doris's friend. 'Arthur was in his car for luggage. The Digbys were there to greet Krishnaji. Krishnaji and I drove with Dorothy to Brockwood. It was a grey day, but the

sun came out as we came up the lane. Spring is late this year, and the copper beeches are just unfurling their tiny leaves. Everything looked very well. The new stone path that Guy has made is splendid and looks'—Guy was Dorothy's and Montague's son.

S: And the stone path is the one that runs on the south side of the house—flagstones.

M: 'The path is splendid and looks as if it has always been there. The new serving room with arches into the dining room is an improvement.' That's where the food is laid out in the school. Everyone looked well. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I went for a walk across the fields and back by the lane. Slept nine hours in the marvelous quiet of Brockwood.' [*M and S both chuckle*.] Now, the next entry is for May twelfth, and you're going to ask me what happened on the eleventh.

S: I am.

M: Oh, I don't think that I'm going to fill all these things in. It was surely to do with laundry, unpacking, and such matters.

S: It's alright. We don't mind hearing about that.

M: Speak for yourself. [*M and S both chuckle*.] Alright, I'll look it up, but I may not tell you. [*S laughs*.] It's that—unpacking, long walk, wonderful to be at Brockwood…now you know. [*Both laugh*.] I'm not going to indulge you this much. [*S laughs more*.]

The twelfth of May. 'Today, at half after midnight, it was Krishnaji's seventy-seventh birthday, but so totally does he brush the subject aside that nothing is made of it. It is also Dorothy's birthday. We made a *little* more of that. She, Doris, Krishnaji, and I had to go to Rubinstein's office to sign legal papers in the new arrangement of the Foundation ceasing as is and becoming two new entities—the KF Trust Limited and the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre Limited. A rail strike was on and so we drove to London. Krishnaji and I went, of course, to Huntsman [*chuckling*] for fittings, to the Burlington Arcade, where we bought a birthday sweater for Dorothy and one for Doris, too. We met them at Fortnum's for lunch and then all went to Rubinstein's to sign papers already signed by Mary Links, George Digby, and Mary Cadogan. I enjoy Rubinstein's office in Gray's Inn—the worn stone steps and iron banisters, the Georgian windows looking out on a great plane tree said to be favored by Francis Bacon.' [*Both quietly chuckle*.] 'Rubinstein was not there; a female clerk did the needful, and we drove back to Brockwood through stifling traffic.' Now, we're going to jump. So, I'll see if anything happens of interest.

S: What's the next entry in the big book, the fifteenth?

M: The fifteenth, yes. The thirteenth and fourteenth seem to be family matters. 'Continued unpacking and arranging things in order. Krishnaji slept morning and afternoon. And on the fourteenth, it's another quiet day. The Bohms came for lunch. We walked. Krishnaji slept a lot, and after tea, I packed for Paris.' On the fifteenth, 'Dorothy

drove Krishnaji and me to Heathrow. We had a picnic lunch of nice tomato and cheese sandwiches on the good brown bread from the Donkey Cart.' In those days, we got our bread from the Donkey Cart Bakery in Petersfield.

S: Oh, yes. I'd forgotten about that.

M: 'Krishnaji and I took the 12:40 p.m. Air France plane to Paris, and Michel met us'—that's my father's chauffeur—'with the Rolls in which Krishnaji feels a little self-conscious, but also likes.'

S: [*laughs*] What color was it?

M: Dark grey and black. It was a very, very old one. It was god-knows-how-many-years-old then.

S: Oh, wonderful. Is that the one that Bud now has?

M: Well, I think by now he's got rid of it, but he inherited it. No, it's not the one in New York. This was father's in Paris, and Bud inherited it, and he kept it for a while.

S: And I thought he brought it to Florida or something?

M: No, that's one he owned in New York, which he bought with a friend, and they shared it. That didn't work very well, so he finally bought out the friend, and that one was forty years old, or fifty, who knows.

S: [*chuckles*] Wonderful.

M: Anyway, 'we went to the Plaza Athénée, where else, and we unpacked and then we went to Lobb and Charvet, and later I went alone to see my father. Well, there's quite a bit about his health, which we will skip. Came back to the hotel and Krishnaji and I had supper in our rooms. He had walked around the block of the Plaza, while I was gone, promising me not to cross streets.' [*Laughs.*]

On the sixteenth, 'I had a fitting with Chanel on a brown and beige tweed suit ordered in October. Michel brought Krishnaji to Charvet, where I joined him. We both ordered shirts and went to the Tour. Krishnaji remained in the car, while I went up to see Father. I telephoned his doctor to discuss his condition. Slowly declining but everything is even for the moment.' 'Krishnaji and I lunched at Au Pactole.' Remember that? Did we go there when you and Kathy and I were there? Well, it's up on the Boulevard St. Germain around the corner. 'It was a change for him from the luxe of the Plaza Athénée Restaurant, which is good, but resembles most top restaurants. Pactole, where the food is superb, has dingy walls, good cooking smells in the air, and people ***seriously*** eating. The cook is the owner. Maurice, the maître d'hotel, was helpful with our vegetables, and a salad aux champignon, and a cheese flan with a light dusting of truffles. Krishnaji liked it, and his eyes darted about, taking in everything, including the fat priest in a monk's

habit who ate and drank interminably. The car took us back to Lobb, then back to the Plaza, dodging the path of Queen Elizabeth, who was here on an official visit. The Champs-Élysées and the Place de la Concorde were swaying with huge Union Jacks. Krishnaji rested while I went back to see Father. I returned at 5 p.m., when Nadia Kossiakof and Marcelle Bondoneau came to tea with Krishnaji and me to discuss the work in France. Krishnaji took a bit of a walk and dined in his room.'

S: Krishnaji talked about that priest or monk.

M: Did he? The man, God knows what he ordered, he ate course after course. Krishnaji was fascinated. How, first of all, how anybody could eat that much, and secondly, a man of the cloth…

S: Yes, a kind of a monk. [*Both laugh*.] I could be that kind of a monk. Yes, Krishnaji talked about—he remembered that.

M: Krishnaji kept eyeing him, very discreetly. But this restaurant soon fell out of favor partly because they didn't serve salad. Krishnaji couldn't believe that a restaurant, especially in France, a good restaurant, you couldn't have salad. He was quite shocked.

S: [*laughs*] I wonder if it's any good nowadays?

M: I think it's gone off a bit. Bud told me last year it's either been sold to somebody or it's not what it once was. It was very good. It's the sort of restaurant that I like better than Plaza Athénée, which is, you know, grand luxe, and is fine, but it isn't somehow real.

Anyway, on Wednesday, the seventeenth of May, 'I did errands, and then I saw Father. Michel brought Krishnaji to Au Pactole, where Mar de Manziarly joined us for lunch and brought papers of her mother's for the KF archives. Today, Au Pactole did not find favor with Krishnaji as they had no green salad.' [*Chuckles*.] 'He was aghast. "How can these people live?" he said, looking around at very copiously fed clientele.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Sacha, in pain from a recent car accident, laboriously came with his wooden leg. He joined us for coffee. In the car, we dropped off Mar, and Sacha came back to the hotel for a treatment by Krishnaji. After he left, Krishnaji and I went for a walk. In Givenchy men's boutique, where my brother has bought things, we found some good summer trousers and Krishnaji bought three pairs: a beige linen, a brown linen, and blue silk and wool combination. We walked over to Porthault, where I bought pillowcases for Father, and then…' maybe I shouldn't talk about all this.

S: Yes, you should. This is lovely. It's absolutely lovely…

M: It's lovely for you, but people may snort…

S: Well, let them snort. They're just being stupid if they do.

M: Anyway, 'Krishnaji stayed in the hotel, and I went to see Father, who was more alert. He said repeatedly, "You look so nice." Sometimes, when he is silent and staring, I feel as though I communicate just by thinking with him, as if the word level had faded, and perhaps some simple subconscious perception might be free, but this is probably just my fancy. There is no telling; he gives no sign. I came back to the Plaza Athénée in time to order our supper.'

The next day was Thursday the eighteenth, and 'I had a fitting at Chanel, ordered a blue tweed suit, went to see Father, came back to the hotel, and found the Mercedes there, brought from Thun by Mr. Moser. He, Krishnaji, and I discussed Krishnaji's car, the purchase of which is postponed until next year.' Krishnaji didn't like the current model. 'He left, and Krishnaji and I had a pleasant lunch at the Plaza. At 3:50 p.m. we left in the Mercedes for Le Havre. About an hour out on the autoroute, the car stopped for no reason we could tell. After five minutes, it was alright, and we continued. We found the Normandy Ferry, but instead of boarding immediately, we went looking for a restaurant called Monaco for supper. We found it, had supper, and boarded the ferry. We had the usual neat cabins and a smooth crossing.'

The next morning, 'we debarked in Southampton at 7 a.m., and drove to Brockwood in less than an hour. We had breakfast and unpacked. I put things in order. Frances McCann is here, and I tried to drive her to West Meon, but the car again stalled, and then started up after a few minutes. Walk in the afternoon with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and Whisper.'

On the twentieth, 'the car wouldn't start. I called a mechanic, who found nothing wrong. I drove to Petersfield without mishap, bought plants for the West Wing, and was back in time for the walk.'

On the twenty-first, 'Krishnaji spoke to students, staff, and visitors in the theater workshop. Yves Zlotnicka recorded it. A few parents were there. We walked as usual.'

The next day, 'George Digby and Mary Cadogan came to discuss publications. After lunch, Dorothy joined for financial discussion. Later, Krishnaji, she, and I went for the usual walk.'

Then comes the twenty-third. 'Krishnaji spoke to students most wonderfully on fact and evaluation. Frances came on the walk and talked to Krishnaji. Later, we had tea in the dining room and Krishnaji showed her the plans just received for the Cloisters. Frances is donating $10,000 to it.'

Nothing happened on the twenty-fourth. On the twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji and I took the 10:45 a.m. train from Petersfield, the first time we used that station. Arrived in London at noon, and after leaving trousers for zippers at Huntsman, we went to Mr. Thompson for Krishnaji to have his teeth looked at. A front tooth is fragile and needs capping. We then joined Mary Links at Fortnum's for lunch. We went again to Huntsman to choose materials for a suit Krishnaji won from me in last winter's wager over Rosalind getting to

see him. We came back to Petersfield. The Mercedes twice stopped but started up again after a minute.'

The twenty-sixth of May. 'Wind and rain. In afternoon, Krishnaji spoke to the staff. A statement of sanity makes one see what is, and therefore *be* sane.'

The next day, 'Mary and Joe came for lunch. Krishnaji talked to Mary afterward about the biography. Then, we all had tea, including Frances McCann. The Links went back to town, and Krishnaji, Dorothy, Frances, and I went for a walk.' Ahh…this is when Krishnaji said to me, "Are you my brother? For a moment, I felt you were."' I'd forgotten when that was. '"That's reincarnation," he said. I pointed out I couldn't be, because I was born before Nitya died.'

S: Well, these things are strange. Who knows what could be. [*M and S laugh*.]

M: I'd forgotten when that was. The twenty-eighth 'was a cold, rainy, and windy day. The high commissioner and Mrs. Pant came for lunch. We walked in the rain.'

The twenty-ninth 'was a holiday; Memorial Day in the U.S. and whatever it is over here. It was still cold and rainy. We walked all the same. Krishnaji talked into the Uher on his own.' The Uher was my tape recorder. 'I talked to the Frys.**[1]**'

S: I can tell you're not reading me things…

M: Oh, it was about a donation from Father, my brother made on his behalf to KFA. 'Krishnaji said strange things are going on in his head. "Head is burning," he said. He slept in the morning and afternoon, but we walked.'

M: The next day, you'll be thrilled that it says, 'forgot what happened today.' [*S chuckles loudly*.] And the next day, it says, cryptically, 'Krishnaji talked to school.'

S: These are not your most complete notes here.

M: On June second, 'after lunch I drove to East Dean to see the Frys. I had a lovely afternoon, and happy visit.' Then there's things about their house and new garden, and 'we had tea and a long talk and I came home late.'

For June third, it says 'desk mostly, walk.' So, you know I'm not leaving anything out [*S chuckles*]. The next day, 'Krishnaji talked to the school. Ian Hammond and Robert Wiffen**[2]** came about the Cloisters.'

On the fifth of June, 'Krishnaji and I went to London from Petersfield. Huntsman, of course. Then, Mary lunched with us at Fortnum. Krishnaji had a one-and-a-half-hour appointment with Mr. Thompson, while I went to Liberty's for sea island cotton for his nightshirts.' Mrs. Joan Wright, who was a very good sewer, used to make him nightshirts, and so I got the good materials for that. 'Thompson is capping two upper front teeth

which are in danger of breaking. Krishnaji had Novocain and stood it very well, but at night, he said "the body feels it has been attacked."'

On the sixth, 'I spoke to Mr. Moser about the Mercedes ignition. It has been stopping briefly. He says it is the transistors. I went to Southampton to meet Sol Rosenthal and his wife Diana. They spent the night at Brockwood and we all discussed where we are in the case. My mother and stepfather arrived in London from Rome.'

The next day, 'At 9 a.m., Krishnaji, Saul, and I talked over the case. I drove the Rosenthals and Patrice, a student and nephew of Suzanne van der Straten, to Petersfield. I was going to London, but the Rosenthals got off at Woking. I took a photo of Krishnaji to be copied, and then met my mother and stepfather for lunch. It was her eighty-first birthday. Krishnaji, during the day, had spoken to the staff at Brockwood, and Anneke arrived to stay for a few days in the West Wing.'

On the eighth of June, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. After lunch, we drove to Southampton, where the Mercedes agency put a new ignition transistor, worth £53 sterling, into the car. Again, we came back and took a long walk. I listened in the evening to the tape of Krishnaji's talk to the staff yesterday, the one I missed.'

On the ninth of June [*chuckles*], 'we went to London, and we lost my briefcase in the cab.' What happened was Krishnaji was always concerned by what I carried. And when I carried both a handbag and, in this case, a briefcase, he wanted to carry the non-handbag.

S: I completely understand.

M: I always resisted, but I gave in on this occasion. [C*huckling.*] He left it in the backseat of the cab.

S: [*laughs*] Oh dear!

M: We didn't know it until we got to Huntsman.

S: He must have felt awful.

M: Oh, yes, he was very disturbed by that. 'So, I reported it to the police. Krishnaji fitted at Huntsman, and I went to Mr. Hewitt.' That was another tailor that they recommended down the street. Then, we lunched at Fortnum. We had a time in a queue getting a cab and got to Michael Rubinstein's, where my briefcase was. The taxi driver had taken it to the police, who could see from papers inside that it had to do with Michael, so they called his office, and Michael's clerk collected it.

S: How nice.

M: Isn't that nice? So there it was, just in time to sign papers for Michael. So, it wasn't crisis, but it could've been. 'Dorothy, Doris, David Bohm, the Digbys, and Mary Links

were there. The Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre Limited was formed, and the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust Limited was set up separately, and both of them replaced the Krishnamurti Foundation of London. Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to Waterloo and we got back to Petersfield by 7 p.m. Krishnaji said the shock of the briefcase loss "put him away for the rest of the day."' [*Laughs*.] His dismay was touching.

On June eleventh, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school on meditation. Anneke read Rajagopal's deposition, and Krishnaji and I and Dorothy went for a walk.'

On the thirteenth, 'Krishnaji had nausea and a stomach pain, but insisted on going anyway to London. He felt alright in the train. He went to the dentist, while I went for his Swiss visa. Then, we went to John Bell & Croyden and left three water picks for repair. We met Mary L. for lunch at Fortnum, and then Krishnaji went to see Mrs. Bindley while I went in vain to Selfridges about the Sanyo calculator. I rejoined Krishnaji at Mrs. Bindley's, we went back to Brockwood in time for supper.'

The fourteenth is just deskwork for me, but the next day, 'Krishnaji talked to the school. "Is there communication that is neither verbal nor by gesture? When total attention exists at the same moment at the same level, there is communication."'

On the seventeenth, 'Mary and Joe Links brought Sacha de Manziarly to lunch. Sacha is to spend the weekend. The Digbys came to lunch and afterward, Krishnaji, Mary, the Digbys, and I had a meeting and discussed the Publications Committee's wish to make its own deals for publishing and not in the U.S., but there is the possibility that Alan Kishbaugh might act for them. He comes here in July. George questioned the KWINC suit and criticized charging for Krishnaji's talks in the U.S. After tea, the Digbys left and George gave me the text of his position on this matter, and his, to me, unacceptable criticism of Erna.'

June eighteenth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. There was a cold wind and rain, but we walked anyway in the afternoon. Sacha was helpful with the planning of a motor trip to southern France on the way to Switzerland.' We all got out maps and he advised.

On the nineteenth, 'Krishnaji, Sacha, and I went to London by train. Krishnaji went to Mr. Thompson's, where two upper front teeth were capped. Thompson says a side molar needs to come out on Friday. Krishnaji and I lunched with Mary L. at Fortnum, and went to Huntsman. I fitted my bird's eye slacks. And we came back to Petersfield.'

S: You know, it's nice when I hear you mentioning different garments, because I know a lot of them.

M: [*laughs*] You do, because fourteen or fifteen years later, I'm still wearing all of that.

S: It's so nice, and Krishnaji's different suits. I wish you told exactly which suits he was fitting at what time. Of course, they all have the dates inside of them, but still…

M: What are you going to do with those suits, as you can clearly not wear them anymore?

S: Well, I still…

M: They belong in the archives.

S: They do belong in the archives, but I intend to lose weight…*someday.*

M: Someday, that'll be the day, my dear friend…[*S laughs*]…I don't want to be carping or criticizing or unfriendly, but to lose weight after a certain age—it's very, very difficult.

S: It is very difficult. I know.

M: And what about those beautiful shoes, what's happened to them?

S: I still have them.

M: They belong in the archives.

S: Yes.

M: Where did I hear the other day that somebody…oh, Hans**[3]**…

S: I know, I lent them the pair.

M: You did? Well, then, they're in the archives.

S: It was for the exhibition. I lent them a pair, but they agreed they have to come back. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Scott, you're crazy. Oh dear. Well, let me see, where are we?

S: Yes, Hans said people were very interested in the shoes. I was sure they would be, which is why I lent them for the exhibition.

M: I remember Dorothy's statement after the fire, that they had been recovered, and his shoes were gleaming…

S: Yes. [*Laughter.*]

M: So beautifully polished. On the twenty-first, 'I worked at the desk. I wrote an answer to George Digby's blast at Erna. This was the mid-summer day, and the temperature was in the low fifties.' Noteworthy. [*S laughs*.]

S: Unhappily written, I can tell. [*M laughs*.]

M: On June twenty-second, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school about what to do with physical pain—don't fight it, watch it; on the insight of seeing the pain of conflict, etcetera, but not making an insight into a pattern. It was a good talk in spite of a little hay fever, Krishnaji was *shining*,' it says. 'Narendra and June Minor appeared for the talk and lunch. It seemed they were married yesterday.' Do you remember who Narendra was? Narendra was an Indian boy from Benares and he was the first or second student at Brockwood. Alain Naudé arranged with his father that Narendra should come and study at Brockwood, and Narendra did, and in those days, I think it was even pre-Brockwood, he stayed with the Simmonses, wherever they lived, and by the time Brockwood was started, the Simmonses felt they were in charge of Narendra, but Naudé didn't feel that at all; he felt that it was his responsibility, and that was the start of the trouble between Dorothy and Naudé. Because Naudé, when he arrived, wanted to, oh, I don't know what, take Narendra to art galleries and teach him this and that, and Dorothy said it must have the agreement of the school, he was under the discipline of the school, and Alain couldn't just waltz off with the boy and decide what he was to do. And it became quite a…it never was resolved.

S: But this…Narendra got married?

M: Well, that's the background. Now, this is years later. This is '72; the Naudé-Narendra-Dorothy problem was in 1969. So, by now, Narendra went off and had some schooling in Italy. I forget what happened to him, but he had a girlfriend here called June Minor. This was before your time, and I think she was a little bit older than Narendra, but they were married yesterday. Alain thought that he was going to be a great religious figure, and he turned out to be an accountant, which was hardly what was supposed to happen. Anyway, they were married. 'Krishnaji felt nauseated after supper, and he did not sleep well. His hay fever was bothering him, and probably it wasn't helped by the sun, which came out on the walk.'

On June twenty-third, 'Krishnaji had a quiet morning in bed. Then, we took the 12:45 p.m. from Petersfield. We had a picnic lunch on the train, and were in London at 2 p.m. We went to Huntsman, where Sacha met us, and gave me vouchers for hotel reservations he has kindly made for Krishnaji and me. Krishnaji gave him a treatment'—at Huntsman? Apparently so. 'I fitted black and white tweed skirt at Mr. Hewitt's up the street, went to Hatchards for books, and then to Paul Anstee to look at an armoire; he goes out of business in September.'

S: Paul Anstee was going out of business?

M: Mmm. That was rather a blow. 'Then I went to see a table Mary Links had suggested, and Krishnaji went to Mr. Thompson by taxi, and Mr. Thompson pulled a lower right molar and put in a bridge, all in twenty minutes.'

S: That's quick.

M: 'We went to Waterloo and were home by 4:50 p.m. Krishnaji is relieved to have the tooth out.' Nothing really for the next day. 'Krishnaji was alright after yesterday's dentist visit, and he saw Felix Green. Packing.'

On the twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school, and saw Patrice and brother Ariel'—they were students. More packing. Now, we can switch to the big book.

June twenty-sixth. 'It was packing all day. For once, not too rushed. We both had supper downstairs, and then some of the boys helped me load the car, and as usual, all the school came out to see Krishnaji off. We drove to Southampton and onto the Normandy Ferry. We had comfortable cabins and the crossing was so smooth that I couldn't tell when the ship left the dock.'

On June twenty-seventh. 'We disembarked at 7 a.m. at Le Havre. There was fog on the road. We stopped for breakfast at one of those autoroute places, which have copied all the worst of American coffee shops. Arrived in Paris, and at the Plaza Athénée by 10:30 a.m. I went to see my father. He seems diminished since May. He tires easily, and sleeps most of the time. He seemed glad to see me, but when I described our trip, he couldn't take it in, and said, "But what are you talking about?" Soon, he fell asleep. I rejoined Krishnaji at the Plaza, and we had a fine lunch in the garden. Roland'—that's the maître d'hotel there, and he was also at the Tour d'Argent—'made us welcomed. Later, I had a Chanel fitting, Krishnaji to Lobb and Charvet, but the shirts were not ready. Krishnaji and I went to a Hitchcock movie, *Frenzy*. Neither of us really liked it. We walked back to the hotel. I went again to see Father, and then Krishnaji and I had supper in our rooms.'

On June twenty-eighth, **'**I went back to Charvet, fitted a shirt, and then saw a man at the bank. Marcelle Bondoneau lunched with Krishnaji and me at the Plaza in the garden, and Nadia Kossiakof joined us for coffee at 3 p.m. I went again to see Father. He was sitting in his armchair, and more alert. Did his sad shuffling walk. Back to bed after ten minutes. One foot is twisted; the nurse supports him, and he stops ritually to switch off the light on Olive's portrait'—that's his wife, who was dead—'as he leaves the sitting room. I rejoined Krishnaji at the Plaza and we went for a walk, stopping at Dior for some cologne and Philips for his razor oil.' Razor shopping was always a big thing. [*S chuckles.*] 'We had supper in our rooms. A crazy woman telephoned from Las Vegas for Krishnaji. I spoke to her. She wants money to make a movie to explain Krishnaji's message.' How did she find us at the Plaza? I suppose Brockwood told her.

The twenty-ninth of June. 'Bud telephoned me from New York at 8:30 a.m. Lisa's baby is in position for birth, the doctor says. So, they wait for it anytime.' This is Lindsay's birth.

S: Oh, yes.

M: 'I reported how Father seemed, and Dr. Thins's expectation, that Father is slowly sinking. They don't expect a sudden change, and Thins will see him on his return from holiday, but predicts Father will not live many months. Thins's predictions have not been

notably accurate in matters of time. But that is what he says. Bud talked about business things.' It's all family business.

'Mar and Sacha de Manziarly came to see Krishnaji at 10 a.m. We then left the hotel in the Mercedes and stopped at the Tour, where Krishnaji remained in the car.' That's the Tour d'Argent, where Father lived, 'and I had Michel'—that's Father's chauffeur—'supervise the parking while I went up to see Father once more. He looked far away, and it was painful to leave him, though he had fallen asleep before I said goodbye.'

'Krishnaji and I drove from the Tour at noon and found the way to the A6 autoroute beyond Fontainebleau. The country unfurled in great rolling spaces, the beautiful stretches of middle France. Krishnaji was delighted. The Plaza had provided a very expensive and uninteresting picnic. They do not understand sandwiches. [*M and S chuckle*.] But, we had plenty of fruit and ate it in one of the prettier parking spots off the autoroute. Then on into the afternoon, and rain until we got off the autoroute, and came to Lissieu just north of Lyons by 5:30 p.m. We had rooms at the Réserve, a quiet place. Mine had pink bird wallpaper I had considered for Brockwood. We dined in the dining room. Krishnaji wished to order the normal sequence, not beginning with fruit, as we usually do. So, we had a good meal built around an omelet and haricots verts with a half-bottle of Pouilly-Fuisse, which Krishnaji tasted and then made a wincing face.' [*Both laugh*.] 'Both slept soundly. No hay fever symptoms for Krishnaji.' [*M laughs again*.]

The thirtieth of June. 'The rain was gone and it was a lovely summer day with drifting clouds that obligingly made parasols over the car. We left at 10:45 a.m., got off the autoroute at Orange, and found a restaurant for lunch, Le Provençal. Krishnaji was pleased because we had parked the car in a garage, and I was pleased at the restaurant, which was somehow real in the way the various luxurious restaurants aren't. This one could only have been in France. It was rather dark with the bright sun outside and so cool and a refuge. Shabby flowered paper on the walls, and very clean white nappes.

S: Tablecloths.

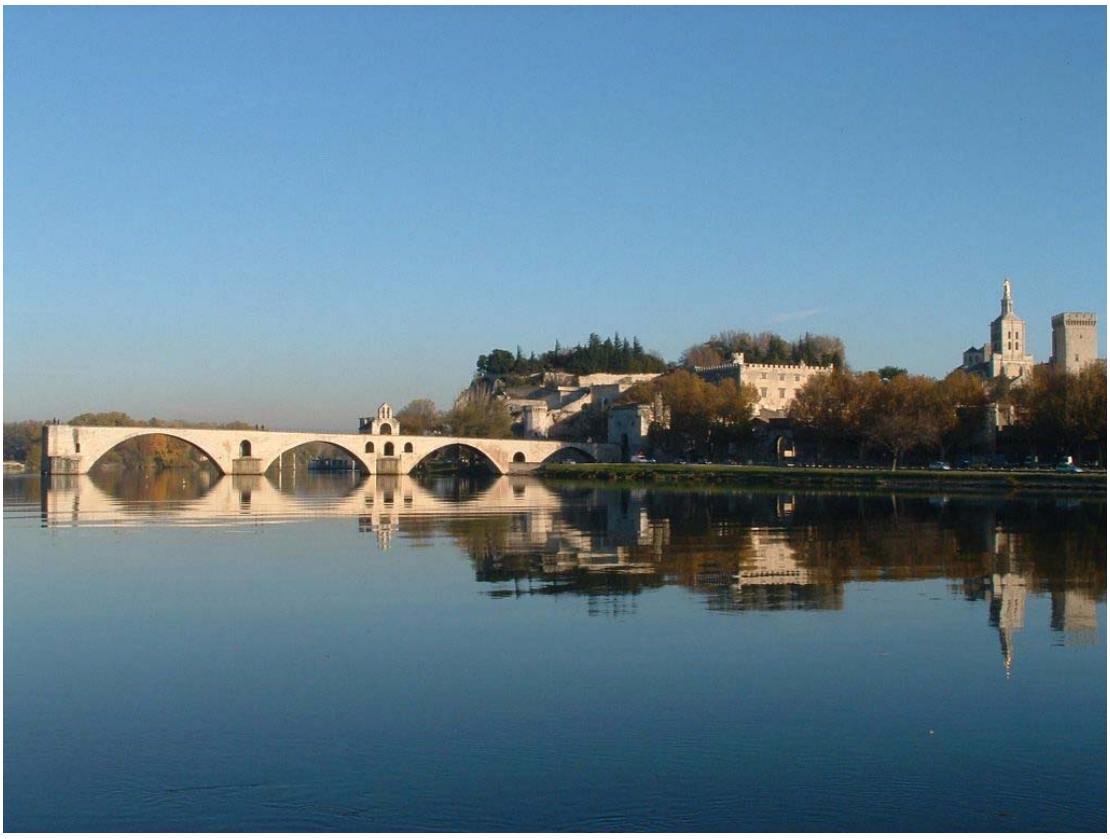
M: Yes. An ancient, motionless woman at the caisse and the smell of good cooking. We ate melons du pays, so good there was only the rind left. And when the cheese came, we had local ones we had never tasted. Krishnaji chose chevre with rosemary in it. After lunch, we walked to the Roman amphitheater and Krishnaji liked the massive front of it. We drove on to Avignon, but it became very hot and we got caught in traffic jams. We tried to see the

Palais des Papes, but within the walls, the city was an ant hive for people and cars, and we escaped after a look out the car window at the Palais. Across the Rhône seeing the bridge, where "l'on y danse, l'on y danse…"' You know? "Sur le Pont d'Avignon, l'on y danse, l'on y danse…"**[4]**

S: Ah, yes. Yes. [*M chuckles*.]



Roman Amphitheater in Orange, France



Le Pont d'Avignon

M: 'We got to Villeneuve-lès-Avignon and found our hotel, Le Prieuré.' All these reservations had been made by Sacha through the French tourist office in London. 'Krishnaji had a room on one side of the hotel, and I on the other, but they were cool and comfortable, and a refuge after the traffic. We rested, and I bathed, and we had dinner at 7 p.m. in the garden. Krishnaji elegant in his infinite dignity and grace. I watched all this, diagnosing the other diners' ills from the fact that they ate too much [*S laughing*], and *meat*.'

S: Of course.

M: '"Don't they know it's bad for them?" There was a wind that made the leaves swim in the trees, and we slept early.'

Saturday, the first of July. 'It was a bright cloudless morning. We left Le Prieuré at 11 a.m., and drove westward, looking for Pont du Gard. At one point, Krishnaji said "Turn here, turn here," with such vehemence that I felt struck down and shaking. He startled me as though I were about to run over a child, and being so open to him, it was devastating. I could hardly drive for a while, but we came to the Pont—a Roman aqueduct built at the time of Augustus, huge and splendid. Krishnaji liked it. We drove toward Nîmes, the country reminded both of us of California, and so did the bright Provençal light. At Nîmes, we found La Maison Carrée, and found it beautiful, saw the amphitheater, then drove on. Krishnaji navigating by the map to Aigues-Mortes in the Camargue. We left the car outside and walked through the fortress walls into the tiny town…

S: To where?

M: Aigues Mortes…it's in the Camargue, right down at the bottom of France.

S: Yes, I've been to the Camargue several times, but not Aigues Mortes.

M: It's a little old town. It looked as though it were built for very small people, lived in, and defended by them until the sea capriciously withdrew from it, leaving it no longer the port that Saint Louis had built to launch his crusade. The shops where we hoped to buy cheese and fruit were closed for the noon hour, so we had to sit at a café in the square, where a grudging waiter brought us our small orders. It was a bit noisy, and Krishnaji curled in distaste. We ate and left, and his head began to hurt him from such a place. We drove then across the Camargue to Nîmes. Less wild than we had imagined, even the marshes with its rice growing and a couple of horses. But there were des mas…' Do you know what's meant by "mas"? Oh, farmhouses. 'But it was no wilderness.

At Arles, we found the amphitheater, and went on to Les Baux and the hotel, L'Ostraus de Baumaniére, three stars, and luxe. We had rooms in the manoir, quiet, with a terrace and a little pool. We rested, bathed, and went up to the hotel for dinner of elegant excellence. The artichauts came in a purée, and there were fifty cheeses. But there was a vulgarity in some of the clients—tough Americans. Luxury must go with grace, or it

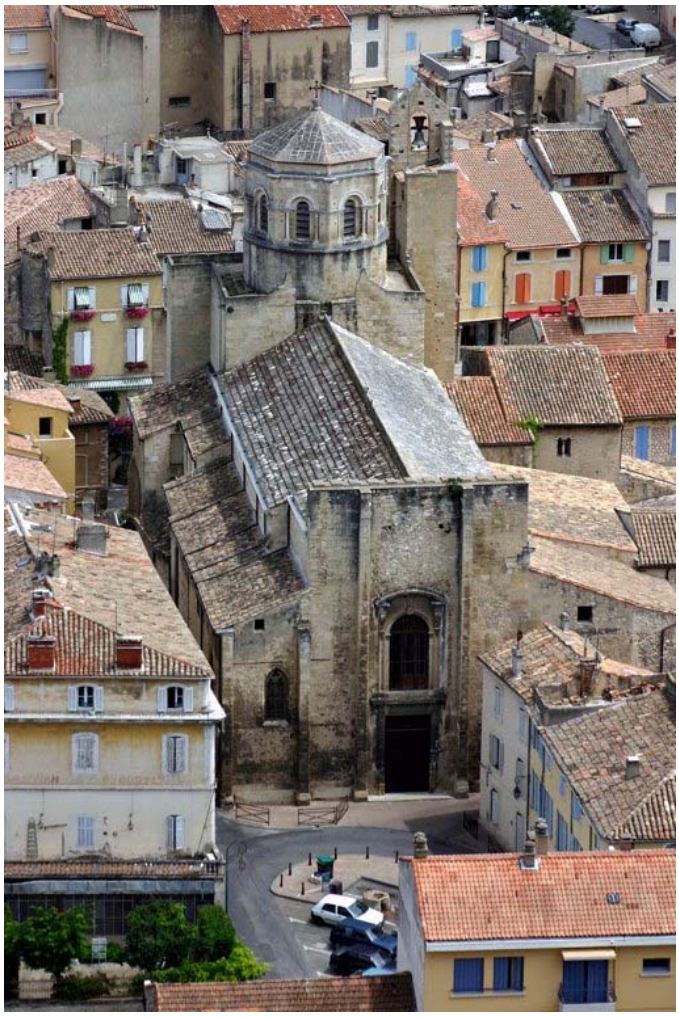
becomes vulgarity. We drove up to and looked at the illuminated rocks of Les Baux above, and then came down and went early to bed.'



Pont du Gard



Jean-Frederic Bazille's painting of Aigues-Mortes in the Camargue



Church of Cavaillon

The next day was the second of July. It was another cloudless morning and we left the Baumaniére at 10:30 a.m., and drove toward Cavaillon, stopping at a village where a food shop was open. We bought goat cheese, bread, olives, and biscuits, peaches, apricots, and cherries for our lunch. The country was Van Gogh country—rows of black-green cypresses. There was a wind blowing, and when we drove through tunnels of touching trees, the leaves were green-flowing waters over our head. The bright quality of light kept bringing my eye to Van Gogh and Cézanne.

At Cavaillon, we took the autoroute north because we had a good way to go to reach Geneva. The wind was a gale, head on, and the car had to be held like a ship. North of Valence, we left the autoroute gladly and took a road through Romans, Chambéry. Gradually the country changed. Provence was gone, and there was a northern look and quality of the air and light. We drove up a lane and ate our picnic.' [*M quietly says "I remember that."*] 'It was almost cold. A family parked nearby and also ate. Krishnaji, in order to stretch and not drop crumbs in the car, stood outside to eat, with that far-off child's stance he has, a child absorbed in something. At such times, he has the look of "that boy" that was and always has been the slight figure of grace off in his own

perception.' 'We drove on, taking a road that led through Rumilly, past Aix-les-Bains, that reminded me of an absurd Christmas years ago.' We'd gone there—why, god knows—Sam and I and a whole group of people.

S: Oh, really?

M: To Aix-les-Bains for Christmas, which is closed then. [*S laughs loudly*.] So, we went back to London, as far as I can remember.

S: Well, I've been to Aix-les-Bains when it's been open, and there's not much there then, either.

M: No, no. I went there as a child and remembered a…

S: Yes, well, it has that feeling of kind of Belle Époque—it was grand a long time ago…[*Laughs*]

M: According to Sacha's excellent planning, on a small road that led to the Swiss border at Saint-Julien-en-Genevois, the Haute Savoie country was utterly unspoiled, fields of farms, trees and hills turning to mountains, the shape of the farmhouses massive against the winters is like the best of the old Swiss. At the border, I put through the papers, for the Chanel tweeds, saving *many* francs thereby. We came immediately down into Geneva and were once again in the little narrow efficient rooms at the Hotel du Rhône. We went out for a walk, watched the Jet d'Eau, and came back to supper in the rooms.



The historic abreuvoir (fresh water trough) at Place de la Libération square, Saint-Julien-en-Genevois

During the day driving through the Savoie, there were signs "Jesus sauve" [*both laugh*]. Krishnaji pointed to the first and said, "Oh, Jesus!" Then we came to one that read "Jésus est là" said Krishnaji, "Bons, j'y suis."' [*Both M and S laughing*.] I didn't know it until later, but today, in New York, at ten minutes to five, Lisa's baby was born, a boy weighing six pounds, at the Presbyterian Hospital.

On July third, 'Narasimhan telephoned, and I telephoned to Vanda at Tannegg. We went out to get a present for Fosca. I turned my foot and fell. I managed to walk back to the hotel, getting an Ace bandage to do my foot and ankle up. Went by taxi with Krishnaji to Patek. We returned to the hotel, when Narasimhan joined us for a short visit. He left and we had lunch at the hotel. Then, in the Mercedes, which I could drive with my right foot, the uninjured one, we went first to Jacquet, where Krishnaji ordered two ties while I drove around the block, and from there to Patek to pick up his Naviquartz. After that, we drove via the lac and through Lausanne to the Oron road that comes down a long straight hill, and at last to Gstaad by 5:30 p.m., and 1,013 miles from Brockwood a week ago.' 'Vanda and Fosca were there, and it was lovely to see them both. Krishnaji unpacked a little and then went to bed. I unpacked, too, in spite of my foot. The good of putting everything away in order is necessary. Then bed, for I am tired physically.'

On July fourth, 'I put everything in place. Krishnaji stayed in bed all day. I did some necessary shopping in the village and some desk necessities. I found some detective novels for Krishnaji, ordered the paper, and magazines, and at 5 p.m. went with Vanda to Dr. Sollberger, who X-rayed the foot, pronounced torn ligaments, and did it up in tight elastic bandage. It felt alright until night when I awoke repeatedly with pain as the blood pressure dropped and the tight bandage prevented circulation.' The next day, 'Frances McCann came to lunch and Krishnaji remained in bed.'

July sixth. 'Krishnaji is still resting in bed. Vanda invited Martha Crego to lunch'—she's a woman who lives in Ojai—'wanting me to give her some of the facts of our side of the Rajagopal case. Martha said she wasn't on Rajagopal's side, but defended him in every instance. She said everything was smooth until newcomers, (i.e., Naudé, Lilliefelts, and Zimbalist) came along, *then* a lawsuit. I explained ten years' of Krishnaji's effort to get information from Rajagopal before any of us appeared. But he sent money, she said. She has no concept of the roots of all this, except what Mima Porter has told her, and she defends her own opinion. She said Noyes (that's Colonel Noyes) told her that Krishnaji's insistence on the archives killed Rajagopal's 1968 offer. She couldn't see why Krishnaji should have any rights to his own archives. About Rajagopal's refusal to give Krishnaji his manuscript, it was "because Rajagopal didn't want Naudé to have it." Endless resistance to Krishnaji's side of the fence. It was a tiresome waste to talk to her. "I'll tell her," said Krishnaji later. But why should he waste his energies on these ambivalent people who trail around the world after him and yet side with his enemies? "Rajagopal has always been…" etcetera, they say, as if that makes it right.

On July seventh, 'Vanda went to Lausanne for the day. Krishnaji got up for lunch, walked down the hill and had his hair cut, then came to the bank and cosigned a new account at the Banque Cantonale de Bern to be called Teaching Trust account. It replaces

the one held in my name for his personal expenditures. The Swiss have just made a restriction on foreign accounts. They are charging 8% a year on deposits made after the thirtieth of June. The pound sterling floating and the dollar speculation are troublesome. Krishnaji was uncomfortable being down in the village. People recognize him right and left and the isolation of this week in his room seemed to have removed some protective layers. He was tired and he came up the hill.

After supper, Krishnaji, Vanda, and I talked till quite late about the early days. Mrs. Besant, Leadbeater's discovery of the boy, and the so-called instructions from Masters reported by Leadbeater on how the boy was to be cared for. Krishnaji was in high form, laughing, told most of it. "Listen to this, signora; when he traveled, there was to be always two initiates, one to have a compartment on one side of him, and one on the other, so if there were an accident, they would be killed."' [*Laughter*.]

S: I can see Krishnaji enjoying that story. [*M laughing*.]

M: It was as well we talked so late, as at 10:30, Bud rang from New York. He hadn't heard from me and realized I had not got his cable on Monday. He had tried to telephone and had gotten no answer, so cabled. Well, anyway, I spoke to Lisa, too. They were calling from the Presbyterian Hospital. I never heard happier voices, Bud's with a note of wonder: "There is this little boy,"' [*chuckle*], 'and Lisa saying for the first time in her life she had done something well; all other times she told herself she should have done better.'

On the ninth of July, 'Krishnaji remained in bed, and I worked at the desk. The carrot beyond my nose is to get caught up. I telephoned Paris and heard from Solange about Father's smile at hearing he had a grandson. Bud and Lisa plan to take the baby to see him in October. Alan Kishbaugh rang this morning. He's in London, as I had asked him to, and I briefed him on the situation with George Digby, about the handling of publications in the U.S. I wanted Kishbaugh to know all this before he meets them. He seemed to understand and should handle it all with tact. He goes with Mary L. and Amanda'—that's Mary's daughter—'to see Brockwood on Tuesday. Will arrive here on Friday.' Now I have to go to the little book.

On the tenth of July, 'the doctor fixed my foot. Errands with Vanda, deskwork. Krishnaji went for a walk. Had some bronchial congestion, but not too bad. Yves Zlotnitska took my Sanyo calculator to Basel and got the recharger, so it works.'

The eleventh of July 'was a cold, wet day. I fetched cough medicine for Krishnaji.' The next day was 'a wintry day. Krishnaji remained in bed except for his walk in afternoon. Cough medicine is making him too sleepy. Vanda and I stopped it for a day. Gave him one Benadryl antihistamine tablet in the evening. I worked at the desk all day, except for going for the newspaper. Moser sent for the Mercedes for repairs, scratches *he* put on it, coming to Paris in May. He left an orange VW for use until Monday.'

On the thirteenth, 'Krishnaji remained in bed except for his walk. I went to Dr. Sollberger again. The foot is better. Did errands in p.m. Vanda asked me to talk to Guido Franco with his usual request to film Krishnaji, and Vanda told Krishnaji that Martha Crego is all upset. How can a man like Krishnaji be involved in a court case? Krishnaji now feels he must talk to her. Why must the people who bring their hostility and aggressiveness to Krishnaji take up so much of his time?'

S: You know, this is an aside, perhaps, but I often found Vanda insensitive in that way, I must say, to foist this lady on Krishnaji. It's the kind of thing that I didn't see much of, but I felt was often there, that was a great…

M: I think in some ways, and I can't be definite about this, but there was quite a lot of feeling and I think Vanda had some of it, that Krishnaji shouldn't be bothered with all these things. And Rajagopal has done a good enough job in some ways, that Krishnaji shouldn't have had the court case—"leave it all to Rajagopal, that's not your business…"

S: Yes, I know.

M: "… he's doing everything all right. Leave it alone. Don't be involved in it." And when Krishnaji did get involved, she disapproved, I think. There was a flavor of that; I don't want to be too categorical about it. And so, maybe this reflects a bit of that feeling.

So, now we go to July fourteenth. 'Guido Franco'—oh, he…[*S chuckling*] plagued me. [*M chuckles.*] Guido, well, let's see what it says here. 'Guido Franco, hippy-ish, Italian, Swiss, was again pushing the film he began two summers ago about the Saanen Gatherings. Last year, he had run-ins with Graf, the Lilliefelts, and me about it. Yesterday, he came to see Vanda, who asked me to talk to him. He more or less repeated the previous conversations. He wishes to own the film and control it, and we fail to see why Krishnaji should be used for Franco's purposes. Krishnaji saw him in the hall and shook hands in greeting, saying again he would have to agree with the Foundation on it if he was to do something. Franco promptly twisted this to be a take-off agreement to do it, and expected agreement from me. So this morning, Krishnaji told him that KF upholds the copyright, etcetera, and to submit a memo of what he intends to do, and we would consider it. On top of this turn and unnecessary effort for Krishnaji, he decided to talk to Martha Crego because Vanda reports Crego is still harping on about Krishnaji's going to court, etcetera. Nothing I explained to her, for two hours the other day, has sunk in at all, as I knew it wouldn't. So, from 1 to 2 p.m., while he should have been eating lunch quietly, he had to talk to her. Why these hostile and aggressive people should be able to claim his attention and energy is something that riles me. Crego said, "all of them, Mima, too," are Theosophists, as though this had some positive significance.

So we had late lunch, and Krishnaji went back to bed. I went to check Chalet Choucas for Alan Kishbaugh's arrival. Visited the tent, which is more spacious and looked very nice. Put supplies in for Alan Kishbaugh, and then met him at the train. He comes from London, where he met for a short time with Mary L. and Mary C., the Digbys, but in spite of an optimistic letter to me by Mary Cadogan that George was about to ask Alan

Kishbaugh to do the publishing negotiations, of course, George didn't do it, and Alan Kishbaugh says he doesn't know where he is with the whole thing. I felt the combination of a physical shock from my fall in Geneva and the pressure of contentious people, also angering communications with Vanda, which is a very foggy area. I welcomed her suggestions and advice, and yet they often slide into the impossible. "Why can't you have groups of young people?"—but Krishnaji mustn't do extras. "Why don't you invite Narasimhan to stay?"—he's in the U.S.' Is this making sense, the way I read it?

S: Well, we'll see how it reads.

M: [*laughs*] 'This is my difficulty communicating about certain things with Vanda. Explaining about the Guido Franco plan not being to Krishnaji's advantage, and the possible harm, she says, she sees no harm. "What does it matter?" she says. "Let him…" Nothing but, "why do you get upset…" Anyhow, all this was a bit much today, mostly because moving has become a constant pain of some damn bone or muscle, and I am tired. Lay down and read for a while, and felt better. Fetched Alan Kishbaugh to Tannegg for supper, and Vanda in some unnecessary assumption that she shouldn't be there, so we could talk business, didn't come to the table.'

Editor's Note: ***This is about as much as we ever hear of Mary complaining about the constant pain she was in from one thing or another. I once saw her suffering for several days trying to walk with a completely broken leg, because she didn't think it was serious. The surgeon was surprised she could stand the pain.***

I don't like putting in something that might seem anti-Vanda, because I never have felt that.

S: It's just the way it was for you then, Mary.

M: I know, but, I was just venting my…exasperation…

S: Well, that's all right, you're allowed to vent.

M: [*long sigh*] Well, Saturday fifteenth of July. 'During breakfast, Al Blackburn turned up with a letter from Vigeveno to Krishnaji, which Blackburn could only give to Krishnaji personally, lest I destroy it, presumably,' it says here, [*laughs*], 'so Krishnaji had to get out of bed and come out to Blackburn, and he had to listen to Blackburn tell him how much trouble they were having finding a place to live. When he left, Krishnaji came in the dining room where Vanda and I were, and gave me the letter, asking me to read it, and to tell him what it was. He said he didn't want to touch it. The letter said that he, Vigeveno, had seen the Brockwood film and at the end, when asked why he taught, Krishnaji had replied, "I think out of affection." So, was it affection to attack his lifelong friend Rajagopal, to go to lawyers, etcetera. From *At the feet of the Master* to the Ventura courthouse.' This is a kind of snide stuff…

S: Jesus!

M: Much belaboring of Krishnaji and his own words on love, affection, truth, etcetera.

S: We're running out of tape, so we'll have to come back and do this entry.

M: Why don't you cut it off at the end of whatever that sentence makes sense?

S: Okay.

M: And I'll mark it here.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Christopher and Phyllis Fry were good friends of Mary's, and had been of Sam as well. Christopher contributed to the writing of several of Sam's films, including *Ben-Hur*.

[2] A partner of Ian Hammond, who did most of the overseeing of construction.

[3] From the Dutch Stichting.

[4] This is a French children's song, and anyone who has spent part of their childhood in France, was taught this by people looking after them or by French children. It is about dancing on the bridge of Avignon.

Issue 24: July 15, 1972 to August 23, 1972

This issue takes place in Switzerland where Krishnaji is giving his annual Saanen talks and discussions.

As well as descriptions of the talks, Mary describes an outing to a hotel where Krishnaji had stayed with his brother in the 1920s and again in 1957. The poignant details of the second stay illustrate the conflict with Rajagopal which continues as a theme throughout this issue.

Towards the end of this issue Mary's father dies, which she describes with her characteristic quiet dignity. This leads to glimpses of Krishnaji's thoughts on mortality.

Mary: Alright. We left off on July fifteenth, 1972. There was a letter from Vigeveno. And Krishnaji didn't want to read it.

Scott: Yes. He gave it to you.

M: And he gave it to me and asked me to read it, and tell him what was in it. He didn't want to touch it. The letter said that Vigeveno 'had seen the Brockwood film, and at the end of the film, when asked why he taught, Krishnaji had replied, "I think out of affection."'

So, this is typical of Vigeveno's letters**:** '"So, was it affection to attack" his lifelong friend Rajagopal? To go to lawyers, etcetera. "From the *Feet of the Master*[1] to the Ventura Courthouse" is the way Vigeveno put it. There was much belaboring of Krishnaji with his own words on love, affection, truth, etcetera. Then, an underlined phrase about "It still being possible to settle out of court." This from the man'—this is obviously Rajagopal talking through Vigeveno—'who refused the attorney general's request to discuss a settlement. The hypocrisy of these people is boundless,' I wrote.

'Krishnaji then wanted to go to see the tent, and so on the way I had the Vigeveno letter photocopied and sent it to Sol Rosenthal for evaluation in case the letter is an oblique, very remote settlement feeler that is keeping Rajagopal outside of things. Krishnaji was pleased to look at the tent and we went to the camping site and saw the Simmonses, who safely arrived last night after a rather limping trip in which the Land Rover had failed repeatedly.'

S: Are you paraphrasing it, or reading it?

M: Both.

S: No [*laughing*], no. Read it.

M: Why?

S: It's got much more a flavor of authenticity when you read it.

M: Who's to say?

S: Me. I can tell. [*Laughs*.]

M: I don't like rereading things precisely. I always change them if I'm writing them.

S: Well, I know, but this is different.

M: I'm talking, I'm not writing.

S: But it doesn't…it sounds…

M: Alright, I'll read it. 'We went to the tent; I mean we went to the Simmonses, and then we came back, and I returned to pick up the Biascoecheas at Saanen, at the Saanerhof, and also Alan Kishbaugh for lunch. Before lunch, Krishnaji called Enrique, Isabel, and me to his room. Sitting in a Japanese orange silk kimono, looking suddenly very young and in his extraordinary beauty and speaking very intensely, he said he wanted to apologize for getting Enrique into the spot he was in when he gave his deposition. He said that if he had known what Enrique had been through with Rajagopal back then, he would have told Enrique not to try to protect him. Krishnaji said that he knows now that all that had happened was engineered by Rajagopal and Rosalind in order to hold onto him. Enrique said that that is what he had thought, too. After lunch, the Biascoecheas talked privately to me about Faria, who seems to be going off the deep end. He's suspicious, quarrelsome, inclined to be a dictator, resenting any friendly words in letters written by Enrique to Mary Cadogan, etcetera. No one can work with Faria, Enrique says, and Faria is willing to resign if Krishnaji asks him to, as it was Krishnaji who had appointed him. Enrique also quoted ugly remarks by Faria against the Lilliefelts, in particular against Theo, saying that he is "a Jew" and after the KWINC money for himself, and when he gets it, he will be worse than Rajagopal.' Faria really was a horror.

S: Who was he?

M: He was a tough Puerto Rican lawyer, and Biascoechea brought him into our circle, and, as it says here, I think, Erna wanted the opinion of another tough lawyer about the case. And so, he was consulted, and then he became part of the Fundación. Krishnaji asked him to join it. 'Enrique also said he thought that I realized this, at which I told the Biascoecheas exactly what I had thought of Faria in the very beginning when he behaved so boorishly here at Brockwood in 1970 with remarks about gringos, etcetera, and that when the Lilliefelts wanted his advice, I had said I would not want to be represented by such a man. They felt in need of another hardheaded legal opinion, and I went along with that and agreed to his coming. And when he had tried to be helpful, coming all that way, I'd expressed thanks and appreciation of that as thoroughly as I could. I told them too of his suspicions of me when I spoke alone with Sol after we had met in Sol's office.'

‘I don’t want to make a platform out of my being right on all this, but my distrust of Faria was consistent from the beginning. How far should I push it when I feel sure of something like this?’

Sunday the sixteenth of July. ‘It was a clear day for Krishnaji’s first talk. Vanda went with Mrs. Walsh’—she’s the woman who lived downstairs—‘to the tent. She also took Frau Erkelenz, the owner of the chalet upstairs. Krishnaji and I drove via Saanen. The tent looked dignified, well ordered, and was nearly full. I sat in the last row where Vanda and Doris Pratt had saved me a seat.’

‘Krishnaji began with, “I wonder why you have all come. To be given something? To find something? And who is it that wants to get it?” Later, he said, “Intelligence is energy as application.” A very good opening talk and he stopped on the instant of an hour, saying he would continue Tuesday. He walked out and up the road, pursued by Guido Franco and a movie camera. He hadn’t bothered to wait for our answer or permission to film Krishnaji. I interrupted him with Alan Kishbaugh’s name and number and told him he was a trustee of KFA and to talk to him. Krishnaji had had a slight cough at the beginning, but did not seem too tired. He had lunch in bed. Vanda said he looked smaller on the platform, and she figured out it was his face because of the hair combed over the forehead. Combed back, it looked much better. It meant cutting the long side pieces and Krishnaji said we both agreed it would be done.’ [*Chuckles*.] ‘He wanted to do it immediately with narrow scissors but was persuaded to wait for a barber.’ [*M chuckles again.*]

‘He walked with Vanda later and returned to bed. She and I did pranayama before dinner. She is an excellent teacher. Yesterday, she gave me a refund of the deposit I paid last year on the summer rental. That has made us equal on our 1969 agreement to share costs at Tannegg. But each year, she evades my paying. Last year, I put the correct amount in her Gstaad bank account and will have to do it again this year as she has paid the balance for 1972 and the deposit for 1973. She goes to Rome in the morning. Paola, John, and the children arrive there from Sardinia for a few days before going to New Haven and moving to Toronto.’

The seventeenth of July. ‘Vanda left by train. Alan Kishbaugh saw Guido Franco about the filming. Krishnaji meanwhile said Franco had broken the agreement by filming him yesterday, and he doesn’t want him to continue. As Alan Kishbaugh had asked Franco to draw up a more realistic proposal, we will await that before replying. I asked Alan K. to use the room downstairs vacated by Vanda and he will move up tomorrow. The Mercedes refused to start. Krishnaji went down to the village by taxi to have his hair cut short. It looks very nice. No long ear-like pieces to bother him when the wind blows and now the shape of his forehead shows. Proportions are right, and there is a new glimpse of beauty. That beauty referred to in a review by Cyril Connolly in the London *Sunday Times* yesterday, and Jacob Needleman’s book *The New Religions*. “People,” he said, “who have seen Krishnaji inevitably speak of his extraordinary beauty to which is now added the fragility of age.” Krishnaji read this and seemed surprised at the rest of it, which

speaks highly of him. Krishnaji knows who Connolly is; he says he's a friend of Mary Links.'

S: Hm.

M: Tuesday, the eighteenth. 'Krishnaji had slept little because of congestion in his head, but this day was not lacking in energy. It was clear and warm, and he wore the brown linen Givenchy trousers with a new Charvet shirt that has a tiny pattern of checks that gave it a faint pinkish tone. With the hair, at last, cut, looking more natural and somehow much younger, he was looking marvelously. The Mercedes, which had not started yesterday, had spent the night at a garage, and was delivered at 8 a.m. I drove the garage man back. There was a carrot hazelnut cake for lunch; the village is clean and only a few people were in the shop at that hour. There was the pleasant light of a summer morning. Krishnaji and I drove again via Saanen to the tent. The trees make a shadow on the road, and Krishnaji said, "I like this way." He gave his second talk, a truly great one. Spoke of insight, which is intelligence, seeing without conclusion; the mind without conclusions is without fear. The only security is that of intelligence and insight, a talk with many things in it and tremendous power. Again, he walked rapidly up the road pursued by Franco with his film camera. Kishbaugh is to tell Franco he may not shoot in the tent or otherwise, decided by Krishnaji and the Foundation.'

'We drove to Gstaad slowly. "The body is too excited" to go back to Tannegg immediately. When we did, there were letters from Erna about the Ventura lawyer, Mr. Cohen, who will be the local attorney with Rosenthal, and another letter from my brother,' well, it goes on about my brother.

'After reading the mail, I went down and picked up Alan K., who moved his things into the downstairs apartment and also brought Radha Burnier**[2]** up for lunch. This was Krishnaji's first meal at the table since our arrival. He told her some of the Rajagopal case events and the background to it. In fact, he took no rest but talked till 4 p.m., when he went for a walk with Alan K., and I drove Radha—as she wishes me to call her—back to her hotel. She's here till Saturday. After the walk, we had tea, and Krishnaji sat and talked with Alan K. and me until 7 o'clock, somewhat on supernatural things: his sense of unease when doctors come and when he is outside at night. Once in Ashdown Forest, he was walking alone and it became dark, and he felt he was being followed, and he reached the house exhausted and had to be put to bed "for several days." Last year in Madras, he came to a temple as the light was fading and felt the threat. He stood and watched, and "said something."'

'Then I asked, "a particular thing?"'

'Krishnaji replied, "Yes, a particular thing. And gradually, it oozed away." I didn't ask him then what it was he said, but he spoke earlier of the Christians making the sign of the cross, the Hindus uttering the word "om" to ward off evil'—he had spoken earlier about those two things. He told too of being asked, when young, to heal a "possessed" woman. He went to see her, and she looked up at him and became quiet and normal. He told of

Jayalakshmi going one night alone to a temple felt to be very holy, and feeling great danger there, so that she fled to her car and went home. Krishnaji said it is not supposed to be good to talk of "dark powers," as it somehow gives them energy. He says these things as an "on dit"**[3]**—gossip, but he says too one mustn't tamper with such things, and he does have his unease about being out at night, and an extra precaution being necessary for those around him, as if we were his protection, in part, and therefore liable to attack by whatever is evil. Evil is attracted to goodness, wanting to destroy it. Alan K. talked of the odd sense of threat when he camped in an Indian burial ground and it ceasing when he put on a Hopi medicine man's bracelet. Alan K. said to me at supper he feels the sense of being there to protect Krishnaji when he is with him.'

July twentieth. 'A letter was sent by Maître Mueller, the notary public and something like a mayor of the area, and Graf to Guido Franco, saying that he was not to film. It seems no one can film, tape, or even be in the tent if the Saanen Gatherings Committee refuses them permission, since it is not a public meeting as we do not charge an entrance fee. Alan K. told Franco that it was decided upon by Krishnaji and the Foundations not to allow his filming, but Franco said he would go ahead anyway as his lawyer told him he could, hence we had to get Maître Mueller to stop Franco.' I remember he kept saying, "I am a Swiss citizen. I can go where I like."

'In addition, Krishnaji began his talk today, number three, by requesting no filming, taping, or taking notes, as it disturbs others. The talk was on thought, what are its uses, and its destructive effect in relationship. He spoke with enormous energy. Afterward, he wanted to drive, and we went to Saanenmöser and back, then picked up Radha Burnier, who lunched with us. Krishnaji asked her various questions on mantra, yoga, Hindu beliefs, immortality, etcetera. Afterward, I took her back to her hotel, did errands, and was back when de Marxov came to tea. Krishnaji walked alone. He came back physically tired but looking well. His haircut is such an improvement, and today's costume, faintly pinkish shirt, the buff-beige linen Givenchy trousers, cream-colored socks and brown Belgian moccasins, made him as well-dressed for summer as he is in all his Huntsman suits. [*Chuckles.*] There is a glow, a shine, to him. No news yet of the Lilliefelts, who should have arrived today.'

'On the twenty-first, the Lilliefelts arrived and they came for lunch. We talked all afternoon. Isabel Biascoechea brought a Spanish woman who was hysterical to see Krishnaji. He calmed her somewhat by placing his hands on her head and told her husband to take her away from here, to take her to the movies, away from all this. They had been to some meeting before coming here, and people attempted some kind of prolonged meditation.'

The next day, there was nothing interesting. 'Krishnaji went for a walk alone. Yvon Achard and Jean-Pierre Gaillard came to talk to me about French books being too expensive for students, and the need for resumption of the *Bulletin*. They are for Linssen doing it. I told them to talk to the French committee.'

On the twenty-third was 'Krishnaji's fourth Saanen talk. Extremely good. We drove to Lauenen afterward, taking Alan K. At lunch, there were the Moorheads and Balasundaram, who arrived yesterday and is staying with them. He brought oil, pickles, and almond halva to Krishnaji. Told Krishnaji at lunch of going to Madhavachari, and talking to him about Vasanta Vihar, its ownership by the Stichting, and that this was all complicated by the lawsuit. It seems that for some reason, Vasanta Vihar is owned by the Stichting.'

S: This was all part of Rajagopal's shell game, wasn't it…?

M: Yes. Yes.

S: Where some organization would get ownership of something and then ownership would transfer and…

M: 'KF India could facilitate getting the present caretaker out. KFA would have to bring suit to gain that position, now that the Stichting has given its ownership to KFA. Balasundaram got Madhavachari as far as Pupul's door at Bombay to talk it over, but he wouldn't go in.' See, Madhavachari claimed that he had power of attorney from Rajagopal, therefore, he could only do what Rajagopal said. But, it was proved that Rajagopal didn't have rights to Vasanta Vihar. It was endlessly complicated, but anyway, 'Krishnaji asked Balasundaram why Madhavachari was acting this way. Balasundaram guesses it was his allegiance to Rajagopal. Krishnaji said the loss of his son'—that's Madhavachari's son—'had embittered Madhavachari, but Balasundaram said he was over that. From my view, Madhavachari has been consistently Rajagopal's man all along and has been so well before the son died. But, Krishnaji realizes Madhavachari doesn't tell the truth. Krishnaji brought up the book *Tradition and Revolution*, edited by Pupul and Sunanda, the 1970–71 discussions with Krishnaji, that Mary couldn't edit, and which Alan K. said was so poorly edited it shouldn't be sold in the West. It is very nice-looking and well put together, but I have not read the text.'

Monday, the twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji had a cable from Pupul Jayakar that her husband died. I sent a reply cable from Krishnaji, Balasundaram, and myself. Alan K. and I drove to Bern, to the U.S. Consulate, to have notarization of our signatures as trustees on escrow papers for the KFA sale of a little house they inherited in Ojai. Then, we drove over to the center of the city and lunched and waited for the shops to reopen at 2 p.m. I bought socks for Krishnaji and material for slacks for me. I drove back to Gstaad in time for Alan to walk with Krishnaji, and me to have an ultrasound treatment on my foot, which continues swollen and sore.'

Tuesday, the twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji's fifth Saanen talk, and it was on suffering, conflict, and finally pleasure and joy. He spoke with almost explosive energy. We drove to Château D'Oex afterward and got back just before a letter from Sol Rosenthal on Vigeveno's letter. Sol says Vigeveno's letter could be a feeler for a settlement, and he advises how to reply if Krishnaji wishes to acknowledge it. Balasundaram and the

Moorheads came for lunch. Pupul wants copyrights shared between the Foundations. These things tend to be raised again as soon as they are settled.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Don't we know it?

M: Mmm. 'At 4 p.m., Nadia Kossiakof brought Mlle. Delachaux of Delachaux et Niestlé, the French-Swiss publisher, to see Krishnaji. She wants to do a livre de poche**[4]** and a hardcover and wanted suggestions. We discussed it a little and I referred her to George Digby. Krishnaji came in dressed in jeans and a grey sweater. Mlle. Delachaux asked him if he was a mystic, and Krishnaji recoiled in distaste. "What is a mystic?" Krishnaji said it implied search, and explained the projections of the Catholics having mystical experiences of Jesus, of the Hindus of Krishna, or whatever; all is within conditioning; a religious mind must be outside all that. She asked about intuition, which Krishnaji always finds dangerous as a word. "That may be only a projection," he said. "What is the subconscious?" Krishnaji replied, "the repository of conditioning." He said, "Thought, other than technical thought, divides," and she couldn't see that. He explained about nationalities, religions, etcetera, all products of thought, and so it went. Through all this, he sat with a relaxed grace of a young boy. Once again, I was watching the extraordinary beauty of face, posture, gesture, expression. Because he was tired, he was hesitant in his replies in French, in which the conversation had gone. But he addressed himself with total attention to her questions, and at the same time, he had an informality that enhanced his grace. Apart from all he said, there is an ascetic experience in seeing him that is limitless.'

'I drove the two women down to the Bernerhof, went to get *The Economist* and some detectives for Krishnaji, and had the surprise of finding him waiting for me at the foot of the hill by the bridge, thumbing a ride with me. [*Chuckles, S laughs lightly*.] He had started on his walk up the hill toward the woods, felt tired, and so came down hoping to catch me. He had been there a minute when I came by, as if something neatly arranged it. We came back and had verveine tisane**[5]** and then he went to bed and I had supper alone and also went to bed early.' [*Soft chuckle*.]

Wednesday, the twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji, before breakfast, dictated a reply to the Vigeveno letter, keeping my and Rosenthal's suggestions. It was on the whole alright, but to me, too long; and as Vigeveno's letter was essentially insulting, it dignified it too much. Once dictated, Krishnaji kept revising it, toning it down, to be discussed with Erna and Theo when he sees them. I went for an ultrasonic treatment for the foot, to the bank for the new restrictions on foreign accounts,' and it goes on about what they are. 'Frances McCann and Cragnolini came for lunch. I took Alan K. to Rougemont about a leather rucksack he wanted. I was tired. Biascoechea came at 4 p.m. to talk to Krishnaji about Faria, Faria's anger against Sendra, and, by now, against Enrique. Faria can't work with the present board. They told Krishnaji, and I've told the Lilliefelts this morning, about his calling Theo a Jew, a Jesuit, and that Theo was after the KWINC money. Krishnaji is to write a letter accepting Faria's resignation and, temporarily, Enrique will be president of the Fundación. It turns out now that Biascoecheas didn't know Faria very well before they vouched for him and promoted him to head their group. Bad judgment on their part,

and I should perhaps have voiced my own conviction that he was unsuitable more strongly. Talked later to Erna; they are, of course, shocked by it all.'

The twenty-seventh of July. 'Krishnaji's sixth Saanen talk. Again, a blazing energy. He said later that he had no idea what he was going to say when he sat down. Seeking of security in various ways: "without happiness you cannot learn."' That's a quote. 'Death, insight to examine what it is to live without fear. Learning. He said, "there were some new things."' That's a quote from him. Sometimes after a talk, he would say, "Did you notice there were some new things?"

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'The Digbys arrived last night. The Lilliefelts, Mary Cadogan, Alan K. all came for lunch. Krishnaji said Olga,'—that was a maid we had helping Fosca—'was too slow and he managed the lunch himself, passing plates, etcetera. We then had an all-afternoon rather epic meeting, in which it was decided, at last, that Alan K., now elected to the Publications Committee, should handle all negotiations with U.S. publishers. ***Digby agreed***.' That's underlined because Digby wasn't going to agree initially. [*Chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji pushed for the decision and underlined every step of the procedure so that no misunderstandings could occur. I went on to the story of the realignment of the English Foundation and Brockwood and the financial problems it creates. Until the Smalley case is settled…' What was the Smalley case? I can't remember at the moment.

S: Who was it a case against?

M: Well, there's something to do with, I think, somebody's will, or something.

S: But which foundation, the KFA or the KFT?

M: KFT, I think.

S: Huh, the Smalley Case. I never heard of it.

M: I guess it was. I don't remember this. Then it says, 'Erna explained once again the KFA's position with regard to money sent to England.' That was a problem. The English couldn't get it through their heads that the KFA couldn't just send its money to England, that the money donated to an American charity has to be used for the purposes of that American charity and not in a foreign country. So, that was awkward, for ages. They just couldn't understand it, or didn't want to understand it. 'And it was finally decided to send $10,000 of the Frances McCann money, which will go ultimately to the Cloisters building, but is to be used temporarily for Brockwood school expenses until KF Trust has its assets freed.' I guess the Smalley case, I just don't know, but I guess the Smalley case had to do with KFT.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘Tapes were discussed and the Indian books were gone into. The revelation that the *Tradition and Revolution* book being from notes made by Sunanda after the talks and not verbatim tapes increases the unwillingness to use it in the West.’

S: *Tradition and Revolution*?

M: You see, nobody wanted to just take notes that were written later.

S: Of course.

M: ‘Krishnaji went for a walk with Alan K. after tea, and we finally adjourned. Later, Alan K. and I went to dine with the van der Stratens, as I wanted them to meet him before he leaves. Erna and Theo were also there.’

Now, we get to Friday, the twenty-eighth of July. ‘I had ultrasound foot treatment, and Erna and Theo came and we discussed the Vigeveno letter, amended the draft of Krishnaji’s reply, and it was sent. At 11:45 a.m., there was the annual meeting of the Krishnamurti Foreign committees and foundations. Krishnaji discussed their functions after his death, and mentioned the case with Rajagopal. Dates were set for next year at Saanen. Over my protest about hay fever in July and the number of talks, which was seven, Krishnaji insisted on keeping to seven talks and seven discussions, and the dates are about the same. At lunch were Anneke, Balasundaram, Erna, Theo, and Alan K. We discussed Vasanta Vihar, the Stichting will join KF India in suing Rajagopal for possession, as the gift of Vasanta Vihar has not been registered to KF India’—which didn’t exist at the time. ‘Balasundaram said what India (i.e., Pupul) wants for publications is to share in the copyrights, and rights to publish abroad, just what she pushed for last year, and against the agreement already made. Balasundaram seems to see the necessity of keeping the copyright in one place. Servire, in the person of Verhulst, and a new partner, an Englishman who embraced Sufism and changed his name to Inayat Khan, are here in Gstaad, and have tried to get rights to the Indian books, though they know KF India has an agreement with KFT not to publish outside their territory. And George Digby, after the agreement in the spring that there would be no more contracts with Servire beyond the present contracts, is now suggesting them to do German books. “*What*”, asked Krishnaji, “is Digby’s attachment to Verhulst?” All this is very tiring, and it went on till 4 p.m., when Krishnaji had to see a doctor and Madame Questiau, so he got no nap and went alone for a short walk.’

Saturday, July twenty-ninth. ‘A long day. The Digbys, the Lilliefelts, Balasundaram came at 10 a.m., and joined Krishnaji, Alan K., and me for a discussion that lasted till 5 p.m. We had a buffet lunch and a late tea. First, was the Servire question. At 2 p.m., Mr. Verhulst and his new partner Fazal Inayat Khan came. The latter is a leading Sufi, and head of the Sufi publishing house. He was questioned by Krishnaji, and he told Krishnaji he could sell Krishnaji’s teachings, and Sufism, etcetera, as all are one, all are searching for truth. “One moment, sir,” said Krishnaji, and proceeded to disabuse him of this. There is no way, no method. Khan, as oily a character as one is likely to find, coolly yessed Krishnaji. No final answer has been given Verhulst on an extension of the old contract.

There were pointed words between Balasundaram and Khan. The latter made it clear he was trying to establish himself in the U.S. through the use of Krishnaji's books. At present, he has an outlet there. Verhulst and Khan left, and it was decided we should not extend the contract, but should consult Michael Rubinstein before giving our final reply. The rest of the day was devoted to the Indian publication problems. Balasundaram said *Tradition and Revolution* is not based on tapes or shorthand, but on notes made afterward from memory. Everyone is rather appalled by this. Balasundaram made a strong push to have India share the copyright; he didn't succeed, but he was made a member of the Publication Committee. An exhausting day.'

Sunday, July thirtieth. 'Krishnaji's seventh Saanen talk on meditation. Mrs. Travers came to lunch. Meanwhile, a renewed crisis. In spite of the decision yesterday to tell Verhulst we need more time to think over the contract renewal, Digby decided he must be told immediately that we are not going on with it, without our being able to determine our legal position with Rubinstein. Alan K. had a telephone argument with Digby over this. At 3:30 p.m., Digby, Verhulst, Mary C., and Sybil Dobinson arrived. George, Mary C., and Alan K. and I talked in my room. George was angry and defiant. I tried to point that out with all tact I could find.'

Now, we go in the little book from the thirtieth of July to the thirteenth of August.

S: Which won't do.

M: [*laughs*] You make a terrible face. [*S laughs*.]

Let's see what happened according to the little book.

The thirty-first starts with 'Alan K. to an early train on his way to California. I went to the doctor for treatment, then to the bank. I did the Faria resignation acceptance letter with Krishnaji. The Biascoecheas came for lunch. Enrique will be president of the Fundación temporarily, on Faria's resignation. After lunch, Mr. Martinaux Mirabet, a Spaniard of Mexican citizenship, came and gave Krishnaji $5,000 in francs and pesos. Krishnaji is giving it to Brockwood.' Mr. Mirabet was this nice old man. Did you ever know him?

S: He's Spanish, yes.

M: Spanish. He lived in—

S: Wasn't he a farmer, or…

M: I don't think so. He was, it says here, he was a Mexican citizen, but he lived in Spain all the year. He came every year to Saanen, and always brought money for Krishnaji personally, and Krishnaji always gave it right away to Brockwood.

S: Yes.

M: Now, August second. 'Krishnaji's first public discussion in—'

S: What happened to August first?

M: Oh, August first 'was a quiet day. A teacher, Bernard Miller, came to see me and inquire about teachers meetings.'

S: Oh, well, that's important. I know Bernard Miller.

M: Did you?

S: Yes. You see, there are all these important things. [*Chuckles*.]

M: Alright. The second 'was the first public discussion. Krishnaji gave an interview to Tommy Elder and a friend, to the Blackburns, to Robert Zahner and Mark Vance, Ann Hariman, Madame Scherer'—she was a French woman—'came and gave him a package of jerseys.' She was a little French lady, who always brought presents. [*Chuckles*.]

On August third, 'Krishnaji gave his second public discussion. It rained; it was very cold, fifty degrees. To lunch came Madame Duchet, Marcelle Bondoneau, and Mary Cadogan. Mary saw Krishnaji alone afterwards. Krishnaji gave interviews to Iphegenia Frangos, Peter Racz, Rosemary Sheppard, and Franklin Philip. I met Mr. and Mrs. Santhanam, friends of Narasimhan, and I took them to Hotel Bellevue.'

August fourth, 'the third public discussion. The Narayans and Mr. and Mrs. Santhanam for lunch. I took the latter to the train. Krishnaji gave an interview to Mr. Silvius Rusu.' Your friend?

S: Very much so.

M: And somebody called Janet Overton. And I went back for my foot treatment.

August fifth, 'Krishnaji's fourth public discussion. The Bohms and Peter Racz came for lunch. At 4 p.m., there was a tea for the Ojai people: the Lilliefelts, the Hookers, Maris Lindley, Mr. and Mrs. Mirus, Martha Crego, Essie Bates, and somebody Sherman, the Blackburns, a Doctor Belle, Mr. and Mrs. Bridges, the Chalkers'—I don't remember them—'Verna Krueger, Mrs. Blau and her mother Mrs. Kraft, Mrs. Noyes, and Mrs. Samuel.'

On August sixth, 'there was the fifth public discussion, mostly on observing; images are easier, the lazy way. At lunch were the van der Stratens, the Digbys, and Donald Hoppen. Krishnaji saw Tungki's uncle and an American, John Allen. He is to give no more interviews.'

August seventh. ‘Krishnaji’s sixth public discussion. We drove past Saanenmöser afterward, and came back to lunch with Erna and Theo. It was a hot day. No interviews for Krishnaji. We went for a walk, and I went down to the village on errands.’

On August eighth, ‘Krishnaji gave his seventh and last public discussion, completing the series. It was a hot day. We had a quiet lunch alone. No more activities, except that Krishnaji saw Topazia for her eye treatment.’ Topazia Alliata was an old, old friend from Italy.

The ninth of August. ‘Krishnaji saw Topazia. Then, we lunched alone. Narayan and his child Natasha came up to see Krishnaji. Dorothy and Montague moved up to Tannegg for a rest after being in the Land Rover in the camping. At 6 p.m., Jacob Needleman and the Lilliefelts came. We discussed with Krishnaji meetings for discussions in San Francisco next year, and the hope of meeting interesting people. I took Needleman, the Simmonses, and the Lilliefelts to dinner at the Park Hotel.’

The next day, ‘Needleman and the Digbys, the Bohms, and the Simmonses were at lunch.’

On August eleventh, ‘Krishnaji, Dorothy, Montague, and I drove to Bulle, and then to Jaun Pass.’ Remember that road? ‘We had a picnic lunch in a field near the Pass, came down into the valley, and to Spiez, and then to Thun. Krishnaji and I saw Moser about Krishnaji’s car order. We all had tea by the lake and came back.’

On August twelfth, ‘the Grafs, Doris, and the Simmonses were at lunch. There was a long interrogation from Rajagopal’s lawyers, which was forwarded by Sol. I went with Krishnaji and Dorothy for the first walk that I’d been able to take, and my foot was alright. I went as far as the river. In the evening, I went with Dorothy to a Menuhin concert.’

On the thirteenth, oh, now we jump to the big book.

S: Great.

M: Sunday, thirteenth of August. ‘Nadia Kossiakof, when she was here, told Krishnaji that Suarès is venomous about him, and when I asked her about it, she said it was both about Krishnaji and his teachings. Nevertheless, Krishnaji said we must have them for one meal. I said it was his house, but on my own I wouldn’t. If it were about me, I wouldn’t care, but to be against him puts them beyond the pale, as far as I was concerned. So, they came to lunch today, along with Marcelle Bondoneau, and Dorothy and Montague to dilute things. I fetched Marcelle and the Suarèses up the hill. Everyone was very polite. Krishnaji came in with his eager smile and greeted them so nicely. The conversation ball was always kept in the air throughout lunch. Carlo Suarès, who looks like a grey rat’ [*both M and S laugh*]—oh dear, well, so he did,—‘nibbled away with gusto at Fosca’s spinach ravioli, etcetera. They were socially busy, but Krishnaji said later that they were not at ease with him. On saying goodbye, Carlo Suarès put his hands

on Krishnaji's shoulders as if in friendship, but it was so fake, I felt revulsion. Marcelle stayed on a little with Krishnaji and talked awhile. She, Nadia, and Mar de Manziarly see the Suarèses rarely, but when they do, Krishnaji's name is no longer mentioned, or they could not get on. One wonders why they want to get on, in that case. It is curious how easily people turn against one another, and also how difficult it is to separate. Yo de Manziarly still winters with the Suarèses, and Marcelle said Yo has gone to India to see Sathya Sai Baba with Annalisa Rajagopal. I think this shocked Krishnaji. I felt sick that this dimension of an old friend and betrayal should be seen by him. "What is it with these people?" Krishnaji asks, and I wonder, is it that each one of them wants something from him, or something he is, and not getting a thing they can grasp and hold, they turn on him; cluster together; and reinforce each other's resentment? Rajagopal gets the coalescence of this and most of these people have no real direct liking for Rajagopal, but their anger at Krishnaji drives them to adhere to Rajagopal.'

S: That's exactly what happens. That's such an interesting thing that you identify there, and we've seen it elsewhere. People who have had absolutely no compatibility at all, when there starts to be an antagonism or conflict, people on the different sides become great friends. People, who for years had nothing to do with one another or even couldn't stand one another…

M: [*chuckles*] Exactly. [*Laughs*.]

S: And there is this strange thing that when people don't get something that they feel they need, or that they feel deserve, they want to hold someone else responsible, and they held Krishnaji responsible. It's quite an interesting movement to identify, and the Suarèses are a really interesting example. They were so close to Krishnaji, in the sense that they were so supportive, and did, what many French people have told me, are the best translations of Krishnaji's work into French…

M: Yes.

S: …and they were hosts of Krishnaji for so many years, and then they turned against him. Something that must have been so lovely turns into something, or is replaced by something, that's so ugly. It's extraordinary.

M: Yes. Suarès, he became a kind of guru to a lot of young people.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And he also started this thing with the kabbalah, writing books about that. So that became his platform, and what he was giving out to the world, and they turned away from Krishnaji. Suarès felt he was a big man now.

S: It's not just turning away, you see. Turning away, one might understand; it's the turning ***against*** which is the thing that's so interesting. You can say, well, someone's very interested in education, and then suddenly, they become interested in politics. They

turned away from education. But, when someone turns ***against*** it, it's like they need to deny something very important about themselves, or that was themselves.

M: That's what I think it is. I think, as I've said, to you and others, if you come close to Krishnaji, or the teachings, beyond a certain point, if you *then* turn away, you've turned to evil, as it were.

S: Yes, and it turns into a poison, as Krishnaji himself has repeatedly said.

M: Yes, it turns to poison. And you have to be, not just meandering off somewhere else and forgetting it, you *have* to be ***against***, you *have* to take a hostile position.

S: Yes. Very odd.

M: Um, now wait a minute, I have to find where my place was in this. 'I drove Marcelle Bondoneau and the Biascoecheas down to Hotel Bel Air in the car. Marcelle spoke of Martha Crego writing to people in France about the case, people who knew nothing and weren't interested. "Pourquoi fait elle du gossip, comme une concierge?"**[6]** said Marcelle. [*M and S both laugh*.] It was repeated to Crego, who astonishingly didn't know what a concierge was, and went around asking. Now, she cuts Marcelle, but she also goes about saying that she has become a *great* friend of Vanda, and therefore knows *much more* about things. Why did Vanda put up with Crego's criticisms of Krishnaji? Are the people more neurotic around Krishnaji, or is this the normal level of random humanity?'

S: [*laughs*] The answer to that is that people are definitely more neurotic.

M: Yes. 'Later in a faint rain, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked up the Turbach way, my second walk. The foot was alright, though I didn't go all the way, but sat by the river and did pranayama while waiting for them to return.'

August fourteenth. 'Krishnaji came into the dining room where Dorothy, Montague, and I were having breakfast, looking very beautiful, there is no other word, in his orange silk kimono. There are no lines in his face, no wrinkles. There are sunken parts and age signs under his eyes, but the surface skin is unwrinkled and glowing. I told him this earlier, and he said, "What am I to do?"'—[*both laugh*]—'and then, "It is pedigreed cucumber night cream."' [*Both laughing more.*] He was a great one for using all kinds of oily things, and at one point, there was a kind of cream that was made of pedigreed cucumbers. It was sort of a joke between us.

'In spite of clouds, we decided to go for an expedition, out, at any rate, to give Fosca a rest, and it was too uncertain for a picnic. So, it was decided to take the new road from Diablerets to Villars. As we were leaving, Madame Duchet came by with a photocopy of a note from Jean-Pierre Gaillard to her saying, "Notre travail s'accomplit en parfait accord avec nos Maître Koot Humi et Djwal Khul avec qui nous sommes en contact permanent."**[7]**

S: Oh, lord. [*M laughs*.] Who was this guy again?

M: He was a friend of the one who wrote the dissertation on le langage de Krishnamurti.

S: Oh, yes.

M: And Jean-Pierre Gaillard was a friend of his, and both of them lived, I think, in Grenoble, and he used to come to Saanen. [*Laughs*.] 'Madame de Seydoux was present'—that was Madame Duchet's companion, an elderly lady—'Madame Seydoux was present, and Dorothy and Montague came in while I explained Krishnaji's wish and the necessity that no member of the Foundations or Committees be present members of the TS or any other such group. I also explained the Rajagopal court case. Then, I asked Krishnaji to come in for a few minutes, and he underlined all this.'

'Afterward, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Montague, and I drove to the Diablerets and up the new road to the Col de la Croix, where we got out and walked a little. Then, down to Villars. It was too cloudy to see Mont Blanc, and the Dents-du-Midi, but Krishnaji guided us to Montesano, a hotel where he and his brother stayed in the early '20s, when Nitya had TB. Then, in 1957 also, Rajagopal left him there alone for about two months, giving him just enough money to pay his board plus 50 francs so he could do nothing else. We lunched there in the dining room where Krishnaji used to have a table alone in the corner by the window. It is a family hotel with long tables, children and parents on holiday. The waitress, a lumpy girl in a Swiss costume, was English and uncomfortable, but the food was surprisingly nice—well-cooked carrots, potato puree, salad, cheese, and fruit. Krishnaji told us of Rajagopal having written to Vanda who was, at the time, in Gstaad *not to* communicate with Krishnaji.' He left him there alone. [*Sigh*.]

'When Rajagopal left, after several days there, on one of which he was drunk in the dining room and called Krishnaji names in a loud voice, he told Krishnaji,' [*in a harsh voice*] '"You say you are never lonely, well, now you're going to find out what it's like, what the rest of us feel."' [*In a soft voice*:] '"But I was never lonely," said Krishnaji.' [*Both laugh*.] '"I could have just stayed there." He went for walks all day in the hills, never spoke to anyone, even when the hotel manager wanted to introduce him to some guests. He left when it was time to go somewhere he was due. He went by train, changing twice, to Chamonix, where de Vidas met him. I was close to tears at lunch, seeing him there, a place he had been happy with his brother, oh so long ago, and then left alone by the malevolence of Rajagopal.'

'We had taken the table near the door. Unconsciously, I must have felt Krishnaji's reluctance to enter the room of people and he sat turned away from them. There was a quality to his shyness that was different in that room. Little glimpses of recoil from people, the painful shyness of someone much younger. He looked so young, so utterly vulnerable, so very shy. I could see him then, behind a wall of his shyness, his far away-ness, and yet content to spend his days walking in the hills, as in Ojai, in his distant state. Rajagopal's attempt to hurt him didn't work. "But why did I put up with him?" he asked. "I just accepted it. I suppose because there was no one else to turn to."'

S: That's a quote from Krishnaji?

M: Yes. 'I felt heartened by seeing him there, a child, obedient, accepting circumstance and cruelty because there was no other choice, but untouched by it inwardly. It is a thing such as this that makes the case against Rajagopal necessary. Krishnaji must be protected, invincibly, from that man's evil. The money, etcetera, are unimportant. He must never be able to touch Krishnaji again.'

'It was raining when we left and drove down through Bex to Aigle. Krishnaji wanted to see the lake, but halfway there, the traffic was thick, and we turned back and went up the Col du Pillon. An accident happened ahead of us, a driver in a red car in a hurry side-swiped one coming down the hill; no one was hurt. Dorothy struggled with her fear of heights, and I drove very carefully and slowly. We came back in time for a walk in spite of the rain.'

The fifteenth of August. 'Dorothy and Montague left in the Land Rover for England, taking Doris with them. Madame Yvonne Welser came to see Krishnaji. She has to be carried'—this is a crippled woman who used to come and he used to try to cure her. 'She had written at the beginning of Saanen that she thought it served no purpose to see him this year; her health had deteriorated in spite of his treatment; he is incorruptible, but she is not, etcetera. But she left it to him to decide. Krishnaji made no reply, so she telephoned last week asking to speak to him. He told her to telephone yesterday. She is thinking of going to the Philippines for the weird cures they do there. The poor woman wept and Krishnaji had to come in to me for Kleenex. She is obviously emotional about him, as well as her horrendous difficulties. I walked in and talked to her a little bit afterward. There is a boy from South Africa she asked Krishnaji to see; he will come tomorrow. The day was quiet from then on.'

'We lunched alone, and later walked up the Turbach Road. Krishnaji said again, "you must take care of yourself, as you must outlive me. I will live at least another ten years, till I'm ninety, probably. You must live beyond that. You do not belong to yourself anymore."'

I forgot to note that 'Mr. Moser came in the morning about the order for Krishnaji's Mercedes, which was postponed from this year. A car has to be bought; the order is in abeyance. It could be got out of only by paying for it and then selling it immediately at a loss.' Oh, that was the one we ordered that we didn't want. 'Krishnaji wanted to take it to the U.S. to replace the Jaguar, which he says is too old. I will have to buy it from him. Moser is getting the figures for export, and we will go on to Thun on Thursday.'

Wednesday the sixteenth. 'I went on errands and to listen to part of a Menuhin rehearsal in the Saanen Church; the lovely lift of Mozart quartets. The sunlight was lovely on the wooden pew rail. I kept seeing Krishnaji in Villars and now up in his room at Tannegg: the infinite wonder of him; fragile, extraordinary, to be cared for, served, and cherished.'

‘At lunch were Topazia Alliata, Marcelle Bondoneau, and Frances McCann. At lunch they chatted, but he was far away, but he came back to the conversation when they touched on Buddhism, the hierarchy of Masters in Theosophy, over them the Maha Chohan, the Maitreya, then the Buddha. He explained where some of it came from, mostly Tibet. Also at lunch, he kept Olga, the inconstant maid, out of the dining room [*laughing*], passing out everything himself. He is exasperated by her and worse, she smells. Later, the South African boy, Peter Raggitt, had an interview, and then we went for a walk. We talked of Jesus. I asked what difference did it make whether he lived or not? Wasn’t what he is said to have said to us either true or not? It wasn’t very original, said Krishnaji, just to love one another. [*M laughs*.] I asked, wasn’t it a way of saying, no self, which seems at the core of all religions in varying words. Krishnaji said yes and that Akhenaten**[8]** had said it too. He has been reading a book on Egyptian history. I said that the religion that people grasp, like Jesus, gives people symbols to hold onto, whereas he takes them away.’ So he did.

August seventeenth. ‘Vanda telephoned from Florence. Krishnaji had not slept well, and said meditation is so strong that the back of his head felt on fire, not pain, but a flame so strong he had to read to stop it before he could sleep again. Nevertheless, he wanted to come to Bern where I had to get his French visa. So, we went on this grey day. I had difficulty finding the entrance to the autoroute, but did reach Bern and find the French embassy before noon, only to be told he needed a letter from the Indian embassy. Everything closes at noon, so we found a parking garage by the Bellevue and found our way on foot, to a “vegetarian”’—Krishnaji remembered a vegetarian restaurant in a garden. ‘Only after eating downstairs did we learn that the garden was upstairs. [*Chuckles*.] But we had a nice meal, clean, quiet, and inexpensive. We found the Indian embassy by 2 p.m., got the needed letter, and went back to the French embassy, where they took forty-five minutes, and finally went off to Thun. We saw Moser about the SLC 280 3.5 Mercedes for next year’s delivery. The export price was far less. Krishnaji wishes to take it to the U.S. We ordered it in stone pine green.’

S: Hmmm. The Green Beauty.

M: Yes. ‘And after hesitation between beige and black interior, we settled on beige. We drove back to Tannegg and tried Bambu, a fake coffee we had bought in the Reformhaus in Bern.’

On Monday the twenty-first. ‘I spoke yesterday to my brother.’ Oh dear, it goes on about my father. Sorry, but I have to skip over this. ‘I spoke to Hugh Fullerton’—he was head of the American Hospital in Paris—‘to ask what if Father dies before either Bud or I are there. He said that Doctor Thins would arrange things. I saw that Father was not well. I write this while I’m waiting for the operator to ring again to reach my brother.’

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘It has been the first day of sun after cold, grey ones. The fresh snow against the clear sky makes the world look reborn. We walked all the way on the Turbach Road. In a

pause in all my telephoning, Krishnaji came in and said, when I told him what was happening, "Are you worried?" he asked. I said, worry is when there is something that can be done to change things; this, it appears, cannot be altered. Krishnaji: "Do you feel something in this room, the atmosphere, and I don't want this to impinge on you." We went to his room, and he said, "Do you feel a difference?" And then he said, "Perhaps it is because you have been filled with this in here. We are all going." Then I asked, "Tell me, oh Sphinx, when does one stop coming and start going?" [*S chuckles*.] Krishnaji said, "Oh, I guess, at birth. No, probably at ten to twenty years old. I have never seen someone die. I wasn't there when my brother died. It would have been terrible. In a way, I am gone when I walk, or sometimes when I am reading, I am so far away. Not when I talk. Then, I am all there. But otherwise, I am getting farther away. That is why you mustn't let them give me a general anesthetic; put me out. That would be the end."'

'"What if you are in pain, hurt?" I asked.'

'He replied, "I don't think that will happen like that. But then sedation, but not out"'—meaning unconscious. '"If you died first, but I don't think you will. You must outlive me. I will live another fifteen years, or twenty, I don't know. But I feel that. And when he goes, you must be…you must not commit suicide, as you did, in a way, when your husband died. Should you go to Paris now?"'

'"No," I said, "we will go with our plan to go Wednesday."'

'Krishnaji: "I couldn't drive the car alone; maybe to Bulle or Nyon, but the body couldn't all the way."

My father died the next day.

S: Mm, hm.

M: The next day. 'I spoke to Solange'—who was the housekeeper—'and Dr. Thins had been there, and said that death was very close and nothing more could be done. I rang my brother at the Vineyard and told him. He and Lisa will fly tonight and be in Paris early tomorrow. Krishnaji and I lunched quietly. I didn't tell him the news. At about 3 p.m., Solange telephoned, and said, "C'est fini." Father died in his sleep at 2:10 p.m., having been asleep or in a coma since about 10 in the morning. He was without suffering, she said. Krishnaji came into the room as I was hanging up the telephone. "I felt it had happened," he said, "I felt it from you." I called Bud again and told him. Krishnaji made me rest awhile, and then we went for a walk as far as the river. The packing was finished, and we loaded the car so as to leave early tomorrow. And then I talked to Krishnaji about my father.'

Wednesday, August twenty-third. 'We were in the car waving goodbye to Fosca and off from Tannegg at 4 a.m. We reached the border at Saint-Cergue by 6. In France, at Lons-le-Saunier, we bought croissants, hot from the oven, and had them with fruit for breakfast in the same edge of the road as a year ago. We got onto the autoroute at Chalon-sur-

Saône, and Krishnaji drove for 100 miles or so. We reached Paris by 1 p.m., and ate our picnic lunch in the Bois where we used to take our walks. It was warm and sunny. We went to Plaza Athénée, and I telephoned Father's apartment. My brother and Lisa had arrived at 9:30 a.m.' Well, it goes on about my father.

'I got back to the hotel in time to order Krishnaji's and my supper in our rooms. On the drive this morning, Krishnaji spoke of death. "I don't like to speak of your father," he said, "but what happens to a man like Rajagopal?" He talked of this and late in the evening, he said the following, which I wrote down verbatim. "Take a man like X"—meaning Rajagopal—"who is suspicious, jealous, secretive, concerned with his physical security. He is, after all, a product of his environment, his culture, his pattern of behavior. He may have peculiarities, his temperament, his so-called character. His mind is conditioned by the class he was born in, and so on. And when he dies, and that's what we are talking about, what happens to him? He has not come out of his 'environment.' He has not made anything of life. He is merely reacting within his conditioning, which may be very clever, cunning, artistic, but he has not come out of it. He is part of the whole quivering mass. He may think he will reincarnate, be reborn, or absorbed into something greater, which is his hope and comfort, but basically, he is still a result of his tradition, of his forefathers, his environment. He has not come out of it, so he is absorbed into his basic conditioning. This sounds cruel, but as you observe, he is part of this humanity. As he was in his life, so he is in death. To live with death every day is to deny totally this conditioning. So to die to conditioning every day is to live a life of a different dimension."'

S: Hmm.

M: He really was talking about every…it wasn't Rajagopal when he said X, he meant most people.

S: Very clearly put, though. Very clear.

M: How wasted most lives are.

S: Yes, yes [*very quietly said*]. It's one of the horrors of existence that it can be so wasted.

M: Yes [*almost inaudible*.]

S: And the fact is that it's so difficult for it <u>*not*</u> to be wasted, in the sense that our conditioning, our normal human quivering mass, as he describes it, is so powerful.

M: Yes [*still almost inaudible*], and yet we're given, we're given not only life, but we're given…the possibility…to go beyond all this.

S: Yes. And certainly, anyone who has had any contact with Krishnaji has no excuse.

M: Yes [*as quietly as possible, followed by a long pause*]. Let's stop.

S: Yes. Of course.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This is the title of what is supposed to be the first book Krishnaji wrote as a young boy of fourteen, but that authorship is debated.

[2] Radha knew Krishnaji all of her life, and had always been a supporter of his. She was elected President of the Theosophical Society while a trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation of India.

[3] French for "one says."

[4] Paperback book.

[5] Verbena tea.

[6] "Why is she gossiping like a concierge?"

[7] "Our work is done in perfect accord with our Masters Koot Humi and Djwal Khul [two of the Masters in the Theosophical hierarchy] with whom we are in permanent contact."

[8] Egyptian pharaoh who died approximately 1334 BC; he introduced monotheism. After his death, the traditional polytheism was restored.

Issue 25: August 24, 1972 to December 31, 1972

This issue starts just after the death of Mary's father, with Krishnaji and Mary arriving at Brockwood Park from Paris. In addition to speaking to students and staff, Mary records dialogues between Krishnaji and David Bohm.

Mid-October sees a brief visit to Rome by Krishnaji and Mary before they separate for the winter; Mary returns to the US and Krishnaji flies to India.

The series has an interesting reference to Krishnaji's attempt to address Mary's habits of tension through, in his words, "speaking to her unconscious". This is a theme that recurs in diaries and letters.

Mary: So, I have it noted here that we finished our last discussion on the twenty-third of August, 1972.

Scott: Yes, so we're beginning on the twenty-fourth of August.

M: And my notes for that day are entirely about my father's death and what came afterwards.

S: Of course.

M: 'My brother and his wife were there and my father's funeral took place on the twenty-fifth.' I wrote a lot about that. 'We walked back after the funeral, which was in the morning, to the Plaza Athénée and Krishnaji joined us for lunch. My brother and his wife were going to return to the U.S. shortly, and Krishnaji and I left in the car at 4 p.m. for Le Havre, driving without haste. I was glad to be gone from Paris and its sadness. We had supper at a restaurant in Le Havre called Le Monaco, and boarded the Normandy ferry.'

On the twenty-sixth, 'we arrived at Southampton early and were at Brockwood in time for breakfast. We unpacked slowly and walked in the afternoon with Dorothy and Whisper. It was peaceful, beautiful, and quiet there.'

The next day was also quiet, with long naps.

The next several days are just walking, Krishnaji washing the car, and things like that.

On August thirty-first, 'it was another beautiful day. Krishnaji and I took a picnic and drove to Chichester Festival Theatre. We had a picnic lunch in the car, and then saw a matinee performance of *The Lady's Not for Burning*.**[1]** Tickets were got for us by Christopher and Phyl Fry. Afterward, we drove back to Brockwood through golden fields that had just been harvested.'

On September first, ‘we worked on the interrogatories’—this is part of a lawsuit, these endless written questions that the opposing force’s lawyers send you, and you have to fill out. ‘We walked in the afternoon.’

S: Do you remember where you were walking in those days?

M: It depended on how long we set out to walk, but we usually walked across the fields and through the grove, then across the next field, then down to the lane and back. Not always. But it varied.

On September second, ‘there was news of a fire at Ojai, and we sent a telegram to the Lilliefelts to make sure they were alright.’

On September fourth, ‘we went to London, from Petersfield. There were Huntsman fittings for both of us. And Mary Links, having just returned from holiday in Asola**[2]**, lunched with us at Fortnum’s. Krishnaji had a dentist appointment with Mr. Thompson, and I bought him a red cashmere throw for his room.’ What happened to that?

S: I don’t have it.

M: It was beautiful. I guess it burned up in the fire. This is pre-fire. Isn’t it?

S: Yes, it’s pre-fire, but it wouldn’t have burned up in the fire.

M: It used to lie on that bench that’s now down in the drawing room.

S: I remember.

M: It used to lie at the foot of his bed. It was a lovely red, cashmere…Anyway…I haven’t seen it in years.

On September fifth, ‘Arab terrorists seized the Israeli Olympic athletes and held them prisoner all day in Munich.’ This was obviously on television. ‘Colonel Noyes arrived suddenly from California, bringing settlement talk from Rajagopal. Krishnaji and I saw him after lunch. Noyes said that Rajagopal would turn over 80 percent of KWINC, keeping 20 percent to carry on publications and the library project. Krishnaji told Noyes that had he known that Rajagopal was a Theosophist all these years, he would never have let him touch his writing and would have asked him to get out of KWINC. We both said that if Rajagopal has a settlement suggestion to make, it must be made through his lawyers to ours. All this upset Krishnaji’s stomach.’

S: Mm, hm.

M: The next day, ‘we learned that the Arabs had shot all the Israeli Olympic hostages. Krishnaji was moved to tears by all this. He sent for Noyes and told him that what Rajagopal is doing is similar—lies and violence. Noyes said he had telephoned Rajagopal

last night, and Rajagopal asked him to write to him his suggestions. We told Noyes that Rajagopal must make any settlement suggestion through his lawyers to ours. I telephoned to Fleur**[3]**. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. My brother telephoned in the evening. Father's burial is tomorrow in New York, Woodlawn Cemetery.'

On September seventh, 'the campers began arriving for the Brockwood talks.'

The eighth 'was, again, preparations for the gathering beginning the next day. The house and cottages were full.'

On Saturday, September ninth, 'Krishnaji gave his first Brockwood talk for that year in the tent. It was a rainy day, but a thousand people came. We had food**[4]** set up in the adjacent tent. In the late afternoon, we walked.' Then there are some things about the case.

S: You can't say what they are?

M: It's not important.

On the tenth, 'Krishnaji gave his second Brockwood talk. The weather was nicer. Over a thousand people came, and we ate again in the tent.'

S: I came to these talks.

M: Did you? Oh!

S: Yes. I was staying at Alresford.

M: Did you, now?

S: Mm, hm. That was my first time at Brockwood.

M: Mmmm. Now, my first memories of you, as I've told you over and over, is sitting on the floor at Tannegg.

S: That was in 1974.

M: That was '74. So this is '72.

S: Yes. Yes. That was also the first year I went to Saanen.

M: Hmmm.

S: After our last discussion, I was thinking to re-listen to those tapes of that year, as that was the first Saanen I went to, and then I came here, for the Brockwood talks, and my life changed.

M: Where did you stay in Alresford?

S: At the Bell Hotel or whatever it is—the one that's on the right-hand side as you go down.

M: The Bell?

S: The Bell, I think.

M: Hmm. [*S chuckles*.] What led you to it? How did you hear?

S: Well, I heard about the Saanen talks from a friend of mine in Paris, so I went to Saanen to hear them. And, of course, while I was there, I heard about the Brockwood talks.

M: I see. So you were in Saanen.

S: I was in Saanen for all the Saanen talks.

M: Where did you stay then?

S: I started off sleeping in the old schoolhouse, which they had for young campers without tents, and then I ran into two friends of mine from America who happened to be there. And they were staying in rooms of someone's chalet, and I was invited to stay with them.

M: Hmmm. [*S chuckles*.]

M: Well, continuing. On September the eleventh, 'I had a cable from the Dunnes that Filomena had had a slight stroke the day before. But luckily it happened when she was with them. She's in the hospital, and there's no paralysis.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji had a discussion in the tent, a very good one on thought and the mind. I finished the interrogatory letter and sent it to Erna.'

My cousin came on the thirteenth.

S: Which cousin was that?

M: The only cousin I have. My mother's sister's daughter. She was like a sister when I was a child. A little bit older than me.

S: Is she the one that I met here at Brockwood who lived in Maryland?

M: No. No, that's a stepsister.

S: Oh, yes.

M: No, my cousin died some years ago. 'I talked to the doctor in Los Angeles. Filomena had hardening of the arteries to both brain and heart; there was a spasm, which immediately relaxed. But she must change her mode of life. She wishes to join her family in Rome. Miranda is going to Italy and will accompany her in about ten days, and I said I would go to Rome to see her.'

S: Is this when Filomena stopped working for you?

M: Yes. On the fourteenth, 'Krishnaji held his second discussion at Brockwood. In the afternoon, after a walk, Dorothy, Elena Greene, Sidney Roth, Martha Longenecker, the Bohms, Yves Zlotnitcka, and I saw the four San Diego talks of 1970 that were videotaped.' Sidney Roth had organized all that and, I think, paid for them, and the titles also showed Krishnaji walking in the garden in Malibu.'

For the fifteenth, there's no entry at all.

On September sixteenth, 'Krishnaji gave his third Brockwood talk. We had lunch in the tent later.'

And on the next day, 'Krishnaji gave the fourth talk,' and see, there's nothing else on the page. [*S chuckles*.] I have to prove it to you. [*M laughing*.]

S: [*laughs*] Yes, I'm such a stickler.

M: On the eighteenth, 'I went to London,' you don't want to hear about that. It was about legal things. 'Shopped for Krishnaji, had lunch with Mary Links at their place. We talked all afternoon. Got back to Brockwood at 7 p.m. Most people who had come for the talks had left. Dorothy said we had enough money to do all the building.' [*S chuckles loudly, and M chuckles, too*.] I don't know what portion of the building she had in mind at that point. I can't remember.

S: That must have been for finishing the Cloisters.

M: Something like that. On the nineteenth, 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I drove 100 miles to Broadway.' That's in the Cotswolds. 'We lunched at the Lygon Arms,' I've never known how to pronounce it. 'We looked at furniture and we ordered two more tables needed for the dining room when it is enlarged. Drove home via Cheltenham to Newbury, Winchester, etcetera.' That was rather nice.

S: What was the name of the company that you got the tables from?

M: It doesn't say, and I was trying to remember, too.**[5]** I don't know if it's there anymore. I can go there. It's right next to the place we had lunch.

S: The Lygon Arms? Because that's a famous restaurant.

M: Mmm. Then on the twenty-first, 'we went to London. Huntsman…'

S: What were you doing on the twentieth?

M: Nothing important. 'Bud telephoned from New York about my getting their hotel reservations next week. Desk. Walk,' is all it says.

S: Now, you see, this is why it's important to say all these things.

M: Alright, why?

S: Here**[6]**, it says that a recording was made of Krishnaji chanting with Narayan, and Narayan hasn't even been mentioned once in your diary.

M: No, it doesn't say so here.

S: So, the archives list could have the wrong date.

M: I don't know what to say.

S: Okay.

M: However, the next day we went to London, and the well-worn path to 'Huntsman' [*S chuckles*] 'and then to Fortnum's. Mary lunched with us, and so did Amanda Pallant**[7]**, and at two, Krishnaji had a session with his dentist, Mr. Thompson.'

S: We should just say for the record that Amanda Pallant is Mary's daughter.

M: Oh yes, so she is. 'I went on errands and met him at the dentist. He is going to have a permanent upper right bridge.' It says, 'drilling preparation. We caught a taxi quickly, then the train to Petersfield. Coming back in the car from Petersfield, Krishnaji fainted, and I was able to catch and hold him. He was unconscious about two minutes, and his face was swollen.'

S: Swollen from all the drilling? Oh, dear.

M: See, that's…it was again the body was shocked by things like that…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …and he didn't faint until he got alone in the car.

S: Yes.

M: He didn't faint on the train. He said he never would faint in front of people.

The next day was the twenty-second and he had slept well and felt better, but his face was still swollen. He attended the first staff meeting of the term. In the afternoon, he, Carlos, and I washed the Mercedes. It was a lovely warm day. We had a walk later.

The next day, 'I went to see friends in Forest Row. Eric Sevareid was there also'…well, anyway, you don't want to hear about that.

S: Yes, I do.

M: Alright, 'Eric Sevareid was interesting on China, but he doesn't know who Krishnaji is, unfortunately.' Do you remember who Eric Sevareid was?

S: Oh, yes. Very well.

M: Yes. Do we have to identify him to the mythical listeners of all this?

S: [*laughs*] A famous newsman, and news commentator.

M: A famous news commentator, and a very good man, very distinguished.

'I stayed till 4 p.m., and drove back the same way I'd come.' That was mostly the A272.

S: Who are your friends in Forest Row?

M: Fleur Cowles, and her husband Tom Meyer. In London, they live at The Albany, and have this lovely old Elizabethan farmhouse in Forest Row, near East Grinstead.

The next day was the twenty-fourth, and it was the first day of term at Brockwood. Krishnaji's head continued to pain him, more or less at times, at the back and on top.

Then the next day it just says, 'desk.'

S: See, there is another anomaly here with the archives list.

M: What?

S: It says here that on the twenty-fourth, a recording was made of Krishnaji chanting with Mr. Venks.

M: Mr. Venks was the chanting teacher at Rishi Valley.

S: Yes, but don't you think you would have mentioned if it had happened on this day?

M: You'd think so, you'd think so, but I didn't.

S: Well, we'll see, because they might have the wrong date.

M: Then there's nothing of significance until the twenty-sixth, when 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. A'—something like Mr. Wintries—'who'd sent Brockwood £5,000 sterling, came to lunch.' Oh, this is that businessman who gives Krishnaji's books to his staff.

S: He had a clothing store in London?

M: Yes, yes. He had his place on Regent Street.

S: Oh, I know him, and he later on started a publishing house.

M: Yes, he was going to do all kinds of things that never came to pass.

S: Yes, he called me about eight or nine months ago**[8]**. I haven't seen him or spoken to him for years, [*M laughs*] and he said he wanted to do something with publishing, but I never heard from him again.

M: Well, he did give the £5,000, though, so we must give him £5,000 worth of credit.

S: Absolutely. [*Both laugh.*]

M: On the twenty-seventh, it says that 'Dick Richardson came to lunch to discuss a pamphlet on Krishnaji.' Do you remember who that was? I know the name, but I can't for the life of me identify it.

S: No. Sorry, I can't help.

M: On the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji and I went to London and we met Mary and Alain Naudé at lunch at Fortnum's. Krishnaji had me buy a jersey for myself on Bond Street, and then he went to the dentist, and I went for things for him to take to India. Dentist Thompson had to refit the mold for his bridges, and Krishnaji did it without anesthetic. We came home.'

The next day, 'I went again to London for Krishnaji's Italian visa, and then saw my brother and sister-in-law and their little son for the first time. We ate lunch…' blah, blah, blah. 'I went off for further errands. They go to Paris tomorrow. So I came back to Brockwood about 6:30 p.m. and Krishnaji had talked to the school in the morning. Krishnaji scarcely slept.' I guess that's that night.

On the thirtieth, 'the Digbys came at noon, and after lunch met with Krishnaji and me about a large book on the miscellany they had prepared.' That must be, ah…

S: *The Awakening of Intelligence.*

M: Yes. 'At lunch, we discussed Verhulst contract mess' [*chuckles*]. 'George has consulted his own lawyer, who goes contrary to Michael Rubinstein. George said he gave his word on the contract, but that was before Inayat Khan was known to be the director of that company.'

On October first, 'Krishnaji talked to the school at 11:30 a.m. on language and communication.' It says, 'very good. In the afternoon, we went over and watched a cricket game between Brockwood and Mr. Morton's sons and staff team.' [*S laughs*.] Don't remember any of that. 'Then, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked to the grove, and pulled convolvulus out of the rhododendrons. Found a field mouse nest.'

S: [*laughs*] Convolvulus, is that the…?

M: It's bind weed.

On October second, 'I telephoned Vanda in Rome about Krishnaji not having too many talks in Rome. She insists on my staying with her. I said I would stay in a hotel. I telephoned Filomena in Rome; she sounded a bit low. Krishnaji has a cold, so he stayed in bed all day. I took the Mercedes to Chichester for a 9,000-mile service, and spent the morning walking about Chichester pleasantly. Bought a pair of China cats,' which you can see right now on the mantelpiece. 'Then, went to East Dean and had tea with Phyl and Christopher, very pleasant. They drove me to the garage and I picked up my car when it was ready, and I drove back to Brockwood in time for supper.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji stayed in bed with a cold all day. I worked at the desk. Mary Cadogan, who has asked me to come to a meeting with Michael Rubinstein with the Digbys, says that Nelly refuses to go if I do [*both laugh*]. This caused a few sparks. Dorothy and I went to Winchester on errands. Krishnaji's driving license is renewed. I bought the Normandy ferry tickets.'

On October fourth, 'Krishnaji remained in bed, but his cold is better.'

S: Where is Krishnaji's driver's license?

M: In Ojai. I think.

S: His English driver's license?

M: I think so. On October fifth, 'Krishnaji is better. He stayed in bed in the morning, then we took the 12:45 p.m. train to London with a picnic lunch. For, naturally, Huntsman fittings' [*S laughs*]. Mine was bad. Then Krishnaji had a new permanent right upper bridge put in by dentist Hamish Thompson, while I did errands, after which I picked him up and we went straight to Waterloo and home.'

The next day, 'I fetched Mary Cadogan at Petersfield. Krishnaji talked with the school. The students asked what death is. After lunch, Krishnaji, Mary, and I had a meeting about the Digbys, etcetera. Then, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.'

On the seventh, 'I wrote a letter to the Digbys. The Bohms came for the weekend. Krishnaji has a dialogue with David Bohm. Saral, Dorothy, Doris, and I were present, and George Carnes**[9]** taped it on the Nagra. They discussed what intelligence is, it is not thought, which is in time, etcetera. At one point, far into the discussion, Krishnaji put the question: "What is its source?" David was silent, and Krishnaji later asked me if I had noticed the change of atmosphere in the room when he asked that question. Then, at the end, he suddenly began to speak of another way to communicate something, to speak not to the conscious mind, but to the unconscious. "That is affection," he said, "that is love." To me, later, he said, "I'm going to speak to you that way about your habits of tension."' [*S laughs*.]

On October eighth, 'Krishnaji had a marvelous discussion with the school continuing Friday's one on death.' [*Pause…M laughs*.]

S: What are you laughing at?

M: He's scolding me, and telling me he's going to speak to my unconscious. '"Do you know what it is to be quiet?"' [*M laughs again*.] 'He said that he has noticed that I have neglected my body, that for reasons he doesn't want to inquire into it, I am highly nervous physically. It shows in an unquiet face, fiddling with fingers, etcetera. I have tried to correct it from the outside, through will, through the conscious mind, and when he has pointed out these mannerisms, I have responded with effort, will, irritation, or depression—'[*laughing*] 'all of which are superficial responses. He said, "I am now talking to a deeper level, out of affection. It is from this level, from the inside, you must listen and change. If you do, in a few days, you will be different. There will be an awareness of your body." He said that after my husband died, for eight years, I abandoned my body, neglected it. Today, I have greatly changed and am aware in many ways, but still not in the well-being of the body. He will speak at this level to me, to my unconscious during the coming days.' [*Laughs*.]

S: That's very nice, very nice.

M: 'Sacha de Manziarly telephoned and invited us to lunch in Paris on the sixteenth. Nadia Kossiakof telephoned that the first of Krishnaji's two television interviews in French done last year will be shown on the seventeenth, so we can see it as we will be in Paris then. It's been a warm day.'

On October ninth. 'Last night Krishnaji again said, "I'm speaking to your unconscious mind. I feel it doesn't feel it is important or you would've changed these habits during these five years. Do you know what it is to be quiet?" As he was saying this, I saw that the habits are offshoots of tension; I don't feel tense or nervous, but somehow, to get things done, I build up this steam of energy, which has a quality of tension. It feels like

being in high gear. This shouldn't be necessary. It probably wastes the very energy I need. I see that, from the inside, a quietness is necessary, and that the core of these things cannot be done from without. It is a false tension. Quietness inside, I understand that. Later this morning, while doing dishes in the kitchen, Krishnaji said he felt a difference in me. Then late in the evening, he said, "You have taken the first initiation. Do you know why you have taken so long? When you do, it will be the second initiation."' [*Laughs.*]

'I finished and posted the Digby letter.'

On October tenth, 'I got a reply from Nelly Digby. She puts all the trouble down to a misunderstanding [*laughter in voice*] created by someone else.' [*Laughs again.*]

The next day, 'I telephoned Filomena in Rome, who is feeling rested and better. Vanda rang, saying that Krishnaji will give one talk in Rome on the twenty-ninth. Krishnaji and I went to London. He had his last appointment with the dentist for this year. We met Mary L. for lunch at Fortnum's, after which Krishnaji had his hair cut. Then we went to Nelson's for bronchial remedies, and then to see Mrs. Bindley. We caught the 6:20 p.m. train back. I had received a letter from George Digby'—it doesn't say what it said.

For October twelfth, my diary reads, 'desk mostly. Ian Hammond at lunch. He, Dorothy, and I discussed building an assembly hall on the roof.' On the roof?

S: Good grief.

M: An area outside, near the kitchen, was suggested. Krishnaji wants to go ahead. It will cost around £15,000 sterling. Krishnaji's letter to the Digbys reached them.' I don't know what he said. I may have something in my Digby file that would shed light, but I don't remember much. 'They went to see Mary Links in the afternoon.'

On the thirteenth of October, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school and Mark Edwards took photographs of it. Mary and Joe Links brought Gollancz and Peter Day to meet Krishnaji. That was the first time they had met. Donald Hoppen, too, was at lunch. The Digbys sent a letter via Mary to Krishnaji, saying they were resigning from the Publication Committee and the KFT, "as he wished." Krishnaji dictated a letter replying that he had not said that. Then, in the evening, he had me telephone George and say he hoped they would continue editing the talks. George and I spoke in a friendly fashion, and he said they would edit the talks but wished to withdraw from organizations.'

October fourteenth. 'Packed. I telephoned Mary Cadogan about the Digby resignation and visualized the Publication Committee continuing with her handling the business part. David and Saral came to lunch. I took him with me while I put gas in the Mercedes and told him of the Digbys' resignations. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.'

For October fifteenth, it reads, 'packing, packing. In mid-morning, Krishnaji said it would be nice to say goodbye once more to the Digbys. So, I rang and Nelly answered. I

said amenities, and her voice was as abrupt as a knife. I put Krishnaji on. He said, "We want you to come back to the work"'—meaning editing. 'George came on, and Krishnaji said the same to him and goodbye. Half an hour later, Doris brought a message from George that, "Things would be as they always were," and that he would ring again in half an hour. I telephoned immediately and George said that as Krishnaji didn't want them to resign, they were staying on. I said that Krishnaji wanted them to continue editing. Had not spoken about whether he was the chairman of the Publications Committee, etcetera. We were back where we were when this began. I telephoned Mary L. She said that unless George does resign, they are unable to rearrange things. We worked out a phrase about Krishnaji accepting and understanding their wish to resign, but wanted them to continue editing the talks, also to tell them that because of leaving today Krishnaji had to tell Mary Cadogan, David Bohm, and Dorothy, and talk to Mary L. about it. So I rang George again and told him all this, and added that in discussing it, Krishnaji had not wished to impose a decision on the Publication Committee, but had wondered if a chairman was necessary. George said he would support a reorganization of the Publications Committee and someone else to be with Mary Cadogan in handling executive matters. So, we breathed easier, and I rang Mary L. again to tell her this, and ask her to inform Mary C. tomorrow as she couldn't be reached today.'

'Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I went for our usual walk across the lovely fields. Krishnaji and I had supper downstairs, and at 8 p.m., everyone collected in the West Wing hall to say goodbye to Krishnaji. He was startled as he went through his bedroom door onto the landing and he saw them all, but then, to laughter, he came down. The Mercedes had been carefully loaded by Carlos. He and Dorothy had washed it yesterday as a surprise, and so, with warm goodbyes and near tears from Dorothy, we drove off to Southampton and boarded the Normandy ferry. It was half-empty. It rolled about in the night, and there wasn't much sleep.'

On Monday the sixteenth of October. 'A clear morning, mist rising. Poplar trees etched their wintry twigs against the pale light. We drove swiftly, effortlessly, across the Tancarville Bridge on the autoroute, stopping for an execrable' [*chuckles*] 'breakfast at the usual cafeteria place. Next time we will bring our own breakfast. We were in Paris by 10:30 a.m., and true to K's prediction, our rooms were ready. We unpacked, and then went to lunch in the Rue Jacob with Mar and Sacha de Manziarly. Sacha has not been well since a motor accident in the spring. Krishnaji put his hands on him. Mar talked privately to Krishnaji about the journal she and Yo kept when they were young. She will give it to Mary L. for the biography.'

'During this, Sacha talked to me about wanting to die. He hopes the plane he takes to Morocco tomorrow could crash. No thought of others on the plane. His social life of trivialities has left him lost in age and ill health. The conversation at table was at odds and ends, people were not listening to each other.'

'We went to Charvet, and then I put Krishnaji in a taxi to the hotel and walked to Chanel for a fitting of my blue suit. Mr. Moser came to the hotel to take the Mercedes to Thun for winter storage. I gave him back bills for the scratch he put on the car in the spring, as

my insurance has a 500 Swiss francs deductible. Moser is to send me the contract for Krishnaji's new Mercedes in December when the new prices are known. We had supper in the rooms.'

S: Can we just go back here for a minute?

M: Yes.

S: Whose diary was it that Mar de Manziarly was talking about?

M: Yo, her sister Yolande, and Marcelle apparently kept a journal when they were young, back in the very early days.

S: Yes. Have you seen that?

M: I don't know. I don't know if she ever gave it. I don't remember seeing it. She gave some letters that Krishnaji had written, which I gave to the archives.

S: I'll ask Mary L. about it. Mar said they were going to send it to Mary L., according to your diary.

M: 'Mar talked privately to Krishnaji about the journal that she and Yo kept when they were young, and she told him she will give it to Mary L. for the biography.'

S: Yes. I'll call Mary about it, because that would be interesting to have.

M: Yes.

Thursday the seventeenth of October. 'Krishnaji is feeling in need of rest. We stayed in all morning. I wrote letters. Mary C. rang from London. Nelly told her, "I never resigned. I simply offered my resignation" as a trustee of KFT. Obviously, she wants to stay on. George will resign as chairman at the beginning of the Publication Committee meeting tomorrow, so it is up to them all to decide on a new system.'

'Marcelle Bondoneau and Nadia Kossiakof lunched with us in the Régence. They had put together a new legal Krishnamurti entity in France, Le Bureau, comprising four members, one of whom must be domiciled and own property in France, not rent. They are Mlle. Isabelle Mallet, who lives in Normandy in a house built by Sir Edwin Lutyens, Mme. Samuel, Mme. Banzet, and Mme. Betsy Debass. The object of the committee is strictly the dissemination of Krishnaji's teachings through him, his books, tapes, and films. Nadia has worked very hard over this, and over publications and TV interviews. When they left, Krishnaji and I went to Charvet. Krishnaji fitted for alterations to some of his sport shirts that aren't right, three new chemises de ville**[10]**. One older one that has been altered will be sent to Malibu to await his arrival in the spring. We walked along to Lobb, where his new black two-eyelet Norwegians were ready, and he ordered one pair of brown brogues. These will be fetched by him when he's in Paris in the spring. Then, we went to getting

chemist supplies for him to take to India and a new electric toothbrush, and came back to the hotel tired. We had supper in the rooms. Krishnaji went to sleep but I sat up to see the broadcast of the half-hour TV interview of Krishnaji conducted by André Voisin a year ago, recorded here in the Plaza Athénée, over two days. It was all in French. It was superb. Krishnaji spoke clearly, eloquently, and his accent was good. The trips in gender or verb tenses didn't matter. Voisin did an excellent job really listening, subtly smoothing words when Krishnaji didn't get the ones he wanted and lightly leading Krishnaji to essential questions in his teachings. It was marvelous to watch Krishnaji in conversation. His face tells so much, so eloquently. I was moved and thrilled. The second part, another half hour, is to be shown on the twenty-fourth. Alas, I will miss that. But, copies go to KFT and we can see it later.' Have we got that?

S: Nope.

M: No?! That's *outrageous*!

S: I know. I've asked Jean-Michel Maroger to look into it, but we still don't have it. I know it is outrageous.

M: 'The film was in black and white, well and professionally shot. Excellent all around.'

The next day. 'There were enthusiastic telephone calls about the television from Bondoneau, Kossiakof, and Mar de Manziarly, the latter taking credit for her family giving Krishnaji his good French accent years ago' [*laughs*]. Mar told me she had been to Ojai and seen Rajagopal, but, "we didn't talk about anything, we just laughed." She asked if we couldn't just put in *The Bulletin* that Rajagopal hadn't stolen anything; he had been doing his work since 1922 and hasn't taken a thing. I explained we had a lawsuit going because Rajagopal refused information about finances, and about the settlement the attorney general offered, and that he and Mima were suing Krishnaji and the rest of us. She said she loved Mima, and didn't feel in the middle.'

'We packed and got to Orly for an Alitalia 10 a.m. flight to Rome, but it was delayed till 3:45 p.m. We lunched at Maxim's at the airport. We were most meticulously searched before boarding the plane. Security has greatly improved since the hijacking. Then we were frisked, and women had metal detectors passed over their bodies. Every lumpy thing in my bag and briefcase was examined.'

'On the plane, Krishnaji said "You must take care of yourself. Eat properly. Walk two miles a day. You must be well. You must outlive me. No unnecessary trips to Arizona." I said I promised to go to see Philippa and Betsy. "Then, go quietly," he said, "You must have no accidents."'

S: Were Philippa and Betsy in Arizona?

M: Yes, Philippa was at school in Arizona. I don't know where Betsy was. Can't think. '"Do everything quietly, then everything will be alright."'

‘Vanda met us at Leonardo da Vinci Airport. Mr. Barabino and his friend Mario Pia Vecchi were also there, and they drove me to the Hotel Rafael. Krishnaji is staying with Vanda. I rang Filomena. Miranda came from Florence later and is staying with Filomena.’

That’s the end of that. Now, we have to go back to the little book. The next entry in the big book is Brockwood on the twentieth of May ’73.

S: Wow. Okay. So, we’re in the little book, then.

M: The nineteenth of October. ‘Filomena and Miranda came with Mario’—that’s Filomena’s son—‘to the hotel. Filomena looked well. We all went to her apartment.’ It then goes on about her family, Katarina, Mystica, Peppino, etcetera…‘and we talked about all her affairs. Then, Miranda and I went to Vanda’s on via Barnaba Oriani. I lunched with Krishnaji, her, Cragnolini, and Barabino. Mary Cadogan telephoned. Yesterday’s Publication Committee went well. George resigned from the chairmanship. Ian Hammond doesn’t want the chairmanship, and suggested Mary C. be the chairman, and she was elected. Nelly remains a trustee in KFT.’

‘Miranda and I walked around Piazza Navonna and surrounding streets. At 7 p.m., we went to dine in Tre Scalini. I took her back to Filomena’s in a taxi.’

The next day, ‘To Vanda’s for lunch. Krishnaji and I went for a walk beforehand in Villa Glori.’ Villa Glori, this is where Vanda had a flat more in the northern part of Rome, and down the hill there’s a big park. ‘Rosalind telephoned Vanda yesterday from Paris to tell Krishnaji she wishes him well. Krishnaji told Vanda of her going around telling others, i.e., Naudé, that Krishnaji is wrong and doing wrong things. I left early in order to get back to the hotel where I met Miranda and Filomena, and the three of us went to St. Peters, to Piazza del Campidoglio, looked at the Forum, the Coliseum, the Trevi Fountain, and Piazza di Spagna. They dropped me at Vanda’s and they went on to Filomena’s. I had supper with Vanda.’

On the twenty-first. ‘I went with Filomena and Miranda to Villa Madama.’ Villa Madama is a house that my aunt once owned in Rome, very beautiful, built by one of the Medici popes for his daughter. The government owns it now.

S: Mmmm.

M: Filomena went to work there when she first worked for my aunt and all the old servants, many of them are still there, and so, they all came out and greeted her and me. ‘It looks well cared for. Then, we went to the Sistine Chapel and then to lunch with Vanda and Krishnaji. It was the first meeting of Filomena with Vanda and Fosca.’ [*Laughs.*] ‘Krishnaji gave Filomena a treatment. After lunch, Filomena, Miranda, and I came back to the hotel, and then we went driving to Appia Antica, the catacombs, etcetera. I passed our old house’—that’s where Sam and I had housed the last year when he did *Ben-Hur*. ‘And back to San Giovanni and Laterano.’

The twenty-second, ‘Miranda and Filomena lunched with me in Piazza Navonna. We sat out on the Piazza in lovely sunshine. Miranda and I went to Vanda’s. Topazia was there. Vanda took Miranda on a drive to the Janiculum. Krishnaji and I took a long walk in Villa Glori. Topazia had told of having a feverish talk about the Rajagopal case. Krishnaji answered her on that and on “authority” and of those around him and me. She is critical of me because I had advised against more meetings in Rome.’

‘The moon came up full and enormous through the pines as we walked. Miranda and I had supper there. I took her back to Filomena’s. We sat and talked a while, and then Filomena came along for the ride when a nephew drove me back. Miranda flies tomorrow to New York.’

October the twenty-third. ‘I did letters all morning, and lunched in the hotel. I did some shopping—a Braun shaver for Krishnaji and a steam iron for Filomena’—[*laughter in voice*]—‘then went and did letters with Krishnaji, followed by a walk with him in Villa Glori. “Is your subconscious working?” he said.’ [*M and S both laugh*.] ‘I went to see Filomena at 6:30 p.m. and went over her finances. We had a long talk.’

On the twenty-fourth, ‘I went to Vanda’s for lunch. At lunch with Vanda were Giorgio and Margherita Signorini, a man who has talked about the pyramids and earthquakes being triggered by the stars. Went later to Filomena’s for another long talk. Krishnaji suggested she come for a visit when he is in Malibu. I told her, and we would see about this.’

October twenty-fifth. ‘I left the Hotel Rafael with Filomena and Mario, her son, and went to Vanda’s. Reporters came to interview Krishnaji, also some student who monopolized things. After a late lunch, I took the train to Florence. I went up to see a friend in Florence and stayed in a pensione, which was nice.’

The next day, ‘I spent with my friend walking all over Florence.’

And the next day, the twenty-seventh, ‘I spent mostly in the Uffizi. And then I took a train back to Rome. Arrived at Vanda’s in late p.m. Unpacked. I am staying here.’ She invited me to stay in the flat on my return. ‘She and Krishnaji had gone to a movie, *African Elephant*.’ [*Chuckles*.]

The next day, ‘I spoke to Filomena, who had been to see a nearby doctor who will look after her. I went to the masseur, Ms. Goody,’ [*laughs*] ‘on Vanda’s and Krishnaji’s urging. She turned out to be a friend of Filomena who once worked for Dorothy.’ That was my aunt. ‘I had a fine massage and got back in time for lunch. Mr. Graf and Mme. Safra were there. Later Krishnaji and I walked.’

On the twenty-ninth, ‘Vanda drove Krishnaji and me to the Teatro dell’Arte, where Krishnaji gave his first talk in Rome, a very fine one. The place was overflowing. Barabino came to lunch and discussed Krishnaji’s future talks in Rome. Krishnaji may

cut India to two months or less another year. Walked with him in the Villa Glori later. Vanda had a young man, Arthur Patterson, to supper.'

October thirtieth, 'Ms. Goody gave Krishnaji a massage and then me. I went with Mario to see Filomena, and saw the whole family. I came back for a lunch for thirty people at Vanda's. Krishnaji and I walked in Villa Glori. He said, "Pay attention to your unconscious. It may want to tell you something now. Do not take too long to change. You are quiet inside now. Do not take so long to change. It will tell you something and you must be alert and quick to respond, otherwise it is harmful." He has touched something that is now different, an interior movement. He talked of what is negotiable or not with Rajagopal. A letter came today from Noyes about Rajagopal talking rapprochement. Krishnaji dictated comments on this to me.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji said he had awakened at 4 a.m., and wished to tell me things. There was a discussion of about fifty people at Vanda's. Krishnaji and I walked in Villa Glori. Had lunch. Filomena came with Mario in the car at 3 p.m. I said my goodbyes, then Filomena and Mario drove me to the airport. I took the 5:30 p.m. Alitalia flight to Paris. Arrived at Plaza Athénée by 8:30 p.m. Telephoned Brockwood, and spoke to Dorothy and Doris.'

The first of November, 'I went to look at paintings at the Grand Palais, then at 5 p.m., Nadia Kossiakof and Marcelle Bondoneau came to have tea with me at the Plaza. We discussed work. They are concerned about the future and want to attend meetings to discuss this next year. I telephoned Mary Cadogan about the Italian publisher Ubaldini. At 7 p.m., I telephoned Rome and spoke to Vanda and Krishnaji.'

November second, 'Krishnaji telephoned just after 7 a.m. Rajagopal had rung him to say that he loves him, and whatever happens, he loves him as he did in the beginning. Krishnaji told him that he could settle things. Rajagopal said, "it is out of my hands." I felt sickened and upset. Krishnaji said, "It's no use being upset. It is done. It may mean something." He is still as quick as ever to hope that this unspeakable hypocrite will behave decently. I was feeling low and went to Charvet with Krishnaji's message. Dropped in to see…' oh, a woman who I haven't mentioned that I know there…'then to Chanel to fit the brown tweed, then went to Orly. The 5:30 p.m. Pan Am flight was two hours late taking off. I finally reached New York. There was a long wait for customs, and then to Bud and Lisa's at 10:30 p.m. We talked till very late.'

So, there's really nothing that involves Krishnaji for the rest of the year, because he's in India.

S: Alright, but if you want to just skip through and just see if there's anything from Krishnaji, and you can just read those things.

M: Alright.

'On the fifth of November, Krishnaji took an Alitalia flight from Rome to Delhi.'

Well, the first letter I had from Krishnaji was on November eighth. It reached me in New York, and it was written right after I left.

On the thirteenth of November, 'I flew from New York to Los Angeles and so home to Malibu. I sent Krishnaji a cable that I'd arrived.'

On the seventeenth of November, 'I got a special delivery letter from Krishnaji, his first from India. His Alitalia flight from Rome was delayed in Athens and the airline made him share a room in a hotel with a man who smelled and snored.'

S: Oh dear.

M: Oh, oh, oh [*chuckling*]. See, I should have been with him. He wouldn't have objected to something like that, but I would have objected for him.

S: I know, he'd just go along with it.

M: Yes, he went along with it. And I remember his telling me that when the bus took them back to the airport there was some American woman on the bus. They drove past the Acropolis and, he said with numbed voice, he said, "She never even looked up!" [*S laughs*.] *The Acropolis*! He couldn't believe it!

On the twenty-ninth of December. 'Letter number six came from Krishnaji, written in Madras. He had been asked questions about Vasanta Vihar by Rajagopal's lawyers. Madhavachari had given all of Krishnaji's private letters to Rajagopal. The thorough betrayal I had suspected,' it says here.

S: That's terrible. All of Krishnaji's letters to Madhavachari?

M: Yes, Krishnaji had been open and honest, and he wrote about the case, and what should be done, and asked his advice, and all the things we were talking about he wrote to Madhavachari, who promptly turned them over to Rajagopal.

So, that ends 1972.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Written by Mary's longstanding friend, Christopher Fry.

[2] In the province of Mantua was part of the Republic of Venice during the Renaissance. Joe Links, Mary Links's husband, was a well-known expert on Renaissance Venice.

[3] Fleur Cowles was a longstanding friend of Mary's.

[4] The food was prepared by the school kitchen staff and some volunteers, and during these public gatherings they usually fed more than ten times the number of people they normally fed. It always seemed something of a miracle, and was the only Krishnamurti public event at which food was offered.

[5] Gordon Russell.

[6] I was by now checking what Mary was saying against the archives list.

[7] Mary Links's daughter.

[8] This recording was made in September of 1995.

[9] George was the KFT's first archivist, and his wife Esme ran the Brockwood Park school kitchen.

[10] Dress shirts.

Issue 26: January 1, 1973 to April 27, 1973

Most of this issue takes place in California, in Malibu, and then San Francisco where Krishnaji gave a series of talks.

In addition to the ongoing legal dispute with Rajagopal, Mary refers to Krishnaji dictating the first of what were to become *Letters to the Schools* which he intended to dictate fortnightly.

On a more quotidian level, nature impinges on Mary's life as she copes with severe rain which results in leaks in the house and structural damage caused by a landslide; she also records an earthquake.

An insight into Krishnaji and Mary's relationship is gained by a chance remark Krishnaji makes about Mary and the Lilliefelts having 'been sent by something to look after him'.

Mary: Krishnaji is in India through part of this period, so when I'm not with him, there's not as much about him as when we're together. I'll try to confine myself to things about Krishnaji and the work.

The first such notation is January fifth, 1973. 'Erna, Theo, and I went to the Ventura County Court for a hearing on various motions in the lawsuit, including ones to examine the KWINC books. Stanley Cohen represented us before a Judge Heaton. Somebody called Gary Gilbert was there for Rajagopal. Mrs. Casselberry and her son Austin Bee were present. The judge rejected Rajagopal's claims for Rosenthal's five-day-late reply on the interrogatories.' Apparently, Rajagopal wanted everything thrown out on the technicality that the interrogatories came in five days late. So that was a slight legal point.

On the ninth, 'Judge Heaton of the Ventura Court granted <u>*all*</u> our motions, including access to KWINC records. I cabled the news to Krishnaji in Bangalore. And I wrote to him all the details.'

On the tenth, 'a letter came from Frank Noyes about having seen Rajagopal twice. Rajagopal had an accident with a dog knocking him over. Rajagopal doesn't want to make an offer for a settlement. He says that Rajagopal claims that Krishnaji is "destroying him," etcetera.'

'There was a cable from Krishnaji that came on the thirteenth about the cable I sent him on the ninth, and my letter about the court hearing.'

'Krishnaji left Bombay and flew to Rome on January thirty-first.'

On February fifth, 'Krishnaji flew from Rome to Brockwood. At 11 a.m., I met Erna and Theo in the Beverly Hills office of an accountant. Rosenthal and Stanley Cohen were also

present. We discussed what to look for in the KWINC accounts. I lunched nearby with Erna and Theo. It kept raining and raining and raining.'

On the ninth of February. It says here, 'the house was put in as the last bit of order. Krishnaji had left Brockwood, and at 1 p.m. English time, he took a TWA flight from London, and I met him at Los Angeles Airport at 4:30 p.m., looking very well in spite of his long flight and all his work this winter. We came back to Malibu, unpacked, and had supper by the fire. Krishnaji was not sleepy and so he talked a lot.'

The next day, 'it rained and we made breakfast together. He rested in bed all morning, but got up for lunch. Amanda came back from the hospital. Krishnaji slept all afternoon and we had supper by the fire and went early to bed. It rained all night.' [*Chuckles*.] What a litany of rain in this thing!

On the eleventh, 'it rained till mid-morning. There were 5.16 inches of rain for this storm, for a season total so far of 13.37 inches.' These are ***very vital*** statistics [*S laughs*] if you live in California!

Scott: Exactly. [*M laughs*.] Here in England, it would be nothing.

M: Yes, just another weekend. 'Krishnaji rested in the morning. In the afternoon, I went over to the Dunnes' for a short visit. When Krishnaji finished his nap, we went back to the Dunnes', and Krishnaji put his hands on Amanda for healing. Then, we took a brisk walk on the lower road.'

The twelfth, 'there was more rain. On television, they showed the return of the prisoners of war from Vietnam. I got lunch for Krishnaji and myself. In the afternoon, we went to the Dunnes' for Krishnaji to treat Amanda again. The Jaguar refused to start and so I left it in the Dunnes' driveway, and we came back on foot and walked around the lawn. My bedroom roof leaked in the night right over the bed.' [*Both laugh*.] Ohhh!

'Erna and Theo came on the fourteenth in the afternoon to see Krishnaji and we talked at length. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji and I walked over to the Dunnes'. Krishnaji treated Amanda, and the Lilliefelts went on to dinner in town.'

On the sixteenth. 'We went to the Dunnes' in the afternoon. Amanda is improving markedly. Krishnaji said that from across the canyon, he felt something continuing to help her. Amanda says she feels it, too.'

The seventeenth, 'was a beautiful day. We left at 9:30 a.m., taking a pot of creole rice…' That was something he liked very much; I used to make it for him.

S: What is it?

M: It was basically rice cooked with tomatoes and onions and things. [*Chuckles*.] '…and we drove to Ojai. There was snow on Topatopa and the other mountains. We met the

other trustees at the Lilliefelts' at 11 a.m. It was a meeting to discuss most everything. Krishnaji wants to give four Ojai talks in April on seventh, eighth, fourteenth, and fifteenth. We took a walk later and then drove home at 6 p.m., had supper and went to bed early. Krishnaji said he felt something happening for Amanda, even from as far away as Ojai.'

The eighteenth 'was a warm, lovely day; a lazy one. We went to the Dunnes' and walked in the hills.'

S: Where would you walk in the hills?

M: We'd go up something called Corral Canyon to the very top, and then you could walk along the ridge on fire roads. Those mountains all have fire roads so the trucks can get in if there's a fire. And you could see vast stretches of ocean. It's quite lovely.

On the twentieth, 'Krishnaji had a 100.3 fever.' No wonder he felt washed out. 'He stayed in bed all day. He had no other symptoms except weakness. He slept almost nine hours.' He had a great ability to sleep.

S: Yes. But Krishnaji's sleep often seems to have been rather active.

M: How do you mean?

S: Well, he would say things like, things came to him in the middle of the night, or that…

M: Oh, yes.

S: So, it wasn't that he was just—

M: Out!

S: Out. His brain was…or something was happening very often.

M: Something was happening.

S: So, I don't know if one should even call it sleep. I mean, he certainly was resting, but…

M: Well…yes.

S: But some of that, certainly, from his descriptions, some of it doesn't seem so restful. [*Laughs*.]

M: That's all in the ***large*** category of "mystery."

S: I know.

M: Now, on the following day, which was the twenty-first, 'we were awakened at 6:45 a.m. by an earthquake.' [*Both chuckle*.] '5.75 magnitude, centered thirty-four miles west of Santa Monica in the ocean. Not as strong here as in 1970. Krishnaji's temperature was normal, but he felt weak and stayed in bed all day.'

On the twenty-third, 'Krishnaji's fever was gone, and he got up for lunch. At 3 p.m., Sidney Roth, Martha Longenecker, Erna and Theo, Ruth, Albion Patterson, and Alan Kishbaugh came to discuss filming a course with Krishnaji at San Diego; how to do it and with whom. We tentatively planned to do it with all of us asking questions during the week of March sixth.' This, of course, became the Anderson series.

The next day, 'Sidney Field came for lunch. Then, Krishnaji and I went to see a movie, *Sleuth*, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine. Krishnaji fainted gently as we came home along the Pacific Coast Highway, and then he half-fainted again a few minutes later. He said, "I felt far away."'

S: What happened to Martha Longenecker?

M: Oh, she's still around. I saw her last winter. She and Sidney Roth eventually married, and then he died. She still lives in San Diego. She's a potter, and active in the museum there. You've met her. She came here to Brockwood.

S: I can't remember her.

M: Well, she was very kind and twice lent us her house; both times we went. She just moved out and turned it over to us.

S: That was very nice of her.

M: And it was very comfortable, and very nice. A pleasant house; small and comfortable.

On the twenty-fifth, 'we went to the Malibu Cinema for the first time and saw *The French Connection*. He liked that.'

S: [*laughing*] Of course.

M: 'Mr. and Mrs. Louis Blau and Mrs. Robert Ellis came to tea to discuss with Krishnaji how they can help the work, and Felix Greene came to supper.'

Oh dear, here starts my trouble with the land. The twenty-sixth of February. 'The county engineer, Mr. Dunning, came to look at new cracks in the earth above the slide place. He recommended that a geologist see it. Krishnaji went over and treated Amanda.' All that rain did harm to the land.

S: Yes.

M: The twenty-seventh, 'I had trouble with the Jaguar, which I had to take in. I got back in time to lunch with Krishnaji. Felix Green came to tea and for Krishnaji to treat him.' He had cancer, too. Everybody had cancer. 'Then we went to see Amanda later, and took a walk down into the canyon.'

On the twenty-eighth, 'Frances McCann arrived in Malibu. She is staying in a motel, and came for lunch. Krishnaji talked at length to her later. I drove her back to her motel, and Krishnaji and I went to see the Dunnes. Krishnaji asked if she'—meaning Amanda—'had noticed anything special. She said only that she felt better. We walked in the canyon, through the Dunnes' gate and along the lower road.'

The first of March. 'Ruth Tettemer and her sister, Monica Phillips, and Frances McCann came for lunch. Krishnaji dictated the first of what he intends to be fortnightly messages to Brockwood and the India schools.' Ah, that's when that began. 'Again, we went to see Amanda. Walked along the canyon, along the lower road and back.'

S: And what were those fortnightly messages called?

M: Well, I think it's what became the *Letters to the Schools*. It isn't called that here, but says only, 'the first of fortnightly messages to Brockwood and India schools.'

The next day, 'I took the Jaguar to be checked. In a rented car, I took the Nagra to be serviced, and then bought silk nightshirts for Krishnaji and left them at a place to be made. Meanwhile, Krishnaji had had Sidney Field to lunch. We went over to the Dunnes'. Krishnaji treated Amanda, and then Krishnaji walked with Sidney while I sat with Amanda and Phil, and talked.'

The third. 'We had early lunch in the kitchen and picked up Frances McCann and went to a movie, *The Getaway*, in Santa Monica. When we came back, Krishnaji and I went to the Dunnes'. Amanda was looking suddenly much better. Krishnaji and I went for a walk down the canyon along the beach road.'

The fourth, 'was a beautiful day.' There were family things for me. 'The Mark Lees brought their twins for Krishnaji to treat. Alan Kishbaugh came to lunch and later walked with Krishnaji.'

On the seventh, 'we were ready to leave at 7:45 a.m. The Jaguar was packed and backed out of the garage and then got flooded. The Auto Club got it going and we left at 8:22 a.m. We were to meet the Lilliefelts and Kishbaugh at Wheeler Ridge by 9:30 a.m., but we missed them. Later, while we paused on Route 5, Kishbaugh came by and followed us from then on to San Francisco. Krishnaji and I reached the Huntington Hotel at 3 p.m. Alain Naudé came for tea.'

March eighth. 'Alain Naudé came to the hotel at 12:30 p.m., and with the Lilliefelts, the five of us lunched at Trader Vic's. The' [*chuckles*] 'head waiter, Hans, spoke of Father.' My father liked Trader Vic's, so he must have been a memorable client, as he usually was

in restaurants he liked. [*S laughs*.] 'We walked up to the Masonic Center right next door to the Huntington. Their handsome hall seats 3,165. Krishnaji liked it. We did microphone and light arrangements while he was there. We came back to the hotel and Krishnaji rested, and I made our supper.' We had a nice flat there with two bedrooms and two bathrooms, a sitting room, and a kitchen. Very convenient.

On March ninth, 'Krishnaji rested quietly. I did letters. We lunched in the sitting room. While Krishnaji napped, I walked down for supplies—the health food store, and came back on a cable car. At 4 p.m., we drove to the Golden Gate Park. We met Naudé at the tennis courts, and went for a walk around the lake. We came back and Alain dined with us in the sitting room.'

The tenth, 'we walked across the street to the Masonic Center Auditorium, where at 11 a.m. Krishnaji gave his first San Francisco talk, which was mostly on relationship. The hall was 90 percent full. Naudé taped it on the Nagra. Kishbaugh came for lunch and stayed to talk after Krishnaji took a long nap. The rain kept us in. Jacob Needleman telephoned wanting to see Krishnaji about interviews. I questioned him on his Esalen connection. I suggested he send Krishnaji an outline of the plan he has in mind.'

On the eleventh of March, 'Krishnaji gave his second San Francisco talk'—this is on a Sunday—'in the Masonic Auditorium. Erna and Theo lunched with us in the apartment. In late p.m., Krishnaji and I drove to the Golden Gate Park and took a good walk.'

On March twelfth, the Monday, 'Krishnaji rested. Frances McCann and Alain Naudé came at 12:30 p.m. Krishnaji, and they, and I went to the Cannery…' It's a complex; it used to be a cannery in San Francisco, but it has been converted into lots of little shops and restaurants and things. '…and lunched in a crêpe restaurant. Then we went to Muir Woods, and took a long walk. We were back by 5 p.m., had a rest and supper.' Muir Woods is across Golden Gate Bridge, and John Muir Woods is full of redwood trees. Very nice.

On the thirteenth, 'I spoke to Amanda, and also Elfriede.' Elfriede was the German housekeeper I had in those days and she said that the hill has slipped a bit more after more rain. Krishnaji saw Mrs. Mathias. Then he, Alain, and I went to Ghirardelli Square to lunch, in a Mexican place.' There's the Cannery and there's Ghirardelli Square, both are old manufacturing places that have been made into shops and restaurants. Very nice. 'Later, we went to see Alain's flat and he played for us on the piano. I drove us back in time for Monica Phillips to tea.' Monica Phillips was Ruth Tettemer's sister, and had known Krishnaji forever.

S: Who was Mrs. Mathias?

M: She was an elderly lady who'd known Krishnaji from way back when. She lived in a very elegant apartment on Nob Hill looking out over Golden Gate Bridge and everything. She was almost blind, and she was a widow by then, and she was also an old close friend of the Rajagopal family.

On the fourteenth, 'A Dr. Rockman of Argentina came to see Krishnaji at noon. Then Donald Ingram Smith came. We lunched in the rooms. Krishnaji dictated a *To the Schools*'—you see, now the name comes—'the first of a series he wants to do. This one on freedom and responsibility. I went out to market and then we walked in Golden Gate Park.'

On March fifteenth, 'there was a meeting at 11 a.m. of the Lilliefelts, Kishbaugh, and Naudé about taping different discussions. The Lilliefelts, Naudé, Krishnaji, and I went to the Cannery to lunch, at the crêperie again, after which I shopped a little. Krishnaji rested, and then Jacob Needleman came to tea. Later, Krishnaji and I walked in Golden Gate Park.'

The next day, 'I went to a Dr. Cho, a Chinese chiropractor for back pain.' I don't remember that. 'I returned in time to walk. Krishnaji visited Mrs. Mathias again, where he treated her, and then returned to the hotel, where Dr. Rockman lunched with us. Later we went to Golden Gate Park for a walk.' You see, I had my car there so we could drive to all these places.

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji gave his third talk at 11 a.m. in the Masonic Auditorium on suffering and death, a very fine one. The audience was HUGE,' it says. 'We lunched with the Lilliefelts, Naudé, and Kishbaugh at Hong Kong Garden. We had a vegetarian Chinese meal ordered by Naudé and Kishbaugh. Rested till 5 p.m. Walked around the square outside the hotel. Then Monica Phillips came to tea.' Right outside the Huntington, up on Nob Hill, there's a little, very small park. And if we didn't go to a larger park a drive away, we'd just go out the door, across the street, and walk round and around and around.

S: [*laughing*] Doing laps.

M: Yes, some laps.

Next day, the eighteenth, 'Krishnaji gave his fourth San Francisco talk on the religious life, meditation, and enlightenment. The hall was full. Afterward he saw'…some family, whose name I can't make out. 'Then, we took Ruth McCandless, Frances McCann, and Alan Kishbaugh to lunch at Hong Kong Garden. At 4 p.m., David and Felicity Hall came to tea. We discussed a meeting of scientists at Brockwood. A possible topic is a total view of things, wholeness. I invited them to Malibu. We will have discussions next weekend. When they left, we did ten laps' [*laughing*] 'around the little park! And then had supper.'

S: Now, who are the Halls?

M: Well, David Hall was a scientist working at Stanford Research and he was doing research on computerizing clouds, [*chuckles*] I think, either then or at some later point. He was bright, but he had an eccentricity, I guess you'd call it, of liking to wear women's clothes. [*Laughing*.]

S: [*chuckles*] Yes, that's one of the things you can call it.

M: He had a wife and several children, and they looked perfectly normal, except that he liked to wear women's clothes.

S: He would show up in women's clothes?

M: Yes.

S: Like what?

M: Long skirts, blouses, women's sweaters. I've forgotten, really.

S: Really?

M: Yes.

S: That's extraordinarily eccentric. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: He didn't look gay, as it were. He looked perfectly normal, with a square masculine build. But this was part of what he thought of as freedom, or some such notion. [*S laughs*.] I'd forgotten about him. I have some correspondence with him in Ojai, but I've forgotten what's in it. [*Chuckles*.]

Now comes the nineteenth. 'It rained, and I went back to Dr. Cho for my back. I photocopied *To the Schools*. Krishnaji went again to see Mrs. Mathias.' She adored Krishnaji. She's the one who gave me those photographs of Krishnaji by that great photographer, Edward Weston. I have them in Ojai. You've seen them. Mrs. Mathias left them to me in her will. She was a very nice woman, and she was very friendly to me. She was also close to Rosalind and Radha. She felt the legal case was regrettable, but she didn't take sides in the dispute. She's been dead some years now.

On the twentieth, 'we left the Huntington at 9:05 a.m., and drove south. The Big Sur route was closed, so we came down 101 through rain, hail, and sleet. We stopped for a forty-minute picnic lunch at Pismo Beach. Krishnaji drove from the Pleasant Valley bypass to Malibu, arriving at 4:45 p.m. Seven hours and forty minutes, with one hour for stops, equals six hours and forty minutes' [*laughter in voice*] 'and four hundred and twenty-one miles.' [*S laughs*.] Now you know everything. 'I looked at the earth slippage. The water pipe is broken below the vegetable garden. I went over to see the Dunnes. Amanda is suffering.'

March the twenty-first. 'A lovely morning. It is good to be home. Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting. He had his lunch on a tray in bed, but had supper in the living room as usual.' We used to eat on trays always, and he'd sit in a chair and I'd sit on that long sofa that you've slept on…

S: I know it well.

M: …and the television was in front of us. Some geologist contacted me about the slide.

On March twenty-third, 'Krishnaji resumed his morning exercises and got up for lunch. I trimmed his hair. Sidney Field came to walk with Krishnaji in the afternoon, and I went to the Dunnes'. Felicity and David Hall came to spend the night.' I didn't remember that.

March twenty-fourth, 'I got up early and cooked. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held a discussion about conditioning with Felicity and David Hall, Erna, Theo, Ruth, Albion, Alan Kishbaugh, and Sidney Field who brought a man named Leslie Stephens. They all stayed to lunch. The Halls stayed on after lunch, and they, Krishnaji, and I walked near Pepperdine. Then Krishnaji had supper in bed.'

Now the next day, which was a Sunday, 'Krishnaji held the second Malibu discussion with the same group as yesterday. It was on education, and he spoke of a school here in California being necessary because we are in a time of violence, a "Dark Age." He also said, there is a residue of both good and evil that exists in itself. Then he said, "I am not speculating. I know this." We must bring up children in goodness, an umbrella of it sheltering them. How are we to have it? We already are in this goodness or we would not be here. Extraordinary turn to this discussion. Sidney Field and Leslie Stephens left. I had asked the Halls only to stay to lunch, but we ended up being nine for lunch, all trustees met and the Halls joined in talking of a school. Erna says the Happy Valley School is rumored to be closing. She wonders if perhaps it can be recuperated for Krishnaji. The Halls are willing to join in running it. Krishnaji asked if we are all willing? Yes. Finally, everyone left. Krishnaji went to bed. I sent Elfriede off and cooked supper.'

The next day, which was the twenty-sixth, 'a geologist came by to look at the slide. He recommended taking core samples of the earth where it is sliding. Krishnaji and I went to the Dunnes'. He placed his hands on Amanda. Then, we walked down the canyon along the road and home to make supper.'

On the twenty-seventh, 'we took the Jaguar to be serviced, and a new' [*laughing*] 'wire was put in because a pack rat had chewed the old one.' Pack rats were another hazard of life in Malibu. While waiting for the Jaguar to be fixed, we went to Marine Land in a borrowed car, had a picnic afterward in the car, came back and shopped in Westwood—books and a jersey for Krishnaji. Then we went to Lindberg's'—that's the health food store; he liked to go there. 'We returned the borrowed car, picked up the Jaguar, and came home.'

The twenty-ninth, 'was a beautiful day. I did deskwork. We lunched alone. Bill Angelos had an interview with Krishnaji. Sidney Field came and we walked with him, and afterward Krishnaji saw Amanda. I stayed and talked to the Dunnes. In the evening, we played Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Krishnaji was very moved.' [*Chuckles*.] 'It is the official end of the war in Vietnam as far as the U.S. is concerned. All our prisoners have been released, and our troops have withdrawn.'

On the thirty-first of March, 'Krishnaji held a discussion with the Lilliefelts, Ruth Tettemer, Albion Patterson, Alan K., Sidney Field, and Leslie Stephens about a school. They all stayed for lunch. At 4 p.m., Eve Siegel came for an interview with Krishnaji.' Eve Siegel was Ruth Tettemer's daughter.

S: Was that group discussion recorded?

M: Oh, yes. It would have been.

S: Let me just write that because that's not listed here in the archives list.

M: I presume it was recorded, but my diary doesn't say so.

The next day was April first and 'we had another discussion with the same group as the day before, and it was on creation. We lunched alone and went to the Dunnes'.'

On the third of April, 'Krishnaji dictated another *To the Schools*.'

The next day, 'Amanda had to go back into the hospital. After lunch, we packed and drove to Ojai and the Lilliefelts for Krishnaji's weekend talks, arriving at 5 p.m. I made supper and we talked. Krishnaji spoke of a sense he has that the Lilliefelts and I have been sent by something to look after him, and we must be responsible and keep control of the schools and also be prepared to handle whatever this coming tide of energy will bring. We three must keep things in our hands.'

On Saturday the seventh of April, 'Kishbaugh came by for the Nagra as he is doing the recording. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji gave his first Ojai talk for the year in Libbey Park. There was a large crowd. He and I lunched alone. At 3 p.m., all trustees met with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellis about the Ellis's suggestion for an expansion plan for the work—a "Friends of the KFA" to be formed. They also suggested a Finance Committee, and an office manager; and they suggested the creation of materials for groups. Later, Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Alan Kishbaugh, and I walked. At supper with Erna and Theo, Krishnaji described the horror of his life with Rosalind Rajagopal and Rajagopal.'

On Sunday, April eighth, 'Krishnaji gave his second Ojai talk in Libbey Park, a special one; the place of knowledge. Frances McCann, Alan K., and Theo were at lunch. Krishnaji wanted to see Sulphur Mountain as a possible place for a school.' Do you remember Sulphur Mountain?

S: Yes, I do.

M: 'So, with Erna too, we all drove up. Agnes Barron, who has held it for the last twenty-five years for Meher Baba, showed us some of it.' She was an elderly little woman who was holding this piece of land. She bought it for Meher Baba, who was going to come and speak…you know he's the one who never spoke. And, of course, he

never came and he never spoke [*S laughs*] anywhere, in India or Sulphur Mountain. She's still there, as far as I know. That afternoon, Krishnaji gave interviews.

On April ninth, 'there was a KFA trustees meeting about the dates for U.S. talks and about a school. "It should start small," Krishnaji said. Krishnaji is back as trustee of KFA.' I wonder what that means?

S: Wasn't he off it for a while because of the law case or something like that?

M: Yes. I think you're right. 'In the afternoon, he gave an interview to Priscilla Teiry, David Young, Mrs. Lee Eldridge, the Blackburns, Jim Dixon, and Jim Wallace.' That's the way he used to just give interviews. 'The Blackburns immediately misinterpreted what Krishnaji said to them to Ruth Tettemer.' [*Laughs*.]

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the students at Thacher School. Ingram Smith taped it on our Nagra. The Hookers gave a lunch for Krishnaji in the Ranch House Restaurant Garden. Also at the lunch were the Lilliefelts, Frances McCann, Ingram Smith, Albion, Ruth, Robert Ellis, and his daughter. Afterward, Krishnaji and I drove, following Theo, to a Mercedes mechanic named Dieter…' Oh, this is where Dieter comes in! Dieter's the one who's looked after the cars all these years. '…who has a garage in Oxnard. We discussed the logistics of what to do with the Mercedes Krishnaji has to buy from Moser. I am to buy it from Krishnaji. We came home to Malibu. Amanda is still in the hospital.'

S: Why were you buying the Mercedes from Krishnaji?

M: We'd ordered it in Switzerland, and we'd ordered it with, I think, American specifications. Originally, you see, it began with Enrique Biascoechea gift of the little two-seater Mercedes to Krishnaji. Then he wanted one a little bit bigger so four people could sit in it. So we ordered the slightly larger one, but he didn't like the way the next model looked of that year. So, Mr. Moser in Thun, Switzerland persuaded Mercedes in Stuttgart to postpone the order.

S: Yes. I remember all this, but I was just interested to know why you ended up buying it from Krishnaji.

M: Well, somebody had to pay the rest of it.

S: And for some reason it was better in your name than in his?

M: I don't really remember, to tell you the truth. So, it was technically mine, [*S laughs*] but spiritually and otherwise it was Krishnaji's.

S: I know, I know.

M: Krishnaji only had two cars since, I don't know, the '20s: one was the original Biascoechea little silver one, and then this one, the Green Beauty.

On April eleventh, 'Krishnaji gave an interview to a *Los Angeles Times* reporter, Bela Stumbo. We lunched alone.' As I recall, the resulting article was not interesting.

'Krishnaji slept all afternoon. Miranda Dunne came over briefly. And then Krishnaji and I walked around the lawn and weeded a bit.'

The next day, 'I went to town for Krishnaji's French visa and income tax things, but was home in time for lunch. Then we drove to Ojai and the Lilliefelts to spend a second weekend for Krishnaji's public talks. All four of us took a long walk around by Thacher Road.' Well, I took ill from pain in esophagus, well, anyway, I was…cured.

On the thirteenth, 'Krishnaji saw Roger Wrather'—that's Gaby Blackburn's son by her first marriage to an Indian man—'and he also saw Mark Lee's children. Rested in the afternoon. We read the interrogatory put together by lawyer Cohen and sent to Rajagopal, and met with Ruth and Albion about the school. Afterward, we walked in the late afternoon. Krishnaji now is talking about a cottage we could build in Ojai, pull down Arya Vihara**[1]** and build a new one on that land.'

S: Mm, hm. [*Laughs.*]

M: [*laughs*] Goodness, that's heresy. Good heavens. Couldn't do that. But…

***Editor's Note:* For Krishnaji to have thought of building on the land of Arya Vihara, there must have been a strong sense that the KFA was going to recover at least some of the vast acreage in Ojai that had been given for Krishnaji's work, but which had been transformed into property that Rajagopal controlled.**

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave his third Ojai public talk of that year in Libbey Park. Alan Kishbaugh came to lunch. In the afternoon, I talked to Robert Logan, a "cinematographer" who wants to do a documentary on Krishnaji. His plan is expensive. Krishnaji came in on the end of it. Later, Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Alan K., and I went for a walk.' Nothing came of that expensive documentary plan, obviously.

On April fifteenth, 'Krishnaji gave his fourth and final Ojai talk. In the afternoon, Krishnaji held a meeting about a school. Present were Erna and Theo, Ruth, Albion, Alan K., Felicity and David Hall, and Robert Ellis. There was a great deal of discussion. It finally ended after 6:30 p.m., and Krishnaji and I drove home to Malibu, followed by Alan K., who stayed for supper.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji's head was hurting. He stayed in quietly all day. The David Halls came by at 4 p.m. to discuss a school brochure, and a scientist meeting at Brockwood. I went over to see Amanda.'

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji dictated another *To the Schools*. There was endless back and forth with Robert Ellis about the Bela Stumbo article. She insists on mentioning the lawsuit.'

The next day, 'I went to town on visa matters and such. Mr. and Mrs. Blau and Mr. and Mrs. Pollock to tea, and we talked about a school.' This is complicated, but this is worth explaining for posterity. Dr. Pollock was married to Mrs. Pollock [*both chuckle*], now let me get this right, Mrs. Pollock was the daughter of Louis and Erma Zalk, and Erma Zalk was the sister of Rosalind Rajagopal. And the Pollocks were friends of the Blaus.

S: Right.

M: And Dr. Pollock was on the Happy Valley School board, and he was trying to get Krishnaji back into Happy Valley, so that was being endlessly discussed. I mistrusted the whole affair, and nothing came of it, but there was a lot of talk about it.

On the nineteenth, 'Dr. Allan Anderson from San Diego State, Albion Patterson and his son Phillip, and Alan Kishbaugh came to lunch to discuss Krishnaji doing videotaped conversation with Anderson next February. Krishnaji and Alan K. walked. And I went over to the Dunnes'.'

On Saturday, April twenty-first, 'I started packing. We lunched alone. At 3 p.m., Erna, Theo, Ruth, Albion, and Kishbaugh came. The Stumbo article is in tomorrow's *Times*, and it's rather trashy. We discussed the school and fundraising, etcetera. Evelyne and Lou Blau joined us at 4:15 p.m. and we continued the discussion of work until almost 7 p.m.'

On April twenty-third, 'We got up at 5 a.m. At 7 a.m., Alan K. came. Krishnaji rode with him, and I went with Miranda in the VW to the airport. We took a TWA flight, which was delayed an hour for a tire, but finally took off a little after 10 a.m. We got to New York, where a car met us, and we reached the Ritz Tower by 8 a.m.' The Ritz Tower, as I think I said before, was where my father owned a small flat that he used when he came to the United States. In the meantime, the Ritz Tower would rent it, like a semi-hotel, so that when he wasn't there, he got rental for it. It was alright, with a sitting room, a tiny kitchenette that was a about a yard wide, and two bedrooms each with its own bathroom.

The next day, the twenty-fourth, 'Narasimhan came to see Krishnaji at 9 a.m. Krishnaji and I both went to see Dr. Wolf at 11:30 a.m.' He's the old German doctor who did all that business with the cells that Bud talks about.

'We lunched at Lafayette.' That was a very good restaurant, French restaurant, then. It lost business because it made a terrible mistake. It wouldn't let women come in trousers, and it turned away Jacqueline Kennedy.

S: Oh, mistake. [*Laughs*.]

M: And pretty soon, Lafayette was no more. [*Both laugh*.] But it was nice. It was small and very good food. I bought Krishnaji a Vuitton bag to carry on the plane. Krishnaji had his hair cut.

‘We went back the next day to Dr. Wolf and both got good reports from the tests he took yesterday. And I had an implantation.’ That was the cells. ‘We shopped a little and lunched at Giovanni’s.’ That was another nice restaurant.

S: Did Krishnaji have any implants?

M: No, I did.

S: But he later did, didn’t he?

M: Later, yes.

S: Did you feel any effect from it?

M: No. [*Chuckles*.] Not discernible. Well, it was supposed to give you energy or something. It was also supposed to head off illnesses, you know, what you’re ailing in, or deficient in, it’s supposed to supply.

‘We had lunch at Giovanni’s, which is an Italian restaurant and is nice. Erna telephoned that Rajagopal has sent us a fifty-four-question interrogatory. Erna will send it to Brockwood. At 7 p.m., we took an Air France flight to Paris.’

S: To Paris?

M: Yes.

S: Why did he go to Paris?

M: I don’t know, don’t remember. [*Laughing*.] We’ll see.

On the twenty-sixth, ‘We landed at Orly at 8:30 a.m. Took a taxi to the Plaza Athénée, where we had our usual rooms. As we’d had no sleep on the plane, Krishnaji rested all day. Bud and Lisa’—that’s my brother and sister-in-law—‘are at Father’s apartment on Cardinal Lemoine**[2]**, which is not yet finished remodeling, but they can stay there. They lunched with me in the Régence. Krishnaji has severe cramps in his right lower leg muscle, so severe that he had almost fainted. I put hot wet towels on it, and it subsided. We had supper in the rooms.’

The next day, the twenty-seventh of April, ‘I went with Krishnaji to Lobb and Charvet. In the Régence, we had Marcelle Bondoneau and Mar de Manziarly to lunch. There was much talk of the early days with Mar’s family. Krishnaji was asking what the young Krishnamurti was like. Sacha has been taken to the American Hospital, so we went there in the afternoon with Mar. Sacha looked grey and seemed unaware of how ill he is.’ Krishnaji was alone with him for about ten minutes, while Mar and I talked to the nurse. The results of the test won’t be known till Monday. Krishnaji and I left. Krishnaji said to me “Never let me be in a hospital. I would rather die quietly at home.” This was the first

time he has been in a hospital in many years. The atmosphere disturbed him. We met Nadia Kossiakof at the hotel and talked awhile. Then Krishnaji and I dined in our rooms.'

S: Shall we end here?

M: Yes.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Arya Vihara is a house next to Pine Cottage, Krishnaji's first little cottage in Ojai. Krishnaji's brother died in Arya Vihara in 1925, and the Rajagopals lived there for many years. Today it provides guest accommodations to those wishing to visit and study Krishnaji's teachings.

[2] La Tour d'Argent restaurant is on the top floor of a building on the corner of Quai de la Tournelle and Rue du Cardinal Lemoine. Mary's father's apartment was the floor beneath the restaurant, and the entrance for the apartments in that building is on Rue du Cardinal Lemoine. The entrance for the restaurant is only for the restaurant, and is directly on the corner, but claims the address of 15 Quai de la Tournelle. Mary and her brother Bud both inherited the apartment when their father died, but Mary didn't want it, so Bud bought her out.

Issue 27: April 28, 1973 to July 14, 1973

This issue starts in Paris with Mary describing difficulties with her new car that breaks down several times in Paris and on the ferry to England. The incident prompts an extended discussion about the unique and subtle challenges that Mary faces in travelling with Krishnaji which provides insight both into Krishnaji's character and Mary's sense of responsibility for his wellbeing.

The issue ends with an editor's note to include a loose note found in Mary's large diary for this period in which Krishnaji describes to her one of the strange phenomena that he periodically undergoes.

Scott: Okay. We're starting on April twenty-eight, 1973.

Mary: Well, we open this session with Krishnaji and myself in Paris, and we were staying at the Plaza Athénée briefly, having flown from the U.S. It says here, 'At 1 p.m., Mr. Moser delivered the Mercedes to us from Thun. We discussed Krishnaji getting his new one, which must be taken this year in July. So, after he left, we joined my brother Bud and his wife Lisa at Chez Conti, the Italian restaurant that Krishnaji liked. We talked about the proposed new Krishnamurti school in Ojai, raising money, etcetera. Back at the hotel, we put all the luggage in the Mercedes, and then it wouldn't start.' [*S laughs heartily*.] 'It had come all the way from Switzerland but it wouldn't start' [*laughter in voice*] 'and the man had gone. So, the doorman got a cable and got it going.'

'I bought the cable to take along in case we had this adventure along the way, and we set off for Le Havre at 5 p.m. We stopped for petrol en route, and it started up. At Le Havre, we put it in a queue for the Thoresen Ferry, and we walked to a restaurant called Monico, where we have had dinner before. Luckily, the car started when we got back and we were able to get it onto the ferry. The Plaza Athénée had managed to get us both a state room on the new ferry, and Krishnaji had one with a bath. We got to Southampton in the morning, but' [*chuckles*] 'the car wouldn't start!'

S: Oh, no.

M: 'And it humiliatingly had to be pushed off by hand, while I jumpstarted it. Then we motored off from Southampton, on a lovely misty morning, and got to Brockwood by 8:30 a.m. We had breakfast and talked all morning with Dorothy, and then Krishnaji slept all the rest of the day.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Now, if we could just stop here, because this might be a good place to unfold a nightmare that I know you had, which is when you're traveling with Krishnaji [*M quietly chuckles, followed S laughing*] and something doesn't go well…

M: You're desperate!

S: …you're desperate, and you don't know what to do—how to give attention to that thing that hasn't gone well, and to simultaneously take care of Krishnaji. You can't just leave him beside the road.

M: Yes.

S: So, explain all that you would feel and all about that.

M: Well, it happened to me on a similar…I'm mixed up in what year anything happened; but when I'd taken a brand-new Mercedes—mine not his—in Paris; Moser delivered it. I don't think this is the year because this wasn't a new one. Everything was marvelous and off we went, and on the highway to Le Havre, I was coasting along and suddenly the motor went off and the momentum was keeping us going but there was no motor. Terror! [*Chuckles*.] So, we're in the middle of god knows where, no villages, nothing in sight but highway, and I naturally pulled over and the car rolled to a stop.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And there we were. What was I going to do? [*Laughter*.]

S: The prospect of something like that must've been a nightmare always!

M: It was because it's not any fun if it happens to you when you're alone, but if it happens to you, with ***him*** in the car, it is the worst thing that could happen. I can go back to my first experience of driving with him in traffic, which I've described previously when I hired a car and took him to Wisley Gardens, in England; and I had to come back through very heavy traffic in a great hurry because Doris had said he ***must*** be back at 6 p.m., and 6 p.m. was approaching rapidly, and the traffic was thickening, and I was driving on the left, which I was not used to it, and I had him in the car…

S: I know…

M: Alain Naudé too, but that didn't matter.

S: But the whole sense of taking care of him…

M: The responsibility! And what if I had an accident…

S: Exactly.

M: It was just too awful.

S: That whole sense of being responsible and also how vulnerable Krishnaji was. I mean, Krishnaji wasn't exactly what you would call *street smart*. [*Both laugh heartily*.]

M: That's the ***farthest*** thing from whatever he was. And it was my job to get him to where he was going safely, comfortably, and pleasantly, if possible.

S: Yes. I want to put this on the record, because people are liable to think, "Oh, how very pleasant, how very nice for Mary to just, you know, drive him around all the time."

M: I know.

S: But the heavy responsibility of it, they don't think about.

M: And also where he stayed. I spent hours doing research, mostly in the Michelin guide, for what would be a proper place for him to spend the night.

S: Yes.

M: And I'd never seen these places before. I had to guess. So all the computing of whether this was good or not, it took a lot of anxiety.

S: Yes, yes. And where you eat and whether the kitchens were clean and whether…

M: …there was vegetarian food, and would it be quiet…

S: Exactly!

M: And would it be not crowded and…it was endless!

S: Yes, the atmosphere…

M: The atmosphere, all those things. And coping with it when we got there, you know, I was in charge and he just stood there gracefully.

S: Yes.

M: All the logistics, in other words.

S: Yes. You see, if this is going to be a record of what it was like for you to be with Krishnaji, it needs to be understood that you are just happily sailing through different…

M: Yes. Yes, wasn't she lucky to…

S: Yes, nice restaurants and nice hotels…

M: …all over these wonderful places.

S: Yes. [*M chuckles.*] It was ***full*** of travail!

M: *Yes.*

S: And challenge, yes.

M: When we stayed at Barbizon for a short rest, just outside Paris, I think we've already passed that time, I went out ahead of time and *cased the place* on a previous visit; lunched, looked at the rooms, talked to the management, all that *way* beforehand, before I ever engaged the rooms.

S: Yes. And also, it needs to be said, that this wasn't just out of some manic spoiling of Krishnaji.

M: *No*, I think…

S: But there was a sense that for his finest sensitivities and qualities to flower, or to…

M: Yes.

S: He needed that kind of support.

M: That's what I mean. A lot of carping people, I think, who don't understand or just like to criticize, think, "Why was he always surrounded by luxury?" But, in fact, for a lot of his life, he was in the opposite: he was in awful places. But that wasn't right for him, not just because one wants him to have nice things, but because his energy was supposed to go into the teachings.

S: Exactly.

M: His health had to be maintained. He was physically fragile in the sense of he wasn't tough and rough…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …and made to endure difficulties. He was much more aware of things, if the food was wrong or if…

S: Yes.

M: And it wasn't that he was fussy.

S: No.

M: It was that those were the conditions of his being able to constantly travel and talk into his ninety-first year.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And I hope anybody who listens to this down the way will try to understand that.

S: Well, exactly; that's why this is a good point to make. This was clear to me, I saw this clearly. Krishnaji was the least demanding, the least grasping, the least self-centered or self-concerned person I have ever come across, but these things were like infrastructure, support, and alright, he would and could endure the things Rajagopal and Rosalind put him through, you know, he could deal with all that…

M: Well, he never complained.

S: …and he never complained, and he'd just get on with things. But it took his time and his energy and did not support the thing which he cared most about, and which we care the most about, which was his speaking.

M: Well, that was…it was more than that he cared about it…it was his…

S: Everything…

M: …it was his job…because…

S: That's right, that's right. Yes, yes.

M: He said that he ***lived*** for that…that was his thing he had to do. But it was his lack of being grasping and demanding that was being ***abused*** by people…

S: Absolutely, absolutely.

M: I mean in Ojai, in the Rajagopal days, he would do all the dishwashing to get rid of the others [*chuckle*]. Rajagopal would always get out of doing it, making a great fuss and he'd say "No, no," and Krishnaji would say "Let me do it." It was less trouble for him to do it than to put up with the fuss, and he did it. And he would clean up after the dog messes of Rosalind's poodle. He was a person who never expected to be given anything or to be waited on. In fact, he was fussy about people going to trouble for him; he would try to prevent that…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …he would try to do it himself. So, one had to sort of do it kind of invisibly, not…

S: Mm, hm, mm, hm. Yes, he didn't like being waited on.

M: No. And all that I described about clearing up the dishes with me…

S: Well, he didn't feel it was…he didn't feel it was right somehow, that you do it.

M: No.

S: …he had extraordinary humility.

M: Yes. So, all of the fun with the fuss we made over…

M/S: [*said together*] doing dishes.

S: I know, I know [*laughing*].

M: And [*chuckles*], but he was very firm about that. And I used to, I think I've said this, but if I haven't, I'll say it again; when it was in my house in Malibu or Ojai or elsewhere, people were there and I'd cook the meal and so forth, I ***implored*** him ***not*** to get up and clear the dishes. "Let me do it invisibly. You stay at the table and keep the conversation going," I would say. "No, no, no, no!" he'd reply, he couldn't do that. [*Both chuckle*.] So I would get up and try to take the plates away because he would jump up, and then everybody in the room would jump up and utter chaos would follow, which made it much harder for me [*S laughing*]. It ruined the whole way the luncheon should've gone. But, I think he also didn't want it to be seen that he was being waited on.

S: Yes.

M: He also felt that, "No, ladies shouldn't do that." A wonderful old-fashioned thing.

S: [*laughing*] I know. Ladies shouldn't wait on gentlemen, yes.

M: No! He accepted it in India because that's the sort of structure that is there…

S: Yes.

M: …you let servants be servants.

S: Yes.

M: There's actually no way you can do things for yourself there, anyway. But once in the Western world, when servants disappeared, as indeed they did, it wasn't right for your friends to wait on you.

S: Yes.

M: He had a wonderfully old-fashioned courteous thing about ladies.

S: Oh, very much! Yes, he was very much the old world gentleman.

M: Yes. And of course his manners would baffle some people; opening the door for me to go through first and things like that. That shocked people. But, I wouldn't have interfered with that because it would've been like asking him to be rude.

S: Yes, yes.

M: I couldn't ask him to be rude.

S: And this same thing of my waiting on him; a couple of times I can remember his saying to me, "Sir, you mustn't wait on me." And I would say to Krishnaji, "But, I'm having fun," and then it was alright.

M: Yes, yes.

S: If I was doing it just for fun, then it was okay…

M: Yes, because then it accrued to you more than him.

S: [*laughing heartily*] Exactly, then it was alright.

M: Yes. And the same for me. I mean it was…

S: Of course.

M: It was a delight to do things for him.

S: Of course.

M: I'm sure that many people will criticize the fact that he was staying at the Plaza Athénée. Well, to me, nothing was too good for him.

S: Absolutely.

M: And it gave *me* fun…

S: Of course it did.

M: …to be able to make that happen.

S: Yes, yes. And it's lovely, you see, that Krishnaji didn't block that because of appearances or fear of what some people might think, or something else. It's lovely that that…

M: Yes. And it, in a way, I mean, we did go to that one place, I can't remember which year it was. We went down into Touraine; we stopped at a very opulent place, the Michelin over-rated it; it was just pretentious…

S: Yes.

M: It was a wealthy industrialist's château. He had built it and then he died, and they turned it into a hotel. And it was opulent and vulgar and pretentious, and we couldn't wait to leave in the morning.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, he was sensitive to that kind of thing. But because a place like the Plaza Athénée gives excellence, it was different.

S: Yes. See that's the other thing which is interesting to think of, that because Krishnaji was so sensitive to all these things, the fact that the atmosphere was correct or the place was correct, or the food was correct, it was more obvious, at least to my seeing, the importance of these things is more obvious. For someone who was of a more general insensitivity, if they stayed in a place with excellence or they stayed in a place that was mediocre, they had a bed—what does it matter? But in fact, it does matter, and the more sensitive a person is, the more it matters, and because Krishnaji was so sensitive, you could see that it really mattered…

M: Yes.

S: …and it wasn't just superfluous…

M: No!

S: …to care about the atmosphere, to care about the excellence, to care about the beauty of things and the quality of the food; it wasn't superfluous. It actually had a real discernible impact. And that's why these things were important.

M: Yes. He valued excellence in all things, but he didn't depend on anything.

S: No. Quite right. So, he could benefit from it, but without being dependent on it.

M: Yes. Yes.

Anyway, 'we got to Brockwood. We had a telegram waiting for us from Mar de Manziarly saying that Sacha had died the day before when we were motoring.' If you recall from our last discussion, Krishnaji had gone to see Sacha in the American hospital…

S: Yes.

M: …those few days we were in Paris. And I had a long talk with him.

S: What did Sacha die of?

M: I don't remember. I think something like a stroke, something like that. I'm not sure.

S: This is also a side track, but it seems that most of the people who were, I want to say close to him, or who were real friends of Krishnaji's, were female.

M: Yes.

S: And Sacha was one of the few male friends that he had from his youth.

M: Yes, yes. He had…

S: …he was the *only* male friend he had from his youth.

M: Well, he had, of course, what is his name…oh, really, my memory…there was someone who should've done the job that Rajagopal fell into, but who died very suddenly years before, who was a friend…

S: Yes.

M: Oh, the names…I can hear it in my head and I can't say it…anyway, he had friends in those early days, but as you point out…

S: They died.

M: …they disappeared.

S: Exactly.

M: People were taken away from him that were…

S: Yes, it's like Nitya.

M: Aldous Huxley.

S: Huxley, exactly. There were friends that he had, but they died.

M: Yes. That's true. But it might be interesting, thinking of this, Sacha dying and Krishnaji went to the hospital and saw him, because it was coincidence that we came to Paris at that moment and that Sacha had just gone into hospital, I think. And then later, or maybe it's before this, when Mrs. Bindley died; she'd fallen down stairs. He went to the hospital, and saw her, and she died very soon after that, a few days later, I think. It was somewhere south of London in a hospital. When we went in, she was asleep. Krishnaji stood at the door, and I went over to the bed and very quietly sat down, and said quietly, "Mrs. Bindley, Krishnaji is here and has come to see you." In her sleep almost, or just as she was coming to, she said, "Oh, lovely, lovely, lovely." [*Chuckles*.]

S: Mm, how nice.

M: It was so touching. And then I went out of the room, and he talked with her, and she died quite soon.

It says here, 'I went to the garage because of my car sometimes not starting, and they found that one cell of the battery was gone, which is why it was happening. So then there was unpacking' and all of that.

On the second of May, 'we took the train from Petersfield and lunched with Mary at Fortnum's after a Huntsman fitting for Krishnaji. Mary and Joe were about to leave for Canada and California, a business trip for Joe.' Then something 'with Alain, they will spend the last weekend of the month in the house in Malibu.' I wasn't going to be there, but I offered them to stay there.

S: So the Linkses and Alain were going to be in your house?

M: Yes. On the third, 'Krishnaji resumed dictating *To the Schools*.' Then there's written '"Nitya!"' with an exclamation point. 'The way Krishnaji said the name gave me the sense of a brother's relationship.'

On May fourth, 'Saral and David Bohm came for lunch, and spent the night in the West Wing. We talked to them about a scientist meeting at Brockwood, and David Bohm said he would write to David Hall,' who seemed to be in on all this, although I don't know if he came.

S: I don't think he did come.

M: On the sixth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school.'

On the seventh, 'Mary Cadogan came down and talked to Krishnaji and me before and after lunch, catching up on all the Foundation affairs.'

On the eleventh, 'Krishnaji saw Yves Zlotnitska, who wants to film Krishnaji in India, and he was told that it was being done by KF India.'

On the twelfth, 'it was Krishnaji's seventy-eighth birthday, but we don't mention those things around him.' [*S laughs*.] 'Krishnaji dictated a letter to Dr. Pollock about the Happy Valley land for use as a KFA school.' That was when we were casting about for a place. I've gone into that with you.

'The Digbys came to lunch, also Georgio Barabino of whom we will hear more later.' [*Chuckles*.] 'After lunch, Krishnaji talked for a while to the Digbys and I joined them. It was our first meeting since the fracas in October'—that was when Nelly wouldn't go to talk to Michael Rubinstein if I went. 'Things went fairly smoothly. As trustees, Nelly, Dorothy, and I discussed the conveyance of Brockwood from the old Foundation to the KFT.'

On the thirteenth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school in the dining hall. And he gave an interview to Alex Cadogan. I sent a letter to Dr. Pollock from Krishnaji formally asking the board of the Happy Valley Foundation to make land available in Ojai for a school.'

On the sixteenth, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Doris, and I drove in the Mercedes to the New Forest and had a picnic there, and went on to Buckler's Hard.' Have you ever been to Buckler's Hard?

S: Yes.

M: It's a tiny fifteenth-century village where…

S: Ship building.

M: …these amazing ships were built. 'We drove on to Christ Church and then back through Lyndhurst. Krishnaji was tired; the drive was too long.'

S: What did Krishnaji think of going to a place like Buckler's Hard, which was really only of historical interest?

M: I don't know. He didn't say. He liked the driving, looking at the country, and we got out and walked around.

S: But he wasn't particularly interested in historical things.

M: Not really, I wouldn't say. I don't say that he wasn't, but it wasn't something he enthused over. He was not a museum man at all.

S: No.

M: In fact, when we went the first time to Chenonceau, we got out and walked around but he didn't want to go into the château. Later, we did—he went in later when we were staying with the Marogers. We went to Amboise and Chambord, and I forget where else, and he did go in because everyone was going in.

S: Yes.

M: But he didn't comment much upon it.

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji decided to stay at home and rest, so Dorothy and I went by train to London. We did errands, and I went to the Digby's for a meeting of the KFT trustees and members of the Publication Committee, which lasted till 6:30 p.m. What we decided is subject to a further meeting with Krishnaji, Mary Links, and Alan Kishbaugh. The KFT is to be kept informed via minutes of the Publication Committee meetings, and in case of disagreements in the Publication Committee, the Foundation is to decide. George resents not being consulted before the suit was brought against KWINC.'

S: Ah, ha.

M: Well, nobody outside of the KFA was consulted. 'I didn't get back till 9 p.m., and was tired,' it says.

On the eighteenth, 'Krishnaji held a staff meeting.'

On the twentieth, it starts with a quote from Krishnaji: '"I had an odd dream last night. There was a certificate that the mother, probably our mother, was dead. And I sat down on the bed and put my hands on her, and gradually I felt the warmth return to her and she sat up. Then I woke up. Probably it is symbolic." Then, Krishnaji talked to the school in the dining room. He questioned why the students are so silent in meetings with him, and don't discuss, also why there isn't a fire and energy in them. Are they bored, listless? Some said because there is no pressure, i.e., grades, and other demands of study, there isn't a prod to do things. One must supply one's own interests, energy. There was then a discussion of authority: "If X doesn't come to the morning meetings, how does a staff member deal with him?"' [*Chuckles*.] That's the sample problem. '"I would describe to him the reasons for the morning meetings, the coming together quietly in the sense of unity. And if he refuses, what do I do? I tell him twenty times; but he still doesn't come. I leave him alone on this subject but talk to him at meals here and there. I give him the sense that I care about him. I point things out. Then I go back and ask him to come to the morning meetings again. I have talked this way for fifty years. Do you know why? Because I love you. You are my son or my daughter."' [*In a very quiet tone*:] That's what he said.

S: Mm.

M: The next day, 'Krishnaji held a staff meeting and I worked on things for Erna and the case.'

On the twenty-second. 'Krishnaji again talked to the school, but without visitors. The students spoke up more,' it says. 'Peters Racz visited, lunched, and spoke to Krishnaji after.' Remember Peter Racz? A Brazilian boy. He was also very friendly with David Bohm.

S: Yes.

M: [*chuckles*] 'Doris lent me her little mini-car, and I went to Winchester for more bedding for the guests, while Krishnaji cleaned the engine of the Mercedes.' [*Laughing*.]

On the twenty-fourth 'we both went to London and had an early lunch at Fortnum's, and then he went to the dentist, Hamish Thompson, and I did errands while he was there. Then, we went to Huntsman where Krishnaji ordered a light-ish grey suit and to Sulka, where we both ordered shirts made of Indian silks that Krishnaji brought back from India. Krishnaji inspected Maxwell, whose shoe shop is on Bond Street and is now owned by Huntsman. We looked at picnic baskets at Asprey's and bought one at Fortnum's'

[*laughs*]. ‘Then we went to a craft center gallery to look at Peter Collingwood rugs and caught the 4:20 p.m. back to Petersfield.’

On the twenty-fifth, ‘Krishnaji held a staff meeting at 11:30 a.m. Dr. Pollock is not coming to Brockwood.’

‘It was a warm summer day’ on the twenty-sixth, ‘and the start of midterm holiday for the school, also a bank holiday. Krishnaji washed the car in the afternoon while I weeded’ [*chuckles*] ‘a section of the rose garden. It was too hot for the usual walk, so we sat and wandered about in the grove.’

On the twenty-seventh, ‘we planned a picnic, but for fear of Krishnaji’s hay fever this season, we didn’t have it. We had a nice quiet day.’

May twenty-ninth. ‘A letter from Erna saying the pre-trial court meeting was on the twenty-fifth, and resulted in postponement to June fifteenth. Other postponements on both sides’ interrogatories. The Lilliefelts postponed their departure till after the fifteenth.’

The next few days, it just says ‘desk, walk, desk, walk…’ Um…

On the first of June, ‘Krishnaji met with the staff. At 6 p.m., I met Mar de Manziarly at Petersfield train station. She is here for the weekend, staying in the West Wing. I spoke to Mary Links, who arrived last night from Malibu. They stayed in the house three days.’ I’d forgotten that.

On June second, ‘Krishnaji dictated another *Letters to the Schools*. Mar came on the walk with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me.’

On the third, ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school, and again we had walks,’ the same kind of walks. Then there’s a lot about my family…

On June fourth, ‘Mar showed Krishnaji and me letters written by Nitya to her in the early ’20s. Very moving. They seem so alive, and there was such humor and irony, and somehow sad, as though much of that world they occupied was tiresome to him. “Theosophy is the most <u>boring</u> thing of all.”’ That’s what Nitya wrote. ‘Krishnaji was moved by the letters, and said, “I saw what it was like, but he was much more mature than I was.”’

S: Where do you suppose those letters are, Mary?

M: I have no idea. I don’t know. She gave me them, and I put them in the archives, some letters that Krishnaji had written to her, but I don’t remember being given letters written by Nitya.

S: Where could we begin looking for these letters, do you think?

M: There's nowhere to look. Mar is dead; her sisters are both dead; Sacha's dead.

S: They did not have any children?

M: Nope. Except for Mima, none of them ever married. And all of them are now dead.

S: Are there any uncles, aunts, cousins?

M: Nobody.

S: No family that we can think of?

M: They had no relatives that I know of, never heard of any. Mar died in Ojai. Mima died…they all died in Ojai, except Sacha, who died, as we just saw, in Paris. Mima had a house in Ojai, and a bee garden. She moved there early on. She married this man from Chicago and he committed suicide not long afterward. And she then moved to Ojai, bought a house and land, and lived there for the rest of her life. She had inherited from her husband, who was very wealthy, and I know that the sisters were financially dependent on her, but I don't know about Sacha. He may have had a pension or something. Mar and Sacha shared a flat in Paris, on the Rue Jacob, and lived there till Sacha died. Not long after that, I think Mar gave it up.

S: And moved to Ojai.

M: She had an old maid who looked after her for some time. But then the old maid either died or retired, and she couldn't cope on her own. Yo had in the meantime a friend with whom she shared a place, somewhere in New England, and when the friend died, Yo went to live in Ojai at first with Mima, and then she had a little flat in upper Ojai, and Mar joined her there and had a little flat next door. Then, I don't know what happened to Yo, but Mima found Mar a flat in Ojai. I visited her there, so I know that. And Mar died there, after Krishnaji's death. I don't know what happened to Yo, except that I've been told she's dead; where she died or what happened, I don't know. The house that Mima had has been sold. So, the de Manziarlys vanished from the earth.

S: It is tragic that those letters are lost.

M: Yes. What will happen to all of Krishnaji's letters to Vanda, of course, is also unknown.

S: I know. I do wish we could get those letters from Vanda.

M: Well, I can't do it.

S: No.

M: I can't ask for them. I said to her, and I know I'll say it again, that I do think the preservation of those letters is important. And I've asked her what she wants done with them, and things like that, but I can't say what I think she should do with them.

S: Mm, hm. No. Of course not.

M: The fifth of June. 'I drove Mar to Petersfield station, where she got the train to London, and she spent the day in London with Mary Links on material for the biography Mary is writing before returning to Paris. It was a marvelously lovely day. I drove back slowly through East Meon. The countryside ravishing—totally beautiful. Krishnaji talked to the school about what is distraction. He then said how he would teach mathematics. "I will show you." Begin by asking the students if they have habits, any habits. So you see that if you have a habit, you are unaware of it, and that will lead to habits of mind? Discuss that. Then with ***that*** mind discuss mathematics, he said.'

The next day, 'I went to Winchester with Dorothy for more sheets, blankets, etcetera for guests. It was a most beautiful day. I was back in time for lunch. Krishnaji, with Carlos's help, had Simonized the Mercedes. We went for only a short walk. I did the first dictation of letters using a small IBM recording device and then sending the tape to Cadogan's office, where I have left an IBM transcribing unit.'

S: Hold on, because the archives list says there's another *Letters to the Schools*.

M: Well, I don't know.

M: Yes, if you can read that, here.

S: Oh lord!

M: Yes. [*Both laugh*.]

S: I think you were writing with water!

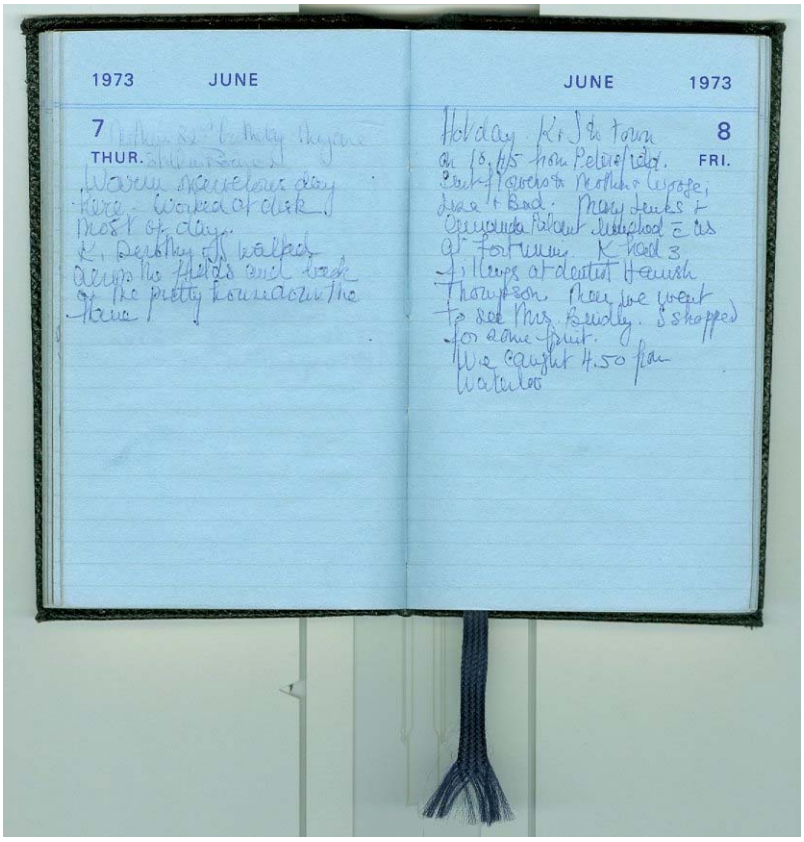
M: I know.

S: [*long pause*] You're right, it doesn't say anything about another *Letters to the Schools*. Boy, this is hard to read.

M: [*laughs*] I know. Pale blue ink on pale blue paper! [*Laughing*.] Not a good plan.

Well, the next day's just as pale. It says, 'it's a warm, marvelous day here. Worked at the desk most of the day. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields and in the back of the pretty house on the lane.' That's that half-timbered house**[1]** that I had a great fancy for in those days. I used to think, "Why don't I buy that?" [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes, quite right.



Mary's small diary (almost the actual physical size) for June 7th & 8th

M: The eighth of June. 'It was a hot day. Krishnaji and I went to town on the 10:45 a.m. from Petersfield. I sent flowers to my mother, who was there. Mary Links and Amanda Pallant had lunch with us at Fortnum's. Krishnaji had *three* fillings at the dentist, Hamish Thompson. Then we went to see Mrs. Bindley. I stopped for some fruit. We caught the 4:50 p.m. back.'

On June tenth, 'Krishnaji talked to the school.' [*Laughs*.] 'Egyptian dancers in afternoon then Swami Venkatesananda and his admirers dropped by to see Krishnaji.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Eventually we got out for a walk.' That reminds me [*chuckling*] of the scene in the doorway here in the West Wing when the swami was arriving. Krishnaji was with me at the door, and the swami insisted on prostrating himself in the doorway, a most awkward spot to have chosen, and Krishnaji didn't want him to do it, and sort of tried to get him up, and it was kind of a humorous struggle. [*Laughing*.]

S: Yes. Insisting on prostrating toward this man who never wanted that kind of thing. Yes. [*Both laugh again*.]

M: Oh, the next few days is all about going to buy things for the Cloisters and meeting my brother and sister-in-law at Claridge's, and talking business. Mother was there. Bud and Lisa came with me to Mallett's, where I bought two eighteenth-century Chinese bird paintings, which are on the wall behind you. I got some more later.'

June twelfth, ‘we walked as usual. Krishnaji has hay fever, but the tulip extract from Dr. Wolf seems to be helping.’

On the thirteenth, ‘Krishnaji talked to the students and staff in the morning and finished by 1:10 p.m. I went to London in the afternoon about my family and errands. I went to Victorian Albert Museum where the Cooper Hewitt had an exhibition.’ Lisa, Bud’s wife, was head of the Cooper Hewitt. There were all sorts of people we met, the director of the Tate, blah, blah. Eventually I got home.

June fourteenth ‘was a marvelously lovely day, but not good for Krishnaji’s hay fever. He began taking Acktang, a German allergy medicine from Dr. Wolf, which helps. Krishnaji came with me to Petersfield on errands. I bought plants for the house and then I worked with Edna Cleeve’—that was the cleaning lady we had for the West Wing—‘in the afternoon on beds, etcetera for the dining room now converted to a bedroom to house Pupul and family. Walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy.’

June fifteenth. ‘A warm day. Krishnaji and I took the train to London and went to Mallett’s, where we chose four more Chinese bird paintings. Then, Krishnaji had a tooth filled at Hamish Thompson’s. Then, we lunched with Mary Links at Fortnum’s. Krishnaji and I went to Huntsman, after which Krishnaji had a haircut at Truefitt. We bought sweaters for Vanda, Fosca, and Dorothy. Then Krishnaji and I went to the Vigo Street rug place, and chose a Persian rug for the drawing room,’ which you can see over my left shoulder. We then caught the 5:14 p.m. to Petersfield and back to Brockwood. Amanda Pallant is staying at Brockwood to help with the coming guests. She brought a couple of vases as a gift from Mary and Joe.’ That’s the one in the hall.

S: Ah, yes.

M: The next day, ‘there was work everywhere getting ready for visitors. Enormous cleanup in the Cloisters. I have a sore throat. I changed beds around in the West Wing. I didn’t walk, and had a fever at night.’

On the seventeenth, ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school. My fever is gone, and I feel better. I went on fixing rooms. Walked with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and Amanda Pallant. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave interviews to Jamie Thompson, son of dentist Hamish Thompson. The work done on the Cloisters is not finished, but they are ready for visitors.’

Now, we jump to the big book, and the eighteenth. ‘Intense work all weekend to ready the Cloisters. The builders’ men went off on Friday, leaving piles of debris in the courtyard and no way to remove it except by hand and barrow. Ian Hammond and Robert Wiffen just looked helpless, but when Dorothy sent out word that she would pay a pound an hour for anyone who would work on the cleanup, by this morning, after drudgery by older boy students, and Billy Bud…’

S: Billy Bud, oh yes. I remember him. He was the forester for the estate surrounding us.

M: Yes. '…and his family and friends, four tons had been removed. The courtyard was smooth and Amanda Pallant '—here to help out—'had borrowed green shrubs in tubs to catch the eye here and there. Each little room was neat, clean, bright, and ready. Three quarters of the quadrangle is complete. The work continues on the fourth side and sitting room, but the deadline was met. Similarly, in the West Wing, things came down to the wire. The man from Heal's came for a third time, and with the necessary parts, installed a wardrobe in my upstairs office'—temporarily another bedroom—'bought five weeks ago. It was finished an hour before the Indians arrived [*quiet chuckle*]. The Chinese bird paintings Krishnaji and I bought at Mallett's on Friday were hung this morning and the Persian rug we bought the same day is in front of the drawing room fireplace. It does look pretty. Suddenly the school group is alive and pulled together, and Krishnaji is really pleased, which is my fun. Ruth Tettemer and Albion Patterson arrived from Ojai this morning. Ruth was last in England in 1928. I met them at Petersfield. They are in the Cloisters. The Indians, Pupul, her daughter, Radhika and her children, Sunanda and Mia'—that's the names of Radhika's children—'arrived with Balasundaram, and Sunanda and Achyut Patwardhan. Pupul is in the West Wing dining room, where I moved the big bed; the others are in the Cloisters.'

'Albion and I discussed the agenda for the meetings. He has written a good letter of suggestions, which Krishnaji wants distributed. It is strong on the need for archives kept at professional standards. The standards of authenticity for future scholars.' Good for Albion.

Tuesday, June nineteenth, 'Krishnaji talked to Pupul alone and then with the other Indians. He then held a school discussion in which a question was asked about what love is. He explored it, in part drawing it out of the students. He again repeated the fact mentioned by David Bohm that in the Eskimo language, "thought" and "outside" are the same words. [*Chuckles*.] Alan Kishbaugh arrived at Petersfield at 1 p.m. I met him. Then, at 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji held a meeting to discuss the agenda with the trustees present. Krishnaji, Ruth, Albion, Alan, Dorothy, Pupul, Balasundaram, Sunanda, and Achyut Patwardhan.'

So we now go to June twentieth in the little book again. 'Krishnaji talked to the Lilliefelts and me. The Digbys arrived for the opening meeting, but Mary Links and Mary Cadogan were late. We agreed with the agenda discussion before lunch, and then at 4 p.m. with both Marys there, Krishnaji opened the meeting with moving words on trust and working together. Then we discussed whether the Foundations should continue and in what form. He spoke for two hours. Later, Mary Links, Alan K., and I talked about the Verhulst-Servire mess, which will be gone into tomorrow.'

On June twenty-first, 'We met all morning on the agenda. After lunch, the Publication Committee and the KFT met with Krishnaji on the new structure, i.e., the Foundation is to call annual meetings and be ultimately responsible and we came to an agreement on proceedings with the Verhulst matter. Krishnaji then went out with Ian Hammond and decided on wooden benches instead of a wall for the Cloisters. At 4 p.m, the Foundation meetings resumed. Hughes arrived and with the Publication Committee Members present,

we went into the thorny matter of world publications. India, again, made a play for sharing the copyright. It was exhausting, but tentative agreements were made. I talked to Hughes about a French gift for a French *Bulletin*.'

On the twenty-second, 'there was a morning meeting of the Krishnamurti Foundation's Publications Committee and Doris. Mary C. and Balasundaram had hammered out statements that we had agreed on yesterday, and it was gone over sentence by sentence, giving definitions. India accepts the copyright situation as is, solely England's, but the KFI has new and permanent publishing rights for its own territories. There is a much better feeling today, more trust and cooperation. In the afternoon, we went on with the agenda and made progress. There was a late walk. The weather is turning lovely.'

On June twenty-third, 'Krishnaji held a discussion in the morning for trustees and Mary L. The meeting in the afternoon completed the agenda.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. The trustees met again in the afternoon and finished the agreements. Mary L. urged that all of Krishnaji's ashes be given to the Indians. The Americans thought this to be sectarian, but didn't speak up. Krishnaji says Indians have told him they will scatter his ashes in the Ganga. Mary L. left with Joe.'

June twenty-fifth 'was a day off. The Indians cooked the lunch. Saris were worn by many students. I took time to go to Petersfield on errands, and felt poorly in the afternoon Sinus problems.'

On the twenty-sixth, 'Krishnaji held a discussion in the morning with the trustees. We all signed the agreements that had been reached. Balasundaram, Achyut Patwardhan, and Alan Kishbaugh left. I felt worse with sinus problems and slept poorly.' I don't know why we put that in, but that's what it says.

S: Leave it in.

M: The next day, 'Pupul's daughter, Radhika, and her children left with Sunanda. I still felt sick. I worked at the desk all afternoon. Krishnaji suggested saltwater douches in the nose, which helped. I had a liquid diet all day.'

On June twenty-eighth, 'I went to the doctor. Then I met Evelyne and Lou Blau at Petersfield. They talked to Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Ruth, and me before and after lunch and I showed them the place. Lou gave lawyer's advice on the case. Erna and I drove them back to Petersfield station. Later, Krishnaji called KFA members together to speak of being open and letting things develop with the school and center in Ojai.'

The next day, 'I still have a cold. Erna and Theo left to go to see Anneke in Holland about papers for both the Ojai and the Vasanta Vihar cases.' This, by now, to remind whoever it may concern, that the case had developed in Madras because Madhavachari was holding Vasanta Vihar for Rajagopal, but it developed that for legal reasons I can't explain, that Vasanta Vihar belonged to Holland.

S: Through all the shell games of Rajagopal.

M: That's right. So, the KFI had to have papers from the Holland Stichting to present in Madras to the court, etcetera. So that's what they did. 'I went to fill a prescription in Alresford and took Ruth, Albion, and Verna Krueger along for the drive. We met Krishnaji, Dorothy, and Whisper walking along the lane as we came back.'

On the first of July, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school, and I began packing.'

The next day, 'When I woke up and I realized that I needed to get Krishnaji's Swiss visa, so I rushed up to London and got it. Came right back.'

The third was 'more packing. Then I discovered that the British dockers are striking for the week against French boats because of the French atomic bomb tests in the Pacific. So our Normandy ferry for tonight had been canceled. I quickly called Thoresen Townsend, which has accepted our car reservations. We walked in the afternoon. Krishnaji and I had supper downstairs. The car was loaded, we said goodbye to everyone, and left at 9 p.m. We drove to Southampton and onto the Thoresen Ferry. After the ship sailed, I got the purser to provide a cabin for Krishnaji.'

'We arrived in Le Havre the next morning, and disembarked at 7:15 a.m. We stopped in Bourg-Achard for croissants, and had a picnic breakfast using the new hamper, and reached Paris and the Plaza Athénée at 11 a.m. It was very hot in Paris. I bathed, changed, and lunched nicely in the hotel garden. Krishnaji was very splendid in a brown birds-eye suit. He took a nap afterward, after which we went and bought a new Phillips razor. I had a fitting at Chanel and met him at 5 p.m at Charvet, where four new shirts were ordered. Came back, hot and tired, to the hotel. Bathed again. Supper in rooms and early to bed.'

The next day, 'we left the Plaza Athénée at 9:30 a.m. on another hot day and drove south on the autoroute to Chalon, which took four hours. Krishnaji drove for one of those hours. At Chalon, we took Route National 78 through Louhans and Lons-le-Saunier. We finally found a shady quiet lane and had a late picnic lunch, then drove on through Morez and over the Col de la Faucille into Switzerland. We arrived at Geneva and the Hotel du Rhône at 6:30 p.m., hot and tired. I telephoned Vanda, who had just arrived at Tannegg. We had supper in the rooms and Krishnaji said, "No more of these long motor trips. It's too much!"' [*Laughs*.]

On July sixth, 'we went to Patek and to Jacquet. Krishnaji ordered seven ties and some socks. It is not as hot as yesterday. Narasimhan lunched with us at the hotel, then we drove along the lake to Lausanne and over the hill, stopping for gâteau at Bulle.'

S: Oh, yes, of course. [*M laughs*.] The famous Gâteau Bullois. Krishnaji loved that! They were good, from that one particular bakery.

M: Yes, on the left. [*S laughs*.] 'We drove through *streaming* rain up the valley. Arrived at Tannegg, 568 miles from Brockwood. Vanda and Fosca had everything in order. We also have Madame Walsh's apartment downstairs this year. The other apartment'—I guess that's the one in the middle—'is being remodeled. I unpacked, had supper, and went to bed. Amanda is being operated on again that day. Krishnaji said in the car, "I will be thinking of it at night. One is quieter then." Today too was to be a day of the court hearings on the case.'

S: Before we go on to the next day, didn't you always have the same rooms at the Plaza Athénée?

M: Yes. At the Plaza Athénée we did.

S: Which room numbers were they?

M: Who knows? I can't remember ***that***.

S: [*laughs*] No detail is too small. Do you remember what floor they were on?

M: No. [*Laughs.*] But what I can tell you, which was important to us, is that the rooms didn't look out on the courtyard, because noise would rise up. In the summer, people ate in the courtyard as it was pretty with flowers all around. But there's another courtyard on the other side which I guess goes down to nothing. It has a grill separating it from another building opposite. So, there was no noise, and it was protected from the street.

On the seventh of July, 'there was a cable from the Dunnes saying that Amanda's operation was successful. Krishnaji said, "I woke up feeling happy."'

S: Mm. In reference to Amanda?

M: Yes. 'I cabled back from Krishnaji and myself. No news from Erna on what should have been yesterday's court hearing in Ventura. Did errands in the village. Rested. Wrote letters.'

July ninth, 'No special mail, no news. Krishnaji rested. I did letters. After lunch, Vanda and I drove to Château d'Oex to find some miso for Krishnaji. Meanwhile, he had his hair cut by the good barber Nicola now in the new barber shop. We picked him up on the way back.'

On July eleventh, 'There was a letter from Erna written on the fifth. The court meeting was again postponed until the twentieth. Christensen,' that's Rajagopal's lawyer, 'is to have submitted a settlement offer okayed by Rajagopal on sixth. Krishnaji worked on a statement for the *Bulletin* about the international foundation agreements made at Brockwood. I bought a new Hermes typewriter at Madame Cadonau's and typed up Krishnaji's statement and sent it to Erna, Mary C., and Balasundaram for comments.'

The next day, ‘Krishnaji dictated *To the Schools* number 8 on freedom and order. Edgar Graf came to lunch.’

On the thirteenth, ‘I worked on a revision with Krishnaji of the number 8 *To the Schools*. Barabino came to lunch, after which I took Vanda down to the village for errands. I got a silk jersey for Amanda, and met Krishnaji on his walk.’

The next day, ‘the Simmonses and Doris arrived in Saanen in the Land Rover.’ Now we can jump to the big book for the fifteenth, but it’s getting late. I suggest that we call a halt.

S: Alright. So, we’ll start next time on the fifteenth in the big book.

Editor’s Note: ***The following is on a separate piece of paper that was folded into Mary’s large diary that covers the dates of July 13, 1970 through October 14, 1974. The piece of paper is undated, so there is no way to know where the right place would be to insert this, but Mary was clearly taking down what Krishnaji was saying, and it seems right to include it somewhere. So, it is here.***

“I woke up yesterday morning. I don’t know how to describe it—I never had it in my life before. I had it all day. It is there now.

“A sense of tremendous brain power—not to do something—just pure brain power. It went on. I got a little nervous of it, watching. Yes, it is in the head. Entirely different—never had it before.

“Woke up with it.

“Woke up and there it was. Then I got a little nervous—it was so strong, as though tremendous power was there—limitless, vast. I don’t know how to describe it.”

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Joan’s Acre, part of the Hinton Ampner estate next to Brockwood.

Issue 28: July 15, 1973 to October 22, 1973

The recorded discussions with Mary which provide the material for these memoirs began on June eleventh, 1994. The discussion for this issue occurred on August fourth, 1996; so it has taken us over two years to get this far in her diaries. By this date, I am at Oxford, and only able to visit Mary at Brockwood to continue our discussions on the occasional week-end during the months she is in England. As we continue, I remember Mary saying often that she feels we're never going to get out of the '70s; and indeed, it is another thirty one discussions and almost nine years before we get to the 1980s.

So, it may be right to bring up at this point a sense that I have from these discussions: There are extraordinary, relentless, unremitting demands made on Krishnaji; and Mary, in trying to take care of him and facilitate all that he does, is just as persevering and sedulous as he.

In this issue, Krishnaji goes through all the events of Saanen (the public talks and discussions, the private interviews, the small group meetings, the requests for healing, the demands of organizations, etcetera) only to get to Brockwood and start it all again, then on to Italy…and so it goes.

Living this persistence, gracefully meeting this unending challenge was part of Mary's experience of being in the presence of Krishnaji; and she always conveyed the impression that she felt she was living a benediction.

So, the reader of these memoirs, I imagine, experiences something dogged and unrelenting; and as the editor, I am sorry about that as it places demands on the reader's own perseverance. But these are Mary's memoirs, and it is not my place to change the nature of what she recalled and recorded.

Despite the demands on Krishnaji, and the often unpleasant and unfortunate behavior of some around him, I am also struck (as I was in life) by Krishnaji's ability to be outside of all that and to generate his teachings.

Scott: We're beginning on July fifteenth, 1973.

Mary: Yes, well, we're in Gstaad, and it was a grey day and cool, and Krishnaji was giving his first talk in Saanen. In the morning, I drove Vanda down as far as the bakery and she wished to walk the rest of the way. Then I went back and picked up Krishnaji at 10:15 a.m., and driving slowly, we arrived exactly on the dot' [*S chuckles*] 'of when he was due, which was 10:30 a.m. The tent was almost full, and there seemed to be a lot of new faces. Krishnaji did his usual thing of sitting and looking at everyone very slowly, which makes some people nervous, I discovered, that he might not know what he's going to say!' [*M chuckles with S.*] 'They're soon disabused, and on that day, he asked, "Can knowledge bring about a psychological change?" My impression was that he put *a lot* into the first talk, to really get people going, and perhaps bewilder the newcomers. In the

middle of it all, it began to rain, but after the talk Krishnaji, as usual, walked rapidly up the road. And people kept trying to offer him umbrellas, but he kept going' [*humor in voice*]. Um, 'I caught up with him as quickly as I could in the car, and we went up to Tannegg.'

And Elena and Felix Greene came for lunch that day.

S: Mm, hm. Can I interrupt here for a minute…?

M: Yes.

S: …just to say (and this really is just a silly historical detail here), but I remember in that year and in '72, that the arrangement in the tent was different than in subsequent years. I think it changed to its final format in '75 or '76. But before that, the seats had been arranged in tiers rising the length of the tent, so that Krishnaji sat at one end…

M: Yes.

S: …and the seats tiered up, from some possibly third of the length of the tent.

M: Yes, yes.

S: But after 1976, there was no more tiering. Krishnaji sat on the side of the tent.

M: Yes, after that, it was the side of the tent, and everybody was sitting on ground level. The tiering was a holdover from the geodesic dome one, the Buckminster Fuller one, which we had for some years until it wore out, and they couldn't replace it. So then we got the one that was the shape that you remember…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …which was sort of rectangular, really. Rectangular, but domed, like a portable airplane hangar.

Anyway, 'the Greenes came for lunch and there was a lot of talk about India and Nehru and the Dalai Lama and the difference in China today.' Felix Greene, you remember, had been to China…

S: I remember well.

M: …had written lots of very enthusiastic things about China. 'He said that there is the only government today where it was said "Do it yourself," and change is participated in by the people. Mao saw danger in the hardening of bureaucracy and invited people to make change." I suppose that really brought about the uh…Red…

S: The Cultural Revolution.

M: The Cultural Revolution, and the Red whatever they were called.

S: The Red Guards, yes.

M: There were really awful goings-on. Krishnaji listened to all this, and spoke of the thousands of Indians together building a dam against the next monsoon. And they did it because they would have perished otherwise. That was the impetus behind it.

S: Was Krishnaji saying that they only cooperated because their lives depended on it?

M: Yes, that's right. And he said, '"If I were one of them, a Chinese, etcetera. I would ask 'Why? What is the meaning of all this? Why should I build a dam or anything else?' The government has taken away the meaning of life. Give me meaning. I am a savage about all this," he said. He spoke intensely, and sweeping his hand across the table, vehemently. The Greenes left and he went to lie down and Vanda said that she thought that Krishnaji was over-tired and nervous and needs to stop talking for a while. "Why must he go to India?" she said. She pounces at me rather exhaustively,' [*chuckle in voice*] 'and I agree, but it's up to him. Yesterday she raised it at lunch to Krishnaji, and he said, "I want to go," which ended it for the moment. There is a degree of constant telling what should be done that goes around. It's meant well, but it's like being hammered at. "Why don't you ask some interesting people from Geneva to lunch?"' [*S laughs heartily, and M chuckles some too; aside:*] What interesting people?

S: [*laughing, joking voice*:] Advertise in the paper.

M: [*still laughing*] '"Why don't you tell the Indians to make a film showing India, the Taj Mahal, the Elephanta Statue? Put this in a Krishnaji movie, not just him."' [*Laughs.*] '"That is boring," she said.' [*M laughs.*] I'd forgotten all this.

S: So, these were things Vanda said should be done?

M: Yes, unfortunately.

S: Ah, ha.

M: 'But then it turns out that Krishnaji does his own hammering.' This is to me: '"You don't walk enough. You stay up all the time doing letters." In the evening, we got caught up in watching a French version of *Electra* on TV.'

Now, that is the last entry I have in this big notebook, so we have to switch to the small one, which, as you know, is less informative.

Well, the next day, the sixteenth of July, was 'a quiet day, and I did letters and errands and Krishnaji stayed in bed until walk time.'

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji gave his second talk. It was on the subject of time, and it was a wonderful one. On seeing the action of thought. I was exhausted at the end. He put enormous energy into it, and there was just ourselves at lunch.' That's Krishnaji, Vanda, and me. 'We discussed the school that Barabino'—that was that Italian who came into the picture in Italy's Krishnamurti world—he 'wanted to start a school, and so we talked about that.' That's about all that day.

The next day was the eighteenth, and 'Vanda left for Florence.'

S: What did Krishnaji think about the school?

M: Well, he sort of went along with it. It turned out badly in the end.

S: Yes.

M: Barabino, the whole Barabino thing turned out poorly. He absconded with the mailing list and started his own organization, which was rather, um…well, never mind describing it, but it had nothing to do with Krishnaji. 'So, Vanda went to Florence on the eighteenth, and Felix Greene came and saw Krishnaji. Also Pascaline Mallet came, whom Krishnaji had not seen in years, and I met her for the first time that day. She came to lunch with Marcelle Bondoneau, and now Pascaline at that point was the head of the French Committee. Then, Gisela Elmenhorst came in the afternoon, and talked about German teachers.'

On the nineteenth was 'the third Saanen talk, another great one, in my view. The Bennetts, Mavis and Reg, came for lunch. A letter came at last from Erna. It was incomplete so we telephoned her.' This was about the case. 'Christensen (Rajagopal's lawyer) had sent a draft of a settlement. There had been notes of a meeting on the eighteenth of June with Rosenthal/Cohen/Christensen, and we were fairly okay for substance, but Christensen came back with an agreement that was entirely different from what was expected.' Those things just never came to anything at that point.

'Krishnaji invited Montague and Dorothy to use the downstairs flat when they pleased. They moved in the next day for a short time in that downstairs apartment. And Krishnaji saw various people, including Felix Greene again. He felt tired and stayed in bed for lunch. I spent the day typing comments on the Christensen settlement draft, and got Krishnaji's approval to what I'd written. He concurred with what I had said and also what Erna had said. He got up in the afternoon for a walk, and the Simmonses came along.'

Next day was 'a quiet day. Krishnaji on that day said, "One day I will see Rajagopal and tell him what he has done. It will be good for him."

The twenty-second was 'the fourth talk on what is the meaning of life? The Simmonses and Anneke Korndorffer came for lunch and Krishnaji put his hands on Anneke to help her with her ailments. He gave an interview to the Mexican representative of the Fundación and the Biascoecheas. He saw Mr. Mirabet and Mr. Salvador Morales-Franco,

Mrs. Colvera. Mrs. Arane came to tea.' These were all people in the Fundación in those days.

On the twenty-third, 'there was an hour's discussion with some students of Grenoble, and then that day, a letter came from Dr. Pollock.' He was also on the board of the Happy Valley School, and so he offered something that I say is an insult both to Krishnaji and the rest of us. He offered, I think, one hill, and we wanted the whole place.

S: Of course.

M: And, you know, it should've been Krishnaji's anyway…

S: Exactly.

M: And when he said ***maybe*** one hill, it was insulting.

Krishnaji gave 'his fifth talk on July twenty-fourth, and again it was a superb one. "What is the action that is not of will, ideals, etcetera? Non-action is the expression of the non-me. Wisdom is the daughter of truth, and intelligence is the daughter of wisdom."' It was a wonderful statement.

Then various people came; it's not interesting.

'Krishnaji and I went for a nice quiet lunch at the Park Hotel. We walked in the rain as usual.'

On the twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji dictated a reply to Dr. Pollock about the Happy Valley land, and to Erna about Rajagopal. A Mr. Alfredo Calles, interested in starting a school in Mexico, came to see me at 11 a.m. Barabino came at noon, and we talked about the Italian school plan, and the necessity of a *legal* Italian committee. He stayed to lunch with Krishnaji. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave interviews. It was raining, but we walked up nevertheless the Turbach road.'

'Krishnaji began taking that day, Prednisolon, five milligrams, instead of Actad, as prescribed by Dr. Wolf. It's a hay fever thing.'

July twenty-sixth. 'It was very cold and with fresh snow on the mountains. Krishnaji gave his sixth Saanen talk on sorrow, love, and death. It ended without any questions. Anneke came for a treatment. Rosalind is in Paris. Anneke wants to see her to give us Arya Vihara. Biascoecheas came to lunch. They met with Mr. Calles and have high hopes' [*chuckles*] 'for a school. Krishnaji rested before people came for tea. Dreadful drilling noise from downstairs.' [*Chuckles.*] This is very spotty stuff. Do you want all of it?

S: Absolutely all of it!

M: The next day was the twenty-seventh, and 'it was still cold and grey. Fearful drilling continues. Complained to the owners, Madame Matti and the Palace.' The Palace was the agent for renting the chalet. 'Jane Hammond and Sybil Dobinson came for lunch. Then at 3:30, all the foreign committee members, over fifty of them, came for the annual meeting with Krishnaji.'

'Later we walked and Dorothy, who had been sick but got up today, was at the meeting.'

On the twenty-eighth, Krishnaji saw Anneke in the morning, and told her that it was not the moment for her to see Rosalind regarding her documentation center.

Krishnaji was tired, so he slept the rest of the morning. We lunched quietly alone. At 4 p.m., the Biascoecheas, Mr. Morales-Franco and the lady president of the Mexican delegation and Mr. Calles came to see Krishnaji. Calles discusses school project in Guernica. At 6:30 p.m., Swami Venkatesananda came to call, and, with some woman,' I don't know who she was. 'And then,' it says here that 'Mary Links sent Krishnaji letters that Jamnadas**[1]** wrote about the King John bet by him and Nitya in 1919.' Do you remember that story?

S: Yes. And Annie Besant was upset by this…

M: Yes, and the car they bought with the money they won, Annie Besant made them give it back. And this was a letter about that [*laughter in voice*]. Poor Jamnadas; and Nitya was also crushed.

S: [*laughs heartily*] I wonder where this letter is.

M: Who knows? I think it was a copy…I don't think it was the real one.

S: Sent to Krishnaji?

M: Yes. She sent Krishnaji the letter from Jamnadas about the King John bet he and Nitya made in 1919! [*Chuckles.*]

S: Okay.

M: Well, the next day was the twenty-ninth. It says here, 'I dreamt vividly of Nitya. He had been allowed to come back once, and I held onto him lest he vanish for Krishnaji to see him.' I don't remember that I had such a dream. 'Krishnaji had been struck by Jamnadas's letter as well.'

S: Hm.

M: How strange. Krishnaji gave his seventh and last of these Saanen talks on meditation, on looking without thought, without any reaction.' Then a lot of people came for lunch.

The next day, Anneke and Felix Greene both came to see Krishnaji.' I think that was for treatment, because Felix was sick then, too; he had cancer, I think.

We lunched quietly alone, and I did errands. Krishnaji gave interviews to Madame Baud, your friend, Mr. Russu, and Mr. Sendra. Then, we walked. Then something about trouble with some students at Brockwood. We don't have to memorialize that for history.

On July thirty-first, 'Krishnaji again saw Felix Greene and Anneke, and then Anneke and I discussed Happy Valley and Rosalind and Rajagopal. A Mrs. Saharaf came to see me about an Ojai school. Krishnaji saw her briefly at the end. He and I lunched at the Park Hotel.'

'A letter came from Erna about the settlement meeting on July twentieth in Judge Heaton's chambers between Christensen, Rosenthal, Cohen, and also Erna. And the meeting on July twenty-fifth with Sol Rosenthal, Cohen, and Reynolds (Cohen's junior lawyer). Also there was a letter from Erna about Tapper,' that's the attorney general man, 'and an inquiry from Sol about the proposed Krishnamurti school in Ojai for his son.' It didn't come to pass. I've forgotten why; but he was interested, and we were [*chuckles*] glad he was.

The next day was the first of August and 'the first of the Saanen public discussions, questions mostly on the observer and observed. Frances McCann just arrived from Holland, came to lunch. Krishnaji spoke with her afterwards. Afterward, I made a twenty-eight minute,' and it says here, 'a 280 Swiss franc telephone call' [*both laugh*] 'to Erna in Ojai about her letters and the settlement points. Also about omitting mention of the copyright agreement in Krishnaji's report in the *Bulletin*. Then I did errands.'

On August second 'was the second public discussion. It was hard work. Afterwards, Krishnaji saw Felix Greene and Anneke. Madame Duchet and Marcelle came to lunch. Elmenhorst was invited but was sick. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview for a Lausanne newspaper, *Vingt-Quatre Heures*, it's called, the newspaper with a reporter called Francine Brunschwig.'

On the third 'was the third Saanen discussion on loneliness and relationship, and ambition and wanting to change what is. Afterward, Krishnaji again saw Felix Greene. Mrs. Pamela Travers, and Dorothy and Montague came for lunch. Afterward, he saw Ruth Swartz.' That was a woman who used to come to the talks. 'We walked in steady rain.'

The next day was the fourth discussion, 'a profoundly moving one. Edgar Graf and Doris Pratt came for lunch, after which we had the annual Saanen Gathering Committee meeting. We had received enough donations, about 50,000 Swiss francs, to cover next year.'

S: Would Krishnaji have been in that meeting?

M: Oh, yes, he would have been.

Now, the next day the fifth 'was the fifth discussion, and it was a hot day. Walking along the road after the meeting, Krishnaji met a young German couple, Renata and Rudiger Wolff, and he asked them up to Tannegg. They want to come to Brockwood.' They were quite nice. 'There was lunch and there was a meeting with Barabino and his group in Zweisimmen. Krishnaji was uncomfortable with so many people. We walked in spite of the heat. I did some photos.' And then it says in different writing: 'Mr. and Mrs. Sloss to tea.'

S: It's interesting to note that Krishnaji enjoyed his walks whether the weather was nice or not.

M: He would have gone out even if it had snowed.

S: Yes, because it was exercise and it was good for the body.

M: Yes, "It's good for you," he'd say. [*Both chuckle.*]

'The sixth Saanen discussion was the next day, and it was on death. "If you really know life, you will understand death," he said, "and love. They are one; not separate." It had a profound effect. Very hot day. Took a few more photos. Bill Burmeister'—he was a nice young man, who used to come to the talks—'and the Wolffs, Renata and Rudiger, came for lunch. They brought me kefir milk.' I was making kefir from then on for ages. They brought little, like, little cauliflower pieces and you kept them in water and then when you wanted them to work, you put them in milk, and they made kefir. It was rather good, a little culture thing. [*Chuckles.*] Don Hopper came to see me at 3 p.m., and at 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw Madame Baud and her husband. She was that woman who had a Swiss school, called Shangri-La, and she wanted it to be a Krishnamurti school.

S: Where was it?

M: I don't know…somewhere in the French part of Switzerland.

S: I did hear of that school.

M: On the seventh, 'Krishnaji he gave his seventh talk and that was the end of them for the year. Afterward he talked privately to Barabino about the Italian school, and then he saw Felix Greene. Elena is leaving Brockwood.' She was working at Brockwood in those days. 'We lunched alone. Brian Jenkins came by to talk to me about whether he should go to the Barabino school. Krishnaji walked down to have his hair cut by Mr. Nicola, the coiffeur, and I picked him up afterwards in the car. Krishnaji talked with Dorothy about Brockwood and made considerable demands on Dorothy. Talked on the telephone to Madame Duperex. Mr. Moser called and said that Krishnaji's new car had arrived.'

So, the next day, 'there were no more talks or discussions, it was a lovely day, and accompanied by Montague and Dorothy, we drove to Thun. In the little park by the lake we picnicked, after which we drove to Merligen, then back to Thun to Moser's when it was time to take delivery of Krishnaji's new Mercedes 450SLC that we ordered two years ago. He drove it back to Tannegg with Moser. The Simmonses and I came back in my car, and then Moser drove back to Thun, taking my car for winter storage. Krishnaji is pleased in every way with the new car and the way it drives. The look on his face delights me,' it says here. [*Chuckles.*]

The next day, August ninth, 'Krishnaji saw Felix Greene in the morning, and Felix called Brockwood a "disaster." He was critical of everything. The Simmonses and Doris Pratt came to lunch. In the afternoon, Krishnaji and I drove to beyond Château D'Oex in the new Mercedes to put mileage on it. We came back and walked as usual. Krishnaji told Dorothy about Greene and thought she should talk to him. She and Montague talked to Felix and Elena all evening.' That was the big split with Felix Greene. He was so snide about Brockwood.

'The tenth was a hot and clear, beautiful day, and Krishnaji, the Simmonses, and I drove to Thun in the new Mercedes. We discussed last night's meeting with the Greenes, and the car had its first service at 336 miles. While the car was being serviced, we took a cab to Merligen, lunched at Beatus, and took the lake steamer to Interlaken and then back to Thun by 5:30 p.m. We walked back to Moser's garage, where the new car had had its service, and then we drove back to Tannegg. The Eiger, the Jungfrau, and the Mönch were clear all day.'

On the next day, 'of the car, Krishnaji said, "It's like a crouching tiger."' [*S chuckles, and then M does, too.*] 'I did errands in the morning, and then we washed the crouching tiger.'

S: [*laughing*] This is the Green Beauty?

M: Yes. 'Ortolani and his friend came for lunch. Dorothy, Montague had supper upstairs, and then Dorothy and I went to the opening of the Menuhin concerts.'

August twelfth 'was a warm, lovely day. The Simmonses left in the Land Rover for Brockwood, taking one of our bags. We lunched alone. I worked at the desk, and later we took our usual walk. Krishnaji is feeling remote—"off."'

The next day 'was a hot day. I went to the village for final errands, bank, etcetera. We had lunch alone, finished packing and loaded the car. We took our last Swiss mountain walk of the summer, the usual way to the river. The car was all ready to go before bedtime.'

Now, we jump to the other book.

This is Tuesday, the fourteenth of August, 1973. 'Krishnaji and I left Tannegg at 4 a.m. in the new Mercedes, 450SLC. There was a golden moon lighting the valley, and then an

orange ball of sun took its place as we drove along the Lausanne autoroute. Krishnaji drove that part. He said, "Now, I know I can drive this car." We stopped to rest in a wooded area for a while, and Krishnaji said, "I could have wandered off in the forest. The body is off. I've never felt it quite like this." There was a delay at the border because we couldn't find the chassis number on the car for the Swiss customs.' It had to be checked out of Switzerland. 'We finally did'—it was on the windshield—'and we bought croissants in the same village in the Jura and ate our picnic breakfast at the little side road where we have done the last several years.' Krishnaji would always remember where it was. He said, "We're coming to it now." This man who had no memory.

S: Yes, yes, I know.

M: So, we had our picnic. 'Then we went through Lons-le-Saunier to Chalons and joined the autoroute to Paris. I had slept less than two hours, so when Krishnaji wished to drive, I dozed. There was a heat wave all over Europe and the air conditioning in the new car meant a comfortable drive. We had a picnic lunch, but didn't care for the parking spots as we neared Paris, so wound up, as last year, eating our lunch in the Bois de Boulogne, near to where we used to walk. There were prettier places, but Krishnaji wanted a familiar one. We sat a long time under a tree. Paris is very hot, ninety degrees. We reached the Plaza Athénée by 5 p.m. A long, cool bath, delicious supper of fruit and soup made, the waiter said, of puréed rice and carrots. By 8 p.m., I had fallen asleep.'

Wednesday, the fifteenth of August, in Paris. 'It was a holiday in France, and I woke up after almost eleven hours of sleep to a delicious sense of nothing to do. Krishnaji slept well too, and we floated through the morning in complete relaxation. The weather was hot but not uncomfortable, and that added to the floating feeling. We lunched in the garden under umbrellas in the hotel, luxuriously and quietly. There were very few guests here. At 4 p.m., we walked to the Champs Elysées, where a Burt Lancaster Western was playing.' [*S laughs*.] 'The usual nonsense, but Krishnaji observed the southwest desert mountains and his head pains stopped. "I didn't know what was happening. I just watched." We walked back to the Plaza. Each did some breathing exercises. Had supper, and went early to sleep. This is the day that the U.S. bombing stopped in Cambodia.'

The next day was the sixteenth of August. 'Krishnaji, about his head pains, and that faraway feeling, said, "These people usually remain in one place surrounded by their disciples. The Buddha walked eighty miles, but that wasn't very far. This body was made sensitive and it rebels at being pushed around in strange places."'

'I said, "Shouldn't it stay in one place?"'

'Krishnaji said, "If you mean Brockwood, no. It may come to that, but not now."'

'It was another hot day. Krishnaji stayed in while I went to the bank and to Lobbs, now moved to Hermès, for shoe polish for Krishnaji. Then to Courrèges to get some jerseys. When I got to the hotel, Krishnaji said he wanted to go to Givenchy, so I could get some trousers that I could have copied in London, but they had none. We went to Phillip's for a

razor. We lunched again in the Plaza's garden, and at 4 p.m., left in the Mercedes to drive slowly to Le Havre, Krishnaji doing about half the driving. It lessened the pain in his head. He kept the car's temperature low by slow driving, and varying the speed. Inside the car, we were cool with the air conditioner. We reached Le Havre at 7:30 p.m. It was cool there. We dined at Le Monaco, and I checked a new Chanel suit through customs before boarding the Normandy Ferry, the Dragon, on which we had a smooth crossing.'

The next day, 'we debarked from Southampton at 7 a.m., and drove to Brockwood. The Simmonses had not yet arrived. Annette and Richard Cooke and Jim Fowler have been the caretakers all summer. It was a cool and misty morning. We unpacked quietly most of the day. Krishnaji cleaned the Mercedes engine and worried at it standing outside because Dorothy's Cortina is stored in the Mercedes garage. "It will rust. We must cover it!"' [*S chuckles at M's playful mimicking of K's worried tone of voice*.] 'But Dorothy and Montague and Doris arrived in the Land Rover at 8 a.m. The Cortina was moved and the Mercedes was saved from the night's dew.' [*Laughter.*] 'Krishnaji's head was hurting him; his face looked drawn.'

Now, we must go back to the little diary.

The eighteenth of August 'was a day of unpacking and sorting out and putting things in order in all of Krishnaji's cupboards. His head continues bad. He, Dorothy, and I walked in the p.m. Krishnaji has decided to increase the walk: go to the grove, across the two big fields, along the footpath, behind and around the half-timbered house to the lane, and back along the lane.'

The nineteenth 'was another warm day, and I went on with cupboard straightening and we together washed the Mercedes and the floor of the garage all in the p.m. Dorothy brought Whisper the dog back from Wales, where she had been while we were all away.'

On the twentieth, 'Krishnaji came with me to Petersfield to inquire about floor mats for the car. After lunch, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I went on the new walk. Krishnaji's head was bad, except when doing something or watching TV. "I wonder how long it will last?"'

On the next day, 'we went over the draft of the settlement done by Stanley Cohen.' That's all it says.

On the twenty-second, 'Mavis and Reg Bennett arrived to stay through the gathering. I put them in the West Wing guestroom.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I went for a drive. The tent went up for the gathering. Ian Hammond and Robert Wiffen came in the afternoon to inspect the work on the Cloisters and the dining room addition. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I met with them and talked about an assembly hall. On a short walk later, I told Krishnaji that the Alzina money…' Do you remember the Alzina account? This was an account in Switzerland for Krishnaji. 'I told him that the Alzina account money to pay for the Mercedes was still there, as I had paid

the balance due. Krishnaji said to give it for the Assembly Hall.' He gave £3,500 sterling for the Assembly Hall.'

He and I discussed his headaches, as if the tremendous energy of the talks, when it subsides, the body protests, fatigue comes later when he is on a more superficial level.' He thought that's why he had the headaches.

S: Okay, can we just mention it a little bit fuller here? So he is saying that the tremendous energy that goes through his body during the talks…

M: Yes.

S: …and when the talks are over…

M: Yes.

S: …the body kind of protests at having all this gone through it…

M: Yes.

S: …and the protest takes a form of headaches.

M: Yes. And he would never have a headache while he was talking.

S: Right.

M: All his physical symptoms were his—they're odd.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Krishnaji gave interviews the next day, and we took a short walk and picked blackberries.

On the twenty-sixth, 'in the afternoon, Krishnaji and Carlos washed the car. Then, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I cleaned bracken and dead branches in the grove. After supper, I drove Bill Angelos, who has spent the day at Brockwood, to Petersfield.'

The next day, 'I did housekeeping, and we pruned trees in the grove until a rainstorm drove us in.'

On August twenty-eighth, 'Saral and David Bohm came to lunch and discussed plans for a scientist discussion meeting next year. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I worked hard at the tree pruning in the grove.'

The next day, 'Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to Petersfield and we took the train to London. We lunched at Fortnum. Krishnaji went to the dentist and had a tooth extracted.

We went to Huntsman, Asprey, and Mr. Hewitt the tailor at Rowe's for slacks for me. Then back to the dentist for altered denture. Then to Waterloo train and back to Brockwood.'

On the thirtieth of August, 'Krishnaji's mouth was sore. I prepared rooms for guests, and there was maximum preparation in the house and the tent for the coming talks. Dorothy was not too well, but she was on her feet and came for a short walk. Krishnaji in the night fell briefly sick; sweating, feeling faint, followed by trembling. It lasted only briefly.'

On the thirty-first of August. 'A letter from Erna saying that Mrs. Blau had seen the Happy Valley land with the Pollocks and later saw Rosalind. The feeling of the Blaus, Lilliefelts, Ruth, and now Krishnaji, is that we should drop any idea of the Happy Valley land for our school. Rosalind and Beatrice Wood are building houses there.'

'People were arriving for the gathering. Amanda Pallant is spending a weekend with us in the West Wing. Marcelle Bondoneau arrived with Pascaline Mallet. Madame Samuel also came. Marcelle is in the West Wing dining room. Krishnaji gave a brief interview to a Barry Groves from Canada. Heal's furniture finally arrived for the Cloisters sitting room which was set up. The young German couple Renata and Rudiger Wolff arrived.

On the first of September, 'Krishnaji gave his first Brockwood talk of the year. Afterward, I gave him lunch upstairs and then he went back to the tent where lunch was being served. The weather was fine; we had about 920 people at meals.'

The next day 'was the second Brockwood talk. Amanda Pallant left after the talk.'

On September fourth, 'Krishnaji held a discussion in the tent, after which he had lunch upstairs, and then went back to the tent.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I took the Wolffs for a drive to Exton through the lanes in the morning, and there was a walk in the p.m.'

On Thursday the sixth of September, 'Krishnaji held the second public discussion.'

The next day, 'the Wolffs left. I went to Petersfield to post sixty-eight Gstaad tapes to Erna and references for Alain Naudé to UC Berkeley Extension, where he is being considered as a music and piano teacher.'

The eighth was the third talk, and on the ninth was the fourth talk. 'There were easily 1,500 people at the last talk. It was a warm, beautiful day, and Krishnaji feels that there's too much of a holiday atmosphere at these talks, and not enough seriousness. Next year, it should be more austere. The pool will be empty, and there will be no entertainment. The camp is disliked around the community as they disturb pheasants and pick mushrooms. The guests began to leave.'

On the tenth, 'the Bennetts left. Almost all the campers and Cloisters guests have left. The house is becoming quiet. One can feel it happening. There was a good letter from Ruth and Albion Patterson about teachers for the Ojai center. I had deskwork and much laundry. Krishnaji spoke to Calles, who was booming with criticisms and later Krishnaji gave an interview to Ted Cartee, a serious young American who has been through much Zen.'

On the eleventh, 'Marcelle Bondoneau left, so did a few remaining guests. At noon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Montague, Doris, and I took a picnic lunch and ate it by the mill in Alresford. It was a lovely day. There was an exquisite garden by the mill. Then we went to Winchester to the see the movie *Day of the Jackal*. Krishnaji enjoyed it.'

On September thirteenth, 'We went to London by train. Doris lent us her Mini as Krishnaji does not want the new Mercedes to sit in the Petersfield station parking lot.'

S: Quite right.

M: 'Mary Links met us at Fortnum's for an early lunch. She is working on the second draft of the biography. I brought in the dummy of photographs of Krishnaji, some of them bad, of the Indian book put together by Pupul and Sunanda of Krishnaji's Rishi Valley talks to students and teachers. I also brought the text, which Mary had asked me to read. Should it be printed in the West, too? Questionable. On the train, I read to Krishnaji parts of the book that Mary questions. Krishnaji was impatient at Pupul's and Sunanda's editing and dictated revisions to me. He said the book can't be published as it is. We discussed it at lunch, and Krishnaji decided that I should go through it and consult him on parts I think need editing, or elucidating. He will correct them, and when we get it done, it will go to Mary for her editing. This will irritate India, who wants to rush it out as-is, but Krishnaji said he will deal with that. How do I do this before Krishnaji goes to India? The book is 200 pages. I don't know but I will get on it.'

'At the end of lunch, Mary spoke of the beauty of Krishnaji's letters, their originality, and asked him if he would keep a notebook in which he would write a word, a line, anything each day. Krishnaji told her of the curious thing that happened before the first Brockwood talk two weeks ago, August thirty-first. He woke in the night feeling as if a ball of light were being placed in his head. He stayed awake observing it for about an hour. Krishnaji said he would write each day.'

Mary dropped Krishnaji at the dentist, and I walked to a fitting at Rowe's, stopping to buy Krishnaji avocado oil at Jackson's and some blueberries from the U.S., and then a notebook for the writing. I met him at Mr. Thompson's (the dentist), and he went to Huntsman for his fitting, then to Sulka, where they are making those shirts with Indian silk that Krishnaji brought on his last trip. Then we went to Asprey's for our watches, and bought two Lamay pencils for the writing. Krishnaji wanted one with thick lead and one with fine lead, and was pleased with what we found. Putting down our shopping bag was a self-conscious act; it isn't a bomb, said Krishnaji to the clerk. London and other cities have been harassed by the IRA with bombs, usually left in shopping bags. We went on

down Bond Street to Maxwell's new shop. Huntsman has bought Maxwell's, and Krishnaji ordered a trial pair of shoes, which went so well and so quickly he had time to have a haircut at Truefitt across the street. And so to Waterloo and back to Brockwood by 6:30.'

On the fourteenth, 'Krishnaji wrote a whole page in his new notebook with his new pencil. A description of the grove and the feeling of silence and something holy there.**[2]** Frances McCann, who has been staying in the Cloisters, was invited to stay in the West Wing guestroom, where the Reg Bennetts were. Krishnaji is putting hands on Frances to try to help her; she is hearing voices. I talk to her and sometimes can persuade her that it is subjective, but then she lapses back into delusions; otherwise, she is quiet and pleasantly herself. Krishnaji has forbidden her to do any yoga or pranayama and will not hear of her delusions. I felt she would feel more secure and cared for here in the West Wing rather than in the Cloisters, which is almost empty now.'

'Krishnaji wanted to drive before lunch, so we took the Mercedes to West Meon, East Meon, and around through Privett. Another marvelously lovely day; warm, but not too hot; delicious air.'

'Barabino telephoned from Rome about confirmation of the date October twenty-eighth for Krishnaji's talk there, and wanted to know if we were still coming in spite of the recent cholera outbreak in Italy? Krishnaji hopes it will be over by then. What we are wondering is whether to go first to Venice with the Linkses. *Salviamo Venezia*, as Krishnaji said, when he saw that on an Italian stamp in June.' That means, "Let's save Venice"; Venice was crumbling at that point. 'He thinks it would be fun to go, and Mary and Joe are *eager*. I must check on cholera shots requirements with various embassies. At 4 p.m., a Polish professor' whose name I can't pronounce, 'a professor of Oriental philosophy and psychology came with his father and two people to see Krishnaji. He was a very emotional man who asked no questions, but kept repeating, "We are one, we are one" over and over. Krishnaji found it tiring. We walked around the grove later, waiting for a fitter to come to measure the Mercedes for brush mats.' [*Both chuckle.*]

On September sixteenth, 'I left at 10:45 a.m. after many admonitions on careful driving from Krishnaji and drove sixty-nine miles' to have lunch with a friend.

S: Which one?

M: The Meyers—Fleur and Tom and their guest the Brazilian ambassador and his wife and son.' You don't want to hear about all that, but I came back. [*Laughter*.]

S: Thankfully.

M: Yes, I got back at 6:15 p.m. Krishnaji had seen the Bohms about the proposed scientist discussion meeting next year. A letter came from David Hall. Krishnaji also had done his now daily notebook writing, descriptions of leaving Gstaad in the silent dark. And criticisms of a visitor.

And now we're back to the little diary.

S: Oh, dear.

M: I know.

So, the seventeenth of September, what happened? Oh, nothing. Krishnaji saw Carlos and Claire.

And the next day, Krishnaji gave an interview to Mr. Calles in the afternoon. There was a cold windstorm in the night.

On the nineteenth, 'Krishnaji wrote and I worked at the desk. In the afternoon, Krishnaji held a staff meeting. Later, he, Dorothy, and I walked and cleared fallen branches in the grove.'

On the twenty-first, 'Krishnaji wrote all morning and held a staff meeting in the afternoon. Then, he, Dorothy, and I walked. The weather is getting cold.'

On the twenty-second, 'Many of the students have arrived. I went to Petersfield to pick up Mrs. Prima Srinivasan from Madras, who lunched at Brockwood, talked to Krishnaji, and later I drove her back to the station. We walked as usual.'

The next day, 'All the students have arrived.' You notice that the school began at the end of September.

S: Yes. I remember it well.

M: 'There were forty-eight students in all who arrived. Krishnaji wrote and I typed, almost all day. Frances McCann is much better with Krishnaji's treatment and may go to India to continue. She is quieter and very helpful here. I tried unsuccessfully to telephone Vanda. On a walk, Dorothy suddenly had an odd feeling in her head. It happened again later. Krishnaji put his hands on her before retiring. She is overworked.'

On the twenty-fourth, 'the school term began. Krishnaji spoke to the school in the afternoon, and we telephoned Vanda about the dates.' He was going to go to speak in Italy.

S: Mm, hm.

M: On the twenty-fifth, 'I worked all day on typing Krishnaji's notebook. He does two-and-a-half pages a day. In the afternoon, he gave an interview to Jean-Loup Lopez. Dorothy saw her doctor because her blood pressure is up a bit. Krishnaji gave her treatments and Wobenzym.'

S: Wobenzym?

M: Yes, that's a remedy he was taking.

On the twenty-sixth, 'Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to the train station. There was heavy traffic in London. We went to Huntsman, then lunched with Mary L. at Fortnum's. I gave her the first ten pages of Krishnaji's new writing. There was a lot of discussion about the biography. Krishnaji and I worked on the Indian educational book on the train, and I am to concentrate on it. I am also to photocopy Krishnaji's daily writing and type them later so that Mary can have it more quickly. Krishnaji then went to see Mrs. Bindley while I had a fitting at Rowe's. I had difficulty getting a taxi, but eventually fetched Krishnaji at Mrs. Bindley's, and then went with Krishnaji to the dentist. We were lucky and caught the 5:45 p.m. train back from Waterloo. Dorothy and Doris were at the station in Petersfield to meet us.'

'New turf had been laid around the Cloisters.'

On the twenty-eighth, 'it was cold and showery. After lunch, I drove to East Dean to tea with Christopher and Phil. They have added another room on the top of their cottage. The garden is looking lovely. I was back at Brockwood by 6:30 p.m.'

'Amanda Pallant arrived for the weekend. She and a friend are going to start planting shrubs, etcetera around the Cloisters.'

On September twenty-ninth, 'Krishnaji wrote in the morning, and in the afternoon held a discussion for guests invited for the weekend, as well as students and staff. We held it in the West Wing hall using folding chairs and the stairs to sit on.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held another discussion in afternoon.'

October first 'was a most lovely day. Krishnaji began to write, but felt like a drive. So we wandered in the car through the lanes south of Brockwood. The sunlight coming through the leaves, and lovely places we haven't seen. Then back to deskwork and a walk.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji wrote, and then held a school meeting in the afternoon. One of the staff members spoke idiotically: "History is all lies, etcetera," he said. Later, I had a talk with him.'

On October fourth, 'at 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji spoke to the school in the West Wing hall again, during which I took some photos. Afterwards, Krishnaji spoke to some staff members who were troubled. Frances McCann and I went to the Alresford Group Surgery for cholera shots for Italy.'

On the fifth, 'Dorothy drove us to the Petersfield station, where we caught a train to London. On the train, we worked on the correction of the Indian educational book. Krishnaji went to Huntsman and I to Rowe's, where we had fittings. Mary L. met Krishnaji at Huntsman, and they met me at Fortnum's for lunch. I picked up my watch and Krishnaji's Naviquartz clock at Asprey's. Then Krishnaji and I went to John Bell and

Croydon, and then to Mr. Thompson. Krishnaji had a tooth with an abscess, which was drained. We caught the 4:50 p.m. train back to Petersfield. A nice man gave us a seat. We worked some more on the book on the train.'

October sixth, 'Krishnaji wrote in the morning. His tooth is better. He held a discussion at 3:30 p.m. Afterward, we went for a walk, and on our return, we learned that serious fighting has broken out at the Suez Canal where Egyptians have crossed into Israel. Israel held the East Bank. Also, Syria attacked from the Golan Heights. Today is Yom Kippur.'

S: Who did Krishnaji hold a discussion with?

M: The school, I presume, unless it says otherwise.

For the seventh, I have, 'The Israel/Egypt/Syria fighting continues. Krishnaji wrote in the morning and held another discussion with the school at 3:30 p.m. He said, "To say, 'I do not know,' and really mean it, is to be out of thought."'

'Krishnaji and everyone at Brockwood planted a cedar of Lebanon, given by Joan Wright and her husband, on the front lawn…'—that's the one down next to the big cedar—'and also an English oak near the driveway, supplied by me.'

S: Which one is it?

M: There's a little oak between the handkerchief tree and the other big tree.

S: Ah, ha. Oh, yes.

M: On October eighth, 'Fighting between Israel and Egypt and Syria continues. Krishnaji wrote in the morning. I went in the afternoon to Winchester to have his notebook'—that's the journal—'photocopied and then post the package of photocopies and letters. Krishnaji, with Carlos's help, washed and waxed the Mercedes. Then, we walked.' See, we didn't have a photocopy machine in those days.

S: I know, I remember. We had a Roneo machine. I remember it well. [*M chuckles*.]

M: The next day, I drove Krishnaji's Mercedes to London, got Krishnaji's Italian visa, and then took the car to the Fisher Shipping Company, for shipping to Los Angeles. I walked to the Royal Academy and saw the Chinese exhibition.' That was wonderful; it was all those horses—do you remember? That were discovered somewhere…

S: Oh yes, in Xi'an.

M: They were marvelous!

S: Yes, yes.

M: ‘I bought a sweater present for Vanda and then to Waterloo and the train to Petersfield. Doris had left her car there for me. Krishnaji had spoken to the school.’

October tenth, ‘Fighting continues around Israel. Krishnaji wrote in the morning. Mary Cadogan came to lunch, after which she discussed miscellaneous things with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I went for the usual walk. Vice President Agnew resigns, pleading no contest to tax evasion so that other charges are dropped.’ Outside world comes in occasionally. [*S chuckles*.]

On the eleventh, ‘Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to the Petersfield train station for a train to London. We had lunch at Fortnum’s. Then, to Mr. Thompson for Krishnaji’s teeth. Afterward, Krishnaji had a Huntsman fitting on his rust-colored tweed suit and light gray one. We bought a cardigan for Vanda and some detective stories at Hatchard’s, and caught the 4:50 p.m. from Waterloo. Dorothy met us at Petersfield.’

On the twelfth, ‘Frances and I went to Alresford Surgery, then to Winchester to have the vaccine signature certified. Mary L. and Amanda Pallant came to lunch and to spend the night. Mary talked to Krishnaji in the afternoon about the biography. Later, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. It was a cold day. Fighting continues in Israel.’

The next day, ‘Mary and Amanda left. I packed. Krishnaji spoke to the school in afternoon, and then we walked.’

The fourteenth is packing, and packing. ‘Krishnaji spoke very briefly to Carol Algood in the afternoon. He, Dorothy, Whisper, and I walked in the late afternoon along the usual path.’

On the fifteenth, ‘We left Brockwood at 10:45 a.m. The whole school came out to say farewell. Dorothy and Doris in the Land Rover drove Krishnaji, Frances McCann, and me to the airport. We had a picnic lunch in the car at Runnymede, then on to the airport, where Krishnaji, Frances, and I took a BEA flight to Rome. Vanda and Barabino met us. Somehow, Vanda, Krishnaji, Barabino, I, and eight bags all got into Vanda’s Lancia and to Via Barnaba Oriani.’ That’s the street where Vanda had an apartment. ‘Filomena had left flowers and grapes from her garden. I spoke to her on the telephone. In the morning there had been a letter at Brockwood from Erna about the responsibility of the Zalk house and thirty-eight acres for a KFA school. Christensen’—that’s Rajagopal’s lawyer—‘is avoiding Stanley Cohen’—that’s our lawyer—‘on the telephone and hence on any settlement.’

The next day, ‘Filomena came looking very well and we talked about things about her. Vanda asked her to stay for lunch, after which we talked some more. We did some errands together, and in Piazza Euclide we met her grandson Lelo, who works in a porcelain store, and then she went home.’

‘Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting and reading. We listened to the news of the war in Israel. Much fighting continues.’

On the seventeenth, 'I went with Vanda to Via Veneto. Giorgio and Margarita Signorini and Frances came to lunch. Frances's delusions are bad again. The Signorinis are keeping her with them. Krishnaji talked to her, and said she must not go to India, and she agreed. We all discussed with her about going to a psychiatrist. I tried to telephone Phyllis Lutyens to ask for advice on psychiatric care in New York, but the telephone didn't answer. Frances would prefer San Francisco. Krishnaji and I went for a late walk in Villa Glori. He spoke of returning to Malibu after the New York talks in April, and spending the month of May in total rest.'

On the eighteenth, 'I went with Filomena and bought socks for Krishnaji to take to India. When I came back, I went over this morning's writing by Krishnaji. In it, a Sanskrit prayer, which he said he mostly made up.' [*S laughs*] 'Barabino and the Signorinis came for lunch. Krishnaji and I walked in Villa Glori after his nap. War in Israel continues heavy.'

October nineteenth. 'Frances came to see Krishnaji, then she, Vanda, and I took a bus to the Corso and went to Veruska pant store, where I bought three pairs. To Hausmann with Krishnaji's Patek and fetched mine, then to the *Daily American* to put in an ad about Krishnaji's upcoming talk. I bought him some books and notebook paper, and came back by bus. Vanda and I, Cragnolini, and Topazia for lunch. Krishnaji said Italy must have a committee, not just Barabino. They didn't want that. Shrill resistance. They don't listen. Krishnaji had to battle to get them to understand. Later, we went for a walk as usual.'

The next day, 'I spent the morning with Filomena but came back in time for lunch. Signore Varvesi' it looks like, 'and wife were there. He does television news special services. She teaches. Also, there was an ecologist, Vittorio somebody, Barabino and Silvia Gianatta, a friend of Barabino who was at Saanen to help him. She lives in Torino and studies psychology. There was a discussion between Krishnaji and Varvesi later. The latter pro-Jesus. It was a tiring effort for Krishnaji. We walked together later.'

October twenty-first. [*Laughs.*] 'At 8:30 a.m., Ms. Goody came and gave me a massage.' Wonderful masseuse. She gave us wonderful Swedish massage. 'Krishnaji, Vanda, and I lunched at Villa Medici with Comte de Roland and his Japanese wife. Also, there was a Madame Cassadó, also Japanese, the widow of the cellist Cassadó.' Cassadó used to play in the Menuhin concerts and I've heard him play quite a number of times in Saanen. He had died. 'They discussed Krishnaji's possibly being in Japan in November 1974. Madame Cassadó goes there tomorrow and will write to me about it. We came back and rested. Krishnaji went for a walk by himself.'

On the twenty-second, 'Israel and Egypt accept a ceasefire. Syria, Jordan refuse. Fighting continues, but less. Barabino and friend Mr. Rivella came for lunch. He owns Lima products and has lent Bisla Villa for a school. Krishnaji and I talked privately with Barabino, saying there must be a committee to do the *Bulletin*, etcetera, in Italy, and also to run any school. Also the school is not to use Krishnaji's name. Barabino not to claim he is a Krishnamurti Foundation in his announcement, as he now does. After lunch, I went by taxi to see Filomena. She doesn't want to go to Malibu for a visit. She may come

instead to Brockwood in the spring. I got back in time to go for a walk with Krishnaji. Electricity cut out in the evening, so we couldn't hear the news.'

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Jamnadas Dwarkadas, a friend of Nitya's and then Krishnaji's from 1919.

[2] The first entry in *Krishnamurti's Journal* (1982).

Issue 29: October 23, 1973 to March 30, 1974

For much of the time covered in this issue, Krishnaji is in India and Mary is in California, so we can't turn to Mary's memoirs for this history.

What we do see is the tantalizing prospect of a settlement in the KWINC case which seems possible, but just doesn't materialize. But one positive development in the case is that Krishnaji's 1961 manuscript of what will become known as *Krishnamurti's Notebook* is finally returned to him.

This is also the period in which the dialogues with Dr. Allan Anderson are videotaped at an extraordinary pace.

Finally, the plans for some kind of education center in Ojai seem to pick up some momentum.

Scott: So, we're beginning on October twenty-third, 1973. You ended our last discussion by saying that Krishnaji had an interview with Silvio Ceccato on that day.

Mary: Yes, and it was videotaped.

S: Oh, really?

M: My diary reads, 'A partially videotaped discussion between Krishnaji and Silvio Ceccato, director of the Center for Cybernetics at the University of Milan. About thirty people were present. It was also taped on the Nagra by Yves Zlotnicka. There was confusion and non-listening by Ceccato. It took terrific effort on Krishnaji's part to talk to him because Ceccato didn't listen. He was superficial and interested mostly in repeating his own views over and over. After this, it was a stand-up lunch for everyone. That was about it. I went off and did some errands and I got back in time for the walk. A Miss Basile who wanted to question Krishnaji came along and chatted.' [*M laughs*.]

The next day, the twenty-fourth, 'the truce between Israel and the Arabs seems to be holding. Worked on the education book in the morning. Krishnaji wrote in his notebook. The Indian ambassador Mrs. Pandt came to lunch, also a Ms. Rosa Talamonti, who gave me useful lore on Japan.' That was when we were thinking of maybe having Krishnaji speak in Japan. 'It was a cold day. Krishnaji and I walked in Villa Glori. I asked him about meditation at night. He said that it's less at Brockwood because so many people are in the house.'

S: Hm.

M: The twenty-fifth. 'Very cold in the Rome apartment.' You know the Romans and maybe other Italians put on the heat on a certain date…

S: That's the way it was all over Europe, in France and English boarding schools.

M: Yes, and you could get chilblains, but no, it doesn't go on till the right date. [*S chuckles*.] And also the Rome apartments feel twice as cold because of the dampness in Rome; the walls get cold and damp. 'Another cyberneticist called Grazia Marchiano came to lunch, and various people came to talk to Krishnaji. Krishnaji had supper after 8 p.m. because of all this. He spoke briefly to Yves Zlotnicka about a message Yves had passed along from Guido Franco, who is still after Krishnaji to do the film which he wants to put on French television.' This went on all summer, this fuss with Guido Franco.

S: It went on for years, in fact.

M: Yes! [*Chuckle in voice.*] Every summer!

S: Yes.

M: 'It seems that Franco's film shows Sai Baba and U.G. Krishnamurti, but has little of Krishnaji, so he wants to film some more. And Krishnaji gave a firm "No"'—he didn't want to be mixed up with all those things. 'During the day, unbeknownst to us, Russia started to move troops to Israeli-Arab sectors. The U.S. alerted forces and the UN voted to send observers from smaller nations. The crisis was averted.'

The next day, the twenty-sixth, 'we learned more of last night's Arab/Israeli crisis. Now all is quiet. Worked all morning on the educational book. Krishnaji rested in bed all day. Went with Vanda to see Frances McCann, who was in a clinic, and having tests there.'

Next day I did errands.

S: Tell us what the errands were.

M: 'I went to Piazza di Spagna for books for Krishnaji, and miscellaneous things like that. Krishnaji and I lunched alone. Krishnaji slept all morning and all afternoon, but we walked later.'

On the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji gave a talk at 11 a.m. at the Teatro Eliseo on Via Nazionale. There were about 900 people, 600 of whom used translation devices. Vanda had asked people for lunch afterwards. Krishnaji put a great deal into this talk, his one public talk here. In the afternoon, I finished going through the education book. Later Krishnaji and I walked in Villa Glori.'

The twenty-ninth of October. 'At Krishnaji's suggestion, Filomena and I went shopping for more undershirts from Schostal.' [*M chuckles*.] 'I also got more books for Krishnaji. We had lunch with Pontecorvo, the film director, and Fausta Leoni, a journalist who had had that Philippine cure by,' you know…

S: Oh, yes, the surgery without cutting.

M: Yes.

'Krishnaji asked Pontecorvo why he was making a movie about Jesus. He suggested that it would be much more interesting to show why the mind falls into superstition.' [*Both M and S laugh*.] 'Later, Krishnaji and I walked in Villa Glori, and he again cautioned me not to do unnecessary things and not to take chances, to not go on unnecessary travels, to drive with care, also to train my body as I would a dog.'

On the thirtieth, 'Krishnaji held his first discussion at Vanda's. It was on the difference between recognition and seeing. In the latter, there is only seeing, no center, no self. Filomena was there and stayed to lunch. Krishnaji and I walked in Villa Glori. Krishnaji didn't like the last chapter of the education book and wouldn't correct it, so my work on it is finished, and he will take it to India. Krishnaji made me buy flannel slacks that we saw in a shop window in Piazze Euclide.'

S: For yourself?

M: For me, yes.

S: Now, did this book turn out to be the book *On Education*?

M: I guess so. Yes.

October thirty-first, 'Krishnaji held a second discussion at Vanda's. Also a good one. At lunch were Barabino, and a niece of Vanda and her husband. Krishnaji and I went for our usual walk. A small moon was in the sky.'

November first. 'Filomena came with Mario, her son, in a new car to take me to the airport. Krishnaji was very dear at saying goodbye. He leaves tonight on Alitalia for Bombay. He waved to me from the hall windows. I took the 1:30 p.m. TWA flight to New York.'

Now we jump…

[*Tape cuts out*.]

S: I'll just say that we're going to skip through things, so the tape will keep stopping and starting, so that you can just read the things relevant to Krishnaji while he was away.

M: That's good.

Well, on the first of November, 'I flew to New York, and telephoned Erna when I got there. She told me that there's a meeting for the following day of Mr. Cohen, Christensen'—that's Rajagopal's lawyer—'and the judge about a settlement. The Lilliefelts feel that Rajagopal is moving toward agreement. Krishnaji must have been taking off for India as I was landing in New York.'

The fourth of November, I'm at Vineyard Haven, and I simply noted that on that day, Krishnaji should have flown from Bombay to Rishi Valley.

On November fifth, 'I spoke to Erna and she feels that progress was made Friday toward a settlement in the meeting between Cohen, Christensen, and the judge. If Christensen can get Rajagopal to ***agree*** we could have a settlement.'

On November thirteenth, I flew to Los Angeles and went directly to the hospital to see Amanda; she was in the hospital. 'Called Erna; Balasundaram telephoned today from Rishi Valley about a cable received by Krishnamurti from Rajagopal. It said, "I can forgive." Cohen counseled us to make no reply. The telephone communication is interrupted, but I telephoned Sunanda to relay a message, and called Krishnaji of my arrival with the lawyer's advice.' To let him know I was in Malibu.

S: Yes, and so you called Sunanda to have her tell Krishnaji what the lawyer's advice was and that you'd arrived.

M: Correct.

The eighteenth of November, 'Krishnaji went from Rishi Valley to Bangalore. And on the next day, Krishnaji goes from Bangalore to Delhi. I met Alan Kishbaugh, and we went to Ojai, and Theo took us to look at two places as possibilities for a school. One near the Ojai Valley Inn and then…'

S: Oh, yes, a beautiful place.

M: Yes…and also 'the Bower place that was on the same street as the Lilliefelts. There was a trustees meeting, then lunch. Mr. Jennings of Harper and Row came in the afternoon. I drove Kishbaugh back, and I came home to find the first letter from Krishnaji, written from Rishi Valley on November fifth through the twelfth.'

On the twenty-third, I got letter number two from Krishnaji, written from November thirteenth to the sixteenth, when he was in Rishi Valley.

On the twenty-ninth of November, I received letter number three from Krishnaji, sent from Delhi.

December first, 'We received a draft of a settlement agreement from Mr. Cohen.'

The next day, 'the Lilliefelts and I went over the settlement draft again and talked at length. We want to see Cohen about it. I wrote to Krishnaji, telling him what had happened.'

This is December sixth. 'A cable from Balasundaram: All activities at Rajghat have been canceled. Krishnaji will go to Madras tomorrow. He will be at Jayalakshmi's house through December.'

S: Why was it canceled?

M: I don't remember. 'There was a 2 p.m. meeting at Stanley Cohen's office with him, Erna, Theo, Ruth Tettemer, Albion Patterson, and me. We went over the draft of the settlement agreement, finishing at 5 p.m. When I got home, I found letter number four from Krishnaji waiting. It had been written from November twenty-fourth through December first, and sent from Delhi.'

On December seventh, it says, 'today Krishnaji should've gone from Delhi to Madras, staying at Jayalakshmi's.'

On the ninth of December, 'Sidney Field came to listen to the January twenty-fourth, 1972 taped discussion between Krishnaji, Alain Naudé, and me about what happens after death, a discussion that grew out of Sidney's questions to Krishnaji after his brother John had died.'

December thirteenth, 'Letter number five from Krishnaji arrived, written from December second through the fifth, from Delhi. In it he said that the Rajghat visit was canceled because not only were the airlines on strike, but there was uncertainty with the trains, and he had a cold. He told the Indian trustees that he cannot speak in so many places.'

'Ruth and Albion came to see me, and we discussed a KFA school and the Anderson videos. Erna received the amended draft settlement agreement from Cohen, and it is satisfactory.' Well, then there's a bit of medical stuff about my leg.

On the sixteenth of December, 'letter number six came from Krishnaji, written in Delhi and Madras between December sixth and tenth.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Amanda and Phil came over early and we did the Audubon Christmas count.' Do you know about the Christmas count? Every year around Christmas, all the Audubon people go out and see how many different kinds of birds are in their neighborhood and it's a fun, momentous day or event in the life of bird watchers.

S: Ah.

M: So, we did it on the sixteenth, and we found a barn owl in the eucalyptus trees by the garage.

S: Ah, yes. He gets many mentions.

M: Yes. On the seventeenth, 'Erna sent the settlement draft to Krishnaji, and I sent a letter about it from here, from me. And I also sent a settlement draft to Mary Cadogan for KF Trust to accept.' Then there's things about all through this, I'm having trouble with my hill falling down, but I won't go on about that.

S: Why don't you just say for the record, that the hill is what your house was perched on, [*laughter in voice*] and when the hill fell, the house fell?

M: Yes, it was <u>*rather*</u> important. [*Laughing*.] It was on my mind a bit. It says here for the eighteenth, 'Evelyne Blau telephoned to say that the Pollocks visited Brockwood and *enthused*. Spoke of renting the Zalk house to KFA for school use.'

On the nineteenth, 'Letter number seven arrived from Krishnaji in Madras.' Doesn't say anything about what it said.

December twenty-seventh, 'Alain Naudé, who had spent Christmas with me, flew back to San Francisco, and I came home from dropping him at the airport to find letter number eight of December thirteenth to the twentieth from Krishnaji, written in Madras. Erna telephoned about receiving a cable from him and Balasundaram concerning the text of the agreement clarification. Also, Cohen says that Christensen has not seen Rajagopal and therefore wants tomorrow's meeting with the judge postponed.'

We now come to 1974, and on New Year's Day, I didn't do much. [*Chuckles*.] So, there's nothing of interest to report.

S: I think you should just say again what you told me before.

M: No, I won't.

S: You're not? Okay.

M: No. Some things are private.

S: Alright. I accept that. [*Chuckles*.]

M: So, we jump to the third of January, 1974. 'Mary Cadogan telephoned from London. The English Foundation trustees agree to the settlement with minor suggestions. The KFT office has heat and light for only three days a week. Brockwood is alright because of its being a school.' Whatever that means.

S: Ah, yes. These are the famous strikes, where they were cutting off electricity and things in that winter. I think it was called the 'winter of discontent.'

M: Oh my. Were you around then?

S: No, I came in '74, but not until the end of August.

M: Yes, you started with the Brockwood Public Talks. Well, Brockwood apparently gets electricity because it's a school. 'Erna received a letter from Balasundaram with Indian lawyers' text of what is necessary for Rajagopal to give a quit claim to Vasanta Vihar. They have given power of attorney to me to sign for KF India.' See, I was a trustee of KF India in those days.

S: I remember.

M: On the fourth of January, 'a letter from Krishnaji, written in Madras, after he had received the settlement draft. Then, I received a cable from Anneke authorizing me to sign the settlement on behalf of the Stichting. There was a big mud slide in Topanga and snow in Newhall.' That's over the hill [*chuckles*].

On the tenth, 'letter number ten came from Krishnaji, written in Madras, Rishi Valley, and Bangalore, giving his travel plans. He goes to Rome on the thirty-first, to Brockwood on February second, and then on the fifth, he had arranged a ticket from London to here. He has sent letter to Cadogan to arrange for his U.S. visa. I had to supply letters inviting him,' so that was done.

On January sixteenth, 'there was a meeting between Stanley Cohen and Christensen in the judge's chamber in Ventura. Cohen rejected "picayune demands" by Rajagopal. Cohen wants to see us at the Lilliefelts' on Saturday to go over that. I cabled Krishnaji in Bombay, telling him what had taken place. Nothing decisive.'

On the nineteenth, 'I met Erna and Albion Patterson at Stanley Cohen's office in Oxnard at 9:30 a.m. We were there till noon going over Christensen's demands for changes in the settlement draft. Some are minor, etcetera, others we rejected.'

On the twenty-second, 'Erna telephoned. The meeting scheduled for February first with Judge Heaton, Tapper, Christensen, Rosenthal, Cohen, and us is postponed because of Tapper, to the sixth, just as Krishnaji is due to arrive. I rang Cohen to try to change it. Letter number eleven from Krishnaji in Bangalore arrived, saying that the acreage and guest house there pleases him. A cable from Joe Links said that the Mercedes Green Beauty will be shipped next week.' [*Chuckles*.]

January twenty-third reads, 'I did an inventory of Krishnaji's clothing here and sent it to Brockwood to help him decide what to bring from Brockwood. Erna telephoned that Christensen is not going to Ojai today to make the KWINC asset list and to receive Krishnaji's manuscript because Rajagopal says he's sick. Another stall.' He stalled and stalled and stalled.

S: That really comes through in this account you've given, when one hears the full picture like this, with all the details.

M: Yes. Everything was constantly postponed, always at Rajagopal's maneuvering.

S: It was really a kind of a war of attrition, wasn't it?

M: Yes, it was.

S: He was just hoping to frustrate people and wear them out and eventually have compromises made just to get it settled and…

M: And then, he would renege or be sick, or something…

S: Yes, mm, hm.

M: The twenty-ninth of January. 'Erna telephoned Cohen. His assistant, Mr. Reynolds, had gone to Rajagopal's house and was given by Christensen, who was there for the purpose, 363 pages of what is supposed to be the manuscript Krishnaji wrote in and around 1961, and that Rajagopal had Vanda bring him; the one that Rajagopal refused to give Naudé and me back in 1966. Erna saw the manuscript, but Cohen has custody of it until we, in turn, turned over the "Blackburn tapes" made in '68 in Gstaad.' Now, I'll explain about these tapes again. Albert Blackburn lived in Ojai and was a Krishnamurti admirer for years and years. When Krishnaji in 1968 broke off from KWINC, it was announced at the Saanen talks. Krishnaji had people from Ojai, who were close to all this, come up to the Chalet Tannegg, and he explained why he had to disassociate himself from Krishnamurti Writings. On his own initiative, Al Blackburn brought a tape recorder to that meeting and taped it. It wasn't Krishnaji's idea, and I wasn't present, so I didn't witness this, but anyway, he did. And Rajagopal was wild about this thing. The recording didn't say anything that wasn't already known, but Rajagopal just didn't like it to be taped and for people to hear it. So, one of the backwards and forwards in this settlement agreement was that he finally agreed to swap the manuscript of what was to become *Krishnamurti's Notebook*…

S: Yes.

M: …in order to get the tape, and as it says here: 'Cohen keeps the custody of it until the settlement was made. He couldn't give it to us, and eventually, it will come out in all this that we agreed to destroy all copies of it that we knew of…

S: Mm, hm.

M: And we acted in good faith. But, as it turned out much later, Blackburn kept a copy for himself.

S: Good.

M: …so we now have the thing.

S: Oh, do we have the thing?

M: Mm, hm.

S: Great.

M: Gaby Blackburn, Al's wife, I think, gave it to KFA.

S: Great.

M: But, we acted in good faith.

S: Yes.

M: On the thirtieth, on the California calendar, 'Krishnaji left Bombay early in the morning, which was the thirty-first on the Bombay calendar.' My diary says that he should have arrived in Rome at 10:30 p.m., California time.

On the thirty-first, I say, 'Krishnaji should be in Rome. I finished typing his notebook chapters.'

S: Which are not *the Notebook*. It's the journal, which Mary L. asked him to start writing.

M: Right. And he had left them with me to type while I was in Ojai. 'It totals thirty-five chapters, up to October twenty-eighth,' which is when he left.

On February second, 'Krishnaji flies from Rome to Brockwood. I came home from doing some errands to find two letters from Krishnaji written in Bombay.'

Now to the big diary. Tuesday, the fifth of February, 1974. 'The day began with a telephone call as I stepped out of the shower from Dorothy at Brockwood. She had a worried voice because Krishnaji had been refused a visa by the U.S. consulate in London. It was a poor connection, and I couldn't quite understand why, but it seemed to be something to do with my letter of responsibility for him being on *official* KFA paper. Would I ring the legal people? I did and got someone other than the head of the department. I explained etcetera, and was told suddenly that the visa was being granted at that very moment. I telephoned Dorothy the news. Ingrid**[1]** had gone to the consulate. The Indian embassy should have vouched for Krishnaji, but people at Brockwood didn't know the present high commissioner. Krishnaji had tried to reach Mr. Pandt, the former high commissioner in London and who is now in Rome, but he was in Canada on a trip. Dorothy called back in a half an hour and said Ingrid had the visa. Great relief. I did housecleaning, etcetera.'

'At 12:15 p.m., I drove to Ventura, and met Erna at the courthouse. We went over points of the latest draft drawn up by Stanley Cohen, which only reached me, Rosenthal, and the deputy attorney general, Laurence Tapper, yesterday. At 2 p.m., we saw Rosenthal; Cohen and Tapper arrived. Tapper had telephoned Erna out of the blue this morning; his son, whom he wants to go to Brockwood, has turned up among the Jesus freaks, but is now getting interested in Krishnaji. Erna brought some books, and some tickets to the Santa Monica talk for him. But all this has given us an opportunity for her to talk to Tapper. Annie Vigeveno came to the courthouse and sat on the far side, away from Erna and me. Then, Judge Richard Heaton took Rosenthal, Cohen, Tapper, and Rajagopal's lawyer, Christensen, into his chambers, where they remained for three hours.'

'Sol came out first and told Erna and me that he thought a settlement is going to occur. The judge insists that, if this went to court, it would be a long four-month case. Tapper was very helpful; he called Rajagopal "a crook" [*chuckles*], said Sol, and Tapper is only willing to consider a settlement because the length and expense of the case might

outweigh the monies Rajagopal has taken by "self-serving." Tapper is going to insist on yearly audits of K & R Foundation. Cohen came out with a draft of a statement announcing the settlement, which would be given to the press and published in the *Bulletin*.' Rajagopal was very fussy about what we said about it, so that he wouldn't look as though he were in the wrong.

S: Right.

M: So, there were always fusses about how we announce things. So, 'Cohen came out with a draft of a statement announcing the settlement, which would be given to the press and published in the *Bulletin*. Erna and I edited it, removing references to "working together in friendship and cooperation." We kept it direct, plain, and factual. Christensen and Vigeveno left. Sol, Cohen, Tapper, Erna, and I talked for a while. Tapper as *relater* (that's some legal term) is rarely in such a position and made it clear to Christensen that he was such with us because we're trying to right the wrongs that Rajagopal has committed. He will insist on things like the audit, which Rajagopal would never accept from us. There is talk of making Rajagopal personally pay for the $40,000 vault built for K & R (in other words, with K & R money) in his own house.'

'By 6 p.m., everyone was too tired to go into things further and wanted it finalized with another meeting, which will occur on the twentieth and again on the twenty-second. Sol is leaving the Kaplan firm and becoming a partner in another Los Angeles firm, to open a special entertainment branch in Century City, which he will be the boss of. But, he will continue on our case as long as we want him.' He was the Los Angeles lawyer we went to; that Mitchell Booth sent us to…

S: Yes.

M: …and Sol was a *very* nice, youngish man who was in charge of our case. But, it was thought that because all this was going on in Ventura County, that we should have a Ventura County lawyer, and that was Stanley Cohen. So, Cohen carried everything, but Sol was always in the background, knowing what was happening.

'I drove home with care, feeling that extra length of responsibility to Krishnaji in handling these matters and as his arrival is tomorrow.'

The sixth of February. 'The wind stopped. Krishnaji left Brockwood and then Heathrow at 1 p.m. London time on TWA, a twelve-hour flight to Los Angeles. I finished putting the house in order, fetched fresh fruit and vegetables at the Brentwood Market, had the car washed, and went to the airport. A thankful, smiling feeling as the white aircraft wheeled up. I saw Krishnaji's head as he was second out and down the steps to the customs entrance. There was quite a wait, and then he stepped out, carrying his Vuitton bag, elegant, tired but wonderful. "Travel is hell,"' [*chuckle in voice*] 'he said.'

'We came home, talked, unpacked, and talked some more. He had supper in bed on a tray and I on a chair in his room. He wanted to hear Walter Cronkite' [*chuckles*]. 'We

telephoned the Lilliefelts. It was a clear, brilliant night, a full moon, the wind blessedly gone. Krishnaji was too mixed up in time to sleep well. "Things have been going on, exploding in my head. Something is going on." He told me of the plans for the Bangalore headquarters for KFI, and the school plans there. Mary Links has finished the biography. She says it is good. Krishnaji is too tired to sleep, but he is here and wants to rest here for the month of May. Very happy.'

The seventh of February. 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting. Still disoriented in time. He has difficulty sleeping, but it was a lovely, quiet day.'

The next day, 'we drove to Beverly Hills, had lunch in a crêperie, the Magic Pan, which Krishnaji liked, but their fare of spinach crêpes, etcetera, was not a proper lunch for him, and he felt slightly sick later on. We went to Phil's barber, Sid Steinberg in the Beverly Wilshire, and had a satisfactory haircut. During this, I had his passport photocopied to send to Mitchell Booth, with whom I have discussed finding a way for Krishnaji to have some status as a resident in this country, avoiding visa difficulties. Krishnaji went to Dr. Christensen'—that's the dentist—'at 2 p.m., and had two fillings replaced, and a temporary root canal filling put in by Hamish Thompson removed. Slight decay. It will be fixed next week. Krishnaji likes my *Earth shoes*' [*chuckles*], 'so we went and got him a pair and came home. The trip tired him. Too much wear and tear from people and moving about. We had supper, and he went early to bed.'

On the ninth, 'Krishnaji slept better and spent all the day in bed sleeping on and off. He taught me new pranayama and a back exercise and gave me Aryuvedic medicine prescribed for me by Dr. Parchure; a purpley-black powder to be taken with ghee' [*chuckles, and S chuckles softly too*], 'also some oils and herbs to rub on my sore leg, etcetera. I am to put eight drops of milk in Krishnaji's nose each morning and oil at night.' [*Laughs*.] He always came back with these…these things…

S: I know, funny cures [*laughter*]. Was this for hay fever probably?

M: Probably, I don't know.

February tenth. 'Another quiet, lovely day, warm, beautiful, and restful. Krishnaji slept and read out of a string of new detective novels waiting for him, including a new Nero Woolf, which he is saving.' [*Chuckles*.]

The next day, 'Krishnaji rested. I did housekeeping, and took the car after lunch to have the exhaust pipe repaired. Sidney Field fetched me back to Malibu. He and Krishnaji went for a walk.'

On the twelfth, 'Krishnaji rested till 4 p.m. We drove the Dunnes' Volkswagen to the Jaguar place, and left it there for them to fetch tomorrow, and we picked up the Jaguar. Then we went to the dentist, Dr. Christensen, where Krishnaji's root canal…'

S: You're still driving a Jaguar at this time?

M: Yes.

S: Oh, shame on you. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: '…where Krishnaji's root canal was treated for a slight infection. Root packed temporarily until we return from San Diego.'

February thirteenth. 'I forgot it was my birthday until Alain Naudé telephoned with wishes. Krishnaji spoke to him. I invited him down during Krishnaji's Santa Monica talks. Krishnaji dictated letters, but remained in bed all day except in the afternoon when, in his blue jeans and Earth shoes, he did twenty laps around the garden.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Then we walked over to the Dunnes'. Walking in their driveway, the red-tailed hawk was high and utterly motionless over the canyon. Three quick wing flaps and they mathematically stay in one spot. The clear, clean ocean air came across the canyon. The lovely afternoon light and small blue sight of Krishnaji briskly walking on the lawn was the sum of happiness to me.'

The next day. 'Another lovely day. We drove to Dieter's Import Cars in Oxnard, and signed all the papers for the Green Beauty, which is due in San Pedro from England next week. Dieter will fetch it for us, and we arranged it all with him. Dieter asked Krishnaji about a special license plate, one you can pay extra for, with the money going to ecology and the plates being permanent, what to put on it? Krishnaji said "KMN" for Krishnamurti, Mary, and Nitya.

S: Do you want to say any more about that?

M: He used to, when Nitya was alive and they were in London or in Paris even, they were very elegant and had things made with their initials on it.

S: I know, I know…

M: And…

S: …both of their initials.

M: Yes, it was always both their initials. So it would be…uh…

S: I have some of those things.

M: Yes, you do. The K would be, no the J…

S: The J is the middle.

M: …middle, and K on one side and N on the other.

S: Exactly.

M: So, he must have, I suppose, remembered that. I don't know, but he said "KMN." So that's what it had.

'We went to the Ranch House and bought bread and a casserole of nut-loaf and took it to the Lilliefelts' for lunch and a trustee meeting with Erna, Theo, Ruth, and Albion. Krishnaji reported on Indian activities, Brockwood, and the Assembly Hall building going ahead. Then we talked about the Anderson dialogues that were coming up, then the educational center plans, and then the case. Krishnaji asked if Barbara Lama can handle being the principal of the proposed school.' Barbara Lama was Albion's stepdaughter, I think, and she was a teacher. She worked at Happy Valley, but she didn't get on with Rosalind, and the thought was that she should be the principal. And then Krishnaji asked, "How will you judge a student? Will it be because of your prejudices, likes, dislikes? Will you be aware of these; of choosing with your own ego? It is a sin to turn down a child who comes to you, who may be the right one. It is a tremendous responsibility. If you feel that responsibility deeply, you will act rightly." It was 6 p.m. when we left. All gas stations were closed on the way back. We will need a full tank to get to La Jolla Saturday. Krishnaji said the body was tired from all this. He must get to bed early. Last night he slept almost nine hours.'

February fifteenth. 'I was able to fill the gas tank. Then I sent the papers to clear the Mercedes Green Beauty. Krishnaji rested. I did house and garden things. Later, Krishnaji packed, but mostly slept. "I don't know what is the matter with me," he said, "I'm sleeping so much." He is relaxed and needs it.'

On the sixteenth. 'It was a less sunny day, therefore more comfortable for Krishnaji to motor. We had planned to leave at noon, but watering the garden, laundry, and putting the house in condition to leave…' I didn't have Elfrieda, the maid, at that point. She'd gone off to Germany because her father died, so I was the housekeeper. '…and Krishnaji wanting to nap after the morning packing made it better to leave at 3 p.m. Miranda and David Nelson, who were spending the weekend at the Dunnes', came over and efficiently put all our luggage in the car, helped me do the dishes, and disappeared. So, Krishnaji and I left relaxed at 3 p.m. and drove at fifty-five miles *sedately*' [*S chuckles*] 'to not use up more gas than necessary. We drove 141 miles to La Jolla, arriving exactly at 6 at Martha Longenecker's house. Sidney Roth was there. Martha checked me out on how the house works. Tibbet, her cat, welcomed us. Then, Martha and Sidney left. Krishnaji and I had supper and went early to bed.'

Sunday, the seventeenth. 'It was a quiet morning getting settled. By careful driving, we came here on only one of Jaguar's gas tanks.' I didn't know it had two.

S: It has a reserve.

M: If it holds twelve gallons, we drove 160 miles on it. So, I drove to the market using one more [*humor in voice*] mile and laid in a supply of food. 'Came back and made lunch. Krishnaji rested all day until we took a walk around La Jolla at 5 p.m. We had supper entrées by the television. A program came on, *Religion in America*, showing Baba

Ram Dass (Richard Alpert and Timothy Leary's old partner in LSD at Harvard University) at the Baba Ram Dass ashram; scenes of pompous, beaded turban types doing what was billed as kundalini yoga' [*laughs*]. '"God bless America," said Krishnaji, "They embrace anything." Later we watched a little of *Upstairs/Downstairs*, and was hoping Sara the scullery maid would disrupt the dinner for King Edward the seventh' [*laughs*]. 'Bedtime intervened.' [*Chuckles*.]

The next day, I was up at 6 a.m. I did breakfast, laundry, and prepared lunch while Krishnaji did his exercises, etcetera, and we were ready to leave at 9 a.m. Martha and Sidney guided us to San Diego University and where the TV department is. We met Paul Steen, who was in charge, Paul Hartman, the director, and Professor Allan Anderson, with whom Krishnaji did the first of the ten days of dialogues, generally on *what is the place of knowledge and the transformation of man*. There were three color cameras. A girl, Doris Bently, who had written asking to see Krishnaji and saying she had permission from Anderson to sit in on the discussions was there. Anderson doesn't know her.' [*Laughs*.] 'Steen said no one could get in, but my dim view of being excluded amended that decision for me. The girl sat in a viewing room.' I suppose Steen didn't want me there.

'Krishnaji spoke of fragmentation causing division of man and nations, etcetera, sorrow, conflict, and violence. Revolution isn't revolution, he said, because it is gradual. This was all in the first hour. Then, there was a half-hour break and they resumed for a second hour. They went on, on freedom and knowledge. At one point, Krishnaji said, "Religion is a gathering together of all energy to be attentive" and "Freedom means complete austerity and total negation of the observer." We came back at 1 p.m., and lunch was ready fairly soon. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon and at around 5 p.m. we went for a mild walk, then supper on trays by the television. Early to bed.'

February nineteenth, 'At 7:30 a.m. it was still dark. I queued up in the Jaguar behind over a dozen cars to get gas. It took a half hour, but I got a full tank.'

S: Oh, we should just say that this is the oil embargo days…

M: Yes, yes.

S: …so it wasn't easy to get petrol.

M: No, it was very, very hard. You had to be very careful. 'I got a full tank and was back as Krishnaji was starting breakfast, which I'd left ready for him. Here, we eat breakfast at the table, as he says he will get woolly' [*chuckles*] 'and be late if he stays in bed. "Art is to place what is in order," he said suddenly' [*chuckles*]. 'We were about to leave when the dishwasher overflowed, so I threw towels on the floor to mop it up. Martha and Sidney had car trouble on the way to the university, but a patrol car got them there. Krishnaji told me Anderson is not challenging enough and said, "I will have to do it myself." But he had a word with Anderson and today's dialogue numbers 3 and 4 were more intense and went well. I am bothered by the gold background color, so I watched it

all on a monitor, where I couldn't take notes but was absorbed by the dialogue and the way it was coming over in this medium. These may turn out to be unique and effective, our most important record so far. The color of the background is too green a yellow; they called it gold. It's not a becoming background to Krishnaji's skin. We came back to a quiet lunch and a small walk in the rain. We carried some shopping, each holding a handle of the shopping bag.'

On the twentieth, 'Krishnaji slept less well and efforts to try other background colors delayed the start of the recording for an hour, which tired and upset him, but once launched into the dialogue, he didn't want to stop after one hour, and they did full two hours. It went very well.'

'In the end it was decided to stay in the gold background rather than experiment. They discussed freedom and responsibility, what is order and freedom. On the way in, in the car, Krishnaji said to me, "Energy is not thought. Remember to remind me."'

S: Hmm, hmm. I had no idea that they were doing two of these tapes a day.

M: Oh, yes.

S: That's interesting.

M: Yes. 'He went into what is disorder…' and then it goes on again about all the things he said. 'We came back after 1 p.m. but soon had lunch, and Krishnaji slept all afternoon. A very short little walk. I spoke to Erna; she hadn't heard whether the lawyers met today as they were supposed to.'

On February twenty-first. 'Krishnaji is more rested and as I have accepted the gold background, they were able to start dialogues immediately on arrival, and 7 and 8 were done. Pleasure and fears, desire—what is it, control, pleasure.' And then again it goes on about all the things. 'So we were back earlier and stopped for eggs and a few things at Safeway. Krishnaji wanted an omelet. He has been off eggs for some months. He slept in the afternoon; we walked up the hill, saw a shepherd puppy. Erna telephoned. Cohen and Christensen met for three hours yesterday. Cohen walked out twice, but was persuaded to return and continue. Two major sticking points: the archives—where they should be kept. Christensen says they should remain at K & R; Cohen says they are an asset of KWINC and should go to KFA. Possible compromise might be in the attorney general's custody. And Rajagopal wants the rights to republish all material published by KWINC and its predecessor entities (i.e., the Star Publishing, etcetera) up to 1968. Erna says that would give him early rather Theosophical-sounding works in the *Star Bulletin*. She, Theo, Ruth, and Albion went over a total list of KWINC publications, and thought a possible compromise might be post-1933 materials with the exception of the '47–'48 Indian talks, which are recorded from Madhavachari's notes of recollection. She is sending a résumé of all this to us to consider before she has a meeting with Cohen on Tuesday. The judge, the attorney general, and lawyer meeting is postponed from tomorrow to March eighth. Cohen says Christensen accepts more difficult things like a yearly audit of K & R

because they are insisted upon by Tapper, the deputy attorney general. Erna *has* the so-called Scaravelli manuscript that Krishnaji has sought for so long.' That's the *Notebook*.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'She read lines from it to me, and I repeated it to Krishnaji. He won't speak directly on the telephone as it rattles him. Erna says she will transcribe it herself.' So, it was Erna who transcribed it. I thought I did. [*Chuckles*.] And yet it's right that she did it, because it would've taken me a long time. Hmm. Good. Glad to know.

February twenty-second. Dialogues 9 and 10 at San Diego State on beauty, passion, understanding of suffering.' And then again, I review all the things that were said. 'We came back to lunch, and telephoned the shipper. The Mercedes Green Beauty ship docked today. It should clear customs Monday or Tuesday. We got Erna's letter about the lawyer's sticking points, that is, where to keep the archives, and Rajagopal's demand to republish anything pre-'68. We walked in the village later, bought a book on sharks by Peter Benchley for Krishnaji and a new Helen MacInnes for me.'

The next day was 'a day of rest with a late breakfast. I walked to the health food store, inquired about oil at the Shell station and wound up being able to fill the Jaguar with gas, too. After lunch, we walked to a movie, *Chariot of the Gods*. Krishnaji felt tired before dinner, said "We mustn't go to Japan, it's too much, I'm 79." We agreed again not to motor any more to Saanen; the long drives are now too much for him.'

Sunday, the twenty-fourth. 'It was a hot day, with Santa Ana winds**[2]** in Malibu. Spoke to Amanda, who said that gas was very tight there. Krishnaji stayed in all day. I marketed in the late afternoon. We watched an appalling Guru Maharaj Ji film. "People are crazy," said Krishnaji.'

The next day, 'On way to San Diego State, Krishnaji said, "I think I will take charge of the discussion." Both dialogues 11 and 12 went very well. It began with religion. Krishnaji was very tired after all this. He slept and we walked a few blocks, and for the first time he said his head hurt as we came back in the car. He has definitely decided not to go to Japan in the autumn.'

On February twenty-sixth, 'Krishnaji spoke in the car of immortality as a subject. Then Krishnaji held dialogues 13 and 14 on consciousness, living, love, death, immortality, and reincarnation. Alan Kishbaugh came to the taping, and then lunched with us. Krishnaji slept and then he and I went for a short walk. Bought some presents for Martha Longenecker. Telephoned the shipper; the Mercedes cleared customs. Then spoke to Erna about her meeting with Cohen. Rajagopal in return for the letters he has of Krishnaji's wants Krishnaji to revoke his statement that Rajagopal is not to represent him. Cohen and Erna think we should forget the letters.'

Now, there's a jump, so we have to turn to the little book and see what February twenty-seventh says.

S: What does it jump to?

M: April twelfth.

S: Oh, lord.

M: February twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji wants to finish the dialogues tomorrow. We will decide after tomorrow's taping. He did video tapes 15 and 16 today on education, death, religion, experience, authority, obedience, teaching. After lunch, I went hunting for gas and a car wash. Kishbaugh came for a walk with Krishnaji and me along the cove. Elfriede telephoned. She returned from Germany last night.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji did dialogues 17 and 18 mostly on meditation and decided not to do anymore. So we went back to the house, had lunch, loaded the car, said goodbye to Martha Longenecker, and left at 2:45 p.m. to drive all the way back to Malibu, part of the way in a light rain. We arrived at 6 p.m. Elfriede had the house clean and neat. It was good to be home. Both Krishnaji and I are tired, but especially Krishnaji. The dialogues are more tiring than talks.'

March the first. 'I went early to get gas. Elfriede has a cold so I sent her to rest. Asit Chandmal, nephew of Pupul, a new KFI member, came by the house on arrival from India, with a Mr. Cook,' it looks like, 'from Burroughs Corporation. Krishnaji saw him. The rest of the day was quiet.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I fasted, taking only fruit juice all day. I worked at the desk and Krishnaji stayed in bed. There was heavy rain in the night. The newly fixed roof leaked right over my bed.'

March third. 'Asit Chandmal and Mr. Cook came to lunch. The rain stopped after two inches.'

The next day, 'Dieter fetches Mercedes from the shippers and takes it to his garage in Oxnard for a checkup. There is no damage.'

The fifth of March 'was a beautiful day. Krishnaji and I drove to Oxnard and saw the Green Beauty. We asked Dieter to get some special personalized license plates for it—KMN. We then went on to Ojai and met at the KFA office with Asit Chandmal, and an Indian friend, Shree Bedaker. We took them, the Lilliefelts, Ruth, and Albion to the Hooker's Ranch House Restaurant for lunch in the garden. Afterward, we walked up on the land adjacent to the Oak Grove. It was beautiful, but too close to Meiners Oaks and the proposed highway for a school, in Krishnaji's view.'

S: Hm.

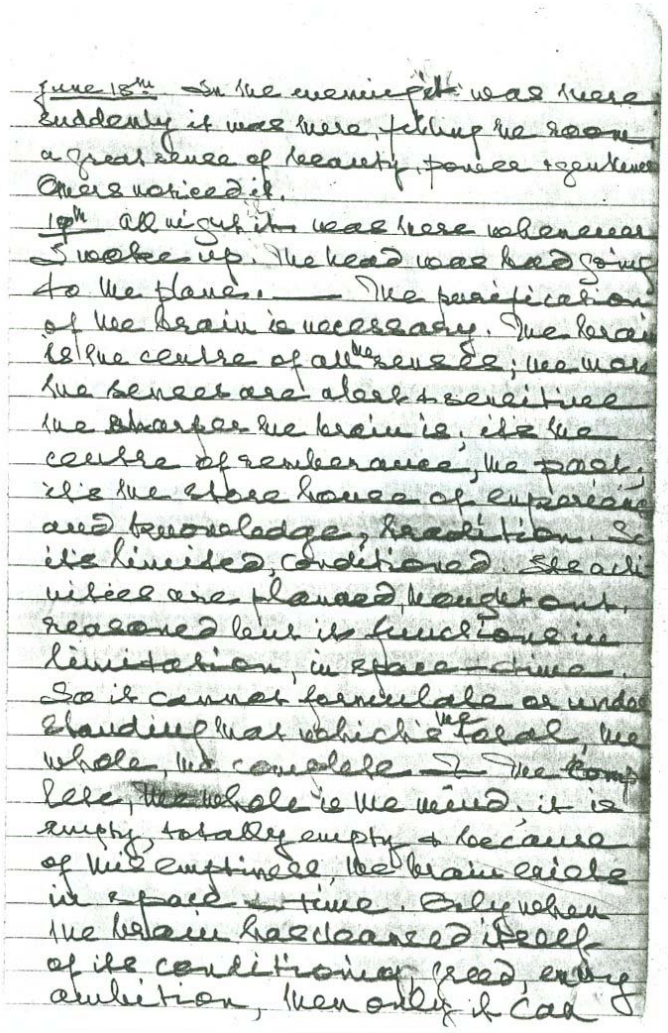
M: 'Went to see the McCaskey forty acres on McNell Road. Krishnaji likes that. After the Indians left, we had a long talk about where the educational center should be and

Krishnaji pushed strongly for buying the McCaskey piece. They are asking…' looks like $700,000. 'It was decided to go into it. We drove home.'

On the sixth, 'Krishnaji dictated letters, which I dictated onto tape and later took the tapes to the secretarial service for typing. I am swamped by mail.'

The seventh of March. 'After lunch, we went to town. Krishnaji had his root canal, which was begun by Thompson in October, filled by Dr. Christensen. Then he had a haircut, then we came home.'

March eighth. 'At 11 a.m. Ruth, Albion, the Lilliefelts, and Kishbaugh came with about ten possible teachers who might be involved in the school, and Krishnaji discussed what it would be about. Two doctor Siddoos, sisters, who are starting a similar school in Vancouver, Canada, were also there, and Asit Chandmal. The latter and Kishbaugh stayed to lunch.'



June 18th In the evening it was there suddenly it was here, filling the room a great sense of beauty, power, quietness. Others noticed it.

19th All night it was there whenever I woke up. The head was heavy going to the floor. — The purification of the brain is necessary. The brain is the centre of all the senses; when the senses are alert, sensitive the chamber the brain is, is the centre of remembrance, the past, it is the store house of experience and knowledge, tradition. It is limited, conditioned. Its activities are planned, worked out, reasoned but its function is in limitation, in space-time. So it cannot formulate or understand that which is total, the whole, the complete. The complete, the whole is the mind. It is empty, totally empty & because of this emptiness, the brain exists in space & time. Only when the brain has denuded itself of its conditioning (read, enjoy audition, when only it can

First page of Krishnaji's notebook (Image copyright, Krishnamurti Foundation Trust)

‘Erna and Theo brought Krishnaji his manuscript written in 1961, brought by Vanda to Rajagopal and held by him refusing to give it back to Krishnaji except in exchange for the Blackburn tape. It was given to our lawyer Cohen. Krishnaji asked me to read it. It is in pencil in Krishnaji’s hand, a daily journal of process within him, pains, pressing, and strange action of whatever it is. *Immensely* beautiful and moving.

The next day, ‘At 11 a.m., there was a similar meeting on the school. The two Siddoos and Asit Chandmal stayed to lunch. I read more of the manuscript in the afternoon.’

On March tenth, ‘there was a third meeting, and more people came. Kishbaugh lunched with us, and Krishnaji let him see the manuscript. Then all three of us went to see a movie, *The Poseidon Adventure*. Krishnaji said he had a sudden feeling that he would live another ten to fifteen years. “The body must last,” he said, “and I must outlive him.”’ **[3]**

The next day, ‘Erna heard from Cohen. Rajagopal asks for Krishnaji’s personal reasons for control of the republication of pre-1933 books, so she gave a substantive draft of a letter on the telephone.’

‘Krishnaji rewrote the letter about the pre-1933 material republication, and we had it ready by 11 a.m., when other trustees came for a KFA trustee meeting. We went over Christensen’s draft of the settlement. We all had a quick lunch, and then Erna and Theo drove Krishnaji and me to Cohen’s office in Oxnard. We went over the settlement draft with him. It is the first time Krishnaji had met Cohen, and he liked his spirit of getting things done.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘The next meeting is in Judge Heaton’s chambers tomorrow. Then Erna and Theo drove us to Dieter’s car place, where the Green Beauty *was ready and shining*! We drove it home at last to Malibu, Krishnaji at the wheel half the way. We showed it to the Dunnes. “We accomplished a lot today,” he said.’

The thirteenth of March. ‘I began dictating Krishnaji’s 1961 manuscript into cassettes to be transcribed by the local secretarial service.’

‘There was a meeting of Cohen and Sol Rosenthal, Christensen, and Judge Heaton in Ventura, but we didn’t hear the results. Krishnaji and I listened to a TV broadcast of the Bill Moyer’s interview of Marcuse.’ Who’s Marcuse?

S: That’s a philosopher, Marcuse.

M: Oh, yes. ‘At the end, Krishnaji said, “I know what I will talk about on Saturday.”’ [*M chuckles.*]

March fourteenth. ‘Krishnaji and I drove the Green Beauty to the auto club to be registered and get the license plates. We also took some film to have some prints made, and shopped for car soap and went to Lindberg’s.’ Lindberg’s is the health food store. Krishnaji liked to go there. ‘Erna spoke to Cohen regarding Rajagopal’s balking at the pre-1933 publication control by Krishnaji, and Cohen is holding firm. The archives are to

be housed in the K & R office, not Rajagopal's vault. We get a lean on the $40,000 vault value if Rajagopal sells his house, or on his death. Cohen is putting the agreement into legal form as soon as possible.'

On the sixteenth of March, 'Krishnaji gave the first talk at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. An unserious audience.'

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji gave the second at Santa Monica. The audience was larger, quieter, more attentive. We returned to Malibu and had lunch alone. Then at 4 p.m. came the Lilliefelts, Kishbaugh, Ruth, Albion, Evelyne and Louis Blau, and Mr. and Mrs. MacQuiddy. The latter brought a Mrs. Styles, but she and Mrs. MacQuiddy sat outside while the rest of us discussed the forty-acre piece in Ojai for an educational center. Krishnaji is determined to buy it, so we proceed to see how we can. The Lilliefelts decided against the Yosemite trip in May that Alain Naudé had investigated for us.'

On the eighteenth, 'we washed the Green Beauty.'

The next day, 'I called some people I knew to suggest an architect, which we would need if we are to build a school. They suggested a man called John Rex, so I made an appointment with him for Thursday. Krishnaji gave an interview to Alfredo Calles. I felt a sense of something present in the evening while we were talking about the school. Krishnaji felt it for a while, and then when it was gone, he said that feeling means something—*they*—it is right to do what we are doing.'

S: Mm.

M: On the twentieth of March, 'at 6 a.m., I did an hour of reading Krishnaji's 1961 manuscript onto a cassette. A lovely way to start the day. I went to town alone…'

S: You were reading Krishnaji's manuscript on …

M: …onto cassette tape. I was dictating it onto a tape.

S: This is the *Krishnamurti's Notebook*.

M: Yes.

S: But I thought Erna had transcribed it.

M: Well, you missed when I said that it was decided that I would read it, and the secretarial service…

S: Oh, okay, alright.

M: 'I went into town for errands, and was back at 1 p.m., as Krishnaji came up the driveway to meet me. He could tell, he said, "I knew you were coming."'

S: And so he would walk up the driveway to meet you?

M: Yes. I'd been gone all morning, but he sensed it. 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji gave an interview to an Italian girl…something Jemma, her companion Barry Gordon, and Ava Berner. Then to Joe Liggette'…all those people. 'We walked around the garden as usual.'

On the twenty-first, 'I worked on manuscript dictation and other desk things. As it was such a lovely day, Krishnaji and I drove the Green Beauty up to Cabrillo Park and back. At 2 p.m., John Rex came and we discussed an Ojai education center most usefully. He knows the region, people there, etcetera and made a satisfactory impression on Krishnaji. In the evening, we played records: Krishnaji's Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.'

The next day for me started with typing. 'Frances McCann came to lunch, after which I drove her back to Santa Monica and did errands. Again, as I came back, Krishnaji was walking up the driveway to meet me.' [*Chuckling*.]

On the twenty-third, 'Krishnaji gave the third Santa Monica talk. I had lunch alone afterward while Krishnaji slept.'

On the twenty-fourth, 'Krishnaji gave his fourth talk, completing the Santa Monica series. Erna gave me a copy of the letter to KFA from Mima Porter and the Vigevenos, Weidemans, and Austin Bee refusing the settlement. Christensen has told Cohen they were in a furor over Krishnaji's wanting control of the publishing of the pre-1933 materials.' Can you imagine? [*Chuckles*] *Furor* over control of his own writing. 'Kishbaugh came back after the talk, lunched with us and Erna and Theo. We discussed the case, and also the offer we are about to make on the forty acres of the McCaskey land for the educational center. Evelyne Blau came at 4 p.m., but first Krishnaji gave us a blinding challenge on whether to go ahead with the offer in spite of the settlement blowing up. "If it is right, it will come right," he said. But we had each to feel that it was right, apart from any other consideration. Erna and I signed the offer for $250,000 for the land.'

The twenty-sixth, 'there's a light rain. We drove the Green Beauty to Ojai, lunched with the Lilliefelts, Ruth, and Albion, and spent the afternoon discussing the pre-1933 publication rights for K & R in the settlement, and the architect's suggestion for the educational center. We came home in time for supper.'

On the twenty-seventh, 'there's something about an aunt of mine who died. She left me about $150,000, the exact amount we would need for the rest of the purchase of the forty acres if we get them.'

S: Mm, great. [*Chuckles*.]

M: David Young had an interview with Krishnaji.

March twenty-eighth. ‘I did mostly deskwork. I put together biographical notes and book reviews of Krishnaji for Mitchell Booth to use in trying to get Krishnaji some special status with regards to visas for this country. We found pack rats had gnawed wiring in the new Mercedes and were nesting in the Jaguar.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

Next day, ‘I worked on dictating the book, and answers to letters, etcetera. I posted material I had assembled to Mitchell Booth. Later, Krishnaji and I washed the Mercedes.’

On the thirtieth, ‘Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai in a light rain, bringing food for the weekend. We spent the night there.’ This was at the Lilliefelts’. ‘We took a walk and peered at the forty-acre piece.

S: We’re running out of tape.

M: Alright.

S: That will give you a chance to read it tomorrow.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Ingrid Porter, the accountant for Brockwood.

[2] These are hot, dry winds that blow to the coast from the desert interior. Mary always felt they were very unpleasant.

[3] Krishnaji died in 1986.

Issue 30: March 31, 1974 to May 9, 1974

This issue is only about half the size of most of the issues because Mary and I made a mistake in our discussion. As has been explained several times, Mary kept two diaries: one a daily diary which she would write in every night before going to bed (and which she called 'the little book'), and the second diary was a much larger loose leaf binder she would use whenever she felt there was much more that needed to be recorded than she could fit into her 'little book.' This she called her 'big book.'

As this discussion proceeded Mary was just reading out of her 'little book' assuming that these days were not covered in her 'big book,' and I did not think to ask her to check. However, as we discovered, this assumption was wrong. When we discovered this, she wanted to go back over all the dates we had covered in only 'the little book' and read out material for those dates from 'the big book,' as this material is much more complete.

These two versions of the dates, which were recorded in our discussion, have been edited together in this issue to give the reader the fullest possible account of what it was like for Mary to be in the presence of Krishnaji for those dates, but this resulted in discarding all the repetitions, and therefore, about half the material.

Mary: Well, March thirty-first, 1974 'was a clear and beautiful day. Krishnaji gave a public discussion in Libbey Park in Ojai. We were staying at the Lilliefelts'.'

'The Vigevenos and Casselberrys were in the audience. Afterward, Krishnaji saw Blackburn briefly and then the Mark Lees. Then Krishnaji, Kishbaugh, and I lunched. At 2:30 p.m., the Blaus, Ruth Tettemer, with Albion and Russell MacQuiddy came and we discussed the McCaskie land purchase and what to ask for in zoning change. It was decided that John Rex be the architect. The Blaus and MacQuiddy left, and the trustees discussed the school. Krishnaji brought up Mark Lee to head the school, and Ruth and Albion were rather hostile. They are committed to Barbara Lama and have perhaps gone too far in an unauthorized way of committing to her.'

'In the early morning, seeing the beauty of the valley, I told Krishnaji that perhaps he put up with Rosalind and Rajagopal all those years because, in a way, they were minor to the other quality of life for him in a valley which he loved and found beautiful.' It was his relationship with the hills, the mountains, and the look of the land. And, of course, in those years he spent so much time by himself climbing in the mountains and being alone…

Scott: Yes.

M: …and it was as though that's where he lived, and all the sordid quarreling and bickering and pettiness…

S: …and ugliness, yes…

M: …of it that went on in relation to and between the Rajagopals and both of them toward him, he just endured it. But what was real to him was whatever he experienced by himself in the mountains. If you remember what he said at the last in Ojai when he was too sick to see Pupul, he said to tell her he was off in the mountains. Well, I think that must have been what he did in those days. He went off in the mountains.

S: Yes.

M: I remember that morning and the beauty of it, and the light and his total absorption in it, the sort of ecstatic delight he took in it.

When we got back to Malibu, Krishnaji said I was right.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, the next day, April first, 'we telephoned Mary about color photos in Brockwood. Too expensive, it says. But yes on expenses in Saanen for the Simmonses…' it must have been a financial discussion '…and an increase for Yves Zlotnicka's film. I was told by Mary Links about the photo in Sybille Bedford's biography of Huxley.' Sybille Bedford is an English writer, and she wrote a massive biography of Huxley, and there's a photograph in it.

S: Of Krishnaji?

M: Of Krishnaji. 'I spoke to Mitchell Booth in New York about material for Krishnaji's visa status. Spoke to Alain Naudé about not going to Yosemite.' Then I write in my diary about the awful mess, [*chuckles*] I guess we'll have to reveal to posterity that a pack rat died in the wall in my bedroom [*S chuckles*], and the rest of the entry is about having to pull out the wall to get the dead pack rat out, so we don't need to hear about that, but that's what happened on that day. [*Both chuckle*.] 'We got air tickets for New York and then London.'

The next day was the second of April, and 'Erna said that Albion had written to Barbara Lama giving her the total directorship of the school.' [*Laughter*.] That was a bit much. I'd forgotten that. 'Krishnaji hit the roof, and we go to Ojai tomorrow to discuss all this.'

S: Was that his daughter, did you say, or…?

M: I think it was a stepdaughter, something like that. It wasn't his own daughter. 'Swami Venkatesananda and five followers came to see Krishnaji at 4 p.m.' [*much chuckling*]. That always produced a sort of battle of Indian manners because the Swami would hurl himself at Krishnaji's feet, and [*with laughter in voice*] Krishnaji would try to prevent it. And it always happened in doorways and awkward places [*more laughter*]. It caused quite a sort of confusion. Don't remember what else happened, but I do remember that. It would happen to him at Brockwood, too.

On the third, 'we drove in the Green Beauty to Ojai, on a most marvelous day. The country never looked lovelier. We lunched at the Lilliefelts' and then with Ruth and Albion. Krishnaji went into the school matters, and he wants others to talk to Mark Lee, and possibly he and Barbara Lama could *share* the responsibilities. It turned out to be, in the end, a good meeting. We left at 4 p.m. and drove by Lake Casitas, came out on Highway 101 near Carpinteria and had to drive less than forty-five miles per hour *all the way home*' [*humor in voice*] 'to get there on a tank of gas.' [*S chuckles*.]

The fourth 'was a warm day. Sidney Field came to walk with Krishnaji, but Krishnaji had a sore calf from his jumping exercise.' I don't remember what his jumping exercise was for, but he was inclined to overdue his exercises. Dr. Parchure wasn't there to control, so he had a sore calf.

The sixth seems to be concerned first with family matters. 'Then the geologist came to evaluate the property slide. I cooked two pots of food, and Krishnaji and I drove in the Mercedes to Ojai and the Lilliefelts', taking the hot food. When we arrived, Krishnaji took a nap, and at 4:30 p.m. gave an interview to George Shedow. The Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion saw Mark Lee and his wife yesterday and liked him. It was agreed that he should be the director of the school. We will discuss it tomorrow. We went for a walk up McAndrew Road and saw Ms. McGarrity.' Ms. McGarrity was a little wisp of a woman who was obsessed with Krishnaji and she used to come out and stand endlessly by the bridge on McAndrew Road hoping that she'd catch sight of him going for a walk.

S: Good lord!

M: She was in her dotage by this time, and a little bit mad. Anyway, we saw Ms. McGarrity, who told Erna that Rosalind Rajagopal is moving out of Arya Vihara on May first.

On April seventh, a Sunday, Palm Sunday, it says here, 'Krishnaji held the second public discussion in Libbey Park on a lovely day. He spoke of intelligence, awareness, and then took questions. Kishbaugh taped it and lunched with Krishnaji and me. Ruth and Albion came afterwards and it was agreed by all that Mark Lee would be offered the directorship of the school, and Barbara Lama would be the assistant director. Mark and his wife Asha came at 3:30 p.m., and Krishnaji made the offer, which Mark accepted. David somebody, math teacher, who was at Malibu educational meeting…'

S: Would that be David Moody?

M: No, it said L-A…long word.

S: Hm.

M: Anyway, '…who was at the Malibu educational meeting last month is coming too. And Krishnaji went into what the school should be about, and we'll continue this on Tuesday and Thursday. We drove back to Malibu in time for supper.'

On the ninth, ‘we went back to Ojai in the Green Beauty, and there was a meeting about the school at the Lilliefelts’. They, Ruth, Albion, Kishbaugh, Evelyne Blau, Mark and Asha Lee, David…’ whose last name begins with an L ‘…were there. Krishnaji said, “If the school is your baby, then you will make something of it.” He applied his irresistible force again. Most of the afternoon was taken up with the education center. We got home by 7 p.m. Each drove about halfway.’

On the tenth, ‘we were back in Malibu. We went to Kishbaugh’s shirt maker’ [*chuckles*], ‘using the Jaguar. Krishnaji was impressed by the care of the shirt maker and ordered four, using silks that Krishnaji brought from India. We came back along Mulholland Drive. Krishnaji was pleased with the outing.’

On April eleventh, ‘I telephoned Filomena in Rome for Easter, and invited her to Brockwood in June. She sounded well. I cooked till 11 a.m., when the same group as Tuesday came to discuss the school and have lunch. “The education center is to be a place where we are not a part of any idea, theory, or image,” said Krishnaji.’

On the twelfth, ‘Erna phoned to say that our offer on the forty acres in Ojai was rejected by the owner Mr. McCaskie. We offered $250,000 and they want $300,000. Louis Blau, our lawyer friend, and Russell MacQuiddy, a real estate man, are to consult on what to do next. I went over to see the Dunnes for an hour in the late afternoon. Krishnaji walked twelve times around the garden; his sore calf muscle is still tender. We had supper as usual on trays and watched “Washington Week in Review.” Then Krishnaji watched *Ben-Hur* on television. I came in several times to remind him it was getting late, and when I came in at 9:45 p.m., he was sitting with the sound turned off and a far-off look. He said, “Sit down quietly.” He looked as though something were happening—intent, listening, aware of something. I was unable to feel it, distracted by deskwork I had been doing away in my room, in avoidance of *Ben-Hur*.’ I didn’t want to see it. ‘Soon he left the living room and told me it had been extremely intense, a “precipitation,” something so strong in the room he had been prepared for it to become “manifest” in some further way “visible—I don’t know how. I’ve never felt it like this. Something is happening.” He said later that it continued when he was in bed so that he stayed wide awake and had to sit up. His head was bad.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji got up later than usual. The “thing” continues. He said to me, “You mustn’t be attached to me or anything.” He thought I had been upset by *Ben-Hur* last night. I said, “No, but that inevitably the picture was different for me to see” than for him, a story, a diversion for him; but to me, it is something that was too costly to Sam.**[1]** It is not worth what it helped to do. I do not suffer seeing the movie, but there is nothing to make me want to watch it. I had finished the attachment in pain before coming to this life with Krishnaji. I am not “attached” anymore.’

Now, we jump to Tuesday, April sixteenth. ‘It was a lovely, clear morning. I was up early to wash my hair and finish packing. For once, I was all ready and relaxed at departure. Alan Kishbaugh drove us to the airport. Krishnaji and I took the noon TWA flight to New York, arriving at 8 p.m. We took a limousine that the porter rustled up into town and the

Ritz Tower. There were yellow tulips from Bud and Lisa. I spoke to them, then made supper with a few things I had asked Joan Gordon to send ahead of time. We unpacked and went to bed.'

The next day was April seventeenth. 'Krishnaji stayed in and rested all day. I went out to market, and had a room service lunch that was adequate.' Well, then it lists all the things that I found: food. We don't want to go on with that.

'In the afternoon, I was back for a meeting with Mitchell Booth. He came to discuss Krishnaji's visa for the United States. It got complicated this year because of my letter guaranteeing financial responsibility for him in which I also mentioned his public talks. This put him in the B-1 category of a businessman, and hence the fuss. Booth explained that an H-1 status, which is for people of special distinction and unique abilities, might be had. Actors, dancers, etcetera coming to the U.S. to work for a short time and indispensable to whatever is being done, get it. With that status, no consul can refuse a visa. But it means cabling immigration each time, etcetera. As Krishnaji earns nothing here, Booth advised asking for an ordinary tourist visa each time and when announcing his talks in the *Bulletin* to phrase it "the KFA has requested Krishnamurti to speak in the U.S. He has graciously accepted to do so, etcetera."'

The eighteenth. 'Bud lent us his car for a drive so that Krishnaji and I could see Dr. Wolf in White Plains. As the trees are flowering and shrubs and new leaves are appearing, Krishnaji's face lit up in that clear-as-a-child's-delight look that is my own delight. Wolf examined him with care and says the spot in his throat is a thickening on the vocal chord and is not a tumor. His blood pressure is 110 over 69. His weepy eyes of blocked tear ducts are very common. Swelling in the ankles indicate a lessened circulation, as happens after flying, but he will know more after blood and urine test results. The tremor in his hands is not Parkinson's, and he will know more after the tests. He is to continue to take two Wobenzym tablets twice a month, take 600 to 1000 units of vitamin E emulsion. He found Krishnaji generally very well. There is a small hemorrhage in the right eye but nothing serious, and a slight hardening of arteries.'

Friday, April nineteenth, 'Krishnaji was quiet and stayed in all day. Erna and Theo arrived last night and came over this morning. The red tape of getting a school, etcetera, use permit for the forty acres in Ojai is endless. The uses we would make of the land may have to be restricted to a small school of young and mostly day students, plus an educational center where adults do not live but assemble in small groups. Krishnaji questioned each of us on whether we should proceed nevertheless, and Erna, Theo, and I said "yes." Then only Krishnaji said he thought we must try to get it anyway. Erna had spoken of some attempt to get Arya Vihara land, but Krishnaji said Rosalind Rajagopal's hostility to him and to all of us make it highly unlikely. "I cannot do it. I will not talk to Rosalind Rajagopal." I then said I felt very much that we must start clean and create what Krishnaji wants without any strings, any beholdenest us to anything or anyone. It is contaminated by the Rajagopals. Theo agreed eagerly.'

Saturday, April twentieth. 'It was Krishnaji's first Carnegie Hall talk. We went in a car with a driver. The stage entrance had three police cars in front, and the entrance was full of police. A telephoned bomb threat had been made by a "man with an Indian accent" who said something—a bomb—was to go off when Krishnaji began to speak. All people with packages were being stopped. Krishnaji was unaware of all this. Gave an excellent talk. The only difficulty was the inadequacy of the sound system. It wasn't until afterward that Erna told me what had happened, though the sight of the police made me guess. I didn't speak of it to Krishnaji. I am often uneasy when he is in front of a large, unknown audience. But as I thought about it all day and at night, there was a curious sense of hovering protection and reassurance. We had lunch in the apartment and later Krishnaji saw Mr. Riesco, who is to be the secretary of the Fundación, and then Louis Biascoechea, the son of Enrique.'

On the twenty-first, 'the second Carnegie Hall talk went smoothly except for feeble sound system and many complaints. Afterward, while Krishnaji napped, at Ruth and Albion's request I saw George Arden and his wife, would-be teachers, and well-meaning. Erna and Theo came in before they left, and Krishnaji popped up prematurely so they met him for one minute. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I met John McGreevy of Canada Broadcasting Corporation and a Miss Pancher about Krishnaji doing a half hour for a series called *In Person* about serious people talking on matters of concern to them. It is tentatively set for the first week in October at Brockwood. Krishnaji talked to me about, "The necessity of living without shock and strain." Erna told him about the bomb threat, but he brushed it aside and said "I must live at least another ten years."

When Krishnaji woke up the next morning he said, '"marvelous meditation last night."

I asked if it were the "new process" he was so full of in Malibu before we left. Yes, it was different. "I must find out what to do to live ten to fifteen years, there is so much to do." Dr. Wolf gave a report of the tests. There is weakness; his adrenal is a little low in energy. The larynx is hard, healthy but a little weak. He also talked about the possible cause of Krishnaji's swollen ankles. Prostate slightly enlarged. His enzyme level is 2.3, which is good. Wolf suggested a cellular implantation and Krishnaji agreed. In the afternoon, we went to a movie, *Conversation about Surveillance*.' I don't know what that was. 'I felt shivery in the night.'

On the twenty-third, 'I felt very weak, and could hardly stand in the shower. Narasimhan came at 8 a.m. to see Krishnaji. Then at 11:30 a.m., the Indian Don Moraes came with his young son and Leela Naidu for a taped question and answer meeting that will result in something printed in a UN publication, a book edited by Moraes. Mrs. Naidu spoke to Krishnaji afterward. After lunch, my cousin Lorna came to see me for an hour. I felt very weak but alright, with no other symptoms. I hope Krishnaji won't catch anything from me. My cousin left and Krishnaji gave an interview to a young African-American man, Charles Steel. I slept after supper so hard all night that it was like being out cold.'

April twenty-fourth. 'I felt better, though I had waves of weakness. We went to the Cooper-Hewitt, where Lisa lent a room in which Krishnaji met a group led by Adam

Crane. Twelve of them asked questions. They taped it and are to give a copy of the tape transcript and a donation, plus they're using the tape only for their own listening. This lasted one and three-quarter hours, and then we walked to my brother and Lisa's for lunch. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji saw David Barry, who turned out to be not the man Krishnaji thought he knew, who also brought along his niece, a nineteen-year-old who wants to go to Brockwood.'

April twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji and I drove in Bud's car to Dr. Wolf in White Plains. Both had implantations, Krishnaji for the first time. Wolf swore it could have no adverse effect. We also received Wobenzym tablets for Krishnaji to use two or three per day for three weeks to remove the larynx thickening which, though benign, should be eliminated. After returning to the city, at 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji saw Frank McLaughlin, who taped a question and answer session for a magazine article, then Leela Naidu came for a second time.'

April twenty-sixth, 'Krishnaji rested in the morning. I did errands, made lunch. At 4 p.m., we went to the movie *Day of the Dolphin*, which had an absurd plot but the dolphins were very winning, and Krishnaji, carried away, cried out in alarm for them. Then to me, "Oh, it's a cinema!" as if he'd just remembered it.

The twenty-seventh of April. 'Krishnaji's third Carnegie Hall talk. They gave him a new microphone. It was better, but not good enough, or the hall is simply not suited to speech. After lunch I saw Mr. and Mrs. David Nortebaert, who want to move to Ojai to put their seven-year-old son in our school: nice, serious, and earnest. Krishnaji and I went for a short walk, bought books at Doubleday, including Mary L.'s novel *Cleo*.

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave a fourth talk at Carnegie Hall on meditation and very fine. We took the Lilliefelts to lunch at Sun Luck East, the only restaurant we know of open on Sunday. Later, Bud brought Daisy, Lori, and Lindsay to see us.' Those are his children. 'Krishnaji was sweet to the children, but looked far away and sat quietly reading while Bud and Daisy hung a Japanese screen over the sofa.'

The twenty-ninth. 'A hot day. I did some errands. Narasimhan came and drove us to his place for lunch with him and his wife. She watches silently without a smile or word. Narasimhan dropped us at Caswell-Massey where we laid in a supply of pedigreed cucumbers!' [*M and S laugh*.] I'd forgotten about pedigree cucumbers.

S: Tell us about it.

M: It's a cream that supposed to be good for the skin, and they advertise that it's only made from *pedigreed* cucumbers. [*S laughs*.] It was sort of a joke for us, but he always said we should have some pedigreed cucumbers. [*S laughs*.] Then, 'we walked to the Belgian shoe store, where it was verified that the brown suede moccasins that Krishnaji wears are a size 7 AA. Then across the street to a barber, where Krishnaji had another excellent haircut. Al Bruku, the barber, is the best he has been to. To the hotel and packing. My brother came while we were having supper and sat with us for a while and

said goodbye. Later we watched Nixon on television announce he was releasing some transcriptions of *some* tapes tomorrow.'

Tuesday, the thirtieth. 'A car that was to fetch the Lilliefelts then us to go to the airport together never turned up in time. So, they and we went separately to our separate noon flights. We took American Airlines, and Krishnaji was pleased by a quieter atmosphere and space in front in the new first class seats. He didn't care to watch the movie, *The Way We Were*, Barbara Streisand and Robert Redford. We landed at 2:40 p.m. in Los Angeles, a lovely afternoon. We both felt immediately better away from New York, back in California, and home in Malibu. Everything looked green and beautiful, clean and peaceful. Elfriede had done the rose garden as a present, with Lori's help.' Lori was the gardener. 'It looks very nice. It is wonderful to be here. We kept feeling it. The pains and swelling in my foot and leg disappeared on arrival. Krishnaji said he had felt "far away" on Sunday, and cautioned me about using a personal term in speaking to him at such times. We went to bed early, and each slept deeply and well.'

S: Explain that a little bit.

M: I'm trying to remember.

S: Your using a personal term to him?

M: I don't know what personal term to him. I didn't speak differently to him.

S: But, for instance, if he was far away, and you said "Krishnaji"…

M: It may be.

S: …would that have been like a shock to him.

M: It could be because, yes, it could be, because when he was far away, anything…

S: He doesn't exist in that sense…

M: Yes.

S: …and maybe calling attention to the fact that…

M: Something like that. I don't remember.

S: Okay.

M: May first. 'It was lovely to wake up at home. In the evening Krishnaji and I watched a CBS program on the Nixon tape transcripts with Cronkite, Sevareid, Dan Rather; the utter sordidness of the Nixon world.'

On May second, 'I did letters in the morning. In afternoon, we went to fetch special license places, KMN1—Krishna, Maria**[2]**, Nitya—for the Mercedes, and to Lindberg's. I spoke to Alain Naudé in San Francisco; he hopes to get a job in Stanford research. Today there is supposed to be a meeting between Christensen and what Krishnaji calls the "mafiosi," Rajagopal and company, on their response to the settlement draft.'

On the fourth of May, 'Krishnaji said, "I think I will live another ten years. There is so much to be done." We spoke of perhaps less travel and talk and more time in centers. Erna telephoned. No news from the lawyers, and the McCaskey forty acres we offered to buy went to someone else, who offered $285,000 cash and no conditions. They want it for agriculture. The Lilliefelts are very disappointed. I told Krishnaji, who said, "That's too bad. Well, that is that." He had me ask all trustees here Tuesday to discuss what we should do. He kept saying to me as we walked around the garden "You mustn't be disappointed or depressed." So we went to a movie, *The Sting*. "What is it about?" Krishnaji kept saying, and I really couldn't make out much of it much of the time.' [*Laughter*.] He was quite funny in movie houses. He would speak up and ask me questions, not realizing there were people around. [*S laughs, then M chuckles*.]

On May seventh, 'All KFA trustees met here at 11 a.m., and stayed for lunch. Krishnaji asked, "What is it that is blocking us, losing us the forty acres, etcetera? Everywhere else—Brockwood Park, India, etcetera, it is going ahead, but here we seem to be blocked." He said we have put too much dependence and hence strings to Rajagopal and Rosalind, the outcome of the case, getting KWINC or Happy Valley land. We must go ahead without that. The Lilliefelts will comb Ojai for other land. He went into why Ojai. The pro reasons are his affection for it, the feeling that it was meant to be, the trustees are living there. Erna pointed to my feeling about the Happy Valley land, an area poisoned by the Rajagopals and that we should start anew and clean on our own. Krishnaji spoke of a center where he would spend more time. Also, we've had no response from Christensen. I telephoned Cohen for all of us and said that we are all together and felt that if there was not some response in the next few days that he should sum up these events to Judge Heaton, ask for a hearing to set a trial date. I said the same to Sol Rosenthal.

S: Alright. It should be said that nothing; not the biographies, not Erna's account of the trial, nothing has really given a sense of the Rajagopal *mess* as much as these interviews with you have—the attrition, the wearing away, the back and forth, the continual changing of his mind, the very irrational behavior on his part, and the way it *must* have been affecting everybody—the weighing down of everybody. And here Krishnaji is saying, look, you're focusing too much on this; put this aside. Let the lawyers deal with it…we're not giving proper attention and functioning effectively in the other things that we have to do.

M: He said at one point, "Do we want to go on forever with this thing? Aren't you sick of it?" I forget when it was, but it was at some time.

S: In a way, it's interesting, because in a way, Rajagopal's war of attrition worked.

M: It worked. He was crazy like a fox, as they say.

S: Yes, yes.

M: It suited his purpose to wear everybody down, and it didn't matter how mad…

S: And it didn't matter the cost either, because it was all being paid for out of the money he had stolen anyway from Krishnaji, so whatever money he spent is just money he wouldn't have to give back.

M: Yes, yes. Exactly.

S: So, it worked.

M: Yes. It worked, it worked.

S: That's incredible.

M: Yes.

S: There just isn't anything that gives the *feeling* of this unfortunate "thing" like this account does.

M: Yes, it goes on in the little book, which is like shorthand without completed sentences, and it's like a shorthand in which the symptom of this attrition keep coming up and up and up.

S: Yes, I think it's important that everybody gets a feeling of the way this thing was going.

M: Yes, if you listed the events over a period of what ***seventeen*** years, this damn thing went on, it would be…

S: That's extraordinary.

M: Or, if you made it a little like a temperature graph, you know: hopes there will be a settlement, then BANG! It, ah…

S: Yes, yes, it crashes.

M: …or you're going to have a meeting…

S: …and he doesn't show up.

M: …and he doesn't show up, or he's sick, or he can't leave Ojai. Nobody ever said why he can't leave Ojai, but he can't leave Ojai. It's always something. Nobody else would

think of making such excuses. They were so petty, but that's the way he was adamant about…

S: Like *Bleak House*…Do you know that novel? [*Both chuckle*.]

Okay, so where are we?

M: Well, also on May seventh, 'I tried to reach Dr. Allan Anderson, who hasn't signed the release for the videotapes. We suggest Sidney Roth has muddled it in his fussy way.' Do I have to explain that?

S: Yes.

M: I have explained about Sidney Roth.

S: A little.

M: Well, he was the man from Chicago who suddenly learned about Krishnamurti's teachings and was interested, and he had joined us in the suit against Rajagopal.

S: I remember that part now.

M: …yes, because he had donated.

S: Yes, that's right.

M: And we needed a…

S: A donor whose donations were misappropriated.

M: Exactly. That was Sidney Roth. He also agreed to pay for the taping of the Anderson tapes. He subsidized that.

S: But what was his fussy way?

M: He was a *fussy* sort of man. 'I couldn't reach Anderson.'

'The trustees went off determined to find better land than the forty acres. Krishnaji filled them with *resolve* and *energy* as he always does.'

May eighth, 'Mrs. Allan Anderson telephoned on her husband's behalf about the release of the videotapes. I spoke later to Rosenthal about it.' I don't remember what was said, but anyway, it turned out alright.

On the ninth, ‘we did some shopping in Beverly Hills. He needed a bathrobe, and then we went to the shirt maker in the valley, where Krishnaji had a first fitting on the shirts that we mentioned earlier.’

S: Okay, I think we have to end it there because we’re running out of tape.

M: Yes.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Sam, Mary’s husband, had a heart attack almost immediately after finishing production on *Ben-Hur*.

[2] At some point, Krishnaji started calling Mary, “Maria.” He tended to call Mary Cadogan “Mrs. Cadogan,” and Mary Links (Lutyens) “Mary.”

Issue 31: May 10, 1974 to July 15, 1974

This issue covers the usual places for this time of year in Krishnaji's and Mary's lives: California, then Brockwood with trips to London, then Paris and onto Gstaad for the Saanen talks. But there is something that feels more private or intimate or personal in this issue, and it isn't at all clear what that is. Perhaps there is more of a sense of the *compatibility* between Mary and Krishnaji, or Mary's life being in such synchronism with Krishnaji's. Mary's dedication to Krishnaji is absolute. Krishnaji's appreciation of Mary is touching. The extraordinary and esoteric aspects of Krishnaji's life mix with ordinary everyday living, and they unfold as a seamless whole in front of Mary, with Krishnaji talking with her about them.

It feels like a privilege to witness this, even if it is only in writing.

Mary: Alright, we're beginning on May tenth, 1974, and Krishnaji and I are in Malibu. 'Krishnaji came into my room while I was at the desk, and as we talked, there was that remote look on his face, and very suddenly I felt that curious sense of something else. It was as though there were an inaudible sound that one was listening to or for. His face had that look of listening inwardly, infinitely austere and away. He said, "It is strange. Do you feel it?" And then he said, "Do you write down when these things happen? You should." A little later he said that he can sense that the Rs'—that's Rajagopal and Rosalind— 'don't know where he is, but when they know he is here, it is as if they "beamed hate" at him. I asked if he feels it at Brockwood and does it reach that far, and he said "No." I then asked if it would not be worse if we lived in Ojai. "No," he said, "I can turn it away. They will try to prevent us being there. Could they?"' He asked that.

Scott: He asked "Could they?"

M: Yes. 'I said "No. Anybody can buy land, and we could buy land like anybody else." I asked why he doesn't turn away any emanations from them if he can? He said he didn't try to. They might change. That people do change.'

S: Hm. Just to stop for a minute there.

M: Yes.

S: It's interesting, your description of this process as almost a kind of listening to something, a straining to hear something. When I've explained it to myself—the first time Krishnaji asked that of me, and you were there, it was in the old kitchen up here in the West Wing—when Krishnaji asked me, "Can you feel it?" For me it was like trying to hear something that was just outside of my hearing range…

M: Yes.

S: …there was a sense that something was *there*, but my hearing was too unrefined, too coarse, too…

M: That's right.

S: …gross to pick it up.

M: And he had that look…well, you see it sometimes on people who are listening to music, or wrapped up in something…you know that it's listening, it's not seeing…it's listening.

S: Yes. And they're not in their head, they're outside of…

M: They're hearing something.

S: Yes.

M: And the sense of something, for me, has always been like a kind of very high-pitched, too high to hear, trembling in the ear, a kind of intensity, a kind of…like an electrical something…that you just sense.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Now, I must point out that the big book doesn't have something every day, and you're so fussy about *every* day…

S: Absolutely.

M: [*laughs*] Alright, for May eleventh, we go to the little diary. 'We went to a movie called *Serpico*'—that is a detective one. 'Came home and I went over to the Dunnes'. We played records in the evening.'

Then back to the big book for May twelfth. 'It was Krishnaji's seventy-ninth birthday.' [*Both chuckle lightly*.] 'To my words and messages from Narasimhan, Naudé, and Kishbaugh, who all telephoned, he *waved away* any utterance. "It's not *my* birthday," he said.' They had broken the taboo. [*Chuckles.*] 'Naudé is hopeful of getting a job at Stanford Research. Krishnaji making a face with his eyebrows up and his upper lip pulled down he said that he had an ailment.' Turn that off and I'll tell you what he said! [*Tape cuts out, then back on, and Mary and Scott are still laughing*.]

S: You can go on from that point.

M: Now we go to the fourteenth in the big diary. I don't think anything happened on the thirteenth, and if it did, never mind. 'Krishnaji and I and Lori Smith'—that's our gardener—'cut our way through the bushes to try to find out how' [*laughter in voice*]

‘rabbits are getting in the garden in spite of a wire fence. We filled in some holes, but in the evening, there were four of them on the lawn.’ Rabbits are hard to control.

On the fifteenth, ‘Krishnaji and I drove in the Mercedes to lunch with Erna and Theo. Beforehand, I had telephoned Cohen who said that Christensen is stalling on a reply to the draft of the settlement and doesn’t return his calls. In view of this, he is to go ahead and sum up where we stand to Judge Heaton and ask for a hearing to set a trial date. At lunch, Krishnaji asked Erna, Theo, and me what it is that is blocking us.’ We have discussed this…

S: Yes.

M: …but I think it’s more fully gone into in this large diary.

‘…what it is that is blocking us in Ojai. We could not answer. He suggested that by hanging up plans of our settlement of the case, we were dependent on Rajagopal and that is wrong. We also discussed whether we should try to get zoning for a center primarily without a school, a place where Krishnaji would spend three months a year and discuss with people who were able to absorb his teachings. Ruth and Albion came after lunch and we all went to see a place on McNell Road near the mountain. It was a tacky house, really messy place. Both Krishnaji and I disliked it. He said to me, “You have spoiled me. I couldn’t live in a place like that.” Then we went to the other side of the valley, behind the town, off the back road, climbed a hill, and looked down on a *beautiful*, untouched valley with rolling golden fields, oak trees, and wooded mountain. Everything that is loveliest in southern California as it was a hundred years ago. It would be perfection for us.’

‘On the drive back to Malibu, Krishnaji spoke of the insults he had received constantly from both the Rs. Her first calling him “a swine” in Sequoia…his shock. He told Rajagopal, who shrugged. Their forcing him to go to drive-in movies and eat in tacky restaurants, which he hated. And again, the story in India of Rosalind going at him with an empty bottle, trying to hit his head. Sunanda was a partial witness to this. Krishnaji said he put up with all of this because there was nothing he could do. There was no one he could go to. He spoke of a sense of helplessness, and said he wondered if, when I go out, if something happened to me, what would he do? I said he would be able to call the Dunnes. He said he wouldn’t know how and would be too shy. I realize I must never go out unless there is someone there to protect him. I felt like weeping at his helplessness and the sense that he must put up with whatever is done to him. Then, is this total vulnerability part of what makes his face light up with delight at flowers on a hill as we pass, or the blue of the sea?’

On the sixteenth, ‘Cohen sent letters to Judge Heaton and Christensen saying that due to no reply by Christensen, an agreement was not possible, and his clients had run out of patience. He requested a hearing at which a trial date should be set. Krishnaji cleaned the Mercedes engine. We walked and weeded the lawn.’

The next day, 'Carlson'—that's the builder—'and the roofer discussed ways to foil the pack rats. Krishnaji and I went to town to Lindberg's. We lunched at the farmer's market, where we had cheese enchiladas, but Krishnaji was appalled by the sloppy people everywhere. We went to the shirt place for his second sitting, but it was such a mess that we canceled the order. In the evening there was a horrendous television coverage of the Symbionese shootout with the police in South Los Angeles and the burning of a house they were in. Patricia Hearst *may* have been in it.'

On the eighteenth, 'India exploded its first atomic device and the Hearst girl was not killed.'

On May twentieth, 'Krishnaji and I met Erna at Cohen's office at 2 o'clock. He has heard from Christensen with revisions of the draft agreement. Some are the replacing of points only to please Rajagopal's vanity. One of them was about making thirteen acres of land *permanently empty* around his house even after his death, thereby enhancing the value of his place. We agreed to a few things, not to others. Krishnaji signed the successor trustee document by which he names successors to himself as trustees of K& R Foundation as specified in the settlement if it goes through. In order, they are myself, Erna, Theo, Kishbaugh, and Ruth.' And it doesn't say here, but each one when appointed was to appoint the others to the board. So, I would have appointed the others immediately to a board, and if I was gone, Erna would've done the same.

S: Right.

M: And by that time, there'd be enough of a board so it would be ongoing.

S: Mm, hm.

M: That was the twentieth, the next entry is the twenty-eighth.

S: Okay, so we have to go to the little book. And could you just read the nineteenth in case there was something on the nineteenth we missed?

M: Oh, on the nineteenth, I spoke to my mother, things about my family, and nothing I could mention. 'The Dunne children came over. It was a beautiful day, bright with the air from the ocean, cloudless and sparkling. A barn owl flew out of the pine beside the wall as we walked.'

The twenty-first, 'we drove to the Lilliefelts', had lunch and a trustee meeting. After lunch we went to see the beautiful thousand acres owned by a Mrs. Anderson. We drove and walked on it. It was *marvelous*, untouched, Southern California at its best. It would be a perfect place for a center, school, and house for Krishnaji.'

S: Where was it?

M: It was south of the town. If you go down Creek Road and then you go off that. There's a gate, and somehow we got through the gate, and then you drive into this beautiful valley, rolling hills.

S: Is it still there, or has it been bought up and built on?

M: I don't know. I've never been back. I couldn't bear to see it, if it were.

S: Mm.

M: Oddly enough, it had belonged to the man who was a cameraman for the first movie I was in.

S: Mm.

M: He had bought it as an investment, and it didn't mean anything to him, I guess.

S: What movie was that?

M: It was called *Soak the Rich*…

S: Mm.

M: …and I hope it has disappeared [*S laughs*] never to be seen again.

On the twenty-third, oh, this is a wonderful thing that happened! How could I not have written that up? 'I woke up in the morning and I'd pulled the curtain back in my room that looked out at the lawn and then a flower bed and a big brick wall across the lawn, and after I had, suddenly I looked up and there was a beautiful doe, a female deer…'

S: Hm…

M: '…on the terrace, and I stood absolutely still, and apparently she couldn't see through…there must've been some reflection…she didn't see into the room and she came up and she breathed on the window, so I knew it was not an hallucination…'

S: Mm.

M: '…and then she turned around and I crept out of my room, went down to Krishnaji's room, because I knew he'd be up, it was getting-up time, and got him to come in, and we saw this lovely, lovely creature.'

S: Mmmm.

M: How she got in, I don't know, because there was this eight or nine-foot brick wall between the end of the lawn and the flower bed and the canyon beyond, but she was there.

S: She couldn't have come across the highway, could she?

M: No, no, they don't go across the highway. They go through the culvert. There's a big culvert, big enough for a person to walk through it. It takes the rain water for the hill behind us, into canyon, and wild creatures came through that way. Unless she came from the place next door, but she'd have had to cross the highway to get to that, which is hard to believe. So, we stood there, and then she started to walk around to the wide part of the terrace, around the house, so we went through the house to the dining room, which was the other side of the house. She came around, and then she went over to the fence that separates us from the next door neighbor's place, and disappeared. Nobody was living in the house next door…the woman who owned it wasn't living there; it was empty. So she must've jumped the fence. It was an extraordinary sight. Beautiful. And it thrilled both of us.

'Later, Krishnaji and I did tree pruning with Mr. Chapman.' Mr. Chapman was the sort of handyman, a funny man. He didn't know he was funny, but the Dunnes and I collected the sayings of Mr. Chapman [*S laughs*] and I have them written somewhere. I'll send you a copy one day. They were sort of malapropisms.

'I went to town alone to do errands, and went to the doctor. Judge Heaton has set the meeting for a trial date hearing for next Tuesday the twenty-eighth.'

On the twenty-fourth, 'we went to a 12:15 p.m. movie, *The Black Windmill*, at the Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Then, we had a picnic lunch under a shady tree in the car in Beverly Hills.' We used to do that because neither one of us liked to go to restaurants much in Beverly Hills. So, we would take a picnic and there were lots of trees in Beverly Hills back roads, and we'd find a nice shady street, park under a tree, and have our picnic.

S: Hm.

M: 'We then each had our teeth cleaned. Then I fetched some things being made at Van Cleef, and then we returned to Malibu.'

The twenty-fifth 'was a hot and beautiful day and Philippa Dunne and David did pruning work all along the driveway. I spoke to Alain in San Francisco; he has been for two days with Mary and Joe in New York. He is optimistic about a job offered at Stanford Research, or San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Krishnaji spoke to him. We went over to the Dunnes' at 5 p.m., then came back for supper.'

On the twenty-sixth, 'I worked on papers most of the day. Krishnaji washed the Mercedes. Philippa and David worked some more on pruning. Then I worked on the manuscript**[1]** in the evening.'

For the twenty-eighth, we can go back to the big book. 'I telephoned Mr. Cohen to say from Krishnaji and all of us that he should make it clear to Christensen at today's meeting in court that if there is no settlement now, we will not accept a settlement on these same terms later. Among other things we are willing to agree to now, but not after further delays and effort and expense of preparing for trial, is the matter of letting Rajagopal's legal expenses be paid out of settlement funds. I packed, and dictated more of Krishnaji's manuscript onto cassettes all afternoon and finished it with a hoarse voice at 5:08 p.m.' [*Chuckles*.] My voice gave out as it is doing now.

'At 5:12 p.m., the typist came with everything she had typed to date, and I gave her five more cassettes to do. So the whole book is done, and will be transcribed as Krishnaji urged me to do before leaving. At 6 p.m., Cohen telephoned saying, "I *think* we have a settlement." Christensen was acquiescent except for some minor word changes, none unacceptable. Next week, Cohen will send in the exhibits which accompany the settlement. It is likely there will be a battle over their wording. I relayed all this to Erna. Krishnaji and I walked in the garden. Malibu was beautiful, cool, clear air and sunlight with birds flying. We went to bed early but it was hard to sleep. After 3 a.m. the subconscious kept serving up questions: "Have you packed the Swiss checkbooks?" Etcetera.' [*S chuckles*.]

The twenty-ninth. 'Up early. Finished putting things away and packing. Erna spoke to Cohen and then telephoned. It sounds alright to her. Amanda and Phil Dunne came at 10 a.m., Phil to say goodbye, and then Alan Kishbaugh came, and Krishnaji went with him, and I went with Amanda to the airport. Amanda went on after dropping me off, but Kishbaugh came in with us to TWA where, at noon, Krishnaji and I took a nonstop London flight. As usual, we had front seats, poor food. There was a movie we had seen, *The Sting*, but Krishnaji liked to watch it without sound' [*chuckles*], 'seeming to enjoy it more because he knew what was coming.' [*S laughs*.] 'On this flight, it never got dark, and we didn't sleep.'

On Tuesday, the thirtieth of May. 'We landed at Heathrow at 7 a.m. Dorothy, Doris, and Ingrid and two cars were there. Krishnaji and I drove back with Dorothy. When we got to Brockwood, all the school was on the driveway to meet Krishnaji. Brockwood was in bloom. The green of England, the May trees, the blossoms and the chestnut trees, joined all the loveliness of Malibu in a blessed continuity. Krishnaji wanted to see immediately the addition in the dining room, the Cloisters plantings, and the look of the assembly hall now twelve feet high and of octagonal splendor. It will be handsome. In a surprising ration of energy, I kept going and unpacked all morning. Slept after lunch, and at 5 p.m., Krishnaji came and said, "We must walk."' [*Both M then S chuckle lightly*.] 'So, with Dorothy and Whisper, we went *gently* through the grove. The azaleas, rhododendrons, and the handkerchief tree are still in flower. How marvelously lovely it is. How good to be here. How fortunate I am.'

Friday the thirty-first of May. 'With misgivings, because of Mary Links's pessimism over our position, I roused enough energy to take Doris's little Mini to Petersfield and the train to London in time for a meeting in Michael Rubenstein's office of Mary Links, Mary Cadogan, George and Nelly Digby, Mr. Verhulst, and Mr. Gellman of Servire. The purpose was the settling one way or another of the interminable two-year dispute over the Servire contract refused by Krishnaji in Gstaad because of Sufi affiliations and general shifty and unsatisfactory behavior by Servire. It had been impossible to get out of some renewal of the expired contract because George had compromised the situation by withdrawing *The Impossible Question* after proofreading by Servire, and giving it to Harper. Fuss over this led to taut attitudes by the Digbys towards me in the autumn of 1972. Verhulst and Gellman have rejected our scaled-down offer of a five-year contract on the old books and have demanded new titles utterly unacceptable to us. The outlook was not promising but two things went well. Michael Rubenstein handled it very well and when told in response to their question about what Krishnaji wanted, that he wanted to end the contract. They accepted an ending of the six old titles, the ones with talks and dates.' It doesn't say what…

S: Yes, they did a series of Saanen talks and talks with American students and Indian talks.

M: Ah, yes. 'Later, they said they would agree if we bought up the existing stock.' That was the quid pro quo. 'This was according to the terms of the original contract and will cost us about £930 sterling, which we should, in time, recoup through sales of these books ourselves. Then, they want their costs, and an indemnity for profits not realized on *The Impossible Question*. Altogether, both things will cost The Krishnaji Foundation £2500 sterling, less than we feared. They are to keep *You Are the World* until present stocks are exhausted, when the rights revert to us. All in all, it is acceptable and is being ended, and that is a boon. The Digbys took their host, Mary C., and me to lunch at 2:15 at a nearby Italian restaurant, The Forum. Then I caught a cab to Waterloo, and so back to Brockwood with the good news for Krishnaji. Then, it says…*sleeeeeeeep.*' [*S and M chuckle*.]

Then we go to the fourth of June.

S: So, will you go to your little book? We don't want to miss anything.

M: We don't want to miss a thing. Well, there's not going to be much. [*S chuckles*.]

On June first, 'I put things in order. Krishnaji slept all yesterday. And we both took long naps today and a walk. It is cold woolly weather…' that means sweaters. 'Frances McCann arrived. She's staying in the Cloisters.'

On the second, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school on the *softness*, at Brockwood. I slept in the afternoon. Then a lovely walk. The weather is warmer, a little.'

On June third, ‘I made reservations for us at the Plaza Athénée in July and arranged for our travel tickets. After lunch, I took Frances on errands. In Petersfield, we met Joan Wright at the train station, came back to Brockwood, and I walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy. A very warm day.’

June fourth, ‘Doris lent her Mini, and Krishnaji and I drove to Petersfield and the train to London. There was something festive and warmly familiar about coming up to London with Krishnaji, especially the first time of the season. Waterloo is so exactly the same. Krishnaji’s immaculate elegance making his way toward the taxi rank, pigeons scuttling, people cutting straight lines to various gates, the satisfaction of seeing there are enough cabs, neat, clean, spare, and deft London cabs.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘We get in. Krishnaji says “Saville Road, I’ll show you where.”’ [*Both chuckle*] ‘And off we go across Westminster or Waterloo Bridge. We began, of course, at Huntsman’s where Krishnaji had a fitting. And then walked through the Burlington arcade to Fortnum, where Mary L. lunched with us. She told us about the biography. Murray is to publish it here, and by now Roger Strauss should have the manuscript in New York to read. Krishnaji says he wants to read the beginning part of it about the childhood, the early days. After lunch, Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt’s, and I went to the U.S. Embassy to have papers about Father’s estate notarized. Walked back and met Krishnaji at Huntsman. We went off to Waterloo and home.’

On June fifth, ‘I got through to Vanda in Rome and told her we would arrive on the fourth of July. It was a quiet day. Krishnaji said “I’d like to talk to someone who can discuss the brain with me, who can challenge me. I’ll have to do it myself.”’

The next day, ‘I telephoned Filomena in Rome. She is well, but Mistica’—that’s her niece—‘is in the hospital for diagnosis. I couldn’t make out what is wrong. Krishnaji spoke to the school on being hurt, and is there a part of the mind that is empty.’

‘The balance of Krishnaji’s manuscript arrived from the secretarial service in Malibu, typed from the cassettes that I did. It runs to 309 pages double-spaced in total. Ian Hammond, who has been ill with rheumatic fever, and is now retired, came with Robert Wiffen, and we went over the Assembly Hall, which has handsomely risen to over the twelve-foot windows. Krishnaji wants to go ahead with the garage and pave the driveway properly and to finish it all up. We will need £13,000 sterling more.’

The seventh of June. ‘The Digbys and Mary C. came for lunch, and to discuss books. One book is provisionally titled *Beginnings of Learning*, which they put together from Brockwood discussions of Krishnaji with the school. They asked me to read the manuscript and comment. Also, we discussed Edgar Graf’s wish to resign from Saanen Gathering. I gave a report of the case against Rajagopal. Krishnaji asked George to become chairman of the publication committee. Mary L. and Mary C. are very much for this. Ian Hammond agreed and as George is now retired from the Victoria & Albert Museum, and Servire is at last settled, it was felt by all that it would be nice if he were offered the chairmanship again. George turned peony-colored [*chuckles*] and said he would like to think about it. Later, he left a little note with Krishnaji saying of course he

accepted. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. It was cold; woolies were worn against the wind.'

June eighth. 'Krishnaji dictated a letter and I began checking the transcripts of his manuscript, so it can go to Mary L. My brother telephoned from Paris. He's been in Tunisia and goes back to New York.'

On the ninth, 'Krishnaji talked to the school. I repeated the history of the case against Rajagopal to David Bohm. Then I continued work on proofreading the transcription of Krishnaji's manuscript.'

On June tenth, 'Doris lent her Mini, in which Krishnaji and I drove to Petersfield, and then London by train in time for a 12:30 p.m. lunch with Mary at her place. I gave her the rest of the pages of the manuscript. She showed us the many photographs she has collated for Krishnaji's biography. One is supposed to be of his mother, which can't be, or else it is in line with my notion that exceptional people don't derive from their parents.' [*S laughs, M chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji had an appointment with the dentist Hamish Thompson for a filling. Thompson said that three of Krishnaji's teeth have a little pus under them, but because Krishnaji is so healthy they may give him no trouble, but if they do, he will need dentures. Said Krishnaji, "The body must be deteriorating slowly." We went to Huntsman for a fitting and then Maxwell for the experimental pair of shoes they're making for him. "I'll wear them traveling." Then to Sulka, where he was able to order some socks in his size. We stopped in at Mallet on Davis street, but saw nothing we wanted.' That's the antiquaire where I bought a lot of the furniture down in the drawing room, including the tree embroidery. 'Stopped too at an exhibition of Andrew Wyeth, and Krishnaji liked his things. One we would have liked, but it was too expensive. $85,000.' [*Chuckles*.]

June twelfth: 'Pipe ailments in the scullery prevented lunch from being made, so we took a picnic to old Winchester Hill near West Meon. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Doris, Frances McCann, Joan Wright, Whisper, and me. It was hot in the sun and we sat looking out at the rolling green land. It emptied everything from my head. I could've remained there till it was dark without thinking. We took a short walk, but it was too warm, and we came back and took long naps. The usual walk later.'

Thursday, the thirteenth of June. 'Mary L. and her daughter Amanda came for Krishnaji's talk to the school and to lunch. Mary, Krishnaji, and I discussed the manuscript and its publication. Mary at first thought of bringing it out privately printed by the K Foundation, but is veering toward a wider field.' I wonder why she wanted that? 'If the K Foundation published it, it would be offered only to the mailing list, but from my point, that would result in devious booksellers managing to bootleg copies and selling those to the general public.' That used to happen. Some booksellers used to get Indian printed books. They're not supposed to be sold in the West, and they would just buy them and sell them.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘In the midst of this conversation, which took place in the West Wing kitchen, Krishnaji started asking Mary things about the biography, and then suddenly asked her if she would write the second volume.’

S: Hm.

M: ‘She said she would, but that if she did, she wanted to do it differently, with the personal part only as a background, and the main part, a chronology of his teachings told in his own words. It would be an enormous work starting with the reading of everything he has said all these years. “But will you do it?” said Krishnaji. “Yes, I will,” she said. “Good,” said Krishnaji. “That’s settled, because if you didn’t, the Indians would want to do it, and they would make a mess of it.”’ [*M with humor in voice, and S laughs*.] ‘“I will tell them you have undertaken it.” Pleased, he went off for his nap, and Mary and I talked all afternoon. I felt a wave of all is well at this decision. Mary’s way of working is scholarly, no interpretation, using the original text to tell the tale, which is *the* way to report on Krishnaji. The point of this second part of his life is his teachings, and not the personal events, and the focus on it will be well handled by Mary, I feel sure, even without having read a word of Volume 1. She wants Krishnaji to read that only when it is in galleys**[2]**, so we must wait.

On June fifteenth, ‘Krishnaji saw the younger children of the school alone**[3]**, and then the next day, he spoke to the whole school.’

The eighteenth of June, ‘Krishnaji and I went to London, met Mary L. for lunch at Fortnum’s. I gave her pages, so far checked, of the manuscript and returned to her an album of photographs of Adyar published in 1911. They are photos by Alcyone**[4]**. The text is by Leadbeater. Krishnaji and Mary fell to talking of Leadbeater and said Leadbeater must have done something bad that made the young Krishnaji dislike him. He can’t remember what it was. He was a rather brutal man, apparently. Krishnaji doubts it was anything homosexual. He would’ve been afraid to make any advance towards Krishnaji, but something must have caused the aversion. Perhaps reading Mary’s biography will bring it back.’ I think, I don’t know whether reading it brought it back, but at some point, Krishnaji said that when he was quite young he used to stare out the window with his mouth open.

S: Yes, Krishnaji told me that, too.

M: And it irritated Leadbeater, who kept telling him not to do it, but Krishnaji did it in a sort of a dreamy way. At one point, Leadbeater came up behind him and banged his mouth closed.

S: Right, by slapping him under the chin.

M: Yes, under the chin.

S: Yes.

M: And as Krishnaji said to me, that was the end of Leadbeater as far as he was concerned.

S: Krishnaji said that to me, too. It was a decisive moment for him where it…

M: It broke…

S: …it broke something. Something about Leadbeater clicked, and he knew that…

M: Yes, and although he continued to say to Leadbeater, who would tell him what to do, "Whatever you say" obediently, but he was completely turned away from him as a human being.

S: Yes. The ambivalent feelings were no longer ambivalent. They were somehow…

M: He was just out, dead, for Krishnaji.

'Krishnaji said Leadbeater was a rather brutal man.' Oh, I read that part. 'After lunch, Krishnaji went alone by taxi to see Mrs. Bindley. I had a fitting on a pair of rust-colored slacks at Rowe and then joined him at Mrs. Bindley's. She is frail and more tottery than ever, but still wishes to live alone and her mind is as sharp as ever.'

The nineteenth of June. 'Krishnaji said, "I will live at least another ten years. After that, the door will close." I wondered what door. Is it a door for us to another dimension, which he opens for us?'

For the next two days, I worked on the manuscript, and on the twentieth, Krishnaji spoke to the school.

June twenty-first. 'Krishnaji, coming out of his room to where a Western was playing on his TV, said, "I'm going to Missour'uh to be a dirt farmer."' [*S laughs*.] '"Like everybody else."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'In the morning, an IBM salesman came and I got their new typewriter'—we don't have to go on about that. 'I continued to work on the manuscript, checking the transcription. Krishnaji gave an interview to Don Schmidt, an ex-student who has come back and wants to be on the staff. Frances came on the walk. A warm lovely day.'

On the next day, 'Doris and I finished checking the 309 pages of the transcription of Krishnaji's extraordinary manuscript. It seems to grow and grow evermore like him. The "Other" permeates it, and it is at the same time his own very personal eye on the world, his delicacy of perception. His most personal human side comes through to me in every line and yet he has entered a realm in this writing that he has only alluded to fleetingly, briefly before. It is a sacred writing in the utmost use of that word. At times, reading it rapidly in this checking, I felt overwhelmed and wanting to be silent, almost blown away by his words. When he got up this morning, he said, "I'm off to Tibet with Mistinguett."' [*Both laugh*.]

S: Who's Mistinguett?

M: You don't know Mistinguett?

S: No.

M: This younger generation doesn't know anything! [*S laughs*.] Mistinguett was a famous nightclub performer in Paris, the toast of Paris. She sang with Maurice Chevalier—you've heard Maurice Chevalier?

S: Ah, yes. I know Maurice Chevalier.

M: Well, she was the female counterpart of Maurice Chevalier.

S: Ah, ha.

M: [*laughing*] "I'm off to Tibet with Mistinguett." Oh, goodness.

S: Hm.

M: June twenty-third, 'Krishnaji held an absorbing discussion with the school. After lunch Krishnaji had an interview with Frances, who asked to be allowed to stay for September, October, and November. She works well here in the kitchen, efficiently, quietly, fitting in, and is liked by all. I suggested she stay in the West Wing during that time.'

'Then he talked to David Bohm about the scientists' meeting in October. He told David and me all this on the walk, and then about getting Indian musicians to play here each year, a Brockwood Festival, he said. "We must make Brockwood self-sufficient. Britain is going to pieces, and we must try to be self-supporting. We should find out if we can have our own chickens, goats for milk, plant more fruit trees." He was happily full of these ideas.'

'A few days ago he said he had had a good meditation in the night. I asked him about the distinction he appears to make in the book between meditation and "that otherness," that immensity. Krishnaji asked, "What does it say?" I said that it seemed to me as if there were something in him, a state of perception of which he was capable, whereas "the otherness" appeared to come to him and enter into his consciousness. He replied, "That sounds right, but they are not entirely separate."'

S: What would you take to be the "they" that aren't separate? The otherness and his consciousness?

M: The one is the perception that he is capable of, and then there is something that comes to him, and enters into him when he is talking. And he said, "That's right, but they're not entirely separate."

‘This evening when I said how good his talk was this morning, he said, “I knew something was going on in the brain the last few days.” When I spoke of the manuscript he wrote, he said, “It’s not my book. I didn’t write it.”’ [*Long pause.*]

The twenty-fourth of June. ‘I took the train to London for Krishnaji’s Swiss and French visas.’ Well, I did errands; you don’t want to hear about all this. ‘There was a letter from Erna Lilliefelt to Krishnaji and me reporting on the state of the case. The attorney general is working out wording of a settlement with Christensen. Balasundaram has sent the necessary explanations of what is required to end the Vasanta Vihar suit in Madras. The main news was of someone coming to Erna and explaining that Happy Valley will lose educational use of its funds unless it gets such uses going and therefore we should again try to get some of it for our school and center.’ The money that was left to support Happy Valley School, if they don’t use it, they lose it. ‘Erna said that she decided to take the bull by the horns and went to see Rosalind Rajagopal. The letter confirms the land must be used for educational use or it will be rezoned for agriculture.’ Oh, I see, it’s that, it’s the zoning law, not money.

S: Right.

M: So, when she means get some of it, she doesn’t mean money, she means the land.

S: Right.

M: ‘They would consider an application to use some of it, at their July meeting. They wouldn’t sell it, but would make a ninety-nine-year lease for a dollar a year. She gave permission for Erna and Theo and whomever they wish to look at the land available. Rosalind gave a long justification of her contention that Mrs. Besant hadn’t intended the Happy Valley land for Krishnaji. Erna kept her temper and didn’t debate, but stuck to the future use of the land, etcetera. Since then, she, Theo, and Ruth walked over the land and said, “It is more beautiful than the thousand-acre piece. There is a part from where we could even see the School of Avastology or Rosalind and Rajagopal’s house, and she and Theo and Ruth think we should apply for that acreage if Krishnaji and I agree. I read the whole letter to Krishnaji. We talked it over a bit. But he seemed rather distracted. We’ll go into it again tomorrow.’

S: Now which piece of land…is that the land that is now the present Oak Grove School?

M: Oh, no. No, no. This is Happy Valley land, up the hill. I walked on part of it. It’s not that attractive. I never wanted to have it.

On the twenty-fifth of June, ‘on the train going up to London, Krishnaji asked me to tell him again what Erna’s letter had said. One obvious advantage is the land is suitable and the cost is nil. Rosalind Rajagopal had said we were “greedy” last year and “had asked for all of it,”’ which isn’t true, ‘but the impending settlement must be a factor. Erna Lilliefelt talked to Louis Blau and asked him to ask George Uribe, the ex-student, and present lawyer for Happy Valley, who once came with Dr. Pollock to talk to Krishnaji in

Malibu. Krishnaji dictated a cable to be signed by us both and sent to Erna. “Please gladly proceed with what you propose in matter of land.” Krishnaji then said, “It is strange. Four days ago when I was going down to lunch, the thought came. I said, ‘Nitya, do something about Arya Vihara. They are such silly people. See that something happens about this.”’

S: Hm.

M: ‘We went to Sulka to have Indian silk shirts made and then to Fortnum’s, where Mary and Joe lunched with us. I gave the remaining pages of Krishnaji’s manuscript to Mary. She will now edit it. We will consider how it will be published. Krishnaji and I then went to the bookshop, and then to Waterloo and back to Brockwood.’

June twenty-sixth: ‘A while back, in a conversation with Krishnaji about interviews, he said, “When they are open, they want you to read their letter. Other times, they have a mask on, and I am deceived.”’ What?

S: Krishnaji used to say that reading someone else’s mind was like reading their letters, an impolite and incorrect thing to do.

M: Yes. He always said that he never looked into people if they didn’t ask him to.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And if people don’t want to be looked into, he said, “It is not my business.” ‘And he said, “You come to see me, and you are serious. You ask me to look. I never offer my opinion. Then it is simple and clear. I can go ahead. Others say, ‘Look, but not too deeply.’ I go as deeply as they want me to. If they want me to go a mile, I go a mile.”’

‘“Naudé never did. I wish he had. That is what makes me uncomfortable.”’

S: So, Naudé never asked him to look deeply?

M: No.

‘Krishnaji also said, “If you are able to perceive me, you must be in a meditative mind.”’

‘Paul Anstee and David Saxby’—those are the decorators—‘drove down to help with curtains for the new Assembly Room and stayed to lunch. They brought samples which Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I looked at. Anstee is looking for a job, not in decorating.’

The next day, ‘Ginny Travers came for Krishnaji’s talk to the school and to lunch. It was quite a good discussion. If one really followed it, there was everything there. In the evening, we watched a TV program of Walter Cronkite interviewing Solzhenitsyn.’

On June twenty-ninth, 'I went to Winchester to fetch a repaired lamp in time for the Digbys coming to spend the night. Krishnaji had me tell them about the manuscript and let them read what they could of it. The sample of curtain fabric came. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I were unanimous in the choice. The Digbys chose the same. There were school games all afternoon on the lawn, which I only observed from the window while packing. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked, but it made my cold heavier. There was a school party in the evening. Everyone dressed very nicely. Krishnaji did not attend.'

The next day, 'I packed and did laundry all day. Krishnaji didn't talk to the students as he normally would have on a Sunday, but packed, too.'

Monday, the first of July. 'A windy, clear day. Finished the laundry, fed and watered the house plants, and for once was unhurried and ready a little ahead of departure time. Dorothy drove us to Heathrow. We left at 11:30 a.m. and stopped for a nice picnic lunch in the car at Runnymede by the edge of the river. Ducks and wind in the willows. Krishnaji watched too the aircraft in the sky. A busload of children came with food, one a Sikh boy in a pink turban. "Nonsense" said Krishnaji. "It's a smelly, awful thing. They should pull it off him."' He had some experience of turbans in his youth.

S: Mm.

M: 'We got to Heathrow by 2 p.m. Dorothy, Montague, and Doris leave for Saanen tomorrow in the Land Rover. Krishnaji and I took the 3 p.m. BEA plane to Paris, loaded with the worst of American tourists; fat, hideously and unsuitably dressed, and talking loudly to each other about buying things. Krishnaji stood observing, remote, in an aristocracy of centuries about him. On the plane, he declined the champagne'—one is proffered champagne in first class—'and had a tonic instead. Earlier at Runnymede, he was merrier. Dorothy offered him Ribena. "I only drink champagne", he said.' [*Laughter*.] 'We were soon over Paris, and Krishnaji by the window picked out Longchamps, Le Bois. Too sadly, many tall ugly buildings mar the skyline of Paris now. We came by taxi to the Plaza Athénée and to our usual comfortable rooms. It is pleasant and I feel a sense of having brought Krishnaji safely to a shelter in the sense of a necessary shell around him, clean, quiet, adequate food, and something he is used to. The luxury is what one must take to have all those other essentials. "Without you, I wouldn't be here," he said. Then he said, "Thank you for looking after me." It is warm in Paris, and nice to be here. We went for a little walk to a pharmacy for toothpaste and came back to supper in the rooms. Krishnaji had stopped twice at windows of a patisserie. "It makes me hungry," he said. So we had tarte aux pommes for supper. But it didn't agree with him. On French TV, there was the idiotic Tour de France, and little else.'

On the second of July. 'We had a leisurely breakfast, then we went shopping. Krishnaji, immaculate elegance, first to Charvet, where I left him briefly looking at shirtings while I walked down a few doors to Morgan Bank. Krishnaji ordered four shirts, and I ordered two. One of pale green, like one of his, and one with tiny orange lines on white.' That was the nicest shirt, and something awful happened to it, I've forgotten what. 'From even a few feet, it gives an effect of gleaming cream, an Indian color. We walked to Lobb and

saw a Mr. Ellis, in place of ailing Mr. Dickinson, who took Krishnaji's order for a pair of black brogues and a brown pair. We went back to the Plaza, where Marcelle Bondoneau met us for lunch in the garden. Nadia Kossiakof came for coffee. She has negotiated publication of *The Awakening of Intelligence* by Stock, translated by Madame Duchet. Krishnaji had me tell them of the manuscript and left while I was describing it. Both were very moved. Krishnaji rested and we went out later for a small walk, stopping at rue François 1er at Courrège, where we bought Krishnaji a navy pullover and then on to Givenchy Gentlemen's store where our credit was finally put into another pair of trousers for Krishnaji, thin summer ones, cream-colored silk.' It's awful to report all this.

S: No it's not, it's not at all, Mary.

M: It's rather private.

S: No, it's not. [*Laughs*.] Well, it is, but it's still nice to know!

M: You're a demon archivist!

'We came back to supper in the rooms, and watched a TV documentary of the 1939 Nazi war, and then the Nixon/Brezhnev meeting in Moscow. "People are mad," said Krishnaji. This morning he said, "There is something even in this room, a marvelous meditation, that thing is going on. It started here last night. It was good to get away from Brockwood. The atmosphere was too infantile."'

The third of July. 'After weeks of trying and unable to get through by telephone to Filomena in Rome, I succeeded and learned that Mistica had an operation but came home yesterday. Krishnaji's throat is slightly sore, so he spent the morning in bed. I went to Vuitton for a handbag replacement and then to Vase Etrusque for more of our Brockwood china. Mar de Manziarly lunched with us at the Plaza. She asked Krishnaji about Sai Baba whom Yo'—Yo is her sister, Yo de Manziarly—'thinks is marvelous. Krishnaji gave a vivid picture. Mar justifies it by saying that most people can't do what Krishnaji says. They need to be told and given something. This argument always puzzles me; as if a false medicine is better than none. While this went on, we had the best tarte aux framboise ever eaten.'

'Krishnaji then rested for an hour while I walked over to Dior and bought something for Fosca, a scarf and some eau de cologne. Then Krishnaji and I walked to a movie on the Champs-Elysées, *Scorpio*, with Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon. Nonsense but done with style and suspense. Krishnaji was pleased.'

The fourth of July. 'We packed and with all the valises went to the Gare de Lyon, where Mar came to see Krishnaji off. Krishnaji said that the last time he was at that railroad station was with his brother. My last time was June 1, 1965, when I made the same train trip to Lausanne, and had, on the train, my last non-vegetarian meal. We were in the last wagon and Krishnaji quickly found a window at the end where he could watch all the scenery. We went to the first serving and had an interminable lunch, only a bit of which

we could eat. Krishnaji sat opposite me next to an old woman with bright rouge cheeks. He and I watched the fields of France go by. Again, the barley was beautiful; green stalks, golden to orange heads, poppies coming through, and the wind twirling it all into moving colors. Krishnaji stood all the way to Lausanne looking out. The train is very smooth, and he was pleased by this way of going to Switzerland.'

'Moser, with the gray Mercedes freshly waxed and very splendid, was waiting for us at the Lausanne station. We put the bags in and drove up through the city, toujours direction Berne, until we took the Oron-Bulle road. It was a marvelous afternoon; the rolling green of the fields and mountains. "We are back in our country," said Krishnaji, pleased with it all and with the car. He remembered the Gâteau Bullois we bought last year on arrival, but the shop was closed. Coming into Gstaad, Krishnaji spied two women walking ahead. "It's Ms. McCann and Tapas" he said.'

Do you know who Tapas was?

S: Yes, I knew Tapas.

M: Tiny, tiny!

S: Yes, I know. Lovely Tapas.

M: And little old, I don't know, four-feet-something high, little brown face and little brown eyes and hair. She was a sannyasini.

Anyway, 'it was Tapas. Never before in all her many years was she ever out of India and, here she was, brought by the Doctors Siddoo. We stopped and Krishnaji walked back with them, Tapas prostrating herself to touch his feet, startling a passing Swiss person.' [*S and M laugh*.]

'Up on the hill to Tannegg were Vanda and Fosca, who had arrived yesterday. The apartment downstairs is now a narrow, rather dark room with an interior bath and no kitchen.' They'd remodeled it. 'Krishnaji went to bed, and Vanda and I talked long after supper, bringing her all the news.'

The fifth of July. 'Krishnaji remained in bed. I unpacked. Went down for supplies. I took a nap. It is marvelous weather, cool air, hot sun, very relaxed.'

The next day, 'I did some letters. Brought Krishnaji's travel fund up-to-date. I slept long after lunch. Krishnaji remained in bed. I walked down to the train station for the *Herald Tribune*, up the hill, puffing a bit. I never was any good at climbing.'

July eighth. 'I finished work on the travel fund…'

S: Travel fund?

M: Oh, I kept a record of all his travel expenses. 'A long letter came from Erna saying that Rajan, via Christensen has so embroiled Vasanta Vihar…' Rajan was the lawyer in Madras. Rajagopal was hanging onto Vasanta Vihar with the help of Madhavachari, and Rajan was Rajagopal's lawyer. 'Rajan has so embroiled the Vasanta Vihar situation that Cohen wants to make the KFA settlement without signing for the other foundations or the Stichting**[5]**. She enclosed a letter to Balasundaram saying this. Christensen claims that Rajagopal and KWINC shouldn't be defendants in the Vasanta Vihar case. Who then? Krishnaji remained in bed till 4 p.m. when the Sufi leader Pir Vilayat Khan, who has asked to see him, was due. He didn't turn up till 5. "Typical of these people."' That's a quote from Krishnaji. 'He came with a young woman who remained outside, and Krishnaji and he talked alone for one-and-a-half hours. Tea was then given. The Sufi left. Long black robe, gray beard, speaks excellent French, lectures in it, and German. He told Vanda and me that he was for subduing the self, control, etcetera. Krishnaji said, "How rigid these fellows are."'

The ninth of July, in the morning was deskwork for me. 'Frances McCann and Tapas came for lunch. Krishnaji came out to greet them, but had lunch in bed. This kind of rest is doing him good. After lunch, I drove Vanda, Frances, and Tapas to Chateau d'Oex, and I did some errands. Krishnaji was ready for his first walk of the year when I got back, and we went a little way up the Turbach Road.'

Wednesday, the tenth of July. 'Krishnaji had a cable yesterday from Balasundaram at Rishi Valley and received a letter from Erna about being unable to make an agreement on Vasanta Vihar part of the KFA settlement. Part of the cable asked if Krishnaji wanted them to continue their case in Madras. This morning Krishnaji dictated a cable saying "yes" most strongly, and then dictated a letter going into it more fully. I sent both. At 11 a.m. he saw Edgar Graf alone about his reasons for wanting to give up the Saanen work. It seems his wife is demanding it. Krishnaji had lunch in bed. Graf lunched with Vanda and me. There was a telephone call for Krishnaji from Madras. Balasundaram was calling from the lawyer's office there. Krishnaji spoke, and I spoke. They fear that if we settle without an agreement about Vasanta Vihar, and KWINC is dissolved, it will be much harder for them to get Vasanta Vihar. They also said that Rajagopal has claimed to the high court that Vasanta Vihar belongs to KWINC Ojai, which Christensen (Rajagopal's lawyer), quoting Rajan, denies. I asked Balasundaram to send evidence of Rajagopal's taking this position to Erna as quickly as possible and said I would telephone her. The international number here in Gstaad was busy until after 9 p.m. and it wasn't until 10:30 p.m. that I was able to read her the message and said to wait for papers from Balasundaram. She said rather guardedly that the "meeting" of the Happy Valley Foundation was on the sixth, and she was hopeful we may get land. She was waiting for conditions to be set forth by Uribe, the Happy Valley lawyer. He thinks if we get this that eventually we will be able to have all of Happy Valley. He was always the optimist.'

'We walked up the river way in the late afternoon. Earlier, Yves Zlotnicka came by, and we talked a bit politely till Dorothy gets here about the Brockwood film he wants to do. Seems he wants it as a start on a film of Krishnaji all over the world. Guido Franco, the other filmmaker who has plagued our summers for three years, is not coming this year,

happily.' [*Chuckles*] 'Vanda says he shot footage on Sai Baba in India and when he got it back and looked at it, he could see how Sai Baba was faking the miracles he claimed he was doing. It was all a sleight of hand thing.'

S: I heard that from Guido Franco myself.

M: Yes.

S: He slowed the film down, and it was all just the sleight of hand of stuff, pulling things out of his sleeve, and things like that.

M: Yes, that's right.

The eleventh 'was a beautiful day, but Krishnaji is feeling his hay fever and is rather weak. He stayed in bed all day and did no exercises.'

The next day, 'I woke up and worried about Krishnaji's weakness yesterday. Until almost 8 a.m. his door was closed. He then appeared almost shaking with energy. "Fine, fine," he said. He said he had been thinking of a center in Ojai and everywhere else.

He had me write it down. "Must produce people so intelligent they will be basically religious, and with that intelligence will function in every field, politics, art, business, and every form of social relationship."'

'A letter came special delivery from Erna telling us of the Happy Valley situation. Rosalind Rajagopal drafted a letter before their meeting was even held, not to say a " no" to us but a "yes" that was in effect a "no." Erna got Alan Hooker to speak to Dr. Rudd'—he's another trustee of that foundation, I think—'urging support of the KFA application. Evelyne Blau spoke to Dr. Pollock, and Mark Lee to a Mrs. Iyer on the board, and Erna telephoned Rosalind asking if members of KFA should be available on the day of the meeting, the sixth. Rosalind said "no," and brushed her off. The meeting, however, went in our direction and will wait for Uribe's letter of conditions.'

'Krishnaji, blazing with energy, told me to write about the essentials of the center: keep the school in a corner, separate from the center. But he wants also a school for older children. The center is to have a meeting room to hold 200 people, kitchen and dining room for 100, and housing for thirty to forty people there on invitation to discuss, etcetera. He wants to keep the Oak Grove for talks, including half the land to the west of it. "In case we want to build something there," and sell the rest.' Huh! [*S chuckles*.] 'He said that if we got the use of the Happy Valley land, he should fly to Ojai and meet everyone interested, including all the Valley people to ask for their support. This somehow in September. We would start building immediately. I pointed out we had no funds yet to even pay Mark Lee's salary. "You're always talking about money," he said impatiently.' [*Both laugh at this*.] 'I said I would never speak of it again.' [*Both laugh heartily now*.] Oh, goodness.

‘I wrote all of this to Erna, and Krishnaji got dressed and came with me to post it and to visit the tent. A young boy was sitting behind the bushes as we came out, watching the chalet. His face shone shyly when he saw Krishnaji, and he stared until we drove off. We went into the tent. This year the space in front of Krishnaji where those who sit on the ground has been extended all the way to the sides of the tents on the shady space. Krishnaji was pleased at that.’

‘We went to the camping to see Dorothy and Montague, and they’d just arrived in the Land Rover. Doris came with them and is in her flat.’ She took a flat that year.

‘Krishnaji had lunch in bed. I went on some errands for him and bought Swiss hiking boots and wore them on the walk. In the woods, Krishnaji said suddenly, “I woke up early and something extraordinary happened. It was as though this”’ [*wide gesture*] “‘were enormous, spreading out to take the universe.” I asked, “This being consciousness?” Krishnaji replied, “More than consciousness. It went on for more than an hour.” I asked, “Did it fade then?” Krishnaji answered, “No, you know how this is. It is there somewhere.” We walked to the river only. He climbed up the masonry bank to look at it, and then we turned back. He asked me to walk ahead and leave him alone to walk more slowly. He said, “I must work.” In the wood, by the small stream, he called ahead to me, saying he would sit there awhile. I went on to where the road ends and the open hillside begins, and one sees the splendor of the two valleys and the glaciers. I sat on the bench there for about twenty minutes, and he then passed me and went on to Tannegg. When I returned, he was coming out with rubber gloves to clean the Mercedes engine.’ [*S chuckles*] ‘Full of energy! I had been wondering and when I mentioned it to Vanda whether there is something in the fact that just about every summer before his talks here, he has a low period, a sick week, and then zooms up for the talks, as if some unknown something puts the body into low gear in order that some other force gathers in him. I may be spinning fancies.’

On July thirteenth, ‘Edgar Graf came to see Krishnaji for a personal interview, and Mr. Mirabet came to greet Krishnaji and make his annual donation. Graf came back to lunch with Vanda and me. I got car washing equipment and started washing the Mercedes while Krishnaji was on the walk with Peter Racz. Vanda brought a young American boy, a sculptor home, and after Krishnaji was finished washing the car, he went with him for a short walk. Frances and Tapas came for a short visit.’

On July fourteenth, ‘the mountains were invisible in cloud, a light steady rain. Breakfast at 8 a.m., and there was that slight tension before a first talk. Vanda went to the tent with Mrs. Walsh…’ she’s the woman who rented the flat downstairs. ‘I got out the Mercedes, which I began to wash yesterday, while Krishnaji was walking, and which Krishnaji finished with the help of Ted Cartee and Terry Saunders, and I had it by the door ahead of time. In spite of rain on the first day, the tent was surprisingly almost full, and Krishnaji began with full energy and impact. The need for clear action in all fields, not born of thought, to give “your energy and your years.” Again he said, “God didn’t make man in his image; man has made god in his image.” At the end, he raised the question, “Is there action of mind that is not of thought?” but left it to go into it in another meeting.

Ted came for lunch and Terry Saunders, too. Krishnaji questioned Ted about his seven years of Zen discipline. Ted answers well and factually. Krishnaji had his lunch in bed.'

Monday, July fifteenth, 'I went down to the town for various things Krishnaji wanted, including twenty-four boxes of the plant calcium for himself and me, measuring it out on a spoon twice a day. I think it does something; my nails are hard, and I think osteoporosis is less. At lunch there were Frances, Barabino, and Ortolani and his lady whose name I never know.' Her name was Ulca.' [*Chuckles*] 'Krishnaji was with them before lunch and after for coffee'—Pionier, a coffee substitute. 'Part of the talk was about where Krishnaji should speak in Rome. Vanda feels the talk would be a target for bombs if it is announced publicly too far in advance. Today a bomb blew up a part of the Stazione Termini in Rome. The talk was light. *Una bombezza*, said Vanda' [*M laughs*], 'but then there was an endless talk about it, and nothing was settled. Krishnaji ate in his room. Later, we went to Saanen for a pair of walking shoes for him like the ones I had just bought. We wore them on a walk to the river. On the way, I speculated what would happen if people *really* said no fighting, no wars. The aggressor nations would take over. Krishnaji said you couldn't let them do that. You would speak up, get people to not cooperate. Do no work. Russians or anyone else couldn't control the world if everyone refused to work. "You'd have to talk, organize it ahead of time. At the last minute, it's too late." I said, "Isn't it already too late?" and he said, "Maybe. Now I must get woolly. I have to talk tomorrow."'

S: I must get woolly?

M: Yes. Sort of, you know…

S: Ah-ha, yes, okay**[6]**.

M: 'I said no more, but walked ahead so he could be alone. In the woods, he called to me, "Maria, remind me of these words: idea creates conflicting energy." After, when I went to put the usual eight drops of milk in each of his nostrils…' [*chuckles*], the anti-hay fever treatment prescribed by Dr. Parchure in India, '…he said, "If there is a bomb in Rome, I must tell you what must be done." At my recoiled shock, he said, "Shall I write it down, or tell you?" Then, his tray was brought in, and he said it wasn't the moment to discuss it. At supper with Vanda, I asked how real the talk was of bombs. "It's always possible now in Italy," she said. And on the TV news came pictures of the damage in the Termini in Rome.' That's the station.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Then, why have him talk there? One talk, she thinks, would be alright. It is his mentioning it that makes me worry. In New York, he brushed aside the scare. "Something looks after things."'

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This and the following references to "manuscript" was the manuscript they finally got from Rajagopal, which was subsequently published as *Krishnamurti's Notebook.*

[2] Galley proofs are the preliminary versions of manuscripts prepared by publishers, especially meant for proofreading and editing.

[3] When Brockwood started, it took children as young as ten years old. By 1976, Brockwood's policy changed to take only children fourteen years of age and older.

[4] Alcyone is the name given by Theosophists to what they thought were all the incarnations of Krishnaji.

[5] The Dutch Krishnamurti organization which had existed for decades, and which, after all Rajagopal's shifting of property between organizations, came to own the Krishnamurti headquarters in India, Vasanta Vihar.

[6] As I remember it, Mary made a gesture of Krishnaji becoming vague.

Issue 32: July 16, 1974 to September 19, 1974

A careful reader wrote to us a few days ago saying, "the project seems to be 'deepening' and I am enjoying Mary's growing closeness to Krishnaji." Part of my response to the reader was as follows:

Yes, for me also, the project, as you say, is "deepening" and in a way I don't really understand. Despite the tedium of reading the daily details of *anyone's* life (probably even one's own) something else is being conveyed. We are seven years into Mary's story of being with Krishnaji, and Mary is now so completely dedicated to him; so single-mindedly devoted to his teachings, and all he wants to do; so totally immersed in his world, that it feels like she is recording and, therefore, passing on a deeper and more complete sense of what it was for her to be in his presence. To me, and it might only be to me, unlike the earlier issues of these memoirs in which Mary was describing something that was at some distance to herself and her life, she is now describing something that is pressed hard up against her nose—she sees it, smells it, feels it viscerally in her body. And Mary has changed from her experiences; rather than disappearing, she seems somehow to be distilling into the essence of herself. This is what I read. This is what I hope others read.

Mary: We start on July sixteenth, 1974, in Gstaad. 'Krishnaji gave his second Saanen talk. He spoke of seeing the whole. Vanda and I lunched alone, and then went into Krishnaji's bedroom for coffee with Krishnaji, who had finished his tray and was reading le Carré's spy story, *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*. We spoke a little about the talk, and Krishnaji's reply to questions he had been asked about "how are you going to change people who are only interested in getting enough to eat?" etcetera. Krishnaji had said that he was talking, "to you here in this tent. If you change, it will change other ways, old ways; of war, reform, systems, etcetera, which have resulted in the present chaos. Only change in the psyche can alter the world."'

'"But I'm thinking about Thursday's talk," he said. He had again spoken of thought being matter this morning and, now sitting on the bed, he said the following: "When there is a cause, the energy created by that cause is the energy of thought as matter. Meditation is without cause, without past, time, or form. Why is thought divisive? Because it is the past. It must be fragmented. Cause, as long as there is a cause, there is the past. If there is no cause, there is no past, no time. The Greeks were concerned with form and the manipulations of matter. They made a prototype of beauty, etcetera. They never went into the question of form being matter. Prototype is result of mentation. Form is the cause, the cause is a result of time, etcetera. Everything is in terms of matter: gods, Jesus, etcetera. The symbol is created by thought. In the West, matter is the most important material and then there is God, which is considered to be non-material, but it is an idea and hence matter."'

‘Then he said, “You cannot organize the world unless there is the ‘Other.’ There must be the whole. There must be energy, which is of intelligence, which is not of matter. For it, you must negate.”’

‘“Form and matter are considered two different things. We need form to build a house. It is dictated by culture, economy, etcetera.”’

‘He spoke about food: “Starvation is not a concept. Food produced needs no form, but it needs distribution. If the distributor has a concept (nationalism, for instance) there is chaos. It must be done not according to idea, concept. Organization should not be according to politics, but according to physical facts.”’

‘“One may ask, what that has to do with my little life, but daily life brings in implications of all this.”’

‘He spoke about matter. Is there anything beyond matter? “One sees this as on this side of the river, which is suffering and misery, and what is one to do? The ordinary man living in this world, oppressed and suffering, wants to break it. But he doesn’t see the whole thing is wrong. When I see it, passion makes the break.”’

‘“Life and death are always close together. Don’t put it all over there.”’

‘Later we walked to the river. The reply to the KF application for Happy Valley land had come in the morning mail, a copy of it forwarded by Erna Lilliefelt of a letter signed by Rosalind and Rajagopal, saying the offer would be considered. Krishnaji asked me to report what it said. They may ask why we want this land when we are going to get KWINC land in settlement. Then he tentatively wondered if, since Radha Sloss had made an overture toward him by asking to see him in Bombay, he might write to her to push the land thing. I felt perfectly sick at this. The haunting notion that in his eagerness for the center, he would ignore the ugliness of these people, and again admit them to his life. I said little, as he calls it, “a reaction,” which it is, a retching one. It began to rain and we came back soaked. Vanda had made a tea party. Graf, Terry Saunders, Frances, and Simonetta—once a couturière and for the past four years a follower of Chidananda living at the Divine Life Society ashram in Rishikesh, where she worked with lepers and organized weaving for them. Krishnaji questioned her about the place. It is heavenly, devotional, full of…bak-bakta’—what is it?

Scott: Bhakti**[1]**, or something like that.

M: Yes. ‘He talked quite a long time about India, the people who come to him, the heavily traditionalism, the very few who are real, all the circus that goes on, the disintegration of the country. She gave the impression of not knowing where to go after four years; a life of being out of her old ways, but not knowing where to go. She seemed to have accepted traditional ways through her devotion to Chidananda. For him, she did the leper thing. It was 7 p.m. when they left. Vanda had Terry stay to supper. He wants to know about teaching art at Brockwood. Vanda is leaving for Florence tomorrow.’

July seventeenth. ‘Vanda left in the morning. I saw her off at the train, then did errands. We had lunch alone, Krishnaji on his tray in his room. Four young people came tapping on the front door wanting to see him. I tried to say the inevitable as nicely as I can. I did letters. There was a cable from Balasundaram that the KFI lawyer, Ramaswami, had telephoned from Madras to Stanley Cohen in Oxnard. Balasundaram hoped that the opposing lawyers in the KFA suit agreed on something for Vasanta Vihar. Balasundaram said further that it was rumored Rajagopal’s man, Rajam, was planning a long, drawn-out litigation over Vasanta Vihar, and the KFI wanted an extra push in their anxiety to have it settled by us in our case. Erna writes that Rosenthal or Cohen (our lawyers) call Christensen (Rajagopal’s lawyer) every other day.’

Thursday, eighteenth of July. ‘It was a marvelous third Saanen talk by Krishnaji. I thought he was tattooing it on my brain. It was cold, raining. Dorothy and Montague came for lunch. Krishnaji ate in his room but came in before and after, which is a good system; it rests him, yet he can see people, too. We showed them the narrowed quarters downstairs and invited them, if they would prefer it to camping in the Land Rover. We walked in the rain and chamois-ed the car dry. Krishnaji was pleased that we would keep the Mercedes with us now and take it back to England. In the evening, I was finally able to reach Erna in Ojai. The letters about Vasanta Vihar only reached there today, so there is no news. She sounded weary.’

July nineteenth. ‘There was a cold, light rain, but Krishnaji wanted to go ahead with the day in Geneva. We left at 10 a.m., picked up Dorothy and Montague, and reached Geneva by 12:20 p.m. The car drove beautifully. We lunched at the Hotel du Rhône in the corner by the window. Krishnaji was pleased with lunch, and ate a lot for him. “I will have ice cream,” he said’ [*chuckles*]. ‘Fraise**[2]** ice cream has become a favorite dessert in restaurants. He ate it all.’

‘Dorothy and Montague went off on their own, and Krishnaji and I hurried across the Rhône to Jacquet. Going to Geneva is a ritual, and somehow the repetition each year is part of the enjoyment. Old, nice ways. Jacquet: “Bonjour, Monsieur Krishnamurti” from a plump saleswoman as he came in.’ [*S chuckles.*] ‘The order book appears, and his orders from the past years are there, snippets of the tie material pasted on the page. The new ones chosen as possibilities pile upward in a heap until all are seen, and then we go through them and select. Today seven were chosen. I seem to have reliable taste to him, for my advice is sought and followed. So, can they make them by next week? Of course,’ [*chuckles*] ‘and they will send them to Gstaad. We leave. He is very pleased. We hurried back across the bridge, pass Vacheron Constantin, and go in to find a travel clock for Krishnaji, one with batteries, and it must show in the dark. It is found, a Looping, and I buy it for him. We skitter across to the hotel to meet Narasimhan, who has some Nixon stories, and who is also pessimistic about the problems of the world.’ Narasimhan used to hear all these funny stories. Apparently, at least from my point of view, the UN has become what the New York Stock Exchange was for my father, because of all the funny stories that would emanate in the old days from there.

S: Right. [*Laughs.*]

M: And, as I'm no longer in touch with the New York Stock Exchange, I found the same phenomenon going on in the UN…

S: I'm glad it's serving some purpose. [*Laughs again.*]

M: Yes…and so he used to pass them on to Krishnaji. That's where he got a lot of those stories, the religious stories about Saint Peter, and all the heaven and hell stories.

S: Yes, yes. [*M and S laugh.*]

M: Um, let's see, where was I? 'The UN is becoming too big, and it's close to being out of hand. May 1975 will see improvements. But his manner is cheerful and lighter than usual. Krishnaji has me tell about the application for British citizenship, that it looks as if Krishnaji can only get it at the discretion of the Home Secretary, now Roy Jenkins. Narasimhan says that Roy Jenkins is his friend and he will go especially to London in September to ask him to act on it. Very good news. We go out to see his new Mercedes. He is coming to Gstaad to spend the night and hear Krishnaji's talk on the twenty-eighth.'

'We left, and we walked back to look at a Uher cassette recorder. They haven't got the new model. We passed a health food store and bought some cereals, olives, and fruit sticks that Krishnaji likes. Then, irresistibly, he thought of a reason to go to Patek, the ritual. Krishnaji is very'—it says 'feathery'—what?—'intently offhand, while talking to the man who is checking his watch. It is the gold one Mr. Logan gave him, which he seldom uses, but the steel one has gone to Hausmann in Rome with Vanda to be cleaned because Patek here cannot do it in July. The world is getting too unwieldy for expensive possessions, but the tie choosing, and Patek, and Mercedes rituals are Krishnaji's fun, and I enjoy it vicariously. Also, the repetition of our yearly sallies, retracing our path, deepens the groove in something dear, something light and fun and very much a part of him. "Those are very nice ties," he said, as we whisked along past the rushing Rhône. He was buoyant and pleased and not tired when we met Dorothy and Montague at the hotel, and didn't tire on the drive back. "Have her go 100," he said on the autoroute. I did, and the car did—briefly. We stopped for the newspaper at the Gare in Gstaad, and were back in the house by 7 p.m. Going to bed, he said, "Those are *very* nice ties. I will give the others away."' [*M and S both chuckle*.]

On the twentieth, there seems to be nothing much that happened, but I'll read it because I know you want it anyway [*chuckles*]. 'I marketed. Jane Hammond came to lunch. At 3:30 p.m., a Mr. Cochet came to see me. At 4:30 p.m., Terry Saunders came and went on the walk with Krishnaji and me.'

On the twenty-first, 'Krishnaji gave the fourth talk, more on materialism, and it was a magnificent one. The tent was overflowing. Suzanne and Hughes, and Marcelle Bondoneau to lunch. Terry came by to wash the car, but went for a walk with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me. Dorothy, Montague will move up here from the camping tomorrow.'

S: Who is Terry Saunders?

M: I can't put a face to him. He wanted to become the art teacher at Brockwood, but I can't remember anything about him. It says, 'Terry stayed for supper with me.'

On Monday, the twenty-second of July. The Grafs, Edgar and Allema, saw Krishnaji. Also in the afternoon, he saw Axel Ferrand and his brother Patrice, nephews of Suzanne van der Straten. During this, Terry Saunders and I washed the car, and Krishnaji came out to finish it. Dorothy and Montague moved downstairs. I spoke to Mary Links in London about questions in the citizenship application, which Krishnaji must fill out; the dates of the parents' births and deaths, his mother's name, etcetera. Mary said Roger Straus'—that's the publisher in New York—'wrote about publishing her biography, but not clearly. She has revised and tightened it. The fighting is going on in Cyprus. Makarios fled; the Greeks and Turks forces have invaded.'

Tuesday, the twenty-third. 'Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen talk; very fine. In the afternoon, he held a Brockwood educational meeting. Shrinivas, Philip, Joe and Carol, Doris, Carol Allwell, Sofia and Carlos, Verna Krueger, Kathy, the two Doctor Siddoos, Tapas, Rudi Melnicker…'

S: I remember him.

M: Who was he?

S: He was just a boy that Bohm was enthusiastic about, but he never actually joined in anything.

M: '…Terry Saunders, *Scott*!' appears for the first time in the record…

S: Oh. Ha!

M: '…and a Dutch woman named Bep.' She was that friend of Dorothy who died in Alaska and…

S: Yes, yes, yes.

M: …left all the money to the school. 'Krishnaji was almost scathing about Brockwood Park, spoke of the need to bring about "another" quality in the school. "How will you do it? It is your responsibility." Dorothy was hard hit, defensive about the school, and said she didn't know how to meet it. She is very obviously depressed.'

The next day. 'The U.S. Supreme Court votes eight to zero that Nixon must give over the subpoenaed tapes. The Greek military regime is deposed and Karamanlis is called from exile to form a democratic government.'

'Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, and I met Yves Zlotnicka and discussed the film he wants to make of Brockwood. He has raised £1,000 toward it, but £3,000 minimum is needed, and the Krishnamurti Foundation can't afford it. We explained this to him. Also, Dorothy said

after yesterday's meeting with Krishnaji, which Yves taped, she wouldn't know how to go about the Brockwood film. Yves accepted the decision, but not easily. Whether he will be resentful remains to be seen.'

'There was no one for lunch, and it is blissfully quiet.'

'Krishnaji saw Mr. Tavacca of the Argentine committee in the afternoon. Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked the Turbach road. They are digging in the river to move its course from where it broke the retaining wall.'

On the twenty-fifth, Krishnaji gave his sixth Saanen talk on death, but it was more on living. Frances McCann, and Reneta Wolff came to lunch. Reneta and her husband Rudiger have separated. Later, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked by the river, and afterward, Krishnaji questioned me on whether Dorothy really understands what he's talking about. Her incomprehension of his manuscript at Brockwood Park, her defensiveness when he speaks of Brockwood, which makes her unable to respond or go forward. He was severe. "All of you will just go along this way if I die tomorrow." He is disturbed and quite withering about it. He wants me to talk to Dorothy.'

Editor's Note: ***Dorothy was so hostile to*** **Krishnamurti's Notebook,** ***which, at this point, existed only in manuscript form, that she spoke vehemently to me about it, even though I was very new to Brockwood. She felt that it was so mystical that it made the goal of Krishnaji's teachings beyond the reach of most people. This clearly went against what she had previously felt to be the case—that the goal was simpler, easier, and more attainable.***

The twenty-sixth. 'There was the annual meeting of the International Committees. Krishnaji put Dorothy rather on a carpet about Brockwood, questioning her about it. "They wanted to know these things," he said later, but all the time knowing Dorothy's difficulty, his speaking in front of a group, it seemed too forced, and his criticism of Brockwood may have come across to some as too much about schools; the history of the Indian ones, etcetera. I gave a vague, brief, but slightly optimistic report of the Rajagopal/KWINC case. Anneke just arrived. Doris, Mary Cadogan, and Sybil Dobinson stayed to lunch.'

'At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji had a haircut by barber Nicola in the village. We ran into Terry, and he came along. He has been hearing all sorts of criticisms of Brockwood, the Krishnamurti Foundation, Dorothy, the trustees, etcetera. At Tannegg, he told this to Krishnaji and me and Dorothy. Terry named who he thought was the principal critic, and Krishnaji said he would deal with it. Krishnaji told Terry to tell this critic to bring everyone who is critical to meet him on Monday.'

'On the walk, I talked a little to Dorothy about her reactions to Krishnaji's Brockwood meeting on Tuesday. Her defensive reaction prevents the flow forward of what he is saying. Brockwood has achieved a certain level and now it should concern itself more

deeply with its original concerns, the more esoteric ones. She listened, and said she saw something in what I said, and thanked me.'

Saturday, the twenty-seventh. 'A young Los Angeles couple, Bob and Trish Duggan, who introduced themselves to Krishnaji on the street yesterday and want to help with the work, came to talk to me in the afternoon. He is in three companies that he helped build up and has become successful, and he wonders how his abilities could help. I told him the outlines of the Foundation's history, where we stand, and the plans for an Ojai school. The wife designs weaving, etcetera, and has two small children. They heard Krishnaji for the first time at Santa Monica and Ojai this year. I suggested they see Erna.'

'On the walk, I was able to talk further to Dorothy.'

The twenty-eighth of July. 'Krishnaji gave his seventh talk, which completed this year's talks in Saanen. It was on fear and meditation.'

'Narasimhan had come from Geneva last night and stayed with Simonetta di Cesaro and attended the talk. He came back to Tannegg with Krishnaji and me. He showed the forms for Krishnaji to apply for British citizenship. He will make an appointment to see the home secretary, Roy Jenkins, on the thirteenth of September, and will present the application. He is sure it will be granted.'

'Simonetta di Cesaro, her son Bardo Visconti, and a friend Gary Granville, an American, joined us for lunch.'

'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a second Brockwood meeting with the same people.' My diary says in parentheses that 'Carlos and Sophia were not there as they decided to leave Brockwood. Tapas, Terry S., and the Dutch woman Bep were there. Krishnaji was less condemning. He spoke of good and evil, which we all know and which emanate from man's actions, which are the field we generally live in and act from. He spoke of something outside of these, something not growing out of them or a progression, but from "the other side." Can we act and educate in that? I saw it clearly and felt deeply moved. I saw my own crouching in everyday busy-ness, seeing that one cannot seek out the "Other," but rather using this non-demand to allow too much energy on this side of things, and hence not looking in Krishnaji's sense for the "Other." I learned. It was hard then to have to listen to Terry afterward on the people who are so critical. They are getting cold feet about the Monday meeting. Yves, who taped the meeting, confessed to Mary Cadogan earlier and to me that he had told Madame Duchet about the dissidents meeting and invited her to come and didn't know why. He now doesn't want to criticize and won't be there. I took both tapes, today's and last Tuesday's, from him. Later I dined with the van der Stratens, and their lovely children, who are interested in everything, articulate, intelligent, and graceful. It was a pleasure to be with them all. Little toddly grandchildren are bundled off to faire dodo**[3]**' [*both M and S chuckle*]. 'Patrice and Axel Ferrand and their father, Suzanne's father, were there. I talked apart with Hughes, and brought him up-to-date on the case.'

The twenty-ninth of July. 'There was the Saanen Gathering Committee meeting, attended by Krishnaji, Edgar and Allema Graf, Mary Cadogan, Doris Pratt, and me. Krishnaji gave us a talking to on the need for leisure. We *all* are too busy. We need leisure to listen, to be aware, less work, more time to be quiet. They and Anneke stayed to lunch'.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> It has been a stated intention of this memoir to not hurt people's feelings. This has usually been accomplished by taking things out. However, the story of dissent at Brockwood, which has repeated itself in various guises is important to tell, and the story can't be told without the role of one of the principal dissenters. Nevertheless, the identity of this dissenter is not important, so this dissenter will simply be named Person X. Person X is the same person throughout this issue. Of course, the identity of Person X will be known to those who already know the story, but they will probably learn little that is new to them from this account.

'At 4:30 p.m., the "dissidents" meeting was held. Only Person X and Terry Saunders' [*laughter in voice*] 'turned up!' *[Both laugh*.] 'Person X objected to my being present. I asked him if he wanted to talk to Krishnaji alone. No. So, I said if Terry, who had nothing at all to do with Brockwood, were to be there, then I, as I did have responsibility for it, should stay. And if it concerned criticizing of me, if it were valid, I should know what it was. And if not, I would answer it. So, two hours of Krishnaji's time and energy were *wasted* on Person X. He said people had been fired by Krishnaji. Who? Naudé, was the response. Both Krishnaji and I jumped at that and denied it thoroughly. Then, Person X himself felt he was fired. But that was not so. We couldn't remember all the details at the time, but Mary Cadogan later filled me in. And what happened was that the year 1972, Person X was absent from Brockwood for nine months. It had been agreed, he could go to California to get some sort of architect's credit he needed to be able to practice there, but he stayed far longer than anticipated, leaving Dorothy to cope with the builders, the estimations on redoing the pavilion according to a plan Person X had made. These bids came in at twice the figure Person X had predicted. Person X suggested part of the cost be avoided by the students and Dorothy cutting down trees, etcetera. In view of the bid and having to abandon the pavilion plan, and in view of Person X having seen Krishnaji twice in interviews in Ojai that spring, and having said he disagreed with certain things at Brockwood, and therefore didn't choose to return there unless things were changed. When Krishnaji investigated, and didn't wish for Person X's suggestions to be followed, it was apparent that there was no further function for Person X at Brockwood. Mary Cadogan wrote him a letter to this effect on behalf of the trustees. In today's meeting, Person X said that Dorothy had fired him by letter, etcetera, etcetera. Finally, Krishnaji said he would hold one more meeting with Person X and anyone else who was critical, and that would be that. Person X said he would collect them. His excuse for no one turning up today was that some were up a mountain in Saanen. It was too short notice. Four days?!' [*Chuckles*.]

On the thirtieth. 'I met Nadia Kossiakof and Mary Cadogan at Belle Air. Nadia wants to publish *Tradition and Revolution* in French. Sybil Dobinson, who is here, agrees to re-edit it into proper English before the French translation.'

‘Krishnaji held the third meeting about Brockwood, with the Siddoos, Tapas, Bep, Terry Saunders, Scott Forbes, etcetera. It was less withering than the first meeting. He spoke of good and evil, morality and violence, A and B, both areas we know and live in, both emanate from man’s thinking and action. Both are “on this side of the river.” Any striving to reach the other side, another quality, is still an action from A and B. This he spoke of before, but today he spoke of *seeing*, *looking* at the A and B, and in really, really seeing it, one is out of it, and across the river. Then, as people, as teachers, in that “Other,” we create an atmosphere the student feels, and will be changed by it. Krishnaji was putting it dizzyingly. “How will you communicate this to the student so that he is immediately out of conditioning?”’ I hope you…[*S laughs over her words*]…you simply know!

S: Oh, yes, we have the answer to that one, certainly [*M laughs*]—because we don’t know have that problem ourselves. [*M laughs*.]

M: The thirty-first. ‘Krishnaji commenced the first public discussion in the tent. Nadia and Nicolas Kossiakof came for lunch. Krishnaji saw Mr. Sendra at 4:30 p.m. We walked.’

Now, the first of August. ‘Krishnaji held the second public discussion in Saanen. Topazia came to lunch.’ Do I have to identify Topazia?

S: I think you have before, but you can do it again if you’d like.

M: Alright. Topazia was an Italian, well, actually, a Sicilian noblewoman. She was a duchess in Sicily, and she was a friend of Vanda’s, and had listened to Krishnaji for ages. She had a curious history: She was married to a man who was a diplomat, I think, an Italian called…what was his name? Anyway, they were in Tokyo when the war broke out, and when Italy eventually capitulated, they were interned in a camp with their two children—daughters. And they almost starved to death. Finally the husband kept going to the camp authorities demanding to have a cow or a goat or something to get milk for the children, and they wouldn’t listen, and he finally did something quite horrifying. He convinced them of his sincerity by chopping off his finger in front of them, and this appealed to something in the Japanese psyche of a Samurai attitude or something. So they gave him the cow or the goat, whatever it was. And they survived. They then divorced later on after they came out. The daughters grew up; one of them was married to…oh, god, here and I forget again…a famous Italian author…when I need it, I can’t think of the name. You would know it, anybody would know it. Anyway, Topazia was quite poor by this time. Anyway, she came to Saanen. She also came to Brockwood. You’ve met her.

S: Yes. Yes, I have.

M: Yes. And she was always apt to be critical of everything.

S: Yes. I remember her.

M: It says here: 'Ring of criticism of Brockwood is in her, too, although she bewails the disorder in the world. "One must allow the ones who want to go counter to have their way, too," she said. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held the fourth discussion about Brockwood. Terry Saunders (who had wanted to be an art teacher at Brockwood) was contemptuous of Brockwood.'

So, now we have to go to the little book.

S: Okay.

M: On August second, 'Krishnaji held the third Saanen discussion. He spoke of the inner and the outer responsibility in relation to action in the world. When one sees the harm images have done, one feels totally responsible.'

'I brought the two Siddoo sisters and Tapas back for lunch. Krishnaji talked at length to them about their school in Vancouver. He gave them permission to use his name, but they must work closely with KFA.'

'After lunch, Person X came to talk to me alone. All of the dissidents have cold feet' [*chuckle in voice*] 'about the meeting with Krishnaji.' [*Both M and S laugh*.]

S: Yes.

M: 'At 4 p.m., a German group who wants to start a school in Switzerland came. David Rodriguez…' Do you remember him? '…and among them Terry Saunders came and left a note for Krishnaji.' Do you remember David Rodriguez?

S: I remember the group, the German group…there was an Austrian in there…and some others.

M: Yes. They were also U.G. Krishnamurti**[4]** people.

S: Oh, were they?

M: Rodriguez is the one who said the famous remark, when he told me that U.G. Krishnamurti was becoming enlightened, and I asked, "How can you tell?" He said "his feet are getting cold." [*Both laugh*.]

S: Oh dear. [*Laughs more*.]

M: Yes. He was American by birth, but a German by habitat, as it were. He taught something; English, I guess, or maybe it was art—I forget—in a German school. But he used to come occasionally. I think he mended his ways a bit later on, by getting less confrontational. [*S chuckles, then M chuckles*.]

On the third, there was the fourth Saanen discussion. 'It was about attention, why the mind functions in tradition.' Well, there's no point in going on about what he said, we've got the text on this.

S: Right.

M: So I'll skip that.

S: Okay.

M: 'Reneta Wolff and a painter friend, Hilloo Sanke, a German girl, came to lunch. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji saw Alan Nichols, and then he saw Peter Racz.' Do you remember Peter Racz?

S: No.

M: Oh, yes you do. He was a friend and admirer of David Bohm's, and he's was from a Hungarian family living in Brazil.

S: Ah, yes, yes.

M: He used to come to Brockwood now and again.

S: Yes, I remember him.

M: Yes. He was in Saanen several times.

'Mr. Sendra came to discuss with Krishnaji the Fundación Latinoamericana doing a film' [*chuckle in voice*] 'of Krishnamurti answering questions from South American students. Sacchet, the radio man, delivered the UR 210 cassette recorder that I had ordered.'

The fourth of August. 'Krishnaji held the fifth and final Saanen discussion for this year. Rudiger Wolff came to lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held the fifth Brockwood discussion, with eight from the German group attending; also Hughes van der Straten.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji rested all morning, and I did letters. No one came to lunch. At 4:30 p.m., Person X came to talk to Dorothy, and Krishnaji. Krishnaji had me there, too. Another two hours of criticism and rancor, and sitting in judgment, which went on till almost 7 p.m. Frances and Tapas, who had come up, were kept waiting through all this. Tapas is staying here, and then coming to Brockwood with Frances. Frances brought lovely photographs of Brockwood. Ted Cartee had supper with Dorothy, Montague, and me, and spent the night here in his sleeping bag.'

The sixth of August. 'A lovely, clear, warm day. I went up Diablerets in the cable car for the first time in all these years, with Dorothy and Doris. The mountain is majestic and silent. We came back after lunch. Krishnaji had stayed in bed, except for seeing Mr.

Sendra, and then Barabino in the morning. Nixon surrenders the tapes on the order of the Supreme Court and admits they contradict his statements.'

The seventh of August. 'I did more letters.'

'Topazia came for lunch. She told us of her experiences in the Japanese internment camp during the war.'

'The impeachment of Nixon is now a certainty unless he resigns. The revelation of the tapes have swept members of Congress and Senate against his remaining.' You don't mind my putting in these sort of historic markers?

S: No, no. They locate your experiences in the world's experiences.

M: The next day. 'I was up early to listen to the Voice of America news broadcast. Goldwater and Senator Hugh Scott saw Nixon yesterday. There are rumors of imminent resignation.'

'Gisele Elmenhorst and Marcelle Bondoneau came to lunch with me at the Park Hotel. She is trying to help Graf get a professional translator for the German books.'

'At 3:45 p.m., Ortolani came to see me about the status of the Barabino school, which uses Krishnaji's name. Then at 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji saw Nadia Kossiakof.'

'On the evening news, we learned that Nixon is to speak on television at 9 p.m. Washington time and announce his resignation. Dorothy, Montague, and I got up at 2 a.m. to watch it live on television here. The resignation becomes effective at noon Friday, when Vice President Gerald Ford takes the oath of office as president.'

On August ninth, 'at noon, Ford became U.S. president. Nixon goes to San Clemente. We saw the swearing in of Ford on television.'

'Tapas and Frances came to lunch.'

'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji saw Peter Racz.'

'At 7 p.m., I telephoned Erna in Ojai. The settlement still hangs on the Indian Vasanta Vihar resolution. Cohen and Christensen are in agreement on everything else. Blau insists we must go ahead with the settlement without a Vasanta Vihar quit claim, and let it come to KFA in the remainder of the settling things where it is named. It unlikely anything will be signed before Cohen and Lilliefelt return from holidays on September third.'

On the tenth, 'I went to Rougemont about Kishbaugh's rucksack.' [*M chuckles.*] 'Then I got an extra pair of walking shoes for Krishnaji to use in California. I met Nadia and brought her up to lunch at Tannegg. Rested in the afternoon. Krishnaji saw Tapas. In the

evening, Dorothy and I went to the Menuhin concert in Saanen. He and Alberto Lysy and others played an all-Vivaldi program.'

We're back to the big book for August eleventh. 'It was a gray morning. Snow fell in the night on the top of the Wasserngrat.'**[5]**

'Krishnaji slept well. After breakfast he wanted the Leonore Overture and the Fifth Symphony on the new Uher cassette player. Then he said, "There are two things you must do. First, you must talk to Dorothy and make her realize she mustn't let Brockwood just go on as it has. There must be the "*Other*." She must give herself time and attention to be open to that; otherwise, I won't go on talking to these people. They must be ready for it. If not, I will withdraw; not suddenly. But instead of three months, I will stay there two months, then one. You follow? Second, you must look after the whole, then everything will come right. It looks as if we will get the Happy Valley 100 acres. We must live in Ojai, not Malibu. As long as I live, you will be with me, and you must think of that and probably you will outlive me. You would live there and Brockwood as long as you live, but you must have someone to look after you. You will have no one; the Lilliefelts and the Simmonses have each other; the Dunnes, the same. Ruth has her children; Patterson, a son, but you have no one. So you must think of that, and have someone.'

I don't know [*S chuckles*] where I was to find that person, but anyway…Nor did I want anyone. 'Then he said, "Elfriede's husband can get work near Ojai, maybe, but you must think of it all."' Elfriede was my housekeeper. He meant that I must have someone living in the house.

S: Yes.

M: 'I said that my life and activity to the degree I can help goes to him, in his lifetime and to his work, and that is the determining thing for me. I have no desire to live personally in Ojai, but Krishnaji and his work are my life, so we will build a proper house there for him, which I will pay for, and it will belong to KFA when I am gone. He spoke of precision, watching how one lives, watching one's memory, writing down, avoiding carelessness, letting faculties slip. One must train the mind *now*. Mrs. Besant didn't. She wore out her mind. She used to breakfast on coffee and bits of orange. He doesn't think I would be ill, but he watches over me when we are apart. "I see to it, but you must be very attentive."'

Monday, the twelfth of August. 'I spent most of the day at deskwork, and walked in the afternoon with Krishnaji, and Dorothy. Dorothy and I went to another Menuhin concert. I was able to talk to Dorothy as Krishnaji wished me to. I asked her if she minded my being a sort of telephone wire to her from Krishnaji; not giving her my views, but his. I told her he suggested she take more time to go into things he had been talking about in these discussions here on Brockwood. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw Topazia, who tried to get him to let Guido Franco film him. Krishnaji said "no." Later, he told me that on the

walk that he "felt like almost disappearing." He is physically hypersensitive at present, almost sore, his head is bad.'

S: Before we go on, I think it's just worth noting that the kind of criticisms Krishnaji had of Dorothy…

M: Yes.

S: …and that, in a way, he had extraordinary patience, because this stayed like this and just got worse and worse and worse over the years.

M: I know.

S: I mean, it's twelve years later that Dorothy is finally relieved of her responsibilities.

M: She couldn't stop being defensive.

S: I know all that only too well, but what I'm *amazed* at is Krishnaji's patience and his working with her…

M: Yes.

S: …and what this required of him, the number of times he talked with *all* of us…

M: Yes.

S: …it's just mind-boggling. And the reason I mention all this is just because, in a way, it's similar to, of course, what happened with the Rajagopals, but also what happened in India. His tolerance of *resistance*, of *mediocrity*, of *hostility*…

M: Hostility.

S: …it's staggering. It is just *staggering*. And, he just goes on talking, trying, expecting people will listen, or…

M: He said that people can change. You see…

S: Yes.

M: …he thought, or he always left the door open for change, in his relationship with people, which is…I mean, until he finally had to act…

S: Yes.

M: …for some reason…

S: He had to avoid absolute total crisis.

M: Yes.

S: Yes.

M: He would put up with anything himself if he could get the thing to be right…

S: Yes, yes. But it is interesting. Here this is 1974, and he's already…you know, this is five years into the school beginning, four, really…

M: Yes.

S: …and he's already fuming at the kind of things that…

M: Yes, the mediocrity.

S: The mediocrity, and all the things that were the problem all along. It's quite something. Also, the common myth in those days was that Brockwood was really doing "*it*," what Krishnaji was talking about in education, and we were really all…

M: I know.

S: …happily living together.

M: That's right.

S: That's why it's so interesting listening to the way Krishnaji was dealing with the criticism. Even though he was very critical, when those people who were criticizing everything joined in, he listens to it, but he puts an end to it. Which, of course, when this happens later, he's not there to do that.

M: He eventually does, but, as you say, so much energy and so much time would be expended by him before he really said, "Enough."

S: Yes. It's quite remarkable.

M: Yes, it is.

S: I think this is, amongst all the extraordinarily unusual things about Krishnaji, this is one of them…

M: Yes.

S: …that's not really appreciated, I think. It's not commented on very often.

M: Well, in a way, if we can look at it, he talked for his whole lifetime to people, and if you say, "What's the result?" in terms of those people who were listening…

S: Yes.

M: …you think, my god, I'd go mad, or give up, or something would happen. But no. He kept on till the very end. [*Sigh*.]

S: Yes, yes. Anyway, I just felt it was worth commenting on this now.

M: It is.

On the thirteenth of August, 'Dorothy and Montague left in the Land Rover to pick up Doris and set off for Brockwood via Holland. Topazia came to lunch. She brought her load of others' and her own criticisms. Krishnaji explained that he doesn't intend to give interviews and talk in various places anymore, but she doesn't listen, keeps talking and thinks of things from everyone's point of view except Krishnaji's. She is nice, I think, but it is wearing. Krishnaji and I went to Saanen to the good shoemaker, Mr. E. Kohli…' Do you remember him?

S: Yes, I do indeed.

M: '…for walking shoes. Came back and walked as usual and talked of the house we may build in Ojai.' This was before we got Arya Vihara**[6]**.

S: I know.

M: The fourteenth of August. 'It was a warm, clear day. We drove to Thun. Krishnaji wanted the Mercedes gone over by Mr. Bill at Moser's before we take it to England. In Thun, we walked to the ferry steamer, but it had just pulled off. So I suggested we take a taxi to Merligen, where we were to lunch at the Hotel Beatus. Krishnaji countered with, "Let's take a bus." So we did. A new transportation.' [*M and S chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji's narrow ankles in beige socks in his Swiss walking shoes were propped on the side of the bus. In his total grace and dignity, he has the stance of a young boy. We lunched on the hotel terrace and Krishnaji observed the people. Two sparrows alit on a yellow cotton chair cover. Krishnaji surreptitiously, delicately threw them crumbs' [*chuckles*]. As we finished lunch, the steamer came by and we went across to Spiez on it and back to Thun. The Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau were clear and splendid. "Goodbye till next year," said Krishnaji to them. The car had been found in good order and we drove back through the valley. After he got back, Krishnaji's head began to hurt. "This has been going on since 1922."' He meant the events in Ojai.**[7]**

Thursday, the fifteenth. 'It was a hot day. I fetched Tapas up to lunch and took her back. Krishnaji and I walked in spite of the heat. "I feel far away, as if I didn't want to speak or touch anything."'

Friday, August sixteenth. 'It was a very hot day. Krishnaji saw Guido Franco, who hit his head on an electric cattle wire. I was reading Castaneda's *Journey to Ixtlan*'—however you pronounce that—'and Krishnaji asked me about it. I told him the part about "entities" in the wilderness and at night, which are dangerous in the book. Krishnaji nodded. He told of the sense of antagonism in the park in Madras when he went there at twilight, and at Ashdown Forest years ago, and Jayalakshmi's going to an ancient temple at night and the sense of evil there. I asked if darkness opens the mind to such perceptions because the limited senses make one feel more vulnerable and also because of the recognition of known things fills the perception and one doesn't see other things. Partly, he said, but there is more than that. He said he wouldn't walk on the path we take every afternoon if it was night. Many forests have a menace at night. I asked about Sequoia, where he lived alone in a cabin. He said he never felt it there. It was a friendly place. "But I never went out at night. I was always back by six," he said.'

'Krishnaji had a haircut in the afternoon. Madame Duperex came to see me. Krishnaji went for a walk in spite of the heat, but I didn't. In the evening, he said that the story of Rajagopal should be written down, all that he has done. Perhaps he will do it a bit at a time. He said earlier that if we do the house in Ojai, he wants to make a document "as chairman," insuring my being able to live there for my lifetime. Also at Brockwood.'

On the seventeenth, 'the heat wave continues, slightly less, but it is hot all over Europe. I posted packages to the Dunnes, cassettes of the Brockwood discussions to KFA, and a pair of hiking boots to Malibu. Then I fetched Krishnaji's new walking shoes, and filled the car with gas, etcetera. Tapas walked up the hill with little delicate handkerchiefs for me and Fosca. Krishnaji persuaded her to stay to lunch. Talked of magic in India, which is not religious to me. She was in the Ramakrishna movement when she was young. She is a Bengali, and walked 500 miles as a sannyasi, so she doesn't wear saffron. Suzanne and Hughes came by in the afternoon. Guido Franco had Krishnaji put his hand on his head for the electric shock he got, and Topazia's daughter saw Krishnaji, bringing two friends. None of them had anything to say.'

'Krishnaji and I walked to the river. I asked him if he had seen psychological changes in me? Did he think I was caught in conditioning? "No," he said, "you're not attached, not to me, not to your house, or any ideas. You were attached to your husband, but not now. That is why I must consider carefully this matter of building in Ojai."'

'I asked why it was important. What was of sole importance was what was needed for him.'

'"Because there is no one to look after you," he said. "You must carefully consider. I shall write a letter to Mrs. Lilliefelt, as chairman, about your having the house." This morning he had me send a letter to Evelyne Blau, asking her to keep in confidence what I had written yesterday about our thinking of building a house in Ojai for Krishnaji's use. Until we are sure of getting the land, it might cause added antagonism and prevent the settlement.'

‘Further on the walk, he said, “If one is not attached, one cannot be hurt.” I pressed him for some psychological noticings about me. He said sometimes my mind is slow to see things,’ [*chuckles*] and to think about that. Then he said that when he dies there must be someone to see that all this continues, not the organizational part, but the spirit.’

‘Later in the evening, he looked far off and said, when I asked, that his head was “going.” It is somehow not restful for him here after the talks. I will be glad to go to Brockwood. We hope the weather cools. We both got quite a bit of packing done.’

The eighteenth of August. ‘We packed in the morning. Krishnaji again treated Guido Franco. Tapas came for lunch. She will come to Brockwood in a week with Frances McCann. We loaded the Mercedes with all the luggage before going for a walk, ready for the departure early tomorrow. The weather broke as we were coming back from the river. Rain began, thunder and lightning. It should be cool, luckily, for our drive. Krishnaji spoke of the intense physical sensitivity he is having. He is overly sensitive to touch, his head especially. “Something is happening,” since intense meditation about three weeks ago. We had supper, and went early to bed.’

Monday, the nineteenth. ‘The alarm clock rang at 3:15 a.m. Krishnaji was already awake. Fosca made me a cup of her good strong Italian coffee. She stays to clean and close the chalet before returning to Florence on Friday.’

‘We were winding down the hill in the car, in the clear night air by 4 a.m. The storm had changed the weather, but all day there was a cloud cover shielding the sun and keeping it cool, which was luck. We were on the autoroute when Krishnaji, who lately is nervous in the car, said he would drive to settle down. He did until we started to climb to Saint-Cergues and the La Cure border crossing…’

S: Yes, that’s it.

M: ‘…and his driving made his body calm down. We stopped for croissants in Lons-le-Saunier and had a picnic breakfast on the roadside place of the last years, but it was rather cold, and Krishnaji had seen an inn a mile back. So, we went there for something hot—verveine tea for him, and café au lait for me with pain grillés. Felt better and drove on through Chalon-sur-Soâne, where we took the autoroute. We reached Paris by 1:30 p.m. and ate our picnic lunch, once again, in the Bois near where we used to walk. A woman who appeared to be a prostitute stood on the corner, and when we left and drove past her, we were both shocked to see she had a misshapen face. Krishnaji said, “I feel as though she were my sister. What would I do if she were my sister?” His compassion seemed to be that thing he described in the 1961 manuscript of being undivided from the person. By 2:30 p.m., we were at Plaza Athénée. Krishnaji went to bed. At his urging, and before fatigue closed in, I went around to Courrèges on the Rue Francois 1ere for winter woolen slacks, and luckily was able to get three pairs hemmed in time to take them tomorrow. Krishnaji bought some toothpaste, etcetera, and came back to rest. We had supper in the rooms, and went early to bed.’

August twentieth. ‘We spent a quiet morning in the hotel. We then walked before lunch over to the Champs-Elysées looking for a place that sold thin jeans. Krishnaji liked some worn by two people he interviewed in Gstaad, but the place they had recommended was for women and rather junky; there were crowds in the arcade, people eating standing up at counters; all made Krishnaji feel queasy and we fled. It is not good for him to be in these places. It is like blaring noise to his senses. We went back to that bastion of another style’ [*humor in voice*], ‘the Plaza Athénée. I had a slow, relaxed, and delicious lunch in the garden. The weather was pleasant: between warm and cool. We had a leisurely departure at 3:40 p.m. for Le Havre. Krishnaji was again somewhat nervous in the car, but he drove for a little, which relaxed him. Near the Tancarville Bridge, we passed a bad accident of a car that had rushed passed us earlier. The police were in charge. We arrived at Monaco, the usual restaurant we go to, at 6:30 p.m. and had to wait till 7:15 p.m. to dine. Krishnaji kept saying, “This is the last time here. After this, we fly, no more driving.” We took the Normandy ferry at 9 p.m. It was not as crowded as on other crossings. We went right to bed and had a quiet voyage.’ We had cabins for the crossing, which made a difference.

August twenty-first. ‘We were off the ferry and driving through Southampton by 7:15 a.m. It was a gentle, summer morning, cloudless with mist rising from the hollows. “You are back in your England again,” said Krishnaji, and so I felt, smiling and full of affection for this lovely countryside. As we drove up to the front door of the West Wing, Dorothy was opening it. She, Montague, and Doris got there Monday. The Assembly Hall seems hardly advanced since we left, and Dorothy’s office and Ingrid’s and Doris’s rooms are all torn up. Dorothy joined us for breakfast in the West Wing kitchen. Then, slowly unpacking, rest, and a walk with Dorothy and Whisper in the late afternoon. To the beauty of this place, there is the added sense of return to a place one loves.’

S: We should just say that the reason that you were driving this time, because Krishnaji had already said he didn’t want to, was to bring the Mercedes back here.

M: Yes, yes.

Tuesday, August twenty-second. ‘Krishnaji’s eyes tear and there is swelling around his nose. We made an appointment for Doctor Riley at the Alresford Clinic to come to see him tomorrow. I went to Winchester for a chest of drawers to be used in the West Wing dining room when we use it as a guestroom during the Brockwood Gathering. I finished unpacking. Krishnaji stayed in bed instead of going for a walk. The new IBM typewriter, which corrects, like the one in Malibu, was delivered in July, and what a difference it makes.’ [*S chuckles*.]

On the twenty-third. ‘Dr. Riley saw Krishnaji for the first time and thinks Krishnaji’s symptoms are allergic and maybe he has a slight sinus infection. He recommended Krishnaji recommencing Dr. Wolf’s *Actar* pills, since they have helped him, and he added some eye and nose drops. He also said to discontinue milk in the nose, which Krishnaji had been doing so carefully and faithfully since Dr. Parchure prescribed it in India last winter.’ [*Both chuckle*.] He was the best patient!

S: I know, I know.

M: 'Dorothy and I walked to the field and back, and did some pruning in the grove. Krishnaji sat up to see the program *Kojak* on television.'

So, for the twenty-fourth we need to go back to the little book. 'I went to West Meon and Petersfield on errands. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I pruned some more in the grove. The medicine is helping Krishnaji.'

August twenty-fifth. 'I fixed flowers in the West Wing and finished changing the dining room into another guestroom. Frances McCann and Tapas arrived in the afternoon. Frances is in the spare room. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. Pruning is too tiring for him. We went the whole walk.' That means all around the grove and down by the lane. 'The tents were partly up in the field. Ted and others have erected very nice wooden lavatories and also a cooking tent for the campers. We watched the movie *The Quiet Man* on television.' That was a lovely movie.

S: Let's just say something about this dining room up here in the West Wing: I never knew either of you to ever eat in that dining room.

M: We did, but not much. It was originally, when we first got Brockwood, it was supposed to be a room for Vanda, but Vanda never came, so I made it into a dining room. The theory when we bought Brockwood was that perhaps one day, who knows, Krishnaji would have to stay here for long periods of time, and the school might not be in session. Who knows what would happen to the school, but I could function and take care of him, and cook for him and do everything in the West Wing, independently of the school. That was the original intention with the West Wing. And originally, the library downstairs was Alain Naudé's work room. There's a counter and bookshelves that were not there when we bought the house. Those were put in for Alain to use. And Alain's room is the room you're now in.

S: Yes.

M: And then, when he left, Krishnaji decided to give Alain's work room to the school as a library. Krishnaji kept the little blue room to…

S: A small interview room.

M: …give interviews. But eventually, as you know, he gave it to the school, too.

S: Yes, yes.

M: That was the evolution of things.

The twenty-sixth of August. 'Krishnaji said there had been "a marvelous meditation." He looked happy and well. There was much work in the tent preparations. A walk. No more

pruning until after the talks, but we had done really quite a lot.' And my diary says, 'Charles Lindbergh died in Maui, Hawaii of cancer.'

On the twenty-eighth of August, 'Mary Links came down by train and I met her at Petersfield at noon. We talked before and after lunch with Krishnaji. She had questions on his occult powers not dealt with in the biography. Krishnaji described it as a faculty he could have but doesn't choose to use. "Like reading other people's private letters." We went over with Mary questions on his citizenship application form; his mother's name was Jiddu.' That means maiden name. 'She was a first cousin of his father.'

S: Hm…

M: I'd forgotten that.

'I took Mary to the 5:45 p.m. train back to London. Krishnaji walked with Dorothy. I took a walk after supper, and stopped to see Jim Fowler**[8]**, who is in one of the cottages and who had a heart attack three weeks ago and is just out of hospital. There was a letter from my brother in New York, and the newest draft of the settlement agreement from Mr. Cohen.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji said again there had been "a marvelous meditation." He dictated several pages on Rajagopal and their relationship through the years. I typed it and some letters. He and I walked in the afternoon, as usual. Whisper was stung by something, and Krishnaji rubbed her. We luckily had her on a tight leash when we ran into Mr. Morton. I asked him if I could rent space in his garages for the Mercedes during the winter.'

S: What happened to those notes of Krishnaji's on Rajagopal?

M: We have it.

S: We do?

M: Yes. I have it in my file. In fact, it's published in a book.

On the thirtieth, 'I telephoned Mr. Popavic of the UN about Narasimhan coming to see the home secretary about Krishnaji's citizenship. People have arrived for the talks, and the house is full.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave the first Brockwood talk. We ate in the tent. The weather was medium good, but the tent was filled. We walked in the afternoon.'

On the first of September, 'Krishnaji gave the second Brockwood talk. Afterward, I gave him salad and fruit in the kitchen in the West Wing, and then he went back to the tent for the rest of lunch with everybody. There was rain and wind. We walked in the afternoon.'

The next day, 'there was heavy rain and gale winds. We walked all the same.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'We had a meeting of the Bohms, Dorothy, Ted Cartee, Joe Zorski, and Harsh Tankha about the scientific meeting in October. George Digby signed Krishnaji's application for citizenship. Mary L. sent me suggested wording for some replies on Krishnaji's citizenship application.'

September third. 'Krishnaji held a public discussion in the tent in spite of heavy showers and gales. We again had the beginning of lunch in our kitchen, and then finished the meal in the tent. Krishnaji said it was a good discussion.'

The next day, 'I went to Winchester on errands and to buy a cardigan for Krishnaji. The weather is still raining. We walked as always in the late afternoon.'

S: I don't know if this is worth putting in here, but the rain and the wind were so bad…

M: Yes, yes…

S: …that Ted Cartee and I, throughout the whole of the talks…

M: Had to keep hammering.

S: …had to keep hammering the stakes holding down the tent back into the ground. The stakes were over three feet long.

M: Yes.

S: …and they were being pulled out of the sodden ground by the wind. We eventually replaced them with five-foot fence posts that we were hammering totally into the ground, and they, too, were still being pulled out.

M: Well, I remember from inside that the canvas of the tent, it reminded me of a sail on a ship…

S: Yes.

M: It would rise up and then it would come *wooooosh* down, and each time I thought, will it come all the way down this time?

S: Well, that's just it. There was a very genuine concern that the tent would collapse…

M: …would collapse on everybody.

S: Yes. Every morning I'd wake up and I wasn't sure the tent would still be there. It was quite phenomenal.

M: I remember it from inside, and the feeling that…here it goes.

S: Yes. And literally, by the time we got all the way around the tent hammering the stakes back in, the stake that we'd started with was already out.

M: My lord.

S: It was phenomenal. We had no business being in a tent on the top of a hill in that weather. Really, it was dangerous.

M: I think there was some year when the tent people were averse to putting up the tent on top of the hill.

S: Well, why they didn't come and do something dramatic that year, I just don't understand, unless they had other tents they had to contend with, because…

M: Yes.

S: …it was ridiculous.

M: And that heavy a canvas would've hurt people if it had fallen.

S: Oh, yes, it could have killed someone.

M: And the tent had big central posts and all that stuff.

S: And of course, the person who was most vulnerable of all was Krishnaji because he was sitting on the platform, so he was the highest point.

M: Highest point, yes.

S: So he would've borne most of the weight.

M: Ugh!

S: Anyway.

M: There was a time when Lakshmi Shankar, the Indian singer, came, and I remember her singing through things like that. She just kept going. I thought it was quite a performance with this *woosh*…

S: Yes.

M: On the fifth of September, 'it continued to rain steadily. We filled the tents with straw to sop up the mud. Krishnaji held the second public discussion. It was very good. He and I had salad upstairs and the balance of lunch in the tent. I spoke to Burt Greenberger, who wants Krishnaji in a film on aspects of death he is making for Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji and I went to Winchester where, before a

commissioner for oaths, Krishnaji signed his application for British citizenship. We came back and walked in the rain. Ian Hammond says the cost of pushing the Assembly Hall to use for the scientists' meeting is prohibitive. He also says he will help financially with the cost of rewiring found to be necessary in the house. Krishnaji is tired after all the day's activities.'

The next day, 'I worked mostly at my desk and went to Petersfield on errands. *Terrible* weather continues. Alternately heavy showers and some sun. We walked in the driving rain.'

The seventh of September. 'Violent winds uprooted two large beach trees. Krishnaji gave his third Brockwood talk in spite of gales. Lakshmi Shankar, her daughter, and a drummer gave a recital in honor of Krishnaji in the tent. There was rain and mud and wind, and we walked in spite of it all.'

The next day, 'Sun at last. Krishnaji gave the fourth talk in the tent. Jane and Ian Hammond had a picnic lunch with us in the kitchen, after which Krishnaji and I went back to the tent. As this was the last talk, people began to leave.'

The ninth of September. 'I took the 9:50 a.m. to London. After some errands, I lunched with Mary L. We went over photographs for the biography. Then I went to the health food store for Molat for Krishnaji.'

S: What's that?

M: I've forgotten what it was exactly; something nutritious that tasted horrid. [*S laughs, M chuckles*.] 'Then I went to where I could give Mr. Popovic Krishnaji's Indian passport and the application to the home secretary for British citizenship, which Narasimhan is coming to London about on Friday. Then I went back by bus to get a mohair cover for Krishnaji's bed. Eventually, I got to Waterloo and was at Brockwood at 5 p.m.'

There is really nothing significant for the next few days until September twelfth, when 'Krishnaji and I went to London by train. The usual Huntsman, where he chose some tweeds for two trousers for him and one skirt to be made at Rowe's for me. Krishnaji had a haircut; then we met Mary L. at Fortnum's for lunch. Krishnaji questioned Mary about what Nitya was like. We got back to Petersfield by 6 p.m. Krishnaji told me to watch him, as "I am very far off." Krishnaji had a letter from Nandini who stayed with Amru at Vanda's in Rome and met there Rosalind Rajagopal at lunch.'

Then, in the big book, there is what appears to be two partial conversations between Krishnaji and me.

Krishnaji: "I'm interested to see what the brother was like because the last few days it's been haunting me. Am I very polite? The last few nights I dreamt of him, a peculiar dream. He and I were talking. Rajagopal came in, and we pushed him. A deep rooted distress, or pain, or suffering…or a sense of fun?"

Mary: “Were the dreams painful?”

Krishnaji: “Sometimes he’s on a train, and I try to catch it and can’t. Or, he’s falling into a river, and I try to catch him and can’t.”

Mary: “What about fun?”

Krishnaji: “Sometimes we’re laughing.”

Mary: “When did this physical sensitivity come about?”

Krishnaji: “Before Gstaad.”

Mary: “All of a sudden?”

Krishnaji: “Slowly. It began with the head, of course. When we came back to Brockwood, sometimes the sensitivity precedes the head pain; sometimes they go together.”

Mary: “Did you have it today in London?”

Krishnaji: “I was lost.”

Mary: “And at lunch?”

Krishnaji: “A little bit.”

Mary: “Did the haircut bother you?”

Krishnaji: “A little bit. I told the barber to go slow.”

S: Now, what was this sensitivity that he’s referring to?

M: Well, he’d been talking with me about increased sensitivity.

On September thirteenth. ‘Narasimhan flew over from Paris. He wrote a letter to the home secretary, Roy Jenkins, and spoke to a Mr. Herman in the home office about Krishnaji’s application for British citizenship. He telephoned from the airport at noon, as he was catching a plane to New York. It was a poor connection, and hard to hear, but I spoke later to Mr. Popovic at the UN office about it.’

‘I worked at my desk all morning. Both Drs. Siddoo, Jackie and Sarjit, arrived from Vancouver for a continuation of Tannegg/Brockwood discussions on schools. Also four people from the German-speaking would-be school group, Dr. Neusiedler, Rudiger Wolff, Mudler, and David Rodriguez.’

On the fourteenth, 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a follow on Tannegg/Brockwood discussion on schools. He saw the German-speaking school group alone after lunch.'

S: We were all present in those, weren't we? It wasn't just that group?

M: No, no, that's right.

S: I think it was plus the whole staff, wasn't it?

M: I think so.

'The German-speaking school group plan to have their school in Austria. At lunch, Krishnaji told the Siddoos I should be on their committee. This without telling me in advance!' [*Laughing*.] I didn't want to be on their committee! 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.'

'The next two days Krishnaji held two more of the educational meetings.'

Also on the sixteenth, 'Krishnaji and I met the two Siddoos with Tapas present about their schools in Vancouver, to be called The Krishnaji Educational Center, with Krishnaji as honorary chairman. Jackie Siddoo as president, and Sarjit Siddoo as vice president, and a Mr. Smith as secretary/treasurer. I was asked to be on the board, but suggested Erna instead.' [*Both laugh*.]

S: How generous of you!

M: Yes! [*Laughs.*] Well, it made sense. 'Krishnaji and I with Whisper went for a walk. Dorothy is not feeling well. In the evening, Krishnaji talked to a Brockwood teacher who was having problems.'

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji held the fourth discussion on education with the same group. "Action of listening." Right after lunch, I went to Petersfield on errands, and then drove to East Dean to see my friends'—Phil and Christopher Fry. 'We talked, and had tea. It was very pleasant. I was home in time to get Krishnaji his supper. Krishnaji had walked with Whisper. Krishnaji gave an interview to Dr. Neusiedler, the head of the German school group.'

On the next day, 'Krishnaji held the fifth and final discussion on education with the same group. I did deskwork after that and then went for a walk with Krishnaji in the afternoon. It was a sunny day. I talked to the Siddoos regarding the constitution of their educational center. Anneke left for Holland.'

On the nineteenth, 'Vicky and Ankil, who have been at Brockwood for some months, are leaving.' Does that mean anything to you?

S: No.

M: ‘They were married in Winchester, and Dorothy was the witness. I did more deskwork. Krishnaji gave an interview to Tapas.’

S: We’ve run out of tape, Mary.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Sanskrit for ‘devotion.’

[2] Strawberry.

[3] A French expression, usually for children, meaning to go to bed.

[4] A man unrelated in any way to Krishnaji, who claimed to be enlightened, and who, every year, “just happened” to be in Saanen when Krishnaji held his annual talks. He openly garnered an audience for his small-scale talks from those who came to hear Krishnaji.

[5] A small local mountain.

[6] Pine Cottage, where Krishnaji had lived as a young man, and Arya Vihara, where Nitya died, were eventually acquired as part of the settlement agreement. Mary built a house for Krishnaji and herself on Pine Cottage.

[7] This is the first recording of what became known as “the process.”

[8] Jim Fowler was a staff member at Brockwood.

Issue 33: September 20, 1974 to December 31, 1974

After reading this issue, the proofreader for this project said that it feels like the end of one era and the start of another; and she is right.

The long lawsuit against Rajagopal is finally settled, and the property that the Krishnamurti Foundation of America acquires in that settlement is the basis for the current Krishnamurti Foundation offices, the archives building, the Krishnamurti study center, and some staff housing (all in the east end of the valley); and the Krishnamurti school in the west end. The settlement also returned Pine Cottage to Krishnaji, which I believe is the only place Krishnaji ever felt was his home. Not only did he spend the years of World War II there, but he lived there as a boy with his brother Nitya. In front of Pine Cottage is the famous Pepper Tree, under which he first experienced "the process" that has been discussed in so many biographies of Krishnaji. Less than 100 yards from Pine Cottage is Arya Vihara, the old houses in which Nitya died. Pine Cottage would eventually be extended and built onto, and would become the home of Krishnaji and Mary; and the place where both Krishnaji and Mary died.

Another sense in which this is the start of a new era is the explicitness with which Krishnaji made Mary his representative; something he continued to feel for the rest of his life—a contention I can support with many anecdotes to which I was a party. This is a role she filled in a remarkably exemplary way.

This may be the place to state something so obvious that it may have escaped many people's attention: Krishnaji's life and the presentation of his work changed dramatically because of Mary. Not only did Mary make it possible for Krishnaji to have a much more comfortable lifestyle, but because of Mary, Krishnaji could finally escape the clutches of Rajagopal and company (as Krishnaji called them). In the first instance, this resulted in Krishnaji recovering his copyright and the formation of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust in England to look after new publications. Soon after, Mary helped start the Krishnamurti Foundation of America. With Mary's support, Krishnaji's talks and discussions expanded enormously and his contacts with universities and special interest groups (e.g., psychologist, scientists, etcetera) developed. Mary also carried most of the costs of the legal case against Rajagopal, which resulted in the developments discussed above, but also in the return of Vasanta Vihar to what would become the Krishnamurti Foundation of India, and which became their headquarters. In fact, the "before Mary" and "after Mary" pictures of Krishnaji's life and the reach of his work are so dramatically different that in many ways they seem like the lives and works of two different people.

Mary: We're at Brockwood, and it's September twentieth, 1974. Not much happened for Krishnaji other than an interview with a woman and her daughter. Their names are in the diary and I remember them. The mother was supposed to be "possessed."

Scott: Tell me about it.

M: The mother felt she was possessed, and the daughter brought her to Krishnaji. As nearly as I can remember, Krishnaji talked to her, and then told her to send him something that belonged to her, like a ring or a piece of jewelry or something that was hers. And she did; she sent some sort of a silver something. I forget—it was a pin or a ring; and he kept it with him for a few days, kept it on his bedside table, and periodically touched it. Then he sent it back.

S: Was there any word from her afterwards?

M: I'm trying to remember. Maybe, we'll come upon it.

S: Okay.

M: The next day, 'it is still cold and rainy, and Krishnaji talked to the Siddoo sisters and Tapas in the afternoon about their center and its constitution.'

On the twenty-second, 'I drove to see friends in Sussex, Fleur and Tom Meyer. I was back at Brockwood by six. Tapas and the Siddoos left for Canada.'

On September twenty-third, 'More gales,' [*S laughs*] 'and more rain. Krishnaji and I took the 10:30 a.m. train to London. The traffic in town was so slow that I couldn't get to Rowe's for my scheduled fitting. We went instead to Huntsman, Krishnaji just touching base there, and then we walked to Hatchard's, where we bought some detective novels.'

'We lunched with Mary at Fortnum's, and discussed subtitles for the first volume of the biography. At present it is *Krishnamurti: The Years of Unfolding*, which Krishnaji doesn't like. He doesn't like the word *unfolding*.'

'Mary and Joe go to the south of France this week for a holiday. Krishnaji had a strawberry ice cream for dessert' [*S chuckles*], 'and the scoops were rather small so he had another serving' [*S chuckles, M chuckles*]. 'He was pleased as a child. We chose some cheeses and coffee downstairs, and I got him a recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony that he has asked for. It can be played on the portable player that has been sitting in a cupboard.'

'We then went to Mr. Thompson'—that's the dentist—'who warned that Krishnaji might have more tooth troubles, needing extractions. I was worried, but he was prepared, he said later, to have them out all at one terrible swoop today. I waited outside and then was called in to help decide to pull one upper left molar next to the eye tooth. It is infected. Yes, said Krishnaji. Thompson said it would come out fairly easily, so Novocain and x-rays and then a firm pull, a horrid noise, and it was out. One infected root and one healthy one. I was again awed by Krishnaji's hands, his fingers open through it all, not clenched.' You know, he sat with his hands relaxed.

S: Okay, so not tense?

M: No, no. His fingers were just out and relaxed. Not holding onto the arms of the chair for dear life.

S: Yes, which I do even when I'm just having my teeth cleaned. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'Thompson commented on the rarity of this, and how it makes the muscles relax. Then Krishnaji had to lie down for ten minutes. He said he felt fine. One more tooth may have to go at the next appointment on the tenth of October. The Thompsons were asked to come to Brockwood on Sunday.' That's he and his wife.

'It was raining, and I got a nice secretary to help me snare a cab to get Krishnaji quickly to Waterloo. She succeeded, and he didn't have to wait. He said in the cab that he had told the body what it must prepare for, possibly *all* the teeth coming out.'

S: Uoish.

M: '"I have trained it," he said, (referring to his body). We got quickly to Waterloo and were able to get right into an empty carriage on the 5:14 p.m. train. Krishnaji looked perfectly well, and opened one of the six new detective novels. I was glad when he was safely into bed and had his supper tray. I was suddenly very tired by 9 p.m. He said I had suffered for him.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Maybe, maybe, but I went to bed thankful.' [*Chuckles again*.]

The twenty-fourth for me was 'deskwork and laundry. The students are all here for the start of the new term. Krishnaji says he has no pain from the tooth that was pulled. I had a book subtitle conversation with Mary L. on the telephone. Krishnaji is thinking about it.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji had a subtitle for the biography: *Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening*.'

S: Mm. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: It came into his mind in the night. He is pleased. So is Mary, and luckily, as it turned out, so is John Murray.' That's the publisher. 'The new title had arrived just in time to be printed instead of *The Years of Unfolding*. Krishnaji also said he had awakened at 4 a.m., "As though I was completely purged of everything. The mind was washed out clean and healthy. Much more than that, a tremendous sense of joy, ecstasy it was."'

S: Hm.

M: On September twenty-sixth, 'Mary and Joe left for their holiday in St. Paul de Vence and Venice, but sent word via Amanda that John Murray had accepted the change of the subtitle *The Years of Awakening*. Amanda also said that Naudé had telephoned Mary that his father is dying in South Africa, and he may go there, stopping in London.'

The twenty-seventh of September. ‘I took an early train alone to London on errands. Bought records for Krishnaji and shoes that lace for my hurting left foot at Ferragamo. Got back to Krishnaji, who had given an interview to two of Brockwood’s staff members.’

On the twenty-eighth, ‘I discussed a good hi-fi for Krishnaji’s room with Harsh Tankha **[1]**. He will get it and install it. I went over the details of the scientists’ meeting with the Bohms.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji gave his first talk of the term to the students and staff. The Hamish Thompsons came and stayed to lunch.’ That’s the dentist and his wife. ‘Harsh is to go ahead with the hi-fi in Krishnaji’s room.’

Monday, September thirtieth. There are family things. Then, ‘John McGreevy of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation arrived to do the film for television of Krishnaji for the series *People of Our Time* program. Discussed it with Krishnaji. I telephoned the home office for any news of Krishnaji’s citizenship application. They said it has gone higher up.’

Tuesday, the first of October. ‘At 11:30 a.m., and then again in the afternoon, Krishnaji did filming for the Canadian Broadcasting in the drawing room and walking on the lawn. It was very disturbing to talk on a subject for three and half minutes or four, exactly. He did a voice-over audio recording of Krishnaji reading from the *Krishnamurti Penguin Reader*. Krishnaji said he had never done that, but he tried it and, as he seemed to think his own words, which he had never read, were rather apt, he found it easier.’ [*Both M and S laugh.*] ‘When he talked to the camera, it was necessary to explain how close and intimate it is; there is no need to project as if he were talking to a person. Krishnaji said he doesn’t look at people when he talks. It might be an intrusion. He doesn’t want to read their minds. After the day’s shooting was done, we went for a walk, and it was a release for him.’

That’s interesting that he doesn’t look at people because, if he does, he reads their minds. [*Both chuckle, then laugh.*] I always assumed that he could read my mind.

S: Oh, he *showed* me he could read mine.

M: [*chuckles*] He showed you?

S: Yes, he showed me.

M: How do you mean he showed you?

S: He showed me once. It was *verrrry* interesting.

M: Tell, tell.

S: Well [*sigh*], it must have been…I think it was ’75 or ’76, and I was having my first private interview with Krishnaji. We were sitting downstairs here in the West Wing. It must’ve been just before he went out for a walk, because I remember he was dressed to go out for his walk. We were sitting on the white couch, which is no longer there in the sitting room, not in the drawing room, but which used to be at the bottom of the steps. We were sitting side by side; I was sitting on Krishnaji’s right—I can still see it all very clearly. I had internally said to myself from the beginning of things that I didn’t want to hide anything from Krishnaji; he can know anything he wants to know. Anyway, I had just been telling myself this internally again, and he began saying some things to me that I was thinking. And as I looked up at him, he was looking at me and smiling at me as if to say, “Is this enough of a demonstration for you?” and he seemed to be showing me that he understood I wasn’t trying to hide anything.

M: Mm, hm.

S: It took my breath away, but it also made the whole thing I wanted to talk with him about easier, because then I didn’t have to explain it. He already knew it.

M: [*chuckling*] Yyyeeesss.

S: And then he just went on talking about the whole thing I wanted to ask him about but which I hadn’t found a way to yet present—he just went on and he talked with me about the whole thing. I can’t now remember what it was I wanted to talk to him about, but this funny little demonstration at the beginning is something I will never forget.

M: That’s very interesting.

Well, from the first time, when I did go and try to tell him things, and also from the interview that I had in Rishi Valley where…I know we’ve covered this…but to go back to it just briefly. I said to him that as I seem to be becoming a fixture [*chuckle*] around him, that I felt that it was only right that he should know anything he wanted to know about the people around him, and…you know, “here I am.” And he said something about he was shy about doing that, and I said “well, I’m shy too.” Well, anyway, I’ve already told the story about this, but I was asking him, and I also said, “If you notice things about me that I ought to know, *please* tell me.” And that’s when he said, well, “I’m shy, I’m shy about that.” I said, “well, I’m shy too, but I would be grateful.” And I always assumed, from the very beginning, that he could read my mind.

S: Yes. Perhaps I should put in here also the small…because it happened about this time, but it is a silly little anecdote for myself, about the first time Krishnaji personally addressed me.

M: How do you mean personally addressed you? Called you by name?

S: No. He just came up and spoke to me, and this was about a year before the first private interview I just recounted.

M: Oh.

S: I was doing dishes in the school scullery.

M: Oh.

S: I was just doing rota**[2]** and Krishnaji came in from lunch and put his plate down, and he came up to me and said, "Why don't you wear gloves?"

M: Oh yes! I remember that. [*Laughing.*]

S: Well, I was absolutely dumbstruck that here was ***this*** man asking me ***this*** question. [*Both laugh*.] And as I remember it, I just stood with my mouth open, and then Krishnaji, eventually just turned around and walked away. And I imagined he was thinking to himself, something like, "Oh, no, another idiot here who can't respond to a simple question." [*Both are laughing.*]

M: He was very fussy about wearing kitchen gloves while doing dishes, as you well know.

S: Yes, I did eventually come to know this. But at that time, with my mouth hanging open, and Krishnaji just standing there, racing though my brain were things like, 'Well, why aren't I wearing gloves?" and 'You don't actually have a reason for not wearing gloves, do you?' And a whole dialogue was occurring in my head but not a word came out.

M: Oh, that's funny.

I think I've told you that he called me Mrs. Zimbalist for the first seven years [*with laughter in voice*] that he was my house guest.

S: Yes. At least he called me Scott right from the beginning.

M: Yes, well, you were a man.

S: Yes.

M: Yes.

S: But there was something about the way he said my name. It was absolutely lovely. It was the way it formed in his mouth. I'd never paid attention to how my name sounds from different people.

M: Yes.

S: But somehow from Krishnaji's mouth it sounded…

M: …different.

S: Yes, it sounded different…it had a richness to it.

M: Yes.

S: It wasn't the American *Scott*, or an English one, it was all his own. No one has ever quite said it…

M: Yes, yes.

S: …it's a simple word, but no one quite said it like that.

M: With me, he went from Mrs. Zimbalist to Maria. I don't ever remember his calling me Mary. I don't think he did. If he did, I don't remember it and it would only have been brief. But because there was so many Marys…Mary Lutyens, Mary Cadogan…

S: Yes.

M: …so he called me Maria.

S: I should also say at this time, as I seem to be intruding some of my own remembrances in this, that I can't remember how long it was before I spoke to Krishnaji in public meetings and staff meetings. And when I did, I was forcing myself.

M: Yes.

S: I had to force myself for a long time, before it felt right. And I can still remember now the overwhelming shame.

M: Shame? Why shame?

S: That I was only what I was…

M: Hm, hm.

S: …and that I would talk with Krishnaji. It just seemed so wrong that I should have the gall to say something to him. [*M chuckles.*] But I knew that that's not what he wanted.

M: Yes.

S: But it was very hard for a long time.

M: It's funny. A woman in the center earlier today came up to me in the kitchen when I was washing up, said to me that she'd looked at a tape that I was on, and she asked, "Did you really not understand what he was saying, or were you asking questions to him to try

to get him to explain more?" And I said, "Well, I don't know because I don't know what is of different tapes, and I can't remember." But, I used to *not* speak up in meetings deliberately, because I thought that I had the extraordinary opportunity to be able to talk to him at any time, and in the meetings, I must let everybody else have a chance. So, I held back in a lot of those meetings.

So…where are we? Ah, yes, October second.

So, on that day, 'Krishnaji did more filming for CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation), some in The Blue Room and some in The Rose Garden. He walks without self-consciousness and does spontaneous things that occur to him—picking up a leaf, examining a flower, as though he were totally alone. He is getting bored with it, though. We walked when it was done.'

On the third of October, 'Krishnaji finished the CBC filming by lunchtime in the drawing room. It seems to have gone very well, so says John McGreevy. Krishnaji slept long in the afternoon and then we walked.'

October fourth. 'The hi-fi is installed in Krishnaji's room. He is pleased. He asked me what I thought the difference was between the piano playing of Michelangeli and of Richter. I asked him, "What is it to you?" Krishnaji, after a pause, said, "One has sun, the other snow."' [*S chuckles.*] Isn't that nice?

S: It is nice.

M: That's really wonderful. I remember that…

S: Yes, yes. It would have to be Michelangeli has the sun, and Richter the snow.

M: Yes, yes.

On the fifth, 'I went to Winchester on errands, and to get more records for Krishnaji. The usual walk.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. It was cold and rainy, but we walked nonetheless.'

On the eighth, my diary says, 'Krishnaji talked to school. Walk.' This is really not very informative.

Finally for October tenth we move to back to the big book.

'Krishnaji and I went to London for fittings at Huntsman and Rowe. We lunched at Fortnum, where we had ice cream for dessert. His face lights up when we order it. We had strawberry. We bought cheeses at Jackson, and then went to Mr. Thompson who said Krishnaji's canine teeth have slight pus but can wait till the spring for extraction. He is to

use salt water meanwhile to wash his mouth out. We went to HMV' —that's the record store—'and bought twelve records, and came home by train in time for supper. A cable came from Erna saying the agreement to settle the case is on the way to Krishnaji and me for our signatures. I feel nothing about this until we know the other side has also signed. Krishnaji said today, "I don't know why I've been dreaming for the last two days. Long ago and far away."'

Nothing much on the eleventh except that we moved all the furniture around in the drawing room to set it up for the scientists' conference; long tables, etcetera. We walked.

On October twelfth, 'the settlement papers arrived. Erna telephoned from Ojai that Sidney Roth is holding out for changes.' That was exasperating. Sidney Roth was a fussy man, but as he was one of the plaintiffs, he had the right. 'The scientists began to arrive for the next week's meetings. Dr. Shainberg was the first one. Krishnaji has a slight cold.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. We telephoned Sidney Roth. He ranted on to both Krishnaji and me. He will send a letter with his views, but he agreed to sign. Impossible man, he doesn't listen. Thank god I held out against his being a KFA trustee years ago when the Lilliefelts suggested it.'

'Mr. Morton showed me the garage space I can rent at $5 a month for the Mercedes storage.'

'The rest of the scientists arrived. The drawing room is set up with long tables for the meeting. The first meeting, a preliminary one without Krishnaji, was held after supper. David Bohm as chairman went over the agenda, but they all fell to discussing then and there.'

'Krishnaji still has a slight cold, and we didn't walk.'

Monday, the fourteenth of October. 'There was the first formal meeting between the scientists and Krishnaji, with David Bohm as chairman. Present were: Krishnaji; Dr. David Brett, physician; Dr. F.J. Capra, physicist; Dr. Elisabeth Ferris, alternative medicine; Dr. Gordon Globis, psychiatry: Dr. Brian Goodwin, biological sciences; Dr. Basil Hiley, theoretical physics; Dr. Julian Melzack, philosophy of science; Robin Monroe, bio-physics; David Peat, theoretical physics, and a representative of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and who is reporting the conference for it; Dr. Karl Pribram, researcher in brain structure; Dr. David Shainberg, psychiatry; George Sudarshan, physicist; Harsh Tanka, Brockwood teacher of math; Dr. Montague Ullman, psychiatry; Professor Maurice Wilkins, bio-physics, DNA, Nobel prize laureate; Dr. Joe Zorski, Brockwood teacher of physics and chemistry; and Professor David Bohm, theoretical physics. Observers were Dorothy Simmons, Ted Cartee, George Carnes, Saral Bohm, and me.' Why weren't you there?

S: I was brand-new to Brockwood.

M: Oh. On the fifteenth of October 'was the second day of the in the morning and afternoon. Drs. Pribram, Shainberg, and Sudarshan gave their talks. There was a letter to Krishnaji from Enrique Biascoechea who said he has lung cancer and is having chemotherapy. Erna telephoned me about what Roth said.'

On the sixteenth was 'the third day of scientists' meeting. In the afternoon, the scientists and some Brockwood people went to Stonehenge. Krishnaji wrote to Biascoechea. Krishnaji did a taped conversation primarily with Dr. Sudarshan. Dr. Shainberg and Joe Zorsky were there, too.'

'There was a cable from Erna. Louis Blau convinced Roth to sign. Dr. Pribram discussed the brain with the school in the evening.'

On the seventeenth, 'at the meeting, Krishnaji asked Dr. Pribram if the brain is ever still. Pribram said no, even in deep sleep, the neurons are in motion, but quieted. Pribram said hypnosis is the opposite of meditation. The brain is very active. A discussion of meditation followed. Scientists asking Krishnaji questions.' Well, this will be on tape so I don't need to report all this.

October eighteenth, 'David Bohm spoke briefly in the morning. There was considerable discussion between Krishnaji and Dr. Melzack. Krishnaji, at last, gave his talk in the afternoon. Some part of it was autobiographical. Then, he spoke about what he saw that caused him to break with the Theosophical Society, etcetera. The discussion that followed led to their wanting him to discuss what death is.'

'In the evening, the students invited the scientists to meet them and told them there is fear in the school. I heard about it late in the evening from Nicolas Besnier.' Do you remember him?

S: Yes, I do. So the students had that conversation with the scientists…

M: Yes.

S: …telling them there was fear in the school? [*S laughs, then Mary does too.*] That must've thrilled Dorothy no end.

M: Yes.

On the nineteenth, 'the meeting began with Krishnaji wanting to talk about meditation before talking about death. He brought in extrasensory perception, levitation, siddhis, and called them childish toys to a real religious person. Then after that discussion, Krishnaji spoke on death. The afternoon session discussion ended the meetings. Dorothy is depressed by students claiming there is fear!' Oh goodness.

The next day. 'Most of the scientists departed, but some, including Professor Wilkins and his family, came to Krishnaji's talk with the school in which he went deeply into the

question of fear. They stayed for lunch, but by evening all were gone. There was a walk, with Dorothy still feeling low.'

The twenty-first, 'Mary Cadogan came to lunch. I did deskwork, and there was a walk. Krishnaji asked Dorothy to come to Rome and talked her into it. I made reservations for her to fly with us on Friday, and Frances McCann arranged a room in Pensione Svizzera for her to stay in.'

October twenty-second. Krishnaji and I to London by train. We went first to John Bell and Croyden, then to lunch with Mary L. at Fortnum's. Then to the U.S. consulate to have notarization of signatures of both of us on all the settlement papers. I mailed them to Erna while Krishnaji visited Mrs. Bindley. We got back to Brockwood at 7:15 p.m. Krishnaji on the train told me of Annie Besant telling him he had two angels to protect him, but don't be over-demanding of them.'

S: [*chuckling*]. So, Annie Besant told Krishnaji…

M: Yes.

S: …that he had two angels protecting him…but he mustn't…

M: …make them work too hard! [*S laughs.*] Yes, and that's what he used to tell me.

S: Yes. I know.

M: 'He also said that the body must live much longer because the brain is untouched. "I see the body must be much more protected and more alone."'

The twenty-third of October. 'Krishnaji held a meeting with the staff, after which I did deskwork. I put the Mercedes into winter storage in Mr. Morton's garage. The West Meon garage man saw to it, and Ted Cartee helped. We walked.'

The next day, 'I started the day packing. Krishnaji talked to the school, which I naturally attended, then I did more packing. I found Anneke's 1939 letter needed for the Vasanta Vihar trial in Madras. I packed till very late and got it all done.' You see, Vasanta Vihar turned out ultimately to belong to the Stichting for reasons that are too obscure now to go into.**[3]**

S: Yes.

On October twenty-fifth, 'For once I was not hurried.' I seem to be saying this a lot at this time in my diaries. [*S laughs*.] 'All was in order' [*M chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, Frances McCann, and I are leaving; Ted and Ingrid to drive the cars. We had a picnic lunch near Heathrow, and then Krishnaji, Dorothy, Frances, and I flew BEA at 1:35 p.m. to Rome. Vanda and Barabino met Krishnaji and me, and Dorothy went with Frances to the Pensione Svizzera on via Gregoriana. Krishnaji and I with Vanda went to Via

Barnaba Oriani'—that's where she had a flat—'and I telephoned Filomena. She and Arturo have colds. There was no heat in the house yet, so it's damp and cold in Rome. Slept more or less.'

The twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji dictated a memoranda to me about living and building in Ojai, to look at the whole matter. Krishnaji stayed in bed all day resting. Frances and Dorothy to lunch, also Topazia. I walked down for the newspapers and went early to bed.' God, it was cold in that place.

On October twenty-seventh, 'It was cold but there was some sun. Krishnaji got up for lunch. The Indian ambassador Pant and his wife were there, and their daughter, and Dorothy and Frances. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Frances, and I walked in Villa Glori. Alberto appeared in the evening.' That's Vanda's son.

The next day, 'Filomena still has a cold, so I went into Rome alone by bus. Cashed some lire, did errands for Krishnaji, and came back by bus in time for lunch. Emilio Villa and the lady (wife?) were there. We talked all afternoon. Krishnaji and I walked late.'

S: Who was that?

M: Emilio Villa. He was a friend of Vanda's and was often there. The name is very familiar to me, but I can't remember much about him, though.

October twenty-ninth, 'Mario'—that's Filomena's son—'came to drive me to see Filomena. We talked all morning. She had two heart pains this summer and her arthritis is a rack, but her spirit is the same—clear and courageous. It was a joy and sadness, both at once, to see her as though we were in Malibu. Mario drove me back. Dorothy, Frances, and Bill Burmeister and Barabino came to lunch. Bill is involved in Barabino's school—The Biella School.' Biella, that's the town where it is. 'Dorothy and Frances stayed to go on the walk. They have done enormous sightseeing. Letter from Erna written Saturday. Sidney Roth has signed. No news of Rajagopal and company doing so, but Christensen'—that's Rajagopal's lawyer—'says he will be "ready" by the fourth.'

The thirtieth. 'For me, deskwork in the morning. Ambassador Pant came at noon to take Krishnaji and me to the Indian embassy north of Rome to lunch with his wife and daughter. It is a large sixteenth-century house. When we got back, Krishnaji said he had a sore throat.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji's throat is sore. He stayed in bed. At lunch, there was Dorothy, Frances, and the actor Terrance Stamp. In the evening Krishnaji had a ninety-nine-degree fever. Barabino brought in Dr. Filipo and his assistant, and they roughly examined Krishnaji's throat and said he has a laryngitis virus. The doctor prescribed a cortisone inhalation and aspirin. Krishnaji is supposed to give his first talk tomorrow. He looks ill and touchy.'

The first of November. I took Krishnaji's temperature at 7 a.m. It was 100 degrees. His throat is very sore. He had pain in his right ear in the night and felt too ill to talk. I told Vanda. We didn't go on with the inhalator, but stuck to homeopathic remedies and Lycopodium and Apis prescribed by the said-to-be-leading homeopath here, Casella. The talk was called off only for today. Dorothy, Frances were here most of the day. Krishnaji's ear pain has disappeared and his throat is slightly less sore, but by 5 p.m. his temperature was 101. Still, Krishnaji looked a little better. He is less debilitated by the fever than usual for him. Cragnolini was here at lunch, too. Everyone wants to cancel the remaining talks, but Krishnaji forbade it.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji's temperature is ninety-eight. He looks and feels better, much better, but he has hardly any voice. He is determined to talk tomorrow, though Vanda and I are *strongly* against it. He said, "The body is getting ready. I've my job." I went to see Filomena in the morning. Mario taking me to and fro. Barabino lunched with Vanda and me. Mary Cadogan telephoned from London. Erna had telephoned her about a quit claim to the pre-'68 copyright by KF Trust. Erna said others had not yet signed but all is "going well" with settlement.'

November third. 'Krishnaji's temperature was ninety-eight degrees, but he still had hardly any voice. He got up, washed, tried the voice, and with Vanda and I silent to not influence him (though we were strongly against his speaking), he made his decision not to speak either today or tomorrow. He went back to bed. Vanda and I went to Eliseo, where a cassette of the July twenty-fifth third Saanen talk was played on my Uher cassette recorder hooked up by Yves to the Teatro amplifiers and speakers. Afterward, a translation of it was made from the tape. It was the usual restless Roman audience; walking about, chatting, smoking. Dorothy and Frances were there, and they came back for lunch.'

The fourth of November. 'Dorothy heard from Montague that Enrique Biascoechea is dead.' Poor Enrique. 'Krishnaji recoiled when I told him. He was surprised at how soon it came. He said later he kept thinking of him all day. I went to Ms. Goody for a massage, but was back for lunch. Filomena came, also Dorothy and Frances. Dorothy returns tomorrow morning to Brockwood. Filomena and I sat and talked, and afterward I walked her down to a taxi. Krishnaji decided to do a filmed interview for Italian television tomorrow.'

November fifth. 'A cable to Krishnaji from Erna that "Christensen's clients have all signed."' That means Rajagopal and company. 'As soon as the quit claim by Mary Cadogan for the KF Trust arrives about the pre-'68 copyright, the settlement will be formalized before the court in Ventura. So, at last this long case is over. Krishnaji discussed what to do with the land, Arya Vihara, etcetera, at length with me, so I can bring his views back to the other trustees. He did filmed answers to questions put by Dr. Modugno. The questions were in Italian, and Krishnaji answered in English. At lunch were Barabino, Topazia, Yves, Bill Burmeister, Terry Saunders, and a Brazilian man whose name I never got. Later, Krishnaji and I took a twenty-minute walk up and down the hall. Dorothy went back to Brockwood.'

On the sixth, 'Krishnaji had a very *serious* talk with me. I go to Ojai as his representative. I must keep this in mind without any personal opinions. I must be in relation to Krishnaji a thousand miles away. A feeling for it. There are decisions to be made. Be very non-personal. I must have an alert, very quiet body, capable of reception. Krishnaji cannot decide from India. I must decide about what is right, then telegraph him. The whole body must be quiet and take time to know what is right. If I represent Krishnaji, I cannot allow other elements to enter my consciousness. I must telegraph him of my New York and Malibu arrivals. Krishnaji is watching over everything. I must train the body to be still. Sit for one half-hour without moving, for a feeling of quiet. This is very serious.'

'Filomena came. Mario drove me to the town center. I bought bath mats for Vanda and miscellaneous things for Krishnaji and for the Renzi family. Filomena lunched with Vanda and me, and I drove her home.'

The next day, 'I packed Krishnaji's one bag. We left for Fiumicino at 12:30 p.m. Krishnaji with Vanda and Barabino, and I with Bill Burmeister in his Indian car. Frances met us there and we lunched in the airport restaurant. Krishnaji and Frances left on Flight 106. At the last moment, Maharishi Mahesh bordered the flight smiling coyly over a bouquet.' Well, that was very funny.

S: I know. Continue reading and then we'll talk about it.

M: Alright [*laughs*]. 'Vanda and I came back and had supper. I was unable to reach Narasimhan by telephone. He was due in Rome today, and Krishnaji wanted me to discuss the British citizenship request with him. There is a possible strike at the airport tomorrow.'

S: Okay. So now let's go back to the Maharishi story.

M: What happened was that we saw Krishnaji off. He walked across the tarmac all by himself carrying a little bag of personal things, and climbed up the steps. It was a big plane, a 747, I think, or the equivalent in size, and he turned and waved and disappeared inside. Then, suddenly, down the middle of the airport came a procession. First of all there was a carabiniere, you know, with those hats…

S: [*laughs*] Yes.

M: …those sort of Napoleonic hats and a staff with a gold top. And he walked like a majordomo down the center, followed by this tiny, coy figure carrying a rose, which is the Maharishi. And after him came very devout disciples, and he was sort of smiling as though to the public. And out he went and across the tarmac and up into the plane. Whereupon, we were laughing [*laughing as she speaks*] that they were going to meet, obviously, and what would happen. [*S laughs.*] So what did happen, and this we found out later, I guess it's been discussed here and there. Krishnaji had, as usual, the most forward seat, which, as you know, is on its own—one on the right side of the aisle and one on the left side of the aisle. I always got him one of those, so nobody was next to him

or in front of him. The Mahesh Yogi was several rows back sitting by the window on a lion skin or a tiger skin or something like that, with a demurely devout disciple beside him. Soon after takeoff, a stewardess appeared holding *the* rose, and said to Krishnaji, "The gentleman in row so-and-so wishes you to have this." So, Krishnaji took it, and then he gave it right back to her [*S laughing*], giving it to her [*M chuckles*]. So, somehow he knew what it was all about, but he didn't do anything, but eventually he had to go to the toilet, which meant walking down the aisle past…

S: Yes.

M: …the Maharishi. He got past apparently, but on his way back, a disciple had been primed to leap up and said, "Please, have my seat," and Krishnaji found himself sitting next to a man on the lion skin or tiger skin, or whatever it was, and who engaged him in conversation saying that he had changed the consciousness of Europe, and he was now going to change the consciousness of India, I think. He went on to say that Krishnaji should come with him and they'd do it together. Krishnaji replied that no, he was sorry, that he had appointments that he had to keep, [*S laughs*] and he had other things to do; talks to give and so forth. Maharishi dismissed that as unimportant because "together we will change the consciousness of…" Somehow, Krishnaji wangled his way out of that, and got back to his seat, where he stayed [*chuckles*] until the plane made one of those landings that they did in some Arab country in those days to refuel. Krishnaji, as usual, got up and walked, you know, exercising vigorously in the airport, which he reported astonished the Maharishi people. Then, of course, they landed in Delhi, and there Krishnaji was met with the usual car at the foot of the steps down from the plane, and wafted away. Well, that's the end of the story. Vanda and I found it hilariously funny that the two of them would obviously be in first class, and what would happen; because everything about them were at such polar opposites. [*S laughs again*.]

Now we go to the eighth. 'Krishnaji should have arrived in Delhi early this morning. The Fiumicino strike was over by noon. I left Vanda and Rome. Filomena and Mario took me to the airport, and I took a TWA flight to New York at 5:45 p.m.' Well, then it goes on about what I did when I arrived, and we don't want to hear all this.

'I cabled Krishnaji at Pupul's in Delhi after speaking to Erna. Tapper, the attorney general, has not yet signed the agreement, but when he has, the court hearing will formalize it all. I went to bed at 1 a.m.—I've been up 20 hours!'

Then there's nothing about Krishnaji except I met someone from *Pegasus Magazine* about an interview with Krishnaji set for February twenty-fourth.

I flew to California on November twentieth. 'There were no letters yet from Krishnaji, but I cabled him that I had arrived in Malibu. I spoke to Erna Lilliefelt. There's no word yet on whether the attorney general, Tapper, has signed the agreement.'

On the twenty-fifth of November. 'I got a cable from Krishnaji in Benares. All is well. A letter is on the way. He will be in Madras on the second of December.'

The next day, ‘Alan Kishbaugh came with me to Ojai for a trustees’ meeting and lunch at the Lilliefelts’. With Theo and Ruth, we went to look at the Happy Valley land we want to lease. Also, we saw one of the video cassettes of the Krishnaji-Anderson series made at San Diego State University last February. It was very good.’

On November twenty-seventh, ‘Krishnaji’s first letter arrived. It was written from November ninth through the seventeenth, and posted on the eighteenth in Benares, arriving in nine days.’

The first of December. ‘I left at 8:30 a.m., and drove in Krishnaji’s Mercedes to Ojai and the Lilliefelts’. Balasundaram had telephoned from Rajghat before Krishnaji and he left for Madras inquiring about news of the attorney general signing the settlement. With Erna and Theo, I walked over to the Happy Valley acreage east of the 100 acres we want to lease. The land is said to be for sale. Is this a possible site for Krishnaji’s house? Lunched with Erna and Theo, talking at length, then drove home.’

December ninth. ‘Erna says that the court meeting of tomorrow before Judge Heaton with Tapper, Christensen, and Cohen is canceled as “necessary.” A date of a formal hearing to end the case will be set.’

Eleventh of December. ‘Letter number three from Krishnaji in Rajghat and Madras. He saw Madhavachari and told Madhavachari what he had done without mincing words. “Madhavachari cannot wash his hands of the business. It is immoral, non-Brahmanical. One has to do penance to wipe all this before one dies, etcetera.” That was because, it turned out, and this was discovered by KFI members, that through all this legal business when Krishnaji had been confiding in Madhavachari about what was happening with Rajagopal, Madhavachari was relaying it to Rajagopal.’

S: It’s terrible really.

M: Isn’t that disgusting?

S: Yes, and really extraordinary.

M: It’s hard to understand now. That people do such things.

S: I know.

M: On December eighteenth, ‘Erna rang in the afternoon. Cohen says the final court hearing to end the case is set for December twenty-sixth. I cabled the news to Krishnaji in Rishi Valley, where he went today from Madras.’

On the twenty-sixth of December, ‘Evelyne Blau came at 9:30 a.m., and drove with me to the Ventura County Courthouse, where we met Erna and Theo. We sat in Judge Heaton’s court, while he went into chambers with Rosenthal, Cohen, the deputy attorney general Tapper, and Christensen. Then, in open court, the judge announced the approval of an

agreement and the closing of the case. Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Vigeveno, and both Casselberrys were there. Christensen told us the keys would be at the real estate office in Ojai after he had spoken to Rajagopal.'

S: The keys for Arya Vihara?

M: Yes.

'We went to the real estate office. There were no keys, and no telephone call had come. Lunch with the Lilliefelts. Ruth, Albion, and we went to Pine Cottage, Arya Vihara, etcetera. The caretaker knew nothing and telephoned Rajagopal, who refused us entry without speaking to one of us. We telephoned him and left. Later, after I was home, Erna said that the real estate woman gave the keys, and Rajagopal telephoned her that we could have them.'

The next day, I wrote in full to Krishnaji about all this.

December twenty-ninth. 'I left at 8 a.m. for Ojai, and with Erna and Theo went through all three houses; Arya Vihara, Pine Cottage, and the office, emptied of all furniture except one table, one day bed, and one leather suitcase with the initials KJN**[4]** and the address Adyar, Madras, India. It was a cold, clear, marvelous day. There was snow on Topa Topa and all the mountain range. We walked around the Arya Vihara land and found higher up, among the avocado trees, a majestic oak tree and possible place to build a house for Krishnaji. After lunch, we went to the Oak Grove. Talked at length, and I drove home.' That was the day we finally got the property.

On December thirty-first, 'There were violent winds all day. I worked at the desk, had an early supper, then read and listened to Krishnaji tapes. So ended 1974.'

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Harsh Tankha was a mathematics teacher at Brockwood, but he also had an electronics background, so was called in on all technical things.

[2] "Rota" is a Brockwoodism, short for "rotation" or your turn to do the dishes for the school in the scullery.

[3] This was the result of Rajagopal's shell game in which money and property was moved from one entity to another.

[4] Krishnaji and his brother Nitya monogrammed most of their things together. Jiddu was the family name, then Krishnaji's initial was on the left, and Nitya's was on the right.

Issue 34: January 1, 1975 to April 5, 1975

After a difficult sojourn in India, during which Krishnaji was sick most of the time, we see two major occurrences in this issue: Krishnaji and Mary slowly beginning to move back to Ojai, and the Oak Grove School in Ojai gradually taking shape.

Mary: We start at the beginning of 1975. Krishnaji was in India, and I was in Malibu, and nothing seems to have happened of note for our purpose here. I'll just scan through until we get to things worth noting which pertain to Krishnaji.

From the little book we have something for January tenth. 'Erna received a letter from Krishnaji, who said he had received consent from Cohen and Christensen to send a copy of the case agreement to be used in regards to the Vasanta Vihar litigation. She tried unsuccessfully to telephone Balasundaram and find out where to send it. I wrote to Krishnaji this morning.'

I got a letter from Krishnaji on January thirteenth. 'Pupul, Achyut, Sunanda, and Balasundaram wrote to Rajagopal about "working together" and asking for a quit-claim to Vasanta Vihar. Also, KF India wants the right to sell Indian books in English outside of India. Evelyne Blau telephoned. Dr. Pollock was dropped from the Happy Valley school board during his absence. Rosalind Rajagopal says he is on the KFA board, representing KFA.'

The next day, 'I drove to Ojai, and spent the morning repainting Krishnaji's room and other things to Pine Cottage and seeing the contractor, Mr. Ojacks. I also did some work in the office building. I spent the evening with the Lilliefelts discussing money things.'

S: Wait a minute. Where was this place that you painted?

M: Pine Cottage. We got Pine Cottage in the settlement, you see.

On the fifteenth, 'Alan Kishbaugh came to my house in Malibu, and at 8 a.m., we drove to Ojai. We looked at the Oak Grove and the land adjoining it. I then showed him the Arya Vihara houses. At 11 a.m., we had a KFA trustee meeting at Erna and Theo's and then lunch. In the afternoon, Mark Lee came about the school.' Then I seem to have done some more things with the cottage.

S: What things did you do?

M: Well, 'I drove to Ventura and bought a cooking range and a refrigerator for the cottage. And then I met Theo about paint at the cottage. Talked to him and Erna until dark, then drove home.'

On the twentieth, 'there was a cable from Krishnaji about tickets to fly to London and here on the eighth instead of the first.' Then I did some more errands about the cottage.

S: What errands?

M: Oh, furniture. Don't be so…[*laughs*]…picky!

S: This is all very important historically. [*Laughs.*]

M: It is not. Alright, so, I had curtains made, and some other things.

S: Well, that's great, you see, because it shows how it's being prepared and…

M: Alright, 'a table with four chairs.'

Then, 'I talked to Mary Cadogan about the tickets, and I went out about the curtains again. Alan Hooker had azaleas and camellias planted next to the cottage,' which was nice of him.

'I came home to find two letters from Krishnaji sent from Bangalore on the eighth and ninth. He went for three weeks without any of mine reaching him. My letters numbers fourteen and sixteen have not arrived.'

On January twenty-second, 'Balasundaram telephoned Erna from Bombay about the legal papers. He said to tell me Krishnaji has had fever for three days, but is over it.'

I drove to Ojai on the twenty-fifth. 'I met Erna, Theo, and Evelyne Blau. We walked all over the land near the Oak Grove and down to the main road. It is beautiful land. We showed Evelyne the Arya Vihara houses, and at 4 p.m. in Arya Vihara we ran the Canadian film of Krishnaji for a few people. There was a letter from Dr. Parchure, written on the seventeenth, in which he says that Krishnaji had a fever on the fifteenth and his Bombay talks on the eighteenth and nineteenth had to be canceled.' Then I have more about the cottage; putting in the refrigerator, etcetera.

S: Now, where would you have put those, Mary?

M: The refrigerator?

S: Yes.

M: In the kitchen [*laughs*].

S: But as I know Pine Cottage now, there is no…

M: Well, it had a kitchen before, which is now my bathroom.

S: And what was your bedroom?

M: A little dining room.

S: And what was eventually Krishnaji's bedroom was his old bedroom?

M: Yes, that was his bedroom, and his sitting room was his original sitting room, but his bedroom was smaller. I enlarged it by pushing out the eastern wall.

S: Toward the office?

M: No, toward my bedroom.

S: Oh, I see. These are interesting historical facts.

M: [*laughs…then both laugh*.] Oh, heavens.

S: So, then, your bedroom door that goes outside would've been a back dining room door.

M: Yes. If I remember correctly, I pushed the whole porch out a little bit. I know that Krishnaji's room was much narrower, from the closet to the wall.

S: Mm, hm.

M: So, I enlarged it, made it a better shape. It was dark, also.

S: Yes.

M: It was horrid, actually.

On February second, 'Krishnaji left Bombay after midnight and arrived in Rome. I telephoned Vanda's and spoke to him at 9:30 a.m. local time here, but late in the evening there. He says he is over the flu and bronchitis. His voice sounded himself.'

On the fourth, 'Krishnaji flew Rome to Brockwood.'

S: Why didn't Krishnaji fly across the Pacific in those days?

M: Because he wanted to go to Brockwood to pick up his clothes, and to look in on Brockwood.

S: Yes, but Bombay to Rome, Rome to London, London to LA, that seems…

M: But remember, it wasn't so easy or quick to fly those distances in those days. When we flew to Australia in 1970, it took twenty-four hours.

S: From LA?

M: Yes.

S: Wow.

M: …and then he went on from there to India later; he had to go via Singapore.

S: Ah, yes.

M: There was none of the direct flights in those days. Or, they were long.

S: Yes.

M: On the sixth, 'I took all the furniture to Ojai. Cleaned the cottage and put things in order all day. Curtains were installed in Krishnaji's three rooms. I was there till after 8 p.m., then drove home. Mark Lee says the fire department and the building inspector will not allow Arya Vihara to be either a school or a center.'

The next day 'was a quiet day at home putting Krishnaji's room in Malibu in readiness,' …and something about the Dunnes.

From the big book: On the eighth of February, 'Krishnaji, after four days at Brockwood, left Heathrow at 12:30 p.m. on TWA and arrived at Los Angeles at 3:20 p.m. His one bag took a long time to appear and so it was an hour till he emerged, looking better than I had feared after the fever in Bombay and all the traveling since. He came home to Malibu and had supper in bed, but, though tired and half-falling asleep, he wanted to go on talking and staying up. He slept wakefully. I have an enormous sense of relief at his being here. I had an intense feeling of his coming all day long.' I could feel him…'He brought his letters to date, and one written on the plane.' He always brought his letters right up to date, including the day on the plane. [*S laughs.*] It was lovely.

S: Yes, it is lovely.

M: February ninth. 'Krishnaji was in bed all day, having his meals on a tray. He slept most of the morning, but after lunch he gave an account of the events in India. He has not felt well all the time there. He never really was over the flu from Rome in October. He said he felt "sick" most of the time. He found much deterioration in India. Rajghat is full of conflict and indifference between the students and teachers. The students walked out in the middle of one of his talks as a demonstration, not against him, but against the teachers. Krishnaji met both sides later and both said they were antagonistic. He has hope that Ahalya Chari and Upasini will pull the place together. Rishi Valley has a strong sense of deterioration. Balasundaram is running it as an autocracy, and also spending too much time on other matters. Krishnaji talked to him, and Balasundaram was silent, afraid of him. Krishnaji insisted the school be run by a group of teachers working together. The principal and Foundation secretary shouldn't be the same person. He told Balasundaram to take six months to go into himself. Sunanda and Achyut are to spend more time at Vasanta Vihar to see to things, and probably Sunanda will do more of the secretary of the Foundation work. Pupul…' Let's not let this out while everybody's alive.

S: No, that's right. No, we won't.

M: 'He said Pupul has deteriorated too, intellectually, etcetera. She is to leave government work and will do more work for the Foundation. Socially, politically, India is in a greater mess. He spent two hours talking to Mrs. Gandhi**[1]**, and felt sorry for her, the enormity of her problems. He has told Pupul, Sunanda, Achyut, and Balasundaram that unless there is change in the schools, they will "not see my face." This had a bomb-like effect.'

Tuesday, the eleventh of February. 'It was a lovely, clear day. In the Green Beauty Mercedes, with Krishnaji driving, we left at 9:30 a.m. for Ojai. We met Erna and Theo by the Ranch House Restaurant, and then went around and walked in the Oak Grove and in the adjoining land. Krishnaji had forgotten how beautiful it is. He was surprised and very pleased. He walked across the field to the other side of Besant Road and up around Rajagopal's place to the top of the hill where we could see down to Ventura Road, the part we will sell.' It says here [*laughter*]. Alas!

S: [*laughing*] It's still for sale!

M: And it's still for sale! 'Then we drove to Arya Vihara. For the first time since 1966, Krishnaji entered the house. The Lees, Ruth, and Albion were there. Krishnaji went through the house except for upstairs where the Lees are living. On the ground floor west bedroom, Krishnaji said, "My brother must've died here," and, "Dr. Besant used this room." In the hall, he said to me, "What quarrels there were here." We walked through the orange trees to Pine Cottage, and Krishnaji went through it and through the office rapidly as though wanting to get away from something repellant. "I couldn't spend a night here." Too small, too closed in. "I have been spoiled by Brockwood and your house. I need space." We went to the Lilliefelts' with Ruth and Albion. Later, with Mark Lee, we discussed at length. Krishnaji now thinks the west end is good for the school. He asked, though, if any of us wish him to try to get the Happy Valley land. None of us did. So, it is to be the west end. Krishnaji will speak in the Oak Grove on April twelve, thirteen, nineteen, and twenty. We left at 6 p.m. Coming home in the car, he said he felt the houses were contaminated and had an idea that, if he lived in the cottage, it would be for good. I said it was fixed up only for use for a few nights this year. We were home in time for supper.'

S: Tell me, just for the record, which room is it in Arya Vihara that, that Nitya died in?

M: It's the one on the road, of the two bedrooms…

S: Alright, so, when you come in the front door, you turn right…

M: Yes.

S: …you go through the living room.

M: And it's the one on the right. It's not the one looking out on the back garden. It's the one that looks out toward the road, McAndrew Road.

S: Okay.

M: Wednesday, February twelfth. 'Krishnaji slept in the morning. After an early lunch, we drove to Lailee Bakhtiar's office, where Krishnaji had his first appointment and checkup.' She was then our doctor.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'She said his blood pressure was 130 over 80, and had excellent circulation in his extremities. We will get blood chemistry results next week. He had a cardiogram. While this was happening, I told her of his wishing never to be in a hospital. She said she understood and respected that, and if ever he is ill, we will manage at home. Later he told me he must never be given anesthesia that would make him unconscious, only local anesthesia. "I might not come back," he said with a small laugh. Lailee wanted a chest X-ray, so we went to Dr. Jafer's office, and Krishnaji had that. Then, in Westwood, we found two pairs of loafers, size 6D, just what he wanted. Then we saw Winkey'—Winkey was a friend who worked in a bookstore—'and ordered a book, bought some ice cream, and came home. Accomplishing day. Krishnaji had me cable the Drs. Siddoo in India that he cannot visit Vancouver after San Francisco.'

The thirteenth. [*Laughs*.] 'I am sixty. Don't feel sixty. Feel well and rather young.' [*Both laugh*.] 'Krishnaji doesn't heed birthdays and didn't know it was the day until he asked me how Naudé happened to telephone.' [*Both laugh*.] 'A white azalea plant came from the Simmonses and Brockwood. My family telephoned. Krishnaji rested, and we had a pleasant, quiet day at home, which is everything wonderful a birthday could be for me.'

Friday the fourteenth of February. 'We drove to Ojai. Met John Rex'—that's the architect—'Erna and Theo, and walked again over the Oak Grove area. Rex is enthusiastic about it for the school. It is the best place we could find in California, he said. We showed him the three houses on McAndrew Road. The Lees had lunch for us all, including Ruth and Albion. We then went to the Lilliefelts' and discussed what is needed for Rex to make a tentative master plan to be able to show people at the April talks. After Rex left, Krishnaji spoke of concentrating everything in the west end, keeping McAndrew property private. He said he didn't like the cottage or office building, and if he were to use Arya Vihara, it would have to be pulled down and begun all over again. But later, in the car going home, he spoke of trying the cottage and using it part of the time, spending the rest of the time in Malibu, i.e., keeping Malibu as our main place.'

On the fifteenth. 'I made lunch in the kitchen. Krishnaji said he felt like saying something and he didn't know how to tell me, it was about a feeling he has had the last few weeks, which he once had years ago before his brother had died. At Adyar**[2]**, standing outside of the building in which they lived, looking up at their chambers, a feeling of emptiness, of no association at all.'

‘We unpacked two suitcases found at Arya Vihara; one a magnificent crocodile, one with his initials. We found some kurtas**[3]** and lots of socks. Some socks had JK woven in them, and one pair had JKN. It was as if they had been left there years ago by his brother when they shared their clothing. The cupboard was cedar and all the things now cedar-y. Krishnaji was interested in the clothes but wants to give most of it away. We went to town and saw a movie *Chinatown*.’ Did you see that?

S: I can’t remember.

The nineteenth of February. ‘I spoke to Erna. She just discovered an easement made by Rajagopal and the Vigevenos last summer that runs through the land between Rajagopal and Krotona**[4]**, making it more or less un-saleable by us.’ [*Laughs*.] ‘No end to crookedness. Krishnaji stayed in bed all morning. After lunch, I went to town and saw Lailee Bakhtiar about Krishnaji’s tests. All are excellent. The lung X-rays show all is clear. There are some old scars which she surmised are probably from TB in his youth. His cardiogram is normal, liver/kidneys normal, blood count normal, cholesterol 200, blood sugar normal. There is nothing wrong. She thinks his only difficulty is his allergy, the hay fever. She gave me an antihistamine cough syrup, similar to Benadryl, to take during hay fever season. Also Dimetapp, tablets which are a little stronger. In spite of these, if he develops bronchitis and fever, or green sputum, he must take Tetracycline—which has the least side effect of antibiotics and reduce fever with aspirin, ten grains, and put baggies with ice under his armpits and at the back of the neck.’ That’s how she felt one should reduce fever.

S: Hm.

M: ‘I reiterated my admonition that if ever I am seriously ailing, I expect her to tell me *all* underlying facts and the decisions are mine. I do not wish to be kept alive at all costs. She agreed. I got back and found that Krishnaji had dusted in and out of the Mercedes and walked sixteen turns around the lawn.’

The twentieth. ‘The Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion, and Alan Kishbaugh and Mark Lee and Evelyne Blau came at 3 p.m. to discuss the scope of the school for John Rex to use in the plan. Later, Lou Blau joined us and discussed the Rajagopal and Vigeveno easements that snake around KFA land, and also to discuss fundraising. Blau described *vividly* the amounts of funds we will need as beyond what we can raise from the present mailing list. Krishnaji listened and said to Blau, “Should we not have a school?” Blau said that we should and we will, but we will need professional fundraising help.’ Well, he was right.

S: Yes.

M: The twenty-sixth of February. ‘We left at 9:30 a.m. for Ojai. Elfriede’—that was my housekeeper—‘followed in a truck with rugs for different rooms in the cottage; the dining room, the porch, and part of the sitting room. The Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion, and both Lees came to the cottage, and at 11 a.m., we went over articles on the meaning and function of the school, which Krishnaji wrote yesterday. Erna stayed to lunch with Krishnaji and me.

It is our first meal in the cottage. I had cooked a pot of Spanish rice and vegetables at 6 a.m. and brought it along. During lunch, Krishnaji asked Erna and then Theo, "What is the right thing for Maria about a place to live in Ojai?" I was a listener, not a participant in this; Krishnaji silencing any comments.' [*Chuckle in M's voice; S laughs*.] 'His feelings about the cottage are quite different today. When we arrived, he went in and out, walked off among the trees, and during the meeting he kept looking at the room and exclaimed at the comfort of the director chairs, for the first time noticed the curtains, etcetera. The feeling is changing, he said. The building inspector says we could start the school temporarily if it's very small, using Arya Vihara for no more than five resident children, and maximum ten in classrooms, using the annex to the cottage and ground floor of the office. This would rule out Krishnaji's using the cottage until the school could move to Oak Grove. Krishnaji seemed to be saying that the McAndrew property be kept for KF use, and if I move to Ojai, it should be a new piece of land at the east end.'

S: If you move?

M: Yes. 'The others were not part of this discussion, but when they came back, we went on with the meeting. Albion made some suggestions to alter Krishnaji's article which would only replace Krishnaji's style and language with clichés.'

S: Which article is this?

M: It was what the school was about.

S: Ah, ha.

M: 'Rajagopal's name came up, regarding the zoning—the easements he, the Vigevenos, and Zalk got last July that run through the land KFA now has, east of Rajagopal's house.' They apparently put it in at the last minute when they knew they'd have to give it up. 'Cohen has written a stiff letter about it to Christensen. Albion said that Rajagopal had been "behaving better lately," and I said, "How? By keeping $3,000 interest due KFA but sent by error to KWINC when Erna telephoned about it?"' That's true—the bank got mixed up. [*Both chuckle*.]

<u>Editor's Note:</u> In keeping with our policy of trying not to hurt people's feelings, we have another Person X in this issue. Person X in this issue is a different person to the Person X who appeared in a previous issue. Person X in this issue had no function in either the proposed school or any of the foundations, but was invited to some of the meetings as a courtesy.

'Person X came out with platitudes'—oh, lord, this is awful [*S chuckles*]—'knowing nothing of what has happened, Person X would like to talk to Rajagopal and tell him to be friendly.' [*S laughs heartily*.] 'This sort of sentimental effrontery makes me tired.' [*M laughs and seems to say aside to S*:] We'll have to disguise this…

S: Yes, yes, yes, we will, we will, but it's good to have it for the record.

M: [*chuckles*] 'Krishnaji found it necessary to dissociate himself from Rajagopal and we found it necessary to wage a lawsuit to regain things for Krishnaji, and yet the sentimentalists tend to want to smooth Rajagopal. I find it an incredible phenomenon. Krishnaji rather silenced Person X, and other people in the room looked as if they would like to do the same. Krishnaji, Erna, and I walked up to the oak tree at the edge of the property. There was a discussion of my buying adjacent Topa Topa**[5]** land, but I don't warm to the idea' [*voice cracks with humor in reading*]. 'On the way home, Krishnaji kept exclaiming over the curtains, which he finds very pretty. The atmosphere there is changing, he said. It was after 7 p.m. when we reached Malibu, but he wasn't too tired. He said *the* body is now feeling relaxed. He's sleeping better. Meditation again. It didn't come in India, his body was too tired.'

S: Hm.

M: For the next several days there is nothing of significance. I did lots of deskwork, we went to see a movie (*Godfather 2*, which he liked), walked, etcetera.

On the third of March, 'we drove up to Ojai in the afternoon and moved into Pine Cottage for the first time. I made supper, but first we took a walk up toward Thacher School. People passing in cars recognized Krishnaji and smiled to see him here again. After supper, Krishnaji seemed disoriented, and had that "listening to something" look. It had begun in the car, though he was driving, but by bedtime he looked as if he didn't know where he was, which is always strange, and he wanted me at hand. I slept on the couch I bought and put in his sitting room so that it could be used to sleep on,' because he had his room, naturally, but there was nowhere for me.

On the fourth of March, 'I gave Krishnaji breakfast as usual on a tray. Yesterday on the way up, Krishnaji said he felt suddenly like writing. The sight of the wild, bright yellow flowers that grow on the slopes by the beach sent him off. We stopped in Ventura to get a notebook and also a nightshirt and bathrobe, which we forgot to bring. I went for an eraser and marketed at Bayliss and made lunch for Krishnaji and Erna and Theo. Person X is a bit of a problem' [*chuckles*]. 'Person X expects to be included and consulted on everything. Krishnaji said he would handle it, and so he did.'

'Mark Lee came after lunch, and first, Krishnaji told him the outline of Rajagopal's history and then went into the question of wives interfering; the responsibility of the director's position, vis-à-vis the Foundation, etcetera.'

'Krishnaji and I went for a walk up Horn Canyon to the river. It's wild and lovely, but Krishnaji came back with sneezes and allergy. One more weight in the scale of where we should live.'

The fifth of March. 'Krishnaji slept better last night. It rained all day. I interviewed a seventeen-year-old girl who had wanted to go to Brockwood because, "People are friendly." Then, she was kicked out after one term for smoking. Empty, not very bright impression. Krishnaji and I lunched at Arya Vihara with the Lees, Lilliefelts, and Bruce

and somebody Meyer, a couple, who will join the school venture with their two small children. Krishnaji and I redid the announcement of the school plans for *The Bulletin*. Krishnaji slept all afternoon.'

The sixth of March. 'It rained lightly in Ojai, one inch in Malibu. Theo came over to tell me that he and Erna wanted to lend Krishnaji their house if the cottage is not right. Mark came to speak to Krishnaji. I made lunch, and Erna and Theo joined Krishnaji and me. We had a useful discussion about a center. I suggested it have several purposes rather than just having a constant program; that we have as well a retreat in which we offer quiet and a chance for people to go into themselves and Krishnaji's teachings on their own, with an absence of outside influence.' I seem to have had the idea early, didn't I? [*S laughs*.] That's news to me! 'There should be tapes and books available if they seek them, but not served up in a program.' Oh, how smart of me! [*Laughs.*]

S: It took a long time to come about, but…[*laughs*]

M: Well, this is a surprise to me. 'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji and I drove to Malibu and Krishnaji discussed our redoing the cottage completely into a proper house for us. If the cottage is to be used partly for a school next year, we will have to wait till the west end school is built.'

Saturday, the eighth of March. I suppose there was a seventh, but it's not worth reporting.

S: I'm sure it was.

M: Alright. Here goes. 'Rained most of the day.'

S: You see! [*Laughter.*] We never would've known.

M: [*laughs*] March eighth. 'We went to choose ten dwarf navel orange trees, and also various shrubs to plant along the large wall in Malibu. Elfriede and Fred'—Fred is her husband—'came in their truck and brought them to Malibu. Krishnaji and I had a picnic in the Jaguar and went to a 2 p.m. movie, *The Towering Inferno*. When it got harrowing, I asked Krishnaji if we shouldn't leave, but he shook his head and we stuck it out. Later at home, he said, "The temple does me good."' [*S laughs.*] Going to the movies was one of his temples. [*More laughter*.]

S: I understand that.

M: I thought you would. [*S chuckles more*.]

Monday, March tenth. 'A gentle rain commenced the day. Cooking at 6 a.m. as Elfriede is off. The Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion, and Kishbaugh and Mark Lee came at 11 a.m. for a day-long discussion with Krishnaji about the center, school, arrangement of buildings on the land, etcetera. There was much on the center's activities. The need for a place where people can come to explore Krishnaji's meetings and the teachings. To begin with,

trustees should be available for this; not as interpreters, but to explore and discuss. This and retreats should be available during the nine months that Krishnaji is away. We went over what would be the best arrangement of buildings. Krishnaji was stressing the sense of security and freedom necessary for children. We are all to meet with John Rex and his people on Wednesday. Later, I asked Krishnaji if he thought the trustees are capable of the necessary discussion when he isn't there. "That's what I was trying to find out!"' [*Both laugh heartily*.]

On the twelfth of March. 'In the morning, he said three words to me. "But it is much more, something tremendous, and it has to do with that."

S: What three words?

M: That was more than three words…I don't know. His mathematics was a little off. 'In p.m., the…

S: But it's much more than that?

M: *Something tremendous*…well…it is much more, something tremendous. It has to do with That." *That* is always the Other…the, you know…

'In the afternoon, the Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion, and Mark Lee, John Rex, Reibsamen, and Nichols of the Rex firm came to talk all afternoon about the master plan for the center and the school on the Oak Grove land. Krishnaji dictated an earlier memo on "protection, security, affection in buildings and space, freedom." The quality of a monastery he has seen outside Florence. You do not see it till you come close, it is so much a part of the land. Quiet, dignity, a sacred place. Decided on two students maximum to a room. Later Krishnaji warned Erna that he felt Rajagopal would try to prevent KFA getting the balance of the KWINC's funds through K&R.'

The thirteenth of March. 'Krishnaji didn't sleep too well. So, he spent the day in bed. I went to town on errands. We had supper, as usual, on trays in his room, while a noisy western with Burt Lancaster shot it out as *The Law Man*.' That's the name of the film. 'Krishnaji's face changed. His eyes were heavy-lidded. He was far off. I felt the change, motioned to turn off the TV, but he shook his head. He asked, "Do you feel it?" There was a something electric close at hand. He didn't want to speak of it.'

The fourteenth of March. 'Krishnaji has slept well. "Something had continued." At lunch he had asked me if I was keeping a record of these things. "You should keep a *complete* diary." I asked what relation there was between what happened last night and the noisy television. He said that the movie rests and relaxes the mind, then the other comes. He used to go to the movies for rest. Later, he washed both cars. In the evening, he said, "It is still going on. I wonder why. Maybe because of the talks. I don't know, and I don't ask."'

Alright, now we'll go to the little book for the fifteenth, which is doubtless uninteresting.

S: [*chuckles*] You shouldn't be so positive.

M: On the fifteenth, 'Krishnaji and I had an early lunch, then went to the movies in Pacific Palisades and saw *The Odessa File*. We came back and watered the new bushes.'

The next day, 'We both packed. It was a quiet, beautiful day.'

The seventeenth of March. 'A lovely, clear morning. People came to plant some things. Krishnaji and I finished packing. Amanda and Phil came over briefly to say goodbye and see the plantings. Krishnaji and I had lunch, and then Elfriede drove us to the airport. We took a United flight to San Francisco. Alain Naudé met us at the airport, and drove us to the Huntington Hotel. We had the nice suite we had on two previous visits. It's a very nice hotel; quiet and dignified. We went for a walk, bought some fruit, etcetera, and came back. Alain had supper with us. Krishnaji told Indian stories. Alain suggested that so much yoga makes Krishnaji oversensitive and hence he has hay fever.'

On the eighteenth of March, 'there was a telephone call from a William Stanijer, a cultish type who wants Krishnaji to meet his foundation, and then have an interview with them on KQED. I said no to it all, and added that, as his letter referred to Vimala Thakar and the Happy Valley Foundation, he should know there was no connection between Krishnaji or KFA and them. It seemed to leave him speechless.' [*Chuckles.*] 'I have learned to say such things quietly, briefly, and then stop, no elaborations. If there is a silence, let it be. Naudé came at 1 p.m. and we all went to Ghirardelli Square, decided on Chinese food, and lunched at the Mandarin Inn looking out over the bay. We had an excellent vegetarian version of Chinese spinach broth and bean curd, pea pods, and water chestnuts, bean sprouts, rice, almost raw asparagus sliced bias lengthwise.' I hope you're appreciating the details.

S: I am, completely. [*Laughter by both.*] You neglect to mention the menu number, but…

M: You're right. [*Laughs.*] 'Krishnaji liked it. We bought an Aubrey Menen book. Then, Alain took Krishnaji back to the hotel to rest while I walked to the Cannery for some groceries and returned by taxi. Walked with Krishnaji to Mrs. Mathias and did some more marketing while he visited her.' Shall I identify Mrs. Mathias or have we done that already?

S: We've already done that.

M: 'Mrs. Mathias is almost blind, and Krishnaji put his hands on her. He was walking up the block when I went to meet him. It is extraordinary to see him walking toward one, the whole meaning of the world seems to be centered in that advancing grace. We walked six times around the small square gardens across from the hotel and came in. At supper there was a call from Dorothy and Montague, who had arrived at Kathy Harris's**[6]** from London and staying in Atherton with Kathy's family. There was another call, this from Frances McCann, saying Carol Allwell**[7]** came on the same plane with her. Krishnaji said in the evening that there is a great deal of evil in the world. He said he didn't like to

use the word evil—discord and it is caused by organized belief. For instance, Christians say Jesus is the only one, *our* god is the only one. It excludes everything else. Krishnaji had a stomachache before going to bed. Took Nux Vomica and it stopped.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji at breakfast said, "Dogma always makes for division and therefore it is evil." We spoke of killing and he said organized killing results from dogma. Christianity has resulted in organized killing. I spoke of the human response to things that intrude—killing pack rats, flies, ants in the kitchen. Krishnaji said there was a difference.' [*M chuckles*] 'It's not organized killing, because they come into a place that is not theirs. I said they consider it theirs. I said that if an intruder, for example, with a knife came to attack him, I would do anything to protect him. He said that is different in that it is a spontaneous reflex to protect, but killing a human being is still wrong, and the destructive animal, the pack rat, the gopher, etcetera must not be allowed to destroy what it wants—coyotes, sheep, etcetera. Krishnaji told of the fox he saw stalking chickens in Ojai. He watched it come slowly close, then let out a great shout' [*M chuckles*], 'and the fox disappeared and never came again.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji walked alone to Mrs. Mathias'—that was just across the street—'to help her eyes. I waited for Dorothy, Montague, Kathy Harris, Erna, and Theo. Dorothy and Montague are looking very pleased to be here. We went downstairs and Krishnaji came along, carefully crossing with the light as he said he would when alone. When with me, he wants to cross anywhere.'

S: Cross the street?

M: Yes. 'We all went to Ghirardelli Square and had lunch again at the Mandarin. The Lilliefelts brought Krishnaji and me back, and we looked at the Masonic Hall. Krishnaji very struck by the one chair in the center of the hall.' It was a curious hall which I don't think shows on video. It was a big hall and it had seats in a horseshoe shape, and the stage came out into the middle of the audience. 'We came back and rested and later walked down and up a hill. At supper there was a curious Otherness in the room, or something I felt, like clear invisible water running in the air. Krishnaji noticed something *in me* and asked if I were upset about something. I didn't try to describe but said I was fine, because it is the night before the talk and silence is best.'

On March twentieth, 'Krishnaji stayed in and rested all day. I marketed in the morning. We lunched in the rooms. I walked down in the afternoon and stopped at the Regent Hotel and saw Frances McCann and Carol Allwell. Then, went back to the health food store, bought two shirts at Brooks Brothers, and a book at a bookstore, and came back on the cable car. At 6 p.m., we walked next door to the Masonic Hall and Krishnaji gave his first talk. It was a good audience. Krishnaji used a new word, the "scaffold" of the self. He also spoke of learning, freedom, and the observer and the observed. Afterward, he had to wait backstage a little to recover, and then we left.' It was most convenient as the hall was across the side street, just thirty feet away from the hotel. We just walked across the street.

S: Oh, great.

M: March twenty-first. '"Knowledge is always the outer," Krishnaji said. We lunched with Mrs. Mathias. She is almost totally blind, but knows where everything is in her apartment, and she moves naturally, talking as she looks at you as if she could see. The conversation went eventually to the Rajagopal case. She said that many were hurt by Krishnaji. Krishnaji asked who. She said, "Well, I was." Krishnaji explained that what he considered in this, as when he dissolved the Order of the Star**[8]**, was what is the right thing to do. Mrs. Besant had been hurt when he dissolved the Order, though she came to say, "If the World Teacher is doing this, it is right." Krishnaji said he had tried for years to get Rajagopal to inform him, consult him, etcetera and got either nothing or abuse. "Are people hurt or is it their image of how things should be?" Krishnaji had me tell my conversation with Rajagopal in 1971 when he said that working together was a plot against him.' He did! I was trying to say, look Rajagopal, this is so simple. We could work together and so forth, and in an angry voice he said, "That is a plot against me!" 'Mrs. Mathias has two extraordinary photographs of Krishnaji taken in 1934, ones I have never seen and which *should* be in the biography. She says she has many letters from Krishnaji, which she is thinking of giving to Yale for a "Blanche Mathias Collection."'



One of two photos of Krishnaji taken in 1934 that Mrs. Mathias had and which Mary had never seen



One of two photos of Krishnaji taken in 1934 that Mrs. Mathias had and which Mary had never seen

S: I wonder if she did.

M: I don't know. 'I also told her about our conversation with Judge Kenny, who told us to go to the attorney general and how he eventually said that Rajagopal was to be pursued because of "grave impropriety with regard to a charitable trust" and directed us to commence litigation in which he was co-plaintiff. I told her that Krishnaji was not involved in this, but was brought in when Rajagopal and company countersued and served papers on Krishnaji as he was about to give his first talk in Santa Monica.'

'When we left, there was a tearing gale and rain. Krishnaji was almost swept off his feet. We clung together and managed to go the two blocks back to the Huntington, our umbrella inside out and half-drenched.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Alain came in for tea later and stayed to supper. We talked about homeopathy and astrology. I took him to task, not in front of Krishnaji, for withholding information. He said he had only looked at certain aspects of Krishnaji's chart, which indicated not commencing a project to do with his personal life, such as building a house, etcetera during the second half of this year. By December it would be okay, Alain said. He also said that Krishnaji must've been born at 12:25 a.m., not 12:30.' Oosh. That astrological stuff leaves me nowhere.

S: I know, I know.

M: Saturday the twenty-second of March. 'Krishnaji gave the second talk in the Masonic Hall. Very good, intense, well-shaped, a vivid and splendid one of tremendous vitality. We lunched in the rooms. I cooked. Krishnaji slept all afternoon, and walked around for forty-five minutes in lieu of going out.' We had a nice flat there, with a good kitchen, a sitting room, and two bedrooms with two baths. Very nice.

S: Mm.

M: On the twenty-third, 'Krishnaji gave his third talk in the Masonic Hall on suffering and death. Some hysterical woman named Solange again got backstage afterwards, grabbing his hand and sobbing that she loves him. At the hotel, Naudé, the Simmonses, Kathy Harris, Kishbaugh, and the Lilliefelts came and then we all went to lunch at Señor Pico Restaurant in Ghirardelli Square. Naudé and the Simmonses had not met' [*chuckles*] 'since the terrible to-do in Gstaad in 1969 when Alain left. No surface scars remain. Came back and Krishnaji had practically no rest before he saw Dr. Feldman from Argentina, who is becoming a psychiatrist and might head the Fundación. He is thirty-four and enthusiastic. He has been reading Krishnaji since he was seventeen, but never heard him speak until today. We went for a short walk around the square and came back to watch TV of Mike Wallace interviewing Haldeman. Supper and Kojak. Kissinger says there is failure in the Israel/Egypt negotiations.'

March twenty-fourth. 'Dr. Feldman and the Lilliefelts came to talk to Krishnaji at 11 a.m. The Lilliefelts stayed to lunch with us in the rooms. Later, they, Krishnaji, and I went to tea with Mrs. Mathias. She "now knows" us. I wonder if it has made any difference.'

Editor's Note: Mrs. Mathias, like so many people who had a contact with the Rajagopals, had had her views of "the new people" (i.e., Mary, the Lilliefelts, Alain Naudé, etcetera) shaped by a public relations onslaught from the Rajagopals. The unpleasantness from this continued long after the lawsuits were settled.

Mary seems to have won over Mrs. Mathias, which she usually did, as evidenced by Mrs. Mathias leaving Mary in her will the two photos of Krishnaji taken in 1934 that Mary had never seen but so admired.

Tuesday, March twenty-fifth. At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji saw Narayan's brother, G. Krishnamurti**[9]**, who came here for the talks and is an electrical technician. There is no

resemblance to Krishnaji but the thin build and certain delicacy of bone. I went down the hill to cash some checks for Dorothy and Montague's trip to Yosemite, Carmel, and air tickets for LA in a week. When I came back, I made our lunch. A Mrs. Sally Richardson came to see me at 3:15 p.m.; southern, sentimental, nice, well-meaning, and who just lost her husband. She was at Happy Valley and couldn't take Rosalind Rajagopal. She might be helpful in the school when it really gets going. She said she would do anything for Krishnaji, "to be near him. I would be his servant," she said. At 6 p.m., Krishnaji gave the fourth talk, completing this series at the Masonic Hall. It was on meditation, a very fine one. The Solange woman cut up again. Alain Naudé joined us for supper. Krishnaji gave him the Dodge income as he has since he left.**[10]**

March twenty-sixth 'was a bright, clear day. We packed. Krishnaji went to give Mrs. Mathias one more eye treatment. I walked over to accompany him back as I fret at his crossing streets alone. I made lunch with the remainder of our larder and then Alain Naudé came at 1:15 p.m. and drove us to the airport. Elfriede met us in Los Angeles. The garden is looking lovely. The lawn sections that were replaced look very handsome. New planting, shrubs, and oranges look at home, and Elfriede had planted a row of yellow and orange marigolds as a border. Krishnaji said, "This is a nice house," and was eager both to see the barn owl, who looked down on us owlishly on our arrival, and the garden.' [*Chuckles.*] 'He seems to like being here, more now than in the past. Talk of selling and moving to Ojai has disappeared for me. We had supper on trays. I have a sore throat, and the beginning of a thorough cold. I suppose this is as good a time as any to have it, but worry about Krishnaji. Erna may have given him hers at lunch, or I may be the villain.'

Friday the twenty-eighth. 'My cold is heavy. I worked at the desk all morning. At lunch time, Erna telephoned that Cohen says he doubts Rajagopal will listen to Christensen about the easements, and he wants a meeting of all of us to discuss the matter. Erna wants Blau to be there. At lunch, Krishnaji said suddenly, "I realize how they deliberately forced me to go to cheap places to try to break my dignity. I had to go to…what are those places when you sit in a car…"' He means drive-ins! [*Laughs.*] '"…ride on buses, I didn't care. But that is what they tried." Then he said, "It is extraordinary that I feel such an energy. It must be having good food." We went to town at 3 p.m., bought some beautiful houseplants and a hose, and other things. Krishnaji had some more dental work done. Coming home, when we turned up the coast, the mountains were clear against the blue sky and he said, "Look at those mountains. That is god!"'

The twenty-ninth of March. 'Krishnaji, after breakfast, had a pain in his stomach, and vomited a very little, so I put a hot pad on his stomach. He took Nux Vomica and it subsided. He felt well enough for ice cream!—his idea for lunch, but that came up. We spent a quiet day but found the new St. Augustine grass under-watered and so watered it by hand and felt the better for it.'

Sunday the thirtieth is Easter. 'A lovely morning. I ran the sprinklers, then telephoned Filomena in Rome and urged her to come to visit us in Brockwood around May twelfth. She said she would. Krishnaji and I took off in the Mercedes by 10 a.m. for Ojai, Krishnaji driving most of the way. The cottage has had an exterior coat of new paint, not

cream, not pink, not white, rather like the magnolia colors at Brockwood. It looks improved. I left things for the Simmonses to use in the office upstairs where they will stay. I have had the sitting room where they will stay and the bath painted white and natural-color curtains made. We went to Arya Vihara where the Lilliefelts, Ruth, and Albion were and where the Lees had a Professor Rush, who is an accredited ecologist and who has listened to Krishnaji and is willing to give advice on building the school. We talked of "patterns" of living, relationships in various kinds of buildings. He said we should study the land for a year before deciding where and how to build. We are always in a hurry.'

'At lunch on the patio, Rush said he has a school of his own for ten to fourteen-year-olds, about forty of them. Krishnaji listened to what he had to say about it, and later spoke to Erna and Theo and me about Rush being someone for our school. "It will work out," said Krishnaji. At 2:30 p.m., we all went to the Oak Grove. Met John Rex, his wife, and his partner, Reibsamen. They presented a tentative plan for various buildings on the land. We walked about and discussed. Krishnaji wanted the large open space in the center left open. They will rethink it and present a new suggestion to us on Wednesday. We drove back to the cottage to leave some things. Mark had Bruce and somebody Meyers leave yesterday because he said they were too occupied with themselves and their own two children, and too messy in their habits. The new iron gate at Arya Vihara is handsome. Rosalind Rajagopal is already objecting, and claims she has an easement. None is recorded. Krishnaji had tea with Erna and Theo. We're waiting for Louis Blau to return on the second before discussing with Cohen the Rajagopal easement "fraud" as Cohen has called it. We now find easements to Rajagopal and his wife all over the west valley land. Krishnaji and I got home after 7 p.m. Krishnaji in the car said, "Why was 'the boy'**[11]** sensitive to taste? Brahmins aren't. Why did he know about such things?" I said he had obviously had it from the beginning, as in other things, he was not the product of something as others are. He was *born* with certain faculties, had the greatest taste in everything, save one. "You mean those two?" he asked. I said, [*chuckling*] "How you would put up with them is beyond comprehension."' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Mary, just for posterity and other cultures, explain what easements are.

M: Well, for instance, if I own some land *beyond* your piece of land, I can get an easement to go through your land to get to my land. A person has to apply for it, to be given the right. And you can have an easement to run a pipe through a land, or run a telephone wire or something. It's a right of way for some useful, necessary purpose, through someone else's land.

S: So, when Rajagopal put these easements…

M: He had easements put on the land that he controlled before he gave it to us.

S: Right. So these easements were to go through the property.

M: Yes. [*Chuckles.*]

The thirty-first of March, 1975. 'Tree pruners came to do the pepper tree and three stone pines and the coral tree. Krishnaji observed, with great interest and approval, through the windows. It rained faintly in the morning. After lunch we went to Beverly Hills and Krishnaji had his hair cut and Dr. Christensen took a little more off his dental bridge where it made a sore. I went for special lined paper for the notebook. He wants to start writing again. He has been wanting to start but the first notebook was too narrow!' [*Laughs.*] 'He asked, "Must I write every day?" I replied, "Of course not, just when you feel like it." "But I like to do it in an orderly way," he said. He seemed satisfied with the present new notebook and some lined paper. When we were home, Erna telephoned. Sir Edmond Hillary's**[12]** wife and daughter were killed in a plane crash near Katmandu and Barbara Lama and her husband Angali were with them in the plane and also killed.' That was, if you remember, Albion Patterson's stepdaughter…

S: Ah, yes.

M: …who was considered to be a director of the school…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …or Albion wanted it to be.

S: Yes.

M: …and she was married to, I think, a Tibetan.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'I told the news to Krishnaji, and he listened. A few moments later, he asked me to repeat it. A little later he said, "One shouldn't die violently, suddenly. It is too much of a shock."'

'"A shock to the one who dies?" I asked.'

'"Yes. It should be willingly, healthily."'

'"Few people die willingly," I said.'

'"I'll talk to you about that another time."'

'He told of the time some years ago when Kitty Shiva Rao was with him on a flight from Delhi to Benares and the plane came into thick fog. Kitty, sitting beside him, got panicky, and Krishnaji took hold of her hand and said, "If we are going to die, we are going to die. Let's do it happily." She calmed down, but pretty soon as the plane lost altitude, she began to get hysterical. Krishnaji spoke to her again and then the pilot got below the fog and was able to land.' There's another…I thought it was in that anecdote, but there's

another anecdote with Kitty, too, when he said, "Nothing will happen because you're with me." He always thought that if he was in a plane, it would be safe.'

April first. 'Today Krishnaji began to write again. The first one is in pencil, and he wasn't comfortable at the desk. I have arranged a folding table for him in front of the window. He gave it to me to read and wants me to "correct" it without consulting him. There are only bits of syntax that go wrong because he probably doesn't read what has gone before when he pauses. I doubt he rereads any of it as he goes along or when he is through. It is again in the form of a nature description and then what he has to say about something. Today on space and division.'

It's true, you know. He was so turned toward the present that he didn't reread something he'd written.

S: Yes. Even in the middle of writing it.

M: Exactly. It was strange. It's hard to imagine.

S: Mm, hm.

M: And he didn't like to hear about it afterward. Often, after he'd written something or dictated, I would have to ask him something, and he never wanted to hear it. He'd say, "Oh, do whatever you want," or "fix it" or something, but I'd persevere because I wanted it to be just what he intended, and if I did that, he would want to change it completely.

S: Yes, I know. I had that experience with him as well.

M: Yes, he would say, "There's no sense reading it to me because I'll change it." [*S chuckles*.] It's silly to compare, but if I write a letter and have to rewrite it for some reason, I have to begin all over again. I just don't want to amend what I wrote.

S: Well, I know one's never satisfied with what one has done, but Krishnaji was just more so.

M: Yes, he would come to the thing anew! [*S chuckles*.] But it's not surprising when you *imagine* how his mind worked.

S: Of course, of course.

M: And of course, the *Notebook* and all that, as Mary said, it's without erasures. It's just written.

So, we're still on April first. 'I got up early this morning, around 5 a.m. and put replies to seventeen letters on the dictating machine. I took them to the secretarial service to be typed, marketed, and got back in time to put together pasta baked in tomato sauce, cheese, etc. Evelyne Blau came to lunch. I tried to nap after lunch but the telephone

interrupted. So, I pruned the bushes in the tubs, hosed the terrace, and finished at 6:50 p.m.—a full day. The TV news is anguish. The suffering of the refugees in Vietnam. Krishnaji stopped me from watching as I wept so much the other night.'

April second. 'Krishnaji wrote again, this time in ink. "The skill of intelligence is to put knowledge in its right place." Intelligence "comes out of the understanding of the whole consciousness of man; yourself." And "freedom from the known every minute is the essence of intelligence." He did this before a meeting at 11 a.m., and later said he wanted to keep on. I cooked beans and rice. Architects Reibsamen and Nichols came with the new placing of the buildings on the plot plan. It is well done. Erna and Theo were there; Ruth and Albion, Kishbaugh, Mark Lee, Evelyne Blau, and Professor Rush. Krishnaji took the latter aside and, after the architects had left, he asked Rush if he would like to join in creating the school. We *only met* this man on Sunday!' [*S chuckles*.] 'But there is something about him that leads one to think of him for the school. He seems to really want the thing that we do, and is willing to go right at that. He has a certain maturity and yet is quite young. There will have to be much talk, but Krishnaji has seized the situation. We had a buffet lunch. I left at 2 p.m. for town and errands, then to the airport to meet Dorothy and Montague, and bring them back to stay here till Sunday. After getting home, Erna telephoned and read a letter of Christensen to Cohen about my letter saying that Krishnaji and some of us wish to see the archives. The response was "yes" to seeing the books and manuscripts, but the letters and archive material are not yet in order, he said.' That was Christensen.

The third of April. 'Krishnaji said, "Something has been happening since that day in San Francisco. The head is almost to the point of bursting. It's full. All last night it went on and the night before. There is tremendous attention inside the head, a physical feeling. It's going on now." He had a far-off look on his face. Then he said, "All energy is concentrated there inside, in the eyes and head." Krishnaji stayed in bed all morning and read a book about whales and dolphins after he had written his number three notebook piece. He got up for lunch with the Simmonses. We listened to a recording of the humpback whales. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked around the lawn. I watered the new turf.'

April fourth. 'Krishnaji wrote in the morning. Dorothy and I went to the Dunnes' in the afternoon.'

The next day. 'Surprisingly, it rained. We took Dorothy and Montague to Ojai. Krishnaji driving partway, first to the apartment they will use above the office, and then to Erna and Theo's to lunch. Erna telephoned Rajagopal to confirm the appointment to see the archives Wednesday. Rajagopal had replied to my letter saying Krishnaji wished to see the archive by having Christensen write to Cohen: "As Mrs. Zimbalist is represented by council…"' [*M laughs.*] You see, the suit was in my name, and Krishnaji wasn't one of the plaintiffs.

S: Mm, hm.

M: …so he could correctly say the letter from me should go through council. [*Both chuckle*.] 'Rajagopal was unable to speak immediately and had to call back…after fixing up a tape recorder? We inevitably wonder. He wanted to know who was coming. Erna said she hadn't asked Krishnaji exactly but he and I and probably herself. Afterward, we speculated about Rajagopal setting up to try to upset Krishnaji before his talks. I suggested he go after the talks, and only Erna and I and possibly Theo go on Wednesday. Krishnaji is to decide later. Came home in time for supper.'

S: Okay, so let's end there because we're running out of tape.

M: Okay, so we end on the fourth of April.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Indira Gandhi, India's third Prime Minister, and the second-longest-serving Prime Minister was a long standing admirer of Krishnaji's.

[2] Adyar is in Chennai (Madras), where the Theosophical headquarters is located. As a boy, when Krishnaji and Nitya first became charges of the Theosophical Society, this is where they lived.

[3] Upper garments used in India (like shirts) by both men and women.

[4] A Theosophical colony relocated from Hollywood to Ojai in 1926.

[5] A large ranch that adjoins the KFA property.

[6] Kathy Harris was a young woman from California who was a teacher at Brockwood Park.

[7] Another young American woman teaching at Brockwood Park.

[8] The Order of the Star (1927-29) and its precursor the Order of the Star in the East (1911-27) were created by the Theosophical Society for Krishnaji. Krishnaji disbanded it in 1929.

[9] G. Narayan and G. Krishnamurti were sons of Krishnamurti's elder brother who had not been taken in by Theosophy.

[10] In 1913, Miss Dodge gave Krishnaji an income for life of £500, a substantial sum of money in those days. I have only ever heard of this money as something Krishnaji was giving away to a school, or, as in this case, a person.

[11] This was often how Krishnaji referred to himself as a boy.

[12] The first person to climb Mount Everest.

Issue 35: April 6, 1975 to June 3, 1975

In this issue, the first volume of Mary Lutyens' biography of Krishnaji finally comes into print. Krishnaji only dips into it, reading small sections; but it raises a question in Krishnaji's mind that remained with him for many years; why was "the boy" (meaning himself) not conditioned, even by the very deliberate and heavy-handed attempts to condition him by the theosophists? Krishnaji frequently said that if an answer to this question could be found, then the schools he founded might be better able to accomplish their mission of helping the students be unconditioned.

Krishnaji's answers to Mary's questions about his mysterious childhood only deepen the mystery.

Mary: So, we are starting on the sixth of April, 1975. I know you're finicky, so I'll read it although there is nothing. 'It rained!' [*M chuckles, then S chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji wrote in the morning, and in the afternoon we washed the car.' Big day.

April seventh. 'We packed in the morning, had an early lunch, and left for Ojai at 1:45 p.m. in the Green Beauty, with luggage, etcetera. Krishnaji drove as far as Dieter's**[1]** in Oxnard, where we picked up a brochure on a Volvo. The latest notion is for us to get a station wagon to replace the Jaguar. We met at the Oak Grove**[2]** with the architects, Reibsamen and Nichols, as well as the Lilliefelts, the Simmonses, the Lees, Ruth, Albion, Alan Kishbaugh, Evelyne Blau, and her daughter Eloise and grandson Aaron, and also Professor Rush. Krishnaji spoke apart to Professor Rush, who hadn't understood Krishnaji's proposal to join us in creating the school, and is committed to his present setup for at least two years. The architects showed a revised plot plan. It was an arctic cold day. Krishnaji and I moved into Pine Cottage, and I made our supper. The Simmonses are in the office upstairs flat. Krishnaji again wanted me nearby, and so I used the sofa in the sitting room.'

April eighth. 'This is another cold day with rain, this time in Ojai. After breakfast, I went with Erna and Theo to see Cohen about legal matters on the easements that Rajagopal gave himself and the Vigevenos in 1974 over the land by his house. These easements would stay in effect indefinitely and prevent use of the land. Cohen and we do not want, as we could, to reopen the case on the basis of fraud, but will first put it to Tapper as this is a dissipation of charitable assets to private persons, and is self-serving. No one has confidence in Tapper's bestirring himself, but we must start with that. If there's no result, we can start a separate motion to right an illegality. Cohen agreed it is good that we should exercise our rights under the settlement about the archives tomorrow, and keep records of any non-compliance by Rajagopal. Erna is far better informed on our case than Cohen' [*laughter*]. 'Cohen was too quick to defend a fellow lawyer, Christensen, when I said that Christensen's assurance to Cohen that his client wouldn't transfer any KWINC assets during negotiations meant nothing.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Cohen said Christensen didn't have "client control."' That's what Christensen said. 'Christensen must have known he didn't have control of Rajagopal and hence should not have made such assurance. I got

back in time to go with Krishnaji to Arya Vihara, where we lunched with the Lees and the Simmonses. I marketed later, and met Krishnaji on Grand Avenue; he had walked two-and-a-half miles. He wants to go tomorrow to the archives. This morning he wrote again in his notebook.'

The ninth of April, 'Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to the K&R office to see the archives. Rajagopal met us. We sat at a table in a greenish office, empty as a prison. Krishnaji was sitting behind and slightly apart, not looking at Rajagopal after the initial greeting, Indian fashion.' That means the Namaste.

S: Mm, hm. Yes.

M: 'Rajagopal looked more than ever like an angry simian with the glare of disturbed, dark-ringed eyes. He talked resentfully for forty minutes: Why did we want to see certain things? "The case is over." He interpreted the settlement as being over and past, but he had been held up to vilification all over the world. He was friendly, but we were not. I had refused to talk to him on the telephone. He couldn't say when the archives would be ready. He was very busy. Why did we "want to see discussions edited by Mima Porter?"' These were things that Krishnaji had specifically asked for.

S: I see.

M: 'He said there were no manuscripts left over from the *Commentaries***[3]**. He said the archives are all turned over to the K&R Foundation. He also said there are no other manuscripts. Rajagopal claimed that large shipments of archive material were shipped from Holland by Folkersma at the start of the war and was lost, that Jinarajadasa**[4]** had agreed to send him letters, etcetera, that were in the Theosophical Society, but never did. He wanted the rights to go into our archives since we wanted to go into his. He went on and mentioned the Indian case still pending**[5]**. Neither Erna nor I said the obvious, as the purpose of all this seemed to be to talk endlessly and show us nothing. He kept making references to Krishnaji, who spoke not a word until Rajagopal said he had once had friendly relations with Krishnaji "but he now won't speak."'

'Then Krishnaji stood up, looking very tall and rather tense and aloof and said, "I will speak. If you want that friendship, you will resign from everything and do penance. That is all I have to say." He then crossed the room and went out the door. Somehow, everyone was standing. Erna, Theo, and I stayed.'

'"What did he mean?" asked Rajagopal angrily. We said we had heard what Krishnaji had said; we weren't there to explain or interpret; we were there to see the archives. He started to say something like. "It's all off." So, I said, "Are you refusing to show us the archives? We are here for a very simple physical thing—to begin to see the archives."'

'Angrily, reluctantly, hit by what Krishnaji had said, he then opened a couple of file drawers. They were thorough, well-kept files, transcripts of discussions. He seemed to turn to showing things as an escape from Krishnaji's statement, and, as if dealing with a

sick person, we showed admiration for the way things were kept. We then were led into a back room of book stacks from all over the world in various languages. We asked for what Krishnaji had requested, namely, Mrs. Besant's letters to Krishnaji as a boy, and he even offered to photocopy them for us. Then, albums of Krishnaji, tiny, wonderful pictures of Krishnaji and Nitya as they were when they were found. Rajagopal denies having letters between Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater about Krishnaji as a boy.'

'Erna, during this, was laying the basis for future visits. Earlier, Rajagopal claimed archive material was given to him personally, which may result in much being in his own vault. He claimed today that all archives are in K&R office.'

'We left and met Krishnaji down the road. He had been in the Grove. His first comments were that Rajagopal is a sick personality. Theo felt sorry for him, and later, at lunch, said that he wanted to go back and see him, and point out what resigning would do. Krishnaji enlarged to me that Rajagopal's resignation would be the penance. Theo rang a number of times, got only the busy signal, and finally got Rajagopal and went to see him. Theo got only a diatribe and left. Krishnaji now wants Erna to tell Rajagopal that he, Krishnaji, wishes to come to see certain things without Rajagopal being there.'

'In the afternoon, Krishnaji did a videotaped interview on the school plans and education for a local station. Dorothy came with us on a three-mile walk.'

S: And that was a videotaped discussion?

M: Yes, interview on the school plans and education for a local station.

S: Was that with Fred Hall by any chance?

M: It might have been. I would think so. He was a nice man.

'Mark Lee said that Rosalind had telephoned and when asked about the rugs that Krishnaji says should be in Arya Vihara, as they were given to him, she said they had been stolen and she was sorry that Krishnaji thinks she is a thief.' What a family. 'She said they were stolen from Arya Vihara. Theo says the reporting of the theft in the newspapers gave the place as upper-Ojai, which would mean she took them with her when she moved.' [*Chuckles.*]

The tenth of April. 'Krishnaji called a meeting about the announcements of the school to the public, and about the announcements of it at the upcoming public talks. He, Erna and Theo, Ruth, Albion, and Mark, and both Simmonses came to the cottage. Erna had walked over the land with Cohen and Ashton, a surveyor, to look at easements. Cohen says there is no basis for them. Krishnaji talked about the center, what it is or will be. It doesn't exist now, as Patterson claimed when he and Ruth discussed it as being in their own homes with various people. I brought up the matter of Verna Krueger**[6]**, who Mark asked to join the Ojai school, to Dorothy's distress, swiping her from Brockwood to

another school. Krishnaji also alluded to David Bohm, whom, it is said, Albion wants to live over here. Later we walked down McAndrew Road and back.'

April eleven. 'Another snide letter came to Krishnaji from James Vigeveno. Krishnaji wants it answered, and I drafted a reply, though I'm not sure it is worth replying to those despicable people. Krishnaji also wants Erna to telephone Rajagopal that Krishnaji wishes to see the archives without Rajagopal being there. He doesn't want to even see or speak to Rajagopal. Erna wants to delay the call until after this weekend's talks.'

'Reg and Mavis Bennett arrived from Australia. They are nice as ever. Reg had a coronary eighteen months ago. Such kindly people they are.'

The twelfth of April. 'The weather changed, a cloudless sky, warm sun, but still a frosting of snow on Topa Topa. In the Green Beauty, we drove to the Oak Grove, where at 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave his first talk there since the autumn of 1966. Many people, many children, many dogs, but it seemed well arranged, and Mr. Nichols, the architect, had brought drawings to put on an easel; a very handsome rendition of the plot planned for the school. Mark Lee made the announcement about it. Casselberry was there, but none of the other mafia. Krishnaji walked down the road a little after the talk, until I caught up with him in the car. He said he liked talking in the Grove, but had no familiar feeling about it. We had lunch in the cottage. He has agreed with Erna and me to ignore the Vigeveno letter, not dignifying it. Later we walked down Grand Avenue, saw the Lilliefelts, and walked with them to see Monica Phillips at Ruth's.' Monica Phillips was Ruth Tettemer's sister.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'We came back to the Lilliefelts' while Erna telephoned Rajagopal to say Krishnaji wanted to come to see the archives. We saw the Besant letters, photographs, and also Pupul Jayakar's account of what happened to Krishnaji around 1947 and 1948 in Ootacamund**[7]**. This is something she wrote as a report for Rajagopal, and he made her not keep a copy. At first he said he didn't have that, and then, well, he couldn't remember; then he said that Tuesday was not convenient for him, and he hung up.'

'Erna rang back and said, "We must have been cut off," and that it wasn't necessary for him to be there. He got very angry, and said it was a personal thing with him—he had to be there.'

'"Supervision is not required," said Erna.'

'"I will be the judge of that," said Rajagopal. "You must write and give me the time, and I will think about it."'

'Erna said, "We are giving you notice now."'

'Rajagopal replied, "You can't come Tuesday."'

‘Erna: “You are refusing?”’

‘Rajagopal: “You can bring a sheriff and break down the door.” And then he hung up.’

‘So Monday we get Cohen to act legally. Unless we exercise the settlement rights, we are setting a precedent and giving in to the demented, scoundrel behavior of Rajagopal. Blackburn says, “They”—meaning the Vigevenos, etcetera—“are more antagonistic than ever.”’

Sunday, the thirteenth of April. ‘A fog and overcast sky again. Krishnaji gave a magnificent and powerful talk in the Grove, number two. Among others, he spoke of the difference between reality and truth. Reality is of the mind and thought; truth cannot be touched by either. I sat closer, away from children and dogs, and listened only. Krishnaji came back to the car, saying, “That talk exhausted me,” as well it might. Later, joking, he said that in the old days they would’ve said, “The Lord spoke today.” Krishnaji had said he wanted to eat on the hill where Hooker, at Krishnaji’s request, was putting on an inexpensive vegetarian lunch for people who had attended the talk. He sat a long time in the car before we walked over there. It was cold and windy. We sat at a table with the Simmonses, Kishbaugh, and Theo. But when I moved over to the adjoining table with the Blau family and Erna, three perfectly strange, staring young people, uninvited, sat down at Krishnaji’s table. No sense of intrusion, politeness, nothing. Just themselves. Krishnaji had a longish nap at 4:30 p.m. He saw the two Siddoos, Sarjit and Jackie, and the latter brought me from Tapas seven copies of *Ananda*—the Indian version of the *Star Bulletin*, of 1929; also a pair of gray silk trousers copied in India at Krishnaji’s orders from a pair of Courrèges trousers. The Siddoos are planning to open their school in Vancouver, on Vancouver Island, in the autumn of ’76. Krishnaji and I walked to Erna and Theo’s for tea. Erna sent to Rajagopal a letter via Casselberry, saying we are coming Tuesday to see the archives and do not want “supervision.” We discussed what to do if he refuses or tries to harass Krishnaji.’

The fourteenth of April. ‘Gray skies and drippy rain. Krishnaji rested in the morning. He then gave a taped interview to Donald Ingram Smith for Australia Broadcasting. Mr. and Mrs. Kornfeld saw Krishnaji afterward, and while waiting, talked to me about Krishnaji films. Mark played five of the Krishnaji and Anderson dialogues on videotape, and the Kornfelds were among those who watched. I left before the end because Krishnaji said this morning that it was perhaps healthier to eat supper at 6 p.m. instead of 7 p.m. We made it by 6:30 p.m. At supper he asked about the *Ananda* magazine that Tapas had sent. I read him part of an article by E. A. Wodehouse withering Arundale for carrying on ceremonies in Benares in 1928 when Mrs. Besant asked Krishnaji to preside at a TS congress in her absence, and out of politeness to Krishnaji and his views decreed there should be no ceremonies. Krishnaji remembered it vaguely and smiled. He said E. A. Wodehouse wrote very well, but gradually died of laziness.’ [*Both laugh*.] ‘He looked at the magazines. “We were all very young then.” He said some of all this should be put together in a book. There is a chapter on the Hindu version of the Lord Maitreya in their sacred books. I read it to Krishnaji. Maitreya foretold by Gautama, it said, did not

become a Buddha himself, but refused it until humanity is rescued, hence he returns to human life.' That's why the Maitreya returns.

'I asked Krishnaji, "Will you become a Buddha?"'

'"You mustn't ask that," he said. "It doesn't work that way. These people made it all into a hierarchical affair."'

'I spoke to Erna. Cohen says we must enforce our right to the archives and not compromise it.'

Tuesday, the fifteenth. Here comes the fateful day. 'Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to the K&R office at 11 a.m. Rajagopal was there with Austin Bee, who was seated at a desk and never rose or gave more than a glance. We went into the back office. The safe was open and the things we had asked to see were there. Rajagopal stood there, and Erna said we wished to look at things in private. He bristled. "This is *my* office," but finally went out, refusing to close the door. He said he probably didn't have to mention it, but things couldn't be taken out. Erna and I just looked at him, and he went away. Krishnaji felt pain in the stomach from the violence of Rajagopal. I got him to sit down and went through the photo albums with the pictures in 1913 and '14 in Taormina, and Cornwall, and one early one in 1909. There were many more which Krishnaji looked at, but Erna handed me to read the five-page account, handwritten by Pupul Jayakar of events in June 1948 in Ootacamund when Krishnaji was "off," in great pain, spoke of "they have burnt me so there can be more emptiness. They want to see how much of him can come."' I don't know what that means.

S: Are these quotes?

M: It's quotes from the account, Pupul's account.

S: Yes. Did we get that account?

M: Yes. But what developed was, when I eventually got it photocopied and brought it to Pupul, she said but that was just one day; and the "process" went on for eight days. Of course, he'd just given us a sop.

S: Yes.

M: Anyway, then it goes on about 'something to being close to death but not wishing it "as there is so much to be done" and of something happening on the walk (when he was alone) and not being able to remember it, of fearing pieces of him were left on the road, of a great power filling him. Reading it, I felt drained, as happens when there is something deeply moving to do with Krishnaji.' This is me when I read this.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘We were to ask Rajagopal for a photocopy, but to be sure of having the text, I read it quietly to Erna, who took it down in shorthand. Krishnaji, by this time, had looked at the many photos and wanted to leave. He did so, and walked down the road while Erna and I gave Rajagopal the list of things we would like copied. There was a back and forth on his copying them, versus our taking them to be copied. He suggested Erna and Byron Casselberry go together to the photocopier, but apparently Rajagopal doesn’t trust Casselberry either, as he prefers to copy them himself. He questioned me on when we were leaving’—that means Krishnaji and I leaving—‘and was Erna going then, too? We left. Being firm was the effective move today. We came back to the cottage for lunch. Krishnaji asked how those people’s minds possibly worked. Bee, for instance, with his rudeness. Bee is a thorough Theosophist, the Lilliefelts say.’ He just sat there. He never got up or spoke, but just gave a surly glance at Krishnaji and the rest of us.

‘At 3:30 p.m. there was a meeting on the school; Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion, the Lees, the Simmonses, and the Siddoos. Krishnaji went into the relation with parents, the participation of trustees, etcetera. It lasted till after 6 p.m. His stomach was still hurting from the morning. I made a very simple soup, and it felt better. At Arya Vihara I saw the TV interview that Krishnaji gave the other day for the local broadcast.’

S: Just before you go on, did we ever get the rest of the pages of Pupul’s account?

M: No. There is the Rajagopal Historical Collection, as it came to be known.

S: At the Huntington?

M: No, it’s not, at least it wasn’t when we last went there.

S: So who would have it?

M: Well, it’s whatever he’s done with all that stuff. Maybe it’s in Huntington by now. I don’t know. You see, he didn’t leave a will, and we don’t know what happened to things that were in his vault.

S: It would all go to his second wife, Annalisa, no?

M: But Annalisa died, so presumably it’s with Rajagopal’s daughter, Radha, but I don’t know. We haven’t any way of finding out, and Pupul, unfortunately, didn’t keep a copy.

The sixteenth. ‘The weather had cleared in time for Krishnaji’s 11 o’clock public discussion on education. It was cold in the Grove. Krishnaji wore a heavy cardigan, and I was glad of my brown coat and gloves. People were not asking questions to the point; voicing their own theories. Krishnaji, as always, drew it into a whole. He wanted to sit quietly in the car and have me do marketing, so we had a fairly late lunch in the cottage. Dorothy came by and joined us for fruit. Krishnaji slept deeply for an hour. I napped, too, and then we took a long walk with Erna and Theo around Grand, McNell, Thacher Roads. At supper, Krishnaji looked back at the years here. He said he could’ve been

killed or injured on his long climbs in the mountains, and they didn't think of it or care. He said he used to like to drive around Santa Paula, Ventura, and back, fifty miles. He said he used to go alone to places like Cleveland, Toledo, and Seattle to talk. Somebody must've bought the ticket, but then he went on his own. He said maybe Jadu was there.' Do you remember Jadu? Jadu was a nice man.

S: Mm.

M: Unfortunately he died, and he was in the U.S. and was with Krishnaji…

S: Yes.

M: …and then he suddenly died, which was a great sadness.

S: Yes.

M: 'Krishnaji told of staying with the Theosophists in New Zealand, who washed all the dishes in the pan and didn't rinse them. This so appalled Krishnaji, he told them he was good at washing up and asked if he could do it?' [*S chuckles.*] '"If you want," they said. "So I got two pans. They were nice people and caught on."'

Thursday, the seventeenth. 'Another cold day. Krishnaji wrote in his notebook. I typed. We lunched at Arya Vihara with the Lees, the Bennetts, the Simmonses, Ursula…' something '… a difficult name…' it says here. 'She is a woman who worked in the World Bank in Delhi, and may work in our office here. There was a trustees meeting at 3 p.m. There was a decision to go ahead with one building on the Oak Grove land without waiting for the donation drive. Krishnaji wants to get it going there, and wants to redo this cottage here. I have agreed to do it. He speaks of staying in California through May next year. We walked with Erna, Theo, and Alan Kishbaugh down Grand Avenue, and it was after 7 p.m. when we got back.'

The eighteenth of April. 'Warmer with sunshine. A letter came from Nelly Digby, which says that Mrs. Bindley, alone in her house, fell on the stairs, broke her femur and was discovered only the next morning lying at the foot of the stairs. She was taken to the hospital.' Poor lady. 'Krishnaji rested all morning. I went to fetch our air tickets. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw the Blackburns with their annual complaints. Then we went for a walk down McAndrew Road, and came up again for an early supper. We talked of how to redo this cottage, make two bedrooms, two baths, and keep the front sitting room where Krishnaji is now writing and said is a good place for that. On the north side, we could make a good living room and kitchen, also a guest toilet and a very small office where I can type and keep papers. Early to bed and early to sofa.' [*Both chuckle and M explains*:] That was my bed.

Saturday, the nineteenth of April. 'A lovely day, driving through the valley to the Oak Grove, the beauty of the morning, of the earth and all its faces, of all other mornings, and driving with Krishnaji was an inner radiance. It is a spring morning in Ojai, Malibu,

Hampshire, France, and Switzerland, and the shine of beauty is everywhere. Krishnaji's third talk in the Grove was on time, suffering, and death, and I felt emptied of everything by it. That curious, drained feeling that leaves me somewhere else or perhaps without *a me* at all. There were many people and those immediately around him appeared hypnotized. We sat in the car about ten minutes before Krishnaji felt like moving. Alan Kishbaugh had lunch with us and sat and talked with me afterward. He was born in 1938. He told Krishnaji how the Gurdjieff group in New York is run. He was part of it for a few years in the early '60s. I had about a five-minute rest and then Krishnaji, who had had a nap, came in, and it was walk time. We stopped for the Lilliefelts and went around the block. All kinds of people are coming forward to help with the school. Mark is deluged with people responding to the appeal. The architects have given us approximate figures; to shoot for $3 million would do nicely as a beginning.' [*M and S chuckle.*]

Sunday, the twentieth of April. 'A beautiful morning, cloudless, the smell of orange blossoms, the warmth of beginning. Krishnaji gave his fourth talk in the Grove on the religious life: "You must be nothing." Something opens in me to this; it is like the resonance of a bell of truth, the sound empties me—to be psychologically nothing. He stood for a while by the car, Alan Kishbaugh standing guard and walking him through the crowd. Blackburn distinguished himself. He sits behind Krishnaji, supposedly seeing to the PA system, but as we have a professional, he does nothing. Krishnaji doesn't want him there, and says he is getting delusions that he should be talking. So, he was asked at Krishnaji's suggestion by Theo to help keep people away from the area behind Krishnaji. He refused. He complains incessantly of wanting to help and being given nothing, so he was asked to do something, and refuses. Most of us feel he shouldn't be asked to do anything.'

'We had lunch alone. Krishnaji rested a little and saw Olaf Campbell and his son Eric, who has leukemia. Krishnaji had me give him the name of the enzyme clinic in Bonn. Krishnaji also saw Hank and Jean Bassion, a young couple who wrote a nice letter. There was a tea party at Arya Vihara, and Krishnaji came. Later, we went for a walk, but only a hundred yards down the hill; he said the body is tired, so we came back. After supper, he went over to Arya Vihara in his dressing gown to say goodbye to Mavis and Reg Bennett, who return tomorrow to Australia. Dorothy and Montague came in to the cottage on their way back to next door.'

April twenty-first. 'Packed. Put the cottage in order. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to the K&R office at 11 a.m. Krishnaji remained in the car. Erna, Theo, and I went in as Rajagopal opened the door. Austin Bee was at the typewriter and looked up, and this time I made him reply by saying "Good morning, Mr. Bee." Erna did the same, so he muttered a good morning without rising.'

'Rajagopal said, "Isn't Krishnaji with you?"'

'I said that Krishnaji would remain in the car and would like to see the manuscript of the *Commentaries* there.'

‘“I haven’t got them. I think they were destroyed,” said Rajagopal. We stared at him in shock.’

‘I asked, did he mean that he had destroyed Krishnaji’s original manuscripts written in his own hand?’

‘He said it had been published, and that was their custom, and he wasn’t sure what had happened.’

‘I said that he kept very orderly records, how could he not be sure what had happened to such an important archive?’

‘He didn’t wish to answer questions. He said that he hadn’t come to answer questions. We had come without friendly spirits and all sorts of interpretations of the agreement. The court would have to settle it, or we could bring the sheriff. There were things that had to be settled about Harper & Row, a reference to their putting KFA as the party to be written to in the new edition of a KWINC book. He implied that Krishnaji had broken the agreement in telling him to resign.’

‘I said that we had shown considerable politeness and forbearance in the face of his tirades which he offered instead of our seeing anything. The word forbearance registered.’

‘We said that he had repeatedly jibed at Krishnaji for not speaking to him, and that finally when he did it again, Krishnaji had said “I will speak” and said that if Rajagopal really wanted to be in their old state of friendship he must resign from everything and do penance. I said that Krishnaji now wished me to tell him that until he renounces everything and establishes a relationship with Krishnaji that is not based only on the legal settlement, that Krishnaji didn’t wish to see him and that, if he had anything to say to Krishnaji, to write to him directly and not through other people “like Mr. Vigeveno.”’

‘By this time Rajagopal was so angry that I couldn’t tell what he took in. He started to say “This is *my* house.”’

‘“House?” said Erna.’

‘“Office,” he caught himself.’

‘We said it is the K&R office, and under the agreement, we have a right to come here to see archives.’

‘He implied we have seen the archives. *He* decides what are archived material.’

‘Erna said that we had not seen so far one thing in Krishnaji’s handwriting. Where were the other manuscripts?’

‘He said, “You have the manuscripts.” He means the so-called Scaravelli manuscript.’ That’s the *Notebook*.

‘We asked, did that mean he had nothing else?’

‘He said he would say nothing more and wouldn’t answer questions.’

I said he was both refusing to show us things or to answer questions. Erna turned to Bee and said, “You’re a trustee. Do you concur in this?”’

‘Bee said, “Whatever Mr. Rajogopal says, I agree to.”’

‘Erna: “And the other trustees?”’

‘Bee: “They agree with Mr. Rajagopal.”’

‘Rajagopal had transcripts of the *Commentaries*, typewritten which, of course, are not an authentic archive source. He also had photocopies of Mrs. Besant’s letters to Krishnaji, 1915 to 1930, Pupul’s report of 1948 and reports of Krishnaji, Nitya, and A.P. Warrington, August seventeen to twenty-one in 1922. Further, he wanted signed acknowledgements from Erna and Krishnaji. We refused for Krishnaji, but Erna signed. He said his lawyer had told him to make these available and he was doing so as a favor to Krishnaji. We took these and said we should leave, he would not speak further to us. Somehow, in it all, I said that we had no wish to discuss anything with him and had wished to see various things without his supervision. On this, he said angrily that he would not allow it. We left in a blast of his anger and semi-hysteria. His rages have the uncontrol of weakness, a tantrum quality. We were in there probably no more than fifteen minutes. There was probably more, but as I write this in the evening, I cannot think of it now.’

‘We found Krishnaji down the hill a ways, and went back to the cottage to try collectively to remember all that was said. Erna made notes. We telephoned Cohen, and told him what had happened. He wants to go with a photocopy machine and copy everything, but that would be endless and not include things we want. What is required is that he account for missing things and produce them. This business of his deciding what constitute archives is untenable. Cohen will begin by telephoning Christensen.’

‘Dorothy and Montague left for Los Angeles and a flight to London. We lunched at Arya Vihara with the Lees, Ruth, and Albion Patterson. We had packed the car and drove to Dieter’s place, where we tried out a Volvo station wagon and didn’t like it. Krishnaji talked at length to Dieter apart from me and came back to me saying I should get a diesel Mercedes. Another Mercedes!’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘I am tired of car preoccupations. All that is needed is an economical small car that can carry things the Green Beauty won’t hold. But Krishnaji is sold on Mercedes excellence and of it being unsafe for him or me to go about in too small a car. We put off further talk about cars.’

‘He took the wheel on the coast road to Malibu. Driving, he asked me if I was too tired for a question. I said I was tired only of the car subject.’ [*M chuckles; S laughs.*] ‘He then asked me if anything had happened to me in these two weeks, was I changed in some way? I asked what he meant. What was he asking about? And I went over various things in these two weeks from my point of view. First, that the Rajagopal thing, though unpleasant’—and in parentheses I have that Krishnaji apologizes for my being subjected to it—‘didn’t really bother me. He said, “I could see something must have happened when you came out of Rajagopal’s, but you hadn’t reacted.” The Blackburn inimical behavior wasn’t worth talking about to me.’ That’s why he hadn’t mentioned it. Another parenthesis saying that there had been a discussion of it at lunch. ‘But the talks had an extra stretch of something in the Grove, something about it seems to open one to his words, and I felt that. The school seems to be rising, and things are beginning to happen. Staying in the cottage, I had liked, and explained that I react to a place, to beauty and character, more than to the people around. He listened to all this, but said he felt that there was more, something had happened to him. “I haven’t been tired,” an added vitality, and he felt something I was perhaps not aware of, was happening to me. Nothing was to my mind, but I said that what had meant most to me in his talks was his speaking of nothingness. “That is it,” he said. “Now we won’t talk about it for the moment,” but he went on that we must make a change, have more leisure, we must do it at Brockwood. We will take a picnic and go off, have leisure and quiet. I do feel a curious emptiness that I feel I must not examine now; let it be. It is something good. So, we came home to Malibu. The grass has taken root, and the flowers are bright. It looks lovely. This is a very dear house. The ocean murmurs.’

April twenty-second. ‘Krishnaji rested. He was reading the book on whales and their enormous brains’ [*M chuckles*], ‘and the fact that until man, they were menaced by nothing, which Krishnaji said made him “see something.” He called me in and asked me to remember to have him tell the others at tomorrow’s meeting that “the school must provide complete security to the students, a vast protection in depth.” Then he added, “That is what they did with me until those monsters came along.”’ Meaning the Rajagopals.

S: Yes, yes.

M: ‘There is a letter from Anneke in which she encloses a copy of one she sent to Rosalind Rajagopal. It is full of friendship and warmth to Rosalind but also puts a few truths home. Krishnaji thought it good, though, he said, Anneke doesn’t realize it will be ignored. To me, though I understand Anneke’s fondness for the past and her wish to find good in old friends, all that is washed away by the evil that this pair has done to Krishnaji. So, we came to what affection is: I saying that though I do not hate, or wish ill to them, there could never be a question of affection. I would be hypocritical to say otherwise. So, we got out the Oxford dictionary and looked up affection. In the end, he said, “what he meant was compassion,” and with that I could go along.’

‘I went to see Amanda and Phil for an hour in the afternoon, came back and did three miles on the bicycle and one mile’s walk around the lawn, which means fourteen laps. Krishnaji did twenty.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

April twenty-third. ‘To town on errands. Back by 2 p.m. At 3 p.m., Ruth, Albion, Kishbaugh, the Lees, and Professor Rush came to talk with Krishnaji about the school. I taped it on a Uher cassette player. Erna and Theo couldn’t come. Theo has hurt his eye in the garden.’

The twenty-fourth of April. ‘Desk, etcetera. Sidney Field came to see Krishnaji in the afternoon. The gossip is that Rajagopal is saying in Ojai that he offered the present settlement to Krishnaji five years ago, that he could’ve ruined Krishnaji, but he didn’t want to, etcetera.’

April twenty-fifth. ‘Began packing. Erna and Theo came to lunch, and we discussed the making of a resume of the case. First by fact, then by event as a record. Rajagopal is already spreading falsehoods, and we should have the factual record. Albion, Ruth, Mark, and Charles Rush, and Alan came. We discussed “patterns of architecture” for the school. Then John Rex, Reibsamen, and Nichols came and asked us their questions about the school buildings. Krishnaji had the idea that there should be no classroom building, but that each house should have an extra room for study. They showed us a sample of bricks, and Krishnaji liked a beige one. They all left after 6 p.m. The Dunnes gave a donation to the Foundation.’

The twenty-sixth of April. ‘Packing, packing. Such a beautiful day. Betsy**[8]** came to see me while Krishnaji was asleep. She and I went to the Dunnes’.’

April twenty-seventh. ‘A beautiful morning in Malibu. We finished packing, and satisfyingly, two bags less this year. Krishnaji drove with Alan Kishbaugh and I with Amanda to the airport. Krishnaji and I flew at noon on TWA to New York. My brother had arranged a car to meet us, and put the makings of supper and breakfast in the Ritz Tower apartment.’

The twenty-eighth of April. ‘I spoke to my family at the Vineyard. My brother lent us his car and engaged a chauffeur to drive us to see Dr. Wolf in White Plains. The usual blood and other tests for both of us. We came back to my brother’s apartment; Lindsey, his son, met us at the door.’ He was a little boy then.

‘Krishnaji, my brother, Lisa, and I had lunch at the Lafayette restaurant. We talked of the Cooper-Hewitt museum where Lisa works, and of our intended school. Lisa suggested to try to get Mobile Oil to fund a public broadcast of Krishnaji’s, which in turn would generate donations for the school. Krishnaji and I went to see an Antonioni movie, *The Passenger*.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji and I went to the Carnegie Endowment Institute, where Dr. David Shainberg had assembled about two dozen psychiatrists, psychotherapists, and

social workers to meet and talk to Krishnaji. No formal talk, just questions and answers. The questions were mostly on fear. Krishnaji immediately went past theories and specific fears to examine and ask, what is fear itself, its central root? Is thinking the central cause? One questioner said thinking is how we master fear, cope with it. Krishnaji said, "Without understanding the nature of thought, one cannot understand fear." Some of them thought that fear is helpful, i.e., about danger. Krishnaji asked if that was fear, also asked can we be totally free of fear. He said self-preservation in the face of danger is not fear. Someone brought up the fear of the atom bomb. Krishnaji said, what can I do as an individual against a monstrous system, and what is the good of being frightened? What is a human being to do?' We don't want all this, do we, because it's all on the tape?

'After the meeting ended, we taxied back to the apartment and had a room service lunch with some beans I had cooked earlier. I went quickly to the place where my Patek was fixed, fetched it, and had a new crystal put on Krishnaji's. Back in time to walk with him to Caswell-Massey for a few things. Then, to the good barber in the Hotel Lombardy. The best of Krishnaji's haircuts are done there. At 5 p.m., my brother Bud came to see us and discuss business things with me. After he left, Krishnaji and I had supper, and on television watched the final ending of the Vietnam War, as the U.S. completed its evacuation of a circled Saigon. The North has won, and the long, wretched U.S. involvement is over.'

Thirtieth of April. 'Krishnaji slept only fairly well. He had a feeling of "ecstatic energy in my head." He spoke of it in the evening, that he had never had it before, ecstatic energy. He certainly gave outward signs of extraordinary energy in the second session with the psychiatrists and psychotherapists. It was a continuation of yesterday's meeting and again the question came: Can thinking decide when thinking is relevant?' And then again, I have much description of what was said, which we don't need.

May first. 'Krishnaji rested in the morning and I did errands with my brother accompanying me so we could talk. He left me at 1 p.m., and Krishnaji and I had a quiet lunch in the hotel, and then we went out for a little walk and two errands. After the most relaxed day of a departure ever, we left the Ritz Tower at 6:20 p.m., in my brother's car with a driver, and went to the airport and took the 8:45 p.m. Air India flight to London, a very nice plane, attractively done, with excellent service, and a quiet atmosphere. There were vacant seats so each of us could have two and lie down.'

The second of May. 'We landed at 8:45 a.m. in London. Dorothy, Doris, and Ingrid met us and all drove to Brockwood. The school was out front to greet Krishnaji. The completed Assembly Room is very handsome. The lack of tile in the Long Hall and its new floor is a considerable improvement. There's new electric wiring in the West Wing. Dorothy said all was chaos when she arrived and only this morning was everything in place. I unpacked almost all of our bags. Krishnaji went right to bed. I slept ten hours and spoke to Mary L.'

The third of May. 'Finished unpacking, and put things in order. Ted Cartee fixed the garbage disposal unit which had two nails in it! Probably from careless electricians who

fixed the pipe carrying the run-off water from the clothes washer, which had been pulled apart, also by the electricians. Water leaked through the ceiling to the lower hall. Krishnaji got up for lunch. Later he, Dorothy, Whisper, and I walked across the fields, through the grove, around by the lane. With a pedometer, it comes to two miles. We discovered that today. Krishnaji now has his supper tray at 6 p.m. A lovely day and a happy sense of being in this beautiful place again.'

The fourth of May. 'Telephoned Filomena in Rome. She's uncertain when she can come here. We walked in the afternoon. In the evening watched *Shane* on television, Krishnaji's favorite, and it looks as good as ever.' [*Chuckles*.]

The next day, 'I went over to Morton's garage with a garage man to awaken the gray Mercedes. It looked alright after its winter hibernation. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to the school in the new Assembly Room. It was used for the first time. It looked and sounded well. Mary Cadogan was there and stayed for lunch. She and I talked all afternoon until it was walk time. Afterward, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I drove the Mercedes to see how it was and to see a field of yellow in West Meon.' That must be the beginning of the rape crop.

S: Yes.

M: 'It looks like thick mustard but is rape. Mark Edwards took photos of Krishnaji and some of the students. In the evening, Krishnaji was delighted to find *Kojak* on the BBC, and it didn't matter that it was one we had already seen.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'We sat up till after 10.'

The sixth of May. 'Dr. Parchure was to arrive today, but Dorothy received a telephone call from Balasundaram that his exit permit was not forthcoming. Maybe next week. Krishnaji was sorting clothes for Parchure, and I found him in our kitchen in his toweling bathrobe and the black woolen cap Fosca had crocheted for him, modeled on his fur one. "This is my lifestyle," he said, laughing.' [*Both M and S laugh*.] 'Later in Dorothy's office he said, "Look. The spirits are after it." Outside the window, the head of a broom was waving back and forth rather eerily in the wind. He laughed as no one else can laugh, all laughter and merriment. We walked at 4:30 p.m. Very windy and cold. Whisper on the rope nearly pulled Krishnaji down in the field. She spotted a dog in the tractor and was all for murder. Krishnaji had supper at 6 p.m. each night.'

Going to the eighth, as there was nothing on the seventh worth recording, but I'll humor you.

S: Thank you [*chuckles*]. I was about to ask.

M: The seventh of May. 'A quiet day. Did work putting the West Wing in order, and Krishnaji, Whisper, and I walked in the rain.'

The eighth, 'I did errands in Petersfield, and met Mary L. at the train. Krishnaji, she, and I talked before and after lunch about Ojai, and she also went over certain things in Krishnaji's Scaravelli manuscript and the introduction she is writing to it. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked later.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school in the library. It was a good discussion on authority, are we influenced, etcetera. During lunch, Mary and Joe came in on their way to stay the weekend with her sister Barbara Agar, and Mary gave Krishnaji the first and only copy so far of the biography *Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening*. On the dust jacket there is part of one of the photos of Krishnaji taken in 1926 in Indian clothing standing in front of the Gobelin tapestries at Castle Eerde. I read the biography all afternoon while Krishnaji slept. Then, he and I went for a walk and talked about the book. He asked if it would really interest people, what they could make of it.'

'I said that the first part, which is all that I have so far read, may bring up the inevitable questions about Theosophy, Masters, etcetera—if the Masters exist, why all those communications reported with them then and nothing since?'

'Krishnaji said, "It is simple. The Lord is here."'

'I said, "You mean those communications were necessary to prepare for that?"'

'Krishnaji replied, "Obviously." And then he added, "I just thought of it [*with humor in voice*]."' [*S chuckles*.]

'I asked one of those don't-answer-me-if-it's-a-wrong-question questions, and it was. "Am I being dense or insensitive not to perceive such things, or am I simply not being spoken to?"'

'Krishnaji said, "You're doing what you should, looking after K. There may be no need to communicate. You have been with me how long? You are perhaps used to certain things."'

'I began to tell him of the curiously full reporting by the young Krishnamurti of his "initiation," so unlike his present-day way of describing, so detailed, etcetera. But Dorothy came along the lane and joined us, and we couldn't go on with the conversation. Krishnaji wants me to attend the school meetings, which I never have, because of Dorothy's reluctance—*embarrassment*, she calls it. But he told her today that I should, and she, of course, accepted it nicely with a bit of humor. Later, I sat up till midnight reading the biography.'

Editor's Note: ***The reluctance to have Mary in staff meetings seems odd in retrospect, as everything negative the staff had to say about Brockwood certainly came to Mary and Krishnaji, but most of the very good working together and seriousness that was often evident in the staff meetings would have been, at least partly, invisible. Certainly,***

when Mary did start attending the meetings, it felt right—as if "Krishnaji's eyes and ears" were there, which most of us wanted.

The tenth of May. 'I put the biography on Krishnaji's bed beside the breakfast tray. He said he wasn't going to read it' [*chuckle in voice*], 'but I thought he might read *parts*, and so he did, starting with the discovery of the boy. He asked how far I had read in the night, which was up to page 120, and what it seemed to me.'

'I said, so far, the mystery of his becoming what he is, is *deepened* by the book. Working from Krishnaji's letters to Mary L.'s mother and the latter's diary gives a picture of an entirely immature, partly Victorian child, surrounded by jealous and competing friends, much talk of love that is childish and unreal.'

'Krishnaji said the boy was not conditioned, that he was fed all the TS stories, but that it was superficial, and it went into his head and out. If he were conditioned, he said, he would've gone on in the TS way. I pointed out that many people have changed belief or views, but he said this was different. He was simply empty, moronic, dull. What made him awake? He thinks that slowly, drop by drop, he was awakening, changing. There was no real conditioning there. He was untouched and the very slow maturing was important. "Care of the body was and is important. I have right food and all that. I may live to be 100. We'll celebrate that instead of eighty." (Next Monday is his birthday.)' [*Both chuckle*.]

'I attended, for the first time, a staff meeting.'

On May eleventh, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school in the Assembly Room. He asked what is the most important question in life? He was critical later of their lack of response. On the walk, he said to Dorothy, "They are dead…It's no use to ask what Brockwood can give to them or they to Brockwood." And in the evening, to me he said, "What is the use of all this? In five years, there is not one student who has understood something."

'This of course is what he has said of the Indian schools. One wonders if the teachings can be understood by those only with a certain capability, a quality of mind and intelligence. Krishnaji thinks Dorothy is too sentimental about the students here. There is an Indian boy here now whom Krishnaji thinks should be sent away, and his parents are simply using this place.'

'I read until midnight and finished the biography, moved to tears by what he went through; the extraordinary fact of his enduring all that early time, the chicanery and pretentiousness of most of those people and coming to be what he is. Or, was it then always dormant, slowly growing like a delicate plant in him, until he was ripe? It was midnight when I finished, and I realized it was almost exactly eighty years since that child was born in the puja room of the small house in Madanapalle. The story, or perhaps Mary's telling of it all, makes it very close, not long ago. Nitya seems someone I know, not then, but now. It's an odd sense of knowing him, as if from very deep in the subconscious. What moves me as I write this is "that boy's," Krishnaji's tremendous

optimism, enthusiasm. At eighty now, he shines with it, even more than when he was quite young, but then he has always been and is, more than ever, younger than anyone; young in a radiant way.'

May twelfth. 'At thirty minutes into the morning, Krishnaji reached eighty years of age. He waved aside all greetings, but said, "I think I will live another twenty years, and *then* you can celebrate." I said I would hold him to that, but who will push my wheelchair to the celebration? He said the body should last because it is looked after, because there is someone who cares, who looks after him, someone who doesn't want something. It rained a bit, and I slept after lunch. Dr. T. K. Parchure arrived from India, his first trip here. A small, bald man with bright ferret eyes' [*S chuckles*], 'a nice ferret' [*M chuckles*]. 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. The students wanted to but didn't sing "Happy Birthday" to Krishnaji at lunch. Dorothy got singing and cake at supper. It's her birthday, too. I telephoned Mary L. about the book.'

Tuesday, the thirteenth. 'Krishnaji and I took the Petersfield train to London. In our pleasant groove' [*chuckles*], 'we went right to Huntsman, where everything was pleasantly just the same. Krishnaji disappeared into the fitting room. I read *Country Life*, then Mr. Lintott brought out patterns**[9]**—a lightweight tweedish material for a suit and trousers for Krishnaji, and trouser material for me. Mary lunched with us at Fortnum's. We talked all the way through about the book. Krishnaji is reading it in pickings at breakfast. He reads a page here and there. He is pleased about it and showed that he was to Mary. I gave her a copy of the notes Erna Lilliefelt took as I read Pupul Jayakar's account in the K&R archives of the 1948 events at Ootacamund. I also gave her an envelope for Filomena in Rome that Amanda Dunne gave me. Amanda Pallant is going there to spend a week with Vanda. Krishnaji and I went to Hatchard's and then came back on the 4:20 p.m. train.'

The fourteenth of May. 'We had a medical review between Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me of Krishnaji's health matters. In the afternoon, I took Dr. P. to Winchester to get him some warm clothes. Doris, having read the biography, heatedly asked Krishnaji why he had to suffer so. Do we all have to go through that? Krishnaji replied that to come upon something new, to discover, one person had to go through it in order to be able to point it out to others.'

The fifteenth of May. 'Krishnaji talked to the school. I telephoned Filomena about her present of a pretty centrini**[10]** for Krishnaji's chest of drawers. I told her also of Amanda's envelope. All the Dunnes had joined in smiling photos for her, which Amanda Pallant took to Rome. At 6 p.m., I went for the first time to the school meeting.'

May sixteenth was 'cold and rainy. I dictated letters. Dr. P. examined my leg and my exercise regime and taught me ways of relieving muscle spasms and freeing circulation in the leg, a gentle tapping with fingers and tightening of muscles in the knee cap, pinching a pillow held between my knees.'

The seventeenth of May. ‘More rain and cold, and more deskwork for me. I attended another staff meeting. There were questions by Carol Smith and Joe Zorski**[11]** about the West Wing and all its space not being used for the school. I replied giving the early history of Brockwood Park and its initial intentions: school, center, and home for Krishnaji. Krishnaji spoke to the school in the afternoon, and did a taped conversation with David Bohm on what is reality and what is truth. Krishnaji is enthusiastic about it and wants to go on discussing with David each weekend.’

The nineteenth of May. ‘Krishnaji reads parts of Mary’s biography each morning. His liking for it grows. “She must’ve worked very hard,” he said. In response to questions of Mary’s, Doris found an old book of records she kept in 1961 showing when Krishnaji went for three weeks between the London talks and Saanen to Ojai. Mary, meticulous in background details, wanted to discover where he was and what were the references in the beginning of the *Notebook* manuscript. He spoke of going to an airport, others noticing something, etcetera. The airport was London, the others mentioned were Mrs. Bindley, Doris herself, who had forgotten, and Anneke. Krishnaji remembers nothing of it.’

The twenty-first of May. ‘It was a lovely summer day. I made the Creole rice he likes and packed our picnic hamper. We took two passengers, Dr. Parchure, whom we dropped in Hindhead at Dr. Carl Upman’s, and Dorothy, whom we took to a garage east of Haslemere, where she fetched her Land Rover.’

‘We drove on through lovely country, warm and smelling of spring, fertilizer, and growing things. How beautiful it is. I am floating in delight to drive through such loveliness with Krishnaji. It was less lovely near Esher, where road building is going on. Then we came to Wimbledon Common, where we had our picnic lunch sitting on a bench under trees. Krishnaji looked as young as when he walked there fifty years ago, and lived at West Side House with Ms. Dodge. We went on to the Putney Hospital. Mrs. Bindley has been there. She had fallen on the stairs, broke her hip, and lay there all night until the woman who cleans came in the morning. That was a month ago. They have operated on her hip and said she is convalescent. She was asleep when we came in. I took her hand and said that Krishnaji had come to see her. In her sleep, she said “lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely,” [*light chuckles*] touchingly responding to the words, she must have understood subconsciously. Krishnaji took her other hand and looked at me with distress, wondering if she were perhaps only half-conscious now, but then she woke up and was her old bright self, delighted to see him, eager with questions and banging her hearing aid to make it work. We told her a little about the Ojai school plans, the visits to the archives, and the meetings with Rajagopal. She said she will be able to go home as soon as her son Jack returns from Spain and gets someone to live-in and take care of her. We left, Krishnaji saying we would come to see her at home. “I would rather die quietly than be put in a hospital,” he said when we were outside. It was a considerable thing for him to visit her in the hospital, as he normally will not go to one. This is a convalescent hospital, and relatively less distressing, but one can see his repugnance.’

‘The A3 had been too torn up around Esher and Krishnaji said let’s go back some other way. I hadn’t brought maps, but we headed toward the sun, westward along the south

bank of the Thames, and with luck found the M3, which took us to the road to Alton and so home to Brockwood.'

May twenty-second. 'Krishnaji has told Dr. Parchure that I must outlive him. When, in the kitchen, I asked Krishnaji why, he dismissed it with a "you know very well why." Parchure told Krishnaji what he is doing to my leg with massage as being able to unblock it. But Krishnaji has treated his ears and told him not to think of his hands or a cure, not to want something, just be quiet and open, then perhaps something can get through. Krishnaji told him that his own energy is not depleted when it goes to someone in this way. Krishnaji spoke to the school today—fact is doing in the instant. "Something new," he said. I talked at supper to a man about the Ojai school where he would like to teach. He didn't seem suitable, but was pleasant.'

May twenty-fourth. 'We learned from Amanda Pallant, who is back from Rome, that Vanda was struck by a car in Florence, bruised on the legs, and her head was cut, but is alright and was able to come to Rome to receive Amanda. I telephoned Vanda, who said it is nothing, characteristically, and Krishnaji spoke to her, getting almost no information. In the afternoon, Krishnaji did a two-hour taped dialogue with David Bohm, continuing last Sunday's on reality and truth. Dr. Parchure participated very slightly. Dorothy, Saral, and I were present.'

The twenty-fifth of May. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school, over their heads, I think, but very interesting on thought. Is there thought without word or image? To see something as true is an action outside of thought. There were many things in this discussion. Jane and Ian Hammond were at lunch. At 4 p.m., Dorothy, Krishnaji, and I talked to Tungki about his being able to continue to live at Brockwood without compulsion to study. Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked and got back in time for Dorothy and me to go to the staff meeting.'

The next day. 'I got up at 5 a.m. Did exercises, etcetera, and went to a 6:30 a.m. staff meeting. Carol Allwell raised the question of the gulf between verbal understanding and what we are trying to do in the schools, and insensitive behavior in some. She expressed it clearly, but there was much staring at the floor in responses. Dorothy is depressed, feels under attack at these meetings. I talked to her. Mary and Joe are going to Canada for four days. I took a nap after lunch, and walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy. When I brought Krishnaji his supper, he said he had a message from "the Great White Brotherhood thanking me for looking after him, but I mustn't spoil him."' [*Both M and S chuckle and then M laughs.*] Great White Brotherhood! Oh, dear. [*More laughter*.]

The twenty-seventh of May. My diary says, 'Tired!' [*Chuckles.*] 'I did quite a few letters. After lunch I went with Dorothy and Doris to Winchester for trousers for Krishnaji and other errands. Back in time for the walk. Telephoned the Frys, and spoke to Kit.'

On the twenty-ninth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. Tidiness and untidiness. Mrs. Shrinivasan was at the meeting and to lunch. I drove her to the train. A walk and another school meeting.'

May thirtieth. 'I went to London alone. I did errands, had a fitting, came back at 4 p.m. Did some errands in Petersfield, and then back to Brockwood.'

The next day, another dialogue between Krishnaji and David Bohm.

Monday, June second. 'It snowed in London for first time on record. Mary L. and her daughter Amanda came to lunch. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked later, bundled up like Eskimos. The day had begun with a 6:30 staff meeting, I got fairly sleepy watching *Kojak* with Krishnaji in the evening on TV. Dr. Parchure is teaching me to massage Krishnaji.'

June third, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school and said, "I will teach them in spite of themselves."'

S: Is that it?

M: Yes.

S: Just before we run out of tape. Good!

M: Good. I'll have another cookie.

S: You deserve it.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The Mercedes importer nearest Ojai.

[2] The Oak Grove in Ojai is where Krishnaji traditionally gave his public talks, and is located next to the location of the school that was about to be built.

[3] *Commentaries on Living* was a series of three books that first appeared in 1956.

[4] Curuppumullage Jinarajadasa was an early convert to Theosophy who became president of the Theosophical Society from 1945 until his death in 1953.

[5] The case in which the Krishnamurti Foundation of India was trying to get Vasanta Vihar, a large building built for Krishnaji's work in 1933, from Rajagopal.

[6] An early staff member at Brockwood who was a mainstay in the school's kitchen.

[7] A long period of "the process," during which Pupul and her sister Nandini looked after Krishnaji.

[8] Betsy Drake Grant was an old friend of Mary's from the 1930s.

[9] ‘Patterns’ are what London tailors call swatches of material from which one can choose to have things made.

[10] Italian doilies usually made of lace or linen made to be put on a bureau or small table. This must have been for Krishnaji’s birthday.

[11] Carol and Joe were teachers at Brockwood and were a couple. She taught biology, and he taught chemistry and physics. They were the first couple to have a child at Brockwood.

Issue 36: June 1, 1975 to August 18, 1975

In this issue we see the first volume of Mary Lutyens' biography being read by different people and their very different responses to that very strange early life that Krishnaji led. We also see Krishnaji wondering with others about that early life.

There is also in this issue the transcription of two of four small sheets of loose paper that were in Mary's large diary for this period. These small sheets of paper do not have the careful handwriting that is usually evident in Mary's diary, but they are hurriedly scribbled, as if she was trying to just get down in writing some things that Krishnaji said.

Mary: Well, we begin in the little book on the first of June 1975 as I didn't record anything in the big book, and from the little book it seems to be one of those non-days to report.

Scott: Well, let's have it anyway.

M: 'Krishnaji spoke to the school in the morning on silence and seeing, and then I spoke to a man from Leeds, a transcendental-meditation type, and told him that it has *nothing* to do with Krishnaji's teachings. At 6 p.m. there was a staff meeting. David Bohm was there. It was proposed and accepted that Saral attend.' I presume for the scientists' conference that is coming up.

On the second of June, 'it was cold, and snowed in London for the first time in June since records were kept.' [*S chuckles.*] 'I did letters in the morning. Mary Links and Amanda Pallant came for lunch, and we all walked very bundled up. They began a staff meeting at 6:30 a.m.' Why would that be? 'I' [*chuckles*], 'got fairly sleepy watching *Kojak* with Krishnaji on television at night. Dr. Parchure is teaching me how to massage Krishnaji.' [*Chuckles.*] Nothing came of that, but that's what happened on the second of June.

On the third of June, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school, and he said again to me, "I will teach them in spite of themselves." Dr. P. gave me another lesson in giving Krishnaji a massage. I gave Dr. P. a copy of the biography to read.'

The next day, 'It is a little bit warmer. I typed letters all morning, and after lunch went to Winchester for errands, taking Frances McCann and Carol Allwell. I was back in time for the walk.'

The fifth of June, Krishnaji and I went to London, and he came with me to Rowe's, where I had ordered some trousers, because he wished to supervise the fitting!' [*S laughs heartily.*] 'Which he did. And he thinks that I should have them cut a bit longer. This was a slight contention between us. He won, naturally.' [*S chuckling more*.] 'He said that the trousers should break**[1]** at the bottom.' I'm sure you know what I mean.

S: I know exactly, yes.

M: ‘Only then, according to Krishnaji, were they proper.’ So, that’s what happened.

S: Yes, quite right.

M: ‘We walked to Fortnum’s and lunched with Mary and Joe. Joe asked Krishnaji’ [*chuckles*] ‘about the philosophical belief in the Masters, and he wanted to know about that Scots one.’ He meant the Maha Chohan!’ [*Both laugh heartily*.] A Scottish name, clearly! [*Both laugh more*.] ‘It is difficult listening to Krishnaji not to think he puts credence in their existence, though he doesn’t say so. Krishnaji went to the dentist, Mr. Thompson, while I fetched remedies at Nelson’s. We caught the 4:20 p.m. train back. Today is the first referendum ever held in Britain on remaining in the common market. They say it is a heavy vote. Results will be counted tomorrow. The scientists are arriving at Brockwood for the second session of the discussion with Krishnaji.’

Friday, the sixth of June. ‘Krishnaji and the scientists met in the Assembly Room. Wilkins, Bohm, Shainberg, Ullman, Goodwin, Butt, Peat, Monroe, and Parchure, Harsh, and Zorski. Students chosen by Harsh and Joe Zorski came as observers. In the afternoon, the same meeting continued. No papers were read this time. They went straight into discussion.’

On the seventh, ‘there was more of the scientific conference in the morning and the afternoon. In the afternoon, late, we walked. It was a hot and lovely day. There was a staff meeting.’

The next day, with the scientist conference. ‘Dr. Julian Melzack and his wife Dr. Elisabeth Ferris joined the group, and once again, Melzack slowed it all down. Michael Rubinstein came as an observer.’ I remember Mr. Melzack, who I think was something to do with logic, disrupted the meeting, as far as I can remember, over and over. He was difficult.

On the ninth of June. ‘The scientist conference concluded in the afternoon. Krishnaji gave a private interview to Dr. Ferris’—that’s Mrs. Melzack—‘on the reasons she and Melzack were late joining. Her father is hopelessly ill with cancer and they just learned of it. So, he very nicely talked to her.’

On the tenth, ‘Krishnaji rested all day. Krishnaji had hay fever again after his walk. Dr. Parchure gave him Actad. Earlier he had had lacto-something, which is to work on the probable milk allergy, which Parchure thinks Krishnaji may have had since childhood. By treating this allergy homeopathically, Parchure hopes to affect his hay fever.’ Sorry to say, it didn’t work.

S: I know.

M: Now, we go back to the little book for the eleventh. ‘It was another warm day. Nothing happened. Krishnaji stayed in bed.’ And he stayed there for the next day as well.

On the thirteenth, my diary says, 'Krishnaji in bed all morning. I came in before going to Winchester on errands, and Krishnaji said, "I was playing the Beethoven Ninth Symphony, that loud part, that demonic energy part, and not reading, lying here like this…" he was on his back with his legs slightly bent at right angles, "…and I felt this odd feeling as if death came. Everything was going through a little hole, and I realized it mustn't happen, and so it came back. I have felt a little of it for a couple of days, as if death were like that."'

'Me: "So near?"'

'Krishnaji: "Like that, through this little hole."'

'Me: "Was it different from when certain things happen in your head?"'

'Krishnaji: "Maybe."'

'Me: "What was it made you realize it shouldn't happen?"'

'Krishnaji: "Oh, you know, I have to try on that suit." Laughs.' [*M and S laugh.*]

S: Huntsman saves the day! [*Laughs.*]

M: Yes. 'Then Krishnaji said, "I remember Sacha had a fitting, and he died without getting it finished, and that mustn't happen. You must go now to Winchester, and drive carefully because I have to live." Dr. Parchure gave Krishnaji a second dose of homeopathic lacto-something this morning, and said that Krishnaji's feeling tired is a reaction to it. After breakfast, Krishnaji said, "I am tired. I must be getting old. Of course, I *am* old. But I *feel* tired." I went off to Winchester, with all this and the day, which was actually bright, had gone gray in that odd way as if the light had gone out of it. It shook me. Not yet, he has too much to do. He is more alive than anyone.'

On the fourteenth, 'Krishnaji did a taped dialogue in the afternoon with David Bohm about animal energy. Are the energy of thought and the energy outside of thought the same? Or, is the one outside totally different? Krishnaji finally came to see that they are totally different. There was a Brockwood garden party for Bramdean**[2]** neighbors.'

On the fifteenth, 'Krishnaji talked to the school in the morning. I asked about a verbal, superficial level of seeing things. Why does one not go deeper? "One must *look*," he said. At 4 p.m. Krishnaji came to a staff meeting and lit hard on the subject of respect, its meaning and how to bring it about.'

On the sixteenth, 'there was a school meeting at 6:30 a.m.' Why did we have it that early? Well, anyway. 'We told the students of the meeting yesterday about respect. There was a fairly good discussion. Krishnaji gave an interview to Carol Allwell, at Frances McCann's request. Krishnaji didn't go for a walk to avoid the hay fever. It rained, and I walked with Whisper.'

The seventeenth. ‘Krishnaji again stayed in, though he walked down to see a “communist creeper,” a Russian vine planted to hide the lavatories in the field. He isn’t sleeping too well.’ We had lavatories down in the field for the campers who were here during the public talks. It’s a vine that grows terribly quickly, a Russian vine, and he called it a “communist vine.” [*laughter*] It was planted in June, so that by September it would hide the lavatories!

S: See, these are important, these things. Krishnaji’s little sense of humor.

M: Well, there you are. Now, you know.

On the eighteenth, ‘I went to London, for visas, French and Swiss visas, but was back in time for his supper. I also got a book on elephants for Krishnaji.’ He wanted a book on elephants.

Now, we’re up to the nineteenth. ‘Krishnaji talked to the school in the morning. He is still not going out. Dr. Parchure checked my exercises at 5 a.m. At 6 a.m., there was a school meeting that lasted till 7:30 a.m.’ Why were we meeting at that hour?

S: God knows.

M: Oh, ‘we listened to a Richter concert on the radio.’

S: Mm.

On the twentieth, ‘I went with Krishnaji to London. Krishnaji had a Huntsman fitting, while I bought a cardigan for Vanda and Lobb shoe brushes. We lunched at Fortnum’s. I bought two records of Segovia. Then, went to Krishnaji’s dentist where a broken crown was replaced. Pupul Jayakar met us there, and we caught the 4:20 p.m. from Waterloo. Pupul and Mary Links are staying in the West Wing. George Digby’s mother died. The Digbys are uncertain if they can come to the Foundation meeting and the publications meeting tomorrow.’

June twenty-first. ‘There was a morning meeting of Krishnaji, Pupul Jayakar, Mary Links, Mary Cadogan, Ian and Jane Hammond, Sybil Dobinson, Dorothy, Doris, David Bohm, and me. We discussed the publication rights of KF India. Tentative agreement on Western publication, alternate years, Indian and Western books. The Digbys came to the afternoon session. They concur with the draft agreements.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school in the morning, and then taped a dialogue with David Bohm in the afternoon. Narayan and Dr. Parchure were part of that, but contributed little. It was the most far-reaching on the relationship of truth to reality—there seemed to be none as Krishnaji explored it.’

‘Mary Links, Amanda Pallant, Pupul Jayakar, and I went to see the gardens at Hinton Ampner house, which are open to the public one day a year. It was lovely.’

‘Krishnaji’s energy lately is astounding. He talked, in all today, over four hours.’

‘Pupul left with Mary Links for London.’

The next day is the twenty-third. ‘Dr. Parchure and Frances McCann left. Dr. P. to India. I went to Alresford for groceries, etcetera. There was a staff meeting at 6:30 a.m., another warm day. Krishnaji watched the opening matches of Wimbledon on TV.’

On the twenty-fourth, ‘There was a letter from Erna about a hearing at which Dr. Kelly of the Radix Institute got a permit to have the Institute in the Zalk house on the hill. Rosalind and Rajagopal testified for them, and against our protests. There was also a letter from Mark Lee about a Happy Valley meeting. It sickened Krishnaji, literally. He vomited. Later, he said the explanation of her hatred’—this is Rosalind—‘is an old one, “the fury of a woman scorned,” and that goes for Rajagopal, too. Erna says the stories circulating are that Rajagopal feels he was harassed by us during the archives visit, and had to be looked after by Austin Bee and his wife.’

‘Krishnaji stayed in all day. The pollen count was high.’

June twenty-fifth. ‘It is hot and clear. We washed the car, then Krishnaji dictated letters. After lunch, I drove to East Dean, and had tea with my friends, the Frys.’

I spend most of the next day at my desk. ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school. Dorothy and Montague went to see…’ someone ‘…about Krishnaji’s citizenship.’

S: Must be a lawyer.

M: I guess so. ‘George Digby telephoned to say that Mrs. Bindley had died yesterday morning in a hospital.’ Hm.

June twenty-seventh, ‘At 6:30 a.m. there was another staff meeting. After that, I started to pack. Mrs. Gandhi has arrested her political opponents, 700 of them, and declared an emergency with tight censorship of news.’

The twenty-eighth, ‘I continue packing. Krishnaji did another dialogue with David Bohm, more on truth this time. David has just read the biography, and questioned Krishnaji about whether there had been a particular moment of change for him. Krishnaji said no. The physical suffering of the process made him more sensitive, and so did the psychological suffering of his brother’s death. But meeting both fully left no marks.’

The next day it just says, ‘packing.’

June thirtieth. ‘Up as usual at 6 a.m. I did the final packing, laundry, etcetera, tidied the kitchen, and typed letters up to the last half-minute before leaving. I wish I could take the IBM typewriter with me—the right arm of my life!’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘The school were all

out in the driveway to say goodbye to Krishnaji. I quickly got in the backseat, but he refused to get in the front!' He wouldn't sit in the front seat.

S: Not if you were in the back.

M: That's right.

S: I know, ungentlemanly.

M: 'And so, to the laughter of the students, I gave in. Dorothy drove us. Beyond Alton, I remembered the kefir packed in the travel jar sitting on the kitchen table!' Oh dear. [*Both chuckle.*] 'But we went on.' I was making kefir for him then; that German couple gave us little pieces that looked like bits of cauliflower.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Making it was one of my dairy chores, and of course, I left it. 'Carol Allwell will bring it by train. We had a nice picnic lunch in the car at Runnymede, and got to Heathrow by 2:30 p.m. We flew to Paris on British-European Airline, coming in by taxi from Orly and passed all the old familiar sites: Port Orléan, Port de St Cloud, etcetera, that remind us both of our arrivals in the car, and Krishnaji said, "I'm glad we aren't going to drive." It was fun when we did it, and those long drives across the wide summer spaces of France are deep in my affection, but they are too much effort today, for both of us, really. I feel very well, and have much energy, but I tire more than I did, and the long drives are too much. At the Plaza Athénée, we have our usual rooms, *au deuxieme* this time. I unpacked one bag, and then Krishnaji wanted to walk, his first in over three weeks. There is no pollen in Paris, just good whiffs of benzine.' [*S laughs*.] 'We found the place on the Rue Marbeuf where we could again get fluid to clean his shaver, and an enlarging mirror also, then came back. That is enough, he said. We had supper in my room with cherries, apricots, and peaches; and listened to President Giscard d'Estaing give a talk to the French people before their summer holidays.' [*Mimics a stern French voice*:] '"La France est solide!" he said.' [*Laughter.*] I can still hear him! 'In this chaotic world, it was amazing to hear someone reassure everyone, and make the assertions he did.' [*S laughs and M has laughter in her voice as she comments:*] I remember that evening!

Tuesday, the first of July in Paris. 'I did a few errands on foot while Krishnaji rested in bed. What is it in the air of Paris that makes everything smell good? The boulangerie, women's perfume, the latter sickened me usually in other places; here, it is softer and pleasant. I met Nadia Kossiakof downstairs at 12:30 p.m., and then Krishnaji joined us. She has worked with Madame Duchet on the translation of *The Awakening of Intelligence*, *L'Éveil de l'Intelligence*, and done huge work on its publication. She wanted to tell me this, and gave information on the journalists meeting Krishnaji in the afternoon. Nadia looked older; she has been ill, and now she has worry over her mother trapped in the civil fighting in Beirut. I gave her a copy of the biography. Krishnaji appeared and was warmly considerate to her, inviting her to Brockwood to stay and rest. She didn't

want to lunch, so left, and Marcelle Bondonneau joined us for lunch in the garden; melon, gazpacho, tagliatelle au gratin, and crème caramel for him, and fraises des bois for me.'

S: And we should just mention here that the biography that you've mentioned now, and you mentioned it before in talking about David Bohm, that was the first volume of Mary's three volumes.

M: Yes, right.

S: Which was called *The Years of Awakening.*

M: That's right, quite right. 'Krishnaji napped, then went to Mar de Manziarly's in Rue Jacob for a meeting with journalists arranged and chosen by Nadia. Also, the head of Stock, publishers of the *L'Éveil de l'Intelligence*, and a Mr. Christian de Bertillat, and André Bay, director of Librairie Stock. A youngish man Bernard Chevalier, who does a radio program, *Après-midi de France*, came first and wanted 20 minutes of radio interview with Krishnaji. I ran interference. A François de Closets, a science writer, did most of the questioning. Krishnaji's reading of *L'Éveil de l'Intelligence*, to improve his French for his meeting, worked well at first. In the taxi going over, he said, "I'm going to talk in English." I suggested that he start in French, as that appeals to the French, even if one makes mistakes. But as Krishnaji began to feel tired, he had more trouble and spoke less readily than usually in French. I was relieved when he explained in English, things that, to me, are complicated things. He spoke of a conference theme: What is the role of knowledge and transformation in a new society, and what will change man since knowledge hasn't done it? Much on *la pensée*. It was hard for them to see its limitations. Krishnaji then came to "time must have a stop" and another energy when it does. He left them with just that hint' [*chuckles*]. 'We walked to the rue de Beaune, and taxied back.'

S: Was this interview recorded?

M: Well, it must've been. I don't know. I don't remember.

The second of July. 'It was a warm, sunny day. We went to Lobb, now in Hermès, where Mr. Dickinson tried on two new pairs of shoes.'

S: Where was Lobb before? I thought it was always at Hermès.

M: No. It was on the same street, oh…you know.

S: Faubourg St. Honoré?

M: Yes. It was in its own building.

S: Ah, ha.

M: It was there for several years. And then it moved to Hermès.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'So, the shoes were pronounced perfect. Dickinson said, "We can continue three or four more years. After that, it is over." No young people know the craft. Though, these shoes today cost $496 with the shoe trees, they are worth it to Krishnaji for their fit, their excellence, and because they are, in a way, a vanishing work of art. Dickinson and Mr. Ellis'—that's another man there—'accompanied Krishnaji downstairs. Hermès tried to find him a ready-made pair of moccasins, but they were all too big. We then walked to Charvet, and Mr. Wilmot'—he was the man there—'tore up an erroneous bill for 970 French francs. We chatted a bit, but ordered nothing. We taxied to the Tour d'Argent, where we lunched with my brother and his wife, Lisa. Krishnaji sat facing Notre Dame, and watched barge life on the Seine while family conversation went on. Bud and Lisa seemed to have enjoyed their five days at Malibu.' They stayed at my house when I wasn't there for awhile, about a fortnight ago. 'They are here on museum matters and return to New York. We went downstairs afterward.' That means to the flat. 'It's the first time that I've been in the apartment since just after Father's death.' Well, you don't want to hear all that.

S: Yes I do.

M: Well, my brother had made changes and improvements and so forth. 'Krishnaji and I did a couple of errands. Looked for a movie, but none appealed, and it was hot and tiring, so we came back to the hotel where we both were content to be quiet and read. Then, I rang a friend…' It has nothing to do with all this.

Thursday, the third of July. 'I was able to get through by telephone to speak to Filomena in Rome. Her knee is better. The weather is warmer, making her feel better. We left the Plaza at 10 a.m., and taxied to Orly. There were no porters in the West Terminal, so I struggled with the baggage and a baggage cart. We flew Swiss Air to Geneva. Narasimhan met us at the airport with a Hertz Taunus station wagon in which we went with him to the Palais des Nations for lunch. He was rather noncommittal on Mrs. Gandhi's seizure of dictatorial powers. Bureaucratic faces, and a grey monster building—rather depressing. After lunch, Krishnaji and I took the station wagon into the center of town, parked underground, and walked to Patek for the annual watch regulation. And then to Jacquet, where about eight handsome silks were chosen to be made into ties. Krishnaji was very pleased. One more old grace and skill that is still possible to enjoy. We drove via the Route du Lac and then up around Lausanne on the familiar road to Oron, Bulle, and through the valley.'

S: Hm, hm.

M: 'A lovely day, with the sun warm but not too hot. It was the warm, extra pleasure, and recognition of seeing again the landscape so woven into the years of this life that has meant so very much. It was sunny all the way, and we both kept exclaiming at the brightness of colors. Many greens, greener than anywhere, and the blaze of flowers, geraniums in window boxes seem on fire with color. We reached Tannegg after 7 p.m.

Vanda and Fosca were there. All is in order, ready and welcoming. Krishnaji has a new shower in his extra room. The kitchen has been redone, ugly tile, dark, pretentious and wood, but there is a dishwasher and a better refrigerator. We had supper, talked to Vanda, unpacked, and went to bed.' Hm, hm. Is that nostalgic?

S: Yes, it is. Yes, it is. Very.

M: The next day, the fourth of July, 'I took the station wagon to Kubli, which is Hertz, and got instead a small Peugeot 104. I stopped in the village for various necessities, and spent the rest of the day getting settled. Krishnaji stayed in bed. It rained, and cleared the air and his hay fever symptoms.'

The fifth of July. I finished errands. Frances McCann and Carol Allwell came in the afternoon. Carol brought the kefir which I forgot in West Wing kitchen.'

On the sixth, nothing happened—'rested, read, Krishnaji stayed in bed.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji continues to rest. Mar de Manziarly, here for the talks, came to lunch. Krishnaji takes all his meals in his rooms, but he "put his hands" on Mar. She had a heart attack during the winter. Krishnaji walked down to the barber for a haircut, and we drove back. Mar feels that too much is put in the biography.'

Editor's Note: ***The criticism of the first biography, and Mary L. for writing it, was very memorable. And it has continued, to a lesser extent, with her two subsequent volumes, and all the biographies from other authors that have followed. It continues with these memoirs. On reflection, this seems inevitable. People, quite rightly, hold Krishnaji's teaching to be very dear, and they, less wisely, hold their picture or image of Krishnaji just as dearly. Evidence that the reality of Krishnaji was larger, more complex, more nuanced, or just different to their image is understandably unwelcome.***

The eighth is another quiet day. 'The Siddoo sisters brought mangoes to Krishnaji.'

The following day, 'the two Siddoo sisters, Jackie and Sarjit, came to lunch, and brought architect's drawings for their school on Vancouver Island. Krishnaji was very interested and examined it all. He reiterated that the architecture should not be Canadian, not American, not European, Japanese, etcetera, but totally new.' [*M chuckles.*] That's what he wanted! [*S chuckles*.] 'Sarjit, having just come from India, brought mangoes, and saw Mrs. Gandhi a few days ago. She is in total control, and all is outwardly calm.' That's Mrs. Gandhi. 'The prices of food staples have been lowered.'

July tenth. 'It was a lovely day. I went up the mountain by the new cable car in Schonried with Frances and Carol A. We walked and lunched up there. The whole range of high mountains to the south was white with snow. There was the mountain stillness, only occasionally the hushed sound of gliders overhead. Carol gave me a letter for Krishnaji, enclosing a copy of one she had written to the Brockwood Park staff about Brockwood's ills. The letter to Krishnaji says she is leaving. I suggest she not circulate her letter until

after talking to Dorothy. Krishnaji didn't want to read it. He says she is criticizing from a position of feeling support for others on the staff. She should change, and she should make a difference in the school. He seems irritable, as before, about this. Graf had been at lunch, and Vanda was very critical of Barabino. Krishnaji heard it all, and as a result, ate his lunch one-and-a-half hours late. All these details shouldn't be flung at him when he was tired.'

S: These problems were just always there, weren't they?

M: Yes. They were always inviting at Brockwood.

July eleventh. 'Ted and Scott brought a typewriter, etcetera. Krishnaji and I went to see the tent in the afternoon, and then to see the Simmonses just arrived in the Land Rover. Krishnaji said, "Do you feel a different atmosphere in the house? It is because I'm about to talk."'

The next day, 'I did were errands and letters. Vanda and I lunched alone, and Krishnaji and I went for a small walk.'

The thirteenth. 'It was a perfect summer day. Krishnaji gave his first talk on energy and the difference between reality and truth. The tent is set up in a new way, without wooden risers. All the benches are on the ground, and Krishnaji on a platform on the south side.'

'Isabel Biascoechea came to lunch. It is the first time we have seen her since Enrique's death in November. I took a nap in the afternoon, and later Krishnaji and I walked to the river and back.'

July fourteenth, 'I felt swollen glands under one of my ears…' Oh, this is when I got mumps, I think!

S: Oh, dear.

M: '…on awakening. Deskwork through the day. Krishnaji and I walked to the river. There was a letter from Erna about a $100,000 donation obtained by Evelyne for the school. The court ordered Cohen, Christensen, and the trustees of each side to meet July thirtieth to iron out the remaining difficulties about the easements with Rajagopal and the Vigevenos, archives, and certain changes in the K&R charter. Krishnaji wants Ojai Educational Center activities to be decided upon by himself, plus David Bohm and me.'

Editor's Note: ***This is curious, and should have elicited more questions from me when Mary read this out. We know that Krishnaji had a special trust in Mary, but having David as a decision maker for the Educational Center in Ojai invites questions. David didn't live in Ojai, wasn't a trustee of the KF of America, and was not envisaged as playing any role in the running of anything in Ojai, but other people were.***

On July fifteenth, 'I had a fever of 99.6 on awakening. My glands are still swollen. Krishnaji gave his second Saanen talk. I sit in the outer area to avoid people. I have the mumps!' [*Both chuckle*.] Luckily, Krishnaji has had them, so I wasn't worried, but I was a leper for a while. 'I worked on a reply to Erna in the afternoon. Isabel B. brought Enrique's daughter and husband, too, Dr. and Mrs. Colón. The latter saw Krishnaji alone and agreed to stay on as president of the K Foundation for the Spanish-speaking countries. After Krishnaji left, he talked to me about various problems.'

On the sixteenth, 'the Siddoo sisters brought more Indian mangoes to Krishnaji, and diagnosed my swelling as mumps. Prescribed vitamin C. My left side is also affected, but not as severely as the right. Krishnaji talked to the Siddoos about the architecture of the school, while Mary Cadogan and I went in another room and discussed Foundation matters. Madame Suad al Radi and G. Barabino to lunch.'

July seventeenth, 'Krishnaji gave a tremendous third talk in the tent. More on suffering and love; a very special talk; blazing energy. Vanda's brother and sister-in-law, Passigli and David Bohm to lunch. Krishnaji talked briefly to David about our settling policy and direction for the Educational Center. I took Vanda to the village on errands, and deposited half the Tannegg rent for this summer to her account. In the evening, we watched briefly on TV the Russian and U.S. astronauts docking. Soyuz and Apollo capsules joining each other in space.'

On the eighteenth, 'there was the annual meeting of the various countries' committees at Tannegg with Krishnaji.' I had the Siddoos warn everybody coming in the house that it was a house of…'

S: [*laughs*] Contagion!

M: …contagion. Yes. [*Laughs*.] 'And I stayed away from everybody.'

'Mr. Calles was rude and aggressive. He wants the Foundation and committees to give him $50,000 to make a half-hour film in which Krishnaji is more or less an actor, saying nothing, but the soundtrack talks about him, and shows visual images of poverty, war, etcetera.'

'In the afternoon, Krishnaji and David Bohm did a dialogue. Dorothy, Vanda, Saral, and I were present. George Carnes taped it. Krishnaji again talked about the early days, the mystery. He said he feels he could know what was happening, but doesn't wish to.'

S: Hm.

M: Saturday the nineteenth of July. 'I felt larger mump on the left side, but no loss of energy. I went to Mrs. Cadogan's where the KF members, the Simmonses, Bohm, van der Straten, Radha Burnier, met Calles, Colón, Isabel Biascoechea, Sendra, and Riesco. We made Calles be specific about what he wants to do. The enormous changes he wants turned out to be routine in most other foundations and committees: getting the mailing list

of those who came to the film showings, sending out bulletins, and collecting funds. He kept talking about "necessary tools." These turned out to be the obvious: the books, tapes, films. They want and will probably get the right to make cassettes'—this is all for the Fundación—'of Krishnaji's talks using a Spanish voice. I questioned him and Sendra about what happens at their meetings. Is there a talk, or are questions answered? They were both pious, but they stress they have no authority, and don't interpret, none of which I believe. I asked Calles if there was any other "tool" he had in mind, and what else he might mean by "expanded work." He said nothing. That left out the film, which I said Krishnaji had told me to point out had been a chief concern of KFA since it began and was not a new idea. We have constant such suggestions in mind, but lack fund. Mentioned sums confronting KFA in the school building. Finally time ran out.'

'I took Radha Burnier up to Tannegg for lunch. Vanda had also asked Simonetta di Cesaro and Frances McCann. Krishnaji had a private talk alone with Radha before lunch, and asked about conditions in India, saying he needed advice he could trust before October on whether it would be safe for him to go there and to speak, speaking freely as he would. He would trust Achyutji**[3]**. Krishnaji ate in his room, but came in and joined the other five of us. He questioned Simonetta and Radha on the reactions to the biography, and particularly to what reasons "he" had remained untouched by conditioning etcetera. Krishnaji put forth various alternatives: ill health, malaria, etcetera, keeping the boy too weak in impressionable, conditioning years, reincarnation, evolution through lives, Maitreya keeping "the boy" uncontaminated, vague, backward until later. Simonetta said, with a definite voice, that she believed in reincarnation. Radha asked, "If so, what reincarnates?" Krishnaji took it up, and wove as follows: Self is thought, memory, conditioning, etcetera. When the body dies, a strong ego is part of the stream of selfishness, a manifestation of that. That manifestation may occur again "but why call it Krishnaji?" i.e., a particular individual. It is that stream manifesting. Also, genetics, social conditioning, all sorts of other factors can be in it. When CWL**[4]** found Krishnaji, he saw no selfishness. How was that? If selfishness can manifest, so can unselfishness, but then what kept him that way, untouched? A protection? Protected by whom? Krishnaji left it there. He said later he didn't like to discuss these things in front of Frances McCann. He rather jumped at her for commenting, "Oh yes!" But apart from her, he seems intent on pursuing these matters, to enjoy examining the mysteries surrounding those early years. He also said that within the "selfishness" stream or manifestation, an awareness of that state can occur, and there is no longer the selfishness. This can happen at any time, to anyone, he said, if they truly look.'

S: Hm.

M: That's interesting, huh?

S: Yes, yes. That is interesting.

M: Now, the twentieth of July. 'Krishnaji gave his fourth Saanen talk, again very fine, on nothingness. Dr. Liechty came briefly to greet him at Tannegg. In the afternoon, Vanda

had a young German physicist, Dr. Fritz Wilhelm, to the house, and Krishnaji saw him briefly with a friend, an American picture director, Maranelli. I had a slight fever.'

July twenty-first. 'Vanda left at 8:30 a.m., Mrs. Walsh driving her'—that was the woman who rented the flat downstairs—'to Spiez, where she catches the train for Florence. It was a quiet day. No one at the house.'

Tuesday, July twenty-second. 'Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen talk, this one on pleasure and joy. He slept before lunch. At 4 p.m., he saw Dr. Colón and Sendra. He had summoned them to find out about Sendra's guru behavior when he toured South America. I put the cassette recorder on and left. Sendra says he described his "meditation." "So, you become the little guru," said Krishnaji. When they left, Krishnaji walked alone while I went down to fetch him a fresh detective story, some castor oil for his hair, and bring Fosca up with fruit and vegetables. When Krishnaji got back, he said that the conversation with Sendra tired him. That man, Sendra, is not straight, he said.'

July twenty-third. 'Radha Burnier came to lunch. Krishnaji talked at length about his going or not going to India. He will not go if he cannot speak freely, or if an exception is made specifically for him. He will not speak "with permission" of Mrs. Gandhi. He looks to Achyut's advice on whether to go. Pupul and Sunanda perhaps take it too lightly, or impulsively. He had Radha write down his questions. Dorothy and Montague moved up from the camping to Vanda's room in Tannegg.' That was downstairs.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Krishnaji had me tell them that he doesn't intend to talk twice a week to students who don't understand and don't care. He will talk to the staff and to serious students who will treat it as a privilege. He may hold discussions at Brockwood with the Brockwood staff here in Gstaad after the public meetings end.'

The twenty-fourth of July. 'Krishnaji gave the sixth Saanen talk on death and authority, and the stream of selfishness. Rain beat on the tent at times. It cleared. I telephoned Radha Burnier after the talk and fetched her up to lunch. Krishnaji talked further on India and conditions there that would prevent his going. He said he would not talk if others are not also free to talk. I took Radha to the train. She flies to India tonight. Mrs. Sloss and Mrs. Duke'—that is the mother-in-law of Radha Sloss, a nice woman—'came to tea. Krishnaji made a short, vague appearance and went for his walk. When the two left, I went up the hill to join him. To walk alone and in silence is good for him at present.'

July twenty-fifth, 'Mary Cadogan came for lunch, and I added the young German teacher Fritz Wilhelm, who Krishnaji noticed as looking "serious" in the tent. Later, I stayed to listen while at 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji and David Bohm did a taped dialogue. Yves Zlotnicka taped it. Dorothy and Saral were present.'

The next day, 'Mr. Mirabet of Spain came to give Krishnaji the annual donation of $4,000 for the work. He reviewed with me the list of funds to go to Krishnaji on

Mirabet's death.' He was such a nice old man. Every year, he brought cash to go to Krishnaji, and ever since Brockwood was founded, Krishnaji turned it over to Brockwood.

S: I remember, yes. Yes.

M: 'Pascaline Mallet, Bondonneau, Elmenhorst, Mary C. came to lunch. There was a useful discussion between the latter two on German publications.'

July twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji gave the seventh talk in Saanen. The Simmonses were in to lunch. I slept in the afternoon. I feel undissolved fatigue at times. Krishnaji walked, and I joined him a little later. He goes twice through the woods, as far as the barn. I forgot to say that Krishnaji had made me go to Jackie Siddoo to show her the ulcerated spot on my thigh that is still oozing after more than six weeks. She gave a cortisone neomycin cream to use, after gentian violet.'

The next day, 'to give Fosca a rest, Krishnaji and I took Anneke to lunch at the Park Hotel. We told her some of the Rajagopal story since the settlement, and she was appalled. She never had a reply from Rosalind Rajagopal after that letter in which Anneke told her to give back Happy Valley to Krishnaji. In the only resemblance to an interview this summer, Krishnaji saw Madame Questiau. He came in from saying, "Is the whole world mad?" I felt it was, having run into a clinically mad person yesterday who handed me thirty-some pages of typewritten craziness.'

Editor's Note: ***Stuck in Mary's diary are four little sheets of paper—three of them from a little notepad from the Plaza Athénée, and one a little index card. They seem to be notes from a conversation with Krishnaji, but she doesn't say that, and she doesn't put anything in quotes. Still, they seemed worth noting as Mary felt they were worth recording. Two of these little sheets seem to go together and are dated 28 July, so the contents of these notes are placed in Mary's memoirs here.***

---

2 fields – goodness – traditional, + holiness.

There exist hate, war. It exists.

Also there is a field of goodness. That exists too.

Another field which goes beyond the 2.

Man spends most of his capacity in hate and less in goodness.

There is an energy which doesn't belong to either.

Both these belong to man.

War has created an atmosphere. So has goodness. Both are in man's capacities. To move within these is still traditional.

There is another area where if we can touch it gives an energy that doesn't belong to either.

I believe we can touch it + when we do that will transform what we are doing. If we can open a door to it, it will operate. It is as real as these

There is an energy which is not man-made

You can't get it by man-made ways—vows, chastity, poverty, etc. But man has asked if there is an area where man-made things do not exist. Can we as a group discern that?

Recognizing these 2 as man-made + incomplete is there something that is totally complete + can my mind capture it.

…an area where miracles happen, where something new exists

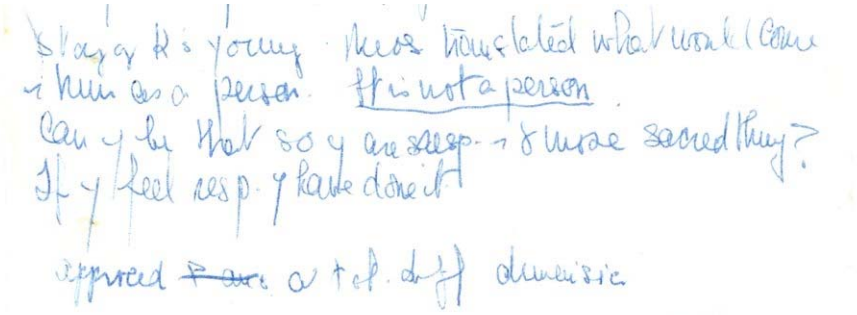
a state from which all life flows, the beginning of everything

Can we come to that? Otherwise we are treading in this (a traditional) field. It is my responsibility to come to that.

I will not have my roots there. I may have no roots + therefore be open to the width of heaven

---

Even knowing some of the shorthand that Mary used, the rest of Mary's note is too difficult for me to transcribe with absolute confidence. Consequently, the rest of the note is scanned for each reader to try their own hand at reading it. My guess at what her note is saying is in the following editor's note.



<u>Editor's Note</u>: Story of Krishnaji as young. Theosophy translated what would come to him as a person. <u>It is not a person</u>.

Can you be that so you are responsible to the most sacred thing?

If you feel responsible you have done it.

Appeared a totally different dimension.

The twenty-ninth of July. 'I got on the 8:45 train in Gstaad, and was joined by Isabel Biascoechea in Saanen, and accompanied her to the National City Bank in Geneva. Enrique had set up a $25,000 Investment in Euro dollars in her name. She gets the income from that for life. Krishnaji has the power of attorney of it and, on her death, it is his. She wants me to have similar powers, and it was executed today. If Krishnaji dies, it goes to his work. This way Isabel finds handling of it easier without Enrique. She doesn't want the Colóns to know about it, so she asked me to come with her. She understands very little. I was able to help her sort it out. We lunched quickly in the Café Au Quai and came back by train.'

What eventually happened to that, which won't be in here, I don't think, was that she got ill and needed the money, so Krishnaji turned it all over to her.

S: Mm, hm.

M: Krishnaji's work never got any of it. 'As we came back by train, the jet d'eau was a very tall feather. I have such affection for these familiar places and things shared with Krishnaji.'

'He had rested all day and gone for his walk. After supper, he came in and talked very seriously and with a sort of irritation he has been showing here in Gstaad about Brockwood. "Why should I go there and talk to these empty-headed students? What is the point of it? It's going to become a second-rate, a third-rate school. You're a trustee, what are you going to do about it? It is not my job." I asked how I could change what he hadn't. "Find out," he said.'

S: [*chuckles*] Comforting!

M: 'He was critical of Dorothy Simmons. "What am I doing there? Not one student after three years." I said that I had never been optimistic about schools. He says schools were right. Then said, "What will I do? I may never go to India again. I like Brockwood. It's a nice place. But I'm not going to talk to uncaring students who don't know what it's about. I'm not going to stay there three months. It's your responsibility. If I'm gone, what would you do? This afternoon I felt like going off. I can't talk to you unless you're objective." I said I would call the other two trustees who are here, and Dorothy and David and talk to them. "There's no creativity," he said, then tried to change the subject by asking about my leg. I am to think this over calmly.' [*S chuckles*.] My instructions.

‘I kept waking in the night thinking of what Krishnaji had said.’

The next morning, ‘when he came in to do my leg, he was in bright, changed humor. Had I got over his tirade, he asked.’ [*Chuckles*.] ‘At breakfast, I told Dorothy that Krishnaji wanted three trustees here, she, David, and I, to meet about the policy of choosing students, what to do to bring them closer to the teachings. I telephoned Graf early and said Krishnaji wished me to announce the KF school in Ojai and that I would be in the tent to answer questions tomorrow. When I told this to Krishnaji , his face lit up, pleased. He had that look that makes anything doable. “Does it make you nervous?” he asked in the car. I said I don’t look forward to it, but I don’t mind. The look earlier was my talisman.’

‘I went into the tent on arrival, spoke briefly to the audience before he came in, and then went around and sat inside the tent, so I am today out of mump quarantine. This was the first public discussion, and there were no questions about the biography. Krishnaji talked briefly, then took mainly one question on the stream of selfishness. “When you see, really see, that you are that stream, that there is no self apart from it, the impact does something to the brain cells, and one is out of the stream.” I brought Mar de Manziarly back for lunch. Marcelle Bondonneau’s anxiety state deepens. Krishnaji ate in his room, and Mar asked me a little about Rajagopal. I told her of the disagreeable archive encounters, easements on the land, withholding part of the papers, saying he had burnt Krishnaji’s manuscripts, etcetera. Mar is still in the middle, close to her sisters. I took her down the hill, and met a woman who had written to me and Krishnaji at length, and I sat and talked to her in the car for about forty-five minutes. She is mentally ill. I tried to suggest she lead a quiet life, get psychological help. She has been with a psychoanalyst but can’t afford it anymore. She has fantasies of being a Brockwood Park librarian, going on safari in Africa with Krishnaji. I tried to make her feel concern for her own well-being, but it is as if the mad world is preferred. I fetched Fosca, with the fruit and vegetables up the hill. Another more mildly mad woman came by with her annual hopeless gifts: Avon toiletries, hideous pajamas. Krishnaji shuddered on opening it, and gave them to Fosca.’ [*Both chuckle*.] Oh dear.

On July thirty-first, ‘Krishnaji held the second Saanen public discussion. The Siddoos and Krishnaji talked before lunch. At 5 p.m., I went to the tent and talked about the Ojai School to about fifty people.’

The first of August. ‘Krishnaji held the third public dialogue in the tent. A mad English woman, named’—oh, she really was mad—‘was argumentative, and Krishnaji refused to discuss with her.’ She’s now calmed down. She used to live in a trailer, and she used to write him letters at Brockwood. She lived in, I don’t know, Dorset, or somewhere. Now she lives in Ventura and donates to the school every year.

S: Hm.

M: She gave to the Archive Committee this year, through her lawyer.

The second of August. Krishnaji held a fourth dialogue in the tent. Very fine. Narasimhan came for lunch briefly with a Dutch girl, Simonetta di Cesaro, and Fritz Wilhelm. Narasimhan is to give Krishnaji his opinion on whether he should go to India on Narasimhan's return from there early in October. After supper, Krishnaji dictated a letter to Pupul. I typed it, and Dorothy and I took it to Padma Madholkar in Schonried. She will give it to Pupul in Delhi.' I think Krishnaji wanted it to go through somebody, not through the mail.

August third. 'Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen dialogue, completing this year's. The need for space—a superb unfolding. This whole series was marvelous. We had lunch together in the dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Shainberg to tea. I drove them back to their hotel in the rain that lightened the heat a little.' That's the parents of David Shainberg.

S: Mm, hm.

M: The fourth of August. 'There was a letter from Erna about her meeting with Cohen and Christensen on July twenty-fourth. Madame Duchet and Marcelle Bondonneau to lunch. Krishnaji talked to Madame Duchet alone afterward. At 3:30 p.m., Dorothy, David, and I had a KF trustee meeting about the interest in the teachings among students and staff at Brockwood. Krishnaji joined us later.'

The fifth of August. 'I went to the Cantonal Bank about the Alzina account.' That's the account of holding funds that had been donated for Krishnaji. 'We went to pick up Nadia and Nicolas Kossiakof and took them to lunch at the Park Hotel in a quiet bar. Krishnaji and I to Mr. Kohli, the shoemaker, in Saanen. Naps and walk.'

On the sixth of August, 'Krishnaji did a taped dialogue with David Bohm. Saral, Dorothy, Montague, Yves Zlotnicka and I were present. The Bohms and the Simmonses stayed to lunch. I walked with Krishnaji. On our return, one of the mad women was sitting by the house. Krishnaji told me to talk to her, which I did. At 10 at night, she came back with a letter for Krishnaji, which turned out to be a proposal of marriage!' [*Laughs and makes an aside:*] She was that year's crazy lady.

S: Mm, hm.

M: I wasted so much time with that woman. [*Laughs.*]

August seventh. 'Krishnaji laughed on reading the letter, but said it was scandalous, and I shouldn't have talked to her so long!' [*M and S both laugh.*] He made me talk to her. 'Torrential hailstorm in the afternoon. Krishnaji stayed in bed all day.' [*Both still laughing.*] Oh, dear.

The next day. 'I went again to the Cantonal Bank about the Alzina investments. I took a letter for Dr. Globus to the Bohms to address on arrival in England.' Dr. Globus, I forget, when we had the meeting of scientists in Ojai, but Dr. Globus was one of the psychiatrists who attended, and he came wearing his hat of power…

S: Oh, yes!

M: Which had a feather in it.

S: Yes, I think you mentioned that before.

M: …and he wore it all through the conference. 'Bill Burmeister to lunch. Krishnaji had a haircut in the afternoon, and we walked.'

The next morning, 'At 7 a.m., this year's mad woman was outside the chalet. Krishnaji sent me outside to send her away, which I did, firmly and briefly. Rain. The weather is changing. Suzanne and Hughes van der Straten, Doris, and Dorothy and Montague were at lunch. Krishnaji and I walked. The proprietor…' What was his name? '…gave a party upstairs until 4 a.m. Noise.'

S: Oh, dear.

M: Yes, that was bad.

The tenth of August, was 'a very quiet day. I slept all afternoon until the walk with Krishnaji. In evening, Dorothy and I went to a Menuhin Percival concert in the Saanen Church.'

The eleventh 'was desk for me. Doris, Dorothy, and Montague at lunch. Krishnaji and I to Kohli, the shoe man in Saanen. My space shoes were re-soled. Krishnaji bought a pair of Wellingtons. We came back and walked.'

The twelfth 'was a rainy day. Krishnaji and I took Mar de Manziarly to lunch at the Park Hotel. At 4:30 p.m., I went to see Marcelle Bondonneau at Bel Air. Came back and walked with Krishnaji.'

August thirteenth, 'Edgar Graf and the Simmonses were at lunch. Krishnaji spoke alone to Graf later, and I went up the Eggli**[5]** with Carol Allwell. She is leaving Brockwood, and going to Florence. I said to Krishnaji that I would give the Mercedes at Brockwood to Brockwood as a donation, and they can dispose of it. Krishnaji told this to Dorothy and Montague.' It seemed to Krishnaji and me that it was too much to keep such a large expensive car just to run errands around Brockwood.

S: [*chuckles*] No, it's perfect! I'm glad that didn't happen! [*Both chuckle*.]

The next day 'was a quiet day. I worked at my desk all morning. Krishnaji rested. Dorothy and Montague in to lunch, then they packed the Land Rover. A Brockwood staff member in Doris's mini took some of Krishnaji's and my things. I fetched Nadia up to talk to Krishnaji. We walked later.'

The fifteenth. ‘Dorothy, Montague, and Doris leave for Brockwood. It was a quiet day filled mostly with deskwork for me. I brought Marcelle Bondonneau to see Krishnaji before her leaving. There was a rainstorm.’

Nothing really happened the next day.

August seventeenth. ‘It is lovely to wake up and not look at the clock. I realized the day is empty and quiet. Krishnaji looks rested and young. I did some letters in the morning. Krishnaji slept and read. At lunch, I asked him about things he said in the sixth talk. The stream of selfishness; when the person dies, he says, the stream goes on. I asked if that meant that the stream was outside and independent of the human mind, it having been created by thought. He seemed to be saying yes, but I wasn’t putting the question properly. He’ll go into it with Bohm. He said you can talk to a consciousness, and then unexpectedly, he said, “I talked to the tiger.”’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘There is a large color photo of a tiger that I pinned up on his wall in his second room in Ojai.’ That’s the room where he used to do exercise…

S: Mm, hm.

M: …where he does yoga. ‘“I think you can talk to consciousness. I talk to tiger consciousness: “Be careful. Avoid man. Kill discretely.”’

S: [*laughing*] These are the things he told the tiger?

M: Yes! It was beautiful, I saw it down in the store in the village. Great big marvelous poster about four feet high of a tiger. He was very pleased with it.

S: Yes, he would be.

M: “Kill discretely!” [*Laughs.*] ‘We each read detective stories and slept in the afternoon, then went for a walk. I dined with Suzanne and Hughes van der Straten and Marjolaine, who’s coming as a student to Brockwood in September. I brought Hughes up-to-date on general KFA matters, including the situation with Rajagopal.’

‘They both liked the biography. Hughes inevitably felt curious, he said, about Krishnaji’s accounts of Masters, initiations, etcetera. Suzanne is not curious. Very nice as always to spend an evening with them. Nice, sane people who live in that spirit.’ Well, that was then.

S: Yes. [*Laughs heartily.*]

M: August eighteenth. ‘There was a letter from Amanda about Dunne news. At lunch, Krishnaji asked me what the van der Stratens had said about the biography. Hughes’s question, see above, is one that will inevitably arise. We began to talk about it, and Krishnaji let me fetch the Uher cassette recorder to tape the rest of the conversation as we sat at table.’ I wonder where that is?

S: Yes, it's listed here in the archives list.

M: Is it?

S: Mm, hm.

M: Good. 'He said about events in the book, he literally has no memory. Much of the time his brain is empty. The recording of thought is not there, or is only superficial. He said "the boy's" recording system was deficient, and he questioned whether there had been an imprint in his brain cells. There were peculiar phenomena, and one must go back and question, not so much what "the boy" experienced, but why "that boy" was not conditioned. He said that today something similar is happening with regard to his going to India this year. He is not going to make a choice. That would be wrong. "What will happen will be right." The starting point of examination is that "the boy" was untouched as an actual fact, then we can start examining. About the initiation description, he can't see how "the boy" could stay in the room three days. He wasn't drugged. Peculiar things were going on. The whole starts from a mind that was not conditioned, not "diseased." He said that the rest is all minor, like going to a cinema and repeating what he saw or dreamed. But though it must have been extraordinary, it left no mark.'

'I said it must have left a faint mark deep in his mind.'

'"I doubt it," said Krishnaji. "I've tried. I can't get it."'

'I said that the important things he seems to have forgotten, and yet trivial things remain. He recognizes people in photos of that era.'

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: 'I asked if there's an inhibitory action, not suppression, but because, unlike other people, he looks without memory acting?'

Krishnaji said again, that from the beginning, "the boy" was never conditioned. It was a whole phenomenon from birth. And he asked why hadn't he wanted power and money when he was surrounded by it? None of it, apparently, touched him, right from the beginning. He said, unless you answer that, the rest is meaningless. He spoke of his brother's death. He cannot remember it. Why was he not conditioned when everything around him worked to condition him, the Order of the Star, adoration, candles, etcetera. "That is what I would like to investigate." No imprint on "the boy," ill, malaria, up to age thirteen, all the happenings—the "peculiar head all the time." Later on the walk we spoke a little more.'

'I said his lack of interest in power, money, etcetera, is not so mysterious. It could be not his nature, as it isn't in many people, though they are exposed to it. But no conditioning at all is more mysterious. It is as if his mind never took the stain that experience leaves on other minds. He agreed with this simile.'

S: Hm. I think we'll have to end there, because we've run out of tape.

M: Yes, yes.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] A tailoring expression meaning the front of the trouser hem rests just slightly on the instep of the shoe so that the front pleat bends or "breaks" as the front of the trouser can't hang straight down.

[2] Bramdean is the small village in which Brockwood exists. It has a garage that also sells petrol, and a pub.

[3] Achyut Patwardhan was extremely well known and respected in India for playing a very active role in Indian independence and as the founder of the Socialist party of India. He was a long-standing admirer of Krishnaji's and was a trustee of the KFI.

[4] Leadbeater.

[5] A small local mountain.

Issue 37: August 19, 1975 to September 30, 1975

This is a short issue as there was only time for a one hour discussion that day (November tenth 1996). Nevertheless, it seems quite full as yet another esoteric or strange aspect of Krishnaji's existence is discussed by Mary.

Mary: Well, we begin on Tuesday the nineteenth of August, 1975, and we're in Gstaad. 'Krishnaji dictated a letter to Pupul, questioning, apart from the present political climate there, his coming to India that winter. For what purpose or what value did it have? He had the same physical organism, now over 80, and he should consider how best to spend the next 10 or 15 years. He said he had the right to ask, and should ask why, in all these years, not one person in India has been totally completely involved, dedicated to living the teachings. He said he, those in India, and those in America, and England must consider how he can spend the rest of his life most usefully for the teachings. He also asked if they had read Mary's book. She sent copies to several of them in India, and in a letter from Mary this morning, she said she had not heard a word of acknowledgement or comment.'

Scott: Mary Links had not?

M: Yes. 'Mary had not received any word, not from Pupul, to whom she gave a copy in June. Only Shiva Rao wrote. Krishnaji says this is Indian; they don't thank, they take for granted, feel themselves superior. Pupul looks on the Lilliefelts and Brockwood people as middle class and Madhavachari looked down on all non-Indians. Krishnaji said that Shiva Rao was distrusted by Pupul and her crowd, who thought him to be an American spy.' [*Both laugh.*]

S: Well, the CIA *has* stooped pretty low, but…[*chuckles*].

M: 'She and others never would answer political questions in front of him, and when Pupul had Mrs. Gandhi to dine with Krishnaji at her house, she never included Kitty and Shiva Rao. Krishnaji was feeling pretty severe toward all this. Krishnaji read to me from the *Herald Tribune* that India has cut off Telex and telephone to the *New York Times* correspondent in India for not self-censoring, and also refused entry to an Israel member to a textile convention that was to be held in India in November. The other members counseled holding it in India. Krishnaji said with vehemence, "I would like to start a political party, not left, not right, a global party." He repeated it watching the television news. We looked at each other, and then more quietly he added, "God forbid!"' [*S chuckles.*]

On the twentieth of August. 'It was a grey day. A woman telephoned twice on behalf of a woman named Swami Hidrayananda of the Divine Life Society, about seeing Krishnaji. I explained 'No' the first time. She rang again during lunch, and Krishnaji said, "Okay, for *five* minutes." She came, a middle-aged Indian, an eye doctor, orange robe, hair flowing.

Krishnaji saw her for almost an hour. He said afterward, he had told her, "If you listen to me, you will be lost" meaning her present life.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'She has begun to doubt and is frightened, had given up her doctoring work, and husband, and children to join the Divine Life Society, is perpetually on lecture tours explaining the Gita, yoga, etcetera. Krishnaji was compassionate toward her predicament. We went for a walk.'

The next day, 'there was a letter from Mary L. with a good review of the biography in the *Irish Times*. We walked again.'

Friday, the twenty-second. 'It rained. I went to the Bank Cantonal about the Alzina investments. I switched from Danish to Norwegian bonds and added a little from a cash balance in the Teaching Trust account. The bonds paid 9 or 8.25 percent. Krishnaji will have $3,200 per year income from them. Bill Burmeister came to lunch with Krishnaji and me, then we went to where Krishnaji had a haircut. After that we went for shoes to Mr. Kohli in Saanen. Nadia Kossiakof telephoned from Paris. Marcelle Bondonneau, who left here Monday morning, is in the intensive care ward of a Paris hospital with gall bladder trouble. Mar de Manziarly also telephoned. The outlook is grave.'

On the twenty-third, 'Krishnaji's queasy stomach from last night has continued. He stayed in bed all day. It rained and was rather cold. News of Marcelle is not good. She is on an artificial kidney machine.'

On the twenty-fourth, 'It rained. I packed. Krishnaji was feeling well again. I exchanged the Hertz Peugeot for Taunus to have room for the luggage tomorrow. We went on the usual walk through the woods. On our return, Nadia telephoned to say that Marcelle had died this afternoon. Krishnaji said he had not foreseen it, when I asked, during his conversation with her a week ago. He said, "I couldn't get through to her. She was too nervous."' She'd been in Gstaad the week before. She'd just left.

Monday, the twenty-fifth of August. 'Another cold wet day when we left Gstaad. We said goodbye to Fosca, who leaves for Italy Wednesday. It was warm in Geneva. We were early, and so drove around a little without stopping and then gave Hertz its car at the airport and flew on Swiss Air to London. Dorothy met us. It was a lovely, warm, and sunny day in England. Brockwood was beautiful and quiet. Only a few of us are here. The quiet is extraordinary. Krishnaji said how noisy Gstaad has become, and it was good to be back in our own rooms here.'

The next day. 'We unpacked, put things in order. There was a long cassette letter from my brother reporting on their lives since we last saw them, in Paris. Krishnaji hadn't slept too well, but we walked in the afternoon. It was very warm.'

Wednesday, the twenty-seventh, 'the Mercedes started up immediately. I took it to West Meon for gas, and errands. And again, we walked in the afternoon.'

The next day, 'I took the Mercedes to be washed at West Meon Motors, and walked back to Brockwood. It was a hot day, so warm in the afternoon that Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I walked only in the grove.'

On August twenty-ninth, 'Krishnaji and I went to London. We lunched at Fortnum's, then shopped for books. Krishnaji had a dental appointment with Hamish Thompson and had two fillings. I am getting a cold.' Which might explain why there is no entry at all for the thirtieth, and for the thirty-first it simply says, 'Krishnaji talked to staff.' Then another two blank pages for the first two days of September.

For September third, my diary says, 'I met Mary L. at the train station, and she lunched with us and we spent the afternoon together. Anneke Korndorffer arrived.'

On the fourth, 'I met a Mrs. Davinia Hughes at Petersfield, showed her Brockwood Park, and discussed a possible television interview with Krishnaji on German television by George Stefan Troler. Earlier, Krishnaji talked to Balasundaram about his being responsible for all the work in India. Krishnaji was doubtful about his going there this winter. All advice from Radha Burnier, Achyut, and even Pupul is to wait until things are clearer. I spoke to Fleur Cowles, who arrived from Spain yesterday, on advice about pursuing Krishnaji's British citizenship. She has no pull with the home office. She approved a plan to ask the member of Parliment for this constituency to help. Ian Hammond and Robert Wiffen gave us doleful news. We owe Hants…'

S: Contractors.

M: …yes, Hants Contractors '£8,000 to £10,000 sterling for extras, which Dorothy hasn't got. And the Sweeton family has just arrived: father, mother, three sons, a wife, an infant, to build garages and wash rooms. They donate all labor, but we must pay for material. I offered the Mercedes to Brockwood to be sold. Later, Ian offered to buy it, but Krishnaji and Dorothy say wait and see where we stand after the Gathering.'

The fifth of September. 'I mostly worked at the desk. Fixed flowers. People are arriving for the Gathering. One of the crazy women who was troublesome at Saanen arrived in her van, but Dorothy said she couldn't stay. By suppertime, the house was jammed full. Anneke was here. Pascaline Mallet, Madrisa Samuel, and Madame Banzet, who brought £1,000 donation. Also, Giselle Elmenhorst. The Digbys are in the West Wing.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave the first Brockwood talk in the marquee, which was overflowing. The weather was good. Krishnaji asked, "What is correct action for survival with freedom in a disintegrating world?" This is the question he and David Bohm have been discussing as a topic for the Ojai conference next spring. Krishnaji ate in the marquee afterward. Dorothy says we took in £1,300 sterling on the sale of food alone today. There was a meeting in the afternoon of the German publications committee with

the Digbys, Cadogan, Edgar Graf, Giselle Elmenhorst, and Fritz Wilhelm. It was constructive. Graf and Wilhelm said that George Stefan Troler does excellent TV work, and urged that Krishnaji give him an interview.'

On the seventh, 'Krishnaji gave his second talk on fear, pleasure. It was one of those talks that takes one apart. I sensed that it was the most complete one ever on these matters. We ate in the tent. People overflowed it. A girl who wrote to Krishnaji after an awful experience in France arrived; and we were able to get her a room. Her name was Michaela Morgan.'

On the eighth, 'Krishnaji discussed the affairs in India with Balasundaram and said it was up to him to create something at Rishi Valley and in all the rest of the work in India. As he talked, he decided not to go to India this year. I made notes on all that was said. We walked a new way across the fields in the evening. Lina Reddy, a former Rishi Valley student, danced.' You were there. Do you remember any of that?

S: I have seen so many Indian dancers, it's hard to…[*Both chuckle*.]

M: September ninth. 'Krishnaji held a discussion in the marquee. Many came in spite of the rain. It was on awareness. Anneke asked questions about the biography. Krishnaji gave excellent answers. Dorothy had trouble with her eye during the meeting and could hardly see by the end. She went to the doctor. Krishnaji put his hands on a four-year-old child, Emma Jenkins.' Do you remember that little girl?

S: Ah, yes, I do.

M: Peter Jenkins' daughter, who has leukemia. 'A letter from Dr. Wolf in New York. Krishnaji and I will see him there. Krishnaji wants to leave here October fifteenth. We walked across the fields the new way again. Balasundaram came with us.'

On the tenth, 'Krishnaji and Balasundaram talked of Rishi Valley, etcetera, and I took notes. Krishnaji decided definitely not to go to India, and will fly to the U.S. on October fifteenth. In the afternoon, he gave a short interview to Michaela Morgan. We walked across the fields.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held the second public discussion in the marquee and had his usual lunch there. I worked at the desk, and then a walk.'

On the twelfth, 'Krishnaji had a third, *long* discussion with Balasundaram on India and also wrote a letter about it all to Pupul. Balasundaram has put forth a constructive plan for Rishi Valley, and the rest of the work, which Krishnaji approved, and added to.'

S: Hm. You don't have a copy of that letter, do you?

M: No. I don't think I do. I'd have to look it up in the, uh…I have a whole file of letters.

S: Yes.

M: September thirteenth, 'Krishnaji gave the third Brockwood talk in the marquee. I talked to three young women interested in Ojai and in the Ojai school, and to a young man, it says, "Hannen?" about the same thing.'

September fourteenth 'was rainy and cold. Krishnaji gave his fourth Brockwood talk. In spite of the weather, the tent was crowded! At 1 p.m., Terrence Stamp brought Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha and a group. All had lunch with Krishnaji in the tent. A 3 p.m., Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha gave a benefit concert in the tent. He was enthusiastically received, but the cold and rain kept the audience small. Finally, by suppertime, it was all accomplished. Krishnaji poured out energy, had no rest, no walk, but was nonetheless very well. Balasundaram left, taking all the notes on what was discussed and approved by Krishnaji.' I suppose I have copies of that. I should really go through those.

S: I would like to see that, because if Krishnaji is saying anything about a plan for education, or the organization of schools, it would be interesting.

M: Well, you can see it tomorrow.

S: Yes. Okay.

M: The fifteenth. 'The weather is clear again. The Sweeton family began work on the garages. The Mercedes moves to the barn. The house begins to empty of its guests. I did letters all day. Krishnaji and Dorothy and I walked across the fields.'

The next day, 'I went to London about Krishnaji's visa. Fleur lunched with me at the Berkley. And I went to the opening of Paul Anstee's shop in the Prince's Arcade.'

The next couple of days are just deskwork for me, with walks in the afternoon. Then on the eighteenth, 'I attended a staff meeting at 9 a.m. and students start to arrive. Whisper ran off during the walk, and was back at the house when we gave up searching for her.' [*S chuckles.*]

On the nineteenth of September, 'Krishnaji and I took the train to London. While he had a Huntsman fitting, I went to the U.S. embassy for his visa. I just got through the queue in time. They will mail the passport. Mary L. met Krishnaji at Huntsman, and they and Amanda and I all lunched at Fortnum's. Krishnaji had his teeth seen to by Hamish Thompson at 2:30 p.m. All was done quite quickly, and we got an earlier-than-usual train back. There was a staff meeting in the evening during which my brother rang from New York. He got my letter about our travel plans.' Well, it goes on about him, and things about my mother. Hmmm, interesting. [*S chuckles heartily.*] I'm *not* going to record it!

S: No, no. I know you're not. But, it's just…

M: I'll tell you later.

S: Okay.

M: 'I told Krishnaji about it. "What wasted lives people allow themselves," he said! "Society is sick. Western society has ruined the world!" I asked, where or when was it any better?' [*Both chuckle*.]

'Everyone is very busy. The students were arriving. Krishnaji dictated letters, and I did desk and desk! Walked across the fields. Whisper got away again, and walked home on her own.'

By the twenty-first, 'all the students have arrived. Suzanne and Hugues brought their daughter, Marjolaine, who was a student here this year. They spent the night in the West Wing. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. Krishnaji's head was bad. I spoke to Vanda in Florence. She will be in Rome Saturday.'

September twenty-second, 'was the first day of school. The school meeting was at 9 a.m. We had about twenty new students. I talked on the telephone to Mr. Troler of the German television, and also to the BBC documentary department about Krishnaji's appearances. I worked at my desk, did laundry, etcetera. Krishnaji put his hands on the Jenkins child again.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. Topazia Alliata and a friend from Winchester came to talk and to lunch. Topazia stayed in the West Wing. I went to Winchester to renew Krishnaji's driving license, but got back in time to meet him and Dorothy for a walk.'

For the next day my diary just says, 'desk.' That's all.

On September twenty-fifth, 'it rained. Topazia came with Krishnaji and me in the train to London. Krishnaji had eaten breakfast too quickly and got a stomachache. He was walking bent over as he went to dress. He said, "I may not be able to go," but it passed, and he did. The deadline of catching the 10:45 a.m. seems to get him tense, and he hurries and worries, while having plenty of time. Having Topazia, the nonstop talker along, guaranteed further wear and tear. All the way to Waterloo, it was about the Italian "committee" and Barabino, who goes his own way appointing people who no one knows to head Krishnaji groups all over Italy, at which god knows what goes on. A Mr. Letteri, an old-fashioned type, is on the committee, and was shaken to his roots to attend a Barabino meeting at Biella, where Barabino sat guru-like in a lotus position and discoursed on Krishnaji to a group of eye-shadowed gay men.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Barabino collects money, and no one on the supposed committee sees any accounts, or knows anything about it, nor apparently wants to take any responsibility. Krishnaji said, "You are all irresponsible," and that it was preferable to have nothing going on rather than all this. He wants the *Bulletin* discontinued in Italy; Barabino forbidden to use his name; the mailing list turned over to Cragnolini.' It never was, you know. They never got the mailing list back.

S: Yes, I know. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'Cragnolini, who is the titular president, is to send out any necessary notice of meetings, etcetera. Letteri can help him. Cragnolini's name is to appear for Italy in all of the *Bulletins*. With most of this, Topazia agreed, but then we got on the subject of Rajagopal and Topazia voiced the opinion that he shouldn't have been pursued by the law. Both Krishnaji and I pointed out, as strongly as possible, that the common thread in these matters is responsibility, legally and otherwise, for charitable funds, etcetera, and not having the right to let the Rajagopals and Barabinos act loosely with such funds; the position of the trust, etcetera. If someone steals from one personally, one may not choose to call the taker into account, but there is no such personal decision permissible as a trustee of funds, other people's donations, etcetera. We talked it all out, but Topazia, as with Vanda, never seems to get it. They don't listen. They only voice their own opinions. The trouble with Rajagopal makes people "unhappy" says Topazia, at which I blew, and said that I did not give a good damn if it makes people unhappy. I care about what is done to Krishnaji. If she saw him in trouble, wouldn't she go to help him? Yes, she replied. Well, that was what one had found out, outrageously, etcetera. We finally arrived at Waterloo, and got her a taxi. When we got into a separate taxi, Krishnaji bumped the top of his head on the door frame. He sat down looking dazed, rubbing his head. It passed, and we got to Huntsman and its soothing atmosphere' [*both chuckle*] 'for him.'

'We walked through the rain to Fortnum's. Krishnaji had preferred not to wear a raincoat. We lunched with Mary and Joe. We told Mary about Topazia's saying that Vanda was distressed at thinking Mary wanted Krishnaji's letters for the second volume of the biography. Mary was distressed at this interpretation, and wouldn't ask for letters, but wanted only memories of events in Krishnaji's life. Krishnaji mentioned the time "the face" changed and the voice asked Vanda if she would look after him. Mary said these things might be collected and kept for an account to be released only after a stated time. Meanwhile, the second volume could be about the development of the teachings.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> "The face" and "the face changing" is one of the most intriguing and esoteric aspects of Krishnaji that I knew. Mary and I discuss it at length in at least two later discussions, so there is no point in pre-empting that by discussing it now. However, it seems right to highlight this, and remind readers of the only entry Mary made earlier about this, which was in her diary for December twenty-seventh, 1969 (Issue number 10): 'On seeing the face, I should by now.' It seems clear to me that this was something Krishnaji had said to her.

'Mary told, jokingly, of a sentence she had censored in Krishnaji's letters to her mother. He had written from Ojai, "I am going to Santa Barbara, where I will cook a millionaire."' [*Both laugh heartily*.] 'To our amazement and hilarity, Krishnaji said, "Yes, and she only gave a hundred dollars!"' [*Laughter.*] 'It was a Mrs. Bliss. For a man who cannot remember so many things' [*chuckles*], 'he suddenly remembered this!' [*More laughing*.] 'We left the Linkses, paused to buy cheese, and in hopeless rain were able to catch a cab to John Bell and Croyden. Krishnaji asked the cab if he would wait and take us to Waterloo. Oh yes, was the reply. "I'm leaving a package in the cab," said Krishnaji.

"It isn't a bomb, is it?" said the cabbie.' [*Laughs*.] '"No, it's only a Stilton cheese." Smiles. Krishnaji brought his things in record time, and we got to Waterloo in time to sink into an empty carriage, and read all about the capture of Patty Hearst all the way back to Petersfield. It was pouring rain there. After a strenuous day I was relieved when he was back in a warm bed.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> This was the period of extensive bombing in England by Irish separatists. The cabby's comment was not completely in jest.

So, the next day, the twenty-sixth, it says, 'Packed.'

S: Packed?

M: Yes. I was going to Rome.

S: Ah, ha.

M: 'I did exercises. Made our breakfast. Spoke to Mr. Morton about the garage space for the Mercedes again. Krishnaji obviously wants to keep it, and my offer to donate it to Brockwood dissolved. I spoke also to Phyl Fry, and made arrangement to go to tea with her next Thursday. Yesterday, Krishnaji saw Mary's mother's turquoise ring on Mary's hand, and remembered his wearing it for her. They believed he "magnetized" things.'

S: Hold on. Let me unpack this a bit. Krishnaji saw Emily Lutyens's ring on Mary's hand?

M: Yes.

S: And Krishnaji used to wear it for Emily Lutyens because…

M: …he magnetized…

S: …because she believed that Krishnaji magnetized it. Okay.

M: Sorry.

S: It's alright. I understand; it's just for the record. I knew exactly what it was. [*Chuckles*.]

<u>Editor's Note:</u> This "magnetizing" of things, especially precious stones, will continue to appear. To my knowledge, we have nothing from Krishnaji explaining it, and explanations from other sources, some of which are traditional, vary too much to provide a consensus, and seem to me to be unreliable. Yet another subject I wish I had asked Krishnaji about when I had a chance.

M: 'So this morning, he wore my four rings.' That's these four [*M shows them to S*]. 'And, when he told me to be careful, to come back safely, he put them back on my finger, and I felt that they were indeed a talisman, his protection. Dorothy and Doris kindly insisted on taking me to the airport. We stopped for sandwiches at Runnymede. I took British Airways to Rome to see and stay with Filomena. By 7 p.m. I was in her car. She was smiling, dear, and unchanged. A lovely welcome from her and all the family. We talked and had supper that included Fior di Latte.' That's a kind of mozzarella that I like. 'She remembered how I liked it. Her arthritis in the shoulder is better, but it pains her now. We spoke of Malibu. It is as if the years there with us, the peace, calm, the respect for each other has made her an alien to her own family and friends, and they resent her unspoken sense of difference.'

S: Hm, hm, hm.

M: Well, then, I was in Rome, but you don't want to hear about that.

S: Sure, you might as well tell us.

M: 'Well, Vanda, who was to have come to Rome and with whom Filomena and I would have had lunch, is in Florence because of a train strike. So, we talked by telephone. I told her of Mary Lutyens's *not* wanting her private letters from Krishnaji, etcetera, but only records of things about Krishnaji for posterity. Vanda said she would "do whatever you say"—meaning Krishnaji, and will talk about it in Gstaad next summer.'

On Sunday, the eighth, that's the next day. 'Filomena and her son Mario drove me to the airport. When I left, I said to Filomena that we would see each other next year, whether she feels like Brockwood in the spring, or possibly Malibu in the fall.'

I flew British Air back to Heathrow. It was a warm sunny day in Rome, and the same in England too. After an hour's wait for the bag, I got a taxi to Woking, and from there the train to Petersfield. Doris met me. Krishnaji spoke to the school this morning on fear, and did a dialogue, number ten, with David Bohm yesterday. I got back to Brockwood in time to have Krishnaji's tray with supper ready for him when he returned from the walk. It feels so good to be back, but worth it, as he asks, to have gone to see Filomena.' He always asked, "Was it worth it?" He didn't like me going.

S: I know.

M: On Monday the twenty-ninth, 'Mary L.**[1]** rang. I told her that Vanda is willing to do whatever about the second volume of the biography. Mary told of her mother's turquoise ring and discussed the ring *dazzling* both her and Joe the day after Krishnaji had worn it through lunch last Friday. Joe, who doesn't imagine such things, says it was the first time he had known firsthand of such a thing. I told Krishnaji, who nodded. He says it works better with precious stones than gold. He asked for my ring, a diamond that is in the bank in Malibu. I gave him a star sapphire one instead. He put it on his little finger during the morning, but to wear it all night, he said, was better. I did the laundry, housekeeping, and

desk. He and I walked with Whisper. The countryside is so beautiful. The smell of autumn in the leaves, adds to such a sense of love for being in this landscape. I am deeply grateful to be here. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw briefly a Mr. Rothman from Argentina. In the evening, I played the tape of the dialogue Krishnaji had with David Bohm last Saturday, number ten in the series. David had asked about "the process," etcetera.'

S: May I just stop for a minute, because I think it's worth going over this: Krishnaji put on Mary's turquoise ring from her mother. And then both she and Joe, and he doesn't have any inclination towards anything esoteric, or…

M: He said it was the first time he had experienced…

S: …experienced something a bit unusual.

M: Yes, yes.

S: …because it was dazzling afterward.

M: Yes.

S: Yes, we recorded it. But I just want to clarify this. It's also worth noting, here, that as I remember it, whenever Krishnaji would go to lunch at Fortnum's with you and Mary, she would bring her ring, and he would…

M: Not every time, but occasionally.

S: Well, every time I was there, he would put it on.

M: Maybe. Yes, and then it would be different. Mary's granddaughter once said, "Oh, you've had it cleaned!" spontaneously, without knowing what had happened.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And these are the rings that he was talking about.

S: I know. Yes. Hmmm. Okay.

M: Tuesday, the thirtieth of September. 'Krishnaji came in saying he had such a strange feeling that he couldn't describe it. Later, he said he woke up at 5 a.m. feeling "something strange." Then, he felt it much more when he got up at 6:30 a.m. "A tremendous energy" flowing inside. Part of it "might have been" a premonition of a cable that arrived this morning signed by Pupul, saying Achyut, Sunanda, Balasundaram, and she agree "under present circumstances" that it would be better that Krishnaji go to California this year. Krishnaji said he was glad of their agreement. He would've gone anyway, but preferred not to go against people. A letter from Nandini told of dreaming

twice that she asked Krishnaji, “Are you through with India?” and his reply was “I think so.”’

‘I wrote fourteen letters. We walked across the lovely fields. There has been no frost, and the summer leaves are still on the trees and hedgerows in this lovely land.’

Now, it’s time to stop. It’s ten after 6 p.m.

S: Okay. So, we’ll just call it quits. We won’t do a second side today.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Luckily, Mary Links’ maiden name and her pen name (Lutyens) begin with the same letter. Just to remind the readers that they are the same person.

Issue 38: October 1, 1975 to December 31, 1975

In this issue there is an interesting discussion of Krishnaji's views of organ donation and blood transfusions for him. We also see some of the early teething trouble of the school in Ojai, and the start of Mary working to get Krishnaji a Green Card so that he had automatic entry to the United States. Krishnaji was spending months in California and New York every year, and it was becoming increasingly difficult for him, with his Indian passport, to come in on a tourist visa as he always had. At the same time, he wasn't qualified to come on a business visa, and the hopes of getting him British citizenship had come to nothing.

An observant reader of these memoirs recently commented that he believes this is the first day-by-day record we have of anyone significant in history. After some initial investigation, this seems to be true. Whether such a record is the most appropriate for our generation of readers with their short attention spans is an open question; but for all the people of whom we could have such a record, it is gratifying that it is Krishnaji.

Mary: So, we begin on October first, 1975, and my diary says, 'that a Mr. Malcolm Feuerstein of the BBC came to lunch, and he and Krishnaji and I talked afterwards. They want him to do something on television, a segment of a program on world religions. It is too much associated with gurus for Krishnaji, he said. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I went for a walk, and picked mushrooms and nettles for tea.'

Scott: I remember those first years that I was here, the number of field mushrooms…

M: Mmm.

S: And you and Dorothy and Krishnaji used to come back with baskets of them!

M: Yes, we did.

S: Enough for the whole school!

M: Oh, no. Not that…

S: Oh, yes.

M: Couldn't have.

S: Well, three baskets.

M: Really?

S: Yes, of mushrooms. I remember it.

M: I didn't think it was that much. I remember being rather nervous about them, because of the story [*S chuckles*] of a little French boy who was naughty, so the parents wouldn't let him have mushrooms for dinner…

S: Oh, I remember, he poisoned the family.

M: …and the whole family died. And there was the picture of the little boy following about seven coffins [*S laughs*] all by himself. [*M chuckles*.] That stuck in my memory. [*S still laughing*.] Don't eat mushrooms you don't know about. And, I wasn't sure that we knew about them.

S: Well, it was perfectly alright.

M: You survived.

The next day, the second, 'Krishnaji talked to the school. And Nadia Kossiakof came for a visit and stayed in the West Wing. I went to tea with Phil Fry; Kit was away, but he returned before I left.'

The third, 'Packing, etcetera. They took the Mercedes to be washed and prepared for storage in the West Meon garage.' That was where we prepared it for storage in the Morton Garage. Not that posterity cares where the car is stored.

S: Yes, we do. It's an important car.

M: Well, there it is. 'Dorothy and I went part of the way on the walk with Krishnaji, then came back for a school meeting.'

On the fourth, 'Packing, tidying, etcetera. At 12:30 p.m., Krishnaji, the Bohms, and I discussed the spring conference in Ojai, and the role of Globus'—that was the psychiatrist with the hat. 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji and David did a taped dialogue on wisdom, intelligence, and truth. Krishnaji and I took a brief walk around the grove. Krishnaji put his hands on the little girl, Emma Jenkins, who has leukemia. I got everything packed and in order, etcetera, before going to bed. Krishnaji and I watched *Kojak* on television.'

So, now we come to the fifth of October. 'Krishnaji had kept one of my rings for several days. I am to wear it until he arrives. It shines.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji will be speaking to the school later. I took a taxi to Heathrow. All the school was out in the driveway to say goodbye. Krishnaji was upstairs at the kitchen window.'

S: You were leaving early…

M: I was leaving earlier.

S: …because you were going to stop and see your mother?

M: Yes. It says here, 'Krishnaji was in his dressing gown, so he didn't come down.'

S: Yes.

M: So, the school was down below on the driveway, and Krishnaji was in what was then the kitchen window.

S: Yes, yes.

M: I can remember. I can still see him. 'I took an Air India flight to New York. Instead of an overweight allowance…' [*Laughing.*] Oh, this is when they had assured me that I wouldn't have to pay anything for overweight, but when I got there some surly young clerk made me pay for *everything*. [*S laughs.*] 'He charged me £88 sterling, the worst ever! We were an hour late leaving. There was a long wait in New York for baggage and customs.' Well, you don't want to hear about all that. That's me. I got there anyway. Now, we'll skip my time in…

S: Well, read through it, as we did before…

M: Alright, turn it off.

<Tape cuts out, then resumes.>

M: We now pick up on October fifteenth in New York. 'I moved from my brother's apartment, where I was staying, to a flat in the Ritz Tower, which was on Park Avenue and 57th Street, which…'

S: Had been your father's place.

M: …was my father's.

S: Yes, we know about that.

M: So, 'I put in some food for supper and went to the airport to meet Krishnaji. He came on TWA, and it was on time. After many passengers had come out of customs, suddenly he was there, glancing about for me, all grace and shine in a new tweed jacket…'

S: Hm, hm.

M: Hm, hm. '…flannels, and a jersey shirt. He was elegance and youth. He had asked for the visa to last until May fifteenth, longer than they generally allow for a tourist. So, he had had to see a special immigration man who questioned him. "Would the hostess"—that's me—"be responsible all that time if he should fall ill, etcetera?"' [*Both chuckle.*] "Where would he be staying in New York? And with whom?" He had to answer all that. And "did he have any friends?"' [*Both laugh heartily.*]

S: People were so ignorant, weren't they?

M: Absolutely ridiculous. 'Luckily, I had urged him to carry his traveler's checks.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Before Mary came on the scene, Krishnaji traveled, often by himself, with absolutely no money; which rightly horrified Mary. So, Mary bought him some traveler's checks, which he dutifully carried for the next more than twenty years—never cashing any, but he had some money for emergencies.

Krishnaji never really handled money. As a boy, Annie Besant wouldn't allow him to carry any because if Krishnaji was approached by a beggar, Krishnaji just gave him/her whatever he had. It was felt that this could lead to something unsafe. Rajagopal continued this, but for less benevolent reasons. The first time I saw Krishnaji pay for something was the first time I met him at his barber in London. Mary had given him a folded £10 or £5 note, and it was very clear that, at the end, he was just giving his barber a piece of paper. He didn't unfold it, or even look at it. He just reached into his pocket and gave the barber the piece of paper he had, and said that it included a tip for the barber as well as a tip for the man who brushed his shirt before putting his suit jacket back on, and brushed down his jacket. When I went with Krishnaji to his barber on subsequent visits, Mary always gave me the money for the barber and anything else we needed to do (e.g., taxies, trains, etc.).

'Krishnaji apparently won the immigration man over, as he gave him the time he requested until May fifteenth. We took a taxi into town. New York is hot, in the eighties. We went out for a slight walk to get him a bottle of Listerine and went to the health store, where he picked up various things. We had an early supper, and he went to bed early. He woke up *very early* at Brockwood this morning, and it was cold there, and the difference is taxing. I feel very tired too! The ten days away from him, with its quiet and order, and then the atmosphere at Vineyard Haven, and the way that life is there, has been exhausting. And now life is back in order, with peace with Krishnaji.'

Thursday, the sixteenth. 'Bud lent us his car, driven by Les Lewis.' Les Lewis was a friend of my brother who does miscellaneous jobs for him. 'Krishnaji and I went to White Plains to see Dr. Wolf. The autumn leaves are still on the trees—marvelous to see. Krishnaji kept exclaiming as he saw them. We talked about the possible film dialogues being pushed by Mrs. Kornfeld**[1]**. I reported a feeling from listening to audio tapes that David Bohm was rather flat-sounding. Krishnaji agreed he may come over rather professorially. Who else could do it? Shainberg, but for only a couple, not the whole series. Krishnaji finally thought that Naudé would be good if he would "*pull his socks up.*" [*S and M laugh.*] He has the capability. "He's our man." I must tell him to be controlled, not over-talkative. Krishnaji, as always, wants to jump ahead. I lean to seeing what develops with backing—we have none at present—and talking it over with Erna.'

'Dr. Wolf and Krishnaji got off on meditation rather than medicine.' [*Laughter in voice.*] 'Dr. Wolf had a transcendental meditation booklet from a patient. Krishnaji said, "Throw it out!"' [*both laugh*] '…and told him of the process of desire on brain cells. He also

showed him healthy breathing exercises. Wolf said Krishnaji's heart was very strong; blood pressure 120 over 62. Good span between systolic and diastolic. He said Krishnaji's arteries in the eye are those of a thirty-year-old. Said Krishnaji's heart is in the proper position; it used to be slightly pushed to the center. Krishnaji showed him a stomach muscles exercise, and control. He gave Krishnaji an implantation for liver, pancreas, prostrate, seminal vesicle, thalamus, hair roots! Triglyceride count was 209. Enzyme level was 2.2. The Alderhalden test'—that's some mysterious German test. I've forgotten what it's for now, but I used to know—'showed that the April implantation was 75% successful. He should take more protein, also zinc-sulphate, 200 milligrams a day. I had an implantation, too. When we came back, we felt tired and had had enough of New York.'

'Krishnaji suggested we do everything necessary and then stay in all afternoon and evening. So, we sent a plant to Bud and Lisa, visited the just-opened first Woman's National Bank.' [*Laughter in voice.*] That was downstairs; it was the first bank that was run only by women.

S: Oh, really?

M: I don't think it lasted, to tell you the truth. It was right down on the street level, next to the Papillon Restaurant. [*Both laugh*.] We went there, I guess, to cash a check. I don't know what. Ah, yes, 'next to the Papillon Restaurant to cash a check, and because I am a stockholder!' Oh, that's right. I got talked into that by Lisa. [*S laughs*.] Feminist propaganda. Naturally, I lost money. [*S laughs more*.] I think I gave them a hundred dollars; it wasn't a big investment. Anyway, 'Krishnaji's suggestion was to look in while I cashed a check. A woman bumped into Krishnaji. "I beg your pardon," he said. "Why should you beg my pardon?" was the belligerent reply.' [*Laughs.*] She's a feminist [*S laughing*], too. She was offended that he was polite to her! [*Both laughing*.] I'd forgotten all this. Oh, dear. So many funny things used to happen. 'We had lunch and a rest, feeling the relief at being through with New York. "The body is galloping to Malibu," said Krishnaji.' [*Both chuckle*.]

On the seventeenth, 'we went back to Dr. Wolf for the test results and implantations. We were back in the apartment for lunch. My brother came by at 5:30 p.m. He and Krishnaji discussed the state of the world, including New York City. The city came to within half an hour of defaulting on its bonds this afternoon, and was saved by the teachers' union pension fund buying a 150 million or so of the municipal assistance corporation bond!' This is what they talked about! Unbelievable. [*Laughter.*] 'Bud left, and Krishnaji and I had supper and went early to bed. I feel tired.' [*Laughs more*.] What in the world was my brother doing explaining all that to Krishnaji?! He would listen, you know.

S: Yes. He would have listened completely politely…

M: He used to listen to everything!

S: Oh, yes! [*Laughs.*]

M: I don't think he knew what it meant, but the fact that the city was about to go broke.

S: Yes.

M: That…

S: …was fascinating.

M: That was imaginable. [*Chuckles.*]

So, the next day, the eighteenth, 'we were packed and ready before breakfast. Narasimhan just in from India came by to see Krishnaji at 9:30 a.m. We got the bureaucrats' rationalization of Mrs. Gandhi's actions in India. At 10:15 a.m., in a heavy rain, we left for the airport, car with chauffeur driving; and took a TWA noon flight to Los Angeles. At the airport, we discovered Krishnaji didn't have his ticket! We had to report it lost and get another one at the airport. After a smooth flight, we arrived on a gentle, sunny, pleasant California afternoon.'

'I'd asked the Dunnes not to meet us because of my cold. But Alan Kishbaugh was there, and remarkably got all our seven bags into his BMW. We stopped to see Amanda and Phil on the way home. Greetings were exchanged outside.' Phil got a cold if he looked at someone with a cold, so I didn't go in. 'Then went home. The gardens looked beautiful, and were in perfect order. Elfriede kept them well. Kishbaugh stayed to tea. Then, we had supper on trays, and so to bed in the blessed quiet and peace of this house. Only the ocean making its murmur. Enormous relief and thankfulness to be here.'

The nineteenth, 'I woke up wondering where I was, and the ocean telling me. I had a long telephone talk with Amanda, and appreciated the fun and luxury of being able to call easily. I am still deaf from the flight, but feel better because of being here. I unpacked. Krishnaji rested. He is glad, too, to be here.' Then, it goes on about the Dunnes. 'The children came over. Krishnaji came out and talked to them for a bit. And then they left, and Krishnaji and I drove the beautiful Green Beauty down to the market for a few things.'

S: Mm. What market would you have been going to?

M: Well, in Malibu, the one down the road. It kept changing. First, it was Safeway, and then it was something, and then it was something else again.

S: Yes. On the Pacific Highway?

M: Yes. It's right down in Malibu.

S: Yes, I know which one.

M: On the twentieth, 'I put things in order. The Lilliefelts arrived back in Ojai from a holiday motor trip to Vancouver and northern California. I listened to the tape of the Krishnaji and David Bohm dialogue made after I left, on October eleventh, on being without desire.' This is one he did after I'd gone, you see, and he brought it with him. 'I discussed with Krishnaji his being, as he says, unable to visualize or imagine with a picture in the mind. It is as if, in him, memory communicates with the conscious mind, and without images.' I don't quite know what that means, but anyway.

On October twenty-first, 'We went to town to the health food store. And we watched the World Series on television.' It was Boston versus Cincinnati, in case you wanted to know. [*S chuckles*.]

And on the twenty-second, 'I went to town to do errands, but returned in time for lunch. We walked in the garden and watched the World Series again.'

Now, we go to the twenty-third. 'It is a clear, beautiful day. We went to Ojai, Krishnaji driving most of the way. We left the Mercedes for work at Dieter's and continued to Ojai in a borrowed car, a loaner. Krishnaji is happy with the beauty of the day and exclaimed on the coloring of the rocks and hills. We lunched with Erna and Theo, and discussed the situation in the school.' Um, well, I don't want to go on about this, but somebody was interfering with everything.

S: Mary, don't censor these things at this point.

M: Well, these people are alive and some of them…

S: I know, but they won't be forever, and this is for posterity. This is like hearing about the Buddha's life when all the people are dead. It doesn't make any difference.

[tape cuts out then back on]

M: 'We discussed with Erna the situation of Person X continuing to interfere with the school, that those in the school were not coping with it, and the atmosphere in the school was almost destroyed with not handling the situation. Then Ruth and Albion joined after lunch, and there was more discussion. We went over to the cottage, met Mark and the teachers, Elaine Needham and David Moody. The apartment attached to the cottage is set up as a school. We drove home in time for supper. I had a headache all day.'

S: Apartments attached to the cottage? What does that mean?

M: The ones that were destroyed when I redid the cottage.

S: Right.

M: The twenty-fourth 'was a quiet day. I spent it mostly at the desk. Amanda came over in the afternoon. Helen Hooker brought our bread order, which I forgot to pick up yesterday.' This is back in Malibu.

S: Mm, hm.

M: October twenty-fifth, 'Mark Lee came and spoke alone to Krishnaji. Krishnaji put the situation to him very clearly. He must solve the problem with Person X or he will have "no capacity" for the school.'

On October twenty-sixth, 'Erna and Theo came at 11 a.m. to discuss various things, and stayed for lunch. We all talked all afternoon.'

The next day, 'we went to town to get flats of flowers to plant in the garden.' That was fun. 'We invited Evelyne Blau to become a trustee of KFA, and she accepted.'

The twenty-eighth, just says, 'home all day.'

On the twenty-ninth, 'we went to Ojai. At the cottage, Krishnaji talked alone to Mark who seems to have found a way of dealing with Person X.'

'Krishnaji and I lunched with Erna and Theo at their house. Then, we were joined by Ruth and Albion and went back to the cottage. Krishnaji had met three children, seeing changes in Arya Vihara. Krishnaji saw Michael Krohnen, who was cooking there, Asha, Nandini'—that's Mark and Asha's child—'and others. At the cottage, he talked with three teachers, and trustees about the school, how he would cope with a child such as'—well, the child is named—'who is aged ten, who when introduced to Krishnaji and to me, didn't get up.' [*S chuckles.*] Not that children get up today when an adult is introduced to them. 'How to bring about consideration, not by coercion, example, etcetera. Moody, Mark, and Needham had no answers. Krishnaji said mostly to get to know the child, get him to reveal his interests, etcetera, and through a relationship with the child to be able to encourage these other qualities. In the car, coming home, I pointed out the need to review our plans for building in view of the difficulty in finding people, etcetera. Present plan calls for house parents in each house. How to find two suitable people. The plans call for the duplication of kitchens, for living rooms, etc. Krishnaji drove home, even though it was dark, slowly and with great control.'

On the thirtieth, my diary reads, 'planted snap dragons and stock and daffodils. Interrupted by rain.'

October thirty-first. I went to see Lailee'—that's the doctor we went to, a woman doctor, Lailee Bakhtiar—'about my leg ulceration. She referred me to Dr. Wylie Barker.' He was the vascular person, doctor. 'Then I met Alain Naudé at the airport. He is spending the weekend with us.'

On November first, 'I went to see the Dunnes after lunch. Alain and Krishnaji joined us there at 4 o'clock. Betsy Drake came too. Then, Krishnaji, Alain, and I went for a beach walk.'

Sunday, November the second. 'Krishnaji and I drove Alain to catch his flight back to San Francisco. We were home in time for lunch. At the table, we discussed that Alain, to both of us, seems to be outside the work, no longer interested, and not really at ease with us. There were too many polite protestations of being glad to see us. Krishnaji has given up the idea that Alain should do the discussions with him. He is too far from it all now. Then, I asked Krishnaji about his remark against giving a part of the body to someone else, i.e., a kidney or an eye after death. Krishnaji is very much against it for himself, or "anyone around me." It was hard to get his reasons. It seemed to be that giving part of one's body, especially if one had been concerned with sacred things, would give some sort of power to the donee, to affect a residue in consciousness. Equally, accepting something, such as a blood transfusion, is to be avoided. One would have to know a lot about the donor. Krishnaji would not take a transfusion. He spoke of the responsibility for the body, and especially the brain. He feels remiss if he cuts himself, for instance. And, the time in September in London when he hit his head in the taxi, he checked himself carefully. "Have I hurt it?" He spoke of the ring he held and had me wear from the time I left Brockwood till he came. Now, he wants me to wear it if I go to town without him. It has a quality of protection.'

S: Hm.

M: 'In the evening, we watched two *Kojak* films.'

That's interesting about not giving a part of your body away.

S: [*Sigh*.] Yes. That's why all this stuff, you see [*sigh*], I don't want to go on about this censoring business, but you know you could want to leave that out because it sounds weird or like he's not being generous or something…

M: No, I wouldn't do that.

S: It seems very important. He's saying something…

M: Yes. He's speaking of this perspective we haven't got.

S: Yes. And he's saying something about…that somehow, being in touch with the sacred effects even the organs, to the extent that if those organs are placed in someone else, it gives that other person some kind of power, or some kind of…something… because of the residue of it, and that they can then use that in some wrong way, which is a very…

M: It's a very…

S: …it's a very special thing to say.

M: Yes. And his not accepting a transfusion, I understand. And in view of the fact that he ultimately did accept, but he did it in order to survive a few days at the end of his life, and he wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been dying…

S: Yes.

M: …and he wouldn't have done it if he hadn't wanted to tell the people from India…

S: Yes, I know.

M: …what they should do.

S: But that is…that's a very different thing.

M: Yes.

S: You see, that's saying that here is a man who, for want of a better term, is a holy man, who can be disturbed by the blood of someone who's, let's say, awful.

M: Yes.

S: That's very different to saying that the organs of people who are around Krishnaji should not be given to someone else because the donee…You know, it's very special.

M: But it makes me think…that, remember, he donated blood for his own operations before his operation. And, then, he didn't need the blood. So, obviously the hospital didn't throw it away. They must've given it to somebody else.

S: But, I don't know if Krishnaji thought about that.

M: I don't think he did. He certainly didn't mention it. I've always thought some lucky person got it!

S: Exactly.

M: Well. We can't know certain things.

Let's see that happened on November third. 'It was a quiet day. I spent it mostly cooking. Gardening, watering, laundry. Krishnaji was sick to his stomach after taking zinc tablets in the morning. And he slept all morning. He was better and up for lunch.'

On the fourth, 'Erna and Theo came at 11 a.m. and stayed to lunch.'

Now, we got to the fifth. 'Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai. At 11 a.m. there was a trustee meeting in the cottage. At 12 p.m., Alan Hooker came to tell us about a Mrs. Barbara De Noon, a possible administrator. Erna and Theo badly want somebody to just take over.

There's too much of a burden on Erna now in the office. Hooker gave De Noon praise. Radha Burnier, who was here on a TS visit at Krotona, joined us for lunch at Arya Vihara. Mark Lee attended the afternoon session about the school. Krishnaji and I left at 4 p.m.'

S: I have here in the archives list that there's an Ojai trustees' recording, and it says here "not for public."

M: Oh, well, that was probably was some school difficulties.

S: Yes.

M: 'Krishnaji and I left at 4 p.m. In spite of it getting dark, he drove the beach part of the way. A tiny silver new moon made his face light up with its beauty.'

The sixth. 'Radha Burnier came to lunch with Krishnaji and me. We discussed the TS, and then KF India, and then more on the social and political conditions in India. Theo brought her and later fetched her. A letter from Balasundaram. Rajan'—Rajan was the, I think, the lawyer for Rajagopal in the case in which KF India was trying to get Vasanta Vihar—'Rajan was willing to turn over Vasanta Vihar to Krishnaji personally in a separate trust.'

November seventh. 'Miranda Dunne came to see me in the morning. Krishnaji and I had lunch slightly early so that he could rest a little before 2:30 p.m., when all the trustees met, plus Mark Lee, David Moody, Elaine Needham, Mrs. De Noon, Professor Donald Davis, Charles Rusch, and David Greene.' I don't remember David Greene. Oh, here, 'David Greene is a young, well-dressed, impressively qualified teacher, Ph.D., from Claremont, who did a dissertation on Krishnaji's philosophy vis-à-vis the psychiatry of Carl Rogers and A. Maslow.' That was his dissertation.

S: Oh, I think I have that one.

M: Do you?

S: I believe so.

M: 'The meeting was rather confused between the problems of what we intend in the school, i.e., psychological change, about which Krishnaji spoke so eloquently; and the how to go about it, therefore, what sort of school buildings we need. We served tea and juices in the dining room, which worked well. We should always have it there when there are so many people. The trustees stayed on and disagreed about De Noon as a co-director of the school. Theo in his eagerness to relieve the burden on Erna had gone ahead and mentioned it to De Noon, whom we have barely met. Ursula, who has relieved Erna of all bookkeeping burdens and things, gave notice today because she wasn't asked to these meetings!' What? 'Things are rather in confusion.'

‘The board wants to end the business with the Rex office.’ John Rex, was an architect whom we’d made tentative movements toward. He had designed a house for the Dunnes, and he also redid the Malibu house after it burned down, because the original architect was no longer available, so I asked John Rex to make plans to rebuild it. And we’d asked him to consider doing the school building, and he did a little bit of work, but the board wanted to end the business with his office, and get another architect. Who?’ I ask in my diary.

‘Krishnaji cabled his approval of a separate trust for Vasanta Vihar, urging Padma Santhanam as one of its trustees.’

S: You don’t think that that would’ve been recorded? That meeting?

M: I don’t know. We didn’t record trustee meetings.

S: Because that would’ve been remarkable, looking at the requirements of the teachings and education and therefore, the kind of buildings.

M: Yes, you’d think so. But it wasn’t the habit to, uh…

S: Because there were other people who weren’t trustees who were there, you see, so it was more like a discussion.

M: Yes, but I don’t remember.

S: Well, it’s not here in the archives list.

M: I don’t ever remember anything being recorded at a trustee meeting, no matter what was going on. It was done in minutes.

On the eighth, ‘Dr. Globus and his wife, Maria, came to lunch.’ That’s all it says. And there is almost nothing for the next two days.

On November eleventh, ‘Mrs. Gita Sarabhai and a daughter, Palevi, and a friend, Mrs. Lee Mullican, came to tea.’ She wrote that book that’s down in the…she knew Krishnaji way, way, way back, the Sarabhai family.

S: Yes, I know of that family. Yes.

M: She’s the one who came with her daughter for tea. And Mrs. Lee Mullican is the wife of a painter, a well-known American artist called Lee Mullican.

Now we come to the twelfth. ‘There was a fire in Chatsworth. It was worrisome at 6 a.m., but then it was contained. And so, in spite of the Santa Ana wind blowing, we drove to Ojai, and met Mark Lee for a talk in the cottage. Then, Radha Burnier came and lunched with Krishnaji and me. We showed her the text of the articles of trust to be formed in

Madras to have Vasanta Vihar. Balasundaram sent the text. Radha is named one of the trustees. We drove home rather fast as young Palevi Sarabhai came at 5 p.m. for Krishnaji's healing.' That's the daughter. 'Driving fast tired Krishnaji, so he gave me the wheel the last few miles. In the morning in the car, I asked him about what level in the brain does the ordering up of "duty." What wakes one up, says this and this must be done now, or today, and <u>*do*</u> it. It can't only be memory and conditioning? Part of the brain's notion of order, survival, but the bad of it is to let it have too much activity. It should be quick, seen, then emptiness. The fire this morning is an example. The mind sorted out the possibilities, priorities. Krishnaji came first, what is best for him, etcetera? But one can over-plan and it becomes imagination, fantasy, and this saps energy that should have space for something else. I had an insight into this today, and also saw that it is this level of thought that is tedious, not things done. The mind free and empty is not weighted by activity on this level.'

The thirteenth of November 'was a hot day in the eighties. Krishnaji again saw Palevi Sarabhai at 4 o'clock for a treatment. Then, we walked on the beach. There were many pelicans.'

Now, the fourteenth, 'Krishnaji again saw Palevi Sarabhai briefly for healing. I had desk things all morning. We had a long beach walk. Monet-scene sky. Not as warm as yesterday. When I went barefoot and felt the fun of the waves and the sand, I also felt how numb my left foot has become. But the feel of the ocean, even in this tiny way, was good. Evelyne Blau telephoned about my asking yesterday if Lou could do anything about Krishnaji's status in this country and citizenship. She says that Lou thinks it is not impossible and will talk to Senator Alan Cranston. Krishnaji is pleased and optimistic.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji again did healing of Palevi, as she came with her mother and Lee Mullican, the painter, whom I met at Betsy's years ago. Krishnaji told me that I am sometimes too slow to drop conclusions. He observed that, when I do see something, that I am quick to get to it. He cited the citizenship and architects.' He meant that I point out difficulties, rather than let things unfold. That's the truth. I've done that always. [*M and S laugh.*] Sometimes, I thought it was necessary! [*S chuckles more*.] But sometimes, I clearly overdid it. [*M chuckles, too*.] '"You are dealing with something different here."' And then I have parenthesis, '(meaning him and what surrounds him). Also said he would like with David Bohm to go totally into one subject and not "jump from thing to thing."'

'At lunch, he said, after listening to a bit of a tape with Bohm on October fourth, "I wondered if, when I talk, I think? I don't." And then another quote: "No memory. Language <u>*is*</u> memory. You have to use it. You see the tree; you describe it. You use the word, but perception has no thought. There is no thought operating except that of language."' That's nice.

S: Yes, it is.

M: 'We spoke about imagination and he said, "When there is total detachment, that is not imagination. It is a picture without any content, any distortion."' Hmm. 'He said he had

woken up this morning at 2 a.m. and couldn't sleep, then meditation began. "Feeling of exultation, elation, exultation."

S: Mm, hm.

M: At 2:30 p.m., he started a possible series of discussions of education. Present were Erna, Theo, Ruth, Albion, Evelyne who brought a Mary Lou Gordon, Mark, Elaine Needham, David Moody, David Greene, Donald Dain, Barbara De Noon, and a young woman, Beverly Sher, just arrived at Ojai for an interview about the school. There was tea afterward. In the evening, Krishnaji turned on the television of the movie *Judgment at Nuremburg*. I had to leave at the scenes of the camps. Krishnaji watched it and then came into me, and said, "What is the matter with humanity? This is monstrous, people are this way everywhere." He was very shocked.'

On the sixteenth of November, 'Krishnaji and I drove to Canoga Park, merrily off' [*chuckles*] 'on a favored expedition in the Mercedes. I had bought the new grey 240 diesel Mercedes. We ordered it in the spring to replace the Jaguar. Krishnaji was very pleased. It's neat and nice-looking, a sedan. Dieter met us there.' Dieter's the…

S: Mm, hm. We know.

M: We know Dieter…but for posterity…

S: No, he's in this record posterity too; we've talked about him.

M: Yes, with the cars! [*Laughs*]. He's the Mercedes car man. 'Dieter met us there, and explained its ways. Then, he took the Green Beauty for its 6,000-mile service, and Krishnaji and I drove off in the grey diesel. Filled it at a diesel station in the valley; they are not too easy to find. We came back <u>*slowly*</u>. "It's a new car!"' [*Both chuckle*.] What he was saying was…he made you *creep* in a new car…

S: I know, I know.

M: …for the first 100 miles at least.

S: Oh, more! When I bought the first Mercedes van for the school, the first run for that after buying it was taking it to Saanen. And I had very strict instructions from Krishnaji that I had to go so many miles at only such and such a speed, and then so many more miles at such and such (slightly higher speed)…But I had asked (knowing Krishnaji's penchant for breaking in a new car) the Mercedes dealer about this, and he had said, no, no, it's been bench-run in. But Krishnaji wouldn't have…[*laughter*]…any of that.

M: No. It had to be done.

S: So, it took <u>*days*</u>, it seemed, to get to Saanen! [*Both laugh*.]

M: We took the new diesel back to Malibu and showed it to Amanda and Phil before going home for lunch. "We must take care of these two cars and make them last for years."'

S: Hm, hm. You have.**[2]**

M: 'Krishnaji and I walked on the *gleaming* beach. Watched *Kojak*. He gave me healing. He is pleased, full of laughter, and so this day shines.' [*Chuckles.*] His car is about to outlast me, clearly.

S: I want them to outlast me!

M: I'm sure they will.

The next day was the seventeenth. 'Krishnaji saw Palevi and Mrs. Sarabhai at 9:30 a.m. A professional tree pruner began work on the big eucalyptus trees along the driveway. After lunch, Krishnaji and I went to town in the new diesel Mercedes to order mats for it. It drove very nicely, and we were both pleased.'

On the eighteenth, 'Krishnaji again saw Palevi briefly. I was at my desk all morning. Tree pruning continues. We walked on the beach.' See, there's nothing on these days.

S: Well, it's still nice to have it.

M: You don't think the boredom has long since paralyzed [*S laughing*] the listeners to this saga?!

S: It's an endurance test.

M: Alright. The nineteenth. The large diary starts again. 'Krishnaji saw Palevi briefly for healing at 9:30 a.m. Then, we left in the diesel for Ojai. "I am a little shy of it," said Krishnaji. But, then at Zuma Beach, he took the wheel and, looking *very* pleased, drove *slowly*, not over forty, laughing at our pace. "One sees everything this way."' [*S chuckles.*] 'We talked about American people being "taught to be selfish and to need pleasure" by the movies. We had seen old movies on TV last night, MGM musicals. Out of this, Krishnaji mentioned our schools, and I questioned teaching doing anything except minimizing mistakes. But what Krishnaji is cannot be taught, obviously, the most that can be done is to point out and remove impediments, mistakes, i.e., thought, conditioning, ambition, ego, etcetera. It seems to me that that way, at its widest reach, may make a better human being. But for a Krishnamurti or a Buddha, there must be something inherent in the child, something like, but beyond, genius. Nothing in Krishnaji's education or surroundings influenced what he is. Krishnaji then said that it is like oil in the earth; it is *there*, waiting to be reached. The children we teach cannot be taught to reach it, but there are young people capable of this. He implied we must find them, or the ones we can teach may have such children. They may be turned in that direction. He

seemed to agree, or at least not disagree, with my saying that even if a person were able to shed all the "mistakes," the errors, it would not bring about the "Other."'

'He spoke of an extraordinary meditation last night. I asked if he could describe it a little, and he said it is not describable. I asked him if there is a quality of light in it, that so many people of religious experience speak of light…"en*light*enment." He said it does not seem light, but the closest description would be emptiness. As he said that, it seemed to me that the light—which I have experienced somewhat—is just that—still in the realm of experience. And there is no experience in what Krishnaji speaks of.'

'Krishnaji talked to Mark alone for a while in the cottage. And then we walked down to Erna and Theo's, where we lunched. I took a role of black and white film of him at the table.' I've got those in the other room. 'We had to leave before 3 p.m. because of our slow driving' [*chuckles*] 'and Krishnaji not wanting to drive in the dark. We stopped at Dieter's to pick up the Green Beauty, which had had its 6,000-mile service, and Krishnaji drove it home while I followed at forty miles per hour.' [*S laughs*.]

So we have to go back to the small diary for the twentieth. 'I drove Mrs. Sarabhai's daughter back to the Mullicans' after she came to see Krishnaji. Krishnaji and I walked on the beach.'

The next day 'I cooked, then Lee and Luchita Mullican, Mrs. Sarabhai and Palevi came to lunch.'

On the twenty-second, 'At 2:30 p.m., Krishnaji discussed with the Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion, Evelyne, Rusch, Moody, Needham, De Noon, and Dame. They stayed to tea afterward.'

The twenty-third, 'was a windy day, and we stayed home all day and washed the new Mercedes.'

November twenty-fourth. 'I went to see Dr. Wylie Barker at UCLA Medical Center about my leg. Then I did errands and came back in time for lunch. Evelyne Blau brought an architect, Carey Smoot, to meet Krishnaji and talk architecture. There was a huge fire in Tujunga Canyon, burning over 40,000 acres. The sky was dark with ashes everywhere. It was hot, and there was Santa Ana winds. Mother and Wooge telephoned, worried about the fire.' Wooge is my stepfather.

The next day. 'The winds stopped here. The fire into Tujunga is fifty percent contained. I went to the doctor's, fasting for blood chemistry.'

On the twenty-sixth, 'we drove to Ojai in the green car. Krishnaji saw Ralph Edsel for a few minutes, a young man who is doing yard work for Arya Vihara. Then, in the cottage, we met with five architects plus Charles Rusch, the Lilliefelts, Evelyne, Patterson, and Mark Lee, about the Oak Grove buildings. We lunched and resumed our meeting

afterward. All architects agree to meet in Ojai with us on the seventh and eighth, and explore the territory and the immediate building to start the project.'

The next day, 'I cooked and worked at the desk. Spoke to my mother. Krishnaji and I walked. And then at 5 p.m., we went to the Dunnes' for an hour before their Thanksgiving dinner. We came back to our own supper. No turkey.' [*Chuckles.*]

On the twenty-eighth, 'Evelyne Blau brought Cynthia Wood to meet Krishnaji at tea.' She's a woman who Evelyne happened, by chance, to sit next to at one of the talks, and they fell to chatting, and she wound up, shortly, you'll see, Krishnaji asked her to become a trustee.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: 'She lives in Santa Barbara, and is an unexpected and very generous donor,' it says here.

The next day 'I worked at the desk all morning. Krishnaji held an educational discussion on learning in the afternoon with the trustees, Mark, Moody, Monica Ross'—she was a new person. She died last year**[3]**, and was a very nice woman who ran a school for little nursery children down the road from the Lilliefelts—'Donald Dame, David Greene, Barbara De Noon.'

On the thirtieth, 'We planted poppies and daisies, and the Dunne children came over. Krishnaji and I walked on the beach.'

On Monday, the first of December. 'I fixed our lunch, etcetera. And then I went to UCLA Medical Center to see Dr. Timothy Miller, plastic surgeon about my leg ulcer. He strongly urges a skin graft,' which I did eventually.

On the second, 'I went to see Lailee Bakhtiar'—that's the general doctor that we went to—'at 10 a.m. for the usual checkup, and to discuss the skin graft. She thinks it's a good idea and will talk to Dr. Miller. Did errands all day in town and got home by 6 p.m. Krishnaji says he will be alright here while I'm in the hospital in January. The probable stay is five days?!' That's ridiculous. Anyway.

The next day, 'I spent all morning working at the desk. We walked at low tide, the lowest of the year. Lailee rang about talking to Dr. Miller.'

On the fifth, 'I prepared for the weekend at Ojai.'

The sixth…

S: The sixth is in the big book now.

M: No, it isn't. Yes, it is! God, you read upside down.

S: [*laughs*] We've been doing this for so long, this may be now the only way I can read. [*Both laugh*.]

M: 'A beautiful day! Up early to cook the final part of the Spanish rice.' He liked this dish I made called Spanish rice. 'We packed the Green Beauty; at 10 a.m. Krishnaji drove it, while I followed in the grey diesel to Dieter's. We left the diesel with Dieter to have its first 500-mile service and went on in the green one to Ojai. Krishnaji said he woke up in the night with an intense feeling and the sentence, "Suffering and the remembrance of suffering are still in the field of the self." We unpacked at the cottage, and then walked to the Lilliefelts' for lunch. At 2:30 p.m., in the school room of the cottage, Krishnaji held a discussion for parents and teachers. It went well. We took a late walk as the sun set and came back by moonlight. Early to bed.'

Then, we go back to the little book for December seventh. 'We went up at 10 a.m. to the Oak Grove and met architects, trustees, Mark, and Cynthia Wood. We walked all over and discussed the school building. Philippa Dunne and her husband had joined us and came back to the cottage. Krishnaji showed them the place. They and Alan Kishbaugh lunched with us. At 2 o'clock, there was a trustees meeting. At 3:45 p.m., we went back to the Oak Grove for more with the architects.' We had *teams* of architects!

December eighth. 'Architects and trustees met in the cottage. They showed us revised plans, and the suggested shape of a classroom building. Then, the architects left saying they will send us their plan for the business arrangement with the Foundation. Erna, Theo, and Evelyne lunched with us in the cottage. Krishnaji, Evelyne, Theo, and I walked in the late afternoon.'

The next day, 'Mrs. Kate Mark's two young sons were introduced to Krishnaji. They have moved here from Michigan for the boys to go to our school. Krishnaji and I left Ojai, stopped for the grey diesel, and drove both cars home in time for lunch.'

December tenth. 'Krishnaji and I went to the airport with Elfriede driving us. We flew on PSA to San Francisco and lunched with Mrs. Mathias at her apartment on Nob Hill. Then we took the 4:30 p.m. PSA back' [*chuckles*] 'to Los Angeles and taxied home, arriving at 6:45. A nine-hour expedition, and Krishnaji was not too tired.'

On December eleventh. 'We were home all day. I did letters; some Krishnaji dictation; spoke to my mother at Vineyard Haven; and had a beach walk.'

The next day, 'I worked hard at the desk all day. I did post office, bank, marketing while Krishnaji walked. In the evening, I telephoned Filomena in Rome about a trust I made for her. Balasundaram telephoned Erna about a compromise for Vasanta Vihar.'

On the thirteenth, 'Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai in the grey car. At the cottage, Krishnaji saw a twelve-year-old girl who was said to have musical and psychic gifts, Belita Adair. We walked to lunch with Erna and Theo. Then, at 2:30, Krishnaji held a discussion at Arya Vihara. We composed a cable reply to Balasundaram and Pupul about their

deciding the matter of Rajagopal's lawyers on the Vasanta Vihar trust. We walked with Erna and Theo, and then Krishnaji and I had supper and spent the night in the cottage. We had trouble with a noisy heater. At 2 a.m., we had to go to wake Mark to turn it off.' Mark was living in Arya Vihara.

The next morning, 'there was a meeting in the cottage of Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and Mark and me. Erna and Theo lunched with us, and then Krishnaji and I drove back to Malibu.'

The fifteenth of December. 'Jackie and Sarjit Siddoo came at noon to see Krishnaji and to talk about their proposed school. During lunch, a cable came from Kitty and Balasundaram that Shiva Rao had died today in New Delhi of a heart attack.'

The sixteenth. 'Krishnaji had his hair cut here in Malibu, not too good. I did a bit.' [*Chuckles*.] 'A cable came from Balasundaram, saying Subarao died today in India. Krishnaji felt it more, he said, than Shiva Rao because "Subarao has always been with us. Shiva Rao was a politician." We walked on the beach. David Nelson did town errands for us.' David Nelson was Philippa's husband.

On December seventeenth, 'I was up at 5 a.m. to finish notes on Krishnaji for Evelyne to give to lawyers about immigration. At 11 a.m., the trustees met, except for Alan Kishbaugh, plus Mark, the Siddoos, and Cynthia Wood and Krishnaji discussed the future of the schools and adult centers. We had a buffet lunch and further discussions till 3:40, when they left, and Krishnaji and I went for a beach walk.'

December eighteenth. 'I talked to Erna, Jackie Kornfeld, and Evelyne, and it was decided to have a David Hoffman do the video taping of the dialogue with Krishnaji and David Bohm, and possibly Shainberg, too. I worked at the desk. In the afternoon, we washed the green Mercedes and walked on the lawn. Balasundaram telephoned Erna that the Vasanta Vihar case is settled.'

Now from the big diary for December twenty-first, because it includes everything from the nineteenth. 'This has been a weekend of many Krishnaji things. We drove up to Ojai after lunch on Friday.' This is written on the Sunday.

'On the road'—driving to Ojai on the nineteenth—'Krishnaji said to me, "Watch and have the mind empty," and then "it is beginning, the head, pressure from the back of the head in the brain." We went to the Oak Grove. Met Erna, Theo, and Mark there, and walked about to look for sites for the assembly building. Krishnaji is not satisfied with the architect's suggestion of putting it up the hill among the trees. We liked one place near the grove itself, at the edge of the meadow. We walked across Besant Road and around Rajagopal's place. "That crook," said Krishnaji'—that's a quote [*both chuckle*]—'in a resonate voice. At the cottage, Mark, in the school room, ran a newly made copy of a film made in 1925, which we found in the cottage basement, hidden away; probably only the dryness of Ojai preserved it. The lab Erna and Evelyne took it to said they hadn't seen such an old film, and that it was dangerous.' It was a nitrate film.

S: Yes. It's remarkable it didn't burn the house down.

M: Yes, exactly. 'They said it was too dangerous to keep. They copied it well. It was several short reels taken in Ommen in 1925 by a Swedish man. Krishnaji, Mrs. Besant, Rajagopal, Jadu, Lady Emily, and many familiar people that Krishnaji recognized. The film is amateurish and shot in such brief length, it was hard to see well. The young Krishnaji was very much a boy, though he was all of thirty years old. Krishnaji said later, "He must have been developing slowly. The mind wasn't mature yet." He asked afterward how it seemed to us. Mostly, rather childish. The Liberal Catholic Church processions looked rather shocking in a Krishnaji film. Mrs. Besant seemed old, feeble, and not at ease. Krishnaji seemed more curious about our impressions than having any of his own.' [*Laughs.*]

'Saturday, we slept late, till 8 a.m.!' [*Laughter.*] '"Eleven hours in bed. That's good," said Krishnaji. I felt the good of it, too. I felt distracted in the morning yesterday, trying to finish things before leaving Malibu, and it was a rest to be in the quiet here, to fix our simple supper, no TV, and then the ease of sleep. I did some marketing, then we lunched with Erna and Theo. At 2:30 p.m., we held a discussion at Arya Vihara that didn't get going, really. There were too many people who aren't versed in Krishnaji's teachings, and don't know how to discuss. We walked afterward.'

'Today I made lunch for Krishnaji, Erna, and Theo. At 2 p.m., an architect, Michael Head, who has built the office building, came to see what could be done about enlarging the apartment upstairs, and pushing both bedroom and sitting room out to include the porch.' That's the flat you've stayed in so often. 'It seems simple. Then, two Italian boys who turned up last night at Arya Vihara having flown here from Turin, wanting to see Krishnaji, saw him for a few minutes.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'At 3 p.m., there was a tea party at Arya Vihara for old Ojai fans. Krishnaji soon slid out and went for a walk. On our return, Mark showed a second batch of the old films, these done in 1925 at Adyar. Leadbeater, Arundale, Wedgwood, Jinarajadasa in miters and robes.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji was beautiful in Indian clothes. Then, a short film in 1924 with Nitya, briefly. Watching all these, there were "oh's" of surprise and recognition from Krishnaji and "slowly, slowly" when the film was too quick and abrupt. He sat and talked afterward to Erna and Theo, Mark, and me. He hadn't wanted to watch the film with anyone else present. I felt the young Krishnaji, though eager and smiling, was being polite rather than a part of it all. The short glimpses of Nitya moved me very much, and during the meeting at Arya Vihara, I kept thinking of him there, the sadness of his dying there without his brother, and I kept wanting to say to him, "See how this turned out. Krishnaji has become everything. Listen to him."'

'Before lunch today, Krishnaji had a very far-off look, while sitting with Erna and Theo. At lunch, he said to Erna, "You asked about the process. It began here. Pains, fainting. It's probably Kundalini. I am very skeptical about those things. I doubt most who say they have had it."'

December twenty-second and we're back to the little diary. 'Krishnaji and I drove back to Malibu in time for lunch. Fritz Wilhelm was due in the afternoon from London, but his flight was delayed.'

The next day. 'Fritz Wilhelm arrived to stay. David fetched him for me. We had a beach walk in the afternoon; otherwise, I cooked most of the day, making Christmas mousse.'

December twenty-fourth, 'I cooked all day. Spoke to my mother and Wooge. My cousin is in a hospital in Boston. The Christmas Eve party was at 5:30 p.m. and supper at 6, then present opening. Amanda, Phil, Miranda, Philippa, David, Jessica, Mark Renneker, Bill Kirby, Fritz Wilhelm. Krishnaji came to the table and sat up the whole evening, which ended at 9:30 p.m.'

S: Hm.

M: I forgot he was there for one Christmas!

On Christmas day, 'I spoke on the phone to my sick cousin. We had a beach walk in afternoon.'

On December twenty-sixth, 'Ted Cartee arrives for lunch, and to stay. Krishnaji held a discussion at 3 p.m. with the Lilliefelts, Evelyne, Kishbaugh, Ruth, Albion, Fritz, Ted, and Philippa and David. We had tea afterward.'

December twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji, Fritz, and Ted lunched and later, a beach walk.'

The next day, 'Fritz and Ted left for Ojai after lunch. Krishnaji and I walked on the beach.'

The twenty-ninth, 'We were home all the lovely, quiet day. It is as warm as summer. We watched pelicans fishing on our beach walk.'

On December thirtieth, 'Krishnaji said the day is "to do something extravagant." So, we went to the movies, the first time since last spring. In the car going to town, Krishnaji said yesterday's feeling in his head left it "feeling more powerful." I asked, "Do you mean more energy?" Krishnaji replied, "That's it, much more energy. I never felt this before." We stopped at Lindberg's for a few things'—that's the health food store—'then met Alan Kishbaugh at a Mexican restaurant near Lindberg's, El Capote. We had enchiladas and tostadas, and it all seemed to agree with Krishnaji. He had suggested Mexican food. This morning, he resumed with an egg for breakfast and had more kefir. He reported the added protein was good for him. We then went to Westwood, bought a supply of thrillers from Winky'—Margret Winkler, a friend of mine who worked in the Westwood Book Store. 'Then we saw the movie *The Man Who Would Be King.* Almost good. Krishnaji vouched for the authentic look of Indian trains during the British Raj days. We came home to a long letter from Balasundaram about the settling of the Vasanta Vihar case, and the K Trust Madras.'

Wednesday, the thirty-first of December. 'A quiet day at home. We walked on the beach at sunset. The sand shone with reflections of the sky. One walks in the slanting sun light. I feel "lost" and floating in the light of such days. We had supper on trays as usual and heard a TV broadcast of Krishnaji's favorite, *The Ninth Symphony*, with Von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Krishnaji watched carefully the way Von Karajan directed, eyes closed, an inward look, and gestures that seemed to shape the music. So, this year ended with a blessing in peace of Krishnaji's presence here.'

S: Mmm, how nice. It's coming to the end of the tape, too. So, it's perfect.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Jackie Kornfeld was the prime mover for the eventual video recording of the series of discussions between Krishnaji, Professor David Bohm, and Dr. David Shainberg, which became titled *The Transformation of Man.*

[2] Mary kept both of them running beautifully until her death in 2008.

[3] This was recorded in 1996.

Issue 39: January 1, 1976 to February 27, 1976

In this issue, Krishnaji sees the good of his spending more time in Ojai, which necessitates the expansion of Pine Cottage; the planning for which begins.

We also see the plans for an adult center at Ojai becoming firmer, and although it turns out to be a false start, it is interesting as much of the thinking about it would find expression in the first adult center at Brockwood a decade later.

In this issue we also have another small addition to the discussions about "the face."

There is also the intriguing interest that Krishnaji has in "redeeming" the two people who most wronged him in his life.

Mary: January first, 1976. Krishnaji was in Malibu, not having gone to India that year. 'A new year, a new diary. It began in the quiet joy of Krishnaji's presence. His face was the first thing I saw; and his voice spoke the first words of the new year. Then, we each did exercises separately, as usual, but made breakfast together, and played a new record of Gregorian chants. It was a quiet clear morning. One of the Dunne girls lunched with us. In the afternoon, on awakening from his nap, he and I washed the grey Mercedes. It is cold today. My fingers grew numb inside the rubber gloves. We walked over to Amanda and Phil Dunne to wish them a Happy New Year. All their three daughters were there, and also David—a friend of theirs. Krishnaji thought that Amanda looked unwell, withdrawn. Was she in pain? I asked her later. She said, "No, only a bit tired."'

S: Now, just to ask a question here that others may have, as I've done throughout these interviews: the grey Mercedes is the one…

M: That's the one I considered my car.

S: Right. And the Green Beauty…

M: I considered that Krishnaji's car.

S: Krishnaji's, yes.

M: 'The next day, in the grey Mercedes, we went to Ojai in the afternoon and settled into the cottage. It was very cold there. The temperature had gone down to nineteen degrees**[1]** this week, but it was snug in the cottage. We walked a little. I made supper, and after some TV, bedtime came early.'

On January third, 'we went to and then walked on the Oak Grove land, meeting Charles Rusch and Carey Smoot.' They were architects involved with the plans that we had to build more buildings for the school, and ultimately to do something about Pine Cottage.

S: Right.

M: But we'll come to that. 'We were thinking about a possible place for an assembly hall.' Well, we never could build that. We didn't have the money, so that didn't happen. 'Carol Smith, Joe Zorski, and Eirena Gregory on holiday from Brockwood were there. Krishnaji and I lunched with Erna and Theo and then went to Arya Vihara, where Krishnaji held a discussion with teachers, parents, and Philippa Dunne and David, her friend, came too. Also present were Fritz Wilhelm, Ted Cartee, Joe and Carol. Afterward, Krishnaji walked with Fritz Wilhelm and asked if he would like to join the KFA as head of an educational center in Ojai.**[2]** He said, yes. He would leave Germany and his teaching job there and move his mother to Ojai, some day.'

Sunday, the fourth of January. 'Krishnaji saw David Moody at 12:30 p.m. Erna, Theo, and Fritz lunched with Krishnaji and me in the cottage and discussed his coming here and what was involved. At 2:30 p.m., there was a private discussion with Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Ruth, Albion, Alan Kishbaugh, Mark, David Moody, Fritz, and Ted Cartee. Krishnaji came to a new expression of what there is when conditioning is understood and "chopped,"' it says here. '"Then, there is a special something <u>original</u>," he said.' And I underlined "original."

'Afterward, Krishnaji spoke alone with trustees only, regarding Fritz heading the center. All agreed to it. Krishnaji then fetched Fritz and talked together. He is to think it over carefully, discuss the move with his mother and brother, a U.S. citizen living in Chicago, and when he returns here in April for the public talks, he will make it all definite and concrete. Krishnaji walked with Erna, Theo, Alan K., and me. And then we had tea. Fritz flies back to Germany tonight.'

January fifth. 'Krishnaji had eleven hours of rest, he told me, happily feeling the good of it on waking up. Over breakfast, he talked at length about seeing what his presence had done here and the need to spend extended time in Ojai. That points to a need to expand the cottage to be a proper house. And we talked about this, and which architect to use. He said, too, that Ojai, Brockwood, and India must be brought together. He puts his faith in Sunanda and Balasundaram. "Pupul is diminishing," he said. He said that Bohm, Fritz, the Lilliefelts, and I must talk in the spring about what the center ought to be. He said Brockwood has reached a level as a school, but that it is not enough. It's too limited. It must "flower as a European oasis."'

S: Mm.

M: 'He said, "I must do this, the center, before I die." He wants to stay alone in the cottage on the weekend that I am in hospital'—I was about to have a skin graft on my bad leg, so I had to go into the hospital, and I was concerned about his being alone—'…instead of staying with the Lilliefelts.'

'"Something is happening here."…"I feel safe here now."…"I don't want to interrupt it." He doesn't want any strange person to stay in the cottage with him. He will take lunch

and supper with the Lilliefelts. We left in the usual rush. The presence of too little time again. And then I say to myself, "Am I too inefficient, or is it all really too rushed?" Practical things have to be done, and they take time. I do not seem to be able to do three things at once. But the ride back was quiet and unhurried. Krishnaji drove the second half. We looked for signs of rain over the ocean. Ojai has had only a half an inch of rain. We got home for lunch. I telephoned the hospital regarding my admission next Monday, and about material for curtains in the expanded apartment over the office—we are pushing the bedroom and sitting room walls out to include the porch area'—that's upstairs—'almost doubling its size. Krishnaji is very pleased, and chose the chintz for curtains, rather like the ones in his cottage sitting room, which he still exclaims over each time we arrive. After lunch, he said his head was "beginning" again. We walked on the beach and gave persimmons from Ojai to the Dunnes.'

Now, we go to the sixth. 'After lunch we went to town to see a movie, but it wasn't playing, so we came home.'

S: By town, you mean LA?

M: LA, yes, or it could be Santa Monica. In other words, not Malibu.

There's nothing really for the seventh.

On the eighth, 'Joe Zorski and Carol Smith, here on holiday from Brockwood, came to lunch with us in Malibu. Krishnaji and I washed the car.' [*Both chuckle*.] That often happened.

S: Yes. It had been a whole three days since you washed it last time!

M: That's right. [*Laughter*.] And somewhere in here, we apparently waxed it. I don't remember that, but it says so. [*Chuckles*.]

On January ninth, 'We left at 2:30 p.m. for Ojai, Krishnaji driving the Green Beauty. Another cloudless day, though, rain was predicted. One is impatient for clouds. Singing *Frère Jacques*,' [*chuckles*], 'Krishnaji smiled in recognition.'

S: You were singing *Frère Jacques*?

M: Apparently. 'After, we traded seats at the usual stopping place…' There was a place, with some big trees, where we would switch because he didn't like to drive in town traffic. He liked to drive on the open road. '…I drove and Krishnaji sang, as he always does, in Sanskrit, a chant.' [*Both chuckle*.] You've heard that.

S: Yes, yes. I've heard it many times.

M: 'We stopped to get cheese and special coffee. Erna came for a walk. She says that they will stay above the office next weekend if Krishnaji stays alone in the cottage.'

That's so they'd be near by, the office being right next to the cottage. 'At supper, Krishnaji said I was slipping into habits. I don't control my body. Why? Am I worried about my cousin?' My cousin was terribly sick. 'Or about my own operation? No. Only fatigue at times. I feel well, have plenty of energy mostly, but it runs out sooner. Krishnaji said I was much more energetic at Brockwood. He said that with him, I should have the most energy. "What will you do if I die?" he asked. "Will you stay with it?"'

'"Yes," I replied.'

'"No, I am asking it wrongly," he said. Then, he said, "Do you feel something in the room?" I had and did. And strangely, the tiredness I had felt disappeared as if a transfusion of strength had been given.'

On January tenth. 'At breakfast Krishnaji said, "I once saw 'a face.' I've been feeling 'that face' all night. Something happens to me here."'

'I asked, "Something curious happened to me last night when you were talking to me. Did you know that?"'

'He replied, "Yes. I will tell you sometime, not now." He went on talking about being here. It was important. He may return here on Wednesday, while I am in the hospital. We talked about living here all the time without Malibu. Would I mind giving up Malibu? I said I loved it, but was not attached to it. My home is where it is best for him and the teachings.'

Then, there's a thing about Mr. Schwartz—that's the man with the curtains.

S: Read it.

M: Oh, no.

S: Yes, go on.

M: It's nothing to do with Krishnaji.

S: I know, but it was part of your life with Krishnaji.

M: 'Mr. Schwartz, the decorating man came with samples of corduroy for the office apartment sofa and to measure for curtains. Krishnaji had asked Mark to send over lunch as Theo is sick, and we are not lunching with Erna and Theo. Michael Krohnen brought over some delicious things. Krishnaji and I ate alone, washed up, and I went to pick up Mar de Manziarly at the lumber place.' The lumber place is on the road, and her sister's house was back in the hills. As we weren't very friendly with Mima (who was an ardent supporter of Rajagopal), I didn't want to go to her house. So, Mar walked down to the road to the lumber place and I picked her up there. 'She is staying with her sister, Mima Porter. I brought her to the cottage, and then with Krishnaji, we walked to Arya Vihara

for Krishnaji's discussion with teachers and parents. I spoke to Rusch afterward. It points to Charles Moore being the architect for the cottage. I arranged for a drawing plan of the cottage, as it is, to be made right away. I drove Mar back to Porter's gate. Krishnaji, Kishbaugh, and I walked in the dark. Krishnaji told Kishbaugh that we need more young trustees. "I want to involve you more," he told Alan. At supper, Krishnaji said, "I will live another fifteen years, and you another twenty."' I've already outlived my twenty.

S: Good. But it's another twenty we're talking about now.

M: 'He looked intently at me. I asked what it was. "I feel that other thing." For me, it is interesting that I haven't felt tired at all today.'

January eleventh. 'Krishnaji had Erna in to talk about my rebuilding the cottage and perhaps living in it for good; how to handle it.**[3]** Erna felt that Louis Blau could advise. I somehow got lunch cooked and fetched Mar de Manziarly at her sister's. She lunched with Krishnaji, Erna, Alan K., and me. Then, she stayed for the discussion with Krishnaji, Erna, Alan, Ruth, Albion, Mark, David Moody, Ted Cartee, and me. Krishnaji continued on the subject: Is there something original and not in the realm of knowledge and self? Do we see that we live in conditioned thought? How do we drop concepts to see the false and remaining only with the question? I questioned not accepting answers, "Even from God himself." To truly ask is not to know, and from this, something different can be. It takes great energy and attention to remain in the question.'

'In the car coming home, I asked about "the face." He has seen it often, "out there like that bush there." A face only, not a body.'

'I asked, "Does it move or speak?"'

'"No. I have been seeing it since that night"'—I put in parentheses—'(Friday).' That was Friday; this is Sunday.

S: Right, mm, hm.

M: So, that's two days ago…'"not outside, but inside. It usually means it is moving into this body."'

S: So "the face" moves into the body?

M: Yes. 'I asked if it could presage his "going off," and, if so, should he stay alone in the cottage while I am in the hospital?'

'"That will not happen when I am alone," he said. "The body must be looked after."'

'I am still feeling this absence of fatigue. We talked more about the cottage, living there. David and Philippa were waiting for us in Malibu. They will stay there with Krishnaji till he goes to Ojai while I am in hospital.' I wanted somebody in the house.

S: Of course.

M: Now, Monday, oh, this is when I go to the hospital. You don't want to hear all about my hospital stay, surely.

S: It would be good for the record if we knew briefly what it was about.

M: Well, alright. What I was having done was a skin graft to fix the ulceration where I had had radiation on my leg as a girl. Briefly, what happened was that 'Amanda drove me into the UCLA Medical Center, stopping on the way for me to glance at a Charles Moore designed house in Santa Monica Canyon. I checked into the hospital, and a private room on the ninth floor. I spent the rest of the day and evening on various pre-surgery tests. Dr. Bakhtiar'—that's Lailee, she was our doctor—'came by. Dr. Miller'—that was the surgeon—'and a Dr. Reynolds, an anesthesiologist, came by to discuss. There's to be a spinal, I don't want any general sedation, and only a mild dose of valium intravenously. I talked on the phone to Krishnaji, and gave him the news. Krishnaji stays at Malibu for a few days. Philippa and David are staying in Filomena's old room so as to be on hand. My surgery is to be at 7:45 a.m. I slept well without any unease. I have had no resistance to all this. No worrying or sense of tension.'

S: May I stop for a minute and ask about something?

M: Sure.

S: I mentioned to Krishnaji [*pause*] I don't know how many times, but that when he was giving a talk, on several occasions, I saw his face change. And in fact, I even saw it on one videotape.

M: So you told me, which seemed remarkable.

S: But, in your mind, is that related to "the face" that Krishnaji was talking about? Or, is it…

M: I didn't see it change in those days.

S: Right.

M: I've since seen it change when he's talking.

S: Right. So, do you think it's related, or is this just silly speculation, or what? Krishnaji never said anything about it?

M: Well, he said what we just recorded.

S: Right. But the relationship between that face and…

M: And he once said to me, "Did you see 'the face?' I wish I could see it," as though…

S: He hadn't seen it. But, he'd seen it, apart.

M: He'd seen "the face," and according to this, it seemed to move into him, but he didn't say, as I'm looking at you, of course, with several feet of space. He hadn't seen it that way. At least, that's my understanding.

S: Right. Can you read that bit again?

M: 'In the car coming home, I asked Krishnaji about "the face." He has seen it often, "out there, like that bush there."'

S: Yes, so he saw it externally.

M: Yes. He has seen it often. '"A face only, not a body."'

Then I ask, '"Does it move or speak?"'

He replies, '"No. I have been seeing it since that night"'—I put in parenthesis '(Friday),'—and this was on Sunday, two days ago—'"not outside but inside."' So he seems to be saying two different things: He has seen it outside and inside.

S: Okay. That's the end of it, right?**[4]**

M: Mm.

S: Alright, so anyway, let's go on.

M: So, we now go to the thirteenth. Well, it's just about my surgery.

The next day, I'm still in the hospital. 'Krishnaji telephoned. He went to Ojai with Theo. He's staying in the cottage alone. The meals are sent over from Arya Vihara.'

'Philippa's David brought me'—they don't let you have jewelry in surgery—'brought me my rings from Krishnaji.' Krishnaji used to take, as he did with Mary Links, he would take my rings and he would either put them on his finger or put them at night by his bed, and he would magnetize them, whatever that means.

On January fifteenth, 'I'm still in the hospital. Krishnaji telephoned from the cottage, and said that all is well. Dr. Miller said I could go home soon. He said the scar tissue was very deep, more than he expected.'

January sixteenth. 'I'm still in the hospital. Krishnaji telephoned again. I waited all day for Dr. Miller's visit.' Oh, just medical stuff.

The next day, 'Krishnaji telephoned. I was able to take a sponge bath and wash my hair.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji held a teacher-parent discussion at Arya Vihara.' But as I wasn't there, so there's no record of it in my diary.

On the eighteenth, 'I'm still in the hospital. Krishnaji telephoned. My mother and stepfather telephoned. Dr. Miller said I could go home the next day, in an ambulance. I must be quiet another week, I reported this to Krishnaji.'

Now, the nineteenth. 'They took out the rest of the stitches. The operation is over, the graft took. There was no malignancy. The surgery went as planned. I dressed. An ambulance took me to Malibu by 1 o'clock. Home, blessedly, home again. I bathed and got into my own bed!' I have an exclamation point. 'Elfriede gave me a tray with lunch. Krishnaji arrived with Theo in the afternoon. Such peace and blessed feeling. I am truly blessed. <u>*Happiness*</u>,' it says.

January twentieth. 'Krishnaji, after breakfast, talked of remodeling the cottage. Rusch has asked Charles Moore, who is eager to do the design. Krishnaji was concerned about my finances. "You must live as you do now, be able to travel," he said. We agreed that "my job is to look after K." He then said that at Ojai, he had a feeling'—this is interesting—'he must offer a chance to Rajagopal and RR'—that's Rosalind—'to redeem themselves, expiate their sins before they die. Must do it, so they cannot refuse, for if they do, it will be worse.'

'"Greater damnation?" I asked.'

'"Yes," said Krishnaji.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> This is such a singular expression or sentiment in the record of Krishnaji's life that it is worth noting. The two Rajagopals were, to my recollection, the only people he ever referred to as "evil," and he did so on more than one occasion. That Krishnaji felt they, for their own sakes, should "redeem themselves," and "expiate their sins," says not only volumes about how he understood them, but also about his understanding of the nature of death that he did not express elsewhere. If, as Krishnaji frequently described death, a person's consciousness simply returns to "the stream of human consciousness," then there would seem to be no consequences to them of non-redemption and non-expiation that reach beyond death, but that doesn't seem to be what is implied. Even if we dismiss the notion of "damnation" as one that Mary introduced, Krishnaji seems concerned, for the Rajagopals' sakes, to mitigate some effect of their lives and actions; a mitigation that Krishnaji holds to be important and that is no longer possible after death.

'He talked to the Lilliefelts yesterday, who must've been shaken by this. I listened without comment. Then he said, "Rajagopal was a Brahmin. I want to tell him that." I thought to myself that Rajagopal was and remains a crook and a miserable human being.'

Now we go to the twenty-second. 'My brother called me from Boston about my cousin. She nearly died, but her heart somehow survived. I'm stunned by what she's going through. My own fly-spotted ills seem unmentionable. Krishnaji is greatly concerned and sad. He "puts his hands" to heal twice a day. I stayed in bed except for sitting with feet up at the desk for a while. Krishnaji has his lunch on a tray in my room. Today, we reminisced about Aldous Huxley. He remembered his saying to Krishnaji, "It is nice to hear English spoken again after all these years in California."' [*M and S both laugh*.] 'He remembered visiting Aldous and Maria'—that was his first wife—'at…' um, at somewhere, 'and once in Rome when Aldous came to a World Health Organization meeting. "We used to walk in the Borghese Gardens in the morning. Then, Aldous had to go to the WHO. I think it bored him." Krishnaji was very sprawling, elegant, and turning on the chair he sat on, and laughing at the remembrance.'

On the twenty-fourth. Well, I have a long thing about my cousin. She nearly died. 'Only her own resources can pull her through. I was stunned at the contrast between Lorna's desperate plight and my good news. I felt a pouring of strength to her.'

'Krishnaji was to have gone to Ojai yesterday, but wished to stay here another day to do my leg. In mid-morning, he drove to Ojai with Alan Kishbaugh, and held a teacher-parent discussion at Arya Vihara, and will hold another tomorrow in the cottage, so he will stay the night in the cottage. I remained in bed in Malibu. Amanda came to see me, and I did a lot of letters on the dictating machine.' I didn't like dictating. I've never been good at dictating.

Anyway, the twenty-fifth. 'My stepfather called saying there is a belligerent change in my mother's character. I think she is getting Alzheimer's. Krishnaji telephoned from the cottage, and said he is not too tired. Amanda and Phil came over in the early afternoon, and Philippa and David came later. Alan K. brought the just-made blueprints for the cottage as it now is.'

On the twenty-sixth, 'I got up and dressed for the first time. Krishnaji arrived with Theo in time for lunch. At 3 p.m., Charles Moore arrived to start considering how to change the cottage. Krishnaji spoke of austerity born out of harmony. Various ideas were considered. It went well. Earlier at lunch, Krishnaji had talked very seriously to Theo about my having an absolute right to live there throughout my lifetime. He wishes to ensure this. He seemed pleased by what the architects have said. The conversation led toward an adobe or otherwise thick-walled house, small patio, a little fountain, tile floors, possibly solar heat and radiant heating. In evening, Krishnaji did my leg. He told me later that he felt a presence as he did it, and it remained in my room instead of following him "as it usually does."'

S: So, the presence usually follows him?

M: Yes.

S: Oh, how nice.

M: Isn't that nice? But, he left it with me.

S: It stayed with you. Yes. [*Laughs*.]

M: That's lovely.

S: Yes, that's very sweet.

M: Yes.

S: Where was this fountain supposed to be?

M: Well, the fountain was a flop. It's where those flowers are, over there under the dining room. It was a nuisance.

S: On this side?

M: On this side, where all those flowers are.**[5]**

S: Right.

M: That was a little pool with a little fountain.

S: Ah, yes.

M: But it didn't work. It was messy, and I didn't want it. I got rid of it and put flowers instead. But, it was there for a while.

Now, we go to the twenty-seventh. 'Elfriede was off, and I was able to get one breakfast. The leg seemed definitely better today. Amanda came and took to the secretarial service two cassettes of letters I've dictated. Krishnaji came in and talked seriously. He said, "My life is uncertain and because it is uncertain, it is enduring."'

'"You must carry on."'

'He said, "There is something more in my life than K, and if that operates, it will do what it wants. No one can prevent it." And he said, "My love for you is without attachment, and therefore it will endure."'

'"I am coming with you to talk to Blau." (Thursday) "I want to tell him this property in Ojai is to be yours; I may be there, but it is yours."'

'"Because you have taken the responsibility for K, you must be protected." He said that he had felt I should not be alone here now without him. He felt it on the weekend. He wants to come with me even on errands for a while, and with me when I go to the doctor on the ninth. He feels this place is no longer safe—the city, violence is spreading. This

house is no longer the refuge it was. He spoke of the possibility of his "going off." He said, once at Brockwood, only Whisper's presence prevented it. I asked what it meant. Did it mean he would die? Maybe, he said, but it seems to be as if he dismissed that as minor—the "going off" seems the point and a different sort of disappearance.' He used to talk about disappearing a lot.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'But he spoke of the body living another ten to fifteen years. He spoke of the importance of Balasundaram and Sunanda carrying on the work in India. He said Pupul is finished, too pulled by "selling cloth."'

S: Mm, hm. Yes. She started the Indian government cottage industry…

M: Yes. 'Her being able to spend only three days at Rishi Valley showed her boredom. It is important that Sunanda be around Krishnaji here and at Brockwood to learn. Then, Fritz Wilhelm, Alan K., Mark Lee must be in on discussions between him and David Bohm regarding what a center is to be. "It will come out. It always does." He spoke about rescuing "those two" (Rajagopal and Rosalind) from damnation. Why? Because they had been close to the teachings and had rejected it, and therefore, the greater damnation.'

'Mar de Manziarly is still in Ojai because her sister Yo had a car accident. We spoke to her this morning on the telephone. Krishnaji dismissed Mima and Yo as selfish people, and seemed to find that petty alongside the evil of Rajagopal and Rosalind. The larger the sin, the more he seems to feel they should be saved from damnation. Later, after lunch, he said he was tired, his head hurt. It began when he talked seriously.' Then I put in a p.s.: 'Krishnaji also said that if it were not "for K," my operation and its healing wouldn't have gone as well as it did.'

S: Now, hold on. Let's just go back for a moment.

M: Hm?

S: So, one thing was that he said that at Brockwood he didn't "go off" once because of Whisper. And we have to just say for the record that Whisper was the school dog, a golden Labrador.

M: Yes.

S: So, somehow the presence of Whisper, the school dog, prevented him from going off.

M: Mm. Yes.

S: Could you read from that point on? Because I think it's a bit confusing.

M: I do, too.

Well, I'm cutting in when he said that this house, meaning the Malibu house, was no longer the refuge it was.

S: Yes.

M: 'He spoke of the possibility of his "going off." He said once, at Brockwood, only Whisper's presence prevented it. I asked what "it" meant'—meaning "going off"—'and did it mean he would die? "Maybe," he said, but it seemed as if…'

S: Because he also used the expression "going off" for when he fainted, and also during "the process."

M: Yes, yes. It's an expression that he used…

S: …for all those different things.

M: He used to alarm me with his talking about "going off," and I always had the feeling that if he went for a walk by himself off in the grove or somewhere, he mightn't come back.

S: Yes.

M: Anyway, shall we go on?

January twenty-eighth 'was a quiet day. Krishnaji washed the green car with Sidney Field and waxed it.'

'Krishnaji at lunch said, "I've had two things going through my mind all morning. One, a Buddhist temple at Adyar with a pond where he"'—Krishnaji as a boy—"'used to go. And no other. Do you remember the rooms where I used to live?"'—this is when he was a boy at Adyar. '"Below that, by the river, the boy used to go there, when he first lived there, in the early mornings and stand there, vacant, lost."…"I wonder why this memory has drifted up?" He had looked a bit "off" all morning. He picked up the biography in my room, opened it, and stood smiling faintly at a very early picture of him and his two brothers.'

January twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji and I went to Beverly Hills, I driving the grey Mercedes slowly and without too much effort. For two-and-a-half hours we talked in his office with Louis Blau about Krishnaji getting immigrant status in this country, meaning a "green card." We'll try under the special category of a religious leader. There are endless forms to fill in. I will undertake to give all the necessary information. Then, Lou went into a strong statement which sounded like ones Krishnaji had come to make, i.e., that I must be in the position where I can live in the new proposed Ojai house for the rest of my life with privacy, protection, etcetera. To that end, Lou and his office will advise on how to bring the cottage and the land to be a total property legally vis-à-vis the Foundation, and also how to dovetail the sale of the Malibu house, including tax matters. He needs three

years of income tax papers. I was rather taken aback by all this. Presumably, it will result in expert professional advice, but it seems to be a rather elaborate investigation, not one that I had contemplated. I've had moments of thinking of this going a bit far, but there is the old phenomenon of seeming one with things developing around Krishnaji. Things start to move, and then comes the curious phenomenon of going with them. A month ago, I wasn't thinking of selling Malibu, and then the sequence of things enveloped it with a logic that doesn't even have a demarcation of decision in it. Krishnaji was rather amazed at the complication of the "business," but he likes and has confidence in Lou. It was after 7 p.m. when we got home.'

January thirtieth. 'I recounted yesterday's meeting with Lou to Amanda. I went to the secretarial service to fetch thirty-six letters I had dictated. Then, in the green Mercedes, with Krishnaji driving, we went to Ojai. Charles Moore met us at the cottage where we lunched with food provided by Michael Krohnen from Arya Vihara. We figured out the floor plan for remodeling the cottage. Rusch joined us later. We made a lot of progress.'

January thirty-first. 'Another perfect, cloudless day, warm and beautiful, and disturbing—the last of January and no rain has fallen. Evelyne Blau came. Erna has a touch of the flu so couldn't go with her, Theo, and Mark to the Happy Valley school board meeting. Krishnaji talked to the three of them. "We are the righteous, they are the unrighteous," he said.' [*M and S chuckle*.] 'But if there is any opening of their wanting to be more friendly and our getting some of the land, we must meet it.' You see, the land had been stolen by…

S: Right. So, this was looking at the Happy Valley land, too?

M: Yes, yes. We weren't sure where to build the school in the beginning, and eventually it was clear that we had plenty of land, but we were looking for land at this point.

S: Yes.

M: 'They went, and I had a meeting with Charles Rusch and Carey Smoot on the monumental difficulties the local authorities are piling on our plans for the West End. Evelyne, Theo, and Mark returned. Uribe'—that was the lawyer for Happy Valley—'held forth. He claimed that Rajagopal and Rosalind are more friendly. Our position was that we are starting at the West End but are interested in the Happy Valley land for a future high school, and have presented a lease drawn up by Blau for them to consider. Uribe objects to parts of it and so we will consider his points, but generally the matter is open on both sides. Both Erna and I take a dim view of all this. It is a waste of time and energy dealing with Rosalind and what will we do with the land if we have it? We have enough problems with the West End plan. "We'd hold it," says Krishnaji.' Krishnaji rather liked a lot of real estate.

S: I'm completely with him on that. [*Both laugh.*]

M: 'Evelyne and Theo lunched with us in the cottage, and at 2:30 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion for teachers and parents at Arya Vihara.'

S: Alright. If I may ask some questions here, because I didn't know that the Happy Valley School land was still in question, that the K. Foundation of America could have it?

M: Well, according to history, before my time, Annie Besant bought it for Krishnaji.

S: I know, I know. That was all part of what was stolen from Krishnaji.

M: Yes, it was part of what was stolen.

So, we go on to February first. 'It is as hot as summer. Not a cloud. "Another beastly day," says Krishnaji. Kishbaugh lunched with Krishnaji and me in the cottage. Meals are now supplied by Arya Vihara, Michael Krohnen doing the cooking. At 3 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion in the cottage with Kishbaugh, Evelyne, Ruth, Albion, Mark, Asha, Dr. and Mrs. Marx'—they were people who lived here and were interested in the school—'David Green and his wife, Michael Krohnen, and David Moody. We discussed the mind being within the field of knowledge. Much review, but a good one. Krishnaji, Alan, and I walked. I rested. We had our usual supper and each was deep in a book.'

February second. 'It was a sunny, quiet morning. We lunched alone in the cottage, then we drove home to Malibu. Krishnaji is concerned about my leg, and will not let me carry anything, or drive too far. There was a letter from Wooge saying that Mother's mind is now gone and she is very belligerent.'

For February third, all I have is: 'Home all day, except when Krishnaji and I drove down to get some papers notarized.' And there's even less for the next day: 'Home. Worked on Krishnaji's papers.'

S: Krishnaji papers would've been correspondence?

M: Yes. Also, we were preparing papers to get him a green card.

For February fifth, there's a small notation: 'Rain! The first sprinkles since early December. Light but there. We drove in the grey Mercedes to Ojai in the afternoon. Krishnaji asked, "Do you feel the atmosphere here?" I spoke to my stepfather and also to my cousin in the hospital in Boston. She says she has turned a corner.'

Friday, the sixth. 'There was light rain in the morning. We walked down the driveway to look back through the orange trees, heavy with fruit, to the mountains crowned with snow. Topa Topa and the whole northern range were white. Later, clouds re-gathered, and it rained on and off all day. Erna and Theo lunched with us in the cottage. Krishnaji brought up "saving the souls" of Rajagopal and Rosalind. I said earlier that I was without hatred for them but, personally, wanted or preferred to have nothing to do with either.

Krishnaji said they had both spat on the teachings, which was such a dreadful thing that he feels they should be given a chance before they die to expiate it. All of us seem to feel that Rajagopal is incapable of it, but Krishnaji feels he should have one more chance. I pointed out that Erna, Theo, and I had gone to long considerable efforts to extricate Krishnaji from the swamp he was in with those people, and that even a touch of it again was repugnant. Krishnaji said it was not a question of that, but because they'd been close to the teachings, and betrayed it, they are damned—the word I began and now he uses. Later, when we were alone, I told him that everything I said for myself personally, I meant it all the way, but these are things that he must decide, and in responsibility to him, I will do things I would not do on my own. We left it at that. We worked on forms for Krishnaji's immigration.'

For the seventh, there is nothing in the big book, but in the little book it says: 'Rain continues. Architects are here for the weekend and came to the discussion Krishnaji held in afternoon at Arya Vihara. We walked with Kishbaugh.'

So, we go on to the eighth. 'It rained on and off all weekend. Five of the architects are here. We conferred, and came at noon to settle priorities. We are to start and ask for permits to build: 1. pavilion, 2. residences, 3. permanent classrooms, 4. an assembly hall. This means thirty day-pupils can study in the pavilion, and another thirty in a permanent classroom building, with Mark living in the residence. They showed us interesting designs that were inventive and suitable. Chuck Rusch told Krishnaji that he would be responsible for the building and so will other architects, but he will coordinate it. He said he had cleared his life of everything but two things, his teaching in the school of architecture at UCLA, and seeing Krishnaji's school built. Krishnaji was pleased. Everybody lunched at Arya Vihara. Evelyne and Cynthia Wood were there. In the afternoon, Krishnaji held a discussion with Evelyne, Cynthia, Theo, Ruth, Albion, Mark, Asha, the David Greens, the Marxes, David Moody, Michael Krohnen, and me. Erna was with relatives, so that's why she wasn't there. Krishnaji spoke on seeing without reference to anything, without comparison, the energy of that. In the evening, Krishnaji played a tape of Doraiswamy Iyengar on Veena recorded a year ago at Bangalore. It is still raining.'

On February ninth, 'Rain lessened. We left and drove back to Malibu. I was tense in the car. I'm leaving forty minutes behind schedule; and the schedule was tight. Krishnaji intended to drive the second lap as usual. When I said we had to hurry, he said I was irritable, and he didn't want that. "All right, anything for peace."' [*Laughing.*] 'He wouldn't drive, which shocked me, and I stopped in the usual place and gave him the wheel. He drove back beautifully and swiftly. We ate lunch at home, and he came with me to the UCLA Medical Center and waited in the car while I saw Dr. Miller, who kept me waiting, but said the leg is healing properly. Be cautious for another two weeks, and then I can do anything, he said. Krishnaji and I then did errands. We bought detective stories, a Michelangeli recording of Haydn concertos, some jersey shirts, things at Lindberg's and got home by 6 p.m. Amanda says we've had two inches of rain over the weekend. Ojai had six. Evelyne rang to say that Cynthia Wood would give another

donation to the school. Krishnaji and I watched the skiing Olympics in Innsbruck on TV. The ocean made a fine, growling sound.' [*M and S both chuckle*.]

Nothing of significance for the tenth, and for the eleventh, my diary says only, 'Desk in the morning, and went to town in the afternoon for errands. At home by 6 p.m., and Krishnaji met me near the gate.'

The twelfth of February. 'I worked at biographical materials of Krishnaji for his resident's permit according to forms Louis Blau gave us. Krishnaji and I lunched and drove to town, and a new barber suggested by Alan Kishbaugh. Krishnaji had an excellent haircut while I went to get car wax in the sleazy pornography of Santa Monica Boulevard near Fairfax. On the way back, we stopped to look for floor tile at Kneedler Faucher'—that's the store that sells them. 'They have our Malibu pattern in Italian tile, which Krishnaji likes, but they expect new ones in March. On our return, Erna telephoned that Cynthia Wood had sent a check for $200,000 toward the school building.'

February thirteenth. 'The Dunnes nicely ignored my birthday.' [*S laughs*.] 'But Alain Naudé telephoned. Krishnaji, of course, doesn't remember such things. We got off for Ojai before my family could telephone. We lunched in the cottage with Erna and Theo, and went out to look at the Oak Grove land, where Carey Smoot had cleared up trees, bracken, etcetera. and an entrance from Lomita Avenue. It looked very nice. We walked around and back on Besant Road. My first real walk since my operation, and it made my leg feel better. Supper in the cottage and early to sleep.'

February fourteenth, 'Alan K. is away, so I recorded on the Nagra the discussion at Arya Vihara for teachers, parents, etcetera. Cynthia Wood brought a Margaret Mallory from Santa Barbara, who was enthusiastic. It was a very good discussion. She said we had met in Rome, at the American Academy. She spoke of Sam, Varnum Poor, Ingrid Bergman, and my father. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went for a walk in faint rain.'

S: Can you explain what is the American Academy in Rome?

M: It's an academic, I think, university for art and all those things.

S: And she had met you and Sam there?

M: Apparently.

S: And she'd also met your father and Ingrid Bergman?

M: I don't really know.

The fifteenth, 'Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Cynthia Wood to lunch in the cottage. There was the usual Sunday discussion for fifteen people at 3 p.m. I taped it on the Nagra. Another good discussion. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went for a walk afterwards.'

The following day we drove back to Malibu.

February seventeenth. 'Krishnaji said, "I feel as if something were expanding in my head. It has been going on for a few days, a new feeling. If I shut my eyes, it is there." And then, "Your responsibility is to look after K. Therefore, you must be healthy. I will live a long time, ten or fifteen years." I worked on Krishnaji's immigration papers. We waxed the green Mercedes together, and then went for a beach walk, taking some Ojai avocados to the Dunnes.'

Then, the eighteenth…god, these diaries go on forever. We'll have to live to be 105!

S: That's good. I'm planning on it. I'm planning it for you, too.

M: [*laughs*] Alright, the eighteenth, 'Desk. We waxed the grey Mercedes. At 6 p.m., we went to the sheriff's station for Krishnaji to be fingerprinted for the resident's permit. Mark and Asha lunched with Rosalind and Beatrice Wood. Rosalind said she will never forgive Krishnaji for refusing to see her in Rome.' She had gone to Rome to try to see him when he was staying with Vanda, and he refused to see her.

February nineteenth, 'It was my brother's birthday and I had a phone conversation with him and I told him about moving to Ojai. Krishnaji and I drove to town on errands. I got him some nice jeans at Bullock's he likes, and soft walking shoes. We had a picnic lunch in the car. We each had our teeth cleaned at Dr. Christensen's. I delivered all the forms and documents for Krishnaji's residence permit to Louis Blau's office. We also bought an herb, hyssop, suggested by Amanda Pallant for Krishnaji's catarrh. We were home by suppertime.' She's an herbalist.

On the next day, 'We went to Ojai for lunch with Erna and Theo. In the afternoon, we went for a long walk around the block.'

February twenty-first. 'Charles Moore and Charles Rusch came with the cottage plans for Krishnaji and me to see. It was rather disappointing and the model they brought was ordinary, but the meeting was useful. Later, Krishnaji said that he and I could draw what we want and present it to them to improve and make professional. They lunched here. At 3 p.m., Krishnaji held a teacher/parent/etcetera discussion at Arya Vihara. I taped it. We walked later with Erna and Theo. From Krishnaji, "I will talk to your body, not you, on a quiet face and quiet hands."…"I am aware of gestures as I talk; why aren't you?" said he.' [*Both chuckle*.] Well, he sits on his hands. I never could. I move my hands much too much, and I realize it. Krishnaji was always bothered that my hands were not quiet. It bothered him always. Bothers me *still*.

S: I know. I do it too much, too. [*M chuckles*.]

M: On the twenty-second, 'Krishnaji walked in his sleep last night. I must've heard him bump into something in his room, for I woke up suddenly and totally and alarmingly.' [*Seems to explain:*] I was sleeping here, on this sofa.

S: Here being, this is Krishnaji's little sitting room? I'm just saying that for the tape, because when you say "here"…

M: Oh, of course. I'm sorry. 'He came into the sitting room, where I was sleeping on the sofa. I spoke to him, and he said, "Maria?"' That's the name he called me. 'I put on the tiny Dutch flashlight Dorothy gave me a year ago and saw Krishnaji was standing against the wall facing it.' That means he would've had his back to me. 'He woke up with the light and went back to the bathroom and bed, falling immediately deeply asleep. I could hear his breathing was that of sleep. I stayed awake a long time. In the morning he said, "I must've walked in my sleep. I have never done that." The morning was quiet. Erna and Theo lunched with us, and at 3 p.m., Krishnaji had a private group discussion. I taped it. A very interesting one. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I drove to the Oak Grove land, which had been plowed and disked. Carey Smoot has put up six wooden gate posts, which none of us like or knew he was doing.' It doesn't say anything about who was at the meeting.

February twenty-third. 'Krishnaji at breakfast said, "My head, here"—he indicated the back part—"feels as if it were expanding—great stillness, air, and light." He gestured and laughed. Last night he seemed to have walked in his sleep again. I was instantly awake around 1 a.m. when I heard him walking in his room. I spoke and he responded, and came in. "I wonder why I do this." He went back and slept immediately. Erna and Theo are upset about the posts, and talked to Rusch. Smoot refused to change them and will walk out if we do.' [*Laughs.*] 'Discussion. Krishnaji had Smoot come in the afternoon. Meanwhile, Moorhead telephoned from England on his arrival from India. He says that Balasundaram has hepatitis, and may not be able to come to the conference. Krishnaji talked alone with Smoot, and then called in Erna, Theo, and me. Krishnaji had smoothed it all out.' [*Laughs.*]

'And so, we didn't get off till about 5 p.m. in the car. Krishnaji said his head was suddenly bad. He asked me to drive between fifty and fifty-five m.p.h.' That means slowly. 'Suddenly he said, "I almost fainted just now." Several times, he put one hand over his eyes and groaned. "It's pretty bad," he said. Along the coast road near Decker Road, he fainted for about two minutes. The seat belt held him gently so that he didn't fall into my lap as in past faintings. When we reached the house, he said he was alright, and jumped out and opened the garage doors. We carried things into his room. When I asked, he said, "I'm alright. Don't worry. I never faint when I'm alone." So, I went to fix our supper. Going to bed and saying goodnight later, he said his head was bad.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji's head is better but he is still in some pain. The trust deed for the new Krishnamurti Trust in Madras came, the entity formed to receive and function in Vasanta Vihar as a result of the court case against Rajagopal in Madras. Krishnaji signed it; we went to the bank to have it notarized, and mailed it to Radha Burnier, who was one of its trustees now. Then, we took a beach walk. It was beautiful after a small .15 inch rain in the night. Krishnaji was tired so we returned. We got a cable from Balasundaram that his hepatitis makes his coming to the U.S. impossible.'

February twenty-fifth. ‘I worked at the desk all morning. In the afternoon, there was a meeting of all the trustees except Alan K. Krishnaji also saw Rusch and Carey Smoot. We enlarged on Monday’s decisions. Tea afterward. Krishnaji had a stomachache after lunch, but felt better later.’

On February twenty-sixth there’s almost nothing. ‘I spend almost all day at the desk. We waxed the grey Mercedes, then we walked over to see Amanda and Phil.’

February twenty-seventh. ‘We left at 11 a.m. for Ojai in the green car, Krishnaji driving. Along Zuma Beach, he asked, “Have you any paper?” I found a scrap in my bag and wrote what he said. “A strange thing happened this morning. I was sitting quietly, a sort of meditation, and suddenly, there was absolute silence, a withdrawal of everything, and it was like death; there was this body sitting quietly and this truth of not existing anywhere; complete death. And if I hadn’t felt, by Jove, this is getting too far, I don’t know what would’ve happened. It was absolute nothingness. It felt as though, if that state continued, the body would die. There would be an end of everything.”’

‘Then, I asked, “Was it similar to the times on a walk alone when you felt like going away?”’

‘Krishnaji replied, “It was much more intense this morning.”’

‘I asked, “When did it happen?”’

‘Krishnaji said, “After I’d seen you.” Which was about 7 a.m.’

‘I said, “Before breakfast?”’

‘He replied, “Oh, long before breakfast. There was a period when the back of the brain was tremendously ventilated, as though taking deep breaths and being filled with air. It went on for some time.”’

‘“How long?” I asked.’

‘Krishnaji said, “May have been two or three minutes or more. I don’t know.”’

‘I asked, “When you felt it was getting too much, was it then instantly out?”’

‘Krishnaji replied, “Oh, instantly out.”’

‘“What do you think it is?” I asked.’

‘He said, “I’ve had it before, but it was in the sense of going away, withdrawing is the wrong word. It was absolute stillness. I think it has to do with what happened in the brain, the expanding, getting ventilated, really air going into it: a slight strain, as though a new

fresh brain had been put into it. It sounds so damn silly." Then he laughed. "A totally uncontaminated…"' I didn't finish the sentence.

'He drove in silence after that for a ways, and I watched the ocean for a while: then I tried to describe what is for me the wholeness of seeing, which is somehow with all the senses. Color, its depth, the line and movement are felt not only in the eyes but with the body and it comes when there is no thought going on. It is the same with listening to music, to wind, to sea, to a voice. Krishnaji listened carefully and seemed to understand and say I was right. We drove past the posts by the school entrance. Carey Smoot had stained them darker; they were' [*laughter in voice*] 'less intrusive. At the cottage, there was a mad, nasty telegram to Krishnaji from Patricia Gilbert, in New York.' Patricia Gilbert was a woman who used to come to Saanen and I spent wasted hours trying to persuade her that Krishnaji didn't want to marry her. 'The telegram was venomous. Erna and Theo lunched with us, and we walked around the block.'

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This is degrees in Fahrenheit, which is 7.22 degrees Celsius.

[2] This was not to be a school, but rather what would later become known as an adult study center.

[3] The Krishnamurti Foundation of America had received Pine Cottage as part of the settlement with Rajagopal, so legal arrangements had to be made for Mary to build on to Pine Cottage and have use of it as though it were her property while at the same time ensuring the property would for Krishnaji, should she pre-decease him, and that it would eventually go to the Foundation.

[4] There is further discussion of this in at least one later interview.

[5] Mary is indicating a small area just to the left of the front door.

Issue 40: February 27, 1976 to April 26, 1976

This issue contains a recalled discussion between Mary and me that occurred off-mic, and this is interesting because it is one of the few examples of a great many discussions we had off-mic. The recording took place in July of 2004, so this is after twelve years of our having these on-going discussions; and we were still discussing this same topic which we had even begun discussing before we started our recording: how much of Mary and her reactions should be part of our recorded discussions. If she had had her way, she would have been invisible in these accounts, and I was always insisting that without her, there would be no account.

She folds into this discussion Krishnaji's sensitivity to people, and his need to be protected; and the very intense form this took at the end of his life.

Mary tells us of very interesting discussions that occurred at Arya Vihara, and which were recorded, but are still not available on line.

This issue also sees a very interesting approach Krishnaji proposes for dealing with a difficult child at the Ojai school.

Mary: I think I've gone through where he was describing what happened to him on February twenty-seventh, 1976.

Scott: Yes. I think it was just the very end when we ran out of tape. Some…

M: …demented lady.

S: Right, the demented lady.

M: Well, anyway, she was in New York and we had not heard from her since the morning in Gstaad when at 6 a.m. she was outside the chalet, and Krishnaji had me go out and do something about the demented letter she had sent asking him to marry her. [*Chuckles*.] 'The telegram was venomous. Erna and Theo lunched with us, and later we walked around the block.' That's that day.

S: May I just stop and ask a question here?

M: Sure.

S: It has to do with our discussion yesterday. I was thinking about this last night. It has to do with what Krishnaji said about "the face."

M: Yes.

S: When did Krishnaji first mention "the face" to you?

M: I can't give you an accurate date, because he had talked about "the face," but when he talked about "the face" and when I saw it isn't in my present memory unless it comes to light in these discussions, because it just happened. I think I told you yesterday that he once said…

S: That he wished he could see it.

M: He wished he could see it.

S: And Krishnaji asked me about it because I'd seen it. And when I first saw it I thought it was just my imagination…

M: I know. You've told me.

S: …playing a trick. And it was…so…

M: No. We've both seen it, and he spoke of it. But when it was…

S: Okay, alright.

M: It may turn up in reading these discussions.

S: Alright. That's fine. Now, the twenty-eighth.

M: February twenty-eighth, nothing much happened. 'I typed letters, Krishnaji had a discussion at Arya Vihara for teachers, parents, etcetera, which I taped. It doesn't say who was there. Mr. Schwartz'—that's the curtain man—'installed some of the curtains for the upstairs apartment**[1]** and the carpet was installed too. Time is moving on, and the Bohms will be here in a fortnight. Krishnaji held a teacher-parent-etcetera discussion at Arya Vihara, which I taped.'

So, the next day is Sunday the twenty-ninth. 'I typed letters. Evelyne Blau went to see Rosalind about a piece of land with a ranch house on Besant Road, which she and Lou would like to buy for their daughter. Rosalind talked in a dozen directions in her confusion, and it went nowhere. "You can't deal with her," said Evelyne. Cynthia Wood and Evelyne lunched with us, and Cynthia Wood told Krishnaji afterwards that she was willing to become a trustee. Krishnaji will now bring it up with the other trustees, who have not yet been consulted.' He did that on his own.

'At 3 p.m., Krishnaji held a private discussion in the cottage on thought, realities, that of nature, of objects created by thought (machines, etcetera) and that of thought itself (ideas, imagination). Understanding the illusion of thought is truth. Krishnaji in this began a dialogue with himself, and said, "Since you won't question, I will do it," and he did both ends of dialogue. "I say to my friend, etc." He was pleased with this device, and in the evening said he was going to do that in future discussions.' [*M and S both chuckle*.] 'He is annoyed with Patterson. Not annoyed, he said, but "I'm jolted" by him and his

comments. He feels Patterson is interrupting, and has "the beginnings of a high priest." Also, Krishnaji said he has been thinking of Rosalind and Rajagopal and no longer thinks an attempt to help them "repent," undo the evil they have done, will work. "I think I will leave it alone." Evelyne's daughter and Mark's meeting with Rosalind last week seem to have brought the picture of the same petty, conniving woman. He described her anger when he used to heal. "Why do you do that!?" she would say.' And her walking out when he would talk to the Happy Valley teachers. She didn't come to discussions. '"She was too stupid to understand," and he retold her query when the *Commentaries* were published, "Did you write that? You couldn't have. It must've been Rajagopal."'

S: So, she questioned whether Krishnaji wrote the *Commentaries*?

M: Yes, yes, she couldn't imagine his having written them. 'Priscilla Teiry told Erna that after many conversations with people in the Valley, including Martha Crego, she thinks Rosalind's and Rajagopal's aim has been to destroy Krishnaji and the teachings. Krishnaji was struck, somehow, by her thinking this, and said that evening that it was probably true. He came in before going to bed and told me to write down, "When there is understanding of reality, there is infinite order, and love and justice are inherent in reality."'

The next day is the first of March. 'Erna and Theo lunched with us. Krishnaji feels Albion Patterson is becoming an interpreter. He had Ruth come over and talked to her about it. She suggested Krishnaji talk to Patterson. We drove home to Malibu. On the way, Krishnaji said his head was bad most of the time now. It had been that morning. Then he said, "I feel like doing something extravagant. What shall we do, Maria?"' [*S chuckles.*]

'I replied, "Shall we go to a movie? Go dancing? To Las Vegas!"' [*S laughs.*]

'Krishnaji laughed and said, "That would be punishment."'

'I asked, "What would be extravagant?"'

'He replied, "I don't know." He was tired after supper.' [*M laughs.*]

On the second of March, 'my brother telephoned about business things. I went to town on errands and had my tooth filled. Krishnaji rested and was waiting in the driveway as I arrived home at 4 p.m. As the rain began, we couldn't walk, but tried a new gadget for doing a headstand on a shoulder stool.' Do you remember that thing?

S: Yes, I remember that.

M: The third of March is short. 'Desk, work on house costs, telephoned Ruth Carter'—that's the real estate woman—'and she came to estimate the value of the house. Krishnaji and I walked on the beach.'

On the fourth, 'my brother telephoned on business matters. I spoke also to my stepfather, Wooge, and mother. My cousin is better, still in the hospital, but able to take food by mouth. Worked all day on the Malibu house costs. Carol Rapf'—that's another real estate person—'came to give an appraisal. Krishnaji and I waxed the green car.' We seem to be forever waxing cars!

S: I know, I know. I think that was a form of entertainment. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: So, we go to March fifth. 'We were off at 11 a.m. with Krishnaji driving. After a while, he said, "The curious thing is happening. A new thing is being added to it. This morning it was so easy—it has become quite ordinary—it is there, nothingness, a vast space of nothingness. The new thing I felt a few days—something—that word *sacred*; something totally holy—sacred—I don't know what it is." We came around the big rock, and then there was Topa Topa, white with snow. Krishnaji said, "What a country this is, real California. I wish I could remember what it was like in 1922." Then, "Darling Maria, we must have that house a jewel, austere, holy, nothing extravagant, showy." There was a pause. Then, "Thank you for having me here."'

'Last night, I went to bed tired and distracted by searching in papers of Sam's estate for something showing the value in the inheritance of the Malibu house, which I will need as a tax loss. I never found it, and the papers were sad. Krishnaji must have felt it, for he said in the car that he had felt very close to me, and when he spoke of the Bohms' arrival next week and my going to the airport, he said he must come too. "I must be with you as much as possible."'

'I asked, "Do you feel a danger to me?"'

'He replied, "No. But it is good for me to be with you."'

'At lunch with Erna and Theo in the cottage, Krishnaji talked about the house we will build and how someday we may live only here and Brockwood. Not India, he said. He asked if, "When we have K & R**[2]**," if Rajagopal's names can be removed from the *Commentaries*? "It doesn't belong there."'

'He mentioned again that Priscilla Teiry has remarked that the two Rs were out to destroy him and his teachings. And then he said, "I think that is so." Then, he told Erna not to worry about anything—it is all worked out. Everything will come right. He laughed as he expounded on this exuberantly.'

'At 4 p.m. he saw Mark, David Moody, Chuck Rusch, Katie Marx, David Greene about how to handle a child who doesn't respond to two approaches they use, creating an atmosphere and by dialogue. The child is self-centered, gets attention by behaving badly. Krishnaji said, "Can you move his attention from himself by creating another attention which he will want, instead of giving him the personal attention which he wants, you move his attention away from him with the same intensity, divert his energy."'

‘“I will talk to 8,000 people in Bombay about things that are the opposite of what they want. This is my problem, how to reach them. I point out something that is true, get them to look at it, not as opposed to something else. I appeal to their unconscious.”’

‘“There may be an unconscious movement for change. And this may affect parents to send the child to the school. The same quality may affect the child.”’

‘“There may be an unconscious demand, urge, that we cannot go on living as we have in violence.”’

‘“So, there are two things, to direct his attention and talking to his unconscious.”’

‘“You mustn’t put him in the position of resisting. He may be here because something else sent him, not his parents. Therefore, my responsibility is much greater.”’

S: So, Krishnaji is saying that…first of all, not to resist needing attention.

M: No, but to divert the attention.

S: But to divert it. And Krishnaji uses as an analogy what he does with the 8,000 people in Bombay.

M: That’s right. Yes.

S: And he feels that people may have an unconscious wish…

M: …to be different.

S: …to be different because things are just not working the way they are, and people know that. And then, he further goes on to say that the student who comes to one of the schools may be “sent”…

M: …by some unknown something.

S: Right, and not really sent by the parents, although ostensibly sent by the parents…

M: Yes, but something else.

S: There may be some other either intelligence or force…

M: Yes. And, therefore, his responsibility is much greater.

S: Right. And the educator’s responsibility is much greater because of what sent the child.

M: But, *his*, Krishnaji’s, responsibility is involved in this.

S: Right.

M: On the sixth of March. 'At 11 a.m. there was a meeting with the architects. Gammel and'—somebody—that's the architects—'presented drawings of the administration building and residence of director of the school. The Sweeton family, who built the garages at Brockwood, are here, and Al, the father, sat in on the meeting. Everyone lunched together at Arya Vihara. They resumed the meeting in the afternoon, and we walked late.'

Saturday, the seventh of March. 'Evelyne and Cynthia Wood to lunch. Krishnaji held a discussion at 3 p.m. with the usual group, which I taped. It was an absorbing one.'

The next day, 'I shopped for supplies for the guest flat and the Bohms' arrival. Krishnaji talked again to Mark Lee, Katie Marx, and David Moody about children, and then cause and effect. After lunch with Erna and Theo in the cottage, Krishnaji saw Albion Patterson, alone at first, and faced him with his speaking against Erna Lilliefelt and against himself saying a religious leader should be gentle and patient. Patterson said, "You are impatient."'

'Krishnaji replied, "I'm not impatient, but you repeat over and over things I've already said." He told Patterson he criticizes Brockwood Park and the Ojai School to others. Patterson denied it all and said it's just his way of talking—hyperbole, exaggeration, picked up from his years in Latin American countries. Krishnaji told him that he was setting himself up as an interpreter of the teachings. When he denied saying things about the school and the Lilliefelts, Krishnaji called them, and they all had it out.'

S: So, Krishnaji called in the Lilliefelts, and they had it out with Albion?

M: Yes. 'Afterward, we drove them to Malibu.' That's interesting.

On the ninth of March, 'There was a cable from Balasundaram: Vasanta Vihar, by court order, now belongs to the K. Trust, Madras. Erna read a letter to Krishnaji from the prime minister of Canada's wife, Mrs. Margaret Trudeau, about her wish to attend the scientists' conference as an observer. I spoke to her in Ottawa; she will come under her maiden name of Sinclair. Krishnaji and I drove to town, had a picnic lunch in the car in Beverly Hills, did errands, and he got his hair cut.'

On the tenth, there isn't much: another real estate appraisal, Krishnaji and I walked on the beach, and we stopped by briefly at the Dunnes'.

On March eleventh, 'I telephoned my stepfather on his eighty-seventh birthday. My mother isn't well. I worked on the house costs all morning. After lunch with Krishnaji, I went to town to Lou Blau's office, where he, Evelyne, Erna, Theo, and I discussed KFA finances, also, my buying the land.' This was a device that Lou thought up to try to minimize my capital gain tax when I sold the Malibu place. Lou was explaining all that to me. So we discussed my buying this land, which I did, actually, before enlarging the

cottage. ‘Lou thinks I should buy the whole of the McAndrew Road property, including Arya Vihara. Erna will have it appraised. I came home late. I found Krishnaji waiting in the dark at the turn in the driveway in his white bathrobe…’ [*Long pause.*] ‘It shook my heart,’ it says here.

S: How nice. Why did you hesitate before reading that last part?

M: Turn off the recorder for a minute.

[Tape cuts out, then back on.]

S: Alright. So, we’ve just been saying that you are reluctant to have personal things in these discussions. And I’m saying that there are things about the personal relationship which are wonderful to know and *important* to know. And you brought up the issue, for instance, of Krishnaji sometimes needing someone close to him as a kind of protection, almost.

M: Yes. He spoke in terms, for instance, when he was forever saying to me that I must look after my health because I had to outlive him…

S: Yes.

M: …and that was a sort of duty he expected of me. And I felt strongly that my role was a protective one to smooth his life as much as I could, to protect him, to serve him in whatever he needed, see that he had the right food, and he was in the right place so that it would be comfortable and clean and all the things that you do for a person; and that he wouldn’t have had unless it was done. And I happened to be the one there to do it. And he did seem to need…he was very sensitive of the presence…

S: …of different people.

M: …of different people.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And certain people, it was very bad; he didn’t want…that.

S: Yes.

M: And other people, he was sensitive to the *good* of whatever that was.

S: Yes. Now, for instance, you brought up before, when we had the tape recorder turned off, that when Krishnaji was dying, he wanted us…

M: Yes…

S: …and he did not want to be left alone even for a minute.

M: No.

S: And it's not that he was frightened.

M: No. Never.

S: So, it was nothing like that, but there was something about people who…I don't know… who loved him, or I don't know what…so you and I were there…

M: Yes.

S: …and never left him alone. And there was some type of protection in that.

M: Yes. And he said, we'll get to it much later, but you remember that when he came back with you and Parchure from India, and I met him at the airport in the green car.

S: Yes.

M: And he came with me. And when I got into the car, he said that in the next twenty-four hours I mustn't leave him at all, because it's…it's…

S: Touch and go.

M: …touch and go. He didn't use the words "touch and go," but it was necessary, as though he was close to death, and the fact that you and I both, as I recall, slept on the floor in his room…

S: Yes, yes. One of us was always here.

M: Yes.

S: Twenty-four hours. But now, Mary, I want to come back to this because…and again, this funny thing, and I don't know if this will come up, but when I started giving Krishnaji massage, and I started on his hands, if I remember, and Krishnaji wasn't sure, and this is just to say how sensitive he is to presence, he wasn't sure his body could stand my touch.

M: What did he mean by that?

S: He wanted to just try it in a small way because he just didn't…I think he was just so sensitive. Anyway, it turned out that my touch was fine. And so, then I continued, but it was just, even though I had the relationship with him that I did, there was just some peculiar, call it a chemical thing, you know, just some kind of a personal chemistry or something.

M: Yes.

S: And part of that is why it is…you see, your relationship with him was ***so singular***, and ***so*** special, which is why I know that you are reluctant to…well, you're reluctant to talk about yourself full stop. [*Chuckles*.] Which makes this project all very difficult!

M: No one's going to believe that if they listen to any of this interminable saga!

S: But we happen to know it's true. So, but that also means that you can't take out, I don't think, your own responses. So when you see, you drive around the corner, and there's Krishnaji in the dark in his white bathrobe…

M: He's standing there.

S: He's standing there to meet you, and your heart kind of leaps, it's just…it's wonderful, it's as it should be. And it's also…

M: I was so touched by it.

S: Of course! And the fact that you were touched by it speaks mountains about the wonderful relationship that you had looking after him, that he was able to live and enjoy. And so, anyway, my plea, again, is not to take things out unless you ***absolutely*** have to. And that you don't have to worry about people thinking, "Oh, she's just self-indulgent, or sentimental, or sloppy, or…you know…too romantic…or…

M: I know that when I wrote ages ago and told Mary L., I guess, and she wrote it, that when he fainted in the car, the first time it ever happened, he was sitting on my right, I was driving, and he fell sideways into my lap. People were shocked that I'd said that.

S: You see, I think that's absolutely horrible.

M: What was I supposed to do? I mean, he fell over in a faint.

S: Exactly.

M: And, where was he going to go?

S: Exactly. Stop at a forty-five-degree angle? [*Laughs.*] That's silly. So, I think that you mustn't censor yourself out of worry of other people's reactions. Now, if there's things that you don't want anyone to know, that's fine. But people are going to be stupid and have reactions to anything. You know, so anyway, we can go on. That's just my little…[*M chuckles*]…alright, my little rant.

M: Good.

So, the next day was March twelfth. 'The architects Moore and Rusch came at 11 a.m. and with two floor plans, neither of which we liked. But they are turning one of the plans around, and it's beginning to take shape. The new building is separate from the cottage. They lunched with us, and we continued to work until it was time for Krishnaji and me to go to the airport to meet Saral and David Bohm, having flown in from London. We brought them back to Malibu for the night.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji, David, and Saral, and I drove to Ojai at 9 a.m. We installed them in the just-enlarged guest apartment. At 11 o'clock, there was a trustees meeting of KFA. Cynthia Wood is elected as the ninth trustee, and she attended. The meeting lasted all day, with time out for lunch at Arya Vihara. I absented myself while the board considered selling me all of the McAndrew Road property, so that I can enlarge the cottage for Krishnaji's use and my own during my lifetime. Krishnaji spoke for this, and he later told me that Erna was twice in tears explaining my help to the Foundation.' That was nice of her. 'Everyone agreed that it could be sold to me. The meeting ended after 5 p.m., and we all went for a walk.' That was nice of Erna. She wasn't an outwardly emotional person.

S: No. She wasn't.

M: March fourteenth, 'Krishnaji spent the morning in bed, but talked to David Bohm of what the center should be. The Bohms and the Lilliefelts lunched with us in the cottage. At 3 p.m., Krishnaji held the Sunday discussion with the Bohms attending, and which I taped. Krishnaji said in the discussion, "All causation is mechanical," and "All thought leads to sorrow." We had a long walk down Thacher Road.'

March fifteenth, 'I typed letters all morning. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Then, Krishnaji and I drove home to Malibu.'

The next day, 'I got up at 5 a.m. to work on income tax. Went to town alone and to the dentist. Then I went to the airport to meet Sunanda Patwardhan and her husband and bring them back to stay at Malibu.'

March seventeenth, 'Up at 5 a.m. again, and finished income tax data. After lunch with Krishnaji and the Patwardhans, I went to Bamberger'—that's the accountant—'with it. I was home in time for supper, *years* younger because it was done." [*Both chuckle.*] Krishnaji came up the driveway to meet me as I drove in seeming to know I'd be there.' [*Seems to make an aside:*] He would know, you know, when people were arriving. He did that once with Alain Naudé in New York. We were walking around a reservoir, and as we came near where the apartment was, he said, "Alain's just arriving." And he was. We couldn't see it but he knew. 'Krishnaji and the Patwardhans had walked on the lawn. I telephoned my cousin who is still in hospital in Boston.'

March eighteenth. 'We drove to Ojai, taking the Patwardhans with us. We lunched at Arya Vihara. While Krishnaji rested, I did errands in the village. A conference table was

set up in the Lilliefelts' long living room very nicely, and the scientists began to arrive for the scientists' conference. Krishnaji and I had a quiet supper in the cottage.'

On the nineteenth. 'The first day of the scientists' conference began at 10:30 a.m. David Bohm was the chairman and asked Krishnaji to speak to begin with. The theme of the discussion is: In a disintegrating society, what is right action for survival. Krishnaji said the essence of religion is to discover what is truth and reality. When that doesn't exist, there is degeneration. The transformation of the individual is the transformation of the world, using the word "individual" in the sense of whole, indivisible. During the discussion, Sudarshan asked: Is there such a thing as another state? Krishnaji replied, "I would say there is but not to be experienced." Krishnaji said that all thinking leads to suffering; all religion is based on thinking; does death lead to immortality; can a human being learn what death is; a state of timelessness? He said, "A man who suffers lives in darkness." He said there is a quality of mind which is free from thought; everything based on thought is time-binding; time is the essence of suffering. If thought spills over into timelessness, then it is illusion. So, thought must see its limitations and stop there, without any effort, compulsion. If I see the limitation, then begins real meditation; then, I can explore what suffering is." If I see the whole, it is not suffering." Concerning thought leading to suffering, David Bohm said that you cannot control what mathematical thought will lead to. Thought cannot take place in an isolated context, and you cannot control the context.'

'Krishnaji easily dominated the meeting, without wishing to. Most of the group was silent. He spoke with force and eloquence. In forceful emphasis, he made a gesture of his fist with his thumbs up, moving out and down. The morning meeting stopped at 12:30 p.m. and moved to Arya Vihara, where the Hookers and Michael Krohnen had lunch on the patio ready. I washed dishes. Margaret Trudeau, as Ms. Sinclair, arrived having walked from Ojai.' Walked from Ojai? 'Erna and Theo asked her to stay with them. She attended the afternoon session. Very blue eyes, creamy skin, listened attentively, and took notes in a small book. Krishnaji, Erna, and I walked later.'

The next day was 'the second day of the scientists' conference, Dr. Anthony Wilden, a professor at Simon Fraser University in Canada, arrived with a young woman and man. Erna explained that no more observers could attend, but since they were there, they could stay but only sitting by the door. Wilden seized a folding chair and stormed in, planting it and his girl just behind Krishnaji, next to Margaret Trudeau, saying, "Hello, Maggie," to her. He then went to his place at the table and sat looking baleful.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji began the conference, talking about the mind, and consciousness not separate from the mind. After a short time, Wilden made a lengthy, scornful speech about all present consciousness is the result of socio-economic conditions since 1720-something. There was no ego, apparently, before that!' [*Laughs*.] All of this was recorded; it must be somewhere in the archives.

S: I'm sure it is.

M: [*laughs*] 'No ego apparently before that, and we were all middle-class materialists. That was what should be discussed, etcetera. His behavior continued, increasingly scornful, rude, and he told David Bohm, who disagreed with one of his statements, that he didn't know a god-damned thing about what the hell he was talking about.' [*S laughs*.] He was a charmer! 'Krishnaji was gentle, firm, and tried to lead him into reason but without much success. Luckily, he was not present at the afternoon session. Margaret T. said she had never met him, and no one ever called her Maggie.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Seems she was interviewed on television some weeks ago, and when asked about influences in her life, she mentioned Krishnamurti. Wilden heard, telephoned her saying he was going to a Krishnaji conference and invited her. She wanted to come, but was uncertain about the invitation, hence her letter to Krishnamurti which caused me to telephone her and clear her.'

'In the afternoon, it was calmer. Krishnaji spoke of the part of the mind that is mechanical, because that which has cause is always mechanical. Is there a part of that, that is not mechanical? He said: Understanding pleasure and ending fear and sorrow is necessary to go beyond thought. He asked if living without ego is possible. Can we act without conclusions, images; can we prevent image-making, and wipe away ones already there? Thought is always limited, and because of that, creates images. He said: If I were whole, I would be the whole of mankind, the global sense of a human being. "It is insanity that creates images," (in the sense of whole equals sane, healthy, holy). A question was raised of why perception doesn't always work the first time. Krishnaji asked if we are conditioned to the process of gradual seeing, and if we gave conflict attention, but we don't. "We are not willing to give our lives for this." We are concerned with our own clarity, not clarity itself. If you listen with no resistance, if there is no barriers, you will have it, you've seen it. "In total listening, the problem is finished."'

'We rationalize first, and then try to perceive. Perceive is direct insight. "Let the question answer you, not you the question." Perception is timeless, correct action is always timeless.'

March twenty-first, 'was the third day, Anthony Wilden turned up for the morning session. He met Margaret Trudeau and spoke to her aggressively, so that when she came in, she was shaking, etcetera, and in tears. "I'm frightened," she said to me, and before I could speak, the conference began. Krishnaji commenced by asking, "What is correct action?" Not born of ideas. Is there perception without idea? And what follows when there is action in people? Wilden listened for only a few minutes, and then began a tirade about his having been met by violence when he arrived yesterday—he was told his friend couldn't attend. Others had wives there. Margaret Trudeau spoke up and said she thought she was his observer, and he had invited her. I said he had brought two people uninvited. Because of the size of the room, we had been unable to admit them. Many who wanted to attend, couldn't, etc. He said he didn't know the man who was there. I said he had come with them, and that he, Wilden, was here as a guest of the Foundation and was asked to go along with the circumstances provided. He ranted on, refusing to calm down, began stuffing his papers into a briefcase, putting on his jacket, and shook a book at everybody, saying something about: if you want to learn, read this! It was his own book.' [*S laughs*.]

‘And then defiantly pulled out a cigarette and lit it. David pointed out that no smoking had been requested. “That’s what I mean,” said Wilden, then, threw up his hands and said, “Let me go!” There was a small chorus of, “Well, go!”’ [*both chuckle*] ‘went up, and he left. Erna drove him to Ojai, and it took most of the rest of the morning for the conference to settle down. Shainberg, it turns out, had thumbed through one of his books, and from that got the impression that he was interested in Krishnaji. On that sliver, Shainberg had invited Wilden.’

S: Oh dear. So this was Shainberg’s doing?

M: Yes, Shainberg’s doing. [*Laughs and S laughs, too*.] I’d forgotten some of that.

S: Somehow that sounds like David Shainberg. [*Laughs.*]

M: Yes.

Now I only have entries in the little book until sometime in April, so each day will be short.

S: That’s better than nothing.

M: So, the twenty-second. ‘The fourth day of the conference. Globus beforehand proposed to Krishnaji that Margaret Trudeau be admitted as a participant. This led to all observers being considered as participants. The tables were rearranged. Someone urged more discussion of each person’s problems.’

So, we go to the twenty-third, the fifth day of the conference. ‘Globus and Franklin tried to reduce it to personal discussion of “violence” at the conference, causing the departure of…’ Somebody with a name beginning with D—don’t remember his name.

The sixth day of the conference was on March twenty-fourth. ‘David Bohm came to the cottage to talk to Krishnaji about Globus and how to proceed.’ Globus was the one who—he insisted on wearing *a hat of power*! [*S laughs, then M laughs*.] ‘The meeting began with Krishnaji discussing silence. And then fifteen minutes of silence ensued. Then, Krishnaji asked if Globus, who had raised personal things, wanted to go into that. Globus said he had seen that it was in him, and so the discussion was released and went on to some extraordinary depth by Krishnaji. All ended favorably and warmly. In the afternoon, most of the scientists left, including Margaret Trudeau.’ All that will have to be listened to in the archives because it was recorded.

S: But, the whole conference was a shambles, it seems.

M: It was a shambles.

S: The 1974 scientists’ conference at Brockwood was really well-behaved and…

M: Compared to this!

S: A great success. Yes, this is a shambles.

M: Shambles! [*S laughs heartily*.] Well, you see, you had two: Globus was a psychiatrist, so I assume, though, I don't remember directly whether it was Shainberg's suggestion that Globus come, or what, but I suspect it was because they're both psychiatrists.

S: The first conference at Brockwood was arranged by David Bohm. And this second one was arranged largely by Shainberg?

M: Well, I'm guessing. I don't really remember who invited who. I mean, it was David who was the originator of having scientists' conferences. And, of course, he and David Shainberg were friends. So, the cast of characters emanated from one or both of them.

S: Right, okay. Alright, let's go on.

M: We didn't know any of these people. We knew the KFA people.

S: Yes.

M: So, that's what happened! [*Both chuckle again*.]

March twenty-fifth, 'David Bohm and David Shainberg came to the cottage at 8 a.m. to discuss the proposed videotaped discussions that are to be held at Brockwood in May, and things they would do at Brockwood in May. Erna came in after a while. We had breakfast. Then, Mrs. Ellis came afterwards. At 12:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview to Dr. Renèe Weber'—she had been in the conference—'who teaches philosophy at Rutgers. She had stayed to lunch at Arya Vihara with us, the Bohms, and the Patwardhans, Erna, Theo, Mark, and Michael Krohnen. We discussed the conference and, in certain human concepts, Krishnaji described the Theosophical hierarchy, etcetera. In explaining it, he realized he was describing a version of his own. "Mustn't mix it," he said. There was a certain atmosphere as he spoke. At 3 p.m., we drove to Malibu. He said "that" is inexhaustible. The body is tired, but never "that." "Silence is original, untouched by the human mind."'

The next day 'was just a lovely quiet day at home. Deskwork for me. Krishnaji rested.'

March twenty-seventh. 'Desk. Amanda came over at lunchtime, and David and Philippa came. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji and I went into Santa Monica to see a movie called *Three Days of the Condor*. We were home in time to see Solzhenitsyn in a BBC interview on TV.'

March twenty-eighth. 'I went to the Dunnes' in the morning. We sat on the terrace and talked. I was home for lunch with Krishnaji. I had a long talk with my brother in New York on business matters. Sunanda arrived at 5 p.m., to stay until we go back to Ojai. All

three of us had supper on trays and watched *Kojak*.' *Kojak* was a big fixture in our lives [*S chuckles*] in those days. Krishnaji liked to watch *Kojak*.

S: I remember.

M: *Kojak* for those who don't know…

S: No, we all know!

M: We all know? Well, future generations may not know *Kojak.* [*S laughs heartily*.] You better explain it.

S: Alright. It was a television program with a bald New York detective by the name of Kojak, and it was very funny and it was a good program.

M: Yes, yes. And I will insert my own comment, which is that Krishnaji would laugh because it was very funny, but he wasn't quite sure what he was laughing at because he didn't quite understand the New York accent! [*S laughs*.] And as a New Yorker, I was called on to translate! But he still caught on that it was funny because he would ask me, but he'd be laughing as he asked.

March twenty-ninth. 'Home all day. Chuck Rusch came in the afternoon about the cottage plans. Krishnaji, Sunanda, and I watched the Academy Awards on TV.'

The next day, 'I had a 9 a.m. appointment with an immigration lawyer, George Rosenberg, about Krishnaji's residence in the U.S. and whether to apply from here or from abroad, and did miscellaneous errands on the way back. In the afternoon, I walked over to visit the Dunnes. Krishnaji, Sunanda, and Sidney Field came over, and we all four walked down to the beach.' I think that was the immigration lawyer who had been the head of immigration, and he was retired, and working as a consultant on immigration. We were trying to bring Krishnaji in as a religious leader, and he said to me, your organization is not a religious one.

S: Ah yes, because there was no god?

M: Yes. And I said, why? And he said because there's no deity. So, rather smugly, I said, would you consider Buddhism a religion? "Oh, yes!" I said, there is no deity in Buddhism, and he just glared at me! [*S chuckles*.] Anyway, he wasn't much help, but anyway and so forth. We were paying him for this, by the way, and he was against it.

So, we now jump into March thirty-first. 'I went to an eye exam and came back to Malibu. And then Krishnaji, Sunanda, and I drove to Ojai to stay through Krishnaji's talks. Sunanda and husband, Pama, had supper with us in the cottage.'

April first. 'The Patwardhans and the Lilliefelts lunched with us. Shakuntala and Natasha arrived to stay at Arya Vihara. Narayan arrives tomorrow. At 10 a.m. I went to the

Ventura County courthouse conditional-use permit hearing. We got the permit for the school, but they want the KFA to put in curbs and gutters and paving, on Lomita Avenue.'

Nothing much the next day.

On April third, 'there was a sudden cold wave. Krishnaji gave his first public talk of that year in the Oak Grove at 11 a.m. We lunched outside, nearby, organized by Alan Hooker. There were lots of Brockwood people there. It's very cold. We walked nevertheless. And it rained in the night. The Vigevenos were at the talk, and Krishnaji greeted both of them nicely.'

April fourth, 'It is still very cold. Rain held off during Krishnaji's second Oak Grove talk. The lunch was held in Nordhoff High School cafeteria. Jackie and Joe Kornfeld came to tea.'

The next day, 'Reg and Mavis Bennett came to tea at the cottage.'

The sixth of April. 'Krishnaji held a public discussion in the Oak Grove. Rajagopal was there. Lunch was at Arya Vihara. The trustees met to go over plans for the school buildings before the architects' meeting tomorrow.'

The next day. 'There was an architects' meeting all day with the trustees, and there was also a meeting with Moore and Rusch in the cottage about the cottage. Asit Chandmal appeared and dined with Krishnaji and me in the cottage. Sunanda, Pama, and Mark came in later. Krishnaji stayed up till 11 o'clock.'

April eighth, 'it rained. There was no public discussion.'

On the ninth, 'At 11 a.m., Sunanda, Pama, Asit Chandmal, Erna, Theo, and I went to the K & R office to see the archives.' We were supposed to have the right to go, according to the settlement agreement with Rajagopal, any time we wanted, and Erna always gave at least a week's notice. 'Erna, at the Ventura meeting, nine days ago, had told Mrs. Vigeveno we were coming. Mrs. Vigeveno had said it was necessary to ask Mr. Christensen.' That was Rajagopal's lawyer.

'Erna said we are coming under the settlement agreement and that there was no need to ask Mr. Christensen. Erna spoke to Cohen'—that was our lawyer in the case—'who said that we should go ahead. We arrived, and the office was locked, and there was no one there. We all walked to the Vigevenos'. Agitated, Mrs. Vigeveno opened the door and said Christensen had tried to reach Erna and couldn't (Erna was at home and in the office all day, and there was no call), and said we couldn't see the archives. We introduced the Indians with us briefly, trustees of KFI, etc. Erna suggested her telephoning Christensen then and there since he had "tried" to call her. Very reluctantly, Vigeveno let us in, and it was a long time getting the number and dialing it. Erna spoke to him first, and then I did. It is not convenient for his clients, he said. Reasonable rights and visiting must be settled

before we can go. I asked what they'd consider more reasonable than nine days' notice, and for an 11 a.m. weekday visit? He repeated it is not convenient. I said, convenience defined by him could prevent our ever going, and it was a continuation of obstacles put in our way a year ago. He said we will settle this. And I suggested he be more responsive to Cohen's letters and telephone calls, so we could end this charade. Erna got back on the phone, and was much gentler.'

We departed, and got back in the Mercedes parked outside K & R. Then, the Indians suggested going over to Rajagopal's. I said I wouldn't go, and Erna wouldn't either, but urged Theo to go with them. They went. Unshaven, dilapidated, in a bathrobe, Rajagopal met them. He greeted Sunanda enthusiastically. They talked on the porch. He said he was helpless. His lawyer's advice was preventing him. Then, he invited Sunanda to come the next day, and he would show her. Asit said he was leaving today and would like to see his aunt's, "Pupul's account" of the Ootacamund events. Rajagopal said he didn't quite know where anything was. They didn't stay. Sunanda said she would let him know. She came back, and over lunch at Arya Vihara, recounted it to Krishnaji. Sunanda, Asit, and Pama were shocked by what they had seen. Sunanda at lunch became tearful. Krishnaji said Rajagopal was a scoundrel, and it was insulting to invite her but refuse entry to the rest. It was awful to see a man so deteriorated, Sunanda said. She was sorry for him, as a tragedy. I said it is always a tragedy when someone behaves evilly; Hitler was a tragedy, but my sympathy goes to the victims of such people. Rajagopal has consistently, in the past and continues, to spit on something and someone we all consider sacred. That is what one sees. Sunanda later telephoned Rajagopal and said she wasn't coming.'

'Mrs. Mathias arrived and is staying with Mrs. Porter.'

April tenth. 'Krishnaji gave his third public talk in the Oak Grove. We lunched near the Ranch House Restaurant. In the afternoon, Krishnaji held an education discussion in the cottage which included the Siddoos, Tapas, Sunanda, Pama, Shakuntala, Narayan, etc. Later, Mrs. Mathias came and talked to Krishnaji.'

On April eleventh, 'Krishnaji gave the fourth Ojai talk. Lunch again near the Ranch House. Sunanda and Pama left after lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held another education discussion on one who touches intelligence, and giving it to a student, which I taped. Mrs. Porter brought Blanche Mathias at 5 o'clock.'

For April twelfth, it just says, 'Desk. Dictated letters. It rained and was cold. Lunched at Arya Vihara. Mrs. Mathias came again in the afternoon.'

The next day, 'It was cold, but rain held off from the Oak Grove while Krishnaji held a public discussion. Mrs. Mathias again came to see Krishnaji.'

On April fourteenth, 'I left Ojai at 9:30 a.m. and drove to Los Angeles where I met Charles Moore at the Pacific Design Center. I looked at tiles, appliances, etc., and went over plans at his office in Westwood. Then I got some books from Winky's, and got to Malibu at 5 p.m. There I had supper with the Dunnes, plus Miranda, Philippa, and David,

and Schlesinger's son. I left at 7:20 p.m., and drove back to Ojai, reaching the cottage by 8:40. Krishnaji had talked to the Siddoos, Tapas, Narayan, etc. Fritz Wilhelm has arrived.'

April fifteenth. 'Krishnaji gave the fourth public talk in the Grove. It was very cold. Krishnaji tried to have a dialogue with Fritz, Narayan, and David Moody, with the public allowed to join in. The subject was the same as at the scientists' conference: In a disintegrating society, what is correct action? They also discussed: what is correct action to survive in freedom? Then, there was lunch at Arya Vihara. I talked futilely to Al Blackburn after lunch.' I don't know what about. 'At 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji held a meeting in the cottage on the activity of the Educational Center for adults. Present were the trustees, and Mark, Fritz, and Narayan. The walk was down Thacher Road, and around, with Krishnaji, Fritz, Alan K. and me.'

April sixteenth was Good Friday. 'Krishnaji talked to Narayan, the Siddoos, and Tapas at 9:30 a.m. Narayan is to join the Siddoo school in Vancouver. Erna and I talked to Stanley Cohen'—that's our lawyer—'about Rajagopal and whether to sue him for non-compliance of the settlement agreement. He should try for compliance first through Christensen, and with an implication of a suit. At 11 a.m., I saw Bill Angelos and a young Englishman, Mark Sayre, who might give videotape equipment. We lunched at Arya Vihara. At 3 p.m. there was a trustees meeting, then we were joined by the staff, Mark, David Moody, Katie Marx, and Michael Krohnen.'

On the seventeenth of April. 'At 11 a.m., Krishnaji gave the fifth Ojai talk. It was a large crowd, 3,000 to 5,000 people. Krishnaji felt it was a messy crowd. We ate in the field in Hooker's arrangement, and left. At 3 p.m., Krishnaji saw Mr. Camarge.' I don't know who that is. 'I talked to Shakuntala about Narayan going to Vancouver. Natasha'—that's Narayan's and Shakuntala's child—'would be at Brockwood. At 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion about what should go on at the Educational Center. David Bohm, Fritz Wilhelm, Narayan, the Siddoos, Tapas, and the trustees were there. Krishnaji, Alan K., and I went for a walk.'

April eighteenth, 'Krishnaji gave his sixth and final Ojai talk for this year. Over 5,000 people were there. He spoke on religion, meditation, and duty. After the talk, we ate with the audience in the Grove briefly, then came back to the cottage. I packed. Krishnaji held a meeting with David Bohm, Fritz Wilhelm, the Lilliefelts, and Alan K. to discuss the center plans. Fritz is to move to Ojai either in October, or if Krishnaji goes to India, he will go there and come to Ojai in February to direct the Adult Education Center. We left Ojai and came home to Malibu in time for supper.'

April nineteenth, 'Home all day. Worked on Krishnaji's immigration papers. Bill Angelos came by about the videotape plans of his for the Foundation. Krishnaji and I walked in the garden. I spoke to my family in the east.'

The next day, 'We went to town, had a picnic in the car near UCLA, and met Alan Kishbaugh at the Bruin Theater to see a movie, *All the President's Men*, the Watergate

story. Earlier, Bill Angelos came with a letter to Krishnaji about his videotaping, etcetera. I talked to him at some length. Blackburn is in the scheme, possibly Carl Marcus. He then came back as Krishnaji and I were leaving for town, and while walking to the car, again I said that he must see and talk to Erna and the Foundation members.'

April twenty-first. 'Chuck Rusch came with the revised plan and roofing samples. Charles Moore is ill. Krishnaji spent the morning going over the plans with Rusch. Erna said Angelos telephoned her that Krishnaji had authorized him to go ahead with his plan. Frances McCann then called with the same story. I telephoned Angelos and told him he had no right to say this. Krishnaji had authorized nothing. We both simply told him to speak to Erna. Erna says Marcus is not putting up the money for it.'

The twenty-second of April. 'I went to the lawyers and fetched the package of papers to present to the U.S. consul about Krishnaji's residence permit. Did various errands. Went to Lailee'—that's my doctor.—'for scar inspection before leaving. I was home by 3 o'clock. Krishnaji and I walked in the garden.'

April twenty-third. 'I began packing. Shakuntala, Narayan, and Mark Lee to lunch. Narayan is interested in Vancouver with the Siddoos and Tapas. Discussed it with Krishnaji, and it was decided he'd go with the Siddoos and create a school and center in Vancouver. Krishnaji also discussed the Rishi Valley problems.'

The next day. 'Packing. The cars were put on blocks**[3]**. Alan K. came at noon for lunch. Then he drove Krishnaji and me to Century City where we all saw the Hitchcock movie *Family Plot*.' Don't remember that one. 'Back for tea. Then, Chuck Rusch came with the revised plans for the cottage. Both Krishnaji and I began to feel enthusiastic about them.'

April twenty-fifth. 'More packing. After lunch, I went over to spend the afternoon with the Dunnes. Betsy came. Krishnaji came too for a short time on the way to the beach for a walk. We had supper as usual, and then I finished packing and putting things away.'

April twenty-sixth. 'Up at 5 a.m., as it became light on a clear marvelous morning. Calm after some wind in the night. I washed my hair, wrote a letter, fixed breakfast, then put things in the safe. Alan K. came at 7 a.m. I had brought the Dunnes' VW back yesterday afternoon, and I had loaded it with the large bags. Now, Alan took the rest. Krishnaji went with him, and I went with Amanda to the airport after goodbyes to Phil and Philippa. Narayan and Mark came to see Krishnaji off at the airport. Narayan flies back to India tonight after agreeing to join the Siddoos in starting a school in Vancouver. Krishnaji and I flew on the 9:15 a.m. TWA to New York. My brother sent a car to meet us, and we reached the Ritz Tower by about 6 p.m.'

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The apartment mentioned is above the office next to Pine Cottage.

[2] The Krishnamurti and Rajagopal Foundation was one of many organizations Rajagopal founded to hold and transfer property and copyright.

[3]The best way to look after cars for long storage at that time was to lift them off of their suspension by putting them on blocks.

Issue 41: April 27, 1976 to July 10, 1976

The two most significant events for Krishnaji's work that occurred during the period covered by this issue is the video recording of his discussion with David Bohm and David Shainberg, and the publication of *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, both of which were remarkable and singular. Otherwise, Krishnaji and Mary are following their well-worn path of New York, England, and Switzerland. But we are increasingly allowed access to the extraordinary inner life of Krishnaji as he tells her and sometimes even dictates things to her about that remarkable inner life.

Mary: Well, we start with Tuesday, April twenty-seventh, 1976, and we're in New York. 'Krishnaji's nephew, also named Narasimhan, is a brother of Narayan, and he came to see Krishnaji that day. He has a thin, sharp face, no resemblance to Krishnaji. He's an engineer who has been in the U.S. for 10 years, and is now looking for a new job. Then I went to the market for supplies. My brother came by at 12:30 p.m. Then, Krishnaji, he, and I walked to the Côte Basque for lunch. Bud spoke of Krishnaji's biography and the large impression it made on him. He sent it to all the members of the family, and he asked Krishnaji about the communications reported between Theosophy and the Masters. Krishnaji explained the beliefs that were held by the Theosophists, and way back, before that, by the Hindus and Buddhists. He said he has no memory of those days. Bud noted that Krishnaji had always spoken and written of what is amiss in human thinking, but not directly about the Other. The book gave Bud some glimpse into that. I mentioned the about-to-be-published *Krishnamurti's Notebook*. Bud asked if Jesus figured in the Theosophical hierarchy. Krishnaji said Jesus was considered to be "a disciple," [*S laughs*] *not* an original. We walked back, stopping at the Belgian Shoes, where we each bought a pair.' [*M laughs*.] That's these flat shoes—this is one of Krishnaji's shoes that I have on now…

Scott: Right, right.

M: He liked them, and I wear nothing else. So, we went in there and made some shoe purchases. 'Krishnaji had his hair cut. He then rested.'

S: Where did he have his hair cut in New York?

M: There was a good barber, a block away, at the Hotel Lombardy.

S: Hm.

M: I think my brother must've advised that, or somebody did. 'I walked to Bergdorf Goodman to send my mother a birthday present. We made our supper, and so to bed. Krishnaji is thinking he can put questions to the psychiatrists tomorrow.' We were going to that psychiatrists' meeting that Shainberg arranged.

S: Yes.

April twenty-eighth. ‘At 11 a.m., we went to the psychiatrists’ conference organized by Shainberg. Krishnaji and I took the Patwardhans to lunch’—they were there—‘at the Madras Woodlands on 44th Street.’ You must know the Woodlands restaurant in Madras. You may have been there. If you ever went to a restaurant in Madras, you went to Woodlands. There’s a branch of it in New York. ‘Narasimhan came by.’ This is the UN Narasimhan.

S: Right.

M: He’s also the cousin, I think it is, of Mrs. Jayalakshmi in Madras. Anyway, ‘Narasimhan doubted that Krishnaji should go to India.’ Krishnaji was concerned, you know, because Mrs. Gandhi still had martial law in place. ‘Sunanda and Pama came back with us to the Ritz Tower, and we talked at length. They left, and my brother came by again to talk to me about business.’

Now, there’s nothing for the twenty-eighth, and very little for the next day. I think those were the days of the psychiatrists’ meetings, so I’ll have to do that from memory. First of all, they weren’t all psychiatrists; there were psychologists, too. They were sort of unintelligent [*chuckles*] about asking good questions of Krishnaji. I think it’s at this one that the subject of fear came up; and everybody had anecdotes about patients with trouble with different fears, fears of death, fears of illness, fears of mothers-in-law, endless fears they trotted out. But they never were interested in discussing what fear itself is.

S: Right, right.

M: Krishnaji tried to cope with that. But they were, I don’t know…that’s partly why I feel they were trivial, just being critical of a lot of people.

S: Right. I seem to remember those talks not being very successful.

M: No, no, they weren’t.

S: And this again was arranged by Shainberg.

M: Oh, yes. He was head of some psychiatric organization in New York, and so he whistled in all these people. I don’t know, but I felt it didn’t produce much, but maybe it did.

S: Well, who knows.

M: So, there’s nothing either on the twenty-ninth or the thirtieth in either books. I don’t know why I didn’t write it up, but I didn’t. But that’s my memory of it.

S: That’s okay.

M: I think we lunched with the Shainbergs. I think I asked David Shainberg once in the taxi going to lunch about why the psychiatrists wouldn't examine what fear is, and he said, "Oh, they'll never do that!" [*Both chuckle*.] Dismissing it.

S: They'll never really look at the nature of fear itself. They want to…

M: No, no. They want to talk about their patients' problems. Anyway, so we have to rely on my…

S: Thirty-year-old memory.

M: Thirty-year-old memory. [*Both laugh*.]

We go now to May first, where there is something in the little book. It says 'we arrived at Heathrow at 7:30 a.m., and Dorothy, Doris, and Ted Cartee were there to meet Krishnaji. We drove to Brockwood on a lovely, sunny day. The trees are just beginning to leaf. The school turned out for his arrival. I unpacked, took a nap, and spoke to Mary Links.'

The next day, 'The weather turned cold. I put luggage away and tidied things. Telephoned to Filomena, Vanda, the Digbys, Ginny Travers'—that's Virginia McKenna. 'We went for a short walk. David Bohm gave a report of the Ojai scientist conference to the school. Aditi Mangaldas, Nandini's granddaughter, arrived from India for a three-day visit.'

On the third of May, 'I got the Mercedes out of Mr. Morton's barn, where it had been all winter, and took it to be put in order. I worked at the desk. It was cold. Britain is having a drought. We had our walk in the afternoon. Krishnaji decided to have meetings alone with students one day a week, starting Thursday.**[1]**' You might remember that.

S: I do.

M: So, next day, May fourth, 'Krishnaji talked to the whole school. Mary Cadogan came to lunch, and we talked over things. We walked, but it was cold.'

Wednesday, the fifth. 'The car was delivered. It now lives in the new garage. After lunch, Krishnaji and I drove to Chandler's Ford to find a charger for his Philips razor. [*S and M chuckle.*] He was *always* looking for the latest thing in razors!

S: I remember.

M: 'Krishnaji slept little last night, he said. We walked across the fields.'

The sixth of May, 'Krishnaji spoke alone to the students, no staff were present, and no tape recorder. Mary Links and Amanda Pallant drove down in the morning and spent the day with us. We discussed the Krishnaji and Bohm dialogues for publication and/or cassette sale. Mary was against it.' She was very resistant about the Bohm dialogues.

S: I remember.

M: She felt—she misunderstood, I think—that Bohm might give the impression of being too dominating in the discussions. But that was because most of these dialogues between them were held as Krishnaji got up from his nap, and he was sort of still a bit fuzzy, waking up. So, David would reprise a little bit of where they'd left off. But Mary felt that it sounded like he was telling Krishnaji what he should say.

S: But also, I'm quite sure, because I remember these as they were going on, and at the end of these, Krishnaji didn't like them. I was listening to them every day as they were being done—I think it was the year before—every day as they were being done, and I thought that they were fabulous. You could say that David dominated, but in a way, it was just the form that they had. Krishnaji and he were going back and forth.

M: I never feel he dominated, and I was there at every one of them.

S: Yes, but toward the end, I remember Krishnaji saying that he also didn't think they should be published.

M: Well, I think that was Mary's influence.

S: It may have been Mary's influence, but I remember Krishnaji saying that too, and I remember thinking, well, I understand why. It's one thing to probably hear them, but when you see them written, it looks a very different thing, which is why I was a little disappointed when these actually did come out as a book, because Krishnaji himself had said he didn't think they should. And I can't remember if I heard him say it, or what. I wasn't close enough to him in those days to have been told anything special by him. But, Krishnaji himself did not want these things disseminated. He didn't think that they were fruitful, or he didn't think that they were useful, or something like that.

M: He didn't want enough to say "No. Don't." He usually, when things were over, he sort of—they were over. I do remember Mary objected to it.

S: Right, right.

M: And Mary wasn't too interested in the intellectual aspect of things.

S: Yes.

M: Which is Bohm's contribution.

S: Yes. And David was very disappointed that they were not being done.

M: Yes.

S: I might even have heard it from David because I was seeing him a lot in those days.

M: There were…to this day, or the last time I saw Saral, there were some early ones before Brockwood…

S: I remember those.

M: And those were not published till later.

S: I remember.

M: And there's some, Mary Cadogan had some—I've forgotten the rationale for it, there was some publication committee and I sat in on all the discussions, but I don't remember exactly—it was something to do with publishing, and eventually, they were published. But that was a different batch.

'We walked, Dorothy, Krishnaji, and I.' And it says there was a big earthquake in Udine. Udine is in northern Italy.

On the seventh, 'it was Filomena's birthday. I tried to telephone but couldn't get through. It was a hot summer day.' And that's all it says.

And then the next day is even less. 'Another hot day. We walked in afternoon.'

Then, on the ninth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school at noon. He talked to the Moorheads about Rishi Valley. Another hot day.'

May tenth, 'The weather cooled. I went to Petersfield for plants, etc. Walked. At 9 a.m., Pascaline Mallet came and I met her at the Petersfield station. She's staying in the West Wing until Friday.' That was a Monday.

On the eleventh, 'Krishnaji talked to the students only. The staff held a meeting at the same time. We walked in afternoon. Cold!'—exclamation point.

May twelfth, 'Krishnaji, on his eighty-first birthday, came in as I was ironing in the pre-exercise dawn. "Oh," he said, in dismissal of his birthday.' [*Both chuckle lightly*.] 'He was joking in the kitchen while we made breakfast. Later, the *Guardian* book review department rang up asking to interview him about the *Notebook*. Its publication date is the twentieth. The BBC is sending down a Radio 4 interviewer to interview him. Krishnaji asked, "Why are they interested?" He brushes aside the obvious replies.' [*Chuckles*.] 'He spent the morning in bed reading and sleeping. He greeted Dorothy with a "Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday." And kept going, saying to Doris, too, "That takes care of that." It is Dorothy's birthday, too. I had no present for her, and hence a quandary. I gave her several of the photos of Krishnaji I took in the cottage last month. In a great wind, he, she, and I walked our way four miles across the fields. Krishnaji was glowing with vitality. In the evening, we watched a long *Kojak* on TV.'

May thirteenth, ‘Krishnaji talked to the whole school at noon. We walked. I had a long talk with Ted Cartee.’

On the fourteenth, ‘Pascaline Mallet, who has been staying in the West Wing, left. I took the 9:45 a.m. train to London, did errands, then went to the U.S. embassy. I filed Krishnaji’s application for an immigration visa and permanent residence in the U.S., a green card. Then, to Morgan-Guaranty, where I opened an account and transferred the balance from both Morgan-Paris and Chase-London accounts, thereby closing them. Jackie Kornfeld arrived at Brockwood and I put her up in the West Wing, where she will stay during the videotaping.’ She was paying for that, as you well know.

S: I remember, I remember well.

M: The next day, ‘the video producer and director, David Hoffman and Harry Wyland’… Do you remember them?

S: I do. I remember them both.

M: …‘arrived. So did the Bohms and David Shainberg. There was a meeting in the afternoon to discuss the project.**[2]** There was a walk. Aditi Mangaldas’—that’s Nandini’s granddaughter—‘danced in the evening for the school.’

On May sixteenth, ‘Krishnaji spoke to everyone. It was very good, regarding the religious life. The video equipment was set up in the drawing room. We walked, but came back a little sooner so Krishnaji could appear at the end of a musical recital. After supper, I talked video business with Jackie Kornfeld, D. Hoffman, and H. Wyland.’

On the seventeenth, ‘At 11 a.m., Krishnaji, David Bohm, and David Shainberg did a one-hour videotaped discussion. There was an excellent, very professional crew of nine people, plus Hoffman and Wyland. Three color cameras, and recorded on two-inch tape. Krishnaji had a large clock off-camera, so he kept pace, and cut off at the right moment. I watched on a monitor in the hall outside the drawing room, where the director’s set-up was.’

Then, it is Tuesday, the eighteenth. ‘The second day of videotaping. They recorded discussion number two in the morning and number three in the afternoon. It went well. Krishnaji stayed in; no walk this week as he has signs of hay fever beginning. He said to me in the evening, “I had the most extraordinary meditation while sitting at breakfast. I went off. I must be very careful. You know, death is very close. You mustn’t look like that when I mention death. It isn’t that; it is complete emptiness, nothingness.”’

May nineteenth, ‘Krishnaji and the two Davids did discussions four and five, and number four was particularly good.’

S: Yes, it was.

M: 'Krishnaji is still not going out because of hay fever. He does his exercises in his room.'

May twentieth. 'Videotaping of discussions six and seven, both of which were marvelous. The videotaped discussions are now finished. I went to a staff meeting.'

The next day, 'At 11 a.m., they videotaped an introduction to the discussions, then it was finished. Hoffman and Wyland left. John Hawking of Zoom Television went over things with Jackie Kornfeld and me. I am buying two-inch quads for KF Trust and a set of cassettes for Brockwood. Joe Kornfeld, Jackie's husband, joined us for lunch, and then they both left. By mid-afternoon, all was back in place, clean and peaceful. But a very fine record was well-made, professionally and of greater depth than any discussion so far recorded visually. Krishnaji is still staying in bed as the pollen count is high. There's no rain in sight. Dorothy and I walked with Whisper. There was a school meeting.'

S: Is there any point in saying that probably Krishnaji encouraged you to go out for a walk without him? In other words, if he couldn't go out for a walk, he still wanted you to go out and walk.

M: He would want me to go out for a walk in a snowstorm!

S: [*laughs*] I know!

M: Many was the day it was raining, and I looked rather bleak at the prospect, and he said, "Come, come. Walk!"

S: [*laughs*] Yes, and just because he couldn't walk doesn't mean that you could get out of it!

M: *No!* And, it's not worth noting [*S laughing*] because it was just standard procedure.

S: Yes, well, the standard is also worth noting sometimes.

M: [*laughs*] So, that's that.

The twenty-second. 'Nelly and George Digby came for lunch. Krishnaji didn't walk, but Dorothy and I took both dogs.**[3]**'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school,' and that's all it says.

On May twenty-fourth, 'from the BBC, Monica Furlong and James Priestland came to lunch, and then interviewed Krishnaji about *Krishnamurti's Notebook* for the program *Chapter and Verse*, which reviews books with a religious bent. Krishnaji saw them alone, but he said they hadn't asked any intelligent questions.'

On the next day, ‘it was a half-term holiday. Krishnaji rested and stayed in bed to avoid hay fever.’

And on the twenty-sixth, ‘A Ms. Angela Neustater came from *The Guardian* newspaper to interview Krishnaji about *Krishnamurti’s Notebook*. She saw him for one-and-a-half hours, took copious notes, and went off with two other books and the biography. Krishnaji said she was more intelligent than the BBC pair.’

On the twenty-seventh, ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school reassembled after the half-term,’ and that’s all.

On the twenty-eighth, ‘I took the Mercedes for its 15,000-mile service to Chichester. I spent the morning, while it was being done, pleasantly wandering in Chichester, and the cathedral. I found small turquoise earrings, and I bought them’ [*chuckles*]. ‘I did errands in Petersfield on the way back. I sent copies of the newly printed *Krishnamurti’s Notebook* to my brother, Amanda, Evelyne Blau, and Cynthia Wood. Suzanne and Hugues van der Straten arrived for the weekend and were staying in the West Wing.’

For May twenty-ninth, there is almost nothing. ‘Desk. Went to a meeting David Bohm held for the school. Walked with the van der Stratens.’

May thirtieth, ‘Krishnaji spoke to school, and it was one of the best; on images, and the self. Tura’—remember her, the student?

S: Oh, yes.

M: …‘an Israeli student, sang and played the guitar for Krishnaji, Bohm, etcetera, in the afternoon in the West Wing. The van der Stratens left. The BBC book review of *Krishnamurti’s Notebook* was broadcast in the evening. A nothing.’ I guess that’s what I thought. ‘Priestland didn’t seem to have read the book’ [*chuckles*] ‘and asked nothing but pointless questions about Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater.’

Monday the thirty-first. ‘Desk mostly. In a light rain, Krishnaji took his first walk in two weeks with Dorothy and me and the dogs. Even in the rain, he felt some hay fever afterward.’

The first of June. ‘I went early to London and to India House, for the police clearance from India necessary for the U.S. immigration application. Narayan, who was on the train, offered to come with me and was very helpful. We saw a Mr. G. Vettakhan, secretary for education, who took me to see a minister, Mr. Abrams. After comic to-do in which pompous minister—’ [*stops mid-sentence*].

S: Go ahead, read it. [*Chuckles.*]

M: She’s very critical, this woman.

S: Well, she should be, undoubtedly. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: …'after comic to-do in which pompous minister who was oh-so-tactfully corrected by deferential Sikh underling, with elastic under the chin,' [*chuckling*] 'offering all submission gestures and jugular vein to his superior,' [*both laugh*] 'it was found the clearance could be given by the minister and didn't have to be referred back to India. All well in the end!' [*More laughter*.] 'Thank you, smiles, etcetera. Then, Mr. Vettakhan invited Narayan and me to lunch in an Indian restaurant nearby, which was accepted. I escaped later, went to the bank and to Air France for our tickets, and caught the 3:50 p.m. back to Petersfield.' [*More laughter by both*.]

S: Yes, we want these details!

M: Well, we had some there. [*More laughter*.]

June second. 'Krishnaji and I went to London, to Huntsman'—naturally [*chuckles*]—'looked at patterns. Mary L. lunched with us at Fortnum's. Then back to Huntsman for me to get some tweeds to be made into a skirt and trousers by a new tailor, Mr. Pitts on Cork Street, as my previous tailor at Rowe's has gone elsewhere. Then to Hatchards for reading matter. To Waterloo train station, but our train was delayed, and we only got home at 7 p.m.'

June third. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. I sent Krishnaji's papers to India House, and did errands in Alresford. Erna telephoned about the videotapes.'

So, we go to June fourth. 'There was a publication committee meeting at 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji and I were both there. They all stayed for lunch. I walked with Dorothy and the dogs. Krishnaji is still staying in.'

For June fifth my diary says, 'A desk day. Went to the Bohm discussion. Walked with Dorothy and the dogs. Telephoned Erna about donors for the videotapes.'

S: Now, we should probably just say that when you refer to the Bohm discussions, Bohm used to have discussions…

M: …with the school.

S: …with staff, I think.

M: Staff or something. It wasn't Krishnaji discussing with Bohm.

S: No. No. I think at one point he discussed with the whole school, or anyone who wanted to come, but eventually it was just the staff.

M: Well, you would know that better than I because I didn't go to them.

S: Yes, I went to them all.

M: You went to them all, and I don't have any notation about those.

S: Yes, so I'm just saying for the record what they are.

M: June sixth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school about being hurt. There was a walk with Dorothy and the dogs. I telephoned my mother on her birthday, but she was beginning a nap and couldn't come to the phone. I talked to my stepfather, who said…' Well, we don't have to go into that.

'Shortly afterward, my brother telephoned from Paris. He and his wife Lisa had been in Europe twelve days, Paris and Bonn, but were unable to reach me. He also told me that Dr. Wolf died last Thursday, age 93, in the Janker Clinic in Bonn. Bud wants to have Dr. Sheef at the Janker become his and Lisa's doctor, and arranged for their and Krishnaji's and my records to be transferred. He's more than ever impressed with the clinic'—that is my brother who is impressed. My sister-in-law, his wife, she had all sorts of things wrong with her.

Dr. Wolf was the old German doctor in White Plains that, you will remember, Krishnaji and I and my brother went to.

S: Right, right.

M: He's the one who came up with Krishnaji having gout in his finger, left hand, fourth finger, and that gout is caused by too much uric acid in the system. Based on that, at some point, I must've told Parchure about it, and he looked in an herb book and found that nettles are very good for too much uric acid.

S: Right, it gets rid of it.

M: So, he went out…[*chuckles*]

S: Oh, I remember, and collected vast sways of …

M: …and then had to dry it. Do you remember?

S: I remember, I remember, all over the West Wing landing.

M: So, I thought, where in the world can I dry a ton of green nettle, but the stairs that we never use…

S: I remember, [*chuckling*] I remember.

M: …had sheets put down on them, and that was covered with nettles. It's much easier to buy it in a health food store, but we didn't know that. Anyway, that's what happened with that.

June seventh, 'A hot day. Oh, for some rain. The drought in southern England and the northern half of France is severe. We went to London. I left a skirt to be copied at Huntsman. Then we walked to Fortnum's, where we lunched with Mary and Joe. Mary took Krishnaji to the dentist, Mr. Thompson, while I took the Huntsman tweed and models of skirts and slacks to be copied at Hillier's on Cork Street. I got a pair of shoes at Ferragamo, joined Krishnaji at the dentist, and then we caught the 3:50 p.m. train back to Petersfield. It was a hot day.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to students at noon, while the staff had a staff meeting. It was a hot day.'

The ninth, 'It was another very warm day. Krishnaji stayed in. I went to Winchester on errands, but was back in time for lunch. In the afternoon, I did letters.'

There's even less for the tenth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school.'

June eleventh, 'Krishnaji did letter dictations. Jean Michael de Bloos did a fine job of washing and waxing the Mercedes.' I remember him.

S: Yes, he was a very nice chap.

M: Yes, he was nice.

On the twelfth, I drove to the Meyers' in Sussex for lunch.

S: Who are the Meyers?

M: The Meyers are Fleur and Tom. Fleur was known by her first husband's name, Cowles.

S: Oh, yes, the painter.

M: She's a painter. I have one of her paintings in the other room. Her first husband owned and ran *Look* magazine. She divorced him; then she started a short-lived, but very eccentric and interesting magazine called *Flare*. When you opened it up, things blossomed out of the book; it was very interesting. It cost quite a lot of money, and didn't last long. [*Both chuckle*.] So, she then went off and traveled a lot. She met Tom Meyer, who lived in London, and he was in the lumber business or something in the Far East, and they married. We met them, we being Sam and myself—my husband and me—met them in Madrid once when we went for the weekend. Fleur had tremendous taste, and she found all sorts of lovely objects and decorated places beautifully. She wrote books and

painted, and she's still painting and showing all over the place. She and Tom had this really extraordinary flat at Albany**[4]**. You remember Albany?

S: Yes, indeed.

M: Well, they lived there, and then had in the country a beautiful, old, Elizabethan-era farmhouse down in Sussex. And again, she had done it wonderfully inside. She would find extraordinary bits of furniture and things, and it was always a pleasure to visit her. And she knew everybody in the world! So, if you went there, you would likely meet interesting people. She talked about herself, [*chuckles*] as though she was describing her life in an *Alice in Wonderland* way, but it wasn't affected, which made it very interesting. [*S chuckles*.] It was sort of name-dropping, but with substance—interesting people, what they were doing and saying. Anyway, I still am fond of her, and think of her as a friend, though I haven't seen her in ages. Now, where was I?

'I drove to the Meyers' in Sussex on the 272'—that's the route—'through Midhurst and Petworth to Fleur and Tom's for lunch. It was a warm, lovely day, and pleasant to drive unhurriedly through southern England. The only other guest was a John van Astin, an Englishman who does films. It was, as usual, a good lunch: a first course of broad beans in a delicate sauce that might have had ground mushrooms in it. We talked mostly of the mess in the world. Fleur goes on the twenty-fourth to a hospital, where a specialist will try to find out why and what to do when her heart goes into fibrillation, as it does, or has as much as six times already this year. She said that her heart is okay, but that'…well, you don't want to hear…I don't want to go on about my friends' medical problems.

S: Okay.

M: Anyway, I drove back at 3:30 p.m. That was that day.

The thirteenth simply says, 'Krishnaji spoke to school. I worked at the desk.'

There's even less for the fourteenth, 'Desk. Walked with Dorothy in the afternoon. A hot, dry day.'

Then there's really nothing until the sixteenth when, 'I took the 8:45 a.m. train to London, and got Krishnaji's Swiss and French visas. He took the 10:45 a.m. train *alone* and taxied to Huntsman, where Mary L. and I met him. That was a big discussion of whether that was alright.' [*S chuckles*.] 'We all walked for lunch to Fortnum's. I had a fitting at Hillier's, the new tailor, on skirt and trousers. Krishnaji insisted on coming to Hillier's because he felt that he only could judge the length of trousers. He felt they should break in a certain…'

S: Right.

M: You know all that.

S: Yes, yes. [*Both laugh*.] I remember well, yes.

M: And if he didn't okay it, it wasn't right. He was very particular about those things.

So, he obviously came back with me…

S: To make sure that you got it right.

M: Yes. So, Krishnaji vetted the length of my trousers in the fitting. We then bought jerseys for Vanda, and caught the 3:50 p.m. back to Petersfield.

S: Would you have gotten the jerseys in the Burlington Arcade?

M: Yes. At that shop at the top.

S: Uh, Neil's?

M: Yes!

S: As you're coming back onto Piccadilly, on the left-hand side, at the top?

M: Yes, that's where we would've bought it, and walked through. We always walked through the Arcade to go on to Fortnum's from Huntsman.

June seventeenth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. I did deskwork. There was a light, drizzly rain. So, Krishnaji took his first walk in weeks with Dorothy, Whisper, and me. The hay fever is better because of the rain.'

The next day just says 'Desk.'

June nineteenth. 'Rain! Desk. *The Guardian* review of Krishnaji's book by Angela Neustater is undistinguished.' I'm very fussy. 'Krishnaji didn't read it through, but gathered it was nothing much; and said, "I will review it," and he dictated a splendid review, laughing all the way as he went along.' [*Both chuckle. M laughs more*.] Do you remember that?

S: Yes, I do.

M: June twentieth. I went to Petersfield with Narayan to meet Mr. Vettakhan and Mr. Sundaram, head of passports in the embassy in London. They attended Krishnaji's talks with the school and stayed to lunch. Krishnaji walked down to the main road and back. In the evening I attended a cello and piano recital by M. Russell and Alan Rowlands.'

On the twenty-first, 'Krishnaji and I went to London. At lunch with Mary at Fortnum's, Krishnaji gave her the book review that he wrote of *Krishnamurti's Notebook* without telling her who wrote it. He watched with a merry look' [*chuckles*]. 'Mary didn't guess,

though I thought she would. At the end, she asked, "*Who* wrote this?" and laughed a very great deal when she was told. She and Joe, Amanda, and the children are going to spend their summer holidays at Brockwood**[5]**. Krishnaji took a taxi to dentist Thompson and returned by himself to Huntsman, where I met him. These solo flights of his make me nervous. I am a fusser, apparently. He fitted some trousers. A man came up to me while I waited, and said, "How do you do?" Out of context, I didn't recognize him as John van Astin, whom I met at Fleur's a week ago. Krishnaji and I took the 4:50 p.m. train back to Petersfield. There was a school meeting in the evening.'

June twenty-second. 'I worked at the desk most of the day. Krishnaji spoke to the students. In the afternoon, there was a staff meeting. It was a hot day. I walked a little with Whisper. The cows got into the grove.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated letters. I met Cynthia Wood's friend, a Ms. Dale Duff, at the Petersfield station, and returned her there after she had lunched at Brockwood.'

June twenty-fourth, 'Krishnaji talked to school, a <u>good one</u>,' underlined. 'It's very hot.'

June twenty-fifth, 'The temperature was 104 at Wimbledon. Krishnaji dictated letters, and I typed.'

June twenty-sixth, 'London is ninety-five degrees**[6]**. Highest ever recorded. I started packing. I got a letter from Lorna, my cousin.' Oh, dear. She had an awful life. I'm not putting this in.

So, to the twenty-seventh, 'The heat is unchanged. Krishnaji spoke to school and guests. <u>Very</u> interesting. On registering only at the biologic or technical level but not at the psychological level. A "thin, thin" surface registering without reaction of the psychological me. Packed.'

June twenty-eighth, 'It is still over ninety degrees. There is a drought and a withering sun. I spent all day packing, and putting things in order.'

June twenty-ninth, 'Another broiling day. I was up early, and put all in good order. Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to Heathrow, leaving Brockwood at noon. We stopped for a picnic brunch at Virginia Waters, where we found some shade and a gentle breeze. We took British Airways to Paris, landing for the first time at the new Charles de Gaulle airport. Paris is even hotter than England. Only the lobby at the Plaza Athénée is air-conditioned. We had our usual rooms, but on the fifth floor. In spite of the heat, we took a walk around to stretch our legs and then had supper in our rooms.'

S: Where were your usual rooms at the Plaza Athénée?

M: Well, I forget which floor, but I can see them, sort of at the end of the hall, and Krishnaji had one here, with bath, and I had the one next door.

S: What was the view out the window?

M: Courtyard, with a funny…they put trellis on things, another building.

S: Right. So, it looked off onto a courtyard.

M: It looked off, yes. It was quiet, you see. It was quiet back there. They were very nice. And we had dinner in either bedroom. Didn't matter which one. I brought the tray in, and the table and all.

June thirtieth, 'the temperature was in the nineties. We stayed in all the hot morning. Then lunched in the hotel garden on melon gazpacho, tiny haricots verts, tagliatelle au gratin, and fraises des bois. Nadia Kossiakof joined us for a cup of coffee.' Do we have to identify Nadia?

S: I think we have but we could do it again.

M: Nadia was a very nice woman. She was Egyptian. She had beautiful turquoise eyes. She was large, but she had this beautiful, nice face and beautiful eyes. And she was married to a Russian, Nicolas, and she would've been part of the Krishnaji people in the Paris world.

S: Way back in the '30s and '40s?

M: I don't know how far back she went, but when I came along, they were all one group. And she dealt with the publishers.

S: Right. I remember that.

M: Yes. I don't think she came to Brockwood, but we always saw her in Paris.

S: She came to Saanen, didn't she?

M: She would, I'm sure.

S: Yes. I'm sure I met her there.

M: She had beautiful skin and a lovely face, these eyes, and sort of skin that is faintly colored but smooth, and lovely complexion. 'So, she joined us for coffee. Nadia reported that she needs to have an operation soon, for gall bladder, etcetera. Madame Duchet, who has a slow cancer, is working nonetheless on three translations: Krishnaji's *Notebook*, *Tradition and Revolution*, and *Krishnamurti on Education*. Suarès is terminally ill'—that's Carlo Suarès—'of cancer. I later asked Krishnaji if he wished to do anything about the Suarèses; he said, no, he didn't want to contact him. After lunch, we went to Charvet, Krishnaji minus his jacket, and me in the least possible. We saw some nice shirting. I couldn't replace my yellow shirt that disappeared in May, but ordered four others.

Krishnaji ordered two. After Charvet, we came back to the Champs-Elysées and went without knowing what it was to a Japanese movie called *Super Express*, a suspense bomb on a train.' [*Laughs.*] That was the plot. 'Krishnaji was pleased. "As good as an American film," he said. We had supper in the rooms. The heat was in the nineties all day. I took three showers before going to sleep.'

S: If I may just ask you to explain something here. Would you say a little bit more about when you asked Krishnaji if he would like to do anything about the Suarèses—what did you mean?

M: I meant telephoning and commiserate or communicate with them, in some way.

S: Right.

M: Yes. The Suarèses had behaved very badly toward Krishnaji.

S: Right. Okay. I know, but I'm just trying to have it all explicit here.

M: The Suarèses made Krishnaji, the last time he stayed with them, don't ask me when it was because I can't remember, but you and I discussed it in these memoirs.

S: They made Krishnaji feel uncomfortable or unwelcome there.

M: Yes, she, Mrs. Suarès, said something like, "Oh, there's so much to do when you're here"—so that he felt he was imposing on them. And that was when Marcelle Bondonneau—do you remember her?

S: Yes.

M: …who was sweet lady, nice lady, and a great, close friend. They were all sort of old, old friends from the ancient days, but she was the one who suggested to me that I rent a place in Paris for him to stay because the Suarèses made him feel unwelcome, and that he was…

S: Right, I remember. I remember now.

M: …imposing. Which is what I did.

S: Right, right.

M: And with the help of Marcelle, because I didn't know how to rent a place in Paris, as I was going to be in California. So, she and Elmenhorst, they were friends…

S: Giselle Elmenhorst.

M: Giselle Elmenhorst. And they found the little house that I then rented…

S: Near the Bois.

M: …in the Boulogne-Billancourt, down there, south of the Bois.

S: Mm, hm.

M: …which was very nice, I must say. We took it two years, at least.

S: I remember.

M: But, of course, the Suarèses, then, were furious because they didn't have Krishnaji staying with them, in spite of having made him feel uncomfortable.

S: So, they felt offended that he didn't go back there?

M: They were offended that he didn't go back. And that started the disagreeableness.

S: Right, okay. Alright.

M: So, anyway 'we had supper in the rooms again that night.'

The first of July. 'The heat is withering. We went around the corner to Courrèges for jerseys and to Dior for little things.' That means handkerchiefs and little things like that. It's across the street, so it was close. 'We lunched again in the garden, which manages to seem cool with flowers, awnings, parasols, shrubbery, climbing vines, birds, and impeccable service run by Roland'—that was the maître d'hôtel—'and good food. Krishnaji had a sorbet au fraises for dessert. Obviously the good food agrees with him.' If it didn't, he couldn't keep it down.

S: Yes.

M: 'After a small rest, we walked to *Butch Cassidy and* ***Le Kid***. [*M and S laugh*.] I thought Krishnaji had seen it, but if he had, he'd forgotten. So, it was a success. I saw it all over again for the first time.'

S: In French, probably?

M: Well, it had subtitles, but yes.

'In the evening, we had vichyssoise. The garden was very popular, with people who seem to have walked off the pages of the nonsense thrillers we read.' [*Laughter*.] 'We had supper in the rooms as usual. The upholstered style of the Plaza makes it seem hot. Air conditioning is only in the lobby, and there's no cross-ventilation in our rooms. I kept taking showers instead of sleeping.' [*Laughs*.]

July second. ‘We are delighted to leave Paris. It is as if the air hadn’t ever been changed in the city. Breathing is oppressive, like being inside a vacuum cleaner. Both Krishnaji’s and my legs and feet are like cushions. We went to Roissy and the Charles de Gaulle airport again. We sat in what felt like a wasteland of idiotic pretentiousness,’ [*chuckles*] ‘passengers are fed along moving walkways, up through plastic tubes and tunnels like blood cells,’ [*chuckling*] ‘and exhorted by peremptory loudspeakers to go to one’s satellite,’ [*S chuckles*] ‘not gates. The language of promotion, like operation so-and-so, or the pompous seriousness of cabin attendants who will now go to their stations for takeoff.’ You know, those announcements?

S: Yes, yes.

M: ‘We were on Air France this time and were given a surprisingly good vegetarian lunch. But, we were charged $20.00 overweight for the luggage that British Air allows free.’ [*Both laugh*.] ‘A fifty-minute flight, and we were in the plain, simple airport in Geneva. Hertz provided a screamingly green Opal instead of the expected BMW. As the luggage fitted in, we took off into town. Parked underground and walked to Patek.’ This was the ritual, every year…

S: Yes, I know, I know.

M: …we have to go to Patek, and they look at the watches and adjust them a little bit. ‘…and then to Jacquet where Krishnaji chose six ties for himself plus two for Joe Links. Choosing material for ties took a great deal of discussion and attention, and my advice was respected.’

S: *Indispensable*! [*M laughs.*] I know, in the matter of ties, it was indispensable.

M: Well, he had a theory that I knew about clothes because I had known about Huntsman before I knew him.

S: Yes, I remember that wonderful story of your first meeting in Gstaad.

M: ‘After Jacquet, we went to Grand Passage for’—what did we do this time—‘odds and ends. And then, we drove along the lake and on to Gstaad.’

S: Oh, so you didn’t stay in the hotel then in Geneva?

M: No, we didn’t. We were hoping it would be cooler in the mountains, I guess. ‘So, we set off on the Route du Lac, and it was not like Paris. One could breathe. The country is dry for Switzerland, but not the scorched look of France. Krishnaji was thirsty, so we stopped for apple juice and drove on. The country above Lausanne is as beautiful as ever, and the air tasted of mountains. Finally, Gstaad: cool, green, rained upon. Vanda and Fosca were in the chalet. And, oh, oh, oh, how good to be here, cool, clean, quiet. The mountains have snow imperturbably. I unpacked, and disappeared into sleep.’

S: Nice.

M: July third. 'How narrow the limits in which the body can function properly. Krishnaji and I are both revived by the cold climate. The edema is gone'—that's our feet—'we feel renewed and normal. It rained a little. Oh, luxury. Did a few errands in the village, and Krishnaji had his hair cut by the good barber Monsieur Nicolas.'

S: Where did Krishnaji have his hair cut in Gstaad?

M: Monsieur Nicolas. He was in Gstaad on the main road. You know where the…what was the name of the grocery store? Oh…

S: Yes, yes, I can see it.

M: Well, it was a block or so toward Saanen, on that side of the street. Remember, there was a shoe place?

S: Yes.

M: Well, it was in the block before that.

S: Okay.

M: It was a barber shop. I think we always went around in from the back; there was a parking area in the back. And he was very good, Monsieur Nicolas. How can I remember that, when I can't remember…

S: [*laughs*] This is why we're getting it all down, here.

M: Well, yes.

S: The important things.

M: July fourth. 'The Israelis rescued a hundred hostages hijacked in Uganda.' Do you remember that?

S: I certainly do.

M: Well, anyway, they got rescued most dramatically. 'And then the Siddoo sisters, Jackie and Sarjit, with Tapas, came in the afternoon with mangoes to see Krishnaji. They have bought thirty-two acres and a house on the sea on Vancouver Island for a school. They showed us photos. They want to open it in September. We discussed the pros and cons of Narayan being the director. Krishnaji has received a letter from Sunanda saying that Balasundaram presently is thinking of relinquishing the principal-ship of Rishi Valley. Later, I joined Krishnaji in the woods for a walk.'

On July fifth, ‘Mar de Manziarly came for lunch. Krishnaji eats now in his room alone, but joined Vanda, Mar, and me for coffee. I did errands and walked in the woods. The heat continues in France and Britain.’

July sixth, ‘Krishnaji rested, and then he saw Mr. Russu in the afternoon, who claims that he had been at the point of death in hospital several months ago, and Krishnaji came to him for eight hours and saved his life. He also claims that he met the Lord Maitreya. Krishnaji says he’s getting a little gaga.’ You knew Mr. Russu, didn’t you?

S: Yes, I did, very well. He was the person who suggested I apply to Brockwood.

M: ‘Krishnaji went for a walk, and I drove Mr. Russu home. I saw Graf about videotapes. The tent is up. Then, Krishnaji told me in the morning of a “strange happening,” and then while at his lunch, he spoke of it again to Vanda and me, and dictated the following: “Before beginning asanas, he generally sits quietly, thinking of nothing. But this morning, a strange happening took place, most unexpected and in no way invited. And besides, you can’t invite these things. Suddenly, it appeared as though in the center of the brain, the head, right inside, there was a vast space in which was unimaginable energy. It is a part, or it is there that nothing whatever is registered, for that which is registered is a wastage of energy. If one can call it, it was pure energy in a limitless space, a space that had nothing but this sense of immensity. One doesn’t know how long it lasted, but all during this morning, it was there. And as this is being written, it is as though it was taking root and becoming firm. These words are not really the thing itself.”’

‘“Basta. I better go ahead and eat.”’ [*S chuckles*.]

That’s interesting.

S: Yes, it is.

M: July seventh. ‘Krishnaji has a letter from Pupul, saying that she had just met the prime minister, and “have arranged everything regarding your visit here this winter. I told her that the Krishnamurti Foundation of India was anxious to invite you to come and hold discussions and talks in India this year, and we wanted to talk it over with her so that there would be no embarrassment on any side. She assured me warmly that ‘Krishnaji is most welcomed to come and speak here.’ I then told her that you would be holding discussions and public talks, and she said that would be no problem and that this arrangement would be ‘perfectly alright.’ She knows of your talks and has read several of your books. I have also told her that if any local arrangements have to be made in Bombay and Madras, where the public talks will be held, I will tell the chief ministers that this matter has been cleared up with her, and she has asked me to do so. There is, therefore, no problem of any kind, and you should go ahead and fix your program to come to India accordingly. I am prepared to stand absolute guarantee.” This was dated the second of July, 1976.’

S: The letter?

M: The letter, yes.

S: Just to say, this was because Indira Gandhi had imposed martial law, and there was uncertainty as to whether Krishnaji could get away with saying the kinds of things he normally said, without being arrested.

M: That's right. 'Krishnaji also received a separate letter from Pupul dated the twenty-fourth of June from Bombay, saying she and Nandini had been writing all they could remember about the incidents at Ootacamund in May and June of 1948. This is an attempt to fill in the missing parts of the record written by Pupul at the time, given then to Rajagopal, but missing from the photocopies he provided KFA in the spring 1975. Pupul states that she wrote down every night what had taken place during the evenings that she and Nandini were living at a hotel nearby, and Krishnaji was staying with Ms. Hilla Petit and Maurice Frydman. She describes Krishnaji's pain in spine, nape of neck, and tooth. Krishnaji had asked Pupul and Nandini to sit quietly, not interfere and not be afraid, not to touch him except to close his mouth if he fainted, and on *no* account to leave the body alone. He would toss on the bed, have fits of shivering and would call out for Krishna, and then put his hand to his mouth and say, "I must not call him." The body appeared to be only a shell. In this state, the voice was frail, childlike. "Then, suddenly, the body appeared to fill with a vast presence, Krishnaji would sit up, cross-legged, his eyes closed, the fragile body would appear to grow and fill the room, and there was a palpable, throbbing silence that poured into the room and enveloped us. In this state, the voice had great volume and depth." They remembered one incident vividly: Krishnaji in great pain, stomach swollen, tears streaming down his face, suddenly fainting, and the body becoming intensely still. "The traces of pain and fatigue were wiped away. The face was greatly beautiful. There was a radiance, a light that illumined it and a stillness, and a sense of vastness that we had never witnessed. A quality of sacredness filled the room."…"For moments, he lay unmoving. Then, his eyes opened. He saw us, and after some time said, 'Did you see that face?' We said, yes, but could not say anything else as we had no words. Krishnaji lay silently, and then, 'The Buddha was here.' And then after some time, 'You are blessed.'…"Most of the time in the room, we had no part to play in what was happening, and yet, we had a role we could not understand. We questioned him during the day, but he became vague and would not explain…On most occasions, while the pain rocked him, he spoke of trees and wind, rain, nature, its storms, and vast silence. There was nothing personal in him during the incidents, no emotion, no relationship to us. The ordeal appeared physical, and yet the next day it left no traces on his face or body. Not a word that was said by him had psychological overtones. What he spoke was totally impersonal. The sense of the sacred permeated the room and the atmosphere on every occasion." It is signed by Pupul Jayakar and Nandini Metha, dated 23-6-76. Krishnaji didn't read it for quite a while. He said, "We'll read it together later," and then put it off. When I asked about it later, he said, "I've seen it. I'd be shy to have it read out loud."'

S: Hm. Where is that letter now?

M: Well, you see, she's quoting…Rajagopal shortchanged us**[7]**, as we now know…

S: Right, yes.

M: …on the account that they had written.

S: Right.

M: And then, in talking about all that…I forget how Pupul saw what we had, she realized it was incomplete. So, she was filling it in, in this letter to Krishnaji.

S: Right. Yes, but where is that letter?

M: Where is that letter? It must be in the Brockwood archives. I don't know.

S: You have a file here of Pupul, but I haven't looked at it.

M: It wouldn't be in my file. I would've handed it in.

S: Okay.

M: Or maybe. We'll look, but have you already looked?

S: No, I haven't. I didn't look at Pupul's file.

M: Oh. I don't think it's here, but we'll take a look later.

S: Okay.

M: The rest of my entry for that day is, 'Krishnaji is absorbed in *All the President's Men*. He didn't go for a walk, but I did.'

July eighth, 'Edgar Graf lunched with Vanda and me. Later, I went down to tea with the Siddoos and Tapas. Krishnaji's idea is that I should talk to them informally. I didn't bring up the subject of Narayan, one of the situations I would sooner stay out of. They should work it out for themselves.'

'Krishnaji put his hands on Mr. Russu.'

'Vanda has been urging Krishnaji to see Iyengar, who is in Gstaad for a few days. Krishnaji wants nothing to do with him. He wouldn't take a lesson from him. Vanda showed Iyengar the yoga stool that Krishnaji is using for head stands. He said it was alright for Krishnaji, but to avoid the blood it gives to the head, something should be placed so part of the weight is on the forearms. He said it's not good for anyone with high blood pressure. Vanda persuaded Krishnaji to let Iyengar come by to greet him before leaving today. I wasn't in then, but Krishnaji said he is a man full of arrogance and self-importance. Iyengar has given Frances McCann exercises to relax her, lessen her odd sensations. Krishnaji is disgusted at this approach. It is amazing how much effort will be

put into useless therapy and avoiding psychiatric help.' Iyengar, of course, was put out because Desikachar had replaced him. But Iyengar came every year to teach yoga to Menuhin.

S: Right.

M: And he was put up by Mrs…what was her name? At the downstairs flat in Tannegg.

S: Ah, right.

M: Anyway, Vanda was always friendly with Iyengar. Vanda never took lessons from Desikachar. She was an Iyengar student, and she thought that Krishnaji should try to make a kind of peace with Iyengar.

S: Right.

M: So, she got Iyengar to come and pay his respects.

July ninth. 'Evelyne Blau rang. She, Lou, and her mother, Mrs. Kraft, arrived last night, and are using a friend's chalet near Eggli. Lou leaves on Tuesday. They all came for lunch, plus Vanda's guest, Chloe Murdock'—that's the woman who lives here in Ojai. 'Krishnaji quizzed Lou on Jimmy Carter. Lou gave a good report'—Lou was a staunch Democrat—'and Krishnaji was pleased and said later, "I would vote for him." At 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw the Siddoo sisters alone. At the station, I ran into Shakuntala and Narayan, who have just arrived, and Sue Radowich…

S: Oh, Radowich, she used to work in the kitchen.

M: Yes, yes. 'I drove them to Lauenen, where they share a little chalet with the others from Brockwood: Ricardo, Frode, and Denise. Dorothy, Montague, and Doris arrived in Saanen, camping.' So, Frode materializes. [*S chuckles*]

On July the tenth, 'A quiet day. Krishnaji saw Mr. Russu for a treatment.'

S: We have to end here. We've run out of tape.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] These meetings were Krishnaji's response to the students' reluctance to speak in the meetings Krishnaji held with the whole school to which any visitors to the school were also invited.

[2] This series of videotaped discussions between Krishnaji, Bohm, and Shainberg were eventually titled *The Transformation of Man.*

[3] Dorothy had by now acquired another dog.

[4] An apartment complex in Piccadilly made from a mansion built in 1770 for the Viscount Melbourne.

[5] For many years, Mary L. and Joe and her daughter and grandchildren spent the summers at Brockwood during the period it was empty except for a skeleton crew, as everyone else was at Saanen. Mary L. always reported it as idyllic.

[6] Thirty-five degrees Celsius.

[7] When Mary and Erna asked to see this account, they were only given one page.

Issue 42: July 11, 1976 to September 22, 1976

Mary: We begin this discussion on July eleventh, 1976, and we're in Switzerland. 'A lovely morning for Krishnaji's first Saanen talk of the year. I have exchanged the fearful green Opal for a smaller, quince-colored Fiat.' [*Chuckles*.] 'I sat in the car waiting for Krishnaji.' I want to say there was a delight in waiting for him outside the chalet to drive him to his talks, because it was usually a beautiful, alpine, sunny morning just at that hour. I had to have the car right there, and time it so the motor was running as he came through the door, and got into the car.

Scott: Right.

M: Not a single extraneous something should happen. And then drive, not fast and not slow, just the proper speed, down the hill, through the village, and so to the tent, arriving at 11:30 a.m., when the talk was to begin.

S: Right.

M: In other words, nothing interrupted anything. And I didn't speak or anything. Waiting was a lovely moment in the sunshine, sitting, knowing he was about to come out and there was about to be a talk.

S: Yes. How nice.

M: It was lovely. So, back to the diary. It reads, 'it was the alpine summer, light silvered with brightness, a time of wonder come again in another year. The marvel of that, to be here, waiting to go with Krishnaji to the tent, a sense of such quiet blessing and yet memory wasn't really in it, or more to the point, attachment wasn't there. The sunlight is something that one floats in, dazzled, quiet; and then Krishnaji came out the door, all grace, beautifully dressed. The tent was just about full. I found a chair by the tables where they sell books where I sat with mumps last summer.' [*Laughs.*] Do you remember the summer I had mumps?

S: [*laughing*] Yes.

M: The Siddoos that summer were warning everyone not to come near this woman, who had mumps at that age. It was ridiculous. [*S laughs.*] 'Scott Forbes for the first time was using a new Sony video camera donated to Brockwood by Frances, Shainberg, Maris Lindley, and Alan Hooker.' They must've all chipped in. 'In black and white, all of Krishnaji's talks will be videotaped. Unfortunately, today's went amiss as somebody interfered with a wire. But the camera wasn't injured.' Do you remember that?

S: Only too well.

M: Yikes. Well, anyway, it's now a matter of history. [*Laughs*.]

S: Just to say also, I don't remember Lindley contributing to the video equipment, but Jackie Kornfeld did.

M: Did she?

S: Yes.

M: History, are you listening? [*Both laugh.*] 'In the evening, Vanda and I went to the first showing in the tent of the Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg color videos done at Brockwood in May. The cassettes have been mismarked, so we began with Number 2, and it showed only in black and white because someone again had tampered with the player.'

S: Yes. May I just say something else that's not part of your record, but part of all this initial video ridiculousness?

M: This is a collaboration if there ever was one. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Well, for the video equipment, we had decided that we needed to get NTSC, which is American standard video equipment, because all over the world, you could get equipment to play the American standard video tapes and the local standard.

M: Yes.

S: Well, in England, to buy NTSC video recordering machines, you had to order them directly from Japan. Previous to this, I had never operated any video equipment in my life. I knew nothing about it; I was just, you know, trying to teach myself, etcetera. So, I'd ordered everything from Japan (cameras, video recorders, monitors, etcetera), and they didn't come and they didn't come and they didn't come, and finally they arrived in the morning of the last morning I could leave Brockwood to arrive at Saanen in time for the first talk, if I drove straight through without stopping. I had Doris's mini, which I had hoped would take all the equipment.

M: You were to drive all across Europe in a mini with all that?

S: Exactly.

M: Without stopping?

S: Without stopping. [*M chuckles*.] I had no choice; it arrived *just* before I *had* to leave. So, I packed it into the mini, took off, and I arrived the day before the first talk in Saanen, which gave me just enough time to set it up. And, of course, I thought, well, I'll figure out how to do this by reading the instruction manuals. [*Pause*.] All the manuals were in Japanese!

M: In Japanese! [*Laughing.*] I could feel it coming. [*Both laugh heartily*.] In those days, it was a common occurrence.

S: Right. It came from Japan, so they only had Japanese instructions.

M: Of course.

S: So, the fact that Joe Zorski was there helping me, and there was a small mishap, or that we didn't get the color right on the first night of showing videos, was really nothing. Believe me, it's a miracle we got anything! [*Laughter.*]

M: But, we still had the Nagra doing the audio.

S: Exactly.

M: July twelfth: 'Desk mostly. In the evening I saw the third of the Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg discussions. The color is working well. Vanda was tired and didn't come.'

The thirteenth, 'Krishnaji gave his second Saanen talk. At 2 p.m., Ortolani brought a young man from Torino who will help him with the work. I never got the young man's name, something like Tioki?'

S: It was Turchi, wasn't it?

M: Maybe it was. Must've been Turchi. 'Introductions are very vague around here. Cragnolini is too ill to continue as president of the Italian committee. I went alone to the showing of the fourth Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg video in the evening. I am absorbed in it, unable to be critical.'



A photo of Mary at Pine Cottage (Ojai, CA) taken by Krishnaji

July fourteenth, 'Topazia arrived in Gstaad and came to lunch. At 2:30 p.m., Evelyne came to see me about KFA work, and at 3:30 p.m. Mary Cadogan joined us. They met for the first time. I tried telephoning Erna in Ojai, but could only get through at suppertime. I explained the good of Harry Wyland's**[1]** offer to present the videos to WGBH in Boston. Jackie Kornfeld and Erna are not hitting it off (not surprising).' [*Both chuckle.*] 'And so, there are misunderstandings about the tapes. In the evening, I went to the showing of the fifth video. Afterward, Scott showed me bits of what he had shot with the black and white camera of Krishnaji's talk yesterday. It is surprisingly good in spite of the very low light.'

The fifteenth of July. 'Third Saanen talk, an extraordinary one on seeing with all the senses, completely, a total seeing that is without psychological registry. He was shaking afterward. Vanda's brother, and sister-in-law, and Suad al Radi came to lunch.' Suad al Radi was an Iranian lady who lived in Beirut. She was very cosmopolitan, and she used to come to the talks in Saanen. 'Krishnaji questioned Suad on the Near-East situation. In the evening, I went to the video showing of the sixth discussion between Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg, taking Frances McCann and Carol Allwell with me.'

July sixteenth, 'In the morning, Krishnaji gave me Vanda's news that Carlos Suarès died this morning in Paris of cancer. "Poor man," said Krishnaji. At 11 a.m., there was the annual meeting of all the Krishnamurti foreign committees. Krishnaji began by telling them about Suarès. Scott Forbes then gave information about the new videos and answered questions. Evelyne spoke of the Ojai school, and Jackie Siddoo spoke of the Canadian one. Madame Duchet came in a wheel chair. According to what is said, quietly, she has cancer, but hopes to complete the translation of three of Krishnaji's books, the *Notebook*, Krishnaji *On Education*, and *Tradition and Revolution*. The *Notebook* is the hardest, she says. She asks, "How do you put 'Otherness' in French?"' [*S chuckles.*]

S: Just an aside: Madame Duchet was a lovely lady.

M: Yes, a lovely lady.

S: Gracious, and old-school, really lovely.

M: She was. She had that—I suppose it was part of her generation and her class—she went to finishing school in England, as they did in those days, so she spoke beautiful English-English.

S: Right.

M: And yet, she was thoroughly French, and an ideal person to translate Krishnaji into French, and did, as we know.

'After the meeting, the Siddoos and Tapas stayed to lunch. Later in the afternoon, I talked to the Siddoos and Narayan. A Peruvian allergy specialist, Dr. Drassinower, a friend of the Puerto Rican group, came to prescribe for Krishnaji's hay fever. He took his blood pressure, which was 130 over 75.'

Saturday, July seventeenth. It says, 'sun in the morning, rain and a thunderstorm during the day. Simonetta di Cesaro brought a French boy, Jean-Phillipe, to lunch.' Simonetta was Italian, obviously; lived in Rome, was a friend of Vanda's, and she had spent quite a lot of time in northern India, in Hardvar—in the, what was the headquarters there?

S: Dharamsala, the Dalai Lama's place, the Tibetan center?

M: No, no, not the Tibetan place. There is a Hindu…I went there, but I can't remember, when I was in India. Anyway, she was friend of the head guru or something and spent a lot of time there and worked with the lepers. She came to lunch, bringing some French boy.'

The eighteenth. 'Krishnaji and I watched the opening of the Olympics in Montreal. Suzanne and Hugues van der Straten came to lunch with Marjolaine and Patrice.' Do you remember Marjolaine, our student, their child? Patrice, I think, was his nephew.

S: I thought Patrice was their son.

M: Was he?

S: I think so.

M: He had an older son, who I don't think you ever met.

S: Oh, yes, yes, they had…

M: They had ten children.

S: Exactly, and I met some of them. I think Patrice is one of their sons.

M: I know there was a nephew in there somewhere, but it doesn't matter.

The nineteenth, 'I fetched more mangoes from the Siddoos. Drove with Marjolaine and Patrice to lunch with the Brockwood group in Lauenen: Shakuntala, Sue Radowich, Ricardo, Javier, Denise, and Natasha. Very nice lunch. Madame Duchet came to see Krishnaji at 4 p.m. She has a malignancy, the doctors say, and four to five years left.'

July twentieth, 'it's Krishnaji's fifth Saanen talk. After the talk, a Dr. Drassinower came about Krishnaji's allergy medication. Mar de Manziarly lunched with Vanda and me. Mr. Russu came for hands'—as we called it. Krishnaji was trying to heal him. 'Mr. Mirabet came with his annual donation.' A lovely man. 'The Siddoos and Narayan saw Krishnaji about the school. And well, also, the Viking robot, after an eleven-month space voyage, landed on Mars and sent back photos.' [*S chuckles.*] You can see we had interests all over the universe! [*S laughs again*.]

July twenty-first. 'Vanda left for Firenze.' She did that every summer. She'd come and open the house, stay for the opening of the talks and for a certain number of talks, and then she went back to Florence because her daughter, who was married and lived in Toronto, would come back to Florence in the summer to stay with her. So, she left. 'I went to talk to Evelyne about things, but was back for lunch. At 2:30 p.m., Dr. Colón brought two Spanish-speaking donors to see me; one, a Mr. Ugo Baldini, gave $1,000 toward the video fund, and another will give 400 pounds sterling. I took the check to Dorothy in Saanen. We had difficulty with a student, Ricardo.' I don't remember much about that…you probably do.

S: I do. [*Both laugh*.] Not voluntarily, but I remember.

M: Yes, well, it's not terribly important.

July twenty-second 'was a cold day and wet. Krishnaji gave his sixth Saanen talk on death. Self is the product of thought, which is matter, and so is destroyed in physical death. A very interesting talk. Krishnaji was exploring the subject. Dr. Drassinower came to check Krishnaji before lunch. Mary C. and Edgar Graf came to lunch. At 3 p.m., I went to see Madame Duchet.'

Friday, the twenty-third. 'I spoke to Mr. Breitschmidt of the American Fletcher Bank about Isabel Biascoechea's investments.' Enrique had set things up…

S: You told us.

M: Yes, I did. And the idea was that she should get it for her lifetime, and then it would go to Krishnaji. 'Giselle Elmenhorst came to lunch. Krishnaji stayed in bed. Later we watched the Olympics on TV.'

July twenty-fourth. 'At 7:30 a.m., a girl calling herself Christiana came to the door to see Krishnaji.' Oh, this is the woman who lay down in the driveway. I haven't told that story, have I?

S: No, I don't think so. Read through it first, and then you can…

M: 'She came to the door to see Krishnaji, was refused, lay down in the driveway, and had to be sent off to the doctor in a taxi, where there was nothing wrong with her. Otherwise, a quiet day.' [*M and S laugh*.] It began when I was in my room doing yoga and Fosca came to the door and tapped and said, "Signora…" She said, in Italian, that is, "…there's a signorina to see Signore Krishnamurti." So, I obviously had to cope with it. I went to the door, and there was [*chuckling*] this rather pretty blond girl. She had on a dirndl skirt. Do you know what that is? They were full pleated cotton skirts; they were very popular.

S: Yes.

M: And, above she had on a very diaphanous blouse with nothing underneath at all. [*Both chuckle.*] And she said in a peremptory voice to me that she was here to see Mr. Krishnaji and she had an appointment. I said, "I'm sorry but Mr. Krishnamurti is not awake yet, and besides, you haven't an appointment because it's my function to keep track of appointments. I'm very sorry."

She said, "Well, go and ask him."

I responded, "We never disturb Mr. Krishnamurti until we know he's awake, and I cannot do that." Well, anyway, I talked to her in this fashion for quite a while [*chuckling*], got nowhere, and ran out of things to say to her. She was German but she spoke very good English. So I eventually said, "Well, I'm awfully sorry. I've explained all I can, so excuse me," and I closed the door. This took place on the door sill.

S: Yes.

M: I went back to my yoga, and then I started thinking, "I wonder if she's gone." And I could see from the kitchen window…

S: Yes, which bowed out a little bit—a bay window.

M: Yes, I could see what went on on that side of the chalet. So, I went there and looked out, and sure enough, there she was, flat on her back in the middle of the parking area! And I thought, my god, the milkman, who came swinging up the hill in a hurry to deliver milk at that hour of the morning, will…

S: …run over her.

M: …yes, won't expect a woman lying [*S laughing heartily*] on the ground and he'll hit her.

S: Right.

M: What to do? So, I went out and spoke to her, and she had staring eyes. I thought that maybe she's had some sort of a fit, epilepsy or something. So, I put my hand across her eyes, and she blinked, of course. So, I figured she was just not answering me. At that point, Madame Matti, who was the concierge who lived in the downstairs flat in Tannegg, and was a perfect casting for the role—she was stout, firm, had her hair pulled back in a knot, and she was very efficient.

S: Yes. [*Laughs.*]

M: She came over, and asked, "Quest-ce qu'elle fait?" What is she doing? [*Chuckles.*] I said I don't know. Madame Matti looked at her and then said to me, "Elle fait du théatre," she's acting. So, we tried to get her up, but she was dead weight, and impossible to move.

S: Of course.

M: At that point, the owner of the chalet—this is an intricate housing development. [*S laughs.*] The owner always had the top floor to live in, and he was a German gentleman who came and went, and he was there then. He came out. And so, Madame Matti said that she would call a taxi and send her down to the maître de ville, a person in charge of the town.

S: Kind of like a mayor.

M: Like a mayor, but in this case he was also a medical doctor.

S: Right.

M: So, Madame Matti went to the telephone and summoned the taxi, and it took the three of us to get this woman, in dead weight, into the taxi. The taxi had a woman driver, and I thought that was a good thing. And so, she took her down, and apparently, what happened, we learned later, was that on arriving at the doctor, the unconscious woman stepped out happily and said, "There's nothing wrong with me. You cannot detain me." But the wife of the doctor persuaded her to come in, and they gave her a tisane, or I don't know what, but that was the end of the story. *Then*, and I might as well, since we're telling this story…

S: Yes.

M: …tell you that there was another chapter. And it occurs in Ojai several years later. Krishnaji was talking. Fortunately, as we always did in the Oak Grove, Alan Kishbaugh escorted him out of the grove, so people wouldn't mob him, so to speak…

S: Right.

M: …to my car, which was out on the road.

S: Besant Road.

M: Besant Road. And I would try to get to the car beforehand, but anyway, I didn't…I mustn't have been delayed because I didn't see what happened, which was that suddenly from some trees and bushes, this same woman emerged. While all the people were still preparing to leave, she emerges stark naked. So, Asha Lee, with great presence of mind, grabbed a blanket and rushed to her. And, anyway, the poor woman wound up in Camarillo State Mental Hospital. And all that I knew after that was that she eventually married her psychiatrist! But later, unfortunately, she jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco.

S: Poor woman.

M: …a sad story. But that morning, it was…

S: Ridiculous. It had only gotten as far as ridiculous.

M: Yes, it was one of those sorts of things that happened to me in the summer at Gstaad, coping with mad women.

S: Mad people. Yes, yes.

M: Yes, there were male ones as well.

S: Oh, yes, I remember.

M: Now, we come to Sunday, the twenty-fifth of July. 'Krishnaji gave his seventh and final talk for this year in Saanen. Dr. Drassinower examined him after the talk. Dr. Liechty came for lunch.' Have we mentioned in this record who she is?

S: I can't remember. We started our dialogues ten years ago! So…

M: I know; I don't remember anything.

S: I don't either [*laughing*]. So, let's say who Dr. Liechty is.

M: Well, you should know about Dr. Liechty, whoever you are out there. She was a charming, very, very nice, very bright woman. Krishnaji had been, thanks to Enrique Biascoechea, he'd been sick in India, several years ago, before all this.

S: May I just change the way you say all that?

M: Yes. [*Chuckles.*]

S: Only because you said that thanks to Biascoechea, Krishnaji got sick in India.

M: [*laughs*] See, I expect you to follow me!

S: So, Krishnaji got sick in India, and thanks to Biascoechea, he was sent to the Bircher-Benner Clinic in Zurich.

M: Yes. And, I think, to add to it, Biaschoechea paid for it. Rajagopal made a fuss about the money, and Biaschoechea said, "No. It is my pleasure to help Krishnaji." So, I'm putting that in, because I read it last night and it reminded me. Anyway, Dr. Liechty was the head of the clinic. She was also the niece of the founder of the clinic.

S: Dr. Bircher-Benner.

M: Yes. So, Dr. Liechty, she'd been the head of it when Krishnaji came, and she also came to the talks from then on. She was very nice. And she was the doctor that I was able to talk to about Krishnaji's "process." Was there anything in medical knowledge that could describe what was going on when Krishnaji went through "the process"? She said no. It wasn't epilepsy, it wasn't…

S: Yes, it was nothing we know about. It wasn't pathological.

M: Right, it wasn't pathological. Krishnaji, of course, had always said that. When I went with him to a doctor, as I did when he came to California, I took him to the doctor I went to. He gave his medical history and I was present, but he never mentioned the headaches and all that. Afterward, I asked him why he didn't mention that, and he said, "Oh, that has nothing to do with my health."

S: Can I just mention also about Dr. Liechty, because it's extraordinary; she had the best medical training in Europe when she was young. She also trained to be a homeopath, and she also spent years training to be an Ayurvedic doctor, and so she was a trained Ayurvedic doctor as well.

M: That's true. I'd forgotten that.

S: …which is remarkable.

M: Yes, it is.

S: I can remember her discussing with an Ayurvedic doctor…I remember this well, because I'd already had hepatitis. She was in India one year when I was there, and she was talking with a very well-known Ayurvedic doctor who'd come to hear Krishnaji. They were talking about hepatitis, and she said that during World War II (she'd already had her training as an Ayurvedic doctor by then), she never lost a single patient to hepatitis because she was using Ayurvedic treatments. And the Indian doctor was saying, "Oh, yes, that's true. There's no need to lose people to hepatitis." And then, they were joking about the different kinds of treatments that they give for hepatitis, and what happens, like bile comes streaming out of people's noses. But, during World War II, thousands of people died from hepatitis. Hepatitis was a real killer. And when I had hepatitis, my English doctor said that there's nothing that can be done about it; there's no cure, no treatment for hepatitis known to man. And here, in Ayurvedic medicine, there has been for decades or centuries, for all I know.

M: That's very interesting.

S: Isn't it?

M: Yes.

S: So she was a *real* medical expert, which is why she was such a good consultant for Krishnaji, because she had all these different kinds of medical training.

M: Yes, yes.

S: And she was a lovely lady.

M: She was a *lovely* lady. She came later to Brockwood. I have a photograph of this after a talk; they're walking across the lawn together.

S: Oh, how nice.

M: Yes. Yes, yes.

So, continuing that day, she came to lunch. 'That evening, I drove Frances McCann and Carol Allwell, and Michael Pont to the Brockwood party in the Rougemont chalet of Scott, Ted, Irene, Joe, Carol—about fifty people were there.'

S: I don't remember it at all.

M: Well, it says so here, so it must be so. [*Laughs.*]

July twenty-sixth. 'Dorothy and Montague moved up to Tannegg.' Usually, they camped in the camping area in Saanen, but when Mrs. Walsh, who was the woman who had the flat down below, gave it up, we would take it over, and Dorothy and Montague would spend just a short time there before going back to Brockwood. 'Krishnaji saw Mr. Russu.'

On the twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji rested. I went to see Madame Duchet in the afternoon and later went to a concert in the Saanen church with Evelyne and her mother.'

S: That probably would have been a Yehudi Menuhin concert?

M: Menuhin, yes.

On the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji began the public discussions in the tent. Very good. I had tea with Vicky Orfali at the Palace Hotel. There was a big earthquake in China.' Do we need to identify Vicky Orfali?

S: Yes.

M: Oh, dear. Vicky always went to the Saanen talks. She had been a Gurdjieffian person, I think, before, but she was now a Krishnamurti person. She traveled around the world, and she's still doing it. She calls me up every so often when she goes home. Home is Brooklyn, in a place her mother owned before her death. She's still trying to decide

whether or where she wants to live in Europe, and she hasn't, to my knowledge, decided yet. She lives, I think, in Spain a lot. Anyway, I had tea with her.

The next day, 'Krishnaji held the second public discussion. I fetched Mar de Manziarly up to Tannegg for lunch. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw the Siddoos, Narayan, and Fritz Wilhelm about adult centers. I talked alone with the Siddoos and Narayan. He's going to go to Vancouver. The school will start in a year. He'll be the principal.'

On July thirtieth, 'Krishnaji gave this year's third public discussion on death. Madame Sherer brought her annual gift to Krishnaji.' She was a French woman who brought him…it says here, 'junky gift.' Things to wear that he wouldn't…

S: …possibly wear.

M: …even consider. 'Carl Marcus came to lunch. I marketed. Walked. Narayan came to see me before supper about his confusion over his salary.' I don't know what that was.

The thirty-first of July. 'Public discussion number four. Dr. Drassinower to see Krishnaji once more before leaving. Narasimhan and Simonetta di Cesaro came for lunch. In the evening, Dorothy, Montague, Doris, Evelyne Blau, and I went to dine with the van der Stratens.'

August first. Krishnaji held the fifth and final Saanen public discussion for this year. I fetched the Fouerés to briefly greet Krishnaji after the discussion. Evelyne and her mother, Mrs. Kraft, and the Simmonses came to lunch. The Siddoos and Narayan saw Krishnaji again about Narayan being principal of the school. He is to think it over and let Krishnaji know tomorrow.' Well, they'd been talking about that all summer. Anyway.

The second of August. 'Jackie Siddoo and Narayan came to see Krishnaji at 10 a.m. Narayan is to go as principal of the school and to help with the adult center. Krishnaji dictated a memorandum of agreement on this.'

The next day, 'Tapas to see Krishnaji at 4 p.m., and Krishnaji had a haircut.'

On August fourth, Tapas and Jackie Siddoo came at 10 a.m. to see Krishnaji. Tapas wants to be where he is for two to three months. Krishnaji explained it was impossible. He had me telephone Jackie that she has done more than enough to bring Tapas around the world, and it shouldn't go on.' Tapas was their guest, and Krishnaji thought that that was enough. 'Edgar Graf, Doris, Dorothy, and Montague were at lunch, and later, Krishnaji and I walked in the woods.'

Thursday, the fifth of August. 'Krishnaji dictated letters. He told the Indian Foundation he will come there in November. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Montague, and I lunched at the Park Hotel. Later, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked to the river.' That was to give Fosca some time off as she would *never* take a day off if we didn't go out.

S: Yes, of course.

M: On the sixth. 'Desk. Krishnaji and I had lunch alone. Mar called from Paris with a message to Krishnaji from Nadia Kossiakof: She is in the hospital, and very weak, but resolved to live because she still has work to do for Krishnaji. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the late afternoon, when it was cooler. It was a beautiful day.'

The next day, 'Mar telephoned saying that Nadia feels she will pull through. Her doctor found a second abscess inside. Radha Burnier telephoned from London. She may come here later. I worked on a list of Krishnaji's addresses for his U.S. visa.' Here I was in Saanen, with nothing to refer to, and the U.S. Immigration Department sent me word that they had changed their rules. For Krishnaji to get a green card, they had initially needed a list of everywhere he had lived for a least three months since the age of sixteen. And I had done that. Now they wanted a list of anywhere he had lived for six weeks!

S: [*chuckles*] Oh, yes.

M: So, luckily, I had Mary's biography with me, and it's so well arranged, you know, she put the year at the top of the page. So, I was able to fulfill this, so that's what I was doing that day. [*Both chuckle*.] If I hadn't had the book, I couldn't have done it. 'It is a warm, beautiful day. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked to the river.'

August eighth. 'Frances McCann and Carol Allwell, Dorothy, and Montague all came to lunch. Krishnaji talked to Frances, correcting her impression that he wanted Tapas to come to see him in the West. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked to the river.'

The next day, 'I worked on the visa papers. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked up to the turn on the Turbach Road.'

August tenth. 'Dorothy and Montague left here this morning, steaming stylishly down the hill in their Land Rover, pausing to pick up Doris in Saanen, and set off for Brockwood. The house became immediately quiet, withdrawing into privacy. Krishnaji felt it. It's strange how we make a perimeter around ourselves. Madame Walsh'—she's the woman downstairs—'and the Mattis are below. The proprietor, Mr. Erkelenz, creaks overhead, and plays Mozart piano pieces to himself at suppertimes. But, here, in the middle floor, our territory has its own dimension and pulse. Yesterday, Krishnaji found me in tears, reading of his brother's death. I had been sifting the biography for Krishnaji's addresses and whereabouts. The Herculean task I have is to list every place Krishnaji has stayed since 1911. The biography has made it possible as far as it goes, which is 1932. But, I read parts of it as I went along, and I finished it, wanting to cry and cry. "Why?" asked Krishnaji. I tried to tell him that the pain of all he had to go through, the physical pain, Nitya torn away from him, why? All those foolish people, but most of all, Krishnaji's own undeterred passion for what he sees, his total being. I have never seen an ash of discouragement in him. I think I cry at the wonder of his existing, and it is what I felt in India. There, it seemed as if there were an enormous scale with all the pain, confusion,

and suffering of that country, the millions on one side, and on the other, the balancing of it all in the slight and infinite figure of Krishnaji.'

S: Yes.

M: 'So it is today, with the whole of humanity and its ghastliness. Krishnaji balances it all by his existence; one human being in whom beauty and goodness shine. I feel a wild wish to give everything, to die for that.'

S: Yes, Mary.

M: 'So, when he asked me what it was I felt, this is what I tried to say. He asked me if I was keeping this diary still. And to put it down. Did I do so?'

'I said, no, I wasn't writing about myself.'

'But you must, he said. "It will give it *bite*, what *you* see, what *you* feel." I wonder now if I can. I write all this under severe restrictions at times, and do not write too often. I should change.'

S: See. That's a perfect argument also for all that I was saying yesterday about what you feel and how important that is.

M: It is important. 'Krishnaji and I walked alone in the woods in the rain.'

August eleventh, 'I am as far as 1965 in Krishnaji's residences, and now into my own time with Krishnaji, but it is *pages* long. He traveled endlessly. I ached with a protective impulse, to smooth, to make everything right for him. Vanda rang from Florence, and says she will return Friday or Saturday for a week to check on his yoga. I went to fetch Krishnaji's new walking shoes from Mr. Kohli in Saanen. We walked to the river and saw it flow on a certain rock that is its pulse for us; the rock is running after a rain. Krishnaji watches the water run and his face is as eager and alive as a child. There was thunder as we came through the woods and drops began as we reached the chalet.'

The next day, 'A lovely, quiet day. Krishnaji and I lunched alone, and by midafternoon, the list of Krishnaji's addresses for 1911–1976 was done. I photocopied it and posted it to the U.S. Embassy in London. There is a large weight off my shoulders. We walked through the woods as always. Radha Burnier telephoned and is here. Vanda telephoned saying she can't come till Sunday.'

August thirteenth, 'Krishnaji came into the room, opened at random a copy of the *Notebook* to page 180, and after a few minutes he said, "Quite good."' [*S laughs*.] 'Then he asked, "Is it as good as that?" He pointed to a book I had there of Laurie Lee's *I Can't Stay Long*…'

S: Oh, yes.

M: '…that I'd been reading, and which I had told him I liked. I read him a sentence he wrote describing a rock in Rishi Valley and an example of Krishnaji's pure writing style, quite apart from what he has to say. He made dismissing sounds, as he does when one says something he considers a compliment. I said, "You should write some more."'

'Krishnaji replied, "Maybe I will. But if I start, I won't do anything else."' I remember this conversation. '"Talking is what I do, not that."'

'Radha Burnier has arrived in Gstaad and came up in the car with me to lunch. Krishnaji had his lunch in his room on the tray as usual, but came in afterward and talked to Radha most of the afternoon, mostly about India. Things outwardly are smoother, more efficient there, but behind it is fear. Pupul looks only at the pro-side of the prime minister, and doesn't seem to look at reality. Radha and Achyut are unable to talk to her freely, but Radha feels that under the statement Mrs. Gandhi made to Pupul, that Krishnaji is welcomed to come to talk.' In other words, it would be alright for Krishnaji to speak as he always did, even with martial law. 'I took Radha back to her hotel, Arc-en-Ciel, and Krishnaji took a nap till 6 p.m., coming in then, fuzzy with sleep, realizing it was too late to walk. In the evening, Jackie Kornfeld rang from the United States to say that KGBH in Boston is enthusiastic about the Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg videos, and tentatively wants to broadcast and disseminate them. Kornfeld asked what to do about editing, and asked if Sunanda could. I said "no" to that, but suggested they submit a transcript of the tapes with their wish for deletions, and we could compare it with the originals, etcetera, at least to begin with.'

August fourteenth. 'I worked most of the day at the desk. I brought Radha up for lunch. Krishnaji ate to avoid missing his nap and walk time. After eating his lunch in his room, he joined us and the talk was mostly about CWL**[2]**. Did he really have insight? Radha and Krishnaji thought a little, which, because of his conditioning, etcetera, he embellished and made personal. "He was a materialist," said Krishnaji. Radha said Arundale was an intensely possessive, jealous man. He didn't want his wife, Rukmini, Radha's aunt, to go anywhere without him, etcetera. Krishnaji said, "Amma**[3]** was the only real one." Radha said that in the Vasanta Vihar settlement last spring, a small cash sum of 10,000 rupees was to come to the JK Trust Madras.' They put up a little trust called the JK Trust Madras, to own Vasanta Vihar till it was…

S: Right…all the things got settled.

M: Yes. So, there was this sum of 10,000 rupees that was to come to the JK Trust Madras. 'When she went to collect it, she was told that Rajagopal had sent it to himself in Ojai, in spite of the court order.' [*S laughing.*] 'Less than $100!'—exclamation point. 'She also heard that Rukmini was trying to get on the board of trustees with others of her people in order to get Vasanta Vihar for herself. We all three wondered if this was also a Rajagopal ploy. "Did you know Franklin Lacey?" asked Radha. He is a great friend of Rukmini's.' Frank Lacey had something to do with Happy Valley School, and he was a Rosalind person.

S: Ah.

M: 'Then, the conversation went to other things, the meaning of yoga, karma, what dies at death. Krishnaji put it that the stream of thought, self, conditioning, etcetera, continues, and *it* manifests again, not an individual consciousness. The individual consciousness as we know it *is* part of that stream, and unless a person changes, it contributes to that stream. When he dies, matter dies. Thought is matter, and so dies, and what he was, remains part of the stream. That stream becomes part of the newborn human, and so it goes. The stream is the karma, not something individual. Only when one steps out of the stream is there a new dimension. Krishnaji had his nap, and after 5 p.m., we walked up through the woods twice as it was muddy beyond. The green pool in the river suddenly muddied as we looked down on it, and the sound of the water rose. There must've been a sudden rain upstream bringing down silt.'

Next day says only 'Radha to lunch. Vanda comes back from Florence.'

The sixteenth, 'Radha to lunch, and then Frances McCann and her sister Helen came to tea.'

There's really nothing until the eighteenth when, 'I took the 8:40 a.m. train to Geneva. Met Mr. Breitschmidt, of the American Fletcher Bank. Gave instructions for Isabel Biascoechea's account, and after talking over my own and Alzina'—Alzina was an account that I was in charge of, but it was for Krishnaji's benefit—'I decided to leave them at the Cantonal Bank for the time being. I walked back to the station, returned to Gstaad by 4:15 p.m., and walked with Krishnaji and Vanda.'

The next day, 'I started packing. Fetched Radha to lunch. Krishnaji had a haircut. And then, we walked in the woods.'

The twentieth. 'I did more packing. Brought Radha to lunch. I exchanged the Fiat for an Opal large enough to take our luggage. Ortolani and his friend came to say goodbye to Krishnaji. Krishnaji and I walked through the woods, and all was in order for our departure.'

August twenty-first. 'It is a most lovely morning. The luggage fitted easily into the larger car, hoisted in by Fosca and me. At 8:30 a.m., we said goodbye to Vanda and Fosca, who are staying on a few days, and we drove via the Col de Pillon down to Aigle where we got on a new auto route which detours Montreux and Lausanne, getting us unexpectedly soon to the Geneva Airport at 10:30 a.m. We flew British Airways to Heathrow. Krishnaji was in cheerful spirits at leaving. He chose the Pillon route instead of Bulle and was very pleased to see his due amici**[4]**.' [*S laughs.*] The due amici were two large cypress trees that grow just above Aigle. '"Ciao," he says to them always when we pass.' *[M chuckles.*] 'Then, the new road brought his child smile, mouth open a little, a big smile and absorption in looking at things. These moments melt my heart. His sense of wonder and interest, it is part of the delight of being with him.'

S: Yes.

M: 'Another pleasing and remembered thing, the Patek clock in the airport. He liked to go and look at it because it was accurate to some extraordinary degree.'

S: Yes, it was like an atomic clock.

M: Yes, it was. 'Dorothy, hot and distracted, was at Heathrow when we finally emerged. The wait for luggage was endless. The change in England since we left at the end of June is dismaying. The drought has withered the fields; grass is brown; leaves are tired on the trees. The sun is malevolent. Brockwood was cool in the downstairs rooms but the brown lawn feels like steel wool. I hadn't the heart to go to the grove. We unpacked and didn't walk. There was a painting by Louis de Broucgny'—or something like that—'which was a present from Mary and Joe who spent their summer holiday here.' That's the painting in the hall in the West Wing.

August twenty-second. 'I unpacked and put things in order. Brockwood is desperately dry. The lawn is brown and rough, and the rhododendrons are wilted in the grove. I got the car out, and the battery is okay. The tents for the Brockwood Public Talks are up. It was a hot, dry day.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I went to Petersfield for a train to London. We went to Brigg's, where Krishnaji ordered a sun umbrella, to Hatchards for books. And then met Mary L. at Fortnum's, where she lunched with us. I dropped Krishnaji at the dentist, Mr. Thompson, and went to Nelson for Nux Vomica, prescribed by Alain Naudé for my allergy. Krishnaji has to have a lower tooth out after the talks. We got back to Petersfield, where Dorothy and Doris had come to meet Erna and Theo, but they weren't on the train. Krishnaji and I went on, and Erna and Theo appeared soon after, having flown in from California. Another hot day.'

August twenty-fourth. 'I talked with Erna and Theo in the morning. Fritz Wilhelm appeared; and Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I talked to him in the afternoon about his possible marriage, and the Ojai job, etcetera. Krishnaji, Erna, and I walked.'

The next day, 'another very hot day. I took Erna and Theo to Winchester on errands, but was back for lunch. Erna and I discussed KFA matters. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Dorothy, and I walked.'

August twenty-sixth, 'I took the 11:45 a.m. train to London, and went to the General Trading Company for record holders for Krishnaji.' They sold records. 'At 2:30 p.m., I met Mary Cadogan, Erna, and Theo at Zoom Television. I looked at parts of the English quads.' What does that mean?

S: The Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg videos were originally recorded on two-inch English PAL quads. PAL is the English standard for televisions. So, you looked at the standard in

which they were filmed, which is much better than American NTSC standard, which is what you saw the recordings in in Saanen.

M: 'I talked to John Hawking about tapes.' Who's John Hawking?

S: Must've been someone at Zoom Television. It was they who did the standard's conversion of PAL to NTSC, and who made copies for us on U-Matics that we could re-copy for resale.

M: 'Erna, Theo, and I came back by train. Another very hot day. There are forest fires all over the country.' That was an awful year.

August twenty-seventh. 'I spent much of the day working at the desk. After lunch, I went to Petersfield on errands, taking Fritz Wilhelm and Carl Marcus. Fritz met Margrete Heising'—that's the woman he married—'a Danish woman who taught at Ojai during the summer school and whom Fritz may marry. The Digbys arrived from their new home in Dorset. Pascaline Mallet arrived and is in the West Wing dining room, which has been converted to a guest room. The weather is cooler.'

The twenty-eighth of August. 'Krishnaji gave his first Brockwood public talk of the year, and the tent was filled and overflowing outside. I sat outside. Mary and Joe came, and Vanda invited them up to the kitchen, where we all had fruit and salad before going back to the tent for the main course.' That's what we used to do. 'I was asked to the Publication Committee meeting in the afternoon. The videotapes of the Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg dialogues were shown in the Assembly at 5:45 p.m.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave the second Brockwood talk. We ate fruit and salad upstairs, and the rest in the tent. Radha Burnier is here. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and I walked in <u>rain!!!</u>' That is underlined with three exclamation points! [*Both chuckle*.] 'I saw number three of the videos in the evening, while Krishnaji watched *The Bridge on the River Kwai* on television.'

August thirtieth, 'Krishnaji wants to hold a month of meetings in March with representatives of England, India, and the U.S. and probably Canada, about the future of the schools and the work. He wants it to be in Ojai. Desikachar, his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Underwood came to lunch. Desikachar is holding a seminar at Cambridge. We rested in the afternoon, then a walk with Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and Dorothy.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held a public discussion in the tent. Lunched half in the kitchen and half with everyone in the tent. Took Radha Burnier to the Petersfield train. Krishnaji saw briefly a Polish woman, sociologist, Mrs. Magdalena Jasinska.' We saw a lot of her after this. 'Then, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and we walked. I saw video number four on our return.'

Wednesday, the first of September. 'Krishnaji and I spoke to Jackie Kornfeld in New York about KGBH wanting the videotapes, but also wanting them edited down to three hours by someone from KFA, apparently me. I did deskwork, and walked in afternoon.'

September second. 'Krishnaji held the second discussion in the tent, a brilliant one on thought. Radha Burnier had the first half of lunch with us in the kitchen. Then, we went for the main course in the tent. There was a nap, a walk, and video tape number five was shown.'

The third of September. 'I went to Petersfield on errands and met Mary Cadogan at the train station. There was a meeting after lunch about video matters, with Erna, Theo, and Scott Forbes. The walk was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and me.'

The fourth of September. 'Krishnaji gave the third Brockwood talk. A tremendous talk. We again had fruit and salad upstairs, and then went back to the tent for hot food. With Erna and Theo, we talked to a George Bohlen about a donation to KFA that involved an inheritance he has of paintings, also about his getting support for the school from people in Massachusetts showing the videos, etcetera.' I don't know what that is. I don't remember all that. 'I walked with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, and Theo; and on my return saw the sixth video tape. I told George and Nelly about the meeting Krishnaji wants in Ojai in March about the future of the schools and work. Krishnaji and I watched on TV *The Two Ronnies*.' [*Laughs.*] Do you remember them?

S: [*laughs*] I remember them well!

M: He liked that. And then there was a *Starsky and Hutch* program playing.

S: [*laughing*] A good night!

M: Yes, a good night for television. [*Laughs*.]

On the fifth of September. 'Krishnaji gave his fourth Brockwood talk, another overwhelming one. Mary L. and Amanda sold books at the book table, and I joined them. Then, they came up for tea with Krishnaji in the kitchen. Krishnaji walked with Dorothy, and I went to the seventh video, and was overwhelmed by that, too. After supper, Krishnaji and I watched a TV film about Cromwell.'

September sixth. 'The guests begin to leave, and the house gets quieter. The talks are over. Krishnaji dictated letters. I typed, and did laundry. I discussed Foundation matters with Erna and Theo in the afternoon. Krishnaji and I again signed the revised KFA charter, and revised the agreement of the case settlement. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and I walked. I looked at videos of last week's talks done by Scott Forbes.'

The seventh, 'I did deskwork, and went to a staff meeting. Krishnaji talked to Erna, Theo, and me; then we walked. There was a letter from my brother. My brother was being sued

by an ex-wife' [*both M and S laugh*] 'for more alimony!' She could use alimony, that woman.

Wednesday, September eighth. 'With Erna and Theo, and Ted Cartee, I took the 8:51 a.m. train to London. Erna and Theo got off at Woking to go to Heathrow and on to Majorca.' He had a sister living in Majorca. 'Ted came with me to the U.S. embassy about Krishnaji's immigration application. There were contradictory statements by the girl at the desk.' I don't know what that was. 'I bought some coffee beans and got back to Brockwood by 2:30 p.m. Walked with Krishnaji. There was another staff meeting.'

S: Would you have gone to Mr. Higgins to get your coffee beans?

M: To buy coffee beans? Probably, but it doesn't say Mr. Higgins. [*Both chuckle*.]

The ninth of September. 'Krishnaji held the first discussion with the staff for this academic year, on applying his teachings in the teaching of regular academic subjects, history, physics, etcetera. Dorothy came to me with problems with Ted.' I've forgotten what that was, but I knew there were problems. 'We walked, as usual, in the afternoon.'

The tenth of September. 'Dorothy has talked to a staff member about having therapy, and that person is willing to go to Shainberg. I worked at my desk. I wrote to the embassy, as nothing came in the mail.' They were sending me papers. 'To West Meon after lunch. Back for the walk. Rain in the evening.'

September eleventh. 'Krishnaji, in spite of a cold, held a discussion with the staff on teaching. He went to bed after lunch. I went with the Bohms to look at a cottage for sale in Warnford. Heavy rain in the late afternoon.' The Bohms were thinking of living in Warnford.

The next day, 'Krishnaji was in bed all day. I took vitamin C to ward off getting a cold.'

September thirteenth, 'Krishnaji spent Saturday afternoon and all day yesterday in bed with a cold, but mysteriously, he is able to get over that in contrast to his hay fever. Today he said he was quite able to go to London, Huntsman, and the dentist. His face looked pinched on the train, and it was colder today with light rain in London. He fitted at Huntsman, and I did too, a skirt, first try. Then, we walked to Fortnum's and lunched with Mary Links. She had a copy of the Avon paperback edition of the biography. It looked very nice. Krishnaji told her of the two meetings he has had with the staff at Brockwood, and of his plan to teach us how to teach his teachings at the same time as and mingled with academic subjects. He also talked very seriously to her about the month of meetings at Ojai in March, on the future of the schools, the work, etcetera. He and Mary think a few, perhaps I, should be responsible for seeing that the teachings are kept alive, active, unaltered, or uninterpreted after his death. He thinks Sunanda, Fritz, and I should be the three. To my own surprise, during the two meetings with teachers, I came to see many ways Krishnaji's teachings could be woven into history, math, science, etcetera. Something has begun to come alive in my head, where it was a blank before.'

‘Krishnaji wants Mary L.’s ideas on these matters. Should she come to Ojai in March, I would be glad to provide airfare. Krishnaji is not sure yet. While he went to the bathroom, Mary told me that Alain Naudé is down to his last $1,000.’ She remained great friends with Alain, and after he left, he communicated with her. ‘We went next door**[5]** to inquire about Krishnaji’s sun umbrella, and to Hatchards, where we found a new detective novel. Then, Joe thoughtfully came by to pick us all up, and Krishnaji went to Mr. Thompson. Two lower front teeth are to come out on Wednesday. Pont Vecchio’ [*laughs*] ‘the name Krishnaji has given to his dental bridge’—[*both laughing*] I’d forgotten that—‘remained, and Thompson is to have a replacement made and installed. We had a quick taxi to Waterloo. In the train, Krishnaji spoke again about me, Fritz, and Sunanda. I said he must educate me. He said people will accept and trust me. I have no such optimism. We will have Sunanda take notes of anything he tells her and Fritz in India this winter, and send them to me. I am to keep the Lilliefelts informed. I asked Krishnaji about what came up at Saturday’s teacher meeting—Krishnaji’s demand that we transform the students instantly and completely. Is it possible? How is it that he has not done it, speaking all these years?! Krishnaji said, “I’ve wondered about it.”’ [*Both laugh.*] ‘He said that he thinks Mrs. Besant may once have said that the teachings are so enormous, the light is too strong, it is too much and people go blind. “But when you die, the light will be there, but the personality won’t.”’

S: Hm. Hm.

M: That’s curious.

S: Meaning, in a sense, that they will be no longer blinded but somehow the benefit will still be there…

M: Yes, what he said will be there, but his presence adds to the overwhelming-ness of it, or something. That’s my feel or guess.

S: Mm, hm.

M: September fourteenth, ‘Krishnaji spent the day in bed, and says he should do it one day a week—in India as well. It is good for him. I worked at my desk and went to Petersfield on errands. It rained.’

September fifteenth, ‘We took the 11:45 a.m. train to London, and went directly to Fortnum’s for lunch. We talked of what the immediate assessing mind does on seeing people.’ You know, you look at a person, you assess.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: ‘Example: At a glance, one recognizes Americans in London. Krishnaji watched a man at a table nearby and guessed he was an artist. I asked if these images, which are instantaneous and part of the data gathering of the mind, are wrong in terms of his teachings. He said, “With me, I am vacant most of the time, except when I’m talking.”

He continued, “I see someone, I may know it is Ms. Pratt, but my mind is empty.” I said it seemed as if one has facts and images, but one keeps the score open, so to speak; one keeps looking, not letting the image obliterate what is seen. Krishnaji seemed to assent to this, but I must ask it again, in case he was being a little vacant today. We walked to Huntsman. He fitted a pair of thin trousers and chose a greeny/beige tweed for a warm pair. Then, we struggled for a taxi, he on Cork Street Corner and me on Saville Row corner. We got to Mr. Thompson, where Krishnaji went in to have his two lower middle teeth out. They are loose and worn away. Sitting in the waiting room by the door, I could hear him and Mr. Thompson laughing.’ [*Both chuckle*] ‘Soon, the nurse came out to say he would be out in a few minutes—my signal to find a taxi. One wouldn’t wait; the second was cheerful and sympathetic, but I sat in it to be sure, and then out came Krishnaji, making a gesture that it was nothing. He had a small amount Novocain, no pain, very quick, and the bridge now has two new teeth in it that look totally real. There was no bleeding. He felt fine. He took some ferrum phos. The cab had to stop in Berkeley Square for petrol, but we caught the 4:50 p.m. I asked Krishnaji if his teeth might have had a healing quality. He said, yes, he should’ve saved them. He said healing cannot be taught or transmitted to another. It is strongest in the person with the least self. I asked, “Can you heal yourself?” He said, “No. But if you put your hand on me, and I touch your hand, it helps.”’

S: Hm.

M: I remember that. When he was dying…

S: Yes, I remember.

M: He asked me to press him here…

S: I remember, yes, me too.

M: And he put his hand on me.

S: Yes, yes, yes.

M: September sixteenth, ‘Krishnaji talked to teachers. Walk in the afternoon with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and dogs.’

September seventeenth, ‘I went to London to take Krishnaji’s passport for renewal by the Indian High Commission, where Mr. Vettakhan saw to it. I went to the U.S. embassy about Krishnaji’s immigration visa, to Nelson for homeopathic remedies for Krishnaji, to the bank, and at 3:30 p.m. to the Connaught, where Betsy Drake joined me for coffee. Then, back to the Indian High Commission to pick up the passport, and so back to Brockwood.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji spoke to teachers. We walked in the afternoon.’

September nineteenth. ‘Balasundaram arrived in the morning and went directly to talk to Krishnaji. In spite of Krishnaji’s coming soon to Madras, and in spite of his wife Visalakshi having cracked her hip in two falls and having to cancel plans to record for UNESCO in Paris, Balasundaram has felt it necessary to be here and talk to Krishnaji. Krishnaji has felt increasingly that Balasundaram has done nothing to carry out all that was discussed and planned between them a year ago. I attended a staff meeting at 3 p.m. Then a walk with Krishnaji, Balasundaram, Dorothy, and me.’

September twentieth. ‘Erna telephoned from London where she and Theo have spent the weekend after being in Majorca and Spain. They fly back to California today. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held an intensive two-hour discussion with the teachers, mostly on fear, putting himself in the role of a student. On the central factor behind various fears, he shut me up.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘He later said he wanted *them* to respond. It was a very good discussion and hard work. Later on, the walk was with Krishnaji, Balasundaram, Dorothy, me, and the dogs. A warm day, I took off my sweater.’ That seems to have been notable. [*S chuckles*.] ‘The earth breathes with the damp smells of autumn. This lovely land moves me, and I am lost for moments in its rolling fields. The air, so filled with earth and sky, brings a sense of something, of an essential, something native. I suppose it is out of my childhood.’ I know that countryside has always been immensely reminiscent, evocative.

S: Yes, evocative.

M: Yes, and wonderful to me. It’s childhood memories of similar terrain, only in the U.S.

S: It’s also just so rich with history and culture and something very human.

M: It is. Long before Krishnaji, when Sam and I used to fly there, when the plane would come over England and it was sunny, the clouds would part, and there it was, green and England.

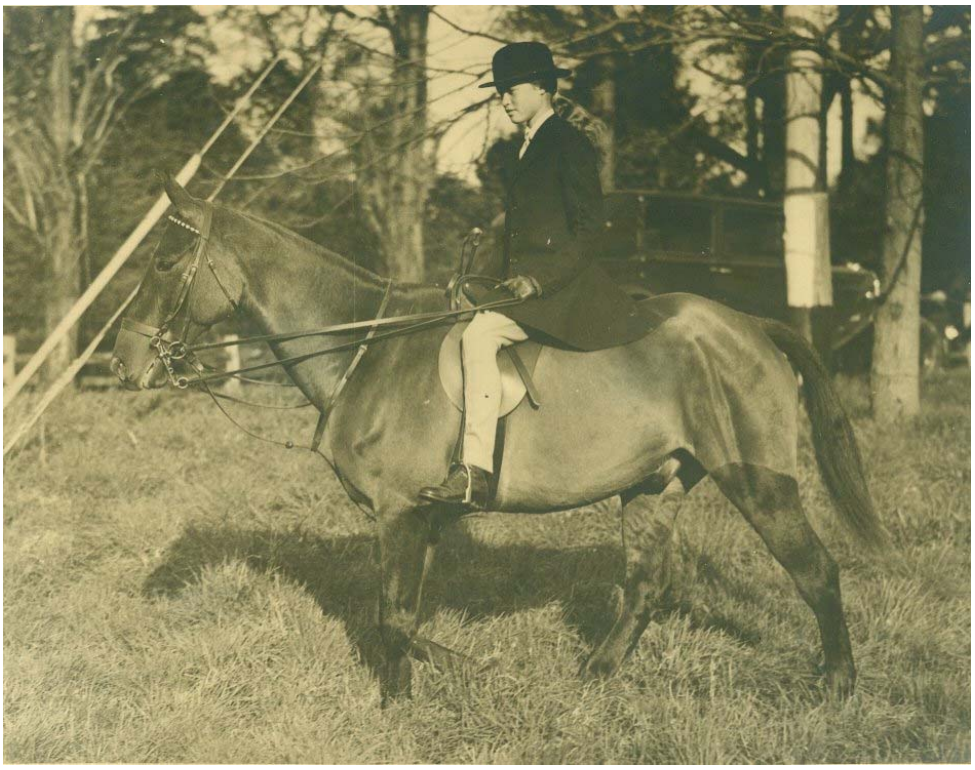
S: Yes, yes.

M: I wanted to touch it.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘As we were returning from the walk, Jim was there with the horses and persuaded me to get up on the little bay. Suddenly being on a horse again, after all these years, was a delight. I rode over to Krishnaji, with all the instantly alive reflexes and pleasures of those long-ago horse days.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘It would be marvelous to ride here, but, and a large *but*, the stirrup leather and flap of saddle is exactly where my most fragile skin graft is on my leg, where the ulcer was a year ago and where there is hardly any cushion of flesh under the graft.’ That’s why I couldn’t ride.

S: Yes. We should say it was Jim Fowler, just to identify which Jim.



Mary, as a young girl, riding a horse

M: Yes, Jim Fowler took care of the horses at Brockwood.

On the twenty-first, 'I went to Winchester Customs and Excise Office and paid a 319 pounds sterling duty for the import of a '72 gray Mercedes.' [*S chuckles*.] 'It now has a British instead of a Swiss registry. I was back for lunch. With Dorothy, I went to Alresford and West Meon on errands in the afternoon, and then a walk with Krishnaji and Balasundaram.'

September twenty-second. 'We went to London by train, to U.S. embassy to have notarized affidavits by Krishnaji and me on the particulars of his birth. These are needed in lieu of a birth certificate, required by U.S. immigration visa application. An eager older woman worker appeared to introduce a shy younger one who had recognized Krishnaji. He shook hands and made his slight bow. I wished it had happened in the "immigration section," which is as impersonal as a factory.'

'We walked to Fortnum's, stopping at Morgan Guarantee and passing Sulka, where I saw a handsome cotton dressing gown which Krishnaji liked, but we were hurrying and didn't go in. Mary and Joe lunched with us. It was pleasant. And then Krishnaji went with Joe to Truefitt for a haircut, and I did small errands before joining him at Huntsman. He fitted trousers. And then, it was raining hard, and of course, no taxis. What to do? Then, André de Bloos, father of Brockwood student Jean-Michel de Bloos, appeared having seen Krishnaji through the Huntsman window. He and his friend, a woman named Martine, were parked across the street, and they offered to drive Krishnaji and me to Waterloo. Surprising luck. I was weary and dog-tired' [*laughing*].

‘In the train, I slept and woke up to watch Krishnaji reading a detective story we bought at Waterloo, his lips moving faintly with the words.’ That slowed him down terribly. I once took a speed reading course and learned you must never mouth the words. Anyway, ‘his fingers seem polished as he holds the book. The grace and beauty that is so limitless in his face can be watched endlessly, wonderingly, more beautiful than a work of art, and more alive than a tree. In the evening, we watched a TV interview with Andrei Amalrik, a Soviet dissident writer. Krishnaji said, “We are talking about the same things,” when Amalrik said, “Change cannot come from without, but from within each person.” Later, we watched till far too late, at 11 o’clock, a remake of *Rogue Male* with Peter O’Toole. It was a good movie. We both got too tense with the suspense!’ I don’t remember the movie, but I remember the name. That’s the end of that day.

S: Okay. That’s all we have time for.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] He was the director of the Krishnamurti-Bohm-Shainberg videos from America who had come over to film the discussions at Brockwood.

[2] Charles Webster Leadbeater, the man Theosophists believed to be psychic and who discovered Krishnaji as a boy on the beach in Madras, claiming he was the new “World Teacher.”

[3] This is what Krishnaji called Annie Besant.

[4] Italian for “two friends.”

[5] Swaine Adeney Brigg, usually just known as Brigg’s.

Issue 43: September 23, 1976 to December 31, 1976

In this issue we see more than we have before of Krishnaji's concern about how his teachings will continue after he is gone. This continued to be a vexing question for the rest of his life.

Mary gives accounts (one quite long) of discussions Krishnaji held which weren't recorded. It seems these are the only accounts we have of these.

Mary: We're starting on September twenty-third, 1976, and we're at Brockwood. My diary says, 'Krishnaji talked to Balasundaram at some length. Students started to arrive**[1]**. We walked in the rain; Krishnaji, Balasundaram, Dorothy, and I.'

And for the next day, all it says is, 'Balasundaram left. The rest of the students arrived.'

On the twenty-fifth of September. 'Today is the start of the term for the school, so students are seeing teachers about their studies, etcetera. Krishnaji spent the whole day in bed resting, something that he would like to do once a week. I drove to Ginny and Bill Travers's for lunch with them and their children,' one of whom is my god-daughter. We don't have to put that in. 'I gave them a copy of *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, and drove back in time to get Krishnaji's dinner tray. It was an intense evening of TV: *The Two Ronnies*,' [*S chuckles*] 'who make Krishnaji laugh, and *Starsky and Hutch*.'

September twenty-sixth, 'Krishnaji gave his first talk of the term to the school, looking marvelous in new beige trousers,' [*both chuckle*] 'like mine, a brown jersey, and seeming no more than thirty years old. His face was alive, quick, full of laughter and shine. He spoke on listening, what it can be.'

'In the afternoon, just as we were about to watch a full BBC repeat of the first Carter debate in the U.S., Mr. T. Santhanam arrived for tea an hour early. With him was his younger son, a very nice young man of about thirty-one. They left after 5 p.m., and Krishnaji, Dorothy, I, and the dogs walked down to the lodge and across the fields. There were many mushrooms. The air was soft, warm, and wet. The grass is green, green at last**[2]** —all the delights of England.'

September twenty-seventh. 'I worked at the desk and laundry. Krishnaji slept most of the morning. He, Dorothy, the dogs, and I went for a different walk, to look first of all at the young apple orchard, very good this year. Tasted an apple that tasted like the ones I remember in my childhood in Mill Neck, on Long Island—real apples from the tree, tart and sweet, and tasting of early autumn. We went across the fields, north and then west and around—a new good walk.'

'On our return, I learned that Jackie Kornfeld had telephoned. I got Krishnaji's supper and then rang her at her home in Tuxedo Park, New York. WGBH, the public broadcasting channel in Boston, want definitely to broadcast and distribute three forty-

five-minute segments of the Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg videos. They want our collaboration and the editing to be done in November in Boston. That means my being there then. Talked to David Bohm about it. He would like to do numbers 4 to 7. He wants us to try to persuade them to take all four. Krishnaji and I watched *I, Claudius* on TV. Krishnaji looked a little tired and delicate. His bridge is hurting him.' That's his dental thing.

Scott: Mm, hm.

M: 'We will go to the dentist Wednesday. Meanwhile, I put his salad through the blender. I made all his plane reservations today. He will go from Bombay to Rome on January twentieth, and Rome to London January twenty-fourth. From Ojai, I will get his ticket for London to LA for January thirty-first. His India program worries me. It is too demanding. Pupul doesn't realize that he must be protected.'

S: Just to add something here about those WGBH tapes: I remember editing them.

M: You?

S: For some reason, I did at least the machine editing.

M: Well, good.

S: And we have them in the archive. They were first edited on paper.

M: Yes.

S: And I think you and David were involved, weren't you? I'm not sure.

M: Yes, may have.

S: And then, I did them on the machines. It was really tiresome, tedious work. But it was also extraordinary in a way, because to look that closely at them…because you can't just edit anywhere, even when it looks good on paper…

M: No, no.

S: …you have to make it look good on the video…

M: That's right.

S: …to do the editing. So, I spent weeks on this, and *really* got to know those videos. I still think they're the best things we have, on video.

M: Especially the last one, and the last part of the last one, where Krishnaji just takes off…

S: Yes. It's extraordinary.

M: …is extraordinary, both in what he says, the way he said it, the way he looked…

S: Yes.

M: …the tremendous authority, in the right meaning of authority…

S: Absolutely.

M: …in the certainty of what he was saying.

S: Absolutely.

M: Yes.

S: Even after seeing them as much as I did, I still found them just absolutely wonderful.

M: Yes, yes.

So, the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji talked alone with the students. I drove to Southampton about insurance for the Mercedes and then to Winchester on errands. I found a foam mat for Krishnaji to use doing yoga. I was back to Brockwood in time for the walk.'

September twenty-ninth, 'Krishnaji and I went to London, to Nelson's for remedies for him to take to India, to Brigg's for his sun umbrella, to Hatchards for two detective novels, and to Fortnum's to lunch with Mary. She is against using the Krishnaji-Bohm dialogues mixed in with talks for the next book.' We've already discussed Mary's reluctance with those dialogues. 'We told Mary about the videos being broadcast on WGBH. Then, Krishnaji began rather intensely talking about India, about nothing having been done there in all these years. Would Sunanda be able to? She is immature still, he said, still may feel personally about him. "Haven't we all, in our time?" said Mary.' [*Chuckles.*] 'We all doubted India would accept a Westerner being in charge one day. "They are snobs," said Krishnaji. He was very critical of Pupul, whom he saw on television showing, "selling," he said, rugs to Mrs. Thatcher. "A Brahmin?"' [*S laughs.*] 'He was shocked.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'His distaste for this got mixed up in the more realistic criticizing of Pupul's association with Mrs. Gandhi. He suggested a group: me, David Bohm, the Lilliefelts, Mary Lutyens, Dorothy, and probably Fritz. But this didn't sound too good in the train later; he said to me, "I want to talk to you."'

S: Mm, hm.

M: September thirtieth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the whole school. I did desk work. Walked with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and the dogs. We watched *Kojak* on television.'



Krishnaji dressed for London

October first. 'Krishnaji saw Tapas at 10 a.m. Then, he said to me that we must have some serious talk about the work. He said that we care for each other, that is understood, we put that aside. Then he said, "You block yourself by defending and saying that things are impossible. Not free. The Lilliefelts have not gone into things deeply. The Indians are good at repetitive inquiry, but not free. That is what is left at the end of sixty years. So, really, there's actually no one. Someone may turn up in the next five to ten years, but now there is no one. What to do? Mary Links is out of it. She can't do it either. We must take things as they are, and work from there. The Digbys are out. There's you and Sunanda. In India, I will meet Sunanda, Achyut, Pupul, Ahalya, Radha Burnier, and Balasundaram. The best of the lot are in England: you, David Bohm; Dorothy is not pliable enough. In Ojai, there is the Lilliefelts, you, Fritz Wilhelm if he proves right. He will be on trial in India this winter. India sometimes makes people crazy."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I asked if there'd ever been anyone. Krishnaji said Jadu and Rama Rao had capacity, but Rajagopal drove them away.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'In India, leave it open. Radha might have something. Theosophy?' (question mark). 'She can't leave it. It is her job. What to do with these few? Build everything as though I'm going to die tomorrow. At Brockwood, David Bohm, Dorothy, and you. At Ojai, it's the Lilliefelts, you, Fritz, and David Bohm again. You and David Bohm are kingpins between U.S. and England. Both are liked and trusted. In India, Pupul may be finished or might come out of it. Sunanda will cooperate with you. He then said I must remind him when he is in India to talk about who will come to Ojai in March for complete confidence in each other. It is doubtful about Balasundaram. The point of all this is to keep the teachings fundamental and vitally in the schools and centers. If the schools don't vitally reflect the teachings, they are better cut loose. He wants me to talk to Dorothy about her defensiveness, lack of pliability. I pointed out that her qualities and David's complement each other. Together, it might work at Brockwood. I said he'—meaning Krishnaji—'was stuck with me, and please to hammer on my head. "I will, he said."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'He doesn't want me to go to India. He said the climate is too rough. I must keep healthy for all of this.'

October second. 'There were heavy showers. Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting. I spent it at the desk. I went to the David Bohm discussion. In the evening with David Bohm, Scott Forbes, and Joe Zorskie, we edited transcripts of the videos of Krishnaji-Bohm-Shainberg discussions. We did numbers 4 and 5. We have to get them down to forty-five minutes for WGBH broadcasting. I eventually had to stop to go watch *Starsky and Hutch* with Krishnaji.' [*S chuckles*.]

S: That's right. Joe was involved in that.

M: Yes, I remember.

S: I'd forgotten that.

M: We went into the drawing room and conferred about it.

S: Right.

M: I remember that.

S: Yes, I remember Joe now. So, we edited them on paper in the drawing room?

M: I guess so. Yes, yes, it had to be on paper.

October third. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school and visitors most movingly on love and suffering. A new glimpse. It rained all day. We walked to the lodge and back in spite of the rain. Tapas left after lunch. David, Scott, Joe, and I finished editing transcripts of videos 4 and 5. Krishnaji saw Joe and Carol at 4 p.m. In spite of the rain, he, Dorothy, and I walked with the dogs to the lodge and back. In the evening, I asked Krishnaji why all his talk about "after my death," and reminded him that he had said recently he would

live another ten to fifteen years. “That still stands,” he said, “and luckily my brain is alive as ever and will be till I die.”’

S: Hm.

M: And so it was.

S: It was indeed.

M: My brother telephoned.

October fourth. ‘I worked at the desk all day, except for a school meeting in afternoon. Krishnaji talked to Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt who are in a Krishnamurti group in Israel. And later he talked to a French group who want to do a school. I talked to Phil Fry and to Fleur.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji talked alone to the students. I went to Winchester in the car, but must go to Salisbury. A cold, rainy day. Did assorted errands there, and got back by 6 p.m. Krishnaji didn’t walk. It was too wet.’ It has to be pretty wet for him not to go for a walk, I would add!

S: Yes. [*Chuckles.*] Said with feeling.

M: Yes, yes. And with memory and experience of same.



The English Mercedes. Krishnaji going to the train station to go to London.

October sixth. ‘To get British registration for the gray Mercedes, I left early and drove to Salisbury, only thirty-five miles away, a pleasant drive with more glimpses of countryside. The cathedral spire led me to the city, a nice, neat tower. The office was

found, formalities accomplished. WHO 354 R is the number for some continuing odd reason. I am relieved it is settled and made English. Went off on foot to see the cathedral rising out of the green turf; gray stone, solid and soaring. The cloisters would've pleased Krishnaji. I wandered pleasantly in the solitary way I like, and have done so on and off all these years. Exploring, seeing at one's own pace. I came back via Romsey in time for the end of lunch. I had a long walk later with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and the dogs.'

M: The seventh. 'I took the 9:15 a.m. train to London, then to Eaton Place for Krishnaji's Italian visa, then to Morgan Bank, and walked to Marks & Spencer for cardigans for Filomena, Caterina'—that's Filomena's sister. 'Then, I went to meet Krishnaji, who came in on the 10:45 a.m. to Mary Links's house. She had the Fortnum's menu: cheese flan and spinach. Krishnaji went on about her cooking until she confessed that the flan was from Marks & Spencer and the spinach was frozen.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'His mind was only barely on the topic we were discussing: should a little of the Krishnaji-Bohm dialogues be put in the book that is mainly of the Saanen and Brockwood talks? The Digbys have suggested it as a compromise to printing all the dialogues now, which some, Mary especially, feel give a wrong effect on paper of David Bohm's interpreting the teachings to Krishnaji. Joe came in after and drove Krishnaji to the dentist, dropping me at John Bell and Croyden for miscellaneous shopping for Krishnaji. I met Krishnaji at the dentist, where he had a gleaming new spare bridge by Mr. Thompson the dentist. We caught a taxi to Waterloo and then the 2:50 p.m. train to Petersfield. Krishnaji dozed in the train and kept waking himself up with what he calls shouting.' You remember he used to do that?

S: Mm, hm. I do.

M: Mmm.

S: Maybe you should just describe it a little bit. I think we described it before, but I think you should just describe a little bit for people who don't know.

M: Yes. He would sort of doze off, sometimes in the car driving, and he would come to with a start, a physical start where he would come forward, and he'd make a sound he called shouting, but it wasn't shouting-shouting.

S: No. It was more like 'Ahh.'

M: Yes, yes. Exactly. You've imitated it.

S: Yes.

M: Good. [*Both chuckle.*] Better than words. Anyway, as I was saying, 'He kept waking himself up with what he calls shouting, more of a sudden start and cry. "I don't know why I do it. I've tried to figure it out, and never could." It happens when he is in light sleep, dozing, and there are no dreams in it. He has done it for years. I worked on video editing in the train. Got back tired. We watched *Kojak* and now I must go to sleep.'

October eighth. 'I fetched Mary Cadogan at Petersfield. Krishnaji spoke to the school. After lunch, he talked with Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, and me about David Bohm, and the danger that is "assuming the mantle" when Krishnaji is gone. We all felt that David Bohm doesn't intend it, is a good man, devoted to Krishnaji and the teachings, but his weakness is liking praise and being able to be pushed by more dominant personalities. There is a difficulty of having someone talk, go into things, without assuming authority. Krishnaji is bothered by Dorothy's "defending," and not having new ideas. He said again to me that I see difficulties ahead instead of how things can be done.'

S: That *you* see troubles ahead?

M: Yes. He was annoyed if I said, "But, Krishnaji, if we do that, this will happen."

S: Oh, I see. Right.

M: I would foresee difficulties where he would plunge ahead with something.

S: Right. I've got it.

M: And that bothered him. I shouldn't always look for reasons not to do something. He was right.

'He wants to get good teachers from Brockwood, Ojai, and India together. Later, we watched on TV a series called *Victorian Scandals*, this one on the Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh trial for publishing a tract on birth control.' I remember that. Bradlaugh was an early colleague of Annie Besant before she got into Theosophy.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Krishnaji said, "Amma didn't look like that"'—[*S chuckles*]—'and the same of Bernard Shaw**[3]**. "She never talked to me about Bradlaugh. She talked about lots of things, but not him." She said, "Jinarajadasa…"' [*Begins to laugh.*] I know what's coming [*laughs some more*]. He's quoting Annie Besant: 'She said, "Jinarajadasa shouldn't be the head of the TS because he liked to look at naked ladies." "Oh, Amma," he said.' [*Both laugh*.]

October ninth. 'Krishnaji reviewed his statement, written in June for the *Bulletins* on his being responsible only for schools under his direct supervision, and hence, only they should use Krishnaji's name. It will be printed in the next issue. He then saw Narayan at some length. I went to West Meon, where British plates were put on the Mercedes, completing its import to the UK. Settled at last. I then went to Petersfield to fetch a washed bedspread and Magnolia paint to send to California as a sample, possibly for the cottage.' Magnolia's the color that most of the interior of Brockwood is painted, for people who don't know that. 'Back in time to fix Krishnaji's lunch tray, as he spent his day in bed. He was pleased with Narayan. Feels he can do well. He discussed with him a man named Graham, whom Tapas had here last Sunday; a former British consul in

Madras, married to an Indian, who wants to live in India, capable of going to Rishi Valley as a senior teacher if Balasundaram deteriorates further. Could become the principal. Krishnaji asked Narayan, if Canada doesn't work out, would he go to India? And Narayan said, "Of course," which Krishnaji liked. He is pliable. Krishnaji presently is very bothered by the lack of this in Dorothy. He kept repeating, "What will we do?" at me. "She isn't moving forward."'

S: Mm, hm.

M: '"What do we do if something happens to her? Brockwood will fall apart." He is disturbed that there is no one else. She hasn't found anyone as a backup. This doesn't seem Dorothy's doing as it is with Balasundaram, who apparently dismisses capable people. Krishnaji wants me to talk to Dorothy, as she gets so upset when he does. I said that, "I, too, defend."'

'Professor Maurice Wilkins arrived for the weekend and is in the West Wing guest room. I went to David Bohm's meeting in the afternoon. There were only six students; his audience was mostly staff and visitors. It was an intellectual plowing in depth, but rather in circles, I felt. After supper, Dave, Scott, Joe, and I worked on editing numbers 6 and 7 of the videos. Got it done. Dave provided a summary introduction on the long side.'

S: I remember that.

M: You remember that?

S: I think we ought to just say a word here about…

M: Yes, what?

S: …about Krishnaji wanting to make it clear that only schools he started and was responsible for could use his name.

M: That's correct.

S: Because otherwise, if we don't say anything more, it sounds a little bit…

M: No, he felt that it was…I'm talking from memory now, I couldn't tell you *when* he said it, but he said it often.

S: Right. Well, what I want to add here for the record is that, as you mentioned in the previous discussion or perhaps a couple of discussions before, that there was a group from France that was interested in starting a school. There had previously been a very interested group from Germany that had come and spent a long time trying to do this. So, there were different groups around the world, in South America, for instance, there were several, who wanted to start Krishnamurti schools.

M: And he didn't want any of them.

S: Well, he didn't want them to use his name.

M: Name. That's right.

S: He was very happy for people to start really good, intelligent, sensitive schools.

M: Yes, and doing the things that he talked about in education.

S: Right. But, he just didn't want his name used because he wasn't responsible for them.

M: Correct.

S: So, I'm just adding that, because otherwise it sounds like he was against starting schools.

M: And I think, in a way, he was wary of what he'd seen happen in India…

S: Yes.

M: …where ostensibly, they were Krishnamurti schools.

S: Yes, and a lot of money was given in his name to start places, and then the schools just go on and have nothing to do with his teachings.

M: Yes. But the teachers aren't really interested in the teachings.

S: Yes. Exactly.

M: So, the next day is the tenth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school, mostly on what love is (i.e., where there is no self), and beauty, which is when there is no thought. Students seem to see the latter more easily. It was a tiring session for Krishnaji, as he had to put much energy to get through to their understanding. There was much talk then at lunch. A Madame Maroger sat…' Oh, that's the mother.

S: Jean-Michel's mother. Yes.

M: 'Madame Maroger sat next to him, a nice and distinguished-looking French woman with her son and granddaughter Arian, the latter is a possible student. Madame Maroger has been long interested in Krishnaji. Her group are very young, consisting of her grandchildren and a few others who would meet, and so she was interested in the ways of teaching very young children. She and her son spoke fluent English. The son gave me a cassette on which is one of the Saanen's talks with the son's translation into French following each sentence of Krishnaji's. The French feel it is very helpful and want to get

permission to make them.' I thought that was wonderful; that's when we started the audio translations. As you know, Jean-Michel handled it very well.

S: Yes, yes, he did.

M: He spoke as good English as a non-English person could speak, and he did it beautifully. 'Fritz Wilhelm arrived last night. He and Margrete are married. She remains in Denmark while Fritz goes on the Indian tour, then they will both go to Ojai. Scott and I went over Krishnaji's immigration papers as he will accompany Krishnaji to the U.S. embassy in January. A walk with Krishnaji and Dorothy. Krishnaji had at Dorothy on who would run Brockwood if he and she weren't there. Dorothy thinks a group, and will try it in March when she comes to the meetings in Ojai that Krishnaji wants to hold on the future of the work. She suggested the group should be Joe Zorski, Scott, Steven Smith, Shakuntala, and Ingrid. Krishnaji was very urgent, and belabored her on not taking enough rest. Everyone at Brockwood Park is overworked, has too long hours. Later, he attacked me for the same.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'He seems to raise this when he himself is tired and when pressure is inescapable, as now, when we are about to leave and there are endless things to be done. He was impatient with me. "You always say the same thing. I must keep away from you," as though my fatigue affects him, which I suppose it does, though I keep it to myself. His objection to both Dorothy and me is that one is not able to give time to what he is teaching. There is too much energy channeled into the necessities of everyday work. This is so, but how is one to make it possible?'

S: Yes.

M: 'I telephoned Vanda, also Nadia Kossiakof in Paris, who is much better.'

The next day is the eleventh. 'We went to London, to the bank, and then to Huntsman, where Krishnaji fitted handsome tweed trousers. Mr. Lintott'—that's the tailor who ran Huntsman—'showed me patterns for copying my brown tweed coat. Four yards are needed. Then off we went to Fortnum's, where Mary lunched with us. Krishnaji talked intently with Mary about who should see to the teachings being alive in the schools and centers: me, Sunanda, possibly Erna. Mary felt that three was a better number than two, and that Krishnaji should leave it as a request and instruction as it can only be done that way, not as a legal thing. We said goodbye to Mary. Krishnaji had his new bridge adjusted by Mr. Thompson, and we had luck and a quick taxi to Waterloo. We relaxed into the familiar, and these days, rather dirty compartment in the train. A day like this, so very much the familiar trip to London with Krishnaji, has the added fondness to it because it is so familiar. He dozed in the train coming back, "shouting" twice, but only a little gasp as there was another passenger in the compartment.' In those days, we went first class.

S: Yes.

M: Then, later on, he decided it was too expensive, and we gave up first class. [*S chuckles.*] 'I felt sleepy too and quiet in the warm happiness of seeing Krishnaji opposite,

the beauty of his sleeping face, grace, and neatness of hands. These quiet moments are infinitely precious, like warm sun in a lee.' You know, when you're in the lee of the wind.

S: Yes.

M: On TV in the evening, on the news we saw via Barnaba Oriani where three Palestinian Black Tuesday terrorists broke into the Syrian embassy, which is downstairs from Vanda's apartment. They were after the ambassador, who wasn't there, and they were captured.'

S: What?

M: It's true.

S: Vanda had a flat above the Syrian embassy?

M: Yes. It was a building with flats on each floor, and one of them was the Syrian embassy, and one above the embassy was Vanda's, and we were about to go there. [*S laughs, M chuckles*.]

October twelfth,'I work mostly at the desk, and began to pack. Krishnaji spoke to students while the rest of us went to a staff meeting. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Fritz, and I walked with the dogs. Vanda telephoned from Florence about the Syrian embassy event. She is going to Rome tomorrow, and is uncertain if Krishnaji should come there Friday.'

The next day. 'I went to Winchester on errands, then returned to work at the desk. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Fritz, and I walked. In the evening, I telephoned Vanda in Rome. Her place is an armed camp. She had to show her passport to get into her own flat. She is uncertain whether Krishnaji should come there. He talked to her, and it was decided to postpone coming Friday for a week. And then, if it is still not alright, Krishnaji will go directly from London to Delhi. We'll change the reservations tomorrow. I felt a large relief at not having to get off so soon. A week is a boon. I am more tired than I realized. So is Krishnaji.'

This is October fourteenth. 'Krishnaji decided to talk to the school, and then rest until he leaves. I changed our reservations to a week from Friday, the twenty-second. I booked us both to Rome with an alternate booking for Krishnaji if he shouldn't go there at all. He is on a new Japan Air flight that he is due to board in Rome, but he can start it instead in London, where it originates. Does that make sense?

S: Yes. The flight that he was booked on goes London-Rome-Delhi.

M: Yes. So, he could go on the same flight, but starting in London on the twenty-fifth.

‘The question the students asked in the meeting was on meditation. He spoke on thought, the chattering mind, the quiet mind, and mentioned seeing with all the senses, which gave me a chance to ask what is meant by that. Is there not memory involved, i.e., I see the wind in the trees, hear it, possibly smell it, but the tactile sense of rushing wind, cold, etcetera, is partly knowing that feeling, as I am not out in the wind. Krishnaji replied that looking with all the senses implies looking without a center, a self that looks and reacts.’ It was a good meeting.

‘There were gale winds and heavy rains all day. We stayed in, and I rested a little, the pressure of leaving is off. Oh, pleasant space of time. I telephoned Filomena about the delay, but couldn’t reach Vanda. I wrote to Pupul about Krishnaji’s need for rest, and described the way he needs to live while talking; e.g., meals alone, one day a week in bed, etcetera. In the evening, we watched *Kojak* and then Lord Hailsham in a speech on British government.’

October fifteenth, ‘Krishnaji spent the day resting in bed. I spoke to Vanda, who said that things are quieter in her building. I told her we would arrive a week from today. I worked peacefully at the desk. Dorothy and I walked the dogs.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji again spent the day in bed resting. A lovely clear morning. He urged me to go out, so I took the camera and wandered about taking photos. I wanted to do this during all our time here this year. Went to David Bohm’s discussion in the afternoon. Round and round on what “you are the world” implies. Krishnaji and I watched *The Two Ronnies* on TV, which Krishnaji finds funny, and he laughs with his high-pitched child laugh.’ You know, he would, when found something was funny, his laugh would go way up.

S: I know, I know, yes.

M: Then, we looked at *Starsky and Hutch*. Rather poor, but it held.

***Editor’s Note:* What follows is Mary’s memory (almost certainly in the evening) of the discussion that took place earlier that day. The paragraphs and punctuation have been left exactly as she wrote them, as changing these can change the meaning, and without hearing a tape of the discussion, that seems wrong. Unfortunately, no audio recording of this discussion exists. It seems worth noting that what follows is the most extensive account of any discussion that has so far appeared in Mary’s diaries.**

October seventeenth, ‘Narayan, Fritz Wilhelm, and David Bohm had planned to have a discussion. Krishnaji said he would sit in “as an observer.” Dorothy and I also were present. Once there, of course, Krishnaji participated.’ [*S laughs, M chuckles*.] ‘They began to examine the way a child learns, motor-learning, action-learning, then touch, etcetera. After a bit, Krishnaji jumped it way forward to insight.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘He asked if our consciousness can be aware of itself. He said that if insight is not acted upon, it dies. He spoke of observation in which there is no distortion; distortion is the me. He said there is no action before insight. If there is action, it is the action of learning. Dave said

humans handle their lives through action-learning, therefore, insight must be different. Bohm said, "You"'—meaning Krishnaji—'"say insight comes before action, something goes beyond action—what is it? Perception?" Krishnaji said there was fragmentary perception. "Insight implies holistic action, which affects my daily life, the way I live, feel, love." Dave said that then motor-learning is a limited perception and insight is when it is whole. Krishnaji said he had yesterday picked up his biography and read about dissolving the Order of the Star**[4]**. "And I said, How did he do it? He had tremendous insight—he did it." Krishnaji went on to say that insight doesn't come out of learning. Dave pointed out that Krishnaji emphasizes observation and learning. Isn't it necessary?

Krishnaji said it helps free the mind. Narayan said that Krishnaji had once spoken of the art of listening, the art of looking, and the art of learning—the three arts. Do they precede insight? Krishnaji replied, "They open the door, but it doesn't mean that there will be insight. He didn't do these—he simply said, "This is absurd."… "The point is how we move out of the pattern. Looking, listening, learning is in the pattern."… "Can you have insight without compassion? But he (as a child) didn't know the meaning of the word."…"There is outward-going and inward-going. Most of us are outward-going, linear. That means he was entirely inward-going at that time. He was not an extrovert. There *was* insight. That is what I want to get at. I wish I could study *him*."' Meaning, himself.

S: Krishnaji wishes he could now study himself as a boy.

M: That's right. '"Can consciousness become aware of itself? Is there a mirror in which consciousness sees itself—the three arts." David asked, "What does it learn?" Krishnaji replied, "Its content. I think it can. I say, yes it can."…"Can consciousness listen to itself without an outsider listening in?"…"Have you ever seen a body from the outside?"'

'"Can consciousness listen to itself? What happens? Nothing happens. There is empty space, absolutely nothing. No observer, only that."'

'"What is insight? If memory, it will not lead to insight, if it is totally different, what will bring it? Thought won't. There must be a certain foundation. The foundation is non-self. Insight is in the absence of self. When consciousness is aware of itself, and there is nothing, then there is insight. That nothingness is insight. Insight is emptiness and non-self."'

'"Consciousness becomes aware of itself, and there is nothing, no content."…"How am I to communicate this? If education isn't the flowering of human beings, it has no meaning."'

'"Without love, compassion, there is no fine mind. No fine mind without insight, observation."'

‘At the end, he said, “This morning while I played Sutherland singing Bellini there flashed a great delight I missed in my youth. I said, ‘What the hell are you looking at there? It is here.’ That was insight.”’ He chided himself.

S: He chided himself? For missing it in his youth, because the delight is here, now?

M: Yes.

S: Right. And that that is insight. Yes.

For the eighteenth, there is only, ‘I have a slight cold, but worked at the desk. I also went to the school meeting.’

The next day, ‘Packing and desk. Walked with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and Fritz.’



Walking up the front drive at Brockwood.

October twentieth, ‘I packed and sorted files all day until Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I with the dogs took a long wandering walk across the fields. It was wet with autumn and the

smell of leaves. Clean, wet air of autumn and its ancient nostalgia; this seems to stir in my head like mist. I love this country sense and season.'

The twenty-first: 'Packing, etcetera. In the evening, Krishnaji and I watched *Kojak* and the news.'

October twenty-second. 'For once I was packed and ready by breakfast, everything put away, laundry done. Krishnaji was a little behind. "Jee-zus!" he said' [*S laughs, M chuckles*] 'when he saw the time. Dorothy's Cortina has serious engine troubles, so it was in Doris's mini that she drove Krishnaji and me, with Ted bringing our bags in his Land Rover. All the school was out to say goodbye, as always, when we left at 9:45 a.m. Krishnaji and I told Dorothy she *must* use school funds to get a new engine as the car's work is almost totally for Brockwood.'

'At Heathrow, the woman at Alitalia check-in asked me if Krishnaji was the writer of the *Commentaries on Living*; I said yes firmly. She was dazzled, and for whatever reason, our seven bags went through without charge.' [*S chuckles*.] 'Then, at passport control, a white-haired immigration man recognized Krishnaji, and said, "My wife will be thrilled to hear I've met you," with such enthusiasm, he forgot to stamp Krishnaji's passport.' [*M and S laugh*.]

'Once in the departure lounge, we heard our flight was delayed to Rome one-and-a-half hours. Alitalia gave vouchers, and I bought Krishnaji a passable tray of cheese sandwich on brown bread, fruit, tomato juice, and ice cream. Vanda, Topazia, and Francis's friend Camillo'—he was a man who did business things for Francis and was also a friend—'plus two others were at the Rome Airport to meet us. Krishnaji, in the crowd, looked like a falcon, aloof, a little tense, and very beautiful. Rome was stifling in the traffic and its fumes. After the Brockwood air, breathing was unclean. Benzina now costs, they say, $2.20 a gallon here, but there is no lessening of traffic. Fosca was at Vanda's at Via Barnaba Oriana 91'—that's where Vanda had her apartment and where the terrorists had attacked the Syrian embassy—'and only two bored policemen were outside. The terrorist raid twelve days ago seems practically forgotten. I telephoned Filomena, set up going over her finances, over which Bud and I are trustees.'

October twenty-third. 'Filomena came in the morning, looking her dear self, well and at least fifteen years younger than her seventy-nine years. I gave her the Dunnes' letters and photos and she laughed and kissed them.' She loved the Dunnes, and they loved her.

S: Mm, how nice.

M: She was a lovely woman.

S: Yes.

M: 'We went over all her finances and explained details of the trusteeship set up with Mitchell Booth's help last year. I talked to her till lunchtime, when she and I joined

Krishnaji, Vanda, Topazia, and the Emilio Villas at table. Villas is the man who pleased Krishnaji by saying that there is no evidence that Jesus as a man ever existed.' [*S chuckles.*] Krishnaji often talked about that.

S: Yes, yes he did.

M: 'Krishnaji talked to him in English, with Vanda translating. Terry Saunders, shaven-headed, came after lunch.' I can't remember who that was. 'Krishnaji talked about Sanskrit and chanting and sat on the floor and did a few chants, his long fingers bending at right angles on the floor, or hanging straight with their constant grace. His fingers never curl, never grasp. Later, Terry asked to speak to me and said how badly he had behaved at Brockwood, making an apology. He told about the four months he spent in Japan in a Zen monastery and his total disillusion with that, and it seems to have shaken some of the arrogance out of him. Everyone left, and I took a bit of a nap until Krishnaji came in, ready to walk. We drove with Vanda to the edge of the Borghese Gardens where we left the car, and walked across the gardens to Piazza di Spagna, where we caught a taxi back. Krishnaji was ready to walk the whole way back. He enthused at being here, but it would have tired him.' That was nice.

S: Mm, hm. Yes.

M: He liked being in Italy.

S: Yes.

M: October twenty-fourth, 'Filomena and her son Mario came, and I returned with them to their house, where I saw the whole family. Mario drove us back to Vanda's for lunch and the four of us had a cheery lunch. Krishnaji teased Vanda, who at last, after many invitations since 1969, has said she will come to Brockwood next year because Paola and Jon (Vanda's daughter and son-in-law) will be in Cambridge, where Jon will teach for a year.' She wouldn't come to Brockwood, but she'd now come because her daughter was going to be in England. [*Chuckling.*]

S: I remember her visit.

M: I had a rest after lunch. Then, Krishnaji and I went for a walk twice around Villa Glori.' That was a lovely park that was really just across the street from where Vanda lived. 'On the walk I spoke to him about it seeming as if there is insight, revolution, breaking away from concepts, and freedom; then this stiffens into a new pattern, which becomes dogma and so power.' What I was thinking of was: say a teacher, Krishnaji or Buddha, or whoever, comes and something new is seen.

S: Yes.

M: And then, by the followers, what happens afterward, it becomes dogma.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And stiffens and loses its meaning and becomes power.

S: Yes.

M: 'This happens in society, religion, etcetera. Mao advocated perpetual revolution every five years or so, and this became violence, power, and struggle, with his people attacking other people. In religion, it is obvious as it is a peril to what Krishnaji has said. He picked it up immediately. "Freedom is movement," he said. "When I am gone, it must go further, deepen."'

'I said, "Between the Buddha and him there have been 2,400 years. Who is to now go deeper than he?" "Write it down, write it down," he said. "We must talk about this in March when there is the meeting."' That is the intended international trustee meeting.

'We came back to the flat, and there were about fifty people to meet Krishnaji. He spoke on questions asked, like what is the now, memory, thought, etcetera. It was not recorded.'

I don't know if I was saying that the discussion wasn't recorded or what.

S: There is no record of this talk in the archives, so, presumably, you were saying that the discussion wasn't recorded.

M: Well, there you are. 'The now is the past meeting the present and ending there, not carrying over to color the future. After one-and-a-half hours of careful explaining, a young man named Paolo said he didn't understand. There was no change in him. Why did Krishnaji have organizations, foundations, copyright? Krishnaji answered but others said this took the conversation off track. Grazia translated well. Cragnolini was there. He looked thin with some sort of leg trouble. Barabino was also there. I asked him to please hand over the mailing list. He was aggrieved at Cragnolini for abruptly telling him last year that he, Barabino, was no longer the secretary, and that I had said so. I said I delivered the message that Krishnaji had said the Italian committee should decide if Barabino, who was too occupied with Biella'—that was the school that Barabino was plugging…

S: That's right. That was another so-called Krishnamurti school.

M: Yes. '…whether Barabino, who was too occupied with Biella, should be replaced. As usual, whatever it was he was running doesn't function or communicate. I urged him to talk to Vanda. He is still on the committee. Finally, they all left, the lights failed, and we had supper by candlelight.'

The Italian committee was a committee in fantasy only. [*S laughs, M chuckles*.] And none of them listened. Barabino never did turn over the mailing list.

S: Yes, yes, he felt that it was his private property.

M: Yes. The Italian committee didn't function in any possible way resembling a committee.

S: [*laughing*] Very Italian.

M: They all did what they wanted to do, and didn't seem to like each other very much. [*S laughs heartily.*] Somebody eventually got some books published. But it wasn't a committee venture. It was absolute chaos. [*M laughs.*] And you couldn't make them see that.

October twenty-fifth. 'I'm writing this on TWA over the North Atlantic. I was ready by 8 a.m. Vanda, very warmly, saying a friendly goodbye. I sat with Krishnaji while he ate his breakfast. He said our talk yesterday in Villa Glori was very much in his mind. He had me repeat it, and then write him a memo on it to take with him. He said, "First there is freedom, then insight, revolutionary action. If they stiffen into a pattern, then follows dogma and power. Freedom is movement. When or if insight becomes knowledge, then dogma follows. Freedom from self brings insight. When there is insight, there is radical transformation, which is freedom. When fundamental change does not take place, then there is pattern, dogma, and power. It is the function of the Foundations to see this doesn't happen." I added the word "psychological" before "revolutionary action" in his memo, which it naturally is, but in this crazy world, he shouldn't be carrying to such a country as India notes on "revolutionary action." Words meant in a religious sense are seeable in the current violent eye of the time, differently. He blessed me as always, silently and deeply. I am to be careful about unnecessary travel. Travel in his service is watched over. I feel somehow empty of, or removed from, anything but his service, his teaching, and its purpose. Filomena and Mario drove me to the airport. A large overweight charge in spite of going first class. Krishnaji encouraged me to pay first class for this hop of the trip, and I can't help but be glad I have a single forward seat, the same as he is in too at this moment, flying on Japan Airlines to Delhi. His flight left from the same gate, one-and-a-half hours after mine. There is ocean below, sun, and only a little cloud.'

'I am now writing at 1115'—that's my brother's apartment in New York—'the corralling of the five bags was a wrestling match in a mob of people, dragging them onto the cart, then out to the customs. I got the wrong beige bag, and had to find a man who had the same color bag'—anyway, I got my bag back, we switched bags. 'Finally I got away one-and-a-half hours later to Bud's car, which he had sent with a driver to meet me. I got to 1115 after 7 p.m., had supper with Bud and his wife Lisa, and talked till what was 3 a.m. Rome time. Krishnaji, by then, should have landed in Delhi, and gone to Pupul's. Fritz Wilhelm and Carl Marcus should have been on his flight after boarding it in London. I took a long shower, washed my hair, and slept after telephoning Amanda.'

October twenty-sixth. 'I spoke to all my family. One of my cousins called me. I am to stay with her when I go to the Vineyard, probably Saturday, instead of at Elm Home.'

Elm Home is the family house where my mother lived on Martha's Vineyard. 'I talked to Erna. The school building is slow. The planning commissioner is objecting to enlarging Pine Cottage. Everything is, as usual, a struggle. Lawyer Rosenberg's partner says immigration takes six months to action a request for preferential status. Again, a struggle. Then, talked to Jackie Kornfeld about the edited video tapes. She's delighted, but Joan Sullivan'—that's the woman at WGBH—'is illusive. Jackie doesn't know if she has even seen all the originals. Suggested we copy the edited versions and take a look at them, and take them to Reeve's Tele-taping. She will telephone Sullivan on return to Boston tomorrow. Bud and I did errands, lunched at Côte Basque. I got a present for my mother. Bud, Lisa, and I dined around the corner at a new small place called Summerhouse. I hope Krishnaji is resting. I voted in absentee ballot.'

Now the next several days is all going to be about me and family, so I'll skip most of this unless there's anything about Krishnaji.

For the thirtieth of October, there's a notation in the little book that says: 'Today, Krishnaji should've flown from Delhi to Benares. Mrs. Gandhi canceled the elections, due to take place in 1977.'

S: Right.

M: November eleventh. 'I received a cable from Krishnaji in Benares.'

November seventeenth, and I'm now in Malibu. 'The first letter came from Krishnaji beginning October twenty-seventh and written daily through November sixth. It took eleven days to come from Benares. He is well. He wants Graham Graves to go to India.' Who is that?

S: That was the person who used to be a British consulate person. He was mentioned before, married to an Indian woman, and brought by Tapas.

M: Oh, yes. That's right. 'Krishnaji wants him to go to India at Christmas holiday for KFI members to meet him about Rishi Valley.'

The twenty-ninth of November, 'I got a message from Jackie Kornfeld that the WGBH woman, Joan Sullivan, now has until December tenth to answer about the videos or we will withdraw our offer.'

The next day, 'I had a nice letter,' it says, 'from Ahalya Chari about Krishnaji's stay in Rajghat.'

S: The letter is presumably in your files?

M: I guess so.

The third of December. ‘Erna had a letter from the Immigration and Naturalization Office. They don’t think KFA is a religious institution.’ [*Chuckles.*]

On the fifth of December, it says: ‘Krishnaji goes from Rishi Valley to Madras.’

December seventh. ‘Letter number three from Krishnaji arrives, written in Rajghat, Delhi, and Rishi Valley.’

The tenth of December. ‘I worked at the desk all day. I wrote a letter to lawyer Rosenberg about Krishnaji’s visa. Jackie Kornfeld telephoned about the WGBH woman, Ms. Sullivan, wanting to use the videos but she is uncertain how many. Shainberg telephoned. He has talked to Sullivan, and will work on her on his return from India, where he goes on the twenty-second for one month.’

The next day, ‘Letter number four arrived from Krishnaji, written in Rishi Valley and Madras.’

The twelfth of December. ‘I telephoned Brockwood about the videotapes. I spoke to Scott and Dorothy, then to Jackie Kornfeld in New York. Albion Patterson resigned as a KFA trustee. I washed and waxed the Green Beauty.’

The next day, ‘I was up early and left for Ojai in the green Mercedes at 8 a.m. Looked at the school building being built. The grove has been pruned. At 11 a.m. there was a trustee meeting. The Lilliefelts, Evelyne, Cynthia Wood all signed a letter to the Immigration Department on being a religious organization. We lunched at Arya Vihara, then more meetings and later met teachers. I got home at 7 p.m.’

December fourteenth, ‘I took the trustee letter to our lawyer, Rosenberg, so he could forward it to the Immigration Department. He said that Krishnaji could be given a temporary visa by the U.S. consulate in London to come back here. I asked Evelyne to get letters from religious experts, rabbis, and priests.’

December twentieth, ‘I got the fifth letter from Krishnaji, written in Madras.’

On the twenty-second, ‘Evelyne and Alan Kishbaugh came at 8:30 a.m., and Alan drove us to Cynthia Wood’s house in Santa Barbara, while Erna and Theo and Ruth came from Ojai. We spent the day going over the new administration building with Ron Gammel’—that was an architect—‘and Sandy Hirshon to get the costs down. Cynthia gave us lunch and we wound up after 4 p.m., and I came home to long telephone calls about the immigration problem. We got rabbis, we got all kinds of people, to back up the fact that we were religious.’

December thirtieth, ‘I met Evelyne to get a letter from a Jesuit priest regarding our being a religious organization. I took it to lawyer Rosenberg, a rude, unpleasant man. I came back appalled at all this. Talked to Erna and Evelyne. Letter number six came from Krishnaji written in Madras.’ And that’s the end of 1976.

S: Okay. Well, we should probably just end it there then.

M: I think so.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For the start of the school year.

[2] There had been the worst drought in memory that year, and the normally green lawns were brown.

[3] The trial took place in 1877, and full thirty-eight years before Krishnaji first met Annie Besant, and still longer before he met Bernard Shaw. They would have, indeed, looked very different to the way Krishnaji remembered them.

[4] In 1929, Krishnaji dissolved the Order of the Star, an organization that had been created for him by Annie Besant. He returned all the money and property that the order had accumulated.

Issue 44: January 1, 1977 to March 3, 1977

There seems to be an increased sweetness in the relationship between Mary and Krishnaji, or perhaps it's just that Mary is increasingly willing for us to see it. In any event, it is wonderful to be able to be onlookers to this, as we are in this issue.

We also, in this issue, see Krishnaji having a very real impact on the world stage through his influence on Indira Gandhi. I don't know of any history or political books in which the events described in this issue are mentioned.

We also see the long struggle to get Krishnaji permanent American residency come to a successful conclusion.

Meanwhile, the development of the school and the adult center in Ojai continue.

Mary: So we begin on January first, 1977. Krishnaji is in India, and I'm in Malibu. 'It was a quiet day at home. I spoke to my family, except my mother, who by this time was mentally just not well. I read, worked at the desk, played music, and walked in the garden.' There isn't really anything about Krishnaji until January fourth when I saw Lou Blau and Rosenberg about Krishnaji's visa application. There was a possibility to get Krishnaji an appointment with the U.S. embassy in London sometime after January tenth.

On the fifth, 'I telephoned at 2 a.m. California time to a Mr. Silver at the U.S. embassy in London. Krishnaji has an appointment for a visa interview on January twenty-sixth. It is an enormous relief. I telephoned Mary Cadogan about it, and then cabled Krishnaji in Bombay. At 4 p.m. I had a meeting in Westwood with Charles Moore on the plans for Pine Cottage in Ojai.'

Then nothing more about Krishnaji until January ninth when 'I got a telephone call from Narasimhan in New York, who had just arrived from Madras. He says that everyone there had colds, including Krishnaji, at the completion of his talks, causing Krishnaji to delay his travel to Bombay from December thirty-first to January fourth.'

On January eleventh. 'Dorothy telephoned from Brockwood because a form from the U.S. embassy for Krishnaji had arrived there. She's sending it to me. I went down to see Rosenberg and got a copy of the form and went over answers. He says this is the only one left to fill out. I came home wondering if I shouldn't go to England to accompany Krishnaji to the embassy. Before I fell asleep, I had decided to go.'

The next day. 'I booked tickets to London for a week from Friday, then telephoned Dorothy to tell her that I'm coming. I worked on the new form for Krishnaji's visa, photocopied the attached material, and sent three copies to Dorothy. I will take another three with me. Letter number eight from Krishnaji arrived, written in Madras, from December thirty-first to January fourth when he flew to Bombay. He is going to skip

stopping in Rome, as he usually does, and go direct to Brockwood on the nineteenth. Amanda, Phil, and Miranda came to supper.'

On January thirteenth, 'with Amanda, and Miranda, I went to the Getty Museum. We had sandwiches on a nearby hill and came home. Waiting for me was a cable from Krishnaji: He is going straight from Bombay to Brockwood on the twentieth.'

The next day 'I drove in the green Mercedes to Ojai, looked at the new pavilion, and fetched my air ticket. Then I went to Pine Cottage and put books and belongings of Krishnaji in the guest apartment, then lunched at Arya Vihara with Erna, Theo, Ruth, Evelyne, Mark, and Michael. There was a meeting of trustees and Mark and Ted Cartee, who is now working here, about whether to get a local architect for the school rooms. I went to the site about an ugly utility hut that was left there, then went to tea with the Hookers.'

January fifteenth. 'I was back in Malibu. After coffee with Amanda on her terrace, I worked on the Pine Cottage house plans. Papers for Krishnaji's visa, sent by Dorothy, arrived. I cabled Krishnaji to bring a vaccination certificate with him, and told him I am coming to Brockwood.'

The next day, I had a long talk with my brother about business things. I was home all day, going over the Ojai house plans.'

On the nineteenth, 'I met Charles Moore at 10 a.m. for a three-hour meeting going over the house plans. It was very accomplishing. Then I did errands, a little maintenance, took care of some plants, and did some things for Krishnaji.'

January twentieth. 'I packed. Telephoned Brockwood and spoke to Krishnaji just after he arrived there from Bombay at 9:30 a.m. English time.'

January twenty-first, we finally get an entry in the big book. 'This is being written in the air en route to London, starting these notes again comes with the end of the time Krishnaji has been in India. Yesterday, he flew from Bombay, not staying in Rome this time. I spoke to him last night; his voice was eager, full of energy, in spite of the long flight and being three hours late. Then, the drive to Brockwood and of course, what must be the accumulated tiredness from the Indian tour. He said, "Darling, you mustn't take the train. You must take a taxi.' [*M and S chuckle*.] The world sang for me.'

'It was an unhurried day in Malibu, the first part at the television watching the inauguration of Jimmy Carter as he took the oath of office. It was as "Jimmy" he took the oath, pricking my sense of style. Amanda, on the way to the airport this morning, agreed that today a name is whatever one chooses to call oneself or, more likely, whatever anyone else chooses to call you. Otherwise, we were pleased and often touched by the Carters and the quality of American life that they bring. This flight is long and smooth. I have three seats to stretch out in, but sleep doesn't happen. The sound of the engine is

alive. It is my own bloodstream seeming joined in high sailing through the sky in the night toward Krishnaji.'

Scott: [*chuckles*] How nice.

M: January twenty-second. 'No sleep, but arrived fairly promptly at 7 a.m. My one bag was quickly found, and there was Dorothy to meet me in spite of my urging her not to, and of her saying she wouldn't. We talked all the way on the drive to Brockwood. The countryside was grey, wintry, and beautiful. Krishnaji was watching for the car, and met me in the hall, looking thin-faced but bright with energy. A wave of happiness at seeing him. We took breakfast on trays and talked all morning. He told me of his meeting with Mrs. Gandhi, alone for over an hour before the dinner party in Delhi on his arrival. Her nerves and tension and the trouble with her eyes. He's offered to put his hands to help her, her becoming quiet, weeping, eyes were better. She asked to see him again the next day.' Do I have to explain that that would've been at Pupul's house, probably?

S: Yes, and you just did.

M: 'The next day, Mrs. Gandhi came and sat for a long time without speaking. She said she was "riding a tiger," not afraid of being eaten, but doesn't know how to get off. Krishnaji did not reproach her for what she has done. He was gentle with her, held her hand and she wept. On joining others, she refused to sit until he was seated. A friend who has known her for years said she has visibly changed since the meetings with Krishnaji. This week she has freed political prisoners, lifted some censorship, and called for elections.'

'Krishnaji also described enormous crowds at the Bombay talks. Rajneesh sent his father to listen, and if possible, to touch Krishnaji, because "he is a living Buddha."' [*Both M and S chuckle*.] 'Film people are coming to the talks. He was mobbed afterward. Further news as Balasundaram decided to give up the principal-ship of Rishi Valley. He will take six months off and then travel around, kindling interest in Krishnaji's teachings in India. Krishnaji is going to offer the principal-ship of Rishi Valley to Narayan. Sunanda has too much to do at Vasanta Vihar to come to the March meetings in Ojai. Radha Burnier and Ahalya Chari are coming to the meetings in Ojai for India.'

'After lunch, I took a nap and woke up to catch up with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and the dogs on the walk up and down the driveway. It was clear, grey, winter air; it cleaned the lungs and took away the effect of sitting all night and yesterday for 6,000 miles.' [*Chuckles*.] 'The winter, austere light, the bare trees, and the smell of leaves touched something deep in my head. To walk on this winter road with Krishnaji seemed the whole of life.'

January twenty-third. 'I slept for ten hours, and would have gone on, but I heard Krishnaji open my door. So, we made breakfast and talked. At 10:30 a.m. Krishnaji had David Bohm join us, to speak of the adult centers. It seems Fritz Wilhelm didn't impress the Indian group when he was in India. He was silent in discussions, or "not quick," with answers off the point of their questions. We discussed the pitfalls for the adult center, the

danger of people expecting it will "explain Krishnamurti." It is a delicate and dangerous area of interpretation. Much of what was said I want to apply to David, too. Krishnaji said one can take the position, "I have some understanding of what Krishnamurti has said, and I'm interested. Let us explore, examine together."' That's the way he wanted it handled.



Krishnaji and Dorothy walking with dogs at Brockwood

S: Right, rather than having an interpreter.

M: That's right. 'He later talked alone to Narayan and offered him the principal-ship of Rishi Valley. Narayan is concerned about all the KFI members backing him. He will give Krishnaji his answer in a few days. We walked up and down the driveway. It was cold and grey and beautiful. Krishnaji says once all the schools' incentives are set up for Narayan, he doesn't want to discuss it anymore. The rest of us must carry on.'

January twenty-fourth. 'I borrowed Doris's Mini to go to Petersfield for the train to London, where I went to the U.S. embassy to ask about the procedure for Krishnaji's visa interview on Wednesday. Spoke to a Miss de Silva saying Krishnaji is ready for the Wednesday presentation of visa papers, etcetera. I had Krishnaji's file with me, but she didn't want to look at it. She explained the procedure. Then I went to Selfridge's and on to Nelson's for Krishnaji's homeopathic remedies. I telephoned Mary and had coffee with her and a pleasant talk. Caught the slow train back. Krishnaji had spoken with the school in the morning.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji rested. We walked in the afternoon. The dogs were on leashes as Whisper is "on heat," as the English put it. The grey sky and twigged beauty of the trees

moves something deep in the mind's eye; something known, forgotten, remembered in nerve endings and bone feelings; something part of a long life.'



Krishnaji, Mary, and Dorothy walking in Brockwood

January twenty-sixth. 'This long, long thought of day began at 4 a.m., when I got up and Krishnaji did too, a little later. Exercise was out, and a bath was out, as there is no hot water at that hour. But we had a proper breakfast in the kitchen, and with Dorothy in her Cortina, we were off for London by 5:50 a.m. It was still dark. Krishnaji's first appointment was at 9 a.m., with the embassy doctor, a Dr. M. Falin. We came so quickly at that early hour that we reached his office in Cumberland Place by 7:30 a.m., got the one parking place on the street, and sat in the car till 9 a.m.' He had to be checked by a doctor to see that he didn't have tuberculosis or they wouldn't give out a visa.

S: Right.

M: 'It was a scruffy place. Others had the same appointment, but they ran it all quickly. Krishnaji had some blood taken for tests, and a chest X-ray, and he was out in half an hour. We went to Grosvenor Square, where again we found the one parking space. Dorothy stayed in the car. Krishnaji and I went into the embassy and gave the whole file to a clerk, then waited half an hour. When Krishnaji was called, I went in with him to the interview. The imagined opponent of these last months, the possibly hard-eye, indifferent bureaucrat, *the* counsel on whose whim everything swung turned out to be vice-counsel Leslie Gerson, a nice young woman with long, blond hair, and blue, starry eyes who had gone to school in Encino and said, "Oh, Mr. Krishnamurti, I've been looking forward so to today. I asked to be able to process your papers." She had not a single question. Everything was in order, and then she said, "This is about the biggest file we've ever

had." It would all be ready in the afternoon and we were finished by 11:15 a.m. It was done!!' I have two big exclamation points.

S: Now, we should just say, for a moment, this is not a normal visa. This was the visa for the green card wasn't it?

M: Yes, and he got the actual green card when he reached the LA airport.

'We all went to Mary Links, who was waiting to give us a sheltered place to have our picnic lunch and for Krishnaji to rest. I urged that after lunch he go home with Dorothy and I stay to pick up the papers. "No," said Krishnaji, he had a better idea, "We'll go to a cinema." He had seen *Raid on Entebbe* as we passed the Marble Arch Theater—just what he wanted to see. It was showing at 2:15 p.m. So, I drove Krishnaji, Mary, and Dorothy there, left them, then went to Grosvenor Square, where, again, parking luck held. We had found a place not only right outside of Mary's but with a broken meter, so free; and now I found one near the embassy. I took a walk, but my mind was on the visa, and I couldn't look at paintings, or drop in at Mallard's.' That's where we used to go for beautiful antique furniture, and I always liked to look around; it was fun.

S: Yes.

M: And I bought some things there for the drawing room.

S: Yes, I remember.

M: 'So, unable to do anything but think of the visa, I went and sat in the embassy. Finally, at 4:10 p.m., I got the precious papers, an enormous sealed envelope to be given to the immigration office in Los Angeles airport, containing, among other things, Krishnaji's X-rays. I got back to the car before the meter ran out, and just got to the theater to pick up the moviegoers coming out of the movie. Dorothy drove us back to Brockwood and I fell a little asleep on the way, with relief and exhaustion—my job was done. A long day, but all went well. I telephoned the good news to Erna. Had the blessed feeling of bed and sleep.'

S: Just to mention briefly, where Mary Lutyens lived in those days?

M: Oh, dear, what's the name of the street that runs along Hyde Park? Just off it.

S: I know, just off of it. I was hoping you'd remember. [*Chuckles*.]

M: Well, I could look it up.

S: Wasn't it Hyde Park Place, or something like that?

M: I could look it up in my map of London. Shall I go get it?

S: No, no. We'll get it some other time.

M: My memory's a little sketchy**[1]**. Anyway, they lived there until they moved into the lovely little house that she and Joe had bought for her daughter, Amanda. Amanda lived there awhile, but then moved to the country. So, Mary and Joe took over that house and lived there for the rest of their lives.

January twenty-seventh. 'I woke up knowing it was accomplished. For Krishnaji, the high point of yesterday was the cinema.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji dictated some letters. Narayan's letter came, accepting the principal-ship of Rishi Valley. Krishnaji wrote about it to Pupul and Pama Patwardhan. It was a cold day, but beautiful, and we walked in the afternoon. Mary and Joe drove down from London for lunch. We talked most of the afternoon. Krishnaji told in detail of his meetings with Mrs. Gandhi, also, the enormous veneration by crowds toward him this year—more than ever. The feeling of some friends that Mrs. Gandhi's change in India is due to, or at least since she saw him.'

S: The change in her was due to her seeing him.

M: Yes, her seeing him.

S: That was told to me also in subsequent years by people who were high up in her administration.

M: And who surely knew.

S: Soon after seeing Krishnaji, she let some political prisoners out, and she got rid of some of the draconian laws immediately, too.

M: Yes, I think so.

S: I think she also reined in her son, Sanjay, who was really awful.

M: He was awful.

Well, anyway, we go to the twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. I did letters. I spoke to Filomena about her niece's husband dying, but her health is better. It was cold, but we went for a walk up the lane across the street. There was a staff meeting. I talked to Frances McCann in the evening.'

Saturday, January twenty-ninth. 'I telephoned the Frys and Filomena, whose niece's husband died today. A sad conversation. Narayan and Shakuntala talked to Krishnaji after lunch. Narayan is glad about Rishi Valley, but Shakuntala wants to stay at Brockwood. Krishnaji was rather tired. We walked, and I went to the Bohm meeting when we got back—a boring one.'

The thirtieth, 'I spoke to Ginny Travers'—that's Virginia McKenna—'also to Nadia Kossiakof in Paris. Did some more letters, laundry, packing, and tidying. I would like to have everything clean and in order before leaving. It has been fun to be suddenly, unexpectedly at Brockwood and I somehow have no feeling of choice about it, but am eager too to be going with Krishnaji tomorrow to Malibu.'

January thirty-first. 'I slept lightly. Everything is ready, in order, things packed. I turned on the light at 5 a.m. and did exercises. I ran blanket covers through the washer and dryer' [*both chuckle*]. 'Krishnaji smiled when he said "good morning," seeing I was alert and ready to be off to Malibu. My brother rang at 7:30 a.m. from Paris. He and his wife Lisa flew there on Saturday at the invitation of the French government for the opening tonight of the Beaubourg Exhibition Building**[2]**. Museum life. Both felt that perennial astonishment at chatting, he in Paris, I in my room at Brockwood, and being able to say "when I am in Malibu this afternoon…"' [*Both chuckle*.]

'At 10:20 a.m., Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I waved goodbye to the assembled school, cameras clicking, and drove off to Heathrow. A lovely morning, cloudless, frost painted in the shadowed parts of the fields. We were there in one hour and twenty minutes, plenty of time to case W.H. Smith's for paperbacks and fill out the exit cards. We are carrying the enormous and precious visa papers, sealed by the U.S. embassy to deliver on landing in Los Angeles. Also, carrying two large containers of India Oil Aryuvedic food paste' [*both chuckle*]. 'We have the seats that Krishnaji likes: the two singles all the way forward in first class.' It would be me on one side of the aisle and him on the other side of the aisle and just the bulkhead in front.

S: Yes.

M: The 747s were nicely designed for Krishnaji's purposes. [*S chuckles*.] From the two singles all the way forward in first class, you can put the feet up against the bulkhead. 'The TWA flight to Los Angeles left at 1:15 p.m. Lunch was the usual travesty of vegetables, but we had apples from Brockwood and there was ice cream. The movie was the new version of *The Spiral Staircase*. Krishnaji's headphones didn't work, but though I moved to another seat, he wouldn't use mine. He has just fetched writing paper, and is writing me a letter, as he always does, on this long flight, and last leg to Malibu.' He wrote all the time, and he always wrote on the plane back to California and gave it to me when he saw me [*S chuckles*]. 'I have written one to him. He holds his pen so carefully. To be able to turn and see him is as extraordinary as that vast sky out there, or the Greenland mountains we passed a little while ago; the curving, crust edges of buff earth, scalloping the endless snow.' I was very literary in this one. 'The sun turned some of them pink as it tries to set, but we will not let it, we are faster than the sun or turning earth, and it will outrun us only when we turn out of the race and land. Over the Canadian Rockies, there is little snow at this depth of winter—the drought and the mad weather of this winter.'

'Home at Malibu now. We went into immigration together and handed over the envelope. "The thickest we've had," said the officer, shuffling through it. I saw a copy of

Krishnaji's *On Education* in the file. The man then stamped something, handed Krishnaji a little card with Krishnaji's photo on it and said, "You are now a resident of the United States." Clutching at last that precious green card, which isn't green at all these days, we went out to find our two bags, go through the customs, and out to where Alan Kishbaugh was waiting. He drove us home to Malibu and left. Krishnaji at last in his room sat on the bed and said, "I may faint." He sat quietly a little, then got up, turned facing the bed, and fell forward on it, his face buried in the bed and his knees on the floor. I held onto him for about a minute, and then he came to and was alright. He said later that he thought in all the noise and confusion at the airport, that he probably would faint later.'

S: Mm.

M: 'It is now twenty-four hours since waking up this morning and so no more; but oh, the blessed ease in Krishnaji being here safe and sound and free to come and go from this country as he chooses. And now to sleep.'

The first of February. 'It is so good to wake up at home, knowing Krishnaji is here. Krishnaji spent the day in bed sleeping, reading. He said, "I don't dream anymore. Somewhere in Madras or Rishi Valley, I forget which, I dreamt Rajagopal was chasing me and then I woke up. I said this is silly to keep thinking of that man. That is enough. And so I went into it, and I haven't dreamt since."'

S: Hm.

M: Mm, hm.

February second. 'I spoke to Wooge and my mother at the Vineyard. My mother doesn't seem to understand anything I say, but Wooge says a call or letters mean more than appears. The harbor was said to be full of ice.' That's Martha's Vineyard—there was real weather that year. 'They have enough fuel oil. Krishnaji rested in the morning, and after lunch we drove to town in the grey Mercedes for him to have a haircut. I went to the farmer's market for fruit and vegetables while his hair was cut. And then we went to Lindberg's'—that's the health food store—'and got home in time to walk around the lawn before supper. We watched Carter's first talk to the nation since his inauguration. He made a good impression on Krishnaji.'

The next day is February third. 'I cooked. Evelyne Blau, Erna, and Theo came to lunch. Krishnaji talked about India, some of his meetings with Mrs. Gandhi, various plans in India for schools, etcetera. Evelyne left, and Krishnaji spoke very seriously and challengingly to Erna and Theo and me. Do we flower? If not, why not? Who is to be responsible in the future, and right now, as if he were dead? He said he had realized for the first time in India that there is no one to carry on. He said, the Buddha had only two disciples who understood him and they both died before the Buddha. Why is there no one?' And that always, always harrowed me.

S: Yes, I know. I know.

M: It just seemed utter tragedy.

S: I know. I know. It was. It is.

M: 'He said he knew the easy answers: Nothing grows under a great oak tree, etcetera. "But what will you do?" He said he knew what he would do. "Say I have listened to that man, and I have understood a little bit—and I am going to talk about it." He said we must make Cynthia Wood understand, be serious, talk about it. Then, he said, "I'll be around to help you for another ten years, maybe fifteen."'

The next day, 'Krishnaji asked me if I had felt the change in the room when Evelyne left yesterday and he talked seriously to Erna, Theo, and me. I telephoned Sarjit Siddoo; she has accepted the change of Narayan going to Rishi Valley as principal, instead of to their school in Canada. She seems relieved, as the immigration problem for Narayan was almost insurmountable. They have almost all their teaching staff, and won't have a principal. After lunch, Krishnaji wanted to go to a movie, so we drove to Westwood and saw *The Enforcer*, a suitable suspense movie, after which we shopped for books. Krishnaji walked around the lawn, and I went over to Amanda's and Phil's briefly.'

February fifth, 'We stayed home, except that I walked over to the Dunnes' for an hour in the afternoon. Betsy was there. Krishnaji at lunch said that the Sanskrit root meaning of mantra is interesting. "*Man* means reflect on non-becoming. *Tra* means to destroy, to swallow, to finish with self-centered activity."'

Then there is really nothing for the next several days until the ninth when, 'after an early lunch we went to Westwood to see a movie just opening, *Twilight's Last Gleaming*, made from a Walter Wagner thriller that Krishnaji liked. The movie was different from what we remembered of the book. It was full of every four-letter word and boorishness. Walking through Westwood has become like walking through a zoo, except that zoos have dignified animals, but the human species make one think mankind is the worst on the planet.' I'm very critical. [*Laughs*.]

S: And quite right, too.

M: February tenth. 'A mid-summer day. Krishnaji slept nine hours. He said he woke up feeling as if he had been "dancing." In the late morning, Charles Moore, Bart Phelps'—he was the vice-architect and really the person who supervised the building of the house in Ojai—'and John Rubel brought two maquettes**[3]**'—Krishnaji couldn't understand blueprints or architectural drawings—'of the living and dining room, showing the ceiling structure and the dining area. They went over it with Krishnaji, who suggested heavier beams, and a slightly simpler arrangement in the dining room. Krishnaji seemed tired and abstracted. Many trips to the bathroom are bothering him. He thinks it is a herb tea he is drinking in the morning. I tried to call Lailee'—our mutual doctor—'but she is not in today. The architects lunched with us, and we continued to meet in the afternoon. The architects left, and Krishnaji eventually slept. Amanda reported on the hideous houses of Malibu she saw with Ruth Carter for enormous prices—$450,000 for scruffy beach

houses on narrow lots, one million for another. It convinced her and Phil more than ever that they must stay in theirs. As the next meeting with Moore will have cost estimates, the Malibu value will have to balance it.' It didn't in the end, but that's another story.

February eleventh. 'Another lovely day. We left at 9 a.m. in the green Mercedes, stopped for gas at Trancas, and a man recognized Krishnaji and said, "Hi, Jiddu."' [*Laughter.*] '"I was your son in my last life" with an ugly, vulgar laugh. Behavior gets crazier and more offensive each day, it sometimes seems. Krishnaji drove as far as the place where we always switch. Near the big rock, he said, "You must see into this brain, learn how he thinks. Amma and Leadbeater said this brain had been prepared for a thousand years. It is a special brain. It will probably get better the longer I live, and I will live another ten or fifteen years. You are twenty years younger, you must outlive me. I must find someone, maybe it is you, someone to carry on who has understood something. It is useless to say it now, but I wish I had met you forty years ago."'

S: Hm.

M: 'We went to the Oak Grove School building. Evelyne, Theo, Carey Smoot, Mark, and Ted were all there. The pavilion is almost finished and looks very handsome. Krishnaji was impressed with the quality of the work. Many details are carefully done. Smiles all around. At Evelyne's request, we went over to Eloise's horse barn'—that is Evelyne Blau's daughter, and she had horses, and we had a barn for them across the road from the Oak Grove, and she gave riding lessons to children.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Krishnaji didn't like the look of it at all and said to me, "If Rajagopal objects to it there, he is right." It does look scruffy. We went to the cottage, where all of the little children were there to greet Krishnaji. Everyone was on the shy side. Mar de Manziarly came at 1 p.m. She is staying with her sister, Mima Porter, and we all—Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Ruth, Mar, Mark, Asha, Ted, and Michael—had a nice lunch at Arya Vihara. Later, Krishnaji talked in the cottage to Erna, Theo, and me. He asked if I should really build onto the cottage. Was it worth it? He raised the question of his getting as much rest there as he does in Malibu. The factor is the psychic pressure of people concentrated on him.' That was always something that would come up.

S: Yes, I know.

M: 'Few people know he is in Malibu, so he rests well there. But everyone assumes and thinks of Ojai as where he is. He said he could cut off the feeling, but he didn't like to. We discussed this. He finally said he could avoid it by going away for a day occasionally to Santa Barbara or somewhere. At Brockwood, going to London for a day does it. Erna and Theo said it is vital that I live in Ojai. Krishnaji said again some of what he had said to me in the car about getting inside his brain, etcetera. We are responsible for the teachings, carrying it on. One has understood something, and must speak out of that. I raised what he had said of the Buddha, that the Buddha had only two disciples who really

understood him, both of whom died before the Buddha, and yet Buddhism has been alive and a force all these years. Krishnaji's teachings exist. It is living. But he wants more, someone, or some few, who can speak out of their own understanding. I think Erna and Theo are troubled by this, not feeling they can speak, only back up Krishnaji or someone else who has this capacity. Krishnaji asked if we could see into his mind. I said from long listening that, more often than not, when he is questioned I know what he will answer, but not how he will bring the questioner to see it.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Apparently, the Lilliefelts want my help and presence. About Krishnaji's rest and privacy, it was agreed that all the activities, including the adult center, must be, as soon as possible, concentrated at the west end, leaving McAndrew Road private. We came home, Krishnaji driving the second half.' Yes. He was very concerned about all that.

February twelfth. 'We were home all day. Krishnaji stayed in bed, resting. I worked at the desk. It was a warm, beautiful, cloudless day. Water rationing seems more likely.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji greeted me with a "happy birthday," which is just about as far as I want to go with it. Amanda and Phil extended reciprocal tact. Wooge telephoned, Mother was asleep and is beyond any telephoning. Alain Naudé also telephoned. It was another beautiful, rainless, cloudless, perfect summer day. I refrained from longing for rain—it is lost energy. At lunch, Krishnaji said, "I am feeling tismic," and looked mischievous. It seems it is what he and Nitya said about people putting on "mystic airs."' [*Both laugh.*] Tismic!! 'He slept in the afternoon. I went briefly over to the Dunnes' for a visit, came back, and Krishnaji and I had our walk, ten times around the lawn. My leg seems to prefer that to bicycling at present. Too much exercise makes a feeling of stoppage in the leg. Another telephone call, the least possible expected, Cary Grant steadily wishing me a happy birthday. Chitter-chatter. What he really wanted was to know the possibility of buying this house. I said I would let him know when it was for sale.'

S: Now, by bicycle, you mean stationary bicycle?

M: Yes, stationary, yes, yes. I've always had one, and I've still got one…

S: I know, but this is just for the eventual audience of this.

M: …but I don't use it much.

S: It's very stationary. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: For February fourteenth all I have is: "Another summer day. Worked on income tax. My brother telephoned and I had a nap in the afternoon.'

The next day, 'I again worked on income tax in the morning. It was a hot, beautiful day. We had an early lunch. Krishnaji said, "You believe what you already know. You see what you have already seen. Therefore, you never see anything." We were discussing people's equating everything with past things. This conversation came as a result of a letter asking for Krishnamurti books for a library that lumped Krishnaji with U. G. Krishnamurti, Vimala Thakar, and Bubba Free John. Krishnaji suggested I say, "Krishnamurti has made it very clear for the last fifty years that he does not wish to be connected with any group, with any sect, with any religious belief, with any guru. He does not wish to be associated with any group or person, for he considers that they are all reactionaries, traditionalists, and acceptors of spiritual authority. They allow themselves to become followers, and so deny totally what he has been saying for years, and that is to be a light to yourself. He doesn't follow anybody, and doesn't accept the authority of any guru. All this contradicts the edict to be a light to oneself, which he has been saying for over fifty years." We then went to Westwood and a movie, *The Cassandra Crossing*, nonsense but enough suspense to divert and rest.' I have no memory of these movies we went to. [*S chuckles*.] 'We then shopped for better apples at Brentwood Market and came home to supper. Krishnaji said again, "I feel rather tismic."' [*Both chuckle again*.]

February sixteenth, 'I did errands, and got passport photos, then fetched watches in Beverly Hills, and Betsy's loan of a Beaulieu movie camera.' I don't know what that was for. 'A hot day, eighty-seven degrees. Home by 3 p.m. Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting.'

The next day. 'Erna and Theo to lunch. Evelyne and Lou Blau came at 3:30 p.m. We discussed the finances of the Foundation. Lou says it is in good shape. We should charge ahead with the building project. Krishnaji and Evelyne are full of confidence, "We will get the money." I asked Lou about any difficulties it could make in my buying the McAndrew property, vis-à-vis Malibu in tax-view if McAndrew property is rezoned to "Educational Institution." Lou said there was no problem.' Well, the point was that if I sold Malibu, I would not pay the big capital gain tax on it if I bought another place that was my residence. You have to live in it.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Now, we're on the eighteenth. 'Philippa and David arrived last night from Connecticut for a ten-day visit. They came to see me early. Then, Krishnaji and I left at 9:30 a.m. in the Green Beauty for Ojai with Krishnaji driving. Along the beach road, he said, "During the last three or four months, something has been happening during sleep. It sounds silly, but it is a sense of ecstasy, as though the brain were trying to assimilate a depth—depth usually means shallowness and depth. It isn't like that—a depth that is the opposite of shallowness. Dreams are usually superficial and have very little meaning. I have hardly any dreams."'

'I asked, "How do you perceive it?"'

'Krishnaji replied, "When I wake up, there is a strange feeling that I haven't had before."'

‘Me: “Is it that the brain is touching something it hadn’t touched before?”’

‘Krishnaji: “Yes. That’s it. It is something the brain hasn’t touched before. It isn’t an experience. In that sleep, there is a greater penetration into something that the brain—no thought can ever touch.”’

‘Me: “What happens to most people is that you see something and then you try to understand what it is, but this is different? How is it different? Is it outside the realm of what the brain can investigate? Is that right?”’

‘Krishnaji: “The brain is trying to understand it, trying to find out what it is.”’

‘Me: “When you say ‘the brain,’ do you mean thought, or the brain without thought?”’

‘Krishnaji: “No, not thought.” A little later, he said, “You remember that night we were sitting quietly and there was something in the room? That has been happening more. It happened in India a little.” I asked him about the pain, and he said it is going on slightly all the time. I asked if the “otherness” of the *Notebook* and this thing he is speaking of today, is of the same, and he said, “Yes, yes”…“But I don’t remember ‘the other.’ It is gone.”’

‘I said, “Though you don’t make a mental comparison, you know what I mean.”’

‘And he said, “yes.”’

S: Yes. So, he knows what you mean by saying that…

M: Yes, that’s right.

‘We stopped to look at a church in Ojai design by a local architect, Zelma Wilson, and found it fairly nice. We met others for the trustee meeting in the guest apartment. We discussed going ahead with some buildings, i.e., the administration residence, adult center, and classrooms. After lunch, Krishnaji, Theo, and I in the car; Mark, Cynthia, Evelyne, and Asha in another, went to see a building by Mrs. Wilson. On the way back, Krishnaji and I saw an adobe construction on Reeves Road. Mrs. Wilson came to meet us. She was rather a tough-looking woman, probably knows her trade and her way around Ojai building matters.’ I hate to put these things about people.

S: It’s alright, Mary. These things won’t come out until people are dead. But also, it’s fair to give your impressions. You don’t claim to be speaking “truth.”

M: But, I’m leaving it for the world to read if the world ever reads this.

S: Well, we can take it out later if you want.

M: She’s probably dead by now.

S: Exactly.

M: Anyway, I don't have to be so critical all the time.

S: Well, Mary, no, you're just being honest with what you were thinking and feeling.

M: Well, I'm saying what I'm thinking, but I don't have to go around telling people what I think of them all the time. [*S simply laughs warmly*.] Uh, where are we? 'A decision is still in the air on the classroom building. Teacher Dennis Duncan came to represent the teachers while we discussed school matters. Krishnaji went into the intent of the school. He said if he were a parent, he would send his son to us so that he would be intelligent enough to live in any society, a total human being. It was 6 p.m. when we left and got home to Malibu by 7:30 p.m. A tiring day.'

February nineteenth. 'I telephoned my brother on his birthday. They are at the Vineyard for the weekend. Vineyard selectmen are mad at the Massachusetts legislature and want to secede and become the fifty-first state.' [*Both laugh*.] 'Krishnaji spent the day in the bed, except for a walk around the lawn in the afternoon. Philippa and David came to see me in the morning. Krishnaji thinks Philippa "has something." He would like to involve them in our work. In the evening, I read a review of a book on fairies, and asked Krishnaji when was it that he used to see them. "In England," he said, when they lived in Ashdown Forest, he saw them all the time. Sometimes he was afraid to walk in the night. He couldn't describe them to me. He's forgotten.' [*Chuckles*.] 'I asked if Nitya could see them. He couldn't remember. Did he see them in India? Probably. Could he see them today if he tried? Maybe, probably I could see them in the grove at Brockwood. Why then, and why not later? "It was after coming from India. Later, probably I got more sophisticated and didn't see them," he said.' [*Both chuckle*.] I'm sure they must be in the grove at Brockwood. Don't you think?

S: If they're anywhere around there, they're in the grove.

M: Yes.

S: Yes. And in the Bluebell Forest.

M: Yes, *oh, yes, yes*. [*S chuckles*.] I remember your taking me there when I arrived at the bluebell height of season, and how beautiful it was.

S: Yes, yes. You normally just missed them.

M: February twentieth. 'Krishnaji and I walked at sunset, and saw the silver thread of the new moon.'

On February twenty-first, 'I worked on income tax preparation. We had an early lunch and went to the movie *The Silver Streak*. It started stickily with amorous scenes [*both*

chuckle] and then a cops-and-robbers plot improved things, and Krishnaji enjoyed it.' He didn't like amorous scenes.

S: Yes, I know [*laughing; M laughs too*].

M: He only liked scenery and action.

S: Yes. When an amorous scene came on, he would say, "Oh, here we go again," or some disparaging remark like that; or "Oh, this is so boring."'

M: Yes, yes. [*Laughs.*] The ones when people started shooting each other…

S: …were much better!

M: Preferably with beautiful scenery behind it [*both laugh*], then it was lovely. 'In the car, Krishnaji said, "I was wondering how you came into all this. It must've been planned."' Well, we'll never know. Anyway, 'after the film we went to Lindberg's, then came home. I spoke to Blanche Mathias. Her eyes are doing poorly. We went early to bed, both tired.'

'The next day, I finished the income tax preparation. Philippa and David came to lunch with Krishnaji and me. Krishnaji likes them, feels something in Philippa, a warmth and sensitivity. He thinks Philippa and David are wasting their lives in Indian music.' She plays some Indian instrument.

S: Mm, hm.

M: '"She should be with us." But though we all chatted easily at lunch, Krishnaji didn't move on them, as he sometimes does. Later, he and I walked down the Dunnes' hill and back.' They had a road that went down to the beach, and we didn't have that. 'My leg hurt later. There is something bad for my leg about the extra pressure of climbing. Krishnaji watched *Kojak* in the evening.'

February twenty-third. 'Rain, amazing rain, fell slightly, only one-eighteenth of an inch. I went to town alone. I delivered my income tax papers to the office of my tax preparer, then had my hair cut. At Bel Air Camera, I bought a Sankyo 8mm movie camera with sound. I was home by 5 p.m., where Krishnaji and Sidney Field were washing the green Mercedes. We gave Sidney tea.' [*S chuckles.*] I don't remember ever having a movie camera.

S: I can't remember your ever taking movies.

M: No, I don't either. Never. I don't know. Blank. Amnesia.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> What follows is a conversation, the likes of which I have never seen in anything else by Krishnaji or about him. The diary entries for the next two days are not

edited the way one would normally edit something for reading, but doing so, I felt, takes too many liberties. Instead, I have transcribed the entries for the next two days exactly as Mary wrote them in her diary; with run-on sentences, the whimsical punctuation, etcetera.

The twenty-fourth of February. 'We left early for Ojai. In the car, our conversation fell to talking of atmosphere—good and bad. I said that for me, in the village of Ojai, there is a strong sense of something disagreeable, of nasty people.' I did feel that, I remember it.

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'Krishnaji said, "Do you know why?"'

'"Well, there *is* that," I said.'

'Krishnaji replied, "You can see it."'

'I said, "There is animosity, there is conflict, there is envy."'

'Krishnaji asked, "Why is it there?"'

'I said, "Because people who feel that way go there, contaminate it."'

'Krishnaji said, "That's all." We talked a little further. Krishnaji asked me, how I met it. And I said I did nothing about it. I just sensed it, but the larger relation for me, in a place, is to the land, the beauty, the hills or ocean, the light.'

'Krishnaji said there must be no resistance, no antagonism. There is compassion. There is no self, nothing one is defending, and there is also the extraordinary beauty, the hills and light. "There is no self in this, but there is a goodness that can be invoked or to be allowed to form a circle through which the other does not come. But as long as one resists, or has some antagonism to the bad, the good cannot be."'

'We met with other trustees, and Charles Moore and Murray Silverstein to look at the design for an assembly hall—adult center. It seemed more or less to please. They are to do a model and make several additions—plans for single rooms where thirty can stay.' That never happened. We had no money for any such goings-on.

S: Where was that going to be?

M: It was going to be, I can see exactly: There's the Oak Grove and then there's the rest of the land where the school is. There used to be, on the rest of the land, next to the Oak Grove back entrance, or north entrance…

S: Right. Right. I understand. Right.

M: But, it was a fantasy because we didn't have the money.

S: If that had been built, that would've been the first adult center, instead of the first adult center being at Brockwood.

M: Exactly. That was what was intended.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: Thirty people would stay, that's a big building. And it was to have a library, and it was to have a room where Krishnaji could meet people, or more than that. He could address a group of people. 'All lunched at Arya Vihara. Moore and Silverstein then left, and the trustees met and agreed to ask Zelma Wilson to design a classroom building.'

This was done. That's where the other classroom building is.

S: The elementary school?

M: Yes, and it also holds the library and the physics class and several high school classrooms, and then also the little children.

S: Mm, hm.

M: It's a bad mixture, but anyway. 'Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I walked down Grand Avenue. It was dark when we came back, and a car swerved to avoid a bicycle without lights and came very near Krishnaji and Theo walking about twenty feet behind Erna and me. Krishnaji and I spent the night in the cottage. It was cold.'

February twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji slept badly. He said he had a nightmare. "Evil ones were trying to push me, fight me, and I was trying to make a circle around myself, but it didn't work and I finally woke up."…"I was trying to make a circle around the house. I knew you were in there, and I was trying to make a circle."'

'When I questioned him about why the circle didn't work, he said. "Well, it did because I woke up."' [*Chuckles.*] 'And he had cramps in his right foot and had to crawl to relieve it. Then he went back to sleep, and the other foot had a cramp, and again he had to crawl to relieve it. Then we started to talk about making the circle, and he said it was something he didn't want to talk about.'

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'I asked, "Was it magic?"'

'And he said, "Yes, sort of."'

‘I asked, “Did you learn it? Were you taught it?” He replied no, but he knows things like that. I asked why shouldn’t it be told to other people? “I’m not asking you about the magic itself, but why shouldn’t it be told?” And he said, “I have an instinct about it. I’ve never talked about it.” Then he said, “Do you remember when we first came to this house?”’—he was referring to Pine Cottage—‘“I wanted to run from it, it was bad, it was all wrong. And then we came and stayed, and it became alright, and it got better and better. Do you remember that?” I remembered. And out of this, he told me he does this thing whenever he comes to a house, Brockwood, Malibu, here, or I presume Tannegg too, or a hotel room. He does what he calls “drawing a circle around a place” and he said that that is one reason that when he is not with me, it is difficult for him to do it—when I’m traveling or away, and yet even when I go to town in the car alone, he does it to some degree to protect me. And in this, there is what I gather is the crux. One does not protect, as he put it, Maria’—that was his name for me, you know—‘or oneself. One is with non-resistance, non-opposition, non-setting-oneself—there is no self in this because there is no opposition—the intrinsic part is the non-self and non-opposition. He spoke of angels, not angels as sentimental beings—that blah, as he put it—but the invitation to the good, the beauty.’

‘I spoke of my feeling of the nastiness in the village of Ojai, and he said, what caused that? And I said, well, people who have these qualities of envy, jealousy, antagonism, opposition, it affects a place. He said, what do you do with it? And I said, I don’t do anything about it, but to me reality and beauty of the valley, the hills, the sky…but see the reality is the beauty of the valley, the hills, and the sky, and it isn’t mine, and there isn’t any me in it, and he said, “Yes, you know that, now move from that. That is the beginning of it, no opposition, no self, no center, but the invitation, the openness to the beauty and the good.” And he spoke of there being the forces of good, the forces of evil—the forces of evil are enormously widespread, you sense it in the world today, tremendously. You see it in the brutality, the wars, the killing, the torments, the hurting animals, and destroying the loveliness of nature. But there is the enormous force of good. He wants me to talk to the Lilliefelts about it, not from him, but to talk about this non-centered, non-selfed sense of the other. He said he does many things, but magic must not be taught, there are things he can do, that if I were to learn them on my own—I think he implied, I couldn’t do it.’

S: You couldn’t do it, or shouldn’t do it?

M: ‘I think he implied, I couldn’t do. He spoke of arriving at Vasanta Vihar last fall, and the house was filled with the bad, and they made the mistake of not taking him to his old rooms, but to his new rooms which are upstairs, and somehow, he fainted, and Sunanda, who doesn’t understand these things, left him alone, but finally when he came to, he did this thing and it became good.’

S: Mm, hm.

M: 'I said there will be a great pressure of the bad on these places here, and he said it is simple to change that. "It is not strong enough—one makes something different and good."'

'At 11 a.m., he held a discussion with parents and teachers at Arya Vihara. We left at 4 p.m. and drove slowly home. On the way, he said that I must learn to heal. It is to be without self, with compassion. Not for the person, but compassion. I asked if he could heal himself. He said, "No," but then said, "Perhaps I could if you put your hands and then I put mine on yours."'

S: Krishnaji said this before.

M: I know.

February twenty-sixth. 'The Dunnes have a lunch party for Philippa and David. As Lailee'—that's our doctor—'was coming, I asked her to look at Krishnaji on the way. She arrived with Mrs. Piatigorsky, who waited while Lailee came in and looked at Krishnaji's chest, compared X-rays taken in London with his chest X-rays of two years ago. All is well. His blood pressure is 120 over 80. She says he has chronic bronchitis, and antibiotics would clear it, but it would probably recur. Prescribed a cough mixture to thin the mucus. She suggested that Krishnaji see a urologist. In the afternoon, I went over to the Dunnes', and met Lailee with her husband, the Wylers**[4]**, there also the Carters, Joe Cohen, Winky, and a new friend of Miranda's—Gordon Stewart. Betsy**[5]** came late.'

The next day, 'I spoke to Mother and Wooge, also Blanche Mathias. Her eye has a tumor. Philippa and David came to talk in the morning. Krishnaji slept most of the day.'

February twenty-eighth. 'I worked at letters. Philippa and David came and, to say goodbye before flying off to Connecticut, they made lunch for Krishnaji and me. The Bohms, Dorothy, and Mary C. arrived from London, and stopped here briefly on the way to Ojai.' This is for the March meetings that we were about to have.

S: Right.

M: Now, we come to March the first. 'Krishnaji and I went to Beverly Hills, where Krishnaji was examined by Dr. Marvin Hausman, the urologist recommended by Lailee.' He was the doctor who later operated on him. 'He took Krishnaji's history. A urinalysis was made. He examined the prostate and found enlargement. He recommended an IVP exam.' That uses a dye and X-rays. 'Krishnaji found Dr. Hausman to be a quiet, gentle man, as Lailee had said. Then, we went to Krishnaji's barber. While his hair was cut, I found a car wash, then came back for him. We parked in back of the County Museum of Art and had a picnic in the car. It was windy and cold out. I did some errands in Westwood, while Krishnaji went to a movie, *Network*, next to Winky's bookstore, and then I went to a two-hour meeting at the USG office with Charles Moore and Bart Phelps.' That was just next door to their office.' I got back by the end of the movie to meet Krishnaji, and home we went. Radha Burnier and Ahalya Chari were to have

arrived at 10:30 p.m., and Theo went to meet them, and had engaged rooms for them at the Airport Hotel where they were to spend the night, but they were not on the flight.' Poor Theo.

March second. 'I packed in the morning. We had lunch and then drove to Ojai in the grey Mercedes, arriving by 4:30 p.m. We moved into the cottage. Dorothy is in the flat next door. The Bohms in the flat over the office. Mary Cadogan was with the Lilliefelts. Fritz and Margrete have the rooms in Arya Vihara. Ahalya Chari is to be in the back room, Radha is to be in the little room. And Alan Kishbaugh is off the kitchen.'

March third. 'At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held the first meeting of the assembled trustees at Arya Vihara. Present were: David Bohm, Mary Cadogan, Dorothy Simmons, the Lilliefelts, Evelyne, Alan Kishbaugh, Ruth Tettemer, Jackie and Sarjit Siddoo, Mark Lee, Fritz Wilhelm, and me. Ted Cartee was there to record on the Nagra. Krishnaji began by saying he wished to discuss what would happen when he dies. Books, tapes, etcetera are not enough. Who will be overall guardian to see that the teachings are protected and no division exists between the Foundations, a "brooding body" he called it. There must be a group who have known Krishnaji, been with him, who have the perfume of knowing him, and have understood something of the teachings, who will go about and convey that understanding, talk about it. That group should be formed in Krishnaji's lifetime, a group of those who have known him, are respected by others, who have no other interest than this. Only such a group will hold things together.'

'We lunched on the patio. I went to the village for food and bread from the Ranch House. On my return, Krishnaji was standing outside the cottage with Radha Burnier and Ahalya Chari, just arrived. A friendliness and smiling greeting were the first glimpses of Ahalya Chari. Like her letter to me in December, she was warm in a rare way. Very nice. Warmth and dignity, the presence of an intelligent woman of mid years, one who understands people and whose energy is toward the good. We went for a walk. Erna joined when we stopped at her house. When we came back, all the others had suppered at Arya Vihara. Michael Krohnen brought soup and salad to the cottage, and Krishnaji and I ate on trays as usual.'

S: I think we should end here because we're running out of tape.

M: Okay.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This conversation took place in 2004, and Mary Links and her husband had moved from this location more than twenty years before.

[2] Also known as Centre Georges Pompidou.

[3] Three-dimensional models.

[4] William Wyler was the director of *Ben Hur* (for which he won the Best Director Academy award), which Mary's husband, Sam, produced.

[5] Betsy Drake Grant.

Issue 45: March 4, 1977 to April 12, 1977

In this issue, and several previous issues, there have been long sections in which Mary has quoted Krishnaji from discussions that are either unavailable to the public (like trustees' meetings), or for which the recordings have been lost (like Mary's Dictaphone recordings), or which were simply not recorded. All of these long quotes have sections or words missing, truncated sentences, and whimsical punctuation because they were never meant for publication, but were diary entries as a memory aid for Mary. And when Mary read her diaries out to me, she read them, more or less, as they were written. This has left me, as editor, with the dilemma of how to present these for publication—which these issues, indeed, are. I can put in the words I feel are missing; I can complete sentences as I believe she intended them to be; I can correct the punctuation. But it has seemed wrong.

After two decades of living with this material, I have come to feel that, at the end of every day, when Mary wrote her diary entries, she was still so freshly "carrying," "living," "holding" what she had lived that day with Krishnaji, that she was writing out of that carrying/living/holding; and, like an impressionist painter who paints what they are experiencing and not a photo likeness, Mary is giving us what it was like for her to be there—for her to be in Krishnaji's presence. And this rare entry, for us, into something that no longer exists, has to simply be treasured for what it is, how it is.

Mary: We begin on March fourth, 1977, and we're in Ojai for the first international trustees' meetings. 'It was suggested yesterday that all but Krishnaji meet on our own in the days between the meetings with Krishnaji. So, we did it. And it was the beginning of a good discussion. At 10:30 a.m. Krishnaji received David Weideman in the cottage. He was invited to join us at lunch.' I can't remember who he was.

Scott: Wasn't David Weideman one of the television producers or directors who did the *Transformation of Man* videos at Brockwood—the Bohm-Shainberg dialogues?

M: I have no memory of him.

S: You mentioned their names before.

M: Well, anyway, he had lunch with us in Arya Vihara. 'In the afternoon, cable TV was brought temporarily up to the cottage and connected to the Sony TV we brought from Malibu which we have in the cottage living room. It works very well. There is better reception here. Krishnaji decided we would watch only news,' [*S laughs*] 'not the endless watching of any old thing. He thinks he will sleep better.' [*S chuckles heartily*.] That let out *Kojak*, *Starsky and Hutch*…

S: *The Two Ronnies*…

M: Yes. It was not exactly adhered to, as I recall.

S: Right.

M: So, anyway, 'that night we watched the news and *Washington Week*.' Are you a *Washington Week* fan?

S: I am, a great fan.

M: Good. We can see it tonight. Oh, no, we can't. We've got guests. [*S laughs*.] Well, it goes on about 9, so hang around.

Now, on the fifth, 'there was the second meeting of the international trustees with Krishnaji. He raised the suggestion by India for an "apex group," of representatives of the Foundations without powers of authority, but as guardians of the purity of the teachings, to discuss major problems, and hold the Foundations together in spirit and structure. This rose hackles in some. It is clear that Krishnaji wants to guard against separation of the Foundations. Also, he wants someone who will do what he does now: know what is happening in each, point out what is needed, urge improvement, etcetera. But equally clear was the initial pulling back from a "special body," particularly the word "apex" was bothersome. Theo darkly saw all sorts of spiritual authority and implied repugnance. In the afternoon, Ahalya came and sat with me on the front veranda of the cottage, and we talked intensively about the work, schools, the need for teacher training, and business that affects us all. Krishnaji came out, and he, Ahalya, Radha, Dorothy, Alan K., and I walked down McAndrew to Reeves Road.' That's at the bottom of this hill.**[1]**

S: Yes.

M: 'We looked at the adobe house again, came back, and Krishnaji switched on the TV. There was President Carter with Walter Cronkite, into the second of Carter's two hours of answering telephone calls from the public. Dorothy watched it with us. It was excellent. Krishnaji kept saying, "This man will change a lot in this country." He said he would have liked to telephone in a question' [*both chuckle*] 'through me. The question would be: "This country and people are lacking in respect, integrity, and morality. What can be done about it?"' [*S laughs*.] That's his question. 'Krishnaji said no one had asked a moral question.'

S: Yes, probably.

M: March sixth. 'I telephoned Amanda on her birthday. At 11 a.m., the meeting without Krishnaji was held on the deck outside the new school pavilion, which at last is finished.

School will start in it tomorrow. The meeting was fairly contentious. Theo, in particular, but also Erna and Mary C. were against the suggestion of a special body. Theo couldn't let go of the word "apex" and went on about Theosophy.' He, having been a Theosophist, he was…'

S: …dead against it.

M: Exactly.

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'Theo also challenged quite aggressively Radha's continuing position in the Theosophical Society, and the Esoteric Section.' He really went for her, it wasn't nice.

S: I remember listening to the tapes at the time.

M: You remember the tapes? It was rather rude, I thought.

S: It was rude, and it was aggressive, and it was completely against Theo's normal way of being with people; out of character for Theo, I thought.

M: Yes. 'Well, she was finally forced to say something. So, she said she would give an answer, but not *then*. We went on to debate over the group thing, until time to go for lunch. In the afternoon, Radha, Alan, Dorothy, and I walked with Krishnaji.'

S: It's interesting that this proposal about having *a* group that oversees all of the work kept coming up.

M: Yes, well, Krishnaji pushed it.

S: Yes, Krishnaji kept bringing it up, but it was always objected to…

M: I know.

S: …by people either who saw themselves as not being in the group, or by people who thought they would be in the group, but they didn't like other people who were possibly going to be in the group. So [*laughing*]…

M: They felt territorial, I think.

S: Yes, but it was still there ten years later, Krishnaji was still asking about that. He wanted that to happen.

M: I know. He wanted collaboration.…

S: He wanted it, and people wouldn't do it. It's really interesting.

M: It's still being worked upon.**[2]** [*S laughs.*]

March seventh. 'The third international trustees' meeting with Krishnaji. He asked what their reaction would be if he appointed one or more "at apex." "Dismay," said Erna. "Grave psychological disturbances," said Theo. "Well, I'm not going to," said Krishnaji.

He then said, "The idea of apex was a group to hold all this together, no apostolic succession."…"Don't suspect India is trying to put something over."'

S: Which is what people did think.

M: Yes. [*S laughs*.]

S: And this thing about no apostolic succession, Krishnaji kept repeating that, too, every time he made this suggestion. But that still didn't…

M: And yet, behind the scenes, he was talking about…at one point, I was supposed to be a supreme ruler…though he didn't use that word. [*Laughs*.]

S: Yes, yes.

M: No one would listen or accept, nor do I want to do that!

S: Yes, but that's probably why you would've been good at it, because you didn't want to do it! [*Laughter*.] Whereas, other people were clambering for it!

M: Anyway, '"How will these Foundations be held together?" he asked. As the discussion progressed, the idea grew that people from each Foundation should go to India with Krishnaji this year. And there also should be an annual meeting of the whole group. This was tentatively agreed to. We will go into the problems and details tomorrow which Krishnaji doesn't want to attend. We went on to discuss adult centers, a name he doesn't like, The center, The Center, The Krishnaji Center. Krishnaji said he knew what he would say to people if he were Fritz or one of us. "I heard K talk. I've understood what he said. I'm not putting my own feelings out. I have put aside my own capacities and am here to convey what I have understood, discuss it, work at it, so that [the other person] can catch something of that. It's not my own notion. It's totally impersonal."' You need to make that big speech to anybody who asks you a question!

S: Yes! [*Laughs*.]

M: Another quote: '"They"'—the trustees, etcetera—'"are representatives of what they have heard, understood, and live." He slept after lunch and was tired on the walk with Dorothy, Ahalya, and me. And he was tired after supper.'

The eighth. 'Krishnaji slept well. At breakfast, I played for him the cassette sent by Blanche Mathias. It describes what her doctor called "hallucinations" she had had last spring after returning from Ojai. It began with Margot Wilke reading to her about life after death, and Blanche having LSD-like visual hallucinations. She made the tape at her doctor's suggestion, and wants Krishnaji's opinion. He had trouble understanding her speech on cassette, but I repeated it for him. My own first thought was that Margot Wilke either slipped some LSD on her friend or triggered something in Blanche's mind. I didn't give any reaction to Krishnaji before he listened, and his first words were, having

listened, that Mrs. Wilke "is not a nice woman." Blanche is made very sensitive by illness, so either Wilke's conditioning or her imagination have been conveyed consciously or unconsciously. Blanche may not have been aware of what she too was feeling. Imaging may be her own unconscious projection, the ugliness part in it, and here, he said. "It is dangerous to say this. It may be wickedness, but it is in the world and various states of consciousness in human beings." He said, "The evil part should never enter into one's consciousness. The fear in it is part of evil that is going on between human beings." He said he should see her and tell her directly what to do. It couldn't be told on the telephone, or written, or conveyed by me, but he suggested we telephone to tell her that he would come to San Francisco. I had repeated into a Dictaphone each thing that he said as he said it. So, with him beside me, I telephoned Blanche and repeated from the Dictaphone what he had said. He told her not to discuss it with anyone. I asked her if she had any further symptoms. And she said no, no more, visually, after that. But now, she is hearing voices, a woman's voice. That is worse, said Krishnaji to me. I asked him what Blanche should do, and he said, "I must tell her"'—meaning he would tell her. 'I asked, "but could he tell me what to do, if such a thing ever happened to me." He said, "You already know."' [*S laughs*.] 'We spoke…' [*M laughing as she tries to read on*.]

S: You just don't know you know, that's all!

M: Well, I thought, any little tips if I go mad…

S: [*laughing*]…I know, would be very helpful!

M: Yes! [*Laughs again*.] 'We spoke of whether what is perceived is imaging of the person's own mind. He said it probably was, but the ugliness, the evil, exists, and when it touches the mind, it translates into imagery.' That's interesting.

S: Mm, hm. Yes, that is interesting.

M: 'At 11 a.m., all met here without Krishnaji to discuss mostly practical matters. Krishnaji joined us for lunch at Arya Vihara. In the afternoon, Erna came to Pine Cottage and we talked about Theosophy, Radha being in the Esoteric Section, etcetera. Krishnaji joined us. It seems Pupul thinks of Radha as her successor, as president of KFI, which shocked Erna.' [*Laughs*.] 'How can the president of the KFI be a Theosophist, etcetera? Krishnaji is going to bring it up. We went for a walk. Erna turned her ankle.'

The next day, 'We all met with Krishnaji at Arya Vihara for the fourth meeting. He began by asking what will prevent someone, when we are all gone, from taking over everything? How do we insure that this doesn't happen? What will keep everything moving, flowering? He said, "What am I to do?"…"Everything else is a secondary issue. It is the main thing occupying my mind. If I go on talking as long as I can, travel as long as physically possible, not till the end, I don't want to die on the platform."…"It is <u>my</u> response. The Foundations haven't felt this. So, it is my responsibility. What am I to do? This has been in my mind for a couple of years."'

‘He then went into the analogy of a baby: if one has a baby, one cares for it, etcetera. “This is *my* baby,” he said. And it became clear that the rest of us feel it is *his* baby, not *ours*. No one had an answer to what the Foundations can, or should be able to do with “his” baby. He spoke of the disintegration into ritual, etcetera, after the deaths of the Buddha, other teachers. How can it be kept alive? He said, “Because it has never been done, it *is* possible. That is the challenge.” He said that the Foundations are the vessel in which the thing goes on flowering. “Can A hand it to B. I will find the answer. It may be that there is no answer. If that is so, it is the right answer.” The power he put forth in this was overwhelming. I felt turned inside out, unable to move for a while after it was over. Others just sat motionless. I felt emptied, with only the sense of the stream of it, like a river, flowing through my skin. How often the river image describes all this, including that most vivid dream of mine years ago in Gstaad’—I’ve told you…

S: Yes, you have.

M: …‘the rushing gray river, the majestic redwood. His purpose, his teaching is the stream. I entered it long ago; now there is only the stream in my veins, mind, and heart. The bits and pieces of self wash away. Whatever does this action of the stream mean, or what is the action of the stream?’

‘I went back to the cottage and sat on my cot. Krishnaji almost locked me in, not seeing me there, and held me when he saw I was shaking. After lunch, he talked to the Siddoo sisters alone. They are starting their school in the fall, have three teachers, and a dozen children. They bought out others in the family trust, so they have less funds at present, but will have these replenished in a couple of years when they plan to sell the present school buildings at Wolf Lake. They assured Krishnaji that they are in this for life. We then drove to Malibu. On the way, I spoke to Krishnaji about whether there is such a thing as genius—in its real, not everyday, sense—in the religious field—innate, born genius, as in other fields, and if it is so, is it not perhaps necessary to do what he is suggesting. He understood my question, and seemed to take it into his exploring. Could this explain the not catching fire when he has brought the flame? I told him of own image this morning as he talked—not of the baby—but the watery one. He is the spring; the pure, clear water is a vast lake now. The Foundation can keep the water pure and clean, but only he is the spring. So, we came home to Malibu, and I was able to go over to see the Dunnes for a little before supper. Miranda was there. I was told of black Muslim terrorists capturing over 100 hostages in Washington. Came back in time for Krishnaji and I to see the Cronkite report on TV at 6 p.m. Krishnaji had to take castor oil at 5 p.m. for IVP exams tomorrow morning.’

S: Oh, right. I was wondering why you were coming back to Malibu when the meetings hadn’t ended.

M: That’s right. He had the appointment the next day.

March tenth. ‘I was up early, and tended to bills. Krishnaji went without breakfast, and we left at 8 a.m. for Beverly Hills and the IVP X-ray. On the way, he said yesterday’s

question is working in him. Dr. Orloff, radiologist, X-rayed his kidneys and bladder. Krishnaji felt no ill effects from the intravenous dye or from missing breakfast. So, we did some errands in Beverly Hills—his watch to be checked, my Vuitton bag to be mended. I bought some under-things for Krishnaji, and we came home in time for lunch. Krishnaji rested a little, and then we drove back to Ojai in the green Mercedes.'

Editor's Note: ***Mary's reading of this is very moving, but her reading is slightly different to what appears as text here because she was having trouble with her eyes due to an allergy, so some of her reading of her diary entries was not accurate. All of the text of these meetings is taken verbatim from Mary's diaries.***

On the eleventh of March, it says: 'I telephoned my stepfather on his eighty-eighth birthday. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held the fifth meeting with the trustees. He said his and the Foundation's responsibility is to the light of the teachings. The Foundation is to understand the tremendous depth of it. He said, I feel responsible till this thing is conveyed fully, to see that the Foundations and schools understand it fully, not partially. It is their responsibility to understand it. It is not a one-way street. If you feel total responsibility, you will have the capacity. Then, it happens. Capacity comes as one gets into it. So, my responsibility is to see that each member of the Foundations understands. If some are not so involved, what shall we do together? What is preventing it? Not flowering—is that a tremendous issue to you? It may be there all the time—this crisis. Crisis has no motive. To ask how to bring about a crisis is too silly. Either it *is* a crisis, or it is not at all. If it is a crisis, it will happen. Crisis is tremendous to understand. I would be *at it*…' I underline that because he was so emphatic. 'I would be *at it*, watching, questioning, seeing if my mind is conditioned, ambitious; I'd work at it, investigate it, feel I've *got* to find out. A crisis. If flowering is not happening, it would be a crisis, challenge. If the Foundation members realize it is not a crisis to them, then it will not take place. My responsibility is to feel the tremendous crisis. I've been wondering the last few days what it was. I see it now: If that is my responsibility, what will I do if you don't?' (realize the crisis). 'Walk out? Or work at it? Give it a time limit? What is my responsibility—to go to a new group and go through all that again? My tremendous responsibility is to see that you flower, and yours is to see that it becomes a crisis in your life. But, if it doesn't, what shall I do? Another group—same problem. So, I can't leave this group. I'm beginning to see something. Knowing if I leave this group, it will be worse, utterly futile, and a waste of colossal energy. I can't divorce. Do I put up with it? I refuse! We are at war with each other. I have to do something to make you change. I'm going to stick, whatever happens.'

'Everyone seemed to feel stunned, silent, and deeply moved after this.

All sat without moving. After lunch, Krishnaji and I drove Ahalya Chari and Radha Burnier to Malibu for the weekend, Krishnaji driving from the poplar trees home. Everyone is having the weekend off. Ahalya has the guest room, and Radha has the living room sofa.' I must have been in Filomena's room. Elfriede was living out by the garage, in that little addition to the garage I made years ago for Naudé. She and her husband lived up there. 'I spoke to Dr. Hausman on the results of Krishnaji's X-rays, and he said that he

has “a small obstruction.” He is 85 percent sure it is prostate, but said that there is a 5 percent possibility of a tumor. Wants to do a cystoscopy to determine it. Made an appointment for the twenty-eighth to look at the X-rays and discuss it with us.’

March twelfth, ‘Krishnaji rested all day, except for coming to lunch and walking in the garden. Ahalya and Radha and I talked and rested. We didn’t leave the place.’

The next day, ‘I cooked and did desk work. After lunch, Krishnaji, Ahalya, Radha, and I returned to Ojai.’

March fourteenth, ‘Krishnaji held the sixth meeting with trustees. Krishnaji asked why would people come to the centers. He said that if he had come to the Buddha it would’ve been to find out how he thought, how his mind worked, why he said certain things, to understand his mind, to be in the atmosphere, see the quality of the Buddha. When Krishnaji is gone, will people come saying, “You have spent time, gone into it with him, so being there, I would capture something of that.”’ He jumps between roles in these things’ [*laughs*].

S: Yes.

M: …‘“I would catch something of that.”…“This is fundamental. Then, you can discuss fear, etcetera.” Krishnaji said the books are alright, but greater depth is not reached that way. Some other quality is necessary. That other quality cannot be reached through this (effort on this level) though one must be without fear, sorrow, etcetera. That is not the end.’

S: The level of books?

M: Yes.

S: Mm, hm.

M: ‘He said to us, “You haven’t asked for this. When you want it, you get it.” And “Don’t spend a whole life laying the foundation. Have done it. Then, something much more must take place.” Again, the impact of what he said left most of us silent and overwhelmed. It was cold, and we had lunch inside Arya Vihara. I went to Ventura for an electric blanket. It is so cold in the cottage that it is hard to sleep.’

March fifteenth, it says: ‘Krishnaji and I drove to Cynthia Wood’s in Santa Barbara for a trustee meeting with Hirshon and Gammel’—those were architects. ‘They revised plans for the administration residence building. On return to the cottage, Krishnaji, Mary Cadogan, and I talked over parts of the meetings and the trustee unease with Radha’s TS membership.’

S: We should say just something, because people might not know about the Esoteric Section of the TS, and correct me if I'm wrong. As I understand it, the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society is a group within the group.

M: That's right.

S: But it actually is also slightly apart.

M: Yes.

S: In the sense, that the president of the Esoteric Section appoints the next president.

M: That, I don't know.

S: I'm almost sure of this. It's not an elected position.

M: I know that it was founded, originally, I was told by Krishnaji, by Mrs. Besant for him to head.

S: I seem to remember that. Anyway, the head of the Esoteric Section, previous to Radha, was her father. So, it's her father who appointed her, and…

M: She's still head of it.

S: And she's still head of the Esoteric Section, even though she's now president of the TS.

M: Yes. You could be both.

S: So, I just wanted to mention this because, I think, it made it doubly difficult for her to just give it up.

M: Of course.

S: Even though a lot of other members in the Krishnamurti Foundation wanted her to do that.

M: Well, she clearly made the decision not to give it up, but this fuss about it has never progressed, as it were. She has, in fact, from what little I know about it, which is little, she's trying to pull the TS over in Krishnaji's direction.

S: Oh, very much so. And, in fact, when she was running for president of the TS, the fact that she was a trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation of India was held against her by a lot of old TS people.

M: I'm sure.

S: And a lot of the TS people who had been made quite hostile to Krishnaji by previous people have felt that she has changed it dramatically by bringing Krishnaji more into the TS.

M: Heresy! Huh.

S: But I would probably also add that I…this might be speculation, but just knowing Radha to the small extent that I do, if Krishnaji had ever said to her, please give up the TS, I'm sure she would have. But, I don't think Krishnaji ever did, did he?

M: No. Not that I know of, and I don't think he would have.

S: No. I don't think he would've, and I think if he had, she would've done it.

M: Well, that's speculation.

S: That is speculation. But, it's just the amount of…

M: Her involvement with Krishnaji as a teacher, as a person, was totally sincere.

S: Absolutely.

M: …is totally sincere.

S: That's why I speculate that.

M: I think it's a good exposition for this purpose.

Yes, we were at Cynthia Wood's, and we came back. Mary C. came to talk to me in the cottage, and Krishnaji joined us. We spoke of the worry of many at Radha's position as both KF member and TS.

S: Yes, that's what started our conversation.

M: Right. 'Krishnaji said he would talk alone with Radha about it before it is raised in these meetings. We spoke, too, about the implications of what he is telling us. I asked if his presence, his having been with us will make it more possible for us to carry on; if something more than what we have learned will be at work. Later, alone with him, I tried to say what I seldom mention but is the ground I stand on—that with all my being, I want to go all the way in this. I said that all along, I've seen that wanting, willing, seeking is not the way, that it moves against realization, but that without those there remains a burning center that cares only about what he calls "much more." Spoke of "opening the window"—he said to speak of it in the next meeting.'

March sixteenth, 'Krishnaji's seventh meeting with the trustees. I asked about the "open window" through which the wind *may* come.'

‘Krishnaji said that “laying the foundation (understanding, fears, etc., etc.) demands the other.”…“If one understands a part, one understands the whole.” Laying the foundation brings about a movement—“the volume of the water brings the movement.” Movement brings energy. In laying the foundation “not taking too long—compress it,” then there is momentum, energy, movement. Then, discussion would take place at a different level, verbally or nonverbally. Later, he said, “Can we act now as if K were no longer here?”…“What would you do?” and “if you have imbibed the teachings, you are the teacher.” Then, “You’ve got a deep well, don’t go to it with a little bucket. For god’s sake, use K, learn. You’ve got a short time. It is the responsibility of the Foundation to suck that dry.”’

‘As it continued, it was clear that one goes to the well with no bucket. Consciousness, empty of knowledge, is no bucket.’

‘In the afternoon, Krishnaji had a long talk with Radha about her position in KFI and TS. She apparently had never considered that there might be a contradiction. Krishnaji told Dorothy and me afterward that he had not advised her how to act, but to look at the whole. He pointed out to Dorothy and me what a difficult decision Radha faces.’

The seventeenth. ‘Bart Phelps’—that’s the architect—‘came at 2:30 p.m., and we spent the afternoon going through the house plans. Erna went with Cohen, our lawyer, to the Planning Commission hearing for a permit for Krishnaji’s talks in the Oak Grove. Present also were Annie Vigeveno, Austin Bee, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, who bought the Zork house. Kelly voiced objections: noises, pot holes in the roads, etcetera. But, we got the permission in spite of objections. Krishnaji is shocked at Rajagopal sending Austin Bee and Vigeveno to oppose the permission.’

S: I was just sitting here shocked.

M: Yes.

S: This is where Krishnaji had always spoken.

M: Yes, but we always had to get a permission for a public meeting.

S: Yes, and before that, he, Rajagopal, would’ve gotten it. But, now that it’s the new Foundation that’s doing it, he’s sending flunkies down to oppose it?

M: That’s right.

S: Extraordinary.

M: March eighteenth, ‘Krishnaji’s meeting with the trustees number eight. It began with David Bohm suggesting we start where the K-Bohm-Shainberg videos ended, the subject of something “sacred.” There was considerable exploring of guilt and responsibility. Krishnaji rather denigrated responsibility in favor of a much larger, encompassing

compassion. “Compassion can never be wrong.” He said, “Compassion can never be inadequate in any circumstance.” If action comes first it leads to guilt. Let compassion act.’

‘“If you are the world, which I feel most profoundly, compassion arises.”…“Sacred is the sense of wholeness. To live at the point of wholeness is a tremendous thing.”…“The teaching is concerned with all of life, and out of that, comes compassion.”…“K feels you should enter into this sense of compassion, and so he is working at it. You are asking what do we do about this and that, the school, and the administration, etcetera. And K says, ‘Stop all that, and come into this, and you will answer rightly.’…“I won’t feel guilty if you don’t do it. I want you to do it, but it would be a horror if I felt guilty or disappointed. So it is my job to see that you come in.”…“Isn’t it your job to see that others come in? But, first, come here.”…“Do we feel guilty because we can’t do it? Churches have said that you must renounce, and there began the guilt.”’

‘Separation-guilt. “Are you listening consciously or unconsciously? Conscious is reaction. Deep listening is without response. That may be the answer. At that deep level, there is no you and me. At this (the superficial) there is.”’

‘“Something extraordinary is in this. You are listening to K on the surface, and you are making an effort to go down there and listen. That doesn’t work that way. Can you listen without the waves? Listening with background and knowledge is one thing; listening is movement. Can you listen without movement. That may convey what K wants to say more profoundly than listening with waves.”’

‘He said he had listened, for instance, to Hitler that way, and saw instantly what he was. “If you listen at a deeper level without words, as Foundation members, something entirely different takes place, about the schools, the centers, etcetera, then you are the teachers because you have moved from the periphery to the very center of it.”…“If you really listen in silence, you are there because there is no me, you are the world.”’

‘After lunch at Arya Vihara, Krishnaji and I drove home to Malibu, and I had time before supper to go to see Amanda and Phil.’

March nineteenth. ‘Krishnaji and I took the 10 a.m. United Airline flight from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and took a taxi to Blanche Mathias’s apartment. Krishnaji spoke to her in private for an hour, then we both lunched with Blanche. Krishnaji had gone into the matter of the hallucination she’s been having on and off since last spring. He said he told her that she was oversensitive from illness and other things, that made her pick up these things. He didn’t say what else he told her, but indicated I already knew how to deal with such things (no center, no self). At 2:30 p.m., Alain Naudé came by and drove us to his flat, where he took down Krishnaji’s symptoms to try for a homeopathic remedy to help Krishnaji’s problems. Then, he took us to the airport, where we caught the 5 o’clock flight back to Los Angeles, the car, and home to Malibu in time for supper. The trip was not too tiring, but not to be done often.’

The next day, 'We had breakfast early and drove to Ojai in time for the 11 a.m. ninth meeting with the trustees. The first one-and-a-quarter hours were on procedural matters. Then, Krishnaji asked if responsibility for flowering rests on all Foundation members. Do we all help each other to bring about in the centers a sense of Otherness? He said, we had talked about guilt, but it was an enormous subject, and we hadn't dealt with it thoroughly. He said "I do not think we are demanding of ourselves the highest. We are still saying we can't do it. It's *yours*. We will explain *your* teachings."…"If it is *yours*"'—he means the Foundation members—'"it will not be polluted. I thought on the plane yesterday, how do we go through with this?"…"K says 'Come over in this, and drink as much as you can, involve yourself totally.' And I fear you are saying, 'It is too much. We don't know how.'"…"In the centers, when someone asks, will you be able to deal with it—not as individuals?"…"Have we solved what we want to discuss—what will happen when K is gone? Or, is it insoluble? It has become something I have to do something about." He spoke of a mine of gold; are we going to stop at the edge of the cave? What are we going to do about the mine of gold?"…"I'm going to pursue this for the rest of my life with the Foundations. It happened we are together. My job is very clear for the next ten years. Whenever we meet, I'm going to push this thing. What is your dharma? A good word, but spoilt. Dharma means sustain the original—if I may use that word with tremendous hesitation. It is not understood in the West."…"So, what am I to do as a member of the Foundations when K is gone? K says this mine is a sacred treasure. I leave it to you. What will you do with it?"…"My dharma has become very clear in these meetings, apart from the public meetings, to push and pull you into the cave. I feel this tremendously. I accept that. What happens at the end of fifteen years? What will you do?"'

S: Mm. Yes.

M: My diary for March twenty-first says: 'Mrs. Gandhi fails to win a parliament seat in the India election, and so does her son. The Congress party is defeated. Krishnaji is not surprised. He wonders what she will do. In the p.m., Radha B., Mary C., Dorothy S., Erna, and I went to K & R offices to see the archives. Mrs. Vigeveno admitted us, but was totally unresponsive when we asked for material. She said there was no inventory, she wasn't there to help us. So, we saw no manuscripts, no letters to Krishnaji. Mary tried to telephone Rajagopal but was refused the use of a phone.'

S: Hm, hm.

M: 'Radha asked for materials sent from Adyar. No answers.'

The twenty-second of March. 'Krishnaji's trustee meeting number ten. There was a discussion of what relationship is between Krishnaji's teachings, Krishnaji's words, and truth. Is there such a thing as Krishnaji teachings, or only truth? Is he talking out of the silence of truth, or out of an illusion of truth, the "noise of illusion." How to find out? Who is to judge? Is it out of silence of truth, or out of reactions and conditioning? How to approach this question? "As I don't know, I listen"'—this is what we should do, but he's talking—'"put aside the personality, influence. I'm questioning—am I questioning my own questioning (with my judgment, conditioning, etcetera). Can I listen to what he says

with an abandonment of the past? Then, there is a different relation to him. I'm listening out of silence. I see all the dangers of thought, etcetera."'

'Mrs. Gandhi resigns as prime minister. Krishnaji feels somewhat responsible. He told her to do whatever was right, and apparently, she did.' [*S chuckles*.]

Wednesday, the twenty-third of March. 'There was an early meeting of trustees, without Krishnaji, to review decisions taken during the meetings. Krishnaji stayed in bed, but at 11 a.m., came to the Lilliefelts' where Charles Moore and Murray Silverstein had brought the model of the assembly adult center building. Krishnaji and the U.S. trustees looked at it, and discussed it. It was thought very handsome. We all lunched at Arya Vihara, and later we had another meeting about the brochure for fundraising. Nice drawings by Fritz's wife Margrete to be used.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji's eleventh and final trustee meeting continued the discussion of how can we know Krishnaji is speaking the truth. Bohm said, insight sees it is true, and having seen it, one can logically work it out. So, perception is at intervals, or is there one perception that never ends? When Krishnaji dies, the Foundations are to be "guiltlessly" totally responsible to have their own perception, insight of the truth Krishnaji has spoken. One perception is enough. It opens the door, so there is insight all the time: never confusion. Will further action confuse perception, or will perception never be confused? The mind seeks security in insight. In real perception (complete) there is no confusion. The possibility of stepping out of the stream exists for human beings. "Don't say 'everyone.' Perception is never partial. In total perception, there is no further confusion. One cannot have perception if daily life is in disorder. Any conclusion is detrimental to perception. What is perception? It is without attachment, fear. In fear or suffering, one can look at it, the fact that distorts can be looked at. There is perception only when there's no division between the observer and the observed, the act of exploring, in the act of watching there is insight. There was the analogy of washing a window through which one looks. The art of watching cleans the window. Krishnaji said, he has never done this, i.e., it was never necessary. David Bohm asked, how do you know anyone else can? Krishnaji replied, "Because you see it instantly. You see all this. Must you go through all this, or do it instantly? In seeing the observer and observed, seeing the working of it, one sees the totality."…"I think that is the only way."'

'It was asked, is it open to a human being to see it all at a glance, total perception?'

'Krishnaji said, "No human being has refused to go through all this (fear, etc.) and said I won't operate in my conditioned response."…"If he did, something other may take place."…"Something other does take place when you look at the whole thing."…"Yet, that man, K, never said that, he just did it."…"Demand for the essence of excellence washes everything else away. ***It is possible***."…"One must have passion for excellence."… "Total insight is the flame that burns away all confusion."…"Don't you then act as a magnet when you are passionate to bring about transformation? Passion may be what is missing. If it is missing, ***ask for it***!"' [*S chuckles*.]

‘After the meeting, we all went to the Ranch House, where I gave a luncheon for twenty-four of us. The Hookers arranged it all nicely. We ate inside as a light rain was falling. Later, at the office, there was a meeting on a brochure. Krishnaji talked to Ahalya. Then, he, she, Dorothy, and I took a short walk. It rained, too, in the night. Morarji Desai became prime minister of India.’

March twenty-fifth, ‘there was snow on Sulfur Mountain.’ [*Chuckles*.] ‘Dorothy and Mary C. left for England, with Carl Marcus driving them to the Los Angeles airport. Krishnaji held his first meeting in the new pavilion and discussed with parents and teachers on education. Ahalya left for San Francisco. David Bohm gave a radio interview about Krishnaji on station KPFK, which we listened to with Erna and Theo at their house. Malibu had 1.3 inches of rain, including snow in Latigo Canyon, which brings the season total to 7 inches.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji held the second parent-teacher discussion in pavilion. After lunch at Arya Vihara, he “put his hands” for Cynthia Wood. At 4 p.m., he saw a young Russian couple, Elena and Jan Dyansky who wrote to him about two years ago from Leningrad and who have immigrated and come here to see him. He has got a job at the Ojai Inn; they have green cards, a car, a new life. Both are young and childlike. Later, Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I walked.’

On the twenty-seventh of March, ‘Krishnaji held a third meeting in the pavilion with parents and teachers. Dale Duffy’—he was a friend of, I think, Cynthia Wood—‘and Cynthia Wood came to lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji “treated” Cynthia, and there was a brief meeting about announcements of the talks, etcetera. Then Krishnaji and I drove home to Malibu.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji rested in the morning. We lunched at home, and then at 3 p.m. saw Dr. Hausman at his office in Beverly Hills. He showed us the X-rays of the kidneys, which are fine, and the bladder where prostate is enlarged with a narrowing exit. We discussed thoroughly what should be done. I asked what the prognosis is if nothing is done. Hausman said there will be an eventual stoppage. Today, the operation is relatively simple and minor, but it will be more complicated if an infection should occur. The kidneys would be affected. Also, it could happen suddenly during travels or in some place without medical facilities and at a time when Krishnaji would not only be older but not be in his present excellent overall health. This decided Krishnaji, and also me, that it must be seen to here and soon. Krishnaji explained his wish not to be unconscious. His mind must not be made artificially unconscious. Hausman said local, i.e., spinal block, is very customary and will be done if Krishnaji wishes it. Krishnaji agreed to the operation. Hausman said prostrate often bleeds quite a bit and would Krishnaji accept a blood transfusion if necessary? Krishnaji said no to someone else’s blood. Hausman then asked if he would take his own blood, and Krishnaji said, yes, of course. Then, Hausman would want him to give a pint or two on two different donations in advance so that it would be available if needed. I said I wanted to be able to be near him in the hospital and stay there. This he will arrange. The date for the surgery was put for May second, and Krishnaji agreed to convalesce in Malibu for the month of May. Krishnaji made all these

decisions as Hausman presented them. He saw the necessity. Afterward, he said he was watching the body to see if it accepted. One other thing he explained to Hausman was that his body had never been invaded, i.e., cut into, and Hausman explained that in this there is no incision. The entrance is made through the natural opening; the interior of the bladder is looked at, and a small section of prostrate around the neck of the bladder is removed. The stay in the hospital will be four or five days, and then rest at home. Krishnaji said the bladder muscles are very strong from yoga. This makes urine push back into the kidneys when the exit is blocked. We left and did some errands on the way home, Lindberg's, etcetera.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed. I went to town for a haircut and errands.'

Wednesday, the thirtieth of March. 'I spoke to my brother in New York, and told him our plans. Krishnaji is determined to go to the Shainberg psychotherapist conference at the end of April in New York, before the surgery here in May. Bud said we could use the Ritz Tower flat. Krishnaji and I went to town, where he had his hair cut, and I fetched enchiladas at the farmer's market with which we had a picnic in the car on a shady side street in Beverly Hills. Then, we went to a 2 o'clock movie, *The Domino Principle*.' Do you remember that movie?

S: No. I don't remember that one.

M: Neither do I. 'We came home in time for a walk in the garden. I telephoned Blanche Mathias. Her usual hallucinations have gone since Krishnaji's visit.'

S: Hm.

M: The thirty-first, 'Diane and David Shainberg, and their children Steven and Nancy, came down from Ojai, where they are staying, to lunch with Krishnaji and me. Diane was pleasant, more relaxed than at past meetings.'

April first, 'I spoke to my stepfather at the Vineyard. Alain Naudé rang on his own behalf and Theo's, saying that the May second date for Krishnaji's surgery is bad astrologically. "How superstitious are we?!" asked Krishnaji.' [*S laughs*.] 'But, on the ignore-nothing-for-his-good theory, I asked Hausman to change it to May ninth, which is okay according to Alain Naudé.' I didn't tell Hausman why I wanted to change the date. [*S laughs*.] 'Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai in time for lunch. Afterward, we took Ahalya, who has returned from San Francisco, and we went to look at the Oak Grove, ready for tomorrow's public talk. Everything was well arranged, fencing neatly around to keep people from wandering. This year we've had to get a permit to hold them, and the county will inspect tomorrow. I seem to have a cold, started coughing on the way up. Not bad.'

April second, 'there were clouds, but no rain. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji gave his first public talk in the Oak Grove, and spoke of the need for security, that the only security is intelligence. The Grove was the best organized ever. Ted put slat fencing all the way around, so people do not wander in from behind Krishnaji while he is speaking. We are

recording in color on video, done by Santa Barbara TV station for the Foundation. Mr. Sperling of the Ventura County Planning Commission, which gave the permit to hold the talk, was there to inspect. We estimate 3,000 people came. Afterward, Krishnaji went over to where Hooker had organized lunch, but after making his appearance, he came to the cottage where we had lunch quietly.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave the second Ojai talk, and we lunched there. In the afternoon, I typed letters for Krishnaji to Pupul, Sunanda, etcetera, for Ahalya to take to India. She leaves early tomorrow morning for India. In the letters, news was given of Krishnaji's operation. Ahalya, the Lilliefelts, and Alan K. came on the walk. We said goodbye to Ahalya as she leaves early tomorrow for Delhi, such a nice person.' She was and is.

S: Mm, hm. Yes.

M: April fourth, 'the Bohms came to say goodbye. They will go to New York. In the afternoon, Isabel Biascoechea, Alfonso Colón, Mr. Riesco, and Mr. Sendra came to see Krishnaji, and had things out more or less.' That's the Puerto Rican grouping. 'Sendra has his own elaborate plan by which the Fundación would do all the work of his publishing ventures and pay him and his wife for life.' [*S chuckles*.] 'It was rejected. He left. Whether he remains a trustee too is up to the other members of the Fundación, but with a strong implication that he resign or be asked to leave by the other members.'

Oh, wait a minute. There's more from the fourth. It's in faint pencil, so bear with me while I read it. It's titled '*Notes, Incomplete, on Conversation between Krishnaji and David Bohm in the Cottage, Ojai, April 4th, 1977*. The source is a Dictaphone recording begun after the conversation was in progress. It's a poor recording.'

S: Do we have that recording some place?

M: I don't know.

S: Alright. So, you read the text, but this small Dictaphone recording, as far as the archives list I have is concerned does not exist. So, read on, it's all we seem to have.

M: Alright, I'm going to say "Krishnaji" and read it, and then "David" and then read it. It'll be dialogue like that.

S: Right.

M: 'Krishnaji: "There are other forces. You may use the word *evil*. There are people in the world who are evil."'

'David: "Would you say force penetrated beyond the ordinary communication?"'

‘Krishnaji: “They penetrate only when *that*”’—“that” is special underlined—‘“when *that* interest is not in charge.”’

S: In charge. Right. When the interest of that “Other” is not in charge.

M: The “Otherness,” etcetera.

S: Right.

M: ‘Krishnaji: “They penetrate only when *that* interest is not in charge.”’

‘Bohm: “What is not clear to me is, suppose there is an evil person, making evil through his words and actions. But suppose I don’t see him. He is somewhere, far away.”’

‘Krishnaji: “But there is a very well-known phenomenon. I can think about you happily, with affection, care, or I can hate you.”’

‘Bohm: “How does that hate affect you when you are far away?”’

‘Krishnaji: “Yes, that’s what I mean.”’

‘David: “Then, there is transmission of thought?”’

‘Krishnaji: “Oh, obviously, obviously.”’

‘David: “Yes. Well, it is important to get it clear, because it contradicts what people usually accept, but you are quite clear on that? Quite sure of it?”’

‘Krishnaji: “I’m quite sure. Personally, when I go to a place which I’m not familiar with, where I haven’t lived, say when I first came here after ten years, I came through that door. I felt appalling, I said to her. I ran out.”’

S: Mm, hm. This is the door of the cottage, which you just pointed to, and which won’t come through the audio recording.

M: Oh, of course. That’s right.

S: Right. [*Chuckles*.]

M: ‘David: “But, how is it now?”’

‘Krishnaji: “Nothing. It’s all gone.”’

‘David: “But what happened?”’

‘Krishnaji: “Because the other thing is stronger, it cannot be touched. That’s why whenever a doctor said to me, ‘Do you want it?’”’—meaning a general anesthesia—‘“by injection, a total anesthesia…”’ and then I say in my diary ‘the recording is then unintelligible.’

‘David: “It occurred to me, you say these people are caught in confused thought; nevertheless, there is a transformation possible whereby they get out of it. Would you say, suppose you took an anesthetic and were caught with an evil thought, could an evil thought take hold of you?”’

‘Krishnaji: ‘Oh, but I don’t want to go through all that. Of course.”’

Then, apparently I: ‘Mary speaks: “Is it relevant to ask what is the difference between the unconsciousness of anesthesiology and sleep?”’

‘Krishnaji: “Oh, that’s entirely different. There, it is natural. This is unnatural.”

‘Mary: “Because it is imposed?”’

‘Krishnaji: “You are forced, you’re driven out.”’

‘David: “Now, with sleep, would you say there is still a kind of attention?”’

‘Krishnaji: “Oh, yes. That intelligence is watching.”’

S: Hm.

M: That’s the end of that.

April fifth. ‘Krishnaji held the first public discussion of the year in the Oak Grove. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Dr. and Mrs. Drassinower came to see Krishnaji at 4 p.m., a long, tedious discussion, but Krishnaji politely and firmly conveyed that no more doctoring was required from *celui la***[3]**.’ [*Both M and S chuckle*.]

On April sixth, ‘Krishnaji spent this warm day in bed. He dictated a letter to Rajagopal, saying he would go to the archives on the fifteenth, that he was concerned by reports of trustees who visited the archives, that none of his manuscripts, etcetera, were there, and said he would be coming to see them, plus Mrs. Besant’s, Leadbeater’s, and Huxley’s letters.’

April seventh, ‘Krishnaji held the second public discussion in the Grove. Pascaline Mallet and Giselle Questiau…’ Do you remember her? Wasn’t she that woman who was married to a general? Or was that someone else?

S: I don’t remember. The name sounds familiar, but I can’t put a face to it.

M: Neither can I. Well, anyway, 'they came to lunch at Arya Vihara. Also, Abdullah El Hussein, and a Ms. Habibe came for lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw Elena and Jan Dyansky'…the young Russian couple. 'We walked later.'

For the eighth, there is only, 'Elfriede brought mail and laundry. I did letters, and we walked.'

April ninth, 'Krishnaji gave the third public talk in the Grove. We lunched in the cottage.'

April tenth, which was Easter Sunday, 'I telephoned my mother. Krishnaji gave the fourth public talk in the Grove. We had the lunch nearby that the Hookers had set up. Before the talk, I made announcements and an appeal for funds. Krishnaji met the Canadian teachers from the Siddoo school at 4 p.m. in Arya Vihara. In the evening, he told me with great seriousness that I must be watchful of him after the operation, that the line between life and death is very thin with him, and that I must remind him to be watchful.'

April eleventh, 'I wrote to Dorothy Simmons and Mary Cadogan about Krishnaji's plans to have the operation and stay here during the month of May. Krishnaji saw Sendra alone in the afternoon who tried to undo the agreements made last time with the other Fundación members. Krishnaji said no. We walked later. In the evening, Krishnaji spoke to me about not letting him slip away in the hospital. I must talk to him, remind him, be watchful after the operation. He said that the body for the last three days has been resisting the operation, and that the danger is that he, Krishnaji, might suddenly say, "That is enough," and slip out. The line between life and death is always there; it has happened to him in the past; it happened here in Ojai when he was walking in the mountains; it has happened in India when he "goes off" and "wanders away," as he put it, and that could happen. He said he must not take any sedation, but in particular I must be watchful. I asked what I could do, and he said to talk, to talk to him. It wouldn't happen with strangers about, but after he comes back to his room after the operation, I must talk to him. I must remind him, too, in the morning before he goes down to surgery. I must also remind him before he gives blood. I must be watchful. Last night, when we were joking about a "home loan," which was being advertised on television, I jokingly said, "Do you wish to apply for a home loan?" and he said, yes. And I said, "For what purpose?" And, he said, "For an operation," which threw me, because since he made the decision to have the operation, he hasn't referred to it except very factually, and suddenly in the middle of a joking conversation, I realized it is in his mind to some degree. Sometime later, I asked if he didn't want to have the operation. Should we cancel it? And he said, no, no. It is decided, and this morning, I asked him again if we should not have it. "No. If one neglects it and there is a stoppage, it would be much worse." But, I must remind him.

April twelfth. 'Krishnaji held the third public discussion in the Oak Grove on education. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Abdullah El Hussain and Ms. Habibe were there. They asked Krishnaji about thought being matter, etcetera. Thought as matter dies with the body, which is matter, but Krishnaji implies thought in some form enters a stream of

consciousness and continues. I tried to ask him to clarify more specifically how this happens. I think I see his meaning, but more might be said at some moment when he is feeling like talking of this.' You had to ask questions when he wanted to talk, and not plague him with them.

S: Yes.

M: 'Abdullah asked about reincarnation, and Krishnaji said the body and mind die, but thought is like an energy put out by the mind, and it is matter and continues as evil exists, as good exists, the good put out by man, etcetera. In the afternoon, he called in Colón, Isabel, Riesco, and Sendra, and chastened Sendra for his mixing Theosophy with his teachings. He told the Fundación members they must deal with this and Sendra.'

S: Okay. We're going to have to end it there, because we're running out of tape.

M: Okay.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This interview, and all subsequent ones, were conducted at Pine Cottage in Ojai.

[2] This discussion took place in 2004.

[3] French for "that person there."

Issue 46: April 13, 1977 to May 31, 1977

In this issue, we see Krishnaji go through his first-ever invasive medical procedure, and, for the editor of this account, it is grueling, although Krishnaji deals with it all in a very matter-of-fact way. Again, we see Mary doing everything she possibly can to take care of him and ensure everything goes well. At the end of this procedure, and as a result of it, Krishnaji has a "dialogue with death" which he dictates to Mary. While a version of this was published by Mary Lutyens in *Krishnamurti: The Years of Fulfillment*; the full version is in this issue, and as it is also in the full context of all that was going on with Krishnaji, as he described it and as Mary witnessed it, that "dialogue with death" is much more powerful, and more poignant. This full context, the daily minutiae of Krishnaji's and Mary's lives, has increased value when it frames the extraordinary.

Mary: Well, I believe we begin our discussion today on April thirteenth, 1977. 'Krishnaji said I must be watchful after he gives blood too, and that I should tell the Lilliefelts about this. Charles Moore and Bart Phelps came at 9:30 a.m. with a mockup of the way to link the present cottage with the new wing. Krishnaji was pleased with it, liked the sample of gray roofing, etcetera. While I went on with the architects, Krishnaji talked to Mark Lee about problems with teachers. Krishnaji stayed in bed, but had the Lilliefelts, Mark, Alan, Evelyne, and me in at 11 a.m. to talk about teachers' salaries and other dissatisfactions; said they must understand that what is being done is the main thing. Then, suddenly, he asked me if I could tell them'—that's the assembled people—'what he had told me, and went on to say that he has always lived with a very thin line between living and dying; that he mustn't "slip away" in the hospital; that he has told me what to do. They were in tears. When others had left, he called the Lilliefelts back, and talked to them a little more about it.'

Scott: It would be good to just clarify something. Can you go back to the beginning of that one?

M: Mm, hm.

S: Where you mention talking to the teachers about salaries.

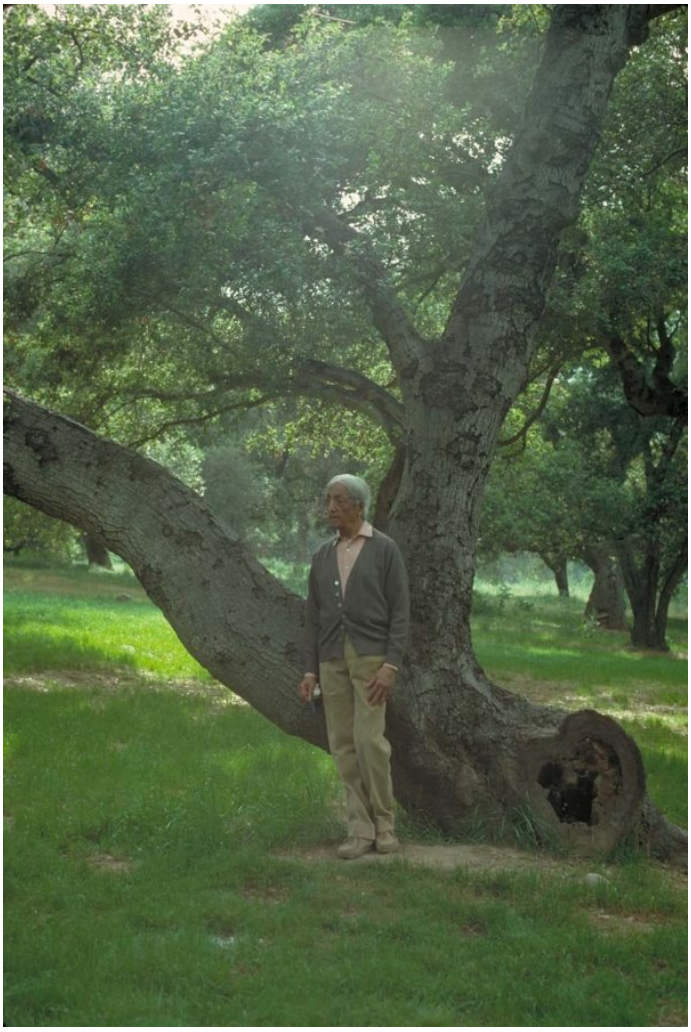
M: Mm.

S: It's not clear if Krishnaji is saying *they* must understand, meaning the teachers must understand, or that the trustees must understand.

M: Well, he's talking, let's see how it reads. [*M reads.*] Hm. I think that the teachers were objecting to the salaries.

S: Yes, well, that's understandable. So, go on.

M: 'Said they must understand that what is being done is the main thing.'



Krishnaji in the Oak Grove

S: Alright, *they* meaning the teachers must understand, or the trustees must understand that what's being done is the main thing?

M: I don't know which he meant. I would guess the teachers.

S: Okay, alright.

M: April fourteenth. 'Krishnaji held the fourth public discussions in the Grove on thought, intelligence, etcetera. He was marvelously clear. The audience contributed nothing. Cynthia Wood was at lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji gave her a treatment. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave a taped interview to Donald Ingram Smith for Australian Radio. Zelma Wilson presented plans for school buildings.'

The next day, 'At 3 p.m., Evelyne organized a tea for the helpers at the public talks and discussions. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Ruth, Alan, and I went to see the things in the archives about which Krishnaji had written to Rajagopal: manuscripts, letters, etcetera. Austin Bee admitted us. Rajagopal quickly appeared. He said that he didn't

know where Krishnamurti's manuscripts are and all the other material is his personal property. Krishnaji left. The rest of us stayed and talked to Rajagopal. Before Krishnaji walked out, I asked him if I could look again at the two first photographs I had found in an album apparently put together by Nitya, as the writing underneath is his. These were photographs of "Krishna aged about 5," it says.' [*S chuckles*.] 'And then, "Krishna's mother," a separate photo. Krishnaji looked at them, and then left. This drew Rajagopal's interest, who peered at them, and said that he hadn't seen them in a long time. I said it was a pity, that they were beginning to fade, and would eventually disappear, that they really should be re-photographed as quickly as possible. Rajagopal said yes, maybe they should, but wouldn't it be very expensive. I said I, or we, would be glad to pay for them. What about our sending a photographer? Alan Hooker's brother-in-law is a professional and can do the job. Rajagopal said alright. There was a lot of questions backwards and forwards. With nothing to lose, I asked Rajagopal what he planned to do with all the material he claimed was his after his death? I didn't expect him to tell me, but wanted to hear what he would say. "You'll find out after I'm gone." Alan Kishbaugh and I were walking out with Rajagopal behind us, when I opened the door of the closet in the hall, so that Alan could see the Bourdelle**[1]** head of Krishnaji done in 1927 to 1928. As we admired it, Rajagopal said, "I suppose that ought to be in your school." I said, "It should indeed." And he said we could take it, surprisingly. We went back to the cottage, and in the evening, Krishnaji dictated a very pointed and strong letter to Rajagopal.'

Now, it doesn't say in this, but I remember thinking that Rajagopal is going to change his mind about that if we don't act quickly.

S: About what?

M: The statue.

S: The Bourdelle. Right. So, you took it right away?

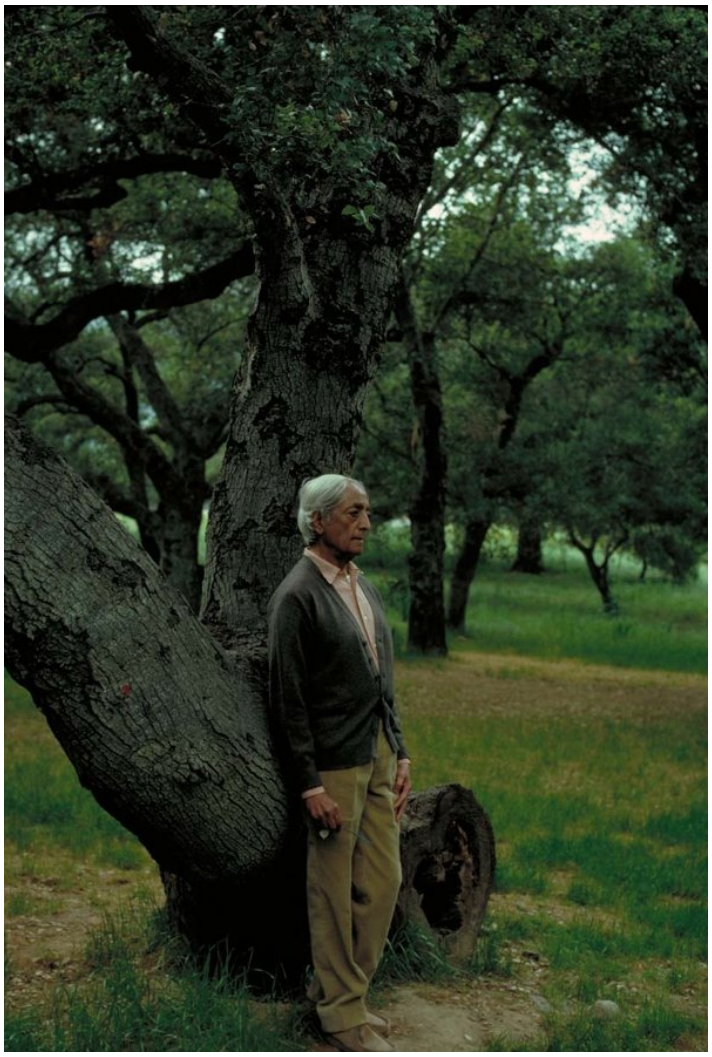
M: I got Alan Kishbaugh to go back and get it is my recollection. I don't seem to have noted it here. That's how we got it.

S: Right.

M: And it's over in the library now.

S: Yes.

M: April sixteenth. 'Krishnaji gave the fifth talk in the Oak Grove, a profoundly moving one on the meaning of death. There was a huge crowd. Ravi Shankar was there and greeted Krishnaji. Cynthia Wood came to the cottage for Krishnaji's "treatment" and stayed to lunch with him and me. Alan Kishbaugh and Mark'—oh, here, it does say—'Alan Kishbaugh and Mark went to get the Bourdelle statue before Rajagopal changed his mind.'



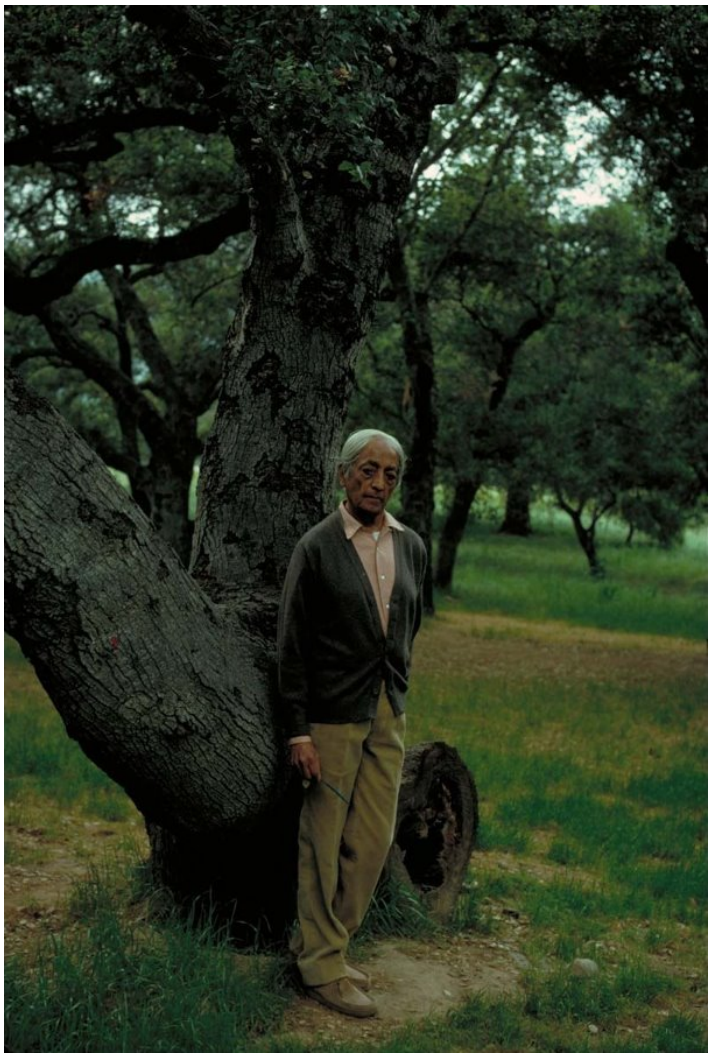
Krishnaji in the Oak Grove

And the seventeenth. 'Krishnaji gave the sixth talk in Oak Grove, completing the season's series. Again, there was a huge crowd, including Rajagopal who stared intently and malevolently at Krishnaji, especially as the crowds swarmed around him after the talk. We ate lunch at the Hooker-arranged place, came back and Krishnaji slept while the Lilliefelts and I counted the donations. Krishnaji saw Mr. Mirus at 4 p.m., and then Jan and Elena Dyansky at 4:30 p.m. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Alan K., and I walked later.'

April eighteenth, 'I typed Krishnaji's letter to Rajagopal and one to Pupul. She has resigned from government service. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a meeting at Arya Vihara with the school staff.'

The nineteenth, 'Elfriede came to Ojai and loaded her car and the Mercedes. After lunch, Krishnaji talked to Erna, Theo, and Fritz about Fritz backing up Mark in school matters with teachers and parents, etcetera. Then, we left Ojai and came home to Malibu.

Everything looking lovely, the garden is in flower, a gentle moisture from the ocean, and the peaceful house.'



Krishnaji in the Oak Grove

S: Mary, just this business of backing up Mark. I know that there was eventual trouble not too long after this, between Mark and the parents and teachers. Was this the beginning of this?

M: I would think it was, but I don't remember exactly; it will come out in these diaries. Krishnaji was always trying to get people to work together.

S: Yes, yes.

M: April twentieth. 'I spoke to my brother early. They will lunch with us Sunday,' it says here. They must've been going to come out.

S: No, you were on your way to New York.

M: Oh, of course. [*M and S chuckle*.]

'I went to town for a haircut, etcetera. But was back in time for lunch with Krishnaji and Alan K. Then, Alan drove Krishnaji and me to Cedars-Sinai Hospital, where in their blood bank Krishnaji gave a pint for his own use, should he need it during the operation. A Spanish-speaking doctor was relieved when I read the list of questions to Krishnaji—have you ever had heart trouble, etcetera. They typed his blood; his group is O positive.'

That was meaningful to me because I used to work in the blood bank during the war, and O positive is the most prevalent type.

S: Right.

M: Anybody can accept type O blood, as I remember. 'An expert nurse inserted the needle in his right arm, and in nine minutes he had given the precious substance into a plastic bag. I sat with him, and we chatted. No strain, or reaction. Kishbaugh, who feels faint' [*both laugh*] 'at the sight of blood had stayed outside.'

S: Yes, I'm sympathetic. I would have, too. [*M chuckles again.*]

M: 'Krishnaji stayed for the required ten minutes afterward, drank some pineapple juice I had brought, and then we walked out without trouble for the rather long walk to the car. Alan drove us home. Krishnaji went to bed. He's taking feosol tablets.' Those are iron tablets to rebuild the blood. 'We watched Carter address the Congress on energy. I spoke to Erna. She went with a photographer to the K & R office; and with Rajagopal standing by, the old photographs of Krishnaji as a little boy and his mother were copied for preservation. Krishnaji says he feels no effect of the blood donation.'

The twenty-first, 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting. I did desk work and went over to see Amanda and Phil in the afternoon. A pleasant, mild day at home.'

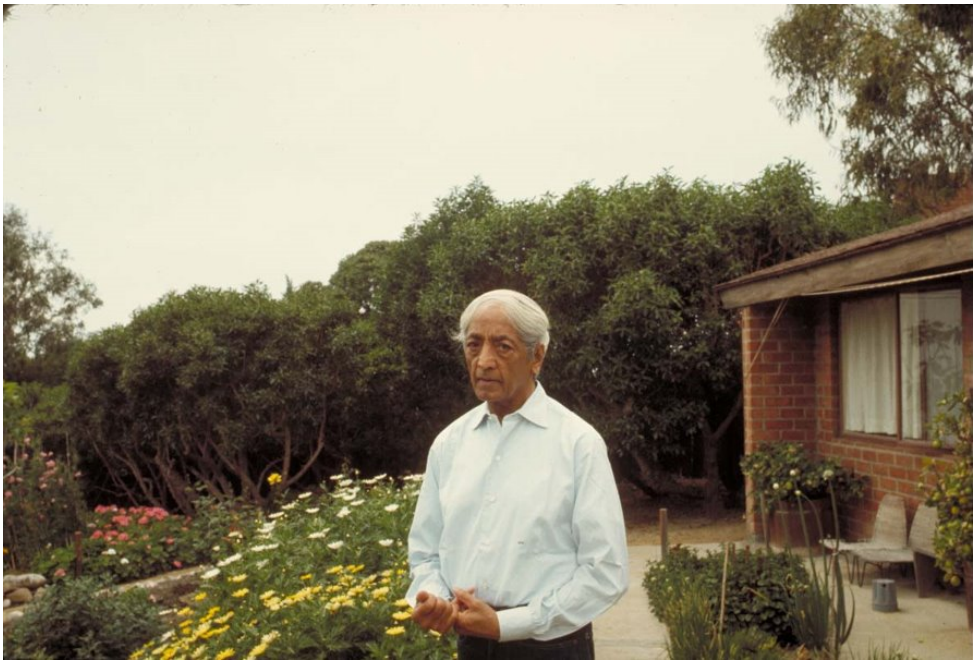
April twenty-second. 'I packed. After lunch, we went to Beverly Hills for his appointment with Dr. Hausman.' That's the urologist who's going to do the operation. 'We went into details of the operation, then Krishnaji had a haircut, and we came home.'

April twenty-third. 'Alan Kishbaugh came at 7:30 a.m. and drove us to the airport for a 9:15 a.m. TWA flight to New York. It was over an hour late, but Bud and Lindsey were there, unexpectedly, to meet us. I was touched.' Lindsey is my brother's son. I don't think he's appeared yet in this opus.

S: [*chuckles*] Only when he was born.

M: [*laughs*] 'He drove us to the Ritz Tower. Bud had put food in it, so Krishnaji and I had our supper, and were able to go to bed early.'

April twenty-fourth. ‘We slept late. I spoke to my cousin Lorna at Martha’s Vineyard and then to my stepfather. Krishnaji and I met Bud and Lisa and Lindsey for lunch at the Indian restaurant, Raja, near Radio City. Krishnaji then rested and I went up to their apartment to go over business things with my brother**[2]**. I was back in time to make Krishnaji’s and my supper.’



Krishnaji in Malibu

The next day, ‘Krishnaji and I went to an 11 a.m. conference at the Post-Graduate Center for Mental Health on 28th Street. It was the same Shainberg group of psychotherapists, plus David Bohm, and some physicists. Rather wordy going. We went back to the Raja restaurant where Philippa and David lunched with us after having driven down from Connecticut. We then walked over to a Patek place where a new crystal was put in Krishnaji’s watch. Then, we all came back to the Ritz Tower where Krishnaji took a nap, and Philippa and David and I talked all afternoon until about 6 p.m. Today’s Indian food disagreed with Krishnaji.’

April twenty-sixth. ‘Another session with the Shainberg psychotherapists, a dull group. Jackie Kornfeld attended and gave us a lift back to the Ritz Tower. Krishnaji and I had lunch in our rooms, and while he took a nap, I did some shopping.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji and I went to the third psychotherapist conference. After, we went to the Shainberg’s house on 92nd Street for lunch with the Shainbergs and the Bohms. David Shainberg took us around the corner to his office briefly and then Krishnaji and I went for a walk. We went past the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, where I nipped in to see the Brighton exhibit, while Krishnaji walked in the museum garden. He found the blossoming trees more beautiful than any museum.’ [*Laughs.*] He wasn’t interested in exhibits at all. My sister-in-law, Bud’s wife, Lisa, was the head of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, and that’s why I went.

S: Did she start it?

M: She was working in Washington for the Smithsonian, and the Smithsonian took over the Cooper-Hewitt, which used to be in downtown New York, a very old organization, and when the Smithsonian took it over, they moved it up to where it is in this account, and still is, which is the old Andrew Carnegie Mansion.

'We came back to the Ritz Tower. Bud's two daughters, Daisy and Toodie, came to see me. Daisy is graduating from Chapin in June and has already been accepted by Johns Hopkins. My brother came by briefly with business papers.'

April twenty-eighth. 'Narasimhan came at 9 a.m. to see Krishnaji. He has just returned from India. He saw Mrs. Gandhi who thinks her son Sanjay is innocent and being framed. Civil rights and a free press are now restored in India. We told Narasimhan briefly about Krishnaji's surgery. At 10:30 a.m., my brother came to say goodbye and lend his car with a chauffeur to go to the airport. We took the noon TWA flight to Los Angeles, where Alan K. met us, and we came home to Malibu on a lovely afternoon. The soft sea wind was clean and healing. After tea, Alan K. left, and Krishnaji and I walked ten laps around the garden. I began to feel good again. This is a blessed place, and coming home to it is an ease and happiness for me. There was a nice letter from Ahalya, and one from Pupul saying the present government refused her resignation and begged her to stay. She will continue for the present.'

April twenty-ninth. 'It was lovely to wake up in Malibu, exercise, make breakfast slowly, and talk to Amanda. Krishnaji "had an idea," which turned out to be another letter he dictated to Rajagopal. He said, "I woke up with a strong feeling I should write to Rajagopal because I have not told him directly that he is totally dishonest and corrupt, and the impact might do something to him. That is the reason I am writing."'

S: You, of course, have a copy of that letter in your files?

M: I think so. I hope so. Yes, I must have. 'After lunch, we drove into town, Krishnaji questioning me about my learning of Sam's death, how I had heard, etcetera. He has heard all this before, but doesn't remember it. What interested him is the question of whether everything in his own life is foreseen and planned, or is it all chance. "I don't think it is chance." He said also, "property always brings corruption. Look at Rajagopal."…"But we need property. I want to talk quietly to the Lilliefelts on how to prevent this in the future. I've been thinking about it." He told me all this in the car and kept talking about it in Cedars-Sinai when he gave his second pint of blood to be kept in case he would need it at surgery. His red cell count was thirty-six, down from forty after the first donation. He gave the pint in five minutes and had no symptoms from the donation.' I was used to people in the blood bank having reactions from giving. So, I was very aware of this and was watching him.

S: Right.

M: ‘After no more than half an hour, we drove home. He wanted to walk in the garden a bit but was persuaded to go to bed. I read the Rajagopal letter to Erna, who said she agreed with every word of it and thought it should be sent.’

April thirtieth. ‘A lovely, quiet day at home. Krishnaji stayed in bed. We were both relaxed, the quiet pleasures of privacy. He feels no effect from the blood donation.’

The first of May. ‘An exquisite day. Krishnaji stayed in bed again. I made our lunch, and then we read. In the evening we watched the last of *Upstairs, Downstairs* on TV.’ [*Laughs.*]

The next day it just says: ‘Home, a quiet day.’

And for May third, there is little more. ‘To town alone on errands. Posted Krishnaji’s letter to Rajagopal to Erna, who will post it in Ojai.’

For May fourth, in very pale writing it says, ‘Cooked in the morning. Alan K. came to lunch. Krishnaji, he, and I went to a movie, *Black Sunday*, in Westwood. In the evening, we watched the first of Nixon’s TV interviews by David Frost.’ Do you remember those?

S: Yes, I do.

M: The next day is just, ‘Desk work, and to town briefly. Krishnaji rested.’

May sixth, ‘Desk work, home. In the evening, I telephoned Filomena in Rome to wish her a happy birthday. It was her eightieth.’

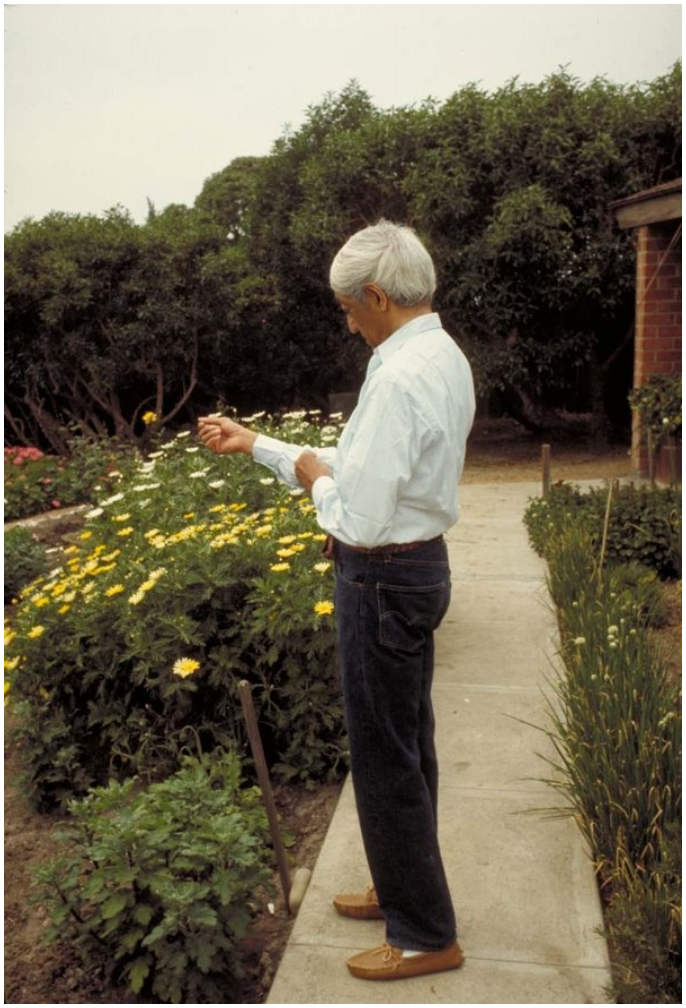
The next day. ‘Amazingly, it rained. Almost half an inch; light and gentle, but very precious. Krishnaji rested, and I did desk work.’

May eighth. ‘0.65 inches of rain had fallen by early morning, and instead of tapering off, it rained quite heavily on and off all day. Krishnaji did all his exercises thoroughly. Erna and Theo came for an early lunch, and spoke of the immaturity of the present teachers in the school, of Erna’s having written to Cohen’—Cohen is our lawyer—‘about Rajagopal’s flouting the agreement on the archives. She has also written to Rajagopal that she and Krishnaji will go on the seventeenth of May to start an inventory of the archives. Talk got onto a book of Krishnaji’s and Leadbeater’s letters.’

S: Was this a book about Krishnaji and Leadbeater’s letters to each other when he was a boy?

M: I’m not sure. I don’t quite remember if there was a book, or whether somebody had suggested a book, or something.

S: Okay. That’s alright. We’ll go on.



Krishnaji in Malibu

M: 'Erna asked how she could judge such things? The credibility of people? I pointed out that there is really only one witness who can now talk about it, Krishnaji himself. He said he didn't really accept his own youthful testimony of seeing Masters, etcetera, as reliable. He doesn't remember it. But apart from that, at that age, he was very young, younger than his numerical age, impressionable, etcetera. We had to interrupt this conversation and be off—the Lilliefelts to a motel near the farmer's market'—that's in town, in Los Angeles, near the hospital—'where they would stay to be able to be at the hospital tomorrow morning. Krishnaji and I drove through occasional downpours of rain to Cedars-Sinai.'

'We checked in on the eighth floor. Lailee, our doctor, had ordered a private-duty nurse, who was on hand; a nice quiet young woman, sensitive, understanding, African-American. Krishnaji had a "suite" which is a large corner room with a table and a couch. As the couch is too small to sleep on, they provided a room for me next to his. Lailee appeared and talked alone to Krishnaji, taking more medical history. Then, the hospital pre-surgery routine unrolled: blood chemistry, chest X-ray, EKG, clotting rate, urinalysis, etcetera. It made it smoother to have Ms. Mitchell, the private nurse. I talked to the dietician. When Krishnaji arrived, he did whatever he does to make the atmosphere

protective in the room, and later he went alone into my room to do the same. "Go in, and see," he said. I did, and felt immediately strongly a sense of—how to describe it, a sense of presence, an intensity, very quiet but there, perceptible in one's nerve endings, a perimeter in which there is something alive, vital, strong, and quiet. It is something un-assessable, unprovable. I am aware of possible imagining, but it was clear and felt part of what I have felt increasingly these last days, a strength and calm in which emotion and self isn't. Krishnaji had said this morning, "the body resists this," meaning the operation. And I asked how it showed this, and he laughed and said, "I don't want to go."' [*Both M and S laugh*.] 'But at hospital in the evening, he said, "It is alright. Can you feel the atmosphere?" I could. Something is strongly around him. I spoke with him, as he had told me weeks ago to be attentive. He said it was not necessary. He had talked to the body. I am only to remind him tomorrow morning to "Be careful while I am in their hands." Early, the anesthesiologist, who was a woman, a Dr. Stoka, came and described carefully the spinal, examined his back, and discussed normal medication which would be a shot of tranquilizer and belladonna, the latter for a certain, good affect on the blood pressure, etcetera. But, because tranquilizers have never been taken by Krishnaji, he will not have these as part of his wish not to have his consciousness lessened. I talked to Dr. Stoka alone, explaining without going into it too much the good of keeping contact, conversationally with him, during the operation.' I wanted her to keep him grounded in what was happening outwardly.

S: Yes, I understand.

M: 'All that seemed well-handled, efficient, and thorough. Cedars-Sinai is an enormous building but because it opened only last June, it has less of a loading of a hospital atmosphere.' Krishnaji had asked, when I had this little trivial thing in my leg, did I understand that he couldn't come into the hospital to see me because in hospitals he got a sense of all the suffering that goes on in them.

S: They're terrible, they're really terrible.

M: I said to him, I didn't want him anywhere near the hospital. But this one was just newly built, you see, and Lailee getting that end room that was on the end of a wing that was new and there wasn't things around it was good; it was at the end of the hall. She was helpful. When Krishnaji had X-rays, we walked there for the exercise, Krishnaji in his nice gray Viyella Charvet robe'—which is in the closet here—'with a nurse leading the way. And while the technician checked the first X-ray, we walked briefly up and down a very long empty hall for exercise, as we have in airports.' We used to do that, waiting in airports.

S: Yes. I remember.

M: 'There was a Rodin reproduction in the hall of the hospital, which Krishnaji liked and stopped to examine, and he recognized a Van Gogh sunflower as we passed by. By 9:30 p.m., he was ready to sleep, had seen the up and down buttons of the hospital bed, and

seemed to think everything was well-handled. “It wouldn’t be like this in India,” he said. So, he is ready and feels “All is taken care of.”’

The ninth. ‘As I write this, Krishnaji has just gone into surgery. The operation will be at 7:30 a.m. Neither of us slept too well, but each got up at 5 a.m. Krishnaji did his breathing exercises and some asanas. I spoke to him, “Be attentive. Remember. Be careful.” He said he knew the body was ready and all was alright. He had shaved but not had time for a shower. A boy attendant came with the gurney, and Krishnaji climbed onto it on his own, smiled at me, and I said, “Stia attenta, non dimenticare”’—be attentive, don’t forget. ‘He replied, “Non abbia paura”’—don’t be afraid. ‘I said, “Sto con lei”’—I am with you—‘as he was wheeled off down the hall. I followed to the door of the surgery, saw him raise his head to look at what was ahead as the door closed.’

‘I am writing this later. He is alright and back in his room, large, bright eyes reading his detective story, *The Chancellor Manuscript*. Erna and Theo came while he was in surgery, then Evelyne later. A private duty male nurse for Krishnaji was able to find out that he would be out of the recovery room by 9:30 a.m., but before that, Dr. Hausman appeared and told Erna, Theo, and me that the operation was a complete success. Krishnaji came through it perfectly, but said that Krishnaji should have had the operation long ago. It will take some time for the bladder to relax and readjust, and Hausman will give him medication for it later. He did not lose much blood and didn’t need the autologous donation. Erna, Theo, and Evelyne came in just to greet him for a matter of seconds and then left. Various testing went on, and Krishnaji kept saying, “They wouldn’t do all this in India, or in England!”’ [*Both M and S chuckled*.] ‘The thoroughness impressed him. He did the breathing through the bottle to help his lungs exercise. He drank fruit juice all day, was thirsty, said he had some pain and was given Tylenol and codeine. Krishnaji is inclined to go too long without something for pain. Dr. Hausman came in just after noon, and repeated that if he himself were having this operation, he could not want it to go better.’ [*Laughs.*] ‘Krishnaji is interested to see the surgical instruments.’

‘Alone, he asked me if it were my imagination last night about the room. He said the body had not wanted to go through it; when he went into surgery, it wanted to get up and run. But, he talked to it. The spinal went easily and quickly. The operation actually took fifty-five minutes. The time in recovery was not long. He told me that after quieting the body, he was without thought until he was back in his room. The male nurse, Roger Anderson, was fair, but didn’t seem to affect Krishnaji one way or the other. At Krishnaji’s urging, I went out briefly for a little air and also bought him *Newsweek* and *Time*. I took a short nap. Ms. Mitchell came on duty at 3 p.m. We sat for awhile. She went to order Krishnaji’s meals for tomorrow. He wanted spinach and cheesecake. After she left, he took my hand, then had me sit near, but not too near the bed. “This is the danger point. I feel like going off, not fainting, you understand.” I talked quietly to him as he had instructed me, but now he stopped me, “No, no. You mustn’t say anything. You mustn’t interfere. You mustn’t think about anything.” He had me move the chair to the foot of the bed opposite him. His face became inward-turned, slightly hallucinated look. This was interrupted by Lailee coming in to see him. Hausman had left orders for

Demarol if needed, and Lailee told the nurse, Ms. Mitchell, to give him a tiny dose, what one would give a child. It was given, and he began to feel a dizziness from it. "Is this normal?" he asked several times. It cut the pain, but soon made him sick to his stomach, and he vomited several times. Hallucinatory look increased. He kept telling the nurse to go and have her supper, which she had had earlier. It was by now a little before 9 p.m. When she was out of the room, he told me, "I felt the body floating and there was a dialogue between death and the body and 'the Other,' and death was winning." He became aware that the nurse had returned to the darkened room, and this seemed to bring him out of the state he had been in. We were able to talk about this in spite of her comings and goings. And he said there was nothing I could do, not to interfere. I pointed out that the nurse's presence had brought him round. But he said, "It will come again tonight until it is settled." Soon, he lapsed again into the "off" state and said that since five this morning, so many people have touched the body, and he began to count them, and said, "About ten have touched me." There was a sense of irritation in all that had been done to him and soon he began to look about as though seeing things, making random gestures, raising his right arm. Then, "Where am I?" Pause. "I have been wounded," looking about. Then, "Where's my brother Nitya?" The voice was light, higher, almost that of a boy. Then "I want to join you, Nitya." And then, "I'm going away." I had said nothing until this, but at that, I said, "No, Krishna. You are going to be well and strong." After a few seconds, he made a deep-sounding cough, his normal cough, and his voice dropped to its normal level, and he said, "That's better." And then, "I'm not going. I'll join you later, Nitya, much later, another ten years." Later, he said, "One mustn't be burdened with the past." And later, he said, "You and I mustn't be in an automobile accident, so drive carefully." And later, "I'm not a philosopher."'

'Finally, after about an hour, he seemed to come out of it and spoke directly to me. "I'm all right now." The nurse had called Dr. Hausman, who said no more Demarol and had her lessen the size of the balloon in the bladder that keeps the catheter in. This lessened the pressure and the pain. After telling me he was alright, he fell asleep, and I felt the assurance that he was through it. I slept on and off in the adjacent room, coming in to check. At 11 p.m., the 11-to-7 nurse came, a young man, nice but not looking too experienced, but he did nothing wrong.'

That was that day. It was strange because it was night and of course, the city lights were outside. It was raining; and the light outside and the rain on the window, it was strange.

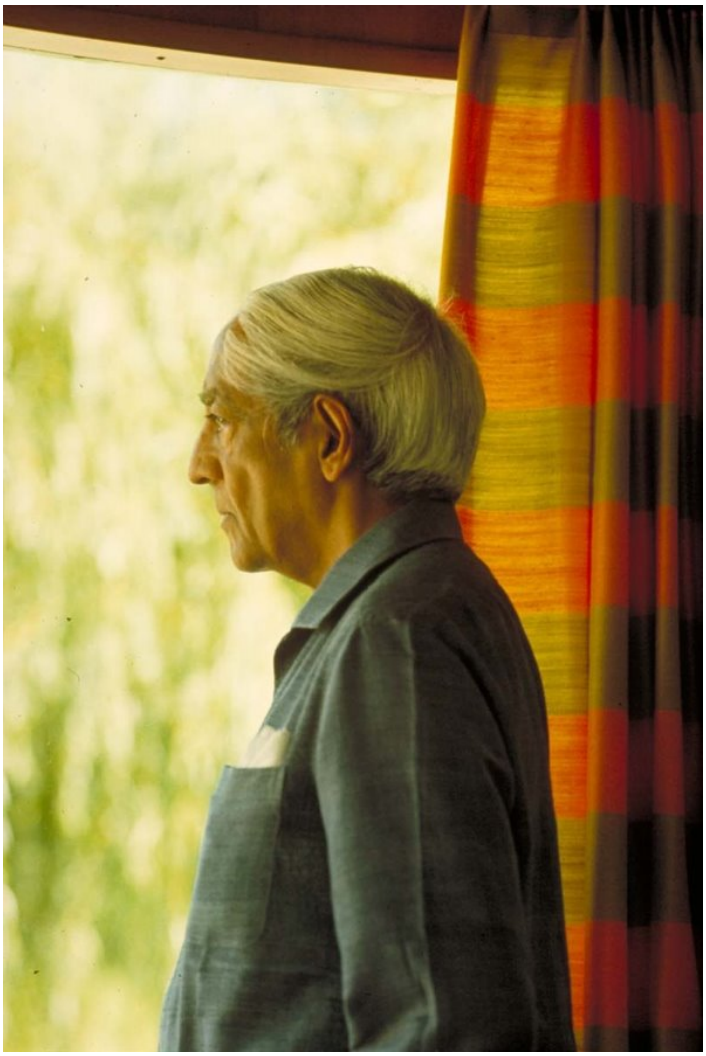
S: It's terribly moving, that whole thing is terribly moving.

M: Is it? I wrote it up for Mary. She put it in the book, more or less. I forget how. I haven't read that in years.

S: I haven't either. It wasn't nearly as moving in Mary's book, though.

M: Yes. [*Pause*.] When he said to Nitya that he was coming, that was…

S: Yes, yes.



Krishnaji in Malibu

M: …I had to butt in.

S: Quite right.

M: May tenth. 'Krishnaji was reading when I came in at 6 a.m. He is much better. No pain. Lailee came in early and so did Hausman. Krishnaji didn't want solid breakfast, but I made a little muesli and some of his usual food, and he ate it saying "L'appétit vient en mangeant."' [*Both M and S chuckle*.]

S: You better translate that for people.

M: Appetite comes when you eat.

S: Mm.

M: ‘Hausman ordered the glucose IV discontinued and also the saline drip. Krishnaji was able to get up and walk in the room while his bed was made. Hausman had ordered probanthine to relax the muscles but after one tablet, Krishnaji threw it up again, and so all medication was stopped. After Hausman’s visit, Krishnaji dictated to me a dialogue with death as follows:’—and then I have written the whole dictation, which is, at least partly, already in Mary Lutyens’s book. Do you want me to read it here?

S: Yes, why not?

M: Alright, this is his dictation: ‘“It was a minor operation and not worth talking about, though there was considerable pain. While the pain continued, I saw or discovered that the body was almost floating in the air. It may have been an illusion, some kind of hallucination, but a few minutes later, there was the personification—not a person—but the personification of death. Watching this peculiar phenomenon between the body and death, there seemed to be a sort of dialogue between them. Death seemed to be talking to the body with great insistence, and the body reluctantly, not admitting what death wanted. Though there were people in the room, this phenomenon went on, death inviting, the body refusing. It was not a fear of death why the body was denying the demands of death, but it realized it was not responsible for itself, there was another entity that was dominating, much stronger, more vital than death itself. Death was more and more demanding and insisting and so ‘the Other’ interfered. Then there was a conversation or a dialogue between not only the body, but ‘the Other’ and death. So, there were three entities in conversation. He had warned before he went to the hospital that there might be a disassociation with the body and so death might interfere. Though the person was sitting there, and a nurse, it was not a self-deception or kind of hallucination. Lying in the bed he saw the clouds full of rain and the town below stretching for miles. There was spattering of rain on the window pane and he saw clearly the saline solution dripping drop by drop into the organism. One felt very distinctly and clearly that if ‘the Other’ had not interfered, death would have won. This dialogue was expressed in words with thought operating very clearly. There was thunder and lightning and the conversation went on. Since there was no fear at all, neither on the part of the body or ‘the Other’—absolutely no fear—one could converse freely and profoundly. It is always difficult to put a conversation of that kind into words. Strangely, as there was no fear, death was not enchaining the mind to things of the past. What came out of the conversation was very clear. The body in considerable pain and was not apprehensive or anxious and ‘the Other’ was discernibly beyond both. It was as though ‘the Other’ were acting as an umpire, a dangerous game of which the body was not at all aware. Even if it was, there would be no withdrawal from the scene.”’

‘“Death seemed to be always present, like one’s shadow. Being concerned with the whole movement of life, death cannot be invited. That would be suicide, which is utterly foolish. But, death and life, or rather the living, in this peculiar phenomenon that was going on, the three, would never be separate. During this conversation there was no sense of time. Probably the whole dialogue lasted about an hour and the time by the watch did not exist. There were no words used but an immediate insight into what each was saying. Of course, if one is attached to anything—ideas, beliefs, property or person, death would

not come to have a conversation with you. Death in the sense of ending is absolute freedom."'

'"The quality of conversation was urbane. There was nothing whatsoever of sentiment, emotional extravagance to distort the absolute fact of time coming to an end and the vastness without any border when death is taking part in your daily life. There was the feeling that the body would go on for many years but death and 'the Other' would always be together till the organism could no longer be active. There was a great sense of humor among the three of them and one could almost hear the laughter. And the beauty of it was with the clouds and the rain."'

'Here Krishnaji was interrupted by hospital routine. He said he would review it or add to it later. During the day he got up and walked several times, and ate well. I went out and got some fresh cherries, the first of the season, which he said were very, very good. It was odd to be walking around Beverly Hills—unreal besides being with him in this huge hospital. He had some leg cramp in the afternoon. Evelyne came by for a minute. In the evening, he fell asleep naturally around 9 p.m. and slept well. I transferred to a room that connected with his so that no nurse on the 11-to-7 shift was necessary. I came in almost every hour to check, and he was sleeping like a child.'

S: Whew.

M: May eleventh. 'Krishnaji looked well in the morning and thought a cheese enchilada from the farmers' market might be nice.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'So, needing exercise and thinking it was closer than it is, I walked there and back with three lunches, one for the nurse, Roger Anderson, and some grapes and cherries. A long walk, but just in time for lunch. I brought it all back. The afternoon was harder on Krishnaji. He had spasms with pain. Dr. Hausman came in the evening and said that Krishnaji was doing well, and had no sooner left than Krishnaji had a bad spasm which Mrs. Mitchell helped relieve, but it was a rough night for him. The floor nurses were not as good, and I can't remember if I did more than doze.'

May twelfth. 'Krishnaji's eighty-second birthday. It began with misery at around 12:30 a.m. with pain, and I couldn't mention birthdays or indeed anything. Roger Anderson, the morning nurse came, which was a relief. Dr. Hausman appeared and said that Krishnaji could go home tomorrow. Then, Lailee came at noon and felt it was wiser to wait till Saturday, to give Krishnaji more time to get used to things while still here, and more time to rest before moving. Hausman agreed. We had both nurses all day—Roger Anderson from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m., and Jane Mitchell from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m.'

May thirteenth. 'Lailee in just after 9 a.m. to see Krishnaji. I did the morning nursing.' That means washing his teeth. 'In the afternoon, Dr. Hausman came and said Krishnaji is fine and can leave tomorrow, prescribed Pyridium to ease the pain of voiding. Then, he told us that the results of the lab test showed on one "chip" a dot of malignancy. He said it was in the center of normal tissue, so it had not spread. It was just beginning and is now out. He said that eighty percent of autopsies of men over eighty show cancer of the

prostate, it's very common, and usually they die of something else. It's not a swift malignancy. In Krishnaji's case, it's as if he hadn't had it. It is gone. No need for special watching. He will examine Krishnaji when he returns to California next year and said, as he now knows what his bladder is like, he can easily tell how it is. Krishnaji took this in a very matter-of-fact way. Further evidence of a good thing that the operation was done. I, too, felt a lack of alarm at this, which I mention only because it was so marked. Krishnaji had the afternoon nurse, Mrs. Mitchell, who was not really needed, but just to keep a continuity of care until he leaves tomorrow. Evelyne came by with a Sherlock Holmes.' [*Laughs*.] 'The chest doctor came by, says Krishnaji's bronchitis is minimal and to leave it alone.'

May fourteenth. 'Lailee came by early. Her evaluation of the lab report tallies with Hausman's. We were ready to leave early, but Hausman was delayed in coming to sign Krishnaji out. Dr. Stoka, the anesthesiologist, came in to say goodbye, and so did Dr. Shkolnick, the chest man Lailee had called in. He said Krishnaji is doing fine with bronchitis matters. He could take antibiotics, but he is not sure it would help permanently, and there are possible ill effects from antibiotics. So, it is better to leave well enough alone. He then asked Krishnaji about meditation, and Krishnaji gave him a wealth of a reply. Dr. Hausman finally appeared at 12:30 p.m. and signed Krishnaji out. He went in his dressing gown by wheelchair to the car, and so we came blessedly home to Malibu. He is now in his own bed and room, and the sight makes me want to kiss the earth with gratitude. On the drive, he observed everything as though for the first time, missing nothing. We had a late-ish lunch. All is now quiet. Instead of air conditioning, there is a gentle freshness from the sea, the garden smells of flowers and moist leaves; quail call in the canyon.'

May fifteenth. 'We both slept a lot. There were telephone calls from Alain Naudé and Blanche Mathias and I told both of them about everything including what Krishnaji calls "the dot."' That was the…

S: Yes, small malignancy.

M: Yes. 'And I also told the Lilliefelts and Amanda. Elfriede is off, so I cooked. Krishnaji walked a little in the garden. It is quiet and beautiful, and we played Mozart. The sea makes a sleepy summer sound. Hospitals are anti-life, walls, plastic, food, and air. The grass, sun, and air are healthy, and Krishnaji feels quite "washed out," but it is, I think, the lassitude of relaxation after all that happened. Here, I too am losing the strain in sleep, as though deprived for a month.'

May sixteenth. 'I cooked for us. I confirmed the change of our flights to London from May thirty-first to June seventh. I cabled Narayan to postpone the Buddhist conference one week. Amanda came over in the afternoon. Krishnaji slept in. Later, we walked in the garden.'

For May seventeenth there are just two lines. 'Krishnaji remained in bed resting. I went to town on errands.'

And there is not much more for the next day. ‘Home all day. I worked at the desk. We walked in the garden.’

In fact, it seems to have been like this until May twentieth when, ‘we walked in the morning seven times around the garden and the same again in the afternoon. I did letters all day. Krishnaji looked at the photos we copied from the archives of himself “about 5” as Nitya’s writing says underneath. Then, he asked me what the face said. “I wish I could talk to you without words,” he said. “Words distort. There is something I want to convey. I’ve told you about this other face that is sometimes there—there is that and that boy’s face and this…” pointing to his own face. Then, he changed the subject.’

May twenty-first. ‘We were home all day. Krishnaji was in bed, except for a walk in the garden in the morning and afternoon. I did letters. Amanda came over. Fruit was sent from Ojai and a pair of Indian clubs for Krishnaji.’

S: Mm, hm, for exercise.

M: I guess so.

May twenty-second. ‘Alain Naudé, who had been in La Jolla, came here in the afternoon and spent the night.’

The next day. ‘Krishnaji was up for lunch with Alain and me. Afterward, we dropped Alain in Santa Monica to taxi to the airport for his flight to San Francisco. Krishnaji then went to see Dr. Hausman in his office. All is as it should be, but the feeling of weakness, though normal, suggested postponing our departure for Brockwood from June seventh to June fourteenth. On the way home, Krishnaji said, “Why not postpone it till the twenty-first?” I called Narayan to cancel the meeting with Buddhists.’

May twenty-fourth. ‘I had a meeting at 10:30 a.m. at the USG office with Charles Moore and Bart Phelps’—the architects—‘which lasted till 2 p.m. Then I had a fitting, did miscellaneous errands, and was home by 5:30 p.m. Krishnaji had rested all day. Our reservations for London are confirmed for June twenty-first.’

The next day, ‘I telephoned Dorothy at Brockwood about the change of our plans and our arrival on the twenty-first, then I booked flights to Paris and Geneva, and cabled the Plaza Athénée for the rooms from June thirtieth to July first. I was writing letters about all this all day. Krishnaji recommenced his yoga asanas, and did eleven laps around the garden. In the evening we watched the fourth Nixon/Frost interview on TV.’

Nothing really the next day, then for the twenty-seventh it says, ‘Home all day with me doing desk work. Mr. Schwartz brought two samples of carpet and curtain fabrics for Krishnaji to see’—that’s the man who bought those things for us. ‘In the evening we watched a TV interview of Mrs. Lindbergh by Eric Sevareid.’ Huh, that’s interesting.

May twenty-eighth, 'I cooked all morning. Dr. and Mrs. Hausman came for a 2:20 p.m. lunch and stayed till 5:30.' I don't remember that.

Then there's nothing much until May thirty-first. In the morning, Krishnaji finished dictating the "dialogue with death" which he began the morning after the operation. He did not reread what he has said three weeks ago. He remembered where he had stopped and he said "I would only rewrite it."' That he did all the time.

S: I know.

M: Anything that he'd done, he didn't want to reread because he said he'd only redo it.

S: I know [*laughing*].

M: I could only ask, "Did you mean this word was that word?"—that's all I could ask. I couldn't read him the text. One learns how to cope with this. Talk about somebody living in the moment…

S: I know [*laughing*].

M: …the moment five minutes ago is long-gone. So, anyway, he dictated, '"Of course, it wasn't death, K, and the body, three separate activities on their own, but it was a humorous whole, moving together without distinction from each other."

When in the evening, he did have me reread the whole piece, I pointed that he'd been speaking of death, "the Other," and the body, and now he referred to death, K, and the body—so he changed that sentence, putting "the Other" in place of "K." "You know what I mean by 'the Other,'" he said. I nodded. And he said, "The mind that is inhabited by K."' How do you take that?

S: Can you read that again? Because it sounds as though "the Other" is a mind that is inhabited by K?

M: Yes, '"…inhabited by K."' That means Krishnaji is in that mind?

S: Well, to me…you know, there was this very funny private discussion I had with Krishnaji, which is on one of my private tapes, where Krishnaji talks about "the little K" and "the big K." And "the big K" is clearly "the Other." And if you take that to mean the big K, then the Other is the mind which is inhabited by "the little K." That's how I would take it.

M: I don't know how I take it. [*S chuckles*.] It's one of those things you don't think you know easily.

Hmm. '"…the mind that is inhabited by K."' Anyway. 'Then he continued the dictation. "Words cannot describe this strange movement that is essentially timeless. Putting this

down in black and white on paper is the expression of thought, is the expression through words and so the movement of thought and time. But the movement of death is not of time, so the description is not the described. However cunning thought may try to capture it, death is beyond measure. It was a conversation without word, without thought, and so not of time." Here, he paused, looking for words, and then said "Don't look at me."'

S: Was that because somehow looking at him interfered with some…process or…

M: I don't know. I sort of lived all those years and times and events on an instinct not to intrude.

S: I know.

M: I didn't have a deliberate plan to do this. It was instinctive. I felt it was so unusual to be there, to participate in his life…it wasn't mine. Do you know what I mean?

S: I know exactly what you mean. I now look back and I wish I'd said, "Why? Or, what do you mean?" But one didn't at the time. You just didn't…

M: It was just that way. I could've said, "Well, are there Masters or not Masters? Oh, you know, what is this about?"

S: Yes, or "Why don't you want me to look at you?" But you didn't because one had a…

M: I never did.

S: I completely understand that because I felt the same. But was your feeling that your looking at him interfered, or intruded somehow?

M: Well, it says he said that. I didn't look at him. I mean I wasn't ***looking*** at him, but it was a moment when…if I had looked at him, it would've disturbed him. I was writing things.

S: Yes, that's right. Yes, yes.

M: 'Then, he continued. "The sound of this conversation was expanding endlessly, and the sound was the same at the beginning and was without end. It was a song without a beginning or an end. Death and life are very close together, like love and death. As love is not remembrance, death has no past. Fear never entered this conversation, for fear is darkness and death is light."' That's strange.

'When I reread this part to him in the evening, I couldn't continue for a bit after reading it, on the edge of tears, too moved. Then I went on and finished, and he asked me if I had felt something then. I said I had felt something there, something listening. He said, "I had tears in my eye." Neither of us had looked at each other. It was, of course, "Death is light" which lifted something in me that was like a rising light.'

‘He finished the dictation. “This dialogue was not illusory or fanciful. It was like a whisper in the wind, but the whisper was very clear and if you listened you could hear it; you would then be part of it. Then we would share it together. But you won’t listen to it as you are too identified with your own body, your own thoughts, your own direction. One must abandon all this to enter the light and love of death.”’ [*Pause.*]

S: That’s extraordinary.

M: ‘Charles Moore lunched with us, a likeable man. Among other things, we talked about the atmosphere in houses, and surprisingly, Krishnaji spoke of what he does to make a certain atmosphere when he stays in a new or strange room. He told Charles things done in India that are mysterious—the story of the raving woman, the priest bringing a branch of a certain tree, carrying it around the woman, she quieted a little, then the branch was nailed to a tree and the woman was cured—i.e., the bad was captured out of her into the branch and nailed to a tree; then the holding up the cross in Christian practice—“Only, it doesn’t always work because the priest is not really religious.” And, “You’ve heard of all these?—Well, what I do is none of these.” Then, he smiled and said nothing more. Moore seemed pleased.’ [*Both M and S chuckle*.] That’s a very, very Krishnaji anecdote. [*S laughs again*.]

S: Yes, yes.

M: ‘In the evening, we tried to watch a TV of a gala for the Queen of England at Covent Garden. During the ballet, Krishnaji, not a fan at all, kept saying, “Get on with it!” [*M laughs.*] And when Nureyev and Fontaine did a special ballet by Ashton for the occasion, *Hamlet and Ophelia*, it looked rather dreary and Krishnaji gave up. I continued in the living room, and it was pretty dull.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

[The tape ends.]

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Antoine Bourdelle (30 October 1861–1 October 1929) was an important French sculptor and painter who worked with Rodin. The Musée Bourdelle is located on rue Antoine Bourdelle, where several renditions of Krishnaji are available.

[2] The frequent mentioning of Mary talking with her brother about business should probably be explained—Bud was a sophisticated stockbroker and investor; he oversaw Mary’s investments.

Issue 47: June 1, 1977 to July 23, 1977

This issue covers the period just after Krishnaji's operation and the extraordinary "dialogue with death," and it is a time when Krishnaji and Mary quietly re-enter their normal travel schedule and routine—flying, albeit late, to England to be at Brockwood, then Paris, then Switzerland. The most notable event for their biographies during this period is the beginning of construction that converted Pine Cottage into a proper house for Krishnaji and Mary. This would be most fully their house, with other places, though loved, being places they visited. This house was where they both chose to die.

Mary: Now, I believe we start on June first, 1977.

Scott: Yes, that's correct.

M: Hmm. We seem to have nothing in the big book until the fifteenth, but in the little book it says, 'I went to town on errands'—so we're obviously in Malibu—'and looked for tile for the new house and had a fitting.'

S: Where did you have your fittings there?

M: A place that doesn't exist anymore, called Gisele in Beverly Hills.

S: Ah.

M: But there's a woman here in Ojai who's wonderful, who does things.

S: Right, I met her.

M: Oh, yes, you did.

On June second, 'Krishnaji and I left at 9 a.m. for Ojai in the green Mercedes. I fetched our air tickets from the travel agent in the village. At 11 a.m., we had a trustee meeting in the guest flat, then lunched at Arya Vihara. Mark and Fritz gave reports on the school and the center. The Lilliefelts showed us the solar heater they just put on their roof, and we drove home.'

June third, there's very little: 'To town to the Swiss consulate for Krishnaji's visa, which is more complicated from here than from England. Errands and home by 5:30 p.m.'

The next day there's even less: 'Home all day. Desk. Walk in garden.'

And still less the next day: 'Home.' [*Both chuckle*.]

And the sixth: 'Home, desk, walk. Krishnaji tired.'

S: You're obviously mastering the art of brevity.

M: Yes. [*S chuckles*.]

For the seventh, it says, 'My mother turned 86, and I telephoned her, but she wouldn't come to the phone, so I talked to Wooge. Then I telephoned my brother'—things about their flying to Paris. 'Then went to the bank to open a savings account. After lunch, Krishnaji and I drove to Beverly Hills. Dr. Hausman found a slight bladder infection. It is what makes Krishnaji feel tired. He gave Krishnaji sulfa tablets.'

The next day, 'I heard from Bart Phelps about a bid on the cottage.' That was the architect about how to rebuild it. 'We drove in the two Mercedes to Dieter's Mercedes place and left the diesel to have its 6,000 mile service and we then went on to Ojai in the green one. Lunched at Arya Vihara with the Lilliefelts, Evelyne, Alan K., Mark, Fritz, Ted, etcetera. Krishnaji rested instead of going to the K & R archives as planned. Then we drove back to Dieter, left the green car for its 9,000 mile service and came home in the diesel.'

The ninth of June. 'Alan K. came for early lunch. Krishnaji taught him some pranayama.'

S: So Krishnaji taught Alan some pranayama?

M: That's right.

'We were persuaded to go to Westwood by one of the Dunne girls and a friend of hers to see the *Star Wars* movie at 2:30 p.m. Both Krishnaji and I went.' These people who persuaded us were so thrilled about *Star Wars*, and they stood in line for god knows how long [*S chuckles*] to get us tickets. And so we got there just in time to go in, and we sat there like owls [*S laughs*] looking at the screen, glancing at each other. Everybody was carrying on about *Star Wars*. We found it boring. [*S laughs*.] 'Not Krishnaji's or my style.' [*Chuckles*.]

June tenth. 'Elfriede drove me to Dieter's. I brought the green Mercedes back. Then, went to town for Krishnaji's French visa, to look at tile, fetch clothes at the place where they were being fixed, etcetera, and came home to walk with Krishnaji in the garden. There was a huge, thunderous surf.'

June eleven. 'Home all day. I cooked. Mr. Schwartz bought some carpet samples'—that's the man who did that for me. 'I did desk work. Krishnaji and I walked in the garden and watched the huge surf.'

The twelfth. 'Another lovely day at home. I went to the Dunnes' in the afternoon. Betsy was there. Krishnaji rested and walked.'

June thirteenth, 'Krishnaji and I to town at 9 a.m. We first fetched his passport with the French visa from the French consulate, then met Henry Bamberger at the IRS office'—

that's the man who does my taxes—'where we got Krishnaji's sailing permit**[1]**. We were finished there at 11:30 a.m., so we went to North Hollywood to look at marble for the bathrooms in Ojai. Krishnaji liked a dark gray granite. We came home at 1:30 p.m. for lunch, then took a short nap afterward.'

June fourteenth. 'I talked to Sam's**[2]** lawyer about someone checking my building contract for the house in Malibu. Then, Lou Blau telephoned and suggested another real estate appraiser on the Malibu house. I spoke also to Ruth Carter'—she was a friend who did real estate—'who says there is a present lull in Malibu sales. Dictated letters. Bart Phelps says another contractor will bid on the Ojai job. Krishnaji and I had an early lunch and went to a 2:15 p.m. appointment with Dr. Hausman. Krishnaji is to continue the sulfur two more days, otherwise, all is well. I am to call Friday for results of today's analyses. Went to the barber where Krishnaji had a haircut, and we came home.'

June fifteenth. 'Krishnaji and I went to Ojai in the green Mercedes, Krishnaji driving the first half of it. At 11 a.m., there was a meeting with architects Gammel and Hirshon, Erna, Theo, Mark, and Ted to review where we are with the plans for the administration school director's building, and to receive contractor's bid at 4 p.m. Meanwhile, Erna and I went to Ventura for the preliminary hearing on factors in the C.U.P.'—that is the conditional use permit—'change on the McAndrew Road property'—that's Pine Cottage and Arya Vihara. 'No environmental report was necessary. The decisive meeting on this will be on July seventh. We saw Mr. Sperling of the commission; he said he had prepared our case and his boss, a Mr. Lapidous, would present it. We came back to McAndrew Road. Willa Erwin, a splendid secretary'—she was a lovely woman, she was Erna's secretary in the Foundation—'had typed two dozen letters I had dictated. At 4 p.m., a contractor gave his bid to Gammel and Hirshon, who turned white' [*laughs*]. 'It was for $520,000—twice the professional estimator's figure and our budget. This is the same contractor whose bid Bart Phelps is awaiting on the cottage plans. It was so gloomy that everyone began to laugh' [*chuckles*]. 'About 5 p.m., Krishnaji and I felt it time to leave, so we got in the car but I couldn't turn the key in the ignition. Krishnaji tried, Theo, Erna, Ted, Mark, Michael Krohnen, Gammel and Hirshon' [*S laughs*], 'and the Auto Club man, who had been called out, tried! All failed.' [*Laughs.*] 'So, Erna and Theo drove us home to Malibu and had supper with me in the kitchen. By this time, it was 9 p.m. I searched for something in my handbag after they left, and there was the key to the green Mercedes; it was the key to the gray I had been trying to use. Ultimate idiocy. Krishnaji was very nice about it—saw that I was tired and not functioning.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: While we're on the subject of the different Mercedes…

M: Yes?

S: What about the license plates?

M: Ah, yes.

S: I don't think that has been talked about on these tapes.

M: Oh. Well, Krishnaji decided…you know that in California you can buy special license plates if you pay $20 more or something.

S: Right, right.

M: So in thinking about what we might put on special license plates, Krishnaji came up with the idea of using KMN, and that stood for Krishnamurti, Maria, Nitya—because when he and his brother lived in Europe years ago, they shared their clothing, and their things were monogrammed for both of them—KJN, as their mutual surname was Jiddu and then K for Krishnamurti and N for Nitya. I even have a pair of socks that has KJN…

S: I have some things like that, too.

M: Yes, I think I gave you some.

S: I have some handkerchiefs and some socks and some other things…oh, shoe bags.

M: Shoe bags?

S: Yes.

M: In those days, you know…

S: Everything was monogrammed.

M: Everything was monogrammed, if you went to the right places to get things, like your shoe bags. And, so, he suggested that for the car.

S: That's nice.

M: I kept it sort of secret because it seemed an in-joke kind of thing. I didn't tell people. They'd say, "What are those initials?" And I'd say, "Oh, it's just something we chose." [*Laughs.*]

S: Yes.

M: And, then, when we got the next car, it had to be KMN-1, and KMN-2.

S: Yes.

M: And that's the secret.

S: I know. I know all this.

M: You know all that. I know you know all that. [*Laughs*.]

S: It's just that it's not recorded any place, and now it is.

M: Anyway, for history, this important matter is now public.

S: Exactly, exactly. [*Both laugh.*]

M: June sixteenth. 'Krishnaji proposed we both go in the green Mercedes to Ojai on awakening—no breakfast, just dress and go. So, we did, leaving at 6:30 a.m. The mist along the ocean was beautiful. He said, "Be without thought," i.e., just look—no reactive thought, no associations stirred by what one sees. We picked up the car key at the Shell station and went on to the cottage. Theo was waiting there to invite us to breakfast, but we came right back home. Krishnaji driving the green, starting it perfectly with his own key. He followed the gray and drove through whatever there was of traffic.' You see, normally he didn't like to drive in traffic…

S: Mm, hm. Yes.

M: …but, in an emergency, he did. 'We had breakfast at home by 9:30 a.m. In the afternoon, Mr. Sandler, a real estate man suggested by Lou Blau, came to look at the house. He suggested $550,000 to $650,000—not ask over $750,000, which is no more than last year's estimates. John Frankenheimer'—he was a movie director, a very nice man, and a friend of the Dunnes'—whom Amanda told of this house, telephoned and would like to see it. He will come Saturday. He and his wife want to move from the Malibu Colony.'

S: Which is along the beach.

M: Yes. 'I talked to Lou Blau, and Sidney Field came by to see Krishnaji.'

June seventeenth, 'I went to town to get a haircut. In the afternoon, I went over the new house matters with Bart Phelps. The cost estimate without stonework is about $400,000, all more than envisaged but it must be done'

S: What is this?

M: This cottage**[3]**.

June eighteenth, 'Miranda came in the morning. Then, John Frankenheimers came to see the house. I told them the price was $900,000. I asked Betsy to let Cary know I am offering it as I had promised to let him know when the time came'—that's Betsy Drake, ex-wife of Cary Grant. 'He turns out to be in London. Dieter came by to put the cars up on blocks for the summer. I talked to Erna, who reported that James Vigeveno died. Blanche Mathias telephoned. She had an operation on her eyelid on Thursday. Krishnaji spoke to her. I worked at the desk and packed. Krishnaji watched a movie on TV called *Elmer Gantry*, remembered Erna and my counting the donations after the Ojai talks, and

said, "My god, are we like that?"' What? Oh, I know what it was. Do you know the story of Elmer Gantry?

S: No.

M: It's a book by Sinclair Lewis, I think, in which Elmer Gantry is a character who poses as a religious man but really is just out to make money.

S: Ah, ha.

M: June nineteenth. 'Home all day. Started packing. Did our cooking. Al Blackburn telephoned early. Don't know how he got my number. He said he had to speak to Krishnaji who at first demurred, but then spoke to him. He wanted to tell Krishnaji that James Vigeveno died of cancer two days ago. Krishnaji asked me if he should telephone Annie, and I said I thought we should. I rang and spoke to her briefly. We both used first names.' We'd been on opposite sides of the legal case, you know. She sided with Rajagopal.

S: Right.

M: 'I said I hoped she would accept my sympathy. She thanked me, and then Krishnaji spoke to her, saying he remembered what a kind man her husband used to be—brief but appropriate conversation. Krishnaji told her he was leaving Tuesday. I telephoned my stepfather and was able to speak to my mother who, for a minute, was rational. She seemed to know me, and said, "When am I going to see you?" Then, it blurred. I could hear only ranting as Wooge struggled to talk to me. I rang my cousin, too; she is much better.'

Twentieth 'John Frankenheimer called. They do not want to buy the house. They think the price is fair, but the place is more than they want to take on, he said. I felt nothing, but I'm not swinging in expectations in all this. Ruth Carter'—that's a friend in real estate I mentioned—'called and said she felt I was unimpressed by her suggestion of $650,000 price last week. I told her I was thinking of $900,000. She asked if she could show it during the summer if someone came to look at her Carbon Beach house. She has listed it for $1,200,000. She wanted an exclusive contract. I said while I'm away (i.e., till November) she can show it with an asking price of $1,200,000. If some extraordinary client drops out of space during that time, no other real estate agent will have that right; but on my return, I will reassess the whole situation. She agreed. I then had a long talk with Lou Blau and a real estate specialist in his office over the formula for my acquiring the McAndrew Road property from KFA. It's very complicated. They understand all the factors and will work it out. Blau says I must have title to it before I start building. I must then settle Malibu within eighteen months.' That's the law, you couldn't deduct…

S: Yes, the capital gains tax.

M: Yes. Naturally the price of the house had gone up because we'd had it so long, so there would be capital gains. 'The pitfall would be if I have to cash in stock to pay for the new house and don't sell Malibu within the time frame, then I'd have to pay capital gains on it.' Well, that's what happened, unfortunately. It's a long, boring story. We may come to it in here.

S: Yes.

M: 'It's the risk I have to take. This is all getting into high finance, but there it is. Bart Phelps came by with a copy of the specifications for me to take with me. We discussed it a bit. I rang Bamberger; he was in New York, due back tonight, but returned my call. I have put $83,000 in a savings account and have given him power of attorney to transfer from it to the checking account with which he pays my household bills while I'm away. I told him of the Blau plans, etcetera. I'm going to have to let all this work itself out in its own complicated way. Betsy telephoned and said that the news on television was that U.S. airlines cannot land in Britain after tomorrow. TWA knew of no such thing. All this telephoning put me behind in packing. I tried to get Krishnaji to go to bed and leave me to finish at my own speed, but it disturbs him for some reason, and he kept coming in. I stopped after 10 p.m. and when around 11 p.m., I heard his quiet "Maria, Maria" in the hall, I was in bed in the dark, and he was pleased'—he thought I was asleep—'and went off satisfied and relieved to his own room and sleep.'

June twenty-first. 'I checked with TWA at 7:30 a.m., but they didn't know if the flight would go to London or Paris. I telephoned Dorothy to check at her end before going to the airport. She knew nothing of the possibility of American planes not landing. At 9:30 a.m., TWA said it was alright for plans to land in London. If London is closed, it won't be till Thursday that it reopens. I spoke to Erna. Wooge rang asking me to have Bud bring Gerovital from Paris'—that was for mother. Alan K. and Amanda each came at 9:30 a.m. We were all packed and ready to go by 10:15 a.m. and I had done the daily four miles on my stationary bicycle. Alan K. brought an Ecuadorian straw hat'—it's in the closet there.

S: Yes. That's a Panama hat.

M: Yes, only it's from Ecuador, the best Panama hats are—'for Krishnaji to wear in the sun.' [*Laughs*.]

S: Yes.

M: We said goodbye to Elfriede. I drove with Amanda to the airport, while Krishnaji went with Alan, and we took TWA, leaving at 12:30 p.m. I am writing this over the Atlantic. Krishnaji slept a little before and after lunch. He is now exercising by walking up and down the aisle. We have our preferred seats, all the way forward in first class. The sun has set, but it is the longest day, and it will soon rise again. I cannot sleep. Krishnaji looks well. Amanda kept remarking on it, and it fills my heart to see him in his proper health.'



On the back lawn of Brockwood looking south

June twenty-second. 'No sleep on the airplane, and breakfast was inedible for Krishnaji, but we both felt better than we might have on landing at Heathrow at 7:15 a.m. I corralled our four bags and two camera cases and by 8 a.m., we were out to meet Dorothy, Doris, and Ingrid. We arrived at 9:30 a.m. at Brockwood. It was green and beautiful. Everyone keeps saying, "This is the first day of summer." Krishnaji went to bed for the rest of the day, with lunch on a tray. I wanted nothing so much as sleep. I took a short nap before lunch, a long one in the afternoon, and after supper, went for a walk around the place. The grove, in which uncounted rabbits were killed after the fence was wired, has had to be filled in and replanted from their devastation. New azaleas, some new trees, and the grass has come back. The handkerchief tree is still in bloom. The hay was smelling deliciously in the meadow. Four of the garage units have been turned into classrooms and will be divisible into sleeping quarters during the public gathering. They are very nice, white-painted, mullioned windows and doors—Robert Wiffen's design. The place grows ever better and more beautiful. I spoke with Mary Links by telephone.'

June twenty-third, ‘Krishnaji slept on and off, but got up for lunch. Together we looked at the garages made into classrooms, and he is pleased. He, Dorothy, and I walked in the grove with the dogs and weeded.’ You know, we used to do a lot of weeding.

The next day, ‘I woke up early, did the ironing and my exercises. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went weeding in the grove.’ Then it says: ‘New Mercedes van arrived for Brockwood.’ That was your doing.

S: Yes. [*M laughs.*] We needed a mobile video production unit for the public talks in Saanen and Brockwood.

M: June twenty-fifth, ‘Narayan here for the weekend. Talked in the morning. I went on errands to West Meon and Alresford, borrowing Doris’s car. At 3:30 p.m., Scott and I telephoned Erna about getting a third Sony video camera for Saanen. Mary and Joe Links came to spend the night in the West Wing. Krishnaji, they, and I had tea in the kitchen, then went for a short walk in the grove. After supper, Mary and Joe and I talked.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji rested. I spoke to Fleur, Jenny, Phyl Fry’—that’s Christopher’s wife. ‘Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. The long grass gave Krishnaji hay fever. Mary and Joe left. In the evening, we watched Christopher Fry’s *Sister Dora* on television.’ That was something he wrote for television.



In West Wing with tapestries

The twenty-seventh, ‘I went to Alresford about the repair of one of the framed tapestries.’ You know, the ones that hang in the drawing room. ‘Krishnaji stayed in bed. No walk because of the hay fever, but he walked in the house.’ [*Laughs.*] ‘I attended the school meeting.’

June twenty-eighth. ‘Borrowing Doris’s mini, Krishnaji and I went to Petersfield and by train to London. The city is in banners for the queen’s jubilee’—I don’t know what jubilee that was. ‘Krishnaji left trousers to be altered at Huntsman, and we walked to Fortnum’s, stopping to buy a jersey for Vanda. Krishnaji is shocked at current prices, “65 pounds for this one?” he said.’ [*S laughs*.] ‘We had a pleasant, leisurely lunch with Mary L. While I went to the lavatory, Krishnaji started one of his questionings with Mary—how is it, chance or otherwise, that someone turns up to look after him? Example: me. And he repeated again that the only thing he regretted in his life was the association with DR and RR’—that means Rajagopal and Rosalind.



On train to London

S: Yes.

M: ‘He said what an extraordinary life he has had. This remark came up after my return when we were talking of the difficulties facing the young, Mary’s grandchildren, for instance, on how to find jobs, etcetera. He said he had been so fortunate, looked after always, cared for. Did something arrange it all? Did “they” therefore see to it that someone (me) would come along, interested, able to care for him? I asked him if, without asking him to tell us anything he didn’t want to discuss, if he knew more about this. He said he did, but “It is not my job to go into that.” Yet, he does raise this question frequently. It seems as if there is mystery in some part of it for him too, as there is about “that boy”—his younger self. We walked up Bond Street, failed to find a replacement for my wallet at Asprey’s, but got a small boy thing for Lindsey’s’—that’s my nephew—‘birthday at Rowe’s’—that’s the store that sells children’s things. ‘We also collected some detective books at Hatchards.’

S: Where was that?

M: On Bond Street, Rowe's. You've passed it.

S: Oh, yes, yes, yes. Farther down, yes.

M: 'We got a taxi to Waterloo and so to Brockwood a little after 5 p.m. I fell asleep in the train, and Krishnaji was tired too, but not especially so after his one effort since our arrival.'

June twenty-ninth, 'I packed and Krishnaji rested and read all day. He was tired from yesterday. He started packing at 5 p.m., but did it energetically and in short order. All my letter writing is up-to-date, a rare summit. We watched a Wimbledon match, Virginia Wade defeating Chris Evert. Krishnaji was for Evert, "Come on, Chris, I have fifty pounds on you," he said. "What's the matter, Chris?"' [*Both M and S laughing*.]

S: One has to say, for the record, that he would not have had fifty pounds on her. [*Laughs*.]

M: No. He wasn't exactly a betting man, and he never carried any money anyway.

S: I know [*laughing heartily*].

M: The next day, 'my brother telephoned from Rome. He said that Filomena in Rome came to see them and she saw Daisy for the first time.' That's notable because Daisy was christened Daisy Dorothy and the name Dorothy comes from our Aunt Dorothy, a character who Filomena had worked for, so Filomena always called Daisy "Dorothy." [*S laughs.*] It gave her pleasure. It was very sweet. 'I spoke briefly to Bud of the possible expenses I may have in building in Ojai and to think over what I can best afford to liquidate, etc. We left Brockwood at 11 a.m. with Dorothy, and had a picnic lunch in the car near Heathrow. Our 2 p.m. flight was delayed until 4:30 p.m., so we sat in the first class passenger lounge and read. On the flight, an obnoxious man, an I-am-the-center-of-the-universe type, sitting across the aisle from Krishnaji, refused to stop smoking though we were in nonsmoking seats. I bore down on the steward to enforce it. He seemed to be servile to the man, and apologetic to me; suggesting we move seats. I spoke freely, which upset Krishnaji. The steward said to Krishnaji, "It doesn't matter; it doesn't matter. If someone is boorish, what can you do?" We landed at Charles de Gaulle, that horrid airport, got our luggage, changed traveler's checks, and then went by taxi to the Plaza Athénée. We walked around the block, had supper in our rooms, and soon went to bed.'

July first. 'We both rested all morning, then had a leisurely lunch in the garden: melon gazpacho, omelet fines herbs, haricots verts, fraises du bois. Nadia Kossiakof came for coffee. She and her husband Nicolas enthused over their visit to the U.S.—there's such freedom there, they feel. "Tout est politique en France," she said. She spoke of Madame Duchet and her quiet death.'

'Krishnaji and I went to Charvet; each ordered three shirts, Krishnaji's all blue, mine two white and a pale pink.' (This is one of them, what I've got on now, one of the whites.)

‘We went for errands on Rue Mont Thabor, like oil for Krishnaji’s razor. He saw a small quartz clock by Braun and thinks he will get one in Switzerland. It’s supposed to be correct to one minute per year, which is what pleases him. We bought some books at Smith’s, then walked back to the hotel and rested all the rest of the time. Eventually we had supper in the rooms. There is here a comfort, and quiet sense of a familiar haven, but one barely feels in Paris.’

S: Would you have walked from the Plaza Athénée down to Charvet, or would you have taken a taxi?

M: I don’t remember what we did specifically that time.

S: But typically? Because it’s…

M: Yes, it’s quite a walk, Avenue Montaigne to Place Vendôme.

S: Yes, but it’s walkable, and because you walked for exercise, it’s not too far for that.

M: We used to walk distances in Paris, but I think probably that time we didn’t. I’m guessing we didn’t. It doesn’t say.

S: When you did walk it, would you have gone down the Champs-Élysées, or would you’ve gone on the rue St. Honoré?

M: We probably would have walked down the Champs-Élysées to Concord, then the rue de Rivoli.

S: Right.

M: The next day, ‘we left the Plaza Athénée a little after 9 a.m. Our expenses for two nights and a day came to over $600, really out of hand.’ I mean, today that would be…

S: Cheap!

M: One night or something.

S: Exactly.

M: No, it wouldn’t be even that. You couldn’t stay there today for $600. [*Both chuckle*.] Anyway, ‘Krishnaji thinks we mustn’t stay at the Plaza again. We must find a nice medium hotel, he said. But, perhaps I should figure out ways to accept Bud’s offer of the Le Tour apartment.’ You see, my father, who had died, lived in Paris in the building of Le Tour d’Argent, and my brother now had the apartment. But, for some reason, Krishnaji was sort of reluctant to go there. ‘The get-out-of-Paris rush was on, mostly south, so we reached Charles de Gaulle Airport in thirty-five minutes—a most

unattractive place, "awful" says Krishnaji.' I'm not sure why we took a dislike to it, but it seemed pretentious.

S: And it's not attractive.

M: That's right. 'We took an Air France 11 a.m. flight and landed in Geneva an hour later. It was a clear, warm day. Cointrin Airport in Geneva is much nicer than De Gaulle. There were no porters, but finally, some sort of baggage official helped us load two carts with our luggage and helped push them to the Hertz counter. Fortunately, he accepted a tip. We set off in an Opel Rekord, large enough for the five bags and two camera cases, but with horridly stiff gears, and found the Intercontinental Hotel where Narasimhan met us and guided us to his apartment building. He provided lunch, vanishing into the kitchen, and refusing all help from Krishnaji or me. A South Indian friend had provided the curries. The conversation never quite got off the ground, but he was pleased to entertain Krishnaji, and soon we left and went down the hill to the underground parking garage opposite Patek Philippe. We left the watches to be demagnetized and walked to Jacquet. Alas, it was closed till Monday, so we failed to order neckties.' Every year Krishnaji would order ties for himself and Joe Links. 'But Krishnaji had an idea where we could find the Braun quartz clock he saw in Paris—at Grand Passage.'

S: I remember that clock. Yes. It was black plastic; a little travel alarm clock.

M: I don't remember it. I remember that such a thing happened, but I don't visualize it. He wanted to give it to Balasundaram or somebody, or maybe just take it to India. 'He said we would find it at Grand Passage, and so we did. He is very pleased because it varies by only sixty seconds a year.' [*Chuckles.*] 'I bought some other small things, and at 3:30 p.m., we set off for Gstaad, along the lake, up through le centre ville of Lausanne at Krishnaji's suggestion, so we could come down into Oron by the long road.' If you remember, there's a long straight road—you go up the hill, then you go zooming down.

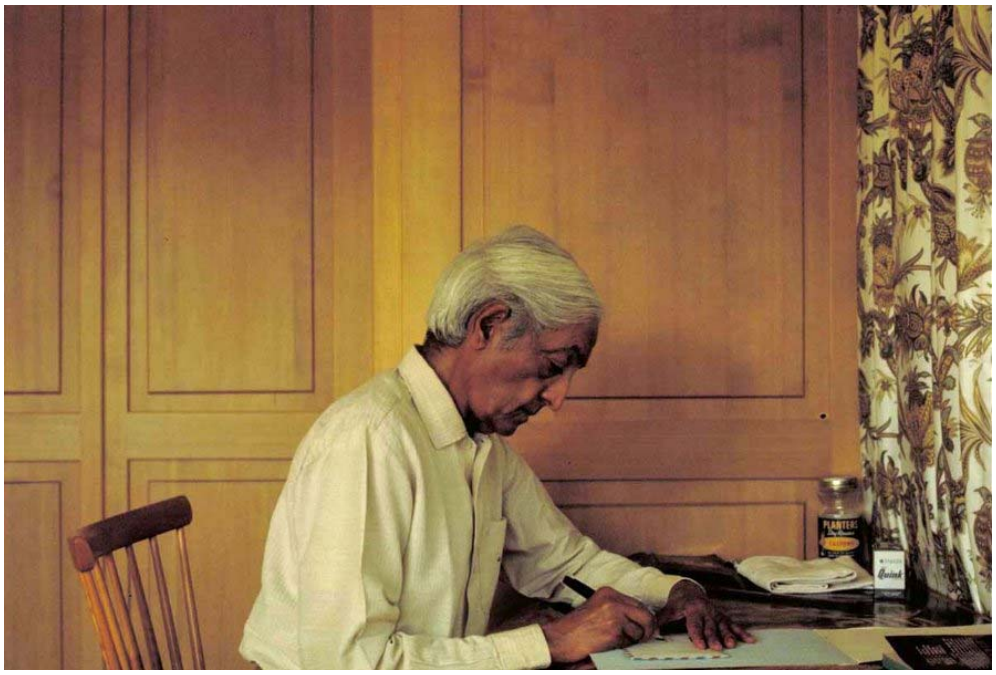
S: Yes. [*Laughs.*]

M: He liked that, and I did too. 'Like a toboggan run,' it says here. 'It was hot. My leg ached from walking on pavements in city shoes. But the stiff clutch pushed in, and hurt the foot more. We greeted the friendly linden tree, both remembered simultaneously, laughing at the place in the road where we had seen the Swiss'—oh, this was our remembering a trip once from Gstaad leaving early in the dark to go to Geneva and the airport, and as we came to this spot, there was a whole platoon of Swiss Army people, and they had lights on their bicycles, so it looked like a great, big caterpillar in the dark.

S: Right, of course, all riding their bicycles. Yes, the funny Swiss army.

M: '…simultaneously laughing at the place in the road where we had seen the Swiss army with lights on their bicycles looking like a caterpillar in the pre-dawn of the dark last time we motored from Gstaad to Paris. At Bulle, we stopped to buy Gateau Bullois and a glass of apple juice for Krishnaji.' Do you remember those cakes?

S: I do indeed. They were delicious.



At his desk in Tannegg

M: Yes. 'We arrived at Tannegg at 6:20 p.m. Vanda and Fosca were there. Krishnaji's room has lost its view of the valley to two cupboards and a dressing table and a horrible red carpet. It looks hot and Wagnerian in the hall. I was too tired to unpack. Krishnaji went to bed. I took a shower and had supper with Vanda. We talked at some length. I told her more fully of Krishnaji's night after surgery. I was staggered by her telling me that some years ago "before you were there," he had been examined in Geneva, and the doctor told her that Krishnaji had a tumor in his bladder that might be cancer. She never told Krishnaji, and nothing further was done.' [*Long pause*] So…

S: [*chuckles*] She was extraordinary.

M: I was absolutely aghast. She believed what she wanted to believe, and it didn't matter what implications or facts there were or anything.

Sunday, the third of July. 'Krishnaji, as a result of yesterday's drive, has hay fever. It was too hot to close the car windows; at least, he refused to, and so the pollen reached him. He stayed in bed and took tablets given by a homeopath, E. Roth, who came to us through Carol Smith at Brockwood with combination of allium cepa and sapodilla, two every two hours for six times, potency six. I unpacked and put everything in order, then went to Saanen for yogurt for Krishnaji. He stayed in bed. I had a nap after lunch.'

S: Why would you go to Saanen for yogurt?

M: I don't know. There was the Saanen shop, I don't know. [*Both chuckle*.] You know, what do you call it?

S: The Molkerei.

M: Yes. [*Laughs.*] 'I read and took a long nap in afternoon and then went for a walk to the end of the road. It helped the leg, which still aches.'



At his desk in Tannegg

July fourth, 'I exchanged the Opel Rekord for a small Renault, much easier to drive. Did all sorts of errands in morning and afternoon—marketing things, etcetera, mangoes fetched from the Siddoos. I met Vanda walking with Martha Crego and brought Vanda up the hill. Krishnaji remained in his room, his hay fever is contained but it wakes him at night. He rested and took the same pills as yesterday, but the dosage was one three times a day.'

The next day all it says is, 'Krishnaji in his room all day. I did errands in afternoon.'

July sixth, 'I worked at my desk on letters. Krishnaji remained in bed with his hay fever. After lunch, my brother telephoned from Bonn where he has consulted with Dr. Scheef'—who is in the same line of medicine as Dr. Wolf, who we had consulted in New York. 'Bud said that he had set it up for Krishnaji and me to go to him in September. Scheef will try to get all our records from Dr. Wolf's widow. Bud and Lisa go to Geneva tomorrow but only for a few hours on business, so I won't go down to see them. Then they go to Paris until they return to New York on Tuesday. Edgar Graf came to see Krishnaji, who is trying to help his back'—meaning Edgar Graf's back. 'Vanda claims that the TURP operation that Krishnaji had was only invented a few years ago; therefore,

Krishnaji would've had to have had a full operation years ago; therefore, it was alright to ignore the diagnosis of the doctors in Geneva. This seems to obliterate for her the possibility that if Krishnaji had had cancer, as the doctor told her, he might not be here now. My brain shivers at this sort of thinking; it becomes un-discussable as she believes what she wants to believe.'

S: [*chuckles*] We should just say for the record who Edgar Graf is.

M: Oh. Edgar Graf was a Swiss, and he was the one who got things done for the Saanen talks, getting the tent up, etcetera. He did what had been done by de Vidas before, and he took over all those arrangements.

July seventh. 'Today is the day for the Ventura hearing on our zoning application in Ojai. I received from Erna copies of various requirements from the building department about the cottage—not too bad—and replied to her. I walked up the hill and around twice daily for the leg. Errands in afternoon. Krishnaji saw Mr. Russu very briefly.'

July eighth. 'There was no cable from Erna, so I will wait for a letter about the zoning change application. Frances McCann, Simonetta di Cesaro, and a young Italian painter came to lunch. Simonetta brought Krishnaji a gray silk shirt. "Too fancy," he thought. I asked him if we could give her a sample shirt and have it copied in cotton. She is no longer working for the lepers in Rishikesh but for the Tibetans. The Siddoos came at 4 p.m. to have Krishnaji sign a lease from them at $1 for three years for the school and adult center buildings for the KF Canada. They own the two buildings. Scott Forbes arrived in the new Mercedes van rigged as a video center, and brought Krishnaji's books and sun umbrella. As it was raining lightly, Krishnaji walked down the hill while I went to the post to fetch the Krishnaji/Anderson video cassettes air-freighted from Ojai to be shown here on the tenth. I then met Krishnaji by the bridge and we drove to look at the tent now erected for the public talks. He likes the yellow Renault. Vanda is eating almost nothing, and looks ill. She refuses all urging to eat more.'

S: We just need to add something here: The reason the Siddoos wanted Krishnaji to sign for the Krishnamurti Foundation of Canada to rent property that they had purchased was because Krishnaji was the president of the Krishnamurti Foundation of Canada, from which he soon afterwards, according to my memory, resigned.

M: Yes, he resigned, and told them to dissolve the Foundation. But they never did.

S: Right. But anyway, at that point, Krishnaji was president, which is why he was signing.

M: Yes, that's true.

S: Yes. I'm just trying to make sense of this, otherwise it seems silly that they're asking Krishnaji to sign an agreement…

M: …for three years for one dollar.

S: Yes…to rent property that they own.

M: Yes. Good, good.

The next day, 'I went to the village on errands, then went by the camping site. Dorothy, Montague, and Doris have arrived in the Land Rover with no mishaps. Kathy Harris, who bicycled with six others from Brockwood, came by. Vanda ate a little more at lunch, but nothing at supper. Krishnaji has scolded her. I have urged gently. It is worrisome.'

S: That she doesn't eat very much?

M: Yes, she would sit at the table and just pick at her salad and not eat anything. 'Krishnaji and I walked in the rain to the river. A policeman stopped us, asking if we had picked wildflowers or mushrooms. They must be trying to protect them. We felt very approving. Before retiring to bed, Krishnaji had me pick out his clothes for tomorrow's talk. He said goodnight with a thinking-of-something air, and then said, "Tomorrow I have to talk," and stretched his eyebrows. He is wearing the orange silk kimono dressing gown that stays here all year for the summer, sannyasi-color and very becoming.'

July tenth. 'The day began with clouds, but the sun appeared before it was time to go to the tent for the talk. Krishnaji breakfasted at 7:45 a.m. Vanda went to the talk with Mrs. Walsh. Krishnaji and I got to the tent just before 10:30 a.m. Henri Methorst was making endless announcements. Despite the rain and it being the first talk, the tent was nearly full. Scott had four monitors and all the video set up in the new Brockwood Mercedes van. Mary Cadogan had brought, from London, the third Sony video camera that was needed and which I've donated with Erna ordering it ten days ago in Los Angeles, and Donald Hoppen bringing it to London.'

Editor's Note: ***The year before, the Saanen and Brockwood talks had been video-recorded with one video camera, but this year was the beginning of the much more complex, three-camera video recording procedure. For years, the only cameras we had were black and white surveillance cameras, so the production value of these recordings is not high, but it seemed important to have the best recording we could have, even if it was not professional. From now on, all of Krishnaji's public talks would be recorded in Saanen and Brockwood, and not long after in Ojai and India. Soon after this full recording began, Krishnaji said to me, and he repeated it several times, that he "was the first one to be recorded." Of course, with hindsight, I now wish I had asked him, just for the record, "the first one what?" but at the time, it seemed obvious and the kind of question one didn't need to bother him with. These memoirs will continue to offer the text of any talks or discussions that Mary indicates are especially good, and when there are links to the videos of these talks, we will offer those as well. At the moment, the videos of these talks are for sale by the Foundations, but not offered for free.***

‘Krishnaji looked well, fully of energy, and gave a strong opening talk, laying the basis of there being no security in thought and finally coming to the fact that the real seeing of this is the action of change and intelligence, and in this, is real security. He walked up the road right after the talk. Scott warned me that the mad girl, Christina Shroeder, who lay in the driveway here last summer and appeared naked in the Oak Grove after an April talk, is here, is lurking by the river, and waiting to “cut him off at the pass,” as Scott put it.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘I asked Scott to walk with Krishnaji a ways so that nothing happened. Vanda brought Mar back for lunch. Krishnaji said on the way back, “I had no idea what I was going to talk about when I began.” Krishnaji ate in his room, though he sat before lunch with us. In the afternoon, Dorothy brought Mrs. Billimoria and Mrs. Puri up to Tannegg with things they have brought from India for Krishnaji, mangoes too. He talked amiably with them for a while. I took Mar to Caprices, then walked partway with Krishnaji and Vanda to Alpina, and then I drove up the hill.’

S: Just to mention, Alpina’s a hotel.

M: Yes. It’s on the same mountain as Tannegg, but down the mountain a bit. ‘Krishnaji’s face looked thin in the evening, but he does not appear to be over-tired, just normally tired.’

July eleventh, ‘I spoke to my brother in Paris. He says he thinks he has arranged the apartment in le Tour so that it is convenient for all, including me and Krishnaji to use. We must all try to avoid the enormous cost of hotels. They leave for New York tomorrow. At 3 p.m., I met Mary Cadogan and Dorothy about Friday, and all the committees**[4]** coming up to Tannegg for their annual meeting. Krishnaji received an Indian friend of Edgar Graf, Madan al Himat-Singlike. Then, we went to Saanen about shoes.’

July twelfth, ‘Krishnaji gave an intense, very strong talk on authority, its falseness. It was hot in the tent but the lights of the video made it hotter. When I picked him up at the road, he wanted to go to the Saanen shoe store. It was cool there. Mr. Kohli found him light shoes he liked. We came back to the chalet, and there were Suad al Radhi for lunch and a Madame Janine Pinson, a friend of Vanda’s who wants her son and daughter to go to Brockwood. Suad brought pastries of honey and pistachio, apricots, and sweets which, alas, were later found to have little bugs, and a silver ring from Afghanistan for me. I think one of the Dunne girls will like it.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘I fetched Narayan up the hill at 4 p.m. Krishnaji talked to him and the three of us walked to the river and back. Narayan stayed for supper with Vanda and me, and then we drove him way up to his chalet above Saanen where Donald Dennis and friends have rented rooms, and Narayan is with them for a couple of nights. It’s a nice old chalet, warm, gray wood, low ceilings, and bright flowers in boxes outside.’

There’s really nothing for the next day.

July fourteenth. ‘Krishnaji gave Saanen talk number three on skill, clarity, and compassion. It was all new. Later, he said it is like a triangle: the base is compassion.

Suzanne, Hugues, and Marjolaine van der Straten, Simonetta di Cesaro came to lunch. A letter came from Erna; the Ventura planning commission approved a zone change for the McAndrew Road property for an adult educational center and religious retreat, including permission to add on to the cottage. At last, the door opens to building. Erna further wrote that Topa Topa Ranch was against it, saying it could become a hotel, but a Mr. Zogg defended KFA and approval was unanimous. Also, a contractor named Max Falk, half-brother to an Alan Tansill, an old admirer of Krishnaji, and both of whom plan to leave everything to the Krishnamurti Foundation of America in their wills, offered to build the "house for Krishnaji without a fee," but when Bart showed him the plans, he said it was too extensive to donate his time. Bart is pursuing it with the fee as he is highly recommended by other architects. Whatever happens with this, the path leads further to this move and I follow it without question. Narayan came to talk to Krishnaji about Rishi Valley, went on the walk, and both he and Edgar Graf stayed to supper with Vanda and me.'

July fifteenth. 'At 11 a.m., there was the annual meeting at Tannegg of all the Krishnaji committees. There were about forty-five people. Mary C. opened the meeting. Dorothy gave a good report of Brockwood. The Siddoos spoke of the school opening in September in Canada. I reported on the Oak Grove School in Ojai, and Narayan spoke well about Rishi Valley. Krishnaji handled his health question very well. "About my health: I'm fine."…"I had a very minor operation, nothing worth mentioning. The doctor says I'm fine, and I expect to live another ten or fifteen years." Scott spoke about video matters. Krishnaji reported on the March international trustee meetings, but didn't mention why only four Foundations were there; so I added that it was about schools, so only Foundations *with* schools were there, hoping to make it clear to the Spanish group present who feel they are a Foundation like the others. Mary Cadogan and Jane Hammond, also Mar de Manziarly, were at lunch with Vanda and me. Krishnaji came in for coffee, and Jane tried pressure points in his feet. She has cured her husband Ian's hay fever that way, but none of the spots in Krishnaji's feet hurt. At 4 p.m., Graf brought two women from Lugana Radio. Krishnaji gave a taped interview. Later, we walked.'

July sixteenth. 'Vanda left for Florence. Mrs. Walsh drove Vanda to Zweisimmen where she caught a direct train. Krishnaji spent the day resting in bed.'

S: There's a direct train from Zweisimmen to Florence?

M: Yes. Normally.

July seventeenth. 'Krishnaji gave the fourth Saanen talk, full of fire. At 12:30 p.m., Mr. Mirabet came to give Krishnaji the annual donation of $4,000. Krishnaji decided to give $3,000 to Brockwood and $1,000 to a Rishi Valley fund Narayan wants to collect and keep in the West for books, purchases, also for teacher's travel. I am to open an account in Ojai with it, and Krishnaji wants to donate $500 of his Miss Dodge money to it.' Well, his Dodge money *was* only $500. [*S laughs.*] 'Narayan came at 4 p.m., and we told him all this. Krishnaji is so full of hopes for Narayan making Rishi Valley what it was meant to be. He exhorts him, encourages him, and calls him "old man." We all three walked to

the river. “This operation has done me good. I have more energy,” said Krishnaji. Narayan stayed to supper and Donald Dennis came to fetch him.’

The next day, ‘I marketed, then brought Mar de Manziarly for Krishnaji to place hands. Went and brought up Pascaline Mallet, Gisela Elmenhorst, and a young German woman, Dr. Suzanne Shaup, who works for Sherg, the German publishing house and who has just done the translation of *Talks to American Students* which has been retitled’—excuse my lack of German—“*Gespräche öber das Sein*,” which literally means *Speaking of Being*. It is hardcover and Sherg Verlag, which seems to own O.W. Barth Verlag, is a major publisher with good distribution. It is said to be well translated, and Suzanne Shaup turned out to be an intelligent young woman. We all had lunch, and then Krishnaji, who was spending the day in bed, quite tired from yesterday, joined us in his orange silk kimono for a while after lunch. I drove them all back to where they live.’

July nineteenth. ‘Krishnaji gave Saanen talk number five. He spoke with great intensity on discontent, the necessity for it, leading to compassion which is intelligence, and on suffering and what it has to do with love—nothing. He ended with his story of the teacher addressing the pupils, and a bird comes to the window and sings. The teacher listens and when the bird is finished and flies away, he tells the pupils, “You have heard the lesson for today.” It was one of Krishnaji’s talks that leave me in tears. When he got in the car, he wanted to go right to Kohli in Saanen for a second pair of the lightweight shoes. We lunched together in the dining room, and then he slept until 4 p.m. In the afternoon, there was a tea for the Patel family, eight strong, also Narayan and Graf. There was talk of Indian politics between Krishnaji and father Patel. Disappointing to the two sons, two daughters and a son-in-law and daughter-in-law; the son-in-law and daughter-in-law who wanted Krishnaji to talk on other matters. The mother sat monolithically, the father voluble. One son, Siddarth Patel, seems to be the most interested in Krishnaji’s teachings. After they left, Krishnaji, Narayan and I walked to the river, and Narayan stayed to supper. Krishnaji wants me to take him shopping tomorrow for shoes, jeans, and Lamy pens. Later, Krishnaji said, “That operation must’ve done something to me. I feel such energy.”

July twentieth. ‘Mar came to Krishnaji to put “hands.” I took Narayan shopping. Krishnaji wants him to have proper shoes, so we went to Kohli and got two fine pairs; then for trousers, but failed to find them; then to Cadonau for a Lamy pen and pencil. This took all morning, but was considered a great success. Narayan went off with a young American woman, Beverly Nichols, who wants to teach at Rishi Valley. Dorothy and Montague moved up from the Land Rover in the camping site to the rooms downstairs. Edgar Graf brought a Swiss editor, Dr. Werbel, who has a Swiss TV and radio magazine, to interview Krishnaji for an article on him and the new German book, the translation of talks to American students. He brought a translator who also recorded it all on cassette, but seventy percent of what was said was in German between the two and Graf; Krishnaji looked out the window.’ [*Laughs.*]

‘Krishnaji and I walked to the river, Dorothy joining us. Krishnaji is pleased with the raincoat I bought him this morning from Kohli. On our return, the aggressive Mr. Paco

Forilla, from Grenada, who keeps pointing to a letter from Frasier, telling him to ask for "Princess Alliata" who will arrange for him to see Krishnaji. My saying Topazia'—Alliata was her last name—'is not here, etcetera, etcetera, only increased his insistence. So, finally Krishnaji saw him for a few minutes. It seems he had come all this way to ask on behalf of a woman Krishnaji knew years ago the question, "Why did I marry my husband who is now dead?" [*Laughs.*]

S: Really! [*Laughs.*]

M: [*laughing*] 'Krishnaji said, "How would I know?" And the man left satisfied. "People are crazy," says Krishnaji, and say I.' [*Both chuckle*.]

July twenty-first. 'Krishnaji gave Saanen talk number six, an extraordinary one on death and love. I fetched Mrs. Billimoria, Mrs. Puri, and Narayan up to lunch. The Simmonses were there too. Krishnaji came in before and after. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji talked to the Siddoo sisters, Dorothy, Narayan, and me on having a teachers' training center in Bangalore. Dorothy took exception to "training," saying it couldn't be taught as a method, etcetera; that they must learn by doing. She got tense about it, "defensive," Krishnaji calls it. He rephrased it as a "teachers' educational center." Narayan spoke well and enthusiastically about it. Krishnaji wants me to speak to Dorothy about this "defensiveness," as she gets upset if he does it. This seems to happen every summer. Dorothy gets intense and somewhat defiant about something. It annoys Krishnaji, and he wants me to talk to her about it.'

July twenty-second. 'I woke up around 4 a.m., and having had no walk yesterday, I went out at 5:45 a.m., went up the hill, across the field, and down the other road. The fields smelled of hay and moisture, clean and full of summer. Then I did my exercises, but extra, and it felt very well. I ran errands in the morning. Jean-Michel Maroger and his mother came for lunch, and Krishnaji joined us in the dining room. Jean-Michel is now doing translations of the talks on audio cassette; using Krishnaji's voice, then his French translation, then Krishnaji, etcetera. He does it excellently. Very nice family. He invited Krishnaji to where he and his wife and children live near Blois and Chenonceau. Krishnaji later said it would be nice to go there. At 3:45 p.m., Graf brought a Mme. Geiser of Swiss journal *Fémina* to interview Krishnaji. Krishnaji was sleepy at first, rather vague, and then gave her an absorbing lesson in the basics of his teachings, leading her step by step into what he thought of conditioning, religion, belief, the future being a projection of the past, the observer and observed. He said, "To see the whole is to see more than the parts." And when she said, "You have taught for fifty years. Are you tired of it?" he said, "I am not tired because I don't expect anything." I joined Krishnaji on the walk after bringing Fosca and the marketing up the hill.'

July twenty-third. 'I went down to the village early for fresh fruit. And at 11 a.m., Mr. Colell, and Mrs. Rusak, a Spanish lady, and a Señor Marcos Martinez Montegudo came to bring the latter's donation of a thousand Swiss francs for Krishnaji's use in the work. We had a cheerful conversation, translated back and forth. They are nice people. Krishnaji stayed in bed and said half the donation should go to Brockwood and half to

Saanen gatherings. He had lunch in bed. I lunched alone in the dining room. At 4 p.m., Graf brought another German journalist, Silvia Schaefer, to interview Krishnaji for a German paper. I went down to town on errands, and had my hair trimmed a little. Krishnaji was tired today.'

S: Okay. I think that's all we have time for. We're about to run out of this tape.

M: Okay. Let me just mark the twenty-fourth for domani.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Before leaving the United States for six months or more, all resident aliens (people with green cards) must obtain a Sailing or Departure Permit, which is given by the Internal Revenue Service.

[2] Sam was Mary's husband who died in 1958.

[3] Pine Cottage, which originally really was just a cottage, was transformed into a beautiful house that Mary and Krishnaji moved into, but it continued to be called "a cottage" or "the cottage" by Mary, Krishnaji, and, of course, many others.

[4] These were the Krishnamurti Committees from the various countries.

Issue 48: July 24, 1977 to October 18, 1977

In this issue Mary's mother dies, and Mary is unable to get back to the US for her funeral due to airline problems. It seems typically stoic of Mary not to tell anyone, except Krishnaji, and just to get on with her responsibilities; but Mary has some brief but very touching memories of her childhood which are triggered by her mother's death.

There has been very frequent mention of Krishnaji's "putting his hands" on various people to heal them in these memoirs. It is worth noting that this was very quietly acknowledged, but not openly talked about when he was alive. We have also not seen so far, in these memoirs, dramatic effects of this healing. We do in this issue.

Mary: We begin on July twenty-fourth, 1977, so we're still in Switzerland for the Saanen talks. 'It was a shining, cloudless morning. I went at 6 a.m. for a walk to the river and back. All the earth was alive, and there was the smell of grass and pine in the forest. The little stream and the bigger one down in the valley were louder, as if it were their time. All nature was awake; it was a delight. I came back to do my exercises. Krishnaji feels better today; he has slept well. He went to his seventh talk, the final one of this series in Saanen. It was on meditation, really, but he began on decisions, went on to what it is to be without ambition, goals, will, and spoke of space, and the space of the conditioned mind which is limited, but where there is no self, no center, space is limitless. As he spoke, I saw him living in that infinite space, the rest of us tied in our pens; but in such a talk, I felt he lifted one high above the mountains into the sky. At the end, he put his hands together, and said to the audience, "May I go now?" and left. I picked him up on the road, surrounded by people. We went for a short drive up the road to Gsteig, and then came back as Dr. Liechty and her head nurse, Sister Lori, were to come to see Krishnaji for half an hour.'

Scott: Was she a religious sister?

M: No. Some places use "sister" as a title for a nurse. When Krishnaji went to the Bircher-Benner clinic, Sister Lori looked after him. She was a nice woman. When I went there later, I had the same room, by pure coincidence, and Sister Lori.

'They left as Narasimhan and Simonetta came to lunch. Krishnaji slept till 4 p.m., when he gave the only interview so far to a Swedish man named Arridsen, who had an operation for a brain tumor, which is now recurring. Narayan came by and came on the walk. Graf stayed to supper with Dorothy, Montague, and me.'

S: Why do you say it's the only interview so far, because Krishnaji had had interviews almost every day?

M: I suppose to that man.

S: Oh, to that man.

M: July twenty-fifth. 'I walked from 6 a.m. to 7 a.m. up the hill. It was wild and beautiful. Two deer bounded out of the woods, over a meadow, and were gone. I felt marvelously after all that, plus yoga. Krishnaji rested. Anneke, Doris, Dorothy, and Montague were at lunch. Krishnaji came in afterward and reminisced with Anneke and Doris about the early days. He asked them why they didn't try to stop Rajagopal, see what he was doing. This upset Doris, who became almost impossible, interrupting Krishnaji, finishing sentences for him. She seemed out of hand. It tired Krishnaji. At 4 p.m., he had a haircut, a very good one from the Italian barber, Nicholas.'

S: Can we just say that Anneke is Anneke Korndorffer…

M: Yes.

S: …who was really the principle mover in the Dutch committee.

M: And she goes back to the Ommen**[1]** days.

S: Yes.

M: And she ran the Stichting**[2]**, as they call it in Holland, at least at this point. And was a good friend, and she was all the times when I was there, and Krishnaji went to Holland, it was Anneke who found and rented the places and lived there with us, and did everything.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: She was a very, very nice woman. She used to come to Brockwood, too.

S: Oh, yes.

M: July twenty-sixth, 'Rain all day. Fetched Mar to see Krishnaji and have hands put. Anneke came for the same, and I lunched alone. At 2 p.m., I met Dorothy, Montague, Ortolani…' Do you remember Ortolani?

S: Oh, yes. Very well.

M: Do we have to identify him?

S: Yes.

M: Well, he was an Italian, very nice man, had known Krishnaji forever, used to come every year to Saanen. What else do you remember about Ortolani?

S: Well, he was involved in the Italian committee.

M: Well, such as it was. [*S laughs heartily*.]

S: Yes, quite right.

M: [*chuckles*] It was never clear what that meant…'and Dr. Baldi of Argentina and a Mr. Turchi.'

S: Hugo Baldi?

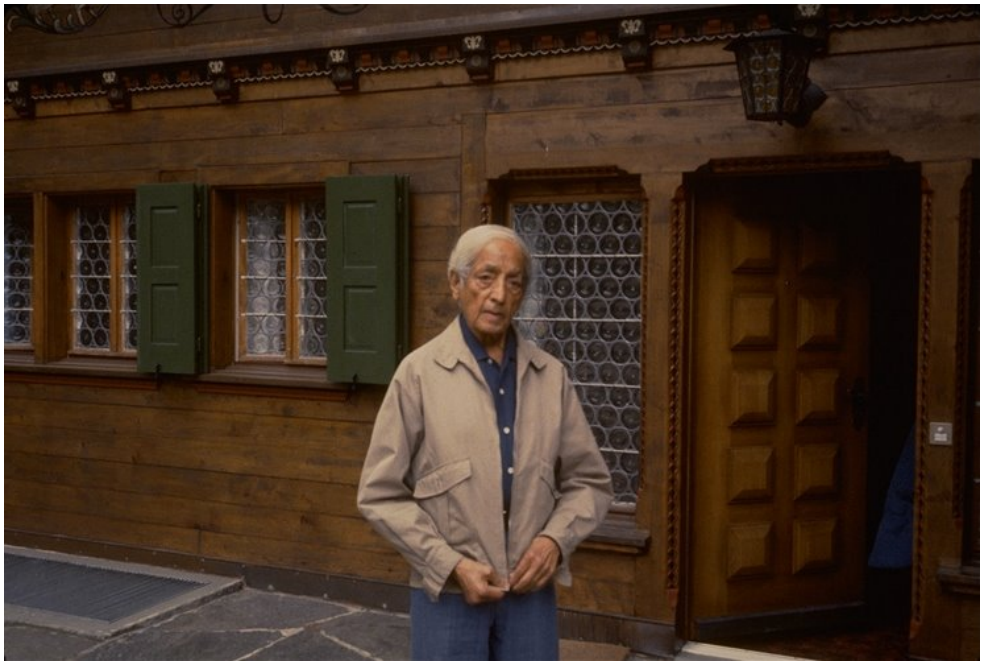
M: Yes. It says here "Dr." but that was Hugo Baldi, and Mr. Turchi, from Italy, 'to discuss schools. Baldi wants to start one in Argentina. I walked with Krishnaji in the rain, and had supper alone.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held the first Saanen public discussion. The Reg Bennetts and Simmonses came to lunch. Krishnaji talked at length with them afterward. At 5 p.m., I went to Rougemont to a Brockwood party.' Doubtless, you were there.

S: That year, it probably would've been at the place Kathy and I had that year.

M: Probably.

The twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji held the second Saanen discussion. Krishnaji made me buy heavy shoes.' I don't know why, but anyway, he did. 'Narayan and Beverly Nichols came on the walk. The Simmonses and I dined with the Siddoo sisters.'



Krishnaji walking in Tannegg

July twenty-ninth. 'Saanen discussion number three. I got a long letter from Erna. At 12:30 p.m., I fetched Mar to Tannegg for hands, and to stay for lunch with the Simmonses and me. At 3 p.m., Scott Forbes came to see me about videos, and an endowment for all the schools.' Remember that?

S: Not at all. [*Both laugh*.]

M: It was somebody else! 'Graf brought an Italian, Luigi something, to see Krishnaji. Bart Phelps telephoned from Los Angeles to say that Max Faulk the contractor, who offered to do the residence at cost but couldn't afford it when he saw the size of the job, has made the lowest bid of $359,000, which is about $80 per square foot. I said to discuss it with Blau, but I am for going ahead with it as quickly as possible, even before signing the contract to buy the property.'

July thirtieth. 'Krishnaji held the fourth public discussion, but disorderly people made it difficult for Krishnaji. I fetched Suad al Radhi, her sister Amel al Kadhi and her friend Naira Munir Abbass to lunch.'

S: Where are they from?

M: Iran. 'Krishnaji talked to them afterward until the Siddoo sisters came at 4 p.m. Also, Mrs. Billimoria and Mrs. Puri came to say goodbye. I drove them all back to their respective places. Narayan and Graf came on the walk. Graf saw a flat in a nearby chalet as a substitute for Tannegg.' We were afraid we'd lose Tannegg, that the owner was going to sell it or something.

July thirty-first. 'Saanen discussion number five in pouring rain. Again there were unruly people. Krishnaji overcame it all. Anneke came back to the chalet for hands. Dorothy and Montague and I to lunch, and Krishnaji rested. I had a nap in afternoon. At 4 p.m. Dr. Frederick Leboyer…' Do you remember all the fuss about him?

S: No.

M: He's that child specialist who had all kinds of notions about…

S: Childbirth?

M: Yes.

S: Oh, right!

M: '…author of *Birth without Violence*, was sent by Vanda to see Krishnaji. Krishnaji and I walked to the river, which was thundering with rainwater and silt, boulders hitting one another. I had supper alone.'

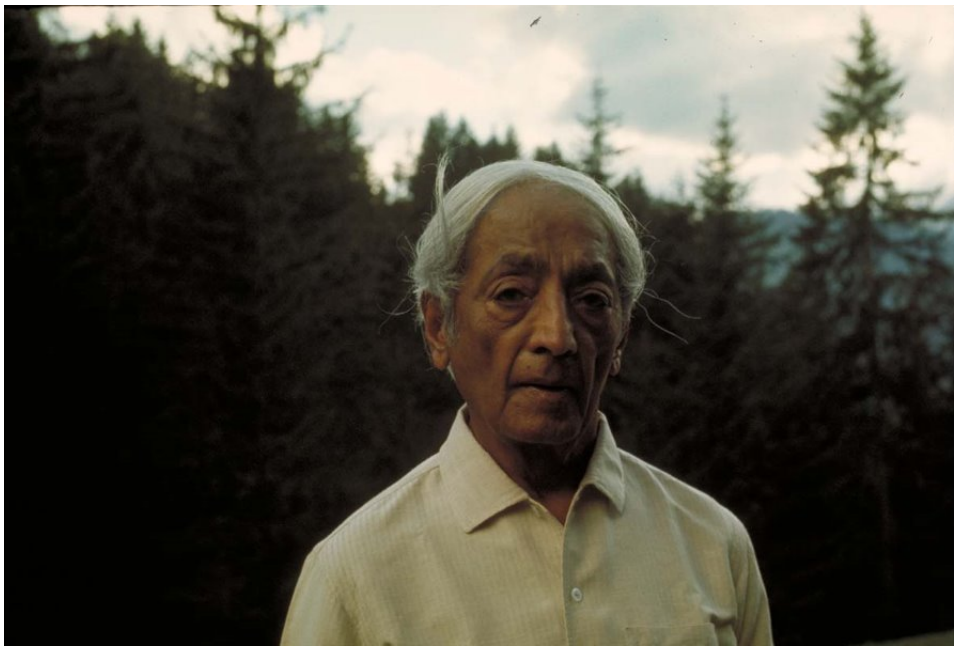
The first of August. 'Krishnaji rested in the morning, then gave Doris Pratt a two-hour interview in the afternoon. Then, we walked to the river.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I on a beautiful day took the 8:44 a.m. train to Geneva. In Gstaad, we got into the forward carriage, the first one, and just beyond that is the engineer, who's steering it all in a closed-off section and where only one passenger was

allowed'—that was the rule—'so Krishnaji rode all the way down the mountains to Montreux in that forward section, and emerged smiling.' Oh, that gave him great pleasure. [*S laughs*.]

S: Yes. He would have loved that, yes. [*M chuckles*.]

M: 'He said, "I felt like a boy."' [*M chuckles*.] 'We went to Jacquet and chose patterns for four neckties for Joe Links and four for Krishnaji himself, also a pair of moccasins. Then we went to Grand Passage about the quartz clock, and then crossed to the Hotel des Bergues and lunched pleasantly at Amphitryon'—that's the restaurant in the hotel.



Krishnaji walking in Gstaad

S: Yes.

M: We always lunched there; that was pleasant, very nice.

S: Yes, it was a nice place.

M: 'It was cool and quiet, the snowy linens, flowers on the table, attentive waiters who served nice food with care—a little pool of vanishing amenities. It gave me a sigh of satisfaction to pilot Krishnaji to such—a proper meal, quietly served in a proper place for him.'

S: Incidentally, I remember what happened to the Braun quartz clock that came from Grand Passage or wherever it eventually came from.

M: What did happen? I forget.

S: He kept that as his clock in India.

M: Oh, did he?

S: And he traveled around with that.

M: I thought it was bought for Patwardhan.

S: Well, I think that he must've bought two then, because he had one that he traveled around with there in India.

M: And it stayed in India?

S: It stayed in India.

M: That's why I never saw it.

S: Well, you would have but only on the few occasions when you went. If you think about it, it's small, black; I can still see it next to his bed in different places in India.

M: I don't remember that one. I remember the one that was next to his bed in Brockwood.

S: Ah, that was a big one.

M: A big one.

S: That's the Patek Philippe.

M: He gave that…

S: He gave that to Dr. Deutsch.

M: Dr. Deutsch, that's right.

August third. 'I went with Edgar Graf to look at possible quarters for next summer if Tannegg is not possible. I saw nothing satisfactory. Krishnaji and I lunched alone. He saw Mr. Russu very briefly at 4:30 p.m.'

There's really nothing for the next day except 'Krishnaji saw Mr. Joseph Elkabir at 4 p.m.'

August fifth. 'There was a letter from Bart Phelps, saying that Max Faulk the construction contractor is to start work on the Ojai cottage next Wednesday, the tenth, without waiting for a signed contract, which is in the hands of Lou Blau; so we are launched. It is interesting how all this seems to flow of itself. Decisions make themselves

and one goes with it. Frances McCann, Padma Madholkar, and the Simmonses were at lunch. Frances described the Guido Franco film with bits of Krishnaji, illicitly shot, used in it. It is, apparently, as bad as I felt it would be.' I was always having trouble with Guido Franco.

August sixth. 'I had an early morning walk before exercises. The Simmonses brought the Land Rover up. They and I dined with Suzanne, Hugues van der Straten, Marjolaine, and Ariane.'

The next day, 'Dorothy and Montague left in the Land Rover to drive with Doris to Brockwood. Nadia and Nicolas Kossiakof came to lunch. I slept all afternoon, and felt really rested for the first time in ages.'

August eighth. 'I went for an early morning walk. To give Fosca some respite, Krishnaji and I lunched pleasantly at the Park Hotel, and later in the afternoon, went for a walk.'



Krishnaji walking with Mary in Gstaad

The next day, 'Mr. Elkabir came to lunch. Krishnaji and I walked in the afternoon. A cassette came from Betsy saying Cary is interested in buying the Malibu house.' Nothing came of that.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> There were two small loose pieces of paper in Mary's diary that covers the dates in this issue: one of them is dated August ninth, 1977, and the other piece is undated. The dated piece reads: 'Woke [presumably, Krishnaji] up this morning with "The means is the skill"—"there is no end, the means is the end, so the means is the skill."'…"'In consciousness there has always been the good and the bad, the bad always predominating as it does in the world."'

On the undated piece of paper—'Krishnaji: "I don't know if you've noticed—it is strange, That is never tired. My body was tired but not That. Now I know what it is to be inexhaustible. I've found something—That is really inexhaustible.'"…'"Silence—uncontaminated by the mind, the original silence."'

The tenth. 'Today construction is supposed to have begun on the cottage in Ojai. Krishnaji and I lunched alone. We saw Nadia at 4 p.m. I photographed the painted sunburst shutters on old buildings in Rougemont, and finally met Vanda on a train from Montreux.' I liked the painted shutters I saw in that part of Switzerland, and eventually copied shutters on the outside of a building in Montreux, a lovely old chalet, with what is called a sunburst pattern. When I built the addition onto Pine Cottage, I used the idea but for sliding shutters inside, in the place of curtains.

S: Out of interest here, just while we're interrupted: Why did you use to eat at the Park Hotel rather than the Palace Hotel?

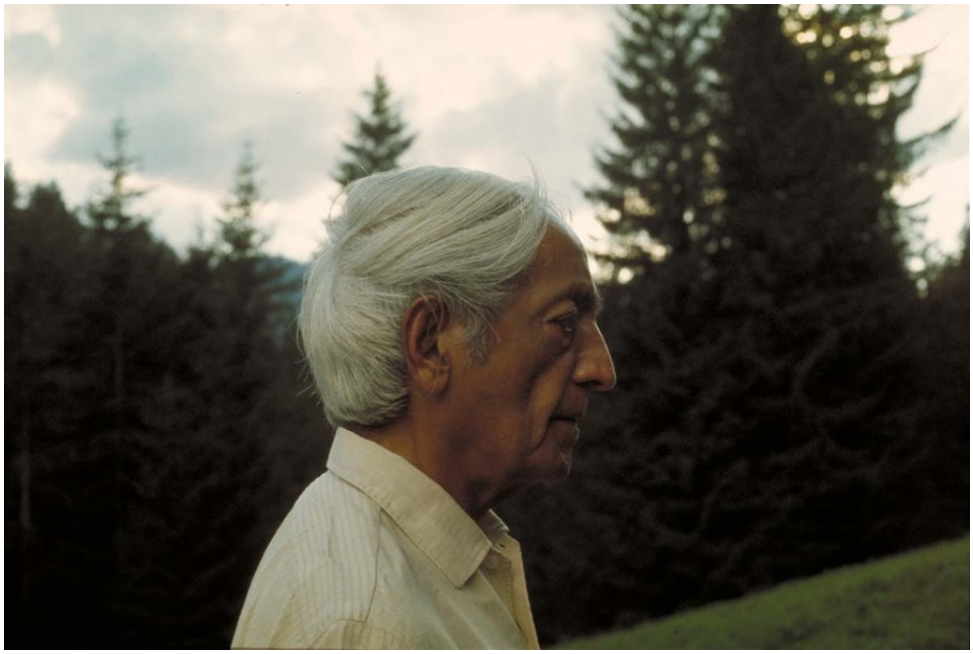
M: I think we just liked it better. It was always simpler in atmosphere.

The next day, 'I had an early morning walk, and had a quiet day. Krishnaji gave Frances McCann an interview in the afternoon. I deposited $1,148 dollars into the Vanda Scaravelli account from the Krishnamurti travel fund for this year's share of the Tannegg rent.' We used to split the cost of renting Chalet Tannegg. 'I had supper with Suzanne and Marjolaine, and went with them to the Saanen Menuhin concert; that was the Menuhin school *students* that were playing.'

August twelfth. 'I had an early walk and then worked at the desk. In the afternoon, I talked to Nadia about the French translations and other publication matters, then walked with Krishnaji to the river. Vanda helped my leg by manipulation and stretching.'

Then there's really nothing until the eighteenth but our happily and quietly being in Gstaad, doing little, seeing a few people, going for walks, etcetera. But on the eighteenth, 'I packed all day, exchanged the Renault for a larger Taunus from Hertz, and packed the car.'

August nineteenth, 'Vanda and Fosca are staying on at Tannegg for a few days and it is settled that we take Tannegg next summer. At 9:30 a.m., in the Taunus I took yesterday in exchange for the Renault, we left and drove through rain down via le Col de Pillon and Aigle to the autoroute. After Lausanne, at Krishnaji's urging, I switched to the Route du Lac. Our 1:30 p.m. Swiss Air flight sat on the ground for over an hour due to a slow-down strike at air traffic control at Heathrow. Dorothy, Doris, and Ingrid were there to meet us, and we were at Brockwood by 6 p.m. The house was quiet, almost empty and very welcoming. I had had enough, suddenly, of Gstaad, and it was good to be at Brockwood again. Waiting for me were legal papers from Blau, including the contract with Max Faulk which I am to sign right away, and there was an agreement with KFA about my buying the McAndrew Road property.'



Krishnaji walking in Gstaad

'I talked to Mary L. She, her husband Joe, and her daughter, Amanda Pallant, and grandchildren spent a happy summer at Brockwood. There was a cable from Evelyne Blau that she cannot come to the Brockwood talks.'

'The tent for the Brockwood public talks is already up in the meadow.'

August twentieth. 'Unpacking, etcetera. Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting and reading a good detective novel, *The Enemy*, by Desmond Bagley. There was a letter from Amanda. Winky was operated on for cancer'—oh dear. 'There was a letter from Bart Phelps; the needed demolition on the cottage is already done, and the foundation is staked.' [*Chuckles.*]

S: That's the demolition of the thing Rajagopal had built next to the Pine Cottage, not the cottage itself.

M: That's right. It was a hideous addition that Rajagopal had put on without telling Krishnaji.

August twenty-first: 'Unpacking, rearranging, tidying, laundry, etcetera. Krishnaji got up for lunch. I sorted his things. He, Dorothy, and I walked and inspected the vegetable garden, which was kept immaculately by Alasdair Coyne and Jean-Michel. Krishnaji was very pleased. He also was pleased with the new garage rooms that are fixed up as temporary bedrooms for guests during the public gatherings. They're very nice.'

The next day, 'I went through Krishnaji's clothes and shelves, cleaning and sorting. Then to Alresford, to post off the signed building contract to Max Faulk. After much confusion, the Mercedes battery was located at the West Meon garage, now under new

and *raffish* ownership. I had to fetch the old mechanic who used to work there, Alan, now at Wall's garage, to find the battery. In the afternoon, I walked with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and the dogs across the fields. It is so beautiful, so good to be here.'

August twenty-third, 'I did miscellaneous sorting of things for Krishnaji. I was busy all day. Fixed the rooms in the West Wing for guests. There was a shorter walk with Krishnaji and Dorothy.'

August twenty-fourth. 'Rain. A carpenter rehung the tapestries in the drawing room. The Mercedes was put in running order, and I drove it to Petersfield for plants for the West Wing, etcetera.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I took the 9:20 a.m. train to London. It rained. We went to Huntsman, Hatchards, Asprey's, and at 12:15 p.m. Mary and Joe lunched with us at Fortnum's, and Krishnaji gave Joe the Jacquet ties. Everyone was very pleased.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'After lunch, Joe drove Krishnaji to the dentist, Mr. Thompson. I went to the bank, where Joe met me and drove me back to Portland Place, where the dentist was. I fetched Krishnaji, and then Joe drove us both to Waterloo.'

The twenty-sixth. 'Mavis and Reg Bennett arrived to stay in the West Wing guestroom for the public talks. In the afternoon, I met Asit Chandmal and his wife, Meenakshi, at Petersfield train station, and gave them the dining room in the West Wing, which has been made up as a temporary guest bedroom.'

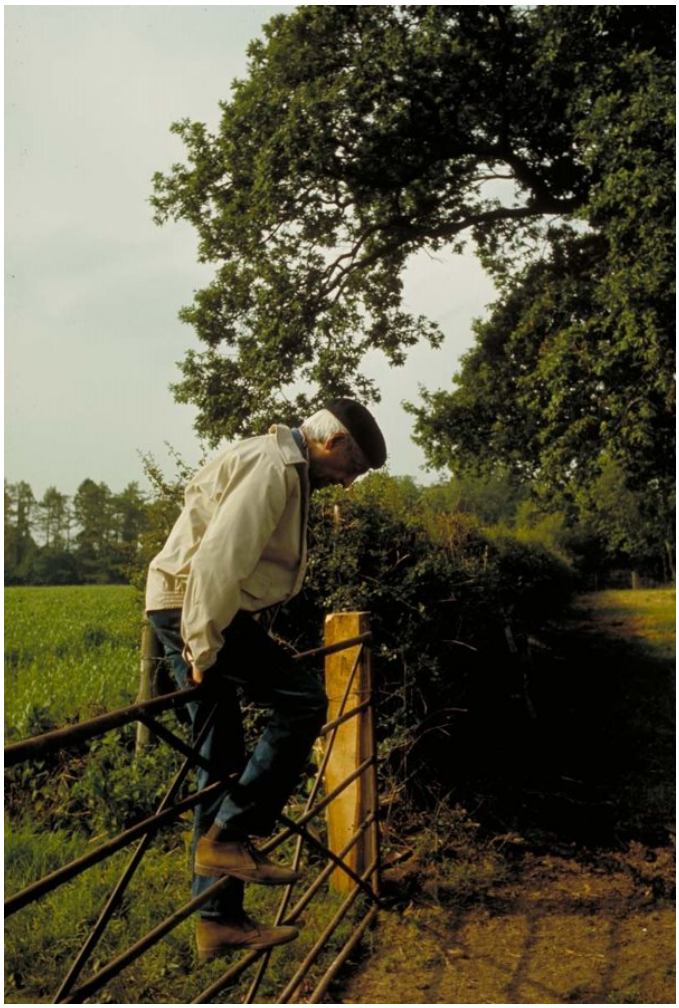
August twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji gave the first Brockwood talk in the marquis. There was rain and confusion. After the talk, Krishnaji and I had fruit and salad upstairs in our kitchen and then returned to the tent for hot food. I sat with a photo exhibit of the Oak Grove School to answer inquiries. We walked in the late afternoon. After supper, Dorothy and I rearranged the chairs in the marquis, and roped off a section for the bus people.' Otherwise, the bus people didn't have any place to sit when they got there after the other people.

S: Right. Right. We should just mention that there's really very little public transportation to Brockwood.

Trains came into Petersfield and Winchester, so we hired buses during the gatherings to pick people up at specified times at those stations to bring them to Brockwood for the talks. The problem was that by the time they got there, all the good seats were taken by all the avid campers who used to start lining up at 6 in the morning to get seats.

M: Yes. [*Laughing*.] Well, we fixed that.

S: Right.



Krishnaji going over a fence in Brockwood

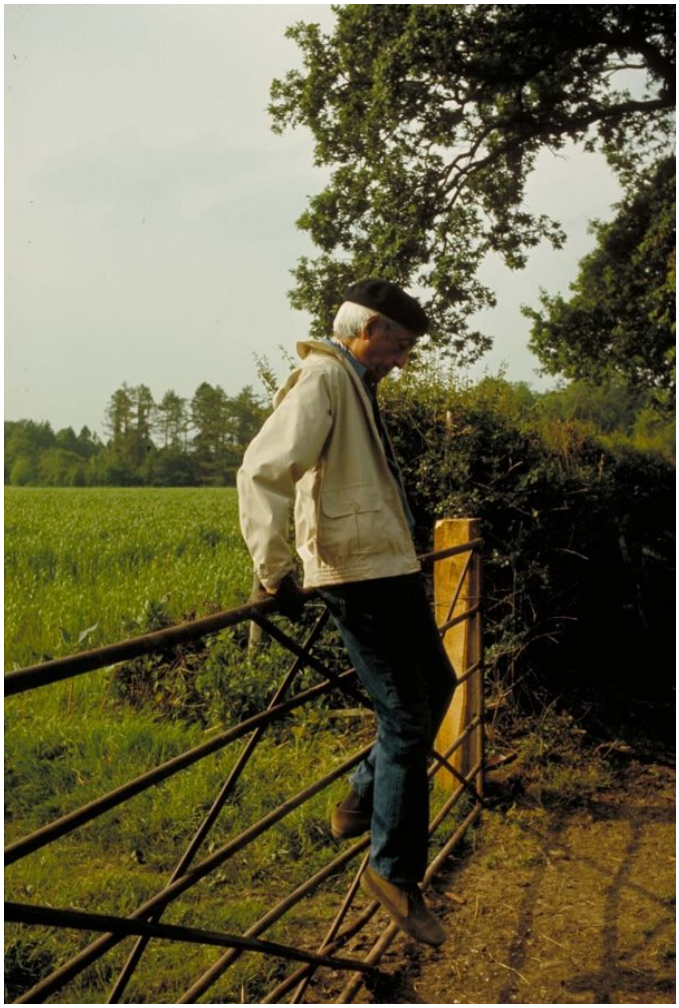
M: The next day, 'Krishnaji gave the second Brockwood talk. Dorothy and I managed the traffic in the tent, and it went smoothly. Mary, Joe, Amanda, and Nicky (Nicky is Mary's granddaughter, one of them) came. Early on, coming downstairs, I fell and bruised my left knee. After the talk, Krishnaji had fruit and salad in our kitchen, then hot food in the tent. Later, the Linkses, the Chandmals, Krishnaji, and I had tea in the kitchen; and later still, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went for a walk.'

August twenty-ninth, 'I worked at the desk. In the afternoon, Krishnaji held a taped discussion with David Bohm, Asit Chandmal, and P. Krishna, professor of physics at Benares Hindu University.'

S: Ah, the one who later became the head of the Rajghat school?

M: That's right. That's what happened.

S: Okay.



Krishnaji going over a fence in Brockwood

M: So, now we go to the thirtieth. 'Krishnaji had wondered how to hold a public discussion in the tent with so many people. Should he appoint a few, and let the others listen? Or appoint a few and let those who wish to join, join? He spoke of this in the tent, and then suddenly he said, he thought he would have a dialogue with himself, and so he did, most marvelously.' Do you remember that?

S: I remember it well.

M: 'People were very moved by it. At last, he had someone worthy to discuss with, said so many' [*humor in her voice*]. 'The Chandmals left in the morning before the discussion.' Oh. That's interesting. 'I drove them to Petersfield. My leg is hurting.'

August thirty-first. 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji talked to Reg and Mavis Bennett on the future of the work in Australia. Also, he saw and talked a little to Hari van Till, a paralyzed Dutch woman with multiple sclerosis, who has been attending the talks. I'm coming down with a cold. Took two grams of vitamin C, which may help but doesn't seem to prevent.'

Now, September first. ‘This day began with Krishnaji holding his second public discussion in the tent, this time taking questions from the audience, and weaving them together in his answer. In the afternoon, he saw the Shepard sisters, Lola and Pat, about the work in South Africa.’ Do you remember them?

S: Yes, I do.

M: ‘Then, he talked to a Richard Hemwood and wife. At midnight time here, Bud telephoned from the Vineyard to tell me that Mother has pneumonia and may not live. She has been sleeping most of the time lately, and does not recognize anyone. Wooge decided not to put her in the hospital today, but pneumonia is diagnosed by a Dr. somebody. Bud said to wait and see what the doctor says tomorrow morning when he comes at 10 a.m. before deciding if I should fly back. He said Mother would not recognize me. I lay in the dark and felt as if Mother had gone a long time ago.’

September second. ‘At 6:30 a.m. my time, Bud telephoned and said he had looked in on Mother about 11 p.m. last night, before he went home. She was sleeping peacefully; her fever had dropped. Wooge had gone to bed. Only minutes after Bud was across the street, where he was staying, Lynn’—that’s the nurse looking after Mother—‘went in to see Mother and found she had died. It must’ve been about 11:15 p.m. there. Francis**[3]** was at Elmholm**[4]**, and he and Bud woke Wooge to tell him. He had gone to bed thinking Mother was better. Bud thinks the funeral should be tomorrow, as Monday is Labor Day and to postpone it till Tuesday would prolong things for Wooge. I cannot get there by tomorrow; there is an air strike and seventy percent of flights are canceled here, with delays up to twenty-four hours on some that are going, but I said I would try. I telephoned the airlines going to Boston; none can get me there. I telephoned Bud and spoke to Lisa. Wooge is bearing up, putting himself to planning the funeral, which is now planned for Monday anyway. I then telephoned Wooge, who said he is not expecting me for the funeral, but when I return to the U.S.A., would I come and see him then? I tried again to telephone Bud, but couldn’t get through. That was in the evening his time.’

‘I told Krishnaji what had happened but no one else. I went to a lengthy publication committee meeting, which lasted into the afternoon. Bud’s voice this morning told me what I already knew somehow, that Mother was gone. She had vanished as we knew her long ago, leaving a tragedy, a parody of herself. Now, all this vanishes. What comes is the sense of long ago, things in childhood which now seem gifts from her. Oddly, they are moments when I was alone, but they must’ve been things I cherished—summer days, sunlight in a room, or filling the senses on a beach, a certain order, things clean, pretty—a grace. She taught me taste of the eye, and I remember these things, as I remember the sounds of the Vineyard, deep in some child’s memory, where there are many treasures—the smell of books and pleasures of beginning one, the feel of linen sheets, letting me be a shy child. I realized all these memories are about me, not Mother. A child sees its mother through its own experience—objectivity comes later—but between her and me, the best time must’ve been very early, and it is the good that is left in the face of death. The rest does not really matter.’

September three, ‘Krishnaji gave the third Brockwood talk. He saw the Polish lady Magdalena Jasinka at 4 p.m.’ Do you remember her?

S: Yes, I certainly do. She was a nice woman.

M: ‘I telephoned Bud and spoke to both him and Lisa. The memorial service for Mother will be in Grace Church in Vineyard Haven at 10 a.m. on Monday. All Wooge’s children are with him, and Ann’—that’s his eldest daughter—‘will stay on with him for a few weeks, and then Francis and Cynthia will come’—that’s his son and daughter-in-law. Brockwood had trouble with a pathetic mentally disabled young man. Scott found him in the West Wing and put him on a train to London.’ Do you remember that?

S: There were several, so I’m not sure which one this was.

M: Yes, there were several mad people who we both had to deal with at various times.

September fourth. ‘Krishnaji’s fourth Brockwood talk. I made an appeal for funds. The tent was overflowing with people, even though we have added a smaller one extending the center of the big one in which Krishnaji speaks.’

September fifth. ‘Today there was the memorial service for Mother in Grace Church at Vineyard Haven, with the burial in the family plot. Guests leave Brockwood.’

September sixth. ‘Most of the guests are gone. I wrote to Louis Blau and Mitchell Booth about the agreement with KFA to purchase the McAndrew Road property. I then went to Alresford on errands. Krishnaji saw Mr. Jenkins’ little girl who has leukemia.’ There are many other notations about this little girl with leukemia, who Krishnaji tried to help, and I was told lately, by Kathy**[5]**, that she’s a grown woman now and came back to Brockwood, just lately, in the last few weeks, and she remembers Krishnaji and her coming there.

S: She was cured?

M: Krishnaji cured her.

S: He cured her of leukemia?

M: Yes.

S: How nice. I remember her.

M: Yes. If she was, say, five or six then, how old would she be now?

S: Well, that was almost thirty years ago, so she’d be about thirty-five. But I picture her as being about ten.

M: Well, she was a little girl. Now, she may have been older than five. Let's say she was ten; she's in her thirties, anyway.

September seventh, 'Krishnaji and I took the 10:20 a.m. train to London. We went first to Huntsman, where he ordered a worsted tweed brown suit and a pair of brown trousers. I chose a similar tweed, worsted, gray, and a beige twill for making into trousers by Hillier's.' Huntsman couldn't fit me.

S: Yes, I remember.

M: And so I went down the road to Hillier's. 'We went there and left the model and the material. At Krishnaji's urging, I bought a small silver pencil at the pen shop in the Burlington Arcade for my purse. Then, we lunched with Mary L. at Fortnum's. Krishnaji told her about my mother. Krishnaji went to the dentist while I went to Heal's for an eiderdown duvet and some big Japanese paper lanterns for the West Wing halls. I walked to the dentist at Portland Place and met Krishnaji, and we came back to Brockwood. In London, while walking, Krishnaji felt "faint" for a few seconds, then it passed.'

Editor's Note: ***Subbulakshmi did not so much "perform" for Krishnaji as exercise an act of devotion. I saw her sing for Krishnaji several times, and her songs were traditional devotional songs to Krishna, and she sang them with a palpable and most moving devotion.***

Many people consider Subbulakshmi to be one of the greatest singers in South Indian history, on a par with Pavarotti or Domingo in the West.

There's really nothing for the next day, but for the ninth, 'I first did desk work, then prepared the spare room and dining room West Wing as bedrooms for the afternoon arrival of M.S. Subbulakshmi' [*both chuckle for a bit*] 'and her husband' [*more laughter*]—I'm laughing in anticipation—'T. Sadasivam, daughter Radha Viswanathan, her daughter Lakshmi, a six-year-old, and a "considered son," K.R. Athmanathan. Who also came was the violinist, Alagiriswamy, and guru Vayir Doren, the mrdangam player. Shankar, our student, is a son of a niece (I think), but they call him grandson. He met them at the airport and spent the night with them in London at their first hosts there, a gloomy-looking banker named, unforgettably, Mr. Rajagopal.' [*Both laugh*.] 'He came too. Brockwood rather extended itself for the visit. Shakuntala, with helpers, cooked a South Indian supper. They arrived about 4:30 p.m. Subbulakshmi, at first glimpse, was a tiny, shy, smiling little old lady.' I'd heard her sing in London. 'But, there she was, on the doorstep' [*S chuckles*], 'modest-looking, gray-haired, with two diamond rings in her nose, [*both chuckle*], right and left nostrils. I had freshly ground brewed coffee made as they drove in, which was well received. Krishnaji darted out to welcome them. And both Subbulakshmi and Radha prostrated themselves at his feet, forehead to floor'—that's the way to do it.

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'The husband'—Shankar had warned us correctly—'had the Shiva ashes on his forehead and came in full dhoti, kurta and shawl, beads, and manner. She was to sing at 5 p.m. to 5:30 p.m., but it was 6 p.m. before they came into the assembly room, keeping Krishnaji waiting quite a bit. Incense and garlands were on hand—roses had been snipped from the garden and stitched together all afternoon. Then, she began to sing, and it was of extraordinary beauty, deeply moving. The sound seemed to float through consciousness, stirring a sense of forgotten memory beyond what I have known. She seemed to sing her heart out for Krishnaji, and he followed it, telling me later that it was more than she had ever sung at Vasanta Vihar. Krishnaji came to the supper in the dining room. Shakuntala had cooked a fine Indian supper. Shankar, the Brockwood student, helped a great deal.' Do you remember him?

S: Yes, of course. Shankar was her nephew.

M: Was he? Without Shankar, I don't know what I'd have done.

'Then followed a comedy of getting them to bed.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Shankar flew about, relaying their needs—a bucket, a pitcher, another pitcher, then they want early coffee. I said I would get it, but Shankar said, no, he would.' [*S chuckles.*] 'Subbulakshmi and the husband were in the guestroom.'

S: Right.

M: 'But that has a shower. Well, the shower wouldn't do. He had to have a bucket to fill and pour over himself.'

S: Yes, yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: I couldn't make that one out. Why, I wondered, did he want a bucket? '"Do you really want a bucket?" I asked. "Yes, I want a bucket."' [*Laughs*.] Anyway. [*Laughs again.*] So, that's what happened.

September tenth: 'Last night, Shankar had said that they wanted breakfast and coffee at 6 a.m., so I got up, set up trays, and prepared it for Shankar to serve. He had asked if I minded if he slept on the floor of the room with Radha and her child. I said, of course not, to sleep where he liked. "I don't ***want to***," he said. "Then, sleep where you feel you must, I replied. As I went off toward my room last night, with humor he asked, "Would **you** like a pitcher of water in the morning?' [*Both laugh.*] They left early, at 8:30 a.m., after presumably having both had breakfast served by Shankar. Krishnaji gave Subbulakshmi his best gray cashmere cardigan, and she and the daughter again prostrated themselves to Krishnaji, and even the husband, in fresh starched dhoti and freshly maquillé ashes, touched his hand to the floor at Krishnaji's feet.'

'So they left in a high commission car with chauffeur, with Shankar going to ease the remainder of their London stay. She sings there tomorrow, but may go on tour in the U.S., arranged by Narasimhan. How will he look after them?' [*Laughter*.] 'Brockwood

went back to normal.' [*S laughs*.] 'Krishnaji and I had a quiet breakfast, but afterward, Krishnaji felt a little dizzy for a few seconds. He had difficulty sleeping last night, he said. He stayed in bed all day. In the evening, he had a pain in right thigh, but a hot pad relieved it.' [*Laughs.*] That was one for the Brockwood annals. [*S laughs*.]

The eleventh of September. 'The pain in Krishnaji's thigh is gone. I did mostly desk work. In the afternoon, he saw briefly Mrs. Chando Moaraji and son, then talked to Shakuntala. He, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields. It is so beautiful, a sense of blessing.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji stayed in bed until it was time for the walk across the fields. The cement was poured for the new wing of the cottage in Ojai.'

September thirteenth. '"Let's go out for lunch," said Krishnaji. So, he, Dorothy, and I drove south to look at the English Channel and then inland a little to Wickham, where in an old Georgian house, there is the Old House Restaurant. We had a nice meal there, vegetables from their garden, mushroom omelet, and cinnamon ice cream. We came back, took naps, then went for a walk.' I think that was the first time…

S: …that you went to the Old House at Wickham?

M: Yes. And it became a favorite, as you well know.

September fourteenth. 'I went to London, had a haircut, did errands, went to Harrods, and then walked to the Victoria and Albert Museum to see a Fabergé exhibition; but there was a queue of at least 100 people, and I was too tired to wait, so I caught a cab to Waterloo and came home. Krishnaji surprised me by approving the haircut.'

S: Hm. [*M chuckles*.] Where did you have your hair cut in those days?

M: Well, it says here, but I skipped it because I couldn't quite make it out: somewhere on Bruton street…John or John-Paul somebody and something. It was on Bruton Street.

I didn't go forever to them, but I did then.

The next day, all that my diary says is that Krishnaji talked to the staff, and the day after that has even less.

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji talked to staff for over two hours on what it is to live with intelligence, though what attitudes to take about the students having sex was the precipitating question.' You may remember that, but I don't.

S: I don't, either.

M: 'Krishnaji also saw the little Jenkins girl again and put his hands. The child, who has leukemia, is said to be better.'

September eighteenth. ‘I drove to the Travers’s for lunch. Ginny, Bill, William, Louise, and David’—those last three are the children—‘were there. Very pleasant. I came back in time to get Krishnaji’s supper tray. Driving through the lovely country, I passed dahlias, tall in gardens and the phrase “a sanity of dahlias” kept going through my head, as if in this increasingly disturbed, demented world, sanity has gone to live in simple beauty.’

On the nineteenth, ‘Krishnaji talked to the staff on the highest intelligence coming with the absence of self. He gave Saral Bohm an interview after lunch. I went at 3:30 p.m. to a staff meeting, and then Krishnaji and I walked.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji talked again to the staff, this time on how to teach that intelligence is the absence of self. I took the Mercedes for a vehicle test for the annual license. We had our usual walk.’

September twenty-first. ‘It was a cold day. A letter from Amanda says that Cary Grant asked to see the house in Malibu, and Phil’—that’s Amanda’s husband, Phil Dunne—‘showed him through. Also, the Bob Earls want to see it.’ Those are people who live down on the beach. Krishnaji and I got the 10:20 a.m. train to London. He fitted at Huntsman. I got some sweaters at Peale’s. Mary L. lunched with us at Fortnum’s. Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt, and we came home. New students have arrived for the start of the new school year.’**[6]**

The twenty-second, ‘Krishnaji talked to the staff on how to tell students that pleasure is an isolating thing.’ [*M and S both chuckle.*] A sort of vaccination talk. ‘There was a tea for the new students. Krishnaji saw the Jenkins child again, and we walked.’

September twenty-third. ‘All the students have now arrived. Krishnaji talked to the staff from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. Whisper was spayed, and dead puppies were found in her.’ Oh dear; that’s awful. That’s horrible.

S: Yes, it is.

M: The twenty-fourth. ‘There was a school meeting at 9 a.m., and then Krishnaji talked to the school at noon on the isolation of pleasure. Whisper was fetched from the vet by Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me in afternoon. We had the usual walk.’

September twenty-fifth, ‘Krishnaji had a meeting alone with the students. After lunch, David Bohm talked to Krishnaji on behalf of David Shainberg, who was having difficulties with his wife; she’s interested in Kabbalah.’

The next day was mostly packing.

September twenty-seventh, ‘We were up at 5 a.m., breakfasted in the kitchen, and left with Dorothy at 7:45 a.m. for Heathrow. Krishnaji and I took a Lufthansa flight to Cologne/Bonn, but were late leaving because of the continuing air traffic control strike.

Once we landed, there were hard-faced men watching disembarking passengers.' I remember—they were two tough-looking men; they were looking for someone.

S: In Cologne/Bonn?

M: Yes. 'I thought instantly of the man now in the hands of terrorists, kidnappers, the nightmare it must be for him, the government, police, the whole country—how close ordinary life is to violence and horror. We came by taxi to Bonn and the Hotel Bristol, recommended by Bud. I telephoned Dr. Scheef to confirm our appointment for tomorrow morning. We lunched in a largely empty dining room, where the head waiter turned out to be from Delhi—Namaste, etcetera.' [*S chuckles*.] 'We took naps. Then, we went for a walk, first to locate the clinic, which was nearby, and then to look for quartz clocks. We found a small one for Krishnaji to give to Pama Patwardhan, but for himself, he wanted the Braun. We walked on, saw a razor shop and they had the Braun clock. Krishnaji's face lit up with pleasure. We came back feeling successful.'

S: Ah!

M: Ah-ha! You were right. 'We had our suppers in our rooms. Then, very suddenly, in the middle of the soup, Krishnaji's face changed. He looked about with that listening expression, "Do you feel it?" I hadn't till then. But the room suddenly seemed vibrant and charged. He closed his eyes, and I wondered if he would faint, but he didn't. He came out of it. Said his head was beginning to hurt, but finished his supper. He didn't want to talk about it, as always.'

September twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji slept well. "I had to. I was tired," he said. We each quite liked the duvets; eiderdowns in a duvet-case instead of sheets with blankets. The first time we've slept under those. It was a scurry, but we reached the Strahlern Klinik Janker'—that's the name of it—'by 9 a.m., and waited a bit. "We needn't have hurried," he said. We observed the people, and I heard German spoken musically instead of the singsong rendering of Swiss-German. Then, suddenly, Dr. Scheef was there, come to greet us and show the winding way to his office. I had written a memorandum for each of us, the list of past and present ailments. He went over Krishnaji's first, and then Krishnaji was taken off to have tests. Dr. Scheef had telephoned Dr. Randsberg, a friend of Dr. Wolf in Munich, to see if he'd been able to get from Mrs. Wolf'—Dr. Wolf had died in the meantime—'our records, but the story from Wolf's lawyer in Miami is that a hurricane destroyed them. I spoke to Randsberg about the anti-migraine tablets, "anti-uric acid" as Wolf described them to me, and it seems they are made in New York, and he will get them for me, from a Dr. Chapman. Dr. Scheef then went over my history, looked at my leg, and took me to Dr. Hoffa who, I think, is the head of the clinic. Scheef said sympathectomy is not very satisfactory.' I've had one. They do nothing. Anyway. 'I then had a pressure test to measure the blood flow in both legs. I gathered from their conversation in German that Scheef and Hoffa admired the technique of the skin graft by Dr. Timothy Miller, and they knew of Dr. Wylie Barker—those were the two UCLA hospital doctors when I had the skin graft. "We have a book of his," Scheef said. Scheef told me that Krishnaji has clear sinuses, but a bit of emphysema, which is normal for his

age. And tomorrow, after the results of all the tests are in, we will meet at noon to learn of the results.'

'Krishnaji and I walked back to the hotel at 11 a.m., rested, and lunched. During lunch, he said, "It isn't superstition, but I think I know what it was last night. Nobody knows this person here, except a few nuts, and it's like the jewels**[7]** (in the foundation of house), it is to bring about an atmosphere." I asked if he meant that this something *and* his presence would have the effect, and he nodded.'

S: Of bringing about an atmosphere?

M: Yes.

September twenty-ninth. 'We decided Krishnaji should allow one-and-a-half hours to dress, as again he was hurried and was late, though up early, and our appointment with Scheef was only at noon. Krishnaji's X-rays showed clear head, sinuses, and only slight emphysema in the lung, "fantastically little for a man his age," said Scheef. He gave him experimental pills, not on the market, to reduce mucus.**[8]** He could only spare one box. He upped Krishnaji's dosage of enzymes to two tablets weekly, but for one week a month, two tablets a day. Gave him a strong emulsion of vitamin E to take until it's used up, and then resume 675 units daily. For me, he doubled the dose of vitamin E to one gram a day and said, continue two tablets of enzymes every two weeks, but for one week each month, also take three enzymes daily. He would like to see us again next summer to compare our conditions after this medication. I paid the bill, which was $152 for Krishnaji, and $40 for me, way-oh-way below U.S. bills. We lunched, and Krishnaji said he realizes here how much he can rest in a place where no one knows him. He spoke of going to France, somewhere in the country, for a week or two. He can't rest at Brockwood—too many people. We rested then, and walked to look at the Rhine and came back to supper in our rooms.'

September thirtieth. 'We left the Hotel Bristol in Bonn in a taxi, and reached the Cologne/Bonn airport by 10:30 a.m. The Lufthansa flight was held up by the Heathrow air traffic slow-down, and we got off over four hours late. We had a lunch of cheese at the airport before leaving, and arrived at Heathrow, where Dorothy and Doris were patiently waiting to meet us. Heathrow was stacked with waiting people. We got back to Brockwood by 7 p.m. Carol and Joe have had a baby boy.' He was born in Winchester?

S: Yes, in Winchester.

M: Now there's nothing of note until October second, when Krishnaji talked to the school and guests. And then again nothing much until October fourth. 'A cassette from Bud arrived bringing news up-to-date. Krishnaji spoke alone to students, and we walked in the afternoon. In the evening, Bud and Francis and Mitchell Booth'—that's the family lawyer—'telephoned from New York about papers Mitch needs for Mother's will and which I am to sign, but which have not yet arrived here. He will send duplicates, etcetera. Bud and Lisa are going this week to Paris, then to Tehran at the invitation of the Empress

of Iran. They will be back in New York before I arrive, and Bud will come with me to the Vineyard on the thirty-first so I can see both Wooge and him at the same time.'

October fifth, 'Krishnaji was feeling "far away," had a faraway look, and a meditative feeling, but a dentist appointment compelled our going to London. We took the 10:20 a.m. train. He came with me to Hillier's where I fitted trousers, then he had the same at Huntsman. We lunched with Mary at Fortnum's. Joe came by and drove us to Portland Place and the dentist, Mr. Thompson. Krishnaji had his dental work. More is planned in the spring on his return. We eventually caught a taxi to Waterloo, browsed through paperbacks and magazines, and came back to Brockwood by 6 p.m. Krishnaji is still feeling far away. We had told Mary about the Bonn trip, and both of us feel good effects from the medication. Krishnaji's bronchial problems are much less. My leg feels more alive, and I feel more energy.'

The next day, Krishnaji talked to the school. And again not much until October eighth, 'Maurice Wilkins stays in the West Wing overnight. Krishnaji remained in bed resting. I went to a 4:30 p.m. staff meeting. Bud telephoned from Paris. He and Lisa go to Iran on Tuesday.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji talked to the school, and he saw Alan Rowlands for an interview after lunch. We walked in the afternoon. Helen Brew'—do you remember her?

S: I do indeed. [*Laughs.*]

M: 'She talked to me all through supper about Krishnaji and R. D. Laing meeting and filming a dialogue between them.'

October tenth. 'Krishnaji stayed in bed. I got a letter from Amanda; Miranda has a TV news job in Eugene, Oregon. I worked at the desk most of the day. At 4:30 p.m., I attended a school meeting. Photos from Erna arrived of the walls going up for the Ojai house.'

October eleventh. 'Krishnaji talked to the students in the morning. I took a 9:20 a.m. train to London. I had legal papers sent by Mitchell Booth about Mother's will notarized at the U.S. consulate. I shopped for Krishnaji's presents to people in India. Then I met Paul Anstee at his shop in Prince's Arcade and lunched with him at the Cavendish Hotel. I asked him for suggestions for the Ojai living room. Then I bought cheese and miscellaneous things for Krishnaji, and came back.'

The next day, 'I met Mary L. at the Petersfield Station at noon. She lunched with us and spent the afternoon at Brockwood.'

October thirteenth. 'Krishnaji talked to the school. Ginny Travers came in time for lunch after car trouble. I took a nap after she left. Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked, but not too far as Krishnaji gets tired after a talk.'

The next day, ‘Krishnaji and I to London. He had Huntsman fitting, and then we lunched at Fortnum’s and bought a quartz watch for Dr. Parchure and a sweater for Pupul, also books and cheese. At supper, Krishnaji had a stomach ache, which passed after Perrier and Nux Vomica. The Marogers are here to stay the weekend in the West Wing spare room.’

October fifteenth, ‘Krishnaji spoke to the staff and both Marogers, who also came on the walk.’

October sixteenth, ‘I met Mrs. Billimoria at Petersfield. She came for Krishnaji’s talk to the school and for lunch. The Hammonds were also at lunch. Krishnaji spoke with the Marogers after lunch and then with Mrs. Pinky Martini’—whoever that is. ‘Krishnaji and I took a short walk in the grove.’

There’s really nothing the next day.

October eighteenth. ‘Krishnaji spoke alone with the students in the morning. News came early that a German commando team captured the Lufthansa plane hijacked last Thursday, which was in Somalia. All the passengers were saved. Three hijackers were killed, and a woman wounded. In the evening news there was a report that the Baader-Meinhof gang and two others in jail committed suicide. The fate of the kidnapped Hanns Martin Schleyer is still unknown. In talking these last days about this horror, Krishnaji has said the Germans should do what the Israelis did at Entebbe. And they have.’

S: I think we’re running out of tape here.

M: Yes? Then we stop.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The 1920s.

[2] Stichting Krishnamurti Nederland is the name of the Krishnamurti committee in Holland.

[3] Francis McAdoo was the son of Wooge, so the step-brother of Mary and Bud.

[4] Elmholm was the name of Mary’s mother’s house on Martha’s Vineyard.

[5] Kathy Forbes, a Brockwood staff member who was close to Mary from 1977 until the end of Mary’s life. This interview with Mary took place on July 22, 2004; so Kathy would have told her this around the end of June of that year.

[6] By this time, Brockwood had established the practice of having the new students come to the school a couple of days before the returning students, ensuring all the new students became well known to the staff and to each other before the rush of returning students.

[7] This will be discussed more toward the end of Krishnaji's life as, at that time, he had me assemble the nine gems needed, and which he "charged" so they could be put into the foundation of the new Krishnamurti Centre we were about to start building. He did the same thing for the rebuilding of Pine Cottage.

[8] I believe these are what Krishnaji called "the magic pink pills" and which gave him greater relief from hay-fever than anything else. He continued to get this from Dr. Scheef for the rest of his life.

Issue 49: October 19, 1977 to February 19, 1978

As Mary had become increasingly candid over the years of her reading and discussing her diaries with me, we see more clearly now what the nature of Mary's existence was when Krishnaji was gone for those several months to India.

The new house in Ojai is being built, and when Krishnaji gets back from India, he gets his first glimpse of it. Simultaneously, the land around the Malibu house is unstable. It seems almost as if nature is conspiring to help Mary break her emotional ties to the place she had lived in longer than any other in her life.

Mary: So we begin on October nineteenth, 1977. 'I went to London alone, to the Italian consulate for Krishnaji's visa. It was refused as his present passport expires on November sixteenth. I telephoned this to Krishnaji from my hairdresser. Then, I went to Paul Anstee's to go over plans for the Ojai living room. He had prepared suggestions of furniture arrangements for the living room in Ojai.' I thought he could get me some materials for Ojai, and he also told of that green lamp he saw in a sale. He thought it would go well in the living room, which it has. Krishnaji rang me via Dorothy at Anstee's to say he probably wouldn't go to Rome this year. Anstee then drove me to Jermyn Street and I went to fetch the watch that Krishnaji is getting for Dr. Parchure.' Do you remember the one he wanted to give him?

Scott: Yes. The Seiko. [*Chuckles.*]

M: Right. 'I caught the 4:50 p.m. train from Waterloo. Krishnaji and I had supper on trays. News came on the BBC of the body of Hanns-Martin Schleyer found in the boot of a car in Mulhouse, France; shot in the head.' That was…

S: The German kidnapped by the Baader-Meinhof group.

M: Yes. Goodness.

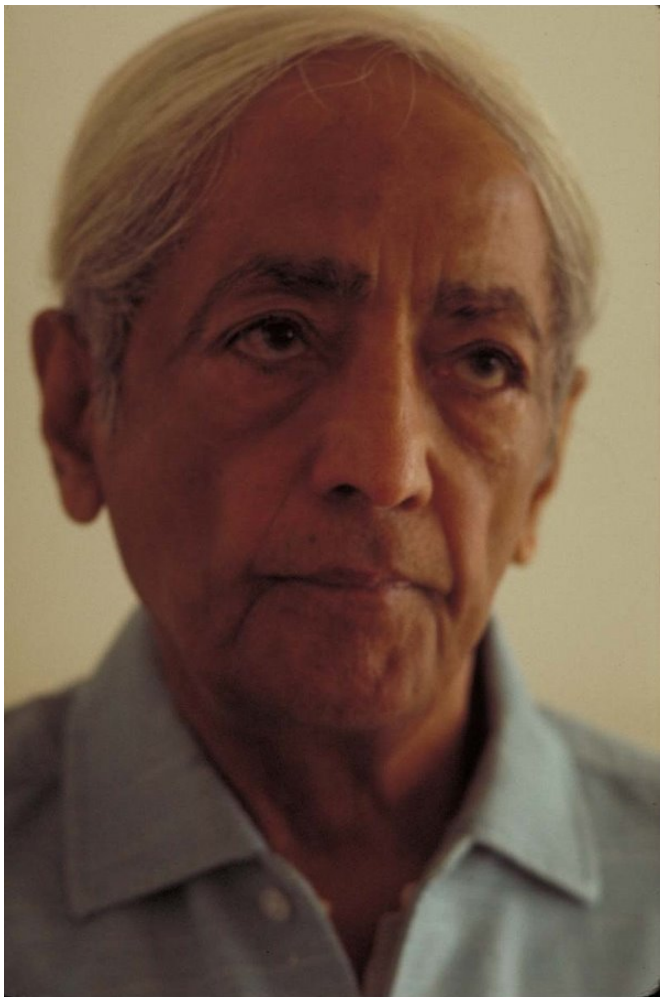
October twenty. 'I telephoned the Indian High Commission about a new passport. It takes a week. Krishnaji decided not to go to Italy, as he doesn't want me to go alone. Too much disorder—German offices being attacked by leftists all over Italy, etcetera. I re-booked our flights to originate from London.'

S: Ah…so, you were going to go to India that year?

M: I don't think so. 'I on TWA from London to NY on the thirtieth, and Krishnaji London to Bombay on November first. His Air India flight will stop in Rome for one hour, and Vanda can see him then. At 11 a.m. there was a trustee meeting, about budgets for the office and for Brockwood. Dorothy gave the financial accounts for the last year. We cleared about 9,000 pounds sterling on the gathering. Krishnaji came in at noon, and

after lunch, also sat in till 5 p.m. He asked what Brockwood is to do about children of staff.' You remember all that debate? [*Laughs.*]

S: Oh, yes! Very much so.



Krishnaji – A portrait (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: '"What do we do with staff having babies?" Krishnaji asked. Do we incorporate them in the school? This took hours. In the end, he said he will raise it at a staff meeting, asking what it can mean for Brockwood, their responsibility in this, etcetera. Also, he spoke about an adult discussions meeting for two weeks.'

'It was gray and darkish when we finally went for a walk. Frances McCann was invited to come and take photos.'

'In the evening I telephoned Vanda about our not coming to Rome. She will see Krishnaji at the one-hour stopover of the Air India flight. I also told her about the Bonn doctor's report. I then telephoned Filomena. Her voice touched me so deeply I wish I could rescue her from the pain, privation of her present days.' She was back with her family, and she had arthritis unpleasantly…

S: Oh.

M: 'The privation of her present days, humanly and otherwise. I think about lifting her magically to Malibu and surrounding her with the company of the Dunnes and me, making her smile, and banishing her physical pains. This is all fantasy. All I have done is remove my visit to which she looked forward. I think of her with a great sense of love.'

She was a wonderful woman, wonderful.

S: Yes. You've often spoken of her with such affection.

M: A dear one, she gave her life to my aunt Dorothy, but also my family was more her family than her family was.

S: Yes.

M: And she'd left her children and family and everything to be with Dorothy all those years. Dorothy was as dependent on her as a child would've been. [*S chuckles*.] And when eventually Dorothy died, everybody wanted to employ Filomena, all of Dorothy's friends. She was the greatest—well, it sounds silly in this day and age—but she was the greatest lady's maid. She knew everything needed—she packed, and in those days, women like that traveled with steamer trunks of clothes that had to be kept and pressed, and there were endless, endless details, and Filomena was an expert. Perfection, and everyone wanted her, all Dorothy's friends. She chose to come to Sam and me because apart from my being close to her, we lived in the countryside, and all those years of traveling with Dorothy, her heart was really in gardens and raising vegetables and flowers and all that. [*S chuckles.*] And so, she came to Malibu, and she worked in the garden as much as the house. I mean, I had someone do the heavy work…

S: Of course.

M: But it was her pleasure to do that.

S: How nice, how very nice. You told me once also that she did whitening of linen with ashes, wood ash.

M: She ran Villa Madama with an iron thumb, where Dorothy had this extraordinary house. The linen, the washing, the laundry…

S: Yes.

M: …and she had other people who did it, but she oversaw them do it. Yes, you took …how did it go? …the ashes…

S: The wood ash.

M: …the wood ash from the fireplaces, and you boiled it or something, and strained it and used that as bleach for the linen. That was the old-fashioned Italian way to do it.

S: Extraordinary.

M: That's the way it was done. Anyway, she was a dear and wonderful woman.

S: Yes, yes.

M: October twenty-first. 'Krishnaji and I took the 10:20 a.m. train to London. On the train, he said, "The day you were in town, Wednesday, there were hardly any people"'—at lunch—'"about twenty. And I was sitting there looking out of the window. A couple…"'

S: This would've been at Brockwood?

M: It's at Brockwood. '"…a couple of the students were watching me, but I was looking out the window. I suddenly had the feeling that the body was very holy. It has continued since. I never felt that before."' [*S chuckles.*] 'We were forty-five minutes in the taxi queue at Waterloo because of the demonstration of taxis in White Hall for higher fees. An ancient gentleman in the queue chatted with Krishnaji and me, and we shared a cab when we finally got one. Krishnaji sprang for the jump seat, saying "Je vous en prie. I am younger than you."' [*Both laugh*.]

'We got off at Huntsman. Krishnaji fitted again and I went around the corner to Hillier's for the new trousers delivered this morning, which are a little bit big in the waist. We then walked in the rain to Fortnum's, where Mary L. lunched with us. She delivered to her publisher this morning her book about her grandfather, Lord Lytton, when he was viceroy of India. Next, she will edit the Krishnaji/Bohm/Shainberg video discussions into a book. She said that when she does volume two of Krishnaji's biography, she will go to India again. While Krishnaji went to the bathroom, we talked about his not going to Italy—really best for Krishnaji. It is tiring, etcetera, and something made me tell her of the incomprehensible thing that Vanda told me this summer—her taking Krishnaji in the early 1960s to a doctor in Geneva who told Vanda that Krishnaji might have cancer of prostrate and that she never told Krishnaji. Mary said she felt what I felt, as though the blood had drained out of her body at such a story. Krishnaji went to Truefitt for a haircut, and I sent a case of wine to Paul Anstee, who will not let me make his advice a business matter. Krishnaji and I went looking for face oil to take to India, which we found at Fenwick. We searched and found a taxi, and so to Waterloo and the 4:20 p.m. train to Petersfield. Bud telephoned from Paris in the evening; he and Lisa are back from Tehran and fly to New York tomorrow.'

October twenty-second. 'Dr. R. D. Laing, and his wife, and three nice children came to lunch. He sat next to Krishnaji, and afterward, Krishnaji, Laing, and Bohm talked for an hour and a half in the drawing room. I served coffee and then left in spite of Krishnaji saying I should stay, as I was trying to prevent Mrs. Laing and possible child coming in.'

S: Right. So, you were out there running interference?

M: Yes.

S: Was that the first time R. D. Laing and Krishnaji met?

M: I think so, but I'm not sure.

S: I know he came again, because I remember I sat with him at lunch.

M: Well, we'll see what is revealed. 'After, Krishnaji said Laing "had never thought about these things," but that he was intelligent and listened. Helen Brew is hoping this meeting might result next year in a filmed dialogue that she would produce. We will see. Nothing was said about this with Laing and Krishnaji today, and I have made no commitment to Helen Brew. It will or won't develop later. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the late afternoon. The smell of leaves in autumn moves me so much; it seems to stir some vanished remembrance.'

The twenty-third. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school and guests. Then, Alan Hammick, brother of Huntsman's Mr. Hammick, arranged by Lintott, came to lunch.'

S: Ah!

M: Yes. He was, I forget—he did either the trousers or the jackets or something.

S: Yes. Mr. Lintott, I remember him.

M: Mr. Lintott was a nice man.

S: Yes.

M: 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.'

October twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji received a letter this morning from Indira Gandhi written on the twenty-first of June and sent "sea mail."' [*Both laugh.*] You'd think the prime minister…

S: …could afford an air mail stamp.

M: …exactly. Well, thrifty, she must've been, or her secretary, or whoever. 'This must be the one she told Pupul that Krishnaji had not replied to. It was an indignant, and put-upon letter, listing terrible accusations against her son Sanjay. He is taking it to show Pupul but today he dictated a short letter saying he had received it and was coming to India and perhaps they may meet.'

'I put the Mercedes in winter storage in the garage.'

The next day it just says that 'Krishnaji talked to the students, and I worked at the desk.' And the day after there's even less.

October twenty-seventh, 'I went to Winchester for a cardigan that Krishnaji wants to wear on the plane. As the Mercedes is in storage for the winter, I went in Doris's mini. At lunch, Krishnaji talked briefly with a young Yorkshire man who had come all the way on his bike to see Krishnaji. He arrived yesterday, and was crushed when he was told that Krishnaji was not seeing people. Krishnaji was also in bed all day yesterday. But today, the young man, Paul Mitchell, sat at Krishnaji's table and afterward, Krishnaji talked to him in Dorothy's office. Dorothy is ill with a violent reaction to a cholera shot**[1]**. Krishnaji and I took Whisper across the fields and through the lane. At lunch, Krishnaji said, "My brother and I, when we were here, never saw our shadows. We said 'Let's go where we can see our shadows.'"'

S: It's true, in England, for most of the year, there is only very diffuse light, and with that light, you don't really get shadows.

M: I never thought of that. [*Chuckles*.] I completely understand that. [*Chuckles*.]

Now, the next is the twenty-eighth. 'I did packing and desk work. Dorothy is still ill from the cholera shot. Krishnaji and I walked with Whisper. I went back to Winchester for Krishnaji's jersey and some cheese for him to take to India.'

October twenty-ninth. 'I first did desk work and packing, then helped Krishnaji assemble his things for India. He leaves Tuesday next, the first of November, on Air India. The flight stops in Rome, so Vanda will try to see him at the airport. I gave him a letter and cassettes of Brockwood talks and also letters for Filomena, including checks. I hope it will work.'

'At lunch, Krishnaji and David Bohm fell to further talk about the brain registering, and a gleam came into Krishnaji's eyes and he said "I shall have a discussion on it tomorrow." It will be at 11:30 a.m., just when I will be at Heathrow. I said, "Rest." He looked mischievous and said he would do it.' [*S chuckles*.] 'As I will miss the discussion, George Carnes said he will send me a cassette of it. Later, Krishnaji said, "I want to fix it in my mind, or I will forget it." In meditation, he has seen something about it. In the evening, he said to me, "Register lightly, that's the thing." Dorothy is still in bed, but better. I went and had a talk with her. She leaves for India with Shakuntala and Frances McCann on the twentieth of November. Krishnaji and I took Whisper across the fields and through the lanes. The beauty of the earth and him. I was up late getting every last thing done.'

October thirtieth. 'I was up at 6 a.m., and made a little fire in my fireplace with the last of the basket of wood we have gathered on walks. Krishnaji gave me the back massage he has given since we went to the Bonn clinic, morning and night, to stimulate circulation in the lower back, where the blood supply goes to the leg. It has helped very much. I was packed, and dressed by 7:30 a.m. I made our breakfast and his for Monday and Tuesday of muesli. Then, I said goodbye to most of the staff. I was in tears, with Krishnaji. He

said, “Sia benedetta”—be blessed. “An angel goes with you” and more. He came down to see me off, and so did most of the staff. I went in a taxi, seeing Krishnaji in his white dressing gown, his arm in what seemed a blessing. From Heathrow, I took TWA noon flight to New York. I write this on the plane. Krishnaji is talking now in the assembly hall at Brockwood.’

‘(Later.) Bud met me at the airport, and talked all the way to town. We dined in the apartment. Bud gave me Mother’s cabochon ruby ring’—she’d left it to me in her will.

S: I’ve never seen that ring, have I?

M: I gave it to Toodie.**[2]** ‘In the evening, I talked with him and Lisa, mostly about Toodie and Penebaker troubles.’ Penebaker was Toodie’s husband. ‘They told me about their trip to Iran, and Bud told me about Mother’s last days. I telephoned Amanda, Erna, and Elfriede. Bud and I go tomorrow to the Vineyard. Krishnaji must be asleep in his room at Brockwood. I follow him in my mind and heart.’

October thirty-first. I’m in New York now. ‘I did errands in the morning, including taking Sam’s watch to the Patek agent to be cleaned, etcetera. Bud, Lisa, and I lunched at the apartment. Then, Bud and I took an Eastern shuttle to Boston and then Northeast on a little eight-passenger plane across to the Vineyard. My cousin Lorna met us. We went to Elmholm to see Wooge. Bud and I dined with him, but I am staying with Bud in his cottage.’ My brother had a cottage across the street.

The first of November. ‘Bud and I met Mr. Cronig at Elmholm about the inventory appraisal of Mother’s furniture…’ Well, you don’t want all this. ‘Wooge and I went to the graves and chose a stone to be for both Mother and his grave, a simple granite footstone. In the afternoon, I went to the village with Bud, and then my cousin Lorna came to the cottage, and we gave her Mother’s gold matching toilet articles, and her pearl necklace, gold watch, and furs. She was pleased. Bud, Wooge, and I went to Menemsha’—do you know, that little fishing village up the island?

S: Yes, yes.

M: ‘Lorna came over for supper to Elmholm. I made an appointment with Mitchell Booth next Sunday to discuss my agreement with KFA about my buying the Ojai land. I spoke to John Rubel’—oh, that’s again an architect—‘about the KFA office roofing. Krishnaji was to have left London at 10:15 a.m. on Air India, stopping in Rome, where Vanda may have seen him, and then gone to Bombay, arriving at 4 a.m. their time, November second, ten-and-a-half hours earlier than here.’



Staff and students saying good-bye to Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimablist)

S: Just briefly, who owns Elmholm now?

M: Mother left it to Wooge's younger daughter because Bud had a house up-island and I was never going to live at the Vineyard again. I had my house in California.

S: Sure, sure.

M: And so she left it to Sally McAdoo Coy, and Sally's there right now, as a matter of fact.

S: Mm, hm.

M: November second, my diary says, 'Krishnaji should have arrived in Bombay at four this morning. I talked to Bud most of the morning. I took him to the airport at 1 p.m. He returned to New York. I lunched with Wooge, and spent a couple of hours with Lorna. Read to Wooge. Had supper with him. And, again, writing to Krishnaji.'

The third of November. 'Wooge and I took flowers to Mother's grave. Lorna came to supper. I spoke to Philippa in Connecticut.'

The next day, 'I drove Wooge to Chappaquiddick, then did bills for him. In the afternoon, I posted a letter to Krishnaji in Bombay. Lorna came for supper.' Do we want all these things that I did?

S: I think so, yes. We can always cut it out later. I think it's nice because it shows something of the life you were living that included Krishnaji; and somehow, even when

he wasn't there, the way you were thinking of him sometimes, and different things that you would do for him.

M: Okay.

November fifth. 'Read to Wooge. Lunched with him, and when he took his nap, I went over to Lorna's and she took me to the airport for a 4:15 p.m. Northeast to Boston. Caught a 5 p.m. shuttle to LaGuardia and so to New York and Bud and Lisa's. The three of us dined and talked.'

November sixth. 'I had a quiet morning. Bud went to a football game with his children. Lisa and I lunched together. At 4 p.m., Bud was back, and Mitchell Booth came to discuss the best way to handle my agreement with KFA about the McAndrew Road property. It's terribly complicated.'

The next day I went by train to visit Philippa and David in New Haven; and the day after that 'it rained five-and-a-half inches, and there were floods.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Lisa and Bud had to go to Boston by train for Lisa's speech at the Boston Museum. I went with Khen'—oh, that's the…

S: Vietnamese cook.

M: Yes, and who eventually became a third parent to Lindsey. 'I went with Khen to Parent's Day at the Buckley School, Lindsey's class.' Khen and I stood in for family because his parents weren't there. 'I then walked in the rain to an exhibit of Joseph Cornell's boxes.' Joseph Cornell was this strange artist who did these lovely…he would take a box and then, like a doll's house, he'd make a scene in it, but it was very surrealist. He once used a photograph of me from *Vogue* as part of one of his pieces, and somehow we met and were sort of friendly. 'He had an exhibit of his things at the Whitney Museum. Then, I went to Cooper-Hewitt for a pre-glimpse of the exhibit from the collection opening next week. Toodie'—that's my niece—'had supper with me. She may come to Los Angeles at the end of the month. She stayed for the night.'

November ninth. 'The rainstorm is over, so Bud and Lisa were able to get back from Boston on the shuttle. I left for JFK at 9 a.m., and took a TWA at 11 a.m. for Los Angeles. Amanda met me at the airport. Malibu never looked more beautiful. I had supper with Amanda and Phil.'

The next day, 'I left early in the green Mercedes for Ojai. The cottage is astonishingly advanced. I met Max Falk, the builder, and Bart Phelps, the architect. I spent the day conferring with them, and talking to Erna and Theo, who leave next Tuesday for India. I had supper at Arya Vihara, then spent the night in guestrooms above the office.' What is now the lower flat was an office in those days.

S: Right, right.

M: November eleventh. 'Ojai is beautiful in its early silent morning. I spent most of the day with Erna, being checked out on things to be done in her absence. I answered messages, including a message from Mrs. Vigeveno requesting I call her. She had nothing to say.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Then I went with Erna and Theo to parent-teacher meeting, in the Pavilion, moderated by Fritz. Then I drove back to Malibu.'

November twelfth. 'In the morning, I found a letter from Krishnaji in a pile written at Brockwood on November first. His Air India flight was postponed for nine hours, so he returned to Brockwood from the airport, went back to bed, had an oil bath, lunch, and a nap. He wrote to me just before leaving again for Heathrow. I went to the Dunnes' in the afternoon.'

The next day, 'I was home all day. Some people came about possibly buying the house. I talked to Lou Blau about the KFA agreement.'

On November fourteenth. 'There was a cable from Krishnaji sent on the eleventh, saying he was leaving that day for Rishi Valley. His program is changed. He's to speak in Bombay later. I was in all day working at the desk.'

S: Krishnaji telegrammed you on the eleventh, and you didn't get it till the fourteenth? That's quite a bit of time, isn't it?

M: Yes. It is. [*Chuckles.*] I didn't notice it when reading it.

S: Anyway, yes. Just something of note.

M: Telegrams don't exist anymore. You don't think about telegrams.

S: No. But it should've been there in a day or two.

M: Well, yes, it should have; but from India, who knows.

S: Well, that's just it. That's part of what you were living with.

M: November fifteenth. 'I went to the airport to meet Erna and give her a letter for Krishnaji, and see her and Theo off to India. I then met Bart Phelps at the Pacific Design Center and looked for door knobs for the house.'

The next day, 'I went to the hairdresser for a haircut. At 11:30 a.m., to Henry Bamberger'—my accountant—'then did errands. I was home by 3 p.m. There was a letter from Filomena; she had received mine, carried by Krishnaji and given to Vanda who gave it to her. Vanda evidently was able to see Krishnaji in transit.'

The next morning, 'I went to Ojai, and did office things and building things. I spent the night in the guestroom over the office.'

On November eighteenth. 'I met Bart Phelps, and Mr. Weingarten'—he's the man who put the hi-fi system in—'then a TV man, a telephone man, an electrician, etcetera. At 4 p.m., I went to the Pavilion for another parent-teacher meeting, moderated by Fritz, and again spent the night in Ojai.'

The next day, 'I did office work in Ojai. At 2 p.m., I went to a discussion outside the Pavilion, with Fritz conducting it. I got a letter from Sunanda saying the heat in Madras made Krishnaji go on to Rishi Valley. There was also a letter from Ahalya saying that Tapas died, October twenty-ninth.' Then, it says down below: 'President Sadat of Egypt came to Israel.'

There was really nothing the next day.

On November twenty-first, 'I received the first letter of the year from Krishnaji written in India from November third to the ninth, and sent from Bombay. The heat there bothered him. He saw Mrs. Gandhi. I worked at the desk all day. Mr. Schwartz came with carpet samples. I talked to Miranda in Eugene, Oregon.' Miranda had a job as a newsperson on television.

Then nothing about Krishnaji or the KFA until November twenty-fifth. 'It was very hot and at 8 a.m. I left for Ojai. There I met a man about burglar alarms, and Mr. Schwartz about curtains and rugs. Then I worked on mailings. At 4 p.m. I went to Fritz's parent-teacher discussion. I had supper at Arya Vihara, and spent the night in a guest flat.'

The next day, 'I did mailing envelopes all morning with Ruth Tettemer. At 2 p.m., I again went to Fritz's discussion next to the Pavilion. When I returned to Malibu, Krishnaji's letter number 2 from India sent from Rishi Valley, was there.'

S: Would you like to say something about the numbering of letters?

M: Alright. Well, because of uncertainties of mail, especially in India, we had agreed to both date, actual date, and number the letters; so most of his letters, and I presume mine too, followed that pattern.

S: So that would've have meant that the second letter he sent you that year was number two?

M: Yes.

S: Right. I just wanted this on the record.

M: Good. November twenty-eighth. 'I was home all day. Mr. Schwartz brought more carpet samples, and I ordered for Ojai. Also, I ordered Indian cotton for sofas.'

The next day, 'The wind stopped. I had lunch with the Dunnes. George Duff and family—that's Amanda's brother—were there to see Tally and Willy at their beach

house.' Tally and Willy, that's William Wyler, the director and his wife, who were long-time friends of ours, and they had a beach house.'

November thirtieth. 'I went to Ojai, arriving by 9:30 a.m. I met Charles Moore and Bart Phelps. We went over everything, and also went over all cabinets with the cabinet maker. Charles stayed for lunch, and Bart was there all day. The painter did samples of the English "magnolia" color.' I brought back a tin of that from England as I wanted the outside of the house to have that. 'I had supper at Arya Vihara, and again spent the night in the guest flat.'

December first. 'I did things in the KFA office, then drove to Santa Barbara to look at marble. They had nothing. And then to the cabinet maker to finish checking all the dimensions, etcetera. Then I drove home to Malibu.'

December second. 'I went to town'—that always means Los Angeles or Santa Monica—'on errands. I looked at appliances for Ojai and bought cotton yardage for the Ojai bathroom curtains. Then tea with Evelyne and I gave her the notes on her compilation of Krishnaji's writings on meditation for a small book. I came home with a migraine. Tired.'

Then, again, there's nothing about Krishnaji or the KFA until December ninth. 'I went to Ojai. I talked to Carl Marcus about his donation to KFA. Then I did office and house things. Went to Fritz's parent-teacher discussion. Spent the night in the guestroom.'

The tenth of December. 'I cleaned the flat. Toodie came for lunch and brought a friend. Then we went to a concert of baroque music in the Pavilion. I signed the Sandler contract'—that's the real estate representative—'brought by Evelyne from Lou about the sale and handling of the Malibu house. I came home to supper. Waiting for me was letter number three from Krishnaji in Rishi Valley.'

Then again nothing until December thirteenth. 'Today, Krishnaji goes from Rishi Valley to Madras. I did desk work. Philippa and David arrived for the holidays. I went over at 4 p.m. and had an early supper with them all.'

The fourteenth. 'I went to Ojai. Went over things with Bart Phelps and Max Falk. The marks on the beams are not obscured by "pickling," so I decided to have them painted white. We discussed drawers in the buffet, fire screens, and lighting. Charles Moore was supposed to come, but couldn't. I spent the night again in the flat.'

December fifteenth. 'There was a meeting at noon with architect Ron Gammel and Mr. Meyers of his office. Max Falk, Ruth Tettemer, Mark Lee, and Ted Cartee were there about the Falk bid on the Oak Grove School office building. That continued in the afternoon. I came back to Malibu in time for supper. A cable had come from Krishnaji in Madras; he has had no letter in three weeks, am I alright? I cabled him back.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> These seem almost "throwaway" lines, but there was real concern here. The postal service in India was absolutely unreliable. In both Krishnaji's letters to

Mary, and hers to him, there is often worry because they would go for weeks without hearing from each other; and they both knew that each was writing to the other every day and posting off the accumulated writing at least once a week. What each was most concerned with was that they hadn't heard from the other person because the other person was unwell or injured. Letters, also, just went missing, which they could tell from their numbering system, but again, they wouldn't know that until the next numbered letter arrived.

Then again nothing until December seventeenth. 'I went to the airport to fetch curtain material for Krishnaji's room in the new house, sent from London.' That would've been Paul Anstee's helping me.

December nineteenth. 'Wind in Malibu. To Ojai where there was no wind.' Wind was always a factor because of the fire danger.

S: Right.

M: 'I went over things with Bart Phelps. Charles Moore came in the afternoon. I stayed on to discuss with Mark, Ted, and Max the reduced bid on the school office and resident's building. Max's figure is now $300,000. But there is only $270,000 in our budget—inflation. I left at 6:30 p.m., and came home to Malibu.'

Then not much until the twenty-first. 'Bart Phelps and two architect friends came by with a sample of lighting fixtures for the hall. Bart is going to teach for a semester in Texas. John Rubel'—that's another architect in the office—'replaces him on the job. I worked at the desk all day.'

The next day, 'I spoke to Scott Forbes in Massachusetts about video equipment for India.' Do you remember that?

S: I most certainly do. I collected all money for that equipment. Bought it. Then I took it to India and trained people how to use it, but I had to keep going back to India about every other year to retrain and service the equipment.

M: [*chuckles*] 'I drove Amanda, Phil, Philippa, and David to Ojai to see the house. We had a picnic lunch on the guest house terrace. On the way back we stopped off Hueneme Road to see birds: egrets, and many hawks. When I got home, there was letter number four from Krishnaji, written November thirtieth to December tenth in Rishi Valley.'

December twenty-third. 'There was a cable from Krishnaji in Madras about a cable received from Rajagopal asking, "Does it mean anything?" I replied by cable. I started cooking for Christmas Eve.' Oh, yes, Christmas Eve. I always made…

S: The bean stew.

M: Yes, the bean stew for vegetarians, and what the Dunne children, when small, used to call the Christmas mouse! It was a mousse. [*S laughs*.] Out of, um, what's the cookbook?

S: Julia Child's?

M: Julia Child's cookbook. There's a *wonderful* recipe in that for chocolate mousse. There's a little bit of coffee in it and other things. 'I spoke to Blanche Mathias, and spoke to Mary and Joe Links.'

December twenty-fourth. 'I cooked to Handel's *Messiah*!' [*Both chuckle*] I used to like, when I did a big cooking, to play music to fill the house. 'Amanda, Phil, Philippa, David, and Betsy came to Christmas Eve dinner. We ate at 6 p.m., and opened presents afterward. Another happy Christmas evening in this blessed house.' We've always celebrated either on Christmas Eve or Day, and not both. So, it was Eve for that year.

December twenty-seventh. 'I sold all the Greyhound Bus shares, then went to town, had a haircut, and took a present to Winky. When I got home there was a letter from Krishnaji dictated on the seventeenth. He had flu in Madras. His temperature went up to 102, but it was now normal. He wrote to Dr. Scheef that the bronchitis pill had helped a lot. There was also a letter from Erna saying that she and Theo had the flu as well; the three-day type. The students at Rishi Valley had it, teachers too, and Dorothy.' Everybody got the flu.

S: Now, before going on, I think we ought to just stop. I don't know if it's on earlier tapes or not, but could you mention about Krishnaji waving at the Greyhound buses?

M: [*both laugh*] I'd forgotten that. [*Laughs more*.] This reminds me because somewhere in all this…Greyhound was a large investment of mine and Greyhound got taken over by Armor & Company.

S: No, that's another story.

M: Have I told that story?

S: I don't think…I don't know if you've told that or not.

M: Well, I was horrified because…

S: Armor meat.

M: Armor is not good for a vegetarian to own; it's immoral. And I was puzzled because this was a large investment, and somehow Krishnaji got wind of this, and he said, "Don't mix up these things."

S: Yes. I was going to ask you about that story second because that's important, too. I think, as I remember your telling me the story, he said something like: Keep these things separate.

M: Something like that.

S: Yes.

M: In other words, he didn't think it was an issue. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Right. But there is also the story that every time you passed a Greyhound bus when you were driving…

M: Yes.

S: … Krishnaji would wave to the bus. [*Laughs*.]

M: Yes, because by that time he knew about my investment, which I'd never discussed with him. I'd forgotten that! [*Both laugh heartily*.]

S: Yes, okay.

M: December twenty-ninth. 'A pipe broke in the upper terrace under the eucalyptus trees. I got Mr. Carlson'—he was the builder—'and a plumber to stop it.' This is the beginning of why I didn't get any profit from the house because suddenly, the earth on my side of the canyon started slipping, and it delayed endlessly selling the place. 'Philippa and David came over for coffee as they return to Connecticut tomorrow. I then worked at the desk.'

The next day. 'I went early to Ojai, met an auditor, Cliff Hey, and went into the KFA safe deposit box for inventory. Then back to the cottage to go over various things with Max. I lunched at Arya Vihara and left for Malibu at 3 p.m. Carson'—the builder in Malibu—'had put a new pipe under the driveway to connect the sprinkling system along the drive by the gate.'

December thirty-first. 'I was home all day, mostly doing desk work. Had supper alone. Read. Then late I listened to a Krishnaji tape, and so I ended the year and began 1978—listening to him.'

Then there's really nothing for our purposes until January fourth. 'Charles Moore came in the morning for coffee and to look at ocean stones in the Japanese garden for use in Ojai.' You can look out the window and see them out there.

S: Right. Yes. They're the deeply grooved stones.

M: Yes. They were in up at Trancas Beach. A friend of Sam and me, Sidney Franklin, the director, had a piece of land there, and at some point, a big storm washed the sand away and uncovered these big gray stones that were raked by the sand going back and forth and back and forth, who knows how long. And he found them so beautiful that he got some workman to fish them out of the ocean, and at one point, I saw them and admired them and he gave me some. And I had them in Malibu in a little Japanese sort-of garden out front, and then I brought them with me here to Ojai. They're like statues to me.

S: Yes. They're very unusual. Yes.

M: 'Rajagopal telephoned. I don't know how he got my number. He wanted me to know he had "no ulterior motive in calling, just wished happy new year as he had always loved me" since years ago.' He was the most dishonest human being. He would pretend to love Krishnaji, love me, love everybody, but everybody was mean to him, and he was innocent of everything; and the next time, he was an absolute swine about the way he behaved to all of us.

S: It was a very dysfunctional personality.

M: Well, yes, if you want to put it that way. [*Both laugh*.]

January sixth. 'I drove to Goleta about Formica for the kitchen in Ojai. Then, continued to Ojai where I first signed onto the waiting list for a P.O. box at the post office. I went to the cottage, and the office. Lunched at Arya Vihara. Fred Kulsa came at 2 p.m. and I gave him some new photos of Krishnaji for book jackets. Kathy Harris and Alasdair from Brockwood came by. The tile man came for the bathrooms. I drove home.'

The next day. 'Fred and Lorry'—Lorry was the gardener and Fred was the husband of Elfriede, the housekeeper—took three of the ocean stones from the Japanese garden in Malibu and got them onto Lorry's truck, which Fred and Elfriede drove to Ojai. Amanda and I went to the county museum. We had a picnic lunch in the car, then to see a recently acquired de La Tour painting and others. And an exhibit of Indian sculpture. We then went to a movie, *A Special Day*, with Sophia Loren and Mastroianni.' I don't remember it, but I'm sure we enjoyed it.

Then there's nothing of note until January ninth. 'I took the curtain fabric to Mr. Schwartz, and went to Design Research, Magnin, and home. There was a letter waiting for me from Erna. Krishnaji had telegraphed a reply to Rajagopal after receiving my cable. Erna's letter written on the twenty-sixth said that the first and second Madras talks went marvelously well; they were strong, and new. Krishnaji looked well, rested, but has been in bed all the time in Madras.'

Then nothing relevant again until January twelfth. 'I got a cable from Krishnaji saying he will fly from London to Los Angeles on February fifth. I booked his ticket. Later, letter

number five came, written before, and then after he had the flu and through December twenty-seventh. He said Rajagopal had telephoned him on the twenty-seventh.'

The next day, 'I drove to Ojai where I did office things and house things. I spent the night there.'

January fourteenth, 'at 2 p.m., I went to Fritz's discussion at the Pavilion, then drove home through the rain.'

The next thing about the Foundation or Krishnaji is January eighteenth, when I note that Krishnaji would have gone from Madras to Bombay.

On the twenty-first, 'I drove to the airport at 8 a.m. to fetch yardage from London sent by Saxby'—that's the decorator who worked with Paul Anstee. 'It's the wrong color blue. Then I drove to Ojai to do some work on the house. Evelyne came to see the house and talked with Mark and me about a benefit concert for the school. We went to Fritz's discussion next to the Pavilion. I drove home and went early to sleep. Krishnaji must've given his first talk in Bombay today.'

On January twenty-fourth, 'Letter number six from Krishnaji arrived. It was written in Madras, and took eighteen days to come.'

January twenty-fifth. 'I drove to Oxnard where I left the green Mercedes to have the oil changed, greased, wheels aligned, and miscellaneous adjusted. I took a rental car to Ojai and with John Rubel went over the house matters. Lunched at Arya Vihara, then went with Ted and Mark to Eloise's Barn'—Eloise is the daughter of Evelyne Blau who had horses on the place—'and discussed moving it further back in the field with a cement foundation. Came back to Oxnard, left the rental car, fetched the green Mercedes, and came home.'

On January thirtieth. 'I drove to Ojai where I met Charles Moore and John Rubel, but was home for supper.'

January thirty-first, 'Krishnaji left Bombay early this morning and flew to London. At 11 a.m. here, I telephoned Brockwood and spoke to him. His voice was strong, eager, and full of energy. It was so extraordinary to be talking to him, I forgot to ask him more than "Are you alright? Are you well?" He was and he is. I reminded him that he is now a U.S. resident with his "green card," so he must fill out a customs declaration. He asked me to find the porter who last year said he could go into the customs area and help him with the luggage.' How was I supposed to do that?

S: [*laughs*] I don't know!

M: [*laughs*] Till Sunday. 'Exuberance! In mid-morning, some real estate people, including Carla Zimbalist, came to make an offer on the Malibu house.'

S: No relation to Sam?

M: Yes. Niece. This is the first offer I've had. In late afternoon, I talked to Louis Blau about a counteroffer.'

February first. 'I went to town on errands: plants, books for Krishnaji. Then using the Dunnes' VW, I got eight outdoor chairs for Ojai. When I returned home, Krishnaji's letter number seven was there, written in Madras and sent of the fifteenth of January. Later, I went to meet Erna and Theo at the airport from Delhi, via the Pacific.'

On February third, 'I drove to Ojai for house matters, lunched at Arya Vihara, talked to Erna in the afternoon, then drove home.'

February fifth. 'There is a light rain. I drove to the airport well ahead of time.'

I used to think, I must drive carefully, because suppose I have an accident, and I'm not there to meet him. *What* will he do?

S: Yes. What would he do? [*Laughs*.]

M: I used to ask him that, "What would you do?" He would say something like, "Oh, I'd be alright. I'd call the Lilliefelts." He didn't have the Lilliefelts' number with him.

S: …[*laughs*]…or any change for the phone.

M: …exactly, or any change for the phone. I'd put $20 in his…I told you that.

S: Yes…in his passport.

M: Yes, But he never used it. He finally gave it to a barber in Rishi Valley, I think. [*S laughs*.]

'Krishnaji's TWA flight was on time at 4:15 p.m. I saw him through the glass as he went into customs, smiling and bright. I had found a porter and tipped him $10 to find and help Krishnaji.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'It is Krishnaji's first arrival on his own with the green card, and all went well. He came out smiling and hugged me in the lift going down to where we had a long wait for his bag. The highly tipped porter never reappeared.' [*Both laugh*]

In those days, a $10 tip was a *very* good tip.

S: Yes. He probably just went home. [*Both laugh*.]

M: 'We drove home through the rain, Krishnaji talking a streak all the way. We had supper on trays in his room. He was full of energy and wanted to tell me everything that had happened since he left for India in November. In spite of getting up early and hours ago in Brockwood, and the long flight, he was not sleepy. We talked for hours, until quite

late, about everything, including ourselves. I have the immeasurable happiness of having him here.' Even though he was tired, whenever he came back, even though he'd been up for twenty hours or more he wanted to talk.

February sixth. 'I woke up filled with happiness. It had rained all through the night, 1.60 inches. Krishnaji stayed in bed all day, alternately sleeping and talking. There is a stream of energy in him. He says it began in Rishi Valley as if something had opened in his head. One feels it strongly being with him.'

February seventh. 'We were home all day. Krishnaji resting and talking.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji rested in bed all day. A nun and mother superior of the Franciscan Order next door…' Oh, yes. Some nunnery had bought the adjoining house [*chuckles*]. '…came to call and discuss their broken pipe, which is pouring water onto my land, and that's making my slide worse. I gave them Carson's name and number for repair.'

February ninth. 'The nun's land is draining onto this side. Elfriede went over and cleared their drains. Then, Carson came with a plumber and put a temporary pipe to divert their rain down their side, luckily, just before the rain began again. Krishnaji slept most of the day. He lunched in bed. I went to the market. It was a wild night of wind and rain. I went out at 1 a.m. with a flashlight to look at the slide and see if it had moved. It looked the same, but the wind was tremendous. Krishnaji followed me out.'

S: Oh.

M: I don't know how he knew I was out; I wouldn't have let him know. 'The sense of the storm seemed to wash over one.'

S: When you mention the slide, you mean actually that the earth is subsiding, sliding down.

M: Yes. It's clay, but when it's wet, it gets like Vaseline, sort of, and it slides.

S: Right. These are the famous mudslides that are all in that area.

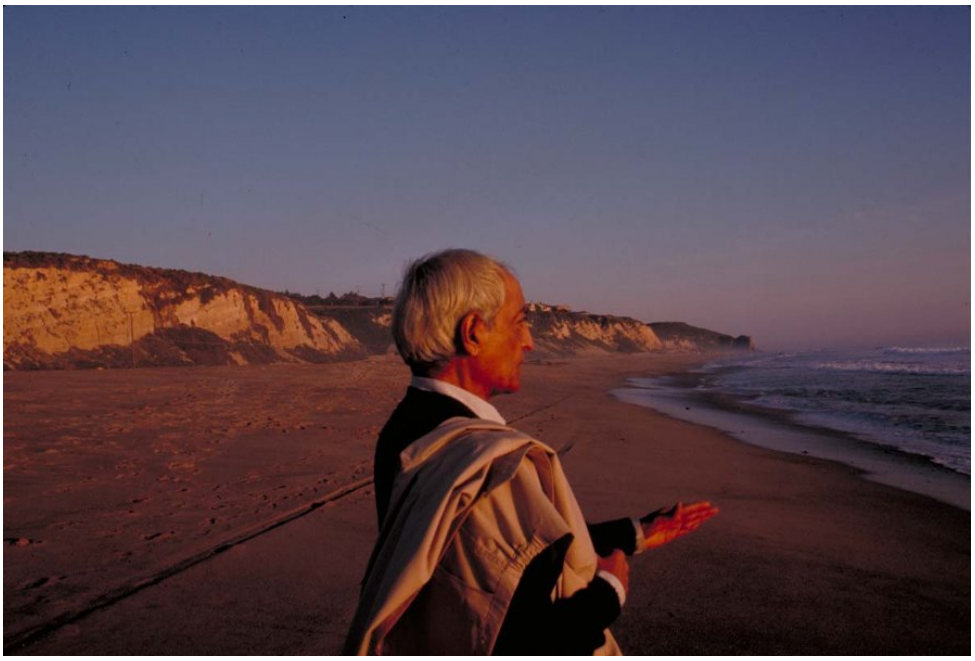
M: Yes. You would read about mudslides in California; it's because of that. And unfortunately, my side of the canyon had just that clay. The Dunnes had a lot more rock underneath, and they had no slides. But I had nothing but slides. And it's the reason that I couldn't sell the house for so long. It cost me a lot to try and put pipes to drain it and so forth, and also, people didn't want to buy something where the hill was going to slide.

S: Yes.

M: February tenth, 'The rain has stopped, a total of 16.71 inches; and the wind had shifted to the west. I talked to Erna. Ojai is awash in the storm; bridges are overflowing

and uncertain, so Erna and Theo cannot come down to lunch today as planned. There is enormous damage all over southern California. Flash floods swept cars, houses away; washed bodies out of graveyards. A ninety-two-mile-per-hour wind hit Newport.'

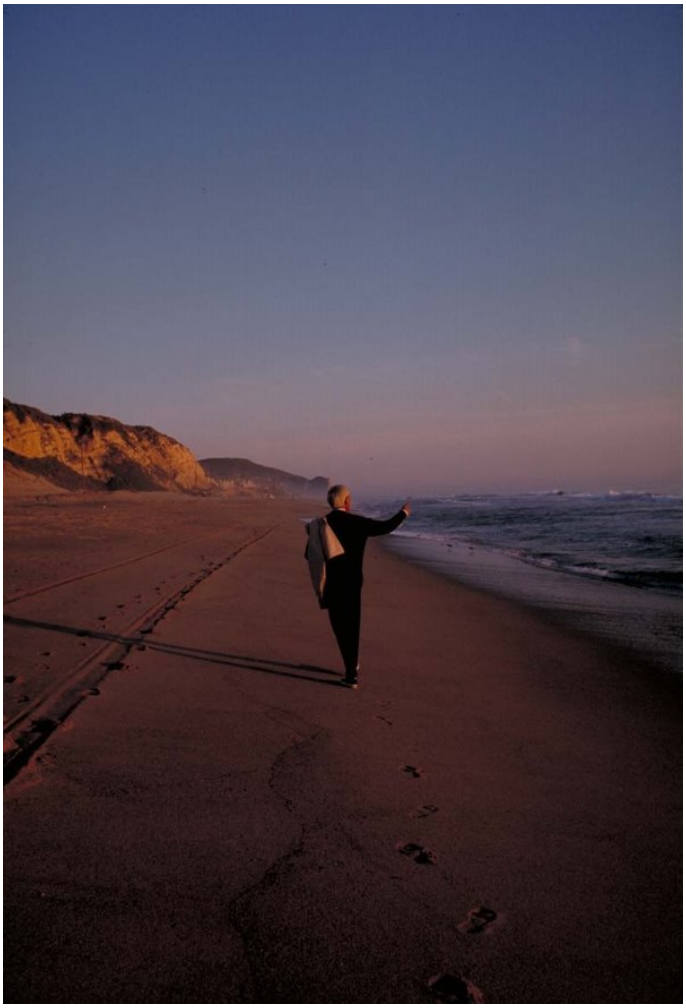
The eleventh. 'Bud telephoned from New York. He and Lisa are going to San Francisco on Thursday, then coming here Saturday to Monday. They're buying my half share of Seven Gates left by Mother to both of us, which will help with money needed for the Ojai house.' Mother had bought the land up at Seven Gates**[3]** but she never did anything with it, and she left it to both of us. Bud and Lisa wanted to build a house on it, and so they bought out my half share. 'Krishnaji and I stayed in all day, resting and reading. The television not working makes for peace and music.'



Walking on the beach in Malibu (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The twelfth. 'I cooked all morning. The Lilliefelts and Mark Lee drove down for lunch. Krishnaji asked us if the schools "are worth it." Mark gave a firm yes, and so did Theo. Erna didn't demur. Krishnaji said they had asked him in India to whom he talked. He said nobody and because he is speaking to nobody, not seeking a result, there is greater energy. It is also evident that if one is nobody, one hears. He asked about Fritz's meetings, but both the Lilliefelts and Mark didn't want to talk about it until Krishnaji has talked to Fritz himself. Erna brought a statement written by Donald Ingram Smith at Rajghat on January twenty-eighth, 1978, recounting a meeting last April with Mrs. Vigeveno and the Blackburns about the archives. It was said that the real archives are in an air-conditioned vault under Rajagopal's house, and that they would remain there until other adequate air-conditioned housing is available. There was no mention of his agreement with KFA and his flouting of it.' You see, he was supposed to share the archives with the KFA.

'There was sun, rain, and hail in town. The deal is off on the sale of the Malibu house.'



Walking on the beach in Malibu (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The next day, 'Birthdays come lightly at this point.**[4]**' [*S chuckles*.] 'It rained heavily in the night. Krishnaji and I lunched at home and then went to town, Krishnaji had a checkup with Lailee Bakhtiar. All is well. The results of blood and urine tests will come in a few days. We then went into Westwood for a new electric razor, a Braun. Krishnaji had read an ad in the *New Yorker*.' [*Chuckles.*] That was what prompted this. Every year, he had to have a new electric razor.

S: [*laughing*] I remember.

M: 'There was some rain and hail on the way home. The deal to purchase Malibu is off; the lawyer buyer wants to sell two other houses first. Bud telephoned about my birthday and so did Alain Naudé, just back from London, where he visited Mary and Joe, and Florence, where he stayed with Vanda.'

February fourteenth. 'The weather is clear and beautiful. Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai in his green Mercedes, himself at the wheel, smiling. The skies smiled too; it was a perfect day for his first trip to Ojai, and his first glimpse of the new house. He looked at it, shyly,

and met Max Falk. Erna and Theo were there. Radha Burnier also came; she is lecturing at Krotona.**[5]** Krishnaji looked at everything. "It is stupendous," he said. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Everyone was there to greet Krishnaji. After lunch, he talked alone with Fritz Wilhelm. Then, he came back to the cottage and asked for the removal of the trellis outside his bedroom window.' Don't remember that. 'He is right.' [*Chuckles.*] 'He talked about the cottage all the way home. He is pleased.'

February fifteenth, 'Krishnaji and I went to town. He had a haircut. We lunched on Mexican food at the farmer's market. Then, at Krishnaji's urging, we went to Beverly Hills Silk & Woolen, where he chose material for clothes for me to wear in India next winter; kurtas, bundies, and pants. We took the material to the dressmaker, and he explained how they should be made.'

S: [*laughs*] Krishnaji explained to the dressmaker how these Indian clothes should be made for you.

M: Yes. Well, she didn't know and he did, you see.

S: Of course, of course.

M: And he wanted things to be correct.

The sixteenth of February. 'Krishnaji rested in the morning. He spoke of the necessity for young people to carry on. This has become urgent to him. He wonders if Fritz can do the adult center and is doubtful. He spoke of the Buddha having two disciples who really understood his teachings, and both of them died before the Buddha. "That is sad," said Krishnaji.' It made me cry when I first heard that.

S: Yes.

M: 'In the afternoon, he saw a man named John Ferry, who had written a good letter last spring. He turned out to be not so young. He had taught at Happy Valley and left it; before that he was in the insurance business; now lives in Cambria, does real estate, and is now writing a book, which he intends to publish himself. He had no questions to ask Krishnaji. Just wanted to talk. He was polite, "Mr. Krishnamurti, Mrs. Zimbalist." Krishnaji asked him to come to a discussion meeting if any are held.'

February seventeenth. 'We were home all day except I went for marketing. Radha Burnier came down from Ojai for lunch. We talked of what people come to her and why, and from that, to what people expect from Krishnaji, etcetera.'

The eighteenth. 'I met Bud and Lisa at the airport. There was an earth slide on Pacific Coast Highway near the Getty Museum, so I brought them back via the valley and Malibu Canyon. Lisa has a cough and is very tired. So, after greeting Krishnaji, she went to bed. Krishnaji had supper in bed as usual. So, Bud and I ate in the dining room and talked till quite late.'

February nineteenth. 'Bud's fifty-eighth birthday. I cooked in the morning, and then we had a birthday lunch. Krishnaji, Bud and Lisa, Amanda and Phil, and Toodie, who brought a young actor, Lance…somebody. Krishnaji talked to him quite a bit. He made a surprising good impression on all of us. Lunch went well celebrated with some Cheval Blanc 1953' [*S laughs*] 'which Father gave me years ago. The weather was golden warmth. Krishnaji and I rested after lunch. Amanda and Phil went home. The others sat on the lawn all afternoon talking. At Bud and Lisa's invitation, Artie Shaw and Joan someone came for drinks at 6:30. Then, they, Bud, Lisa, Toodie, and Lance went out to dine at Orsini Restaurant in Malibu. Krishnaji and I had our usual supper on trays.' Artie Shaw was a friend of my brother's, you know, the musician.

S: Mm, hm. Yes. I think we're going to have to end it there. We're running out of tape.

M: We are? Very well.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Dorothy was going to take her first trip to India that winter.

[2] Bud's eldest daughter.

[3] Seven Gates Farm on Martha's Vineyard.

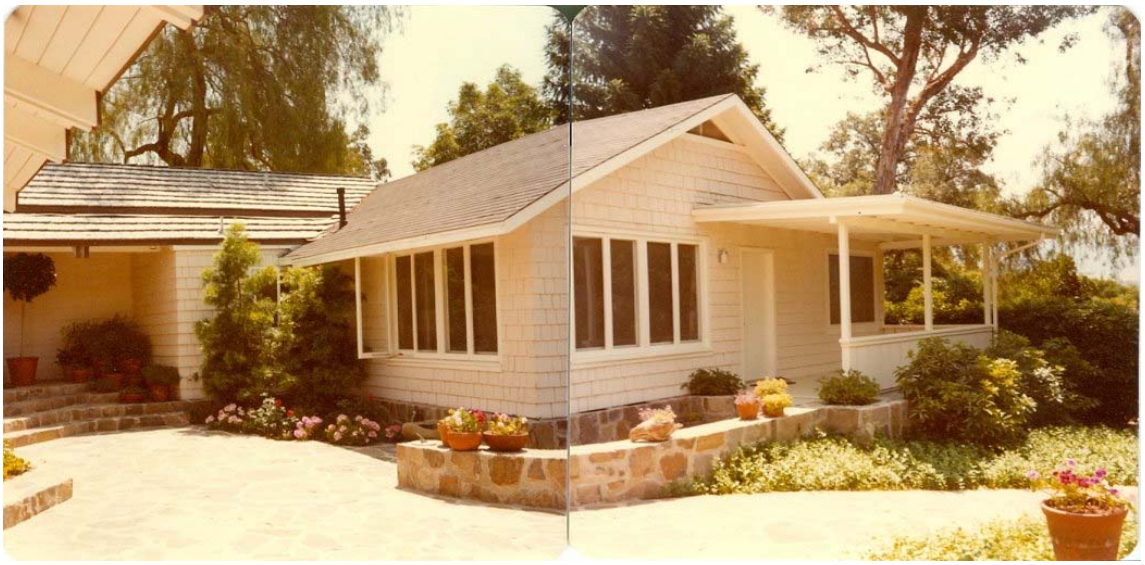
[4] It was Mary's birthday.

[5] Krotona is a Theosophical community in Ojai.

Issue 50: February 20, 1978 to April 17, 1978

The bad weather and landslides of the last issue continue in what, I am told, is a thirty-year cycle of severe rain in that part of the world. Mary and Krishnaji are cut off in Malibu by mudslides for several days. Through it all, Mary and Krishnaji watch the hatching and growth of a hummingbird in a ficus tree outside their dining room window, and the hummingbird finally flies from its nest just as Mary and Krishnaji vacate Malibu for their new house in Ojai. It seems poetic.

This issue contains early, un-retouched, and un-preserved photos that Mary took of the new Pine Cottage shortly after she and Krishnaji moved in.



The original Pine Cottage (showing Krishnaji's sitting room) and part of the new addition with steps up to the front door

Mary: We start on February twenty, 1978. 'I drove my brother and Lisa to Ojai, where neither has ever been; showing them the school property, then the new house. We lunched at Arya Vihara with the Lilliefelts. My brother was enthusiastic and interested in the house. We drove back in the afternoon, and after supper, I took them to the airport for the night flight back to New York. It was good to have them in Malibu one last time and to have my brother see Ojai. He offered the Paris apartment, which now has a Vietnamese maid, and Krishnaji and I can use it whenever we are in Paris.'

February twenty-first. 'Another warm, beautiful day. We stayed home, and relaxed after a busy week. Krishnaji said, "The last two or three days in my sleep, in the brain, there is a quality of dreadful seriousness." In the morning, Krishnaji dictated letters, including one signed by me to Rajagopal saying that Krishnaji had asked me to write to ask what is his intention with regard to the exchange of telegrams with Krishnaji in Madras about a meeting between them. I suggested that we have it in Malibu or at Arya Vihara.' I'd forgotten that. 'Krishnaji and I walked around the garden. Sarjit Siddoo telephoned about

Krishnaji visiting their school on Vancouver Island. Krishnaji said we would go on April nineteenth, and return on April twenty-fourth, staying only at the school.'



The front door of the new Pine Cottage with window into the dining room (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The twenty-second. 'It was a warm, beautiful, quiet day at home with Krishnaji resting. I made lunch and slept afterward. We walked in the garden.'

The next day 'was another quiet day at home. We did letters in the morning. Krishnaji talked to me about what to do for the adult center, and the need for the right people. While we walked around the lawn, he spoke about giving me the necessary understanding. Can he give it to me? There is nothing I can "do" to enhance that. It seems foremost in his mind to transmit something, an understanding of his teachings.'

February twenty-fourth. 'Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Ruth, and Mark Lee came at 11 a.m. for a meeting. We broke for lunch but continued the meeting afterward. We discussed financial matters and the adult center, and Fritz's meetings—are they right.'

The twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai. Krishnaji spoke to Fritz and others while I saw to house things. Radha Burnier brought Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, Theosophists, to Arya Vihara to lunch. She feels they could influence giving some of the Theosophical Society land in Adyar for a Krishnamurti school. Mr. Schwartz measured for the window seats, etcetera. The floor tiling is all done in the cottage living room. Krishnaji is very pleased with it. It has a "feeling of lightness," he said. He likes it better than the Malibu floor tile. Krishnaji says there is already an atmosphere in the house. This especially pleases Theo, who put the jewels in the foundation when the cement was poured. These, according to Krishnaji, are supposed to bring a certain sacred quality to a building. At 3

p.m., Krishnaji talked to Fritz, Mark, Erna, Theo, and me about the adult center. Then, he and I drove home to Malibu.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji rested in bed all day, and I did letters. We watched a golf tournament on television. I took a nap, a rare event.'

February twenty-seventh, 'We drove to Ojai. Bart Phelps was there briefly from Houston where he is teaching one semester at Rice University. He was at the cottage with John Rubel. They were very helpful in sorting things out with the Juarez brothers who are doing the stone wall and other house things. Phelps's students came on a bus to see the house in progress. I went to the Ojai Bank of America and opened accounts, and also got a P.O. box. Meanwhile, Krishnaji talked to Fritz and then had Theo fetch Radha Burnier to discuss her accepting Rajagopal's invitation to visit him on Wednesday. We then drove home to Malibu in time for supper.'

The twenty-sixth, 'I invited Alain Naudé to join next week's discussion group in Ojai. He said yes at first, but then he said he would prefer to come later in April for the last week of the public talks. We can put him up at Arya Vihara as David Shainberg vacates a room then. Krishnaji spent the day in bed. I was at the desk and on the telephone sorting out stone mason problems with Bart Phelps and John Rubel. There were heavy rains in the afternoon, almost two inches.'

March first. 'In spite of rain, Krishnaji and I drove to Santa Monica, where Krishnaji had an eye examined with Dr. Hulquist. He has cataracts, but they do not interfere with his vision. No glaucoma, but there is an asymmetry of disk in the left eye which should be checked again in six months as it could lead to glaucoma. He gave us the name of a Mr. Perkins at the Institute of Ophthalmology in London, as we will be there in six months. He also gave Krishnaji drops to help with the tearing. The rain had let up, so we went to the farmer's market for a cheese enchilada lunch. Then, to Giselle where Krishnaji supervised my fitting for India clothes. Pajamas very full, kurta almost to the knees, bundi rather short. He approved the look and dimensions, and we came home, driving carefully on the muddy highway. In the evening, Radha Burnier telephoned to report her meeting with Rajagopal. She said at first there was chitchat about her family. Then, he had questions on how she got from Krotona to his house. He pretended not to know of the gate at the back of his property. Then, Radha asked, "What are you doing?"

Rajagopal: "I'm very busy."'

'Radha: "Are you writing?"'

'Rajagopal: "I'm busy with the teachings."'

'Radha: "What do you mean?"'

'Rajagopal: "Busy distributing the books."'

‘Radha: “Are you going to see Krishnaji?”’

‘Rajagopal: “Is he here?”’ [*M and S laugh*.]

‘Radha: “Haven’t you received Mrs. Zimbalist’s invitation to Malibu?”’

‘Rajagopal: “Oh yes.”’

‘Radha: “I was in Madras when you telephoned Krishnaji. Are you going to see him?”

‘Rajagopal: “That is a personal business between him and me. I don’t want to talk about it.”’

‘Radha: “I want to talk about the archives. I was here last year when you wouldn’t show them. I have proof that letters were sent from Adyar and they were sent to Krishnaji, not to you.”’

‘Rajagopal: “I don’t want to talk about this with you. You don’t know about it. It’s personal between Krishnaji and me.”’

‘Krishnaji listened to all this on an extension telephone. Radha then said to both of us that she thought he might flare up, but he didn’t. He was just like a stone wall that she couldn’t penetrate. He had little subterfuges in the conversation, like pretending that he didn’t know about the gate. She also said to Rajagopal that she had seen his recent letter to Krishnaji. What was he quoting in it? Rajagopal wouldn’t say. Krishnaji asked her if she felt his mind was losing ground, becoming demented. Radha said, “He was clear, and sharp enough, but demented in some way. He is off the tracks.” She said that he was nervous when the telephone rang twice. She was there an hour, from 5 p.m. to 6 p.m. She said he is without conscience, there is something evil about him. She is glad she went, though, because she can now tell the others in India that she had had a certain hope she could talk to him, that she could reach him, and she knows now that it is impossible. They have always had the feeling that we don’t know how to deal with him, and that has led to all the difficulties. She can now tell them otherwise, and they will believe her. She leaves Ojai tomorrow.’ It was very good that she went. And she’s an outspoken person.

Scott: Yes. Do you think you could just talk a little bit now about that whole funny relationship, because it hasn’t yet really come out in your diaries, how the Indian Foundation…

M: They had a perhaps understandable notion that Indians understand Indians better than Westerners do.

S: Yes.

M: That was often the sort of a floor under the conversation, or under their points of view. And so, it was very valuable that she went.

S: Yes, but the larger issue was that somehow they felt Krishnaji was a religious man, and he shouldn't get involved in anything like the lawsuit.

M: They did. Well, that was Pupul's point of view, particularly.

S: Right. And so they were siding with Rajagopal.

M: Yes, because he was Indian, and he'd always been there and so forth. As far as they knew, he handled the business things well, not realizing that he'd stolen the business things.

S: Right.

M: It was understandable, but I think it was…well, I don't know other people's points of view directly, but I know that Pupul felt this, and her book mirrors this. As far as the book was concerned or she was concerned, Krishnaji was an Indian, and his teachings came out of India. There's a big Indian stamp on both, and she ignores a great deal: that most of his life was spent in the West, for instance. If you read the book, you wouldn't realize that so much. She was always bringing in Indian tradition.

S: Trying to make him more Indian.

M: Yes, she thought he was Indian and she'd have liked him to stay there all the time. Never mind the West.

S: Yes, yes. Oh, absolutely. Yes. But there was also all the mess about Vasanta Vihar.

M: Yes. While they were thinking that maybe the problem with Rajagopal was really westerners not understanding Indians, Rajagopal claimed that Vasanta Vihar was part of KWINC.

S: Right.

M: And with that, the Indians felt he trod on their toes, because they wanted control and should have control of Vasanta Vihar. And in the course of disclosure in KFA versus Rajagopal lawsuit, we came to find out that for some obscure, ancient reason having to do with Rajagopal's manipulations, Vasanta Vihar actually belonged to the Dutch Stichting. So, Anneke had to sign off for the Dutch to get it transferred to KF India, because she was the Dutch Stichting spokesperson.

S: That's right.

M: So, when it came to Vasanta Vihar, the Indians got slightly less impressed with Rajagopal. In other words, they had to sue him, and the court in Madras agreed with that.

S: But they weren't supportive of you and Erna in your case against Rajagopal, and they should've been.

M: Not in the beginning, you see, but when they later found that it came on their territory, things changed a little bit. [*Both chuckle.*]

S: Anyway, that's just a small aside, since we were talking about Radha…

M: Yes. Radha was *extremely* helpful, and of course, being Indian and being a Theosophist.

S: Yes, and having an important position.

M: Yes, as the head of the Esoteric Section, she was immensely helpful. The fact that the year before when there had been Indians and Cadogan, and Rajagopal had refused to let us into the archives…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …and she could challenge him on that. He just stonewalled. [*Chuckles.*]

The next day is just errands for me and Krishnaji staying at home.

March third. 'It rained all day. I worked at the desk. Krishnaji and I were finally able to walk around the garden at 5 p.m. during a lull. The grass is a sponge. Mitchell Booth telephoned. He and an accountant have worked out an ingenious way of working out a way for me to purchase the Ojai property that is a benefit to both the Foundation and me. By evening, the high tide, sliding mud, and pouring rain had damaged houses along Malibu Road in the Colony. The sea destroyed the beach and parts of some houses.'

March fourth. 'It rained all night, and Malibu is cut off by landslides. Two more inches fell during the day. The Pacific Coast Highway is closed in both directions. All canyon roads are closed, except Kanan Road, through which Fred was able to get home. In my slide area, two V-shaped cuts are aimed at the house and the path on the sea-side of Filomena's garden is gone. I found a leak in the sprinkler pipe that was put in only last week by Carlson. I turned off the valve.'

The next day, 'there was another half an inch rain in the night. When the sun finally came out, I found that a lead in the sprinkler pipe, and some of the chain link fence, had gone down in the slide. We were home all day. Malibu is still cut off by slides, so when Hugues van der Straten arrived from Brussels in the evening, there was no way for him to come here as planned. He went to a hotel.'

March sixth. 'It was Amanda's birthday. Krishnaji and I went over to see her and Phil in the afternoon. Otherwise, Krishnaji and I were at home all day. Hugues flew from Los

Angeles airport to Oxnard, where Theo met him, and took him to Ojai. They showed him everything. He then flew on to San Francisco. The roads to Malibu remain closed.'

The seventh. 'The Pacific Coast Highway is still closed. It was a quiet, sunny day here. I did letters and other desk work. Amanda and Phil came over to see the hummingbird nest in the ficus outside the dining room. Krishnaji rested. I went to the bank in Malibu to close out a safe deposit box.'

March eighth. 'Elfriede and I packed the gray Mercedes. Krishnaji and I had an early, simple lunch in the kitchen, and then we drove to Ojai via Kanan, a newly widened road through to the valley where we picked up the Ventura Freeway. Krishnaji was pleased by the beauty of the wild country. We got to the Lilliefelts' without difficulty, where we are staying till Monday. All four walked up to Pine Cottage as Saral and David Bohm were there, staying in the guest apartment. The painting of the exterior is finished; it looks nice. We came back to the Lilliefelts', and I cooked soup while Erna made salad.'

The ninth. 'I went early to the bank to open a safe deposit box. At 11 a.m., there was a discussion group at the Lilliefelts' with about thirty-five participants. The subject was, does knowledge deform the psychological structure of man? The trustees, the Bohms, and the usual inhabitants lunched at Arya Vihara. In the afternoon, there was a meeting at the Lilliefelts' of Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, David Bohm, Evelyne, and Mark to talk about what is being done in the adult center, and Fritz's discussions.' It seems Fritz was not part of it.

The next day, 'there was the second group discussion at 11 a.m. Again, some of us lunched at Arya Vihara, and then Krishnaji and I went to the cottage. John Ruble was there, and we went over things. Margrete Heising Wilhelm, Fritz's wife, had done paper cut-out samples of the design for the inside shutters, as on the shutters in Rougemont. She has done it very well.' She did those sunburst things. 'Krishnaji chose the colors for them, a sannyasi orange. Krishnaji talked to Fritz and Margrete about the adult center discussions. They feel nothing is wrong, and they rather rejected the implications of Krishnaji's questions. Later, I went with Alan Kishbaugh to Fritz's discussion with parents and others at the Pavilion; the Bohms, the Lilliefelts, and Evelyne were there. All the trustees felt it was not going rightly; it is group therapy, personal problems are being aired, not Krishnaji's teachings. Talked lengthily about it at supper with Krishnaji.'

March eleventh. 'Wooge's eighty-ninth birthday. I telephoned him at Molly McAdoo's in New York where he was staying en route from Sally's to the Vineyard. At 11 a.m., there was the third group discussion at the Lilliefelts'. Krishnaji posed the question: Why do we demand? We left it for continuation tomorrow. Lunch at Arya Vihara. I met Alan Hooker and Alasdair Coyne about plantings around the cottage, which Alasdair will do. At 4 p.m., there was a meeting at the Lilliefelts' of Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Mark, David Bohm, Fritz and Margrete on the adult center meetings. Everyone aired their views. An improved relationship seemed to come out of it. We all walked down to Reeves Road and back.'

March twelfth. ‘There was the fourth group discussion. Mar de Manziarly, who is visiting her sister Mima Porter, came to the discussion and to lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji went into incompleteness and what is completeness? Incompleteness is the root of demanding. After lunch, I checked bills for extras with Max Falk. Then, I joined Evelyne, Erna, Theo, Ted, and Carl Marcus for a meeting with Michael Mendizza, who gave information on ways of showing Krishnaji material in universities. At 4 p.m., there was another meeting between Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Mark, me, David, Fritz, and Margrete on the adult center, and it was more or less decided to continue the adult center discussions, but with more participation by trustees—less of one-man control by Fritz. Fritz is self-confident, and certain that he can do it, but he is still making Krishnaji and some of us uneasy. We all went for a walk. Erna and Theo and I watched *Anna Karenina* on television. Krishnaji went to bed.’ We were staying with them, you see.

S: Ah, yes, because the house here**[1]** wasn’t finished.

M: Yes, that’s right.

March thirteenth. ‘Krishnaji held the fifth group discussion. I have an odd feeling.’ [*Long pause*.] ‘I seem to be swimming in consciousness of his voice, almost fainting at times, moved to tears when he spoke of insight—different from understanding, which is arrived at slowly, by degrees. Insight is nothing to do with thought. It is instantaneous, the perception of intelligence. When he spoke of this, it was as if he had taken off into the sky, a hawk soaring, free of where earth people trudge along, and it pierced something in my mind. Insight is never partial, it is whole. Mar was at this discussion but left after. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji spoke a little with Erna and Theo and to David Bohm about the continuing distrust of Fritz, and he very much includes Margrete, blaming her for a change in Fritz. I went over house things with Max Falk. Then, Krishnaji and I drove home to Malibu. The Coast road was opened this morning, and we came along it in the usual way, Krishnaji driving partly. The native daisies that grow along the sea were in bright yellow profusion. The rains had spread their growth, and it was wonderful to see. We arrived home at 5 p.m. to find Elfriede had done an enormous amount of packing—boxes and boxes. A crack has come in the lawn near the slide; it is worrisome. The drain broke there too. At supper, Krishnaji said, “the house feels abandoned,” and I couldn’t bear to talk about it.’ So, it was.

The next day ‘was a lovely, clear day—the ocean gentle, the sun smiling. Krishnaji rested in bed. I went to town on errands. The Pacific Coast Highway is messy but open. I got in without delays. I went to fit the Indian clothes, and the grayish sari made into a long dress, which looked well. I got home before the traffic. Krishnaji and I walked in the garden.’

March fifteenth. ‘It was a beautiful, warm day; and I spent most of it packing. Krishnaji stayed in his bathrobe, but we lunched in the dining room, watching the remaining baby hummingbird in its tiny nest in the ficus tree. I walked over to the Dunnes’ at 5:30 p.m., while Krishnaji went walking on the lawn. He waved across the canyon to me and then resumed his rounds—a bright, clear figure in his white terrycloth bathrobe. Phil showed

me his flowers. We watched Walter Cronkite so I could bring news back to Krishnaji. We are still without television over here. Then I came back to supper. Is this our last night in this blessed house? Krishnaji felt this, and said he thought of it as he watched me walking over to the Dunnes'. He thought of how many memories this house has for me—twenty-five years here. He hoped I will be as happy in the new house as in this one, and nothing will ever be wrong between us.'

The sixteenth. 'It was a hot day—ninety degrees in town. I got up at 5 a.m. and packed all day. The carpet people cleaned the living room rug and the one in Krishnaji's room. Krishnaji and I had a quiet lunch, and the baby hummingbird sat on the edge of his nest. He will fly in a few hours. At 4:20 p.m., we left in the gray Mercedes for Ojai, and arrived at the Lilliefelts' just in time for Krishnaji to see Walter Cronkite. Aldo Moro, a former Italian Prime Minister, was abducted by terrorists in Rome; Israel has a band of six miles of Lebanon on their border, now occupied by their troops after PLO terrorists attacked last Saturday. Erna and Theo have had good conversations with Fritz. We will stay with the Lilliefelts until we move into the cottage.'

The seventeenth. 'I went to Pine Cottage. Workmen are still in every room—electrician, plumber, carpenter, stone masons, and a land service all working; every room is a mess. I found a corner in the kitchen where I could work at cutting shelf lining and cleaning drawers. Krishnaji came over at lunchtime; we ate at Arya Vihara. I worked all afternoon. Ted got a Hoover vacuum cleaner for the cottage. Laura Martin, Ted's friend, helped to clean closets, etcetera. Mr. Schwartz hung Krishnaji's room's curtain. I found there was the beginning of some order. Krishnaji said with much feeling, "It is a marvelous house."' [*Chuckles.*] 'He felt a special atmosphere from the first day he walked in. Erna and I made supper at the Lilliefelts'. Again, Krishnaji said to me, "It is a marvelous house." I fell asleep at the supper table.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Later, I fell asleep watching television.' [*Laughs.*]

March eighteenth. 'I made Krishnaji's breakfast and then went to the cottage. At 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji had a meeting outside the Pavilion for the school parents and staff, during which Michael Mendizza took pictures of him. I stayed in the cottage all day cleaning and putting in shelf lining, helped by Laura Martin. The bedrooms are now clean and ready. At 5 p.m., Elfriede, Fred, and Lori arrived. Elfriede and Fred in a huge moving van and Lori with his truck. They did an enormous job of moving an astonishing amount of furniture and things out of Malibu. It's almost all done. One more trip tomorrow. Everyone here came to help unload, even Saral and David.' I remember this well. David Bohm tried to help and I was terrified [*S laughs*] that he would drop something.

S: I know. I frequently saw him at Brockwood helping to dry dishes, and it was frightening to watch him try to do anything like that.

M: His hands just are like gloves, mittens really.

S: Exactly, yes, and not really made for doing anything physical.

M: David picked up a lamp to move it into the house, and I thought, oh my god.

S: Yes. [*Laughs*.]

M: But it was alright; he made it. [*Laughs.*] 'Everyone here helped unload most wonderfully. Krishnaji came toward the end. Everything was just piled in the house. Tomorrow, I will start unpacking and arranging. I fell asleep at the dinner table again and went to bed. Coming back to the Lilliefelts' to sleep, Krishnaji again said, "It is a marvelous house." At supper, Krishnaji questioned the qualities of the teachers in the school. Where do we find people? What is happening to Americans?'

March nineteenth. 'I worked in the cottage all day, putting Krishnaji's clothes in closets, etcetera. Krishnaji held another meeting with parents and staff in the Pavilion. Lou Blau came with Evelyne to lunch at what we are trying to call "the Old House" instead of Arya Vihara as the latter name seems to upset some people.' That never took. [*S laughs.*]

S: Why did it upset anybody?

M: Because it means "abode of the Aryans," you see. Vihara means house or home, where you live, and…

S: Arya was Aryans. Yes.

M: [*chuckles*] Yes, but it was named that before the Nazi era, and the Aryans it refers to are the early Aryans who brought what became Sanskrit and Hinduism into India. 'Krishnaji says it meant an abode of noble people, but that is off-putting, too. So, it is *the Old House*. Pine Cottage remains as is. An office building was decided to be "the guest house." Lou talked with Evelyne, Erna, and me on various things, including trustee insurance, and saw the cottage. Elfriede, Fred, and Lori with a van and truck brought the next things from Malibu, including the tubs of camellias and other shrubs. They seem living parts of Malibu, and I was glad to have them follow us here. They are friends. The ficus with its hummingbird nest came, but its little occupant had flown. I spoke to my brother in New York about selling more stock for the final house payments, etcetera. Krishnaji slept all afternoon and walked up with Theo just as I was locking the house. Everything sits in clumps, but the beginnings of order are there. My bed fits the room just as I'd hoped.' [*Laughs.*] That was my electric bed.

S: Yes, yes.

M: The twentieth. I worked all day in the cottage. Krishnaji's room is in order. I made up our beds. My brother telephoned about stock sale. In afternoon, Krishnaji held a meeting with teachers in the Old House. We had supper at the Lilliefelts' and then came over to the cottage, and stepped through the door of the old part of the cottage'—that was into what was Krishnaji's sitting room—'to live for good.**[2]** We have moved in. Krishnaji asked me to leave him alone for a few minutes in my room, to do whatever it is to bring a certain wordless something to that room: protection, blessing. He asked, "Do you feel the

atmosphere?" I did, and I felt it even more in his room. So, we sleep in this house, blessed by Krishnaji, his life here and his presence.'



Krishnaji's bedroom (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)



The entry into Krishnaji's sitting room through which he and Mary entered "to live for good" (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The next day, 'Erna helped me all day unpacking kitchen things. All sorts of things don't work properly. The heat, both radiant and air, faucets in my bathroom, etcetera. Max worked on all of them; an electrician, a plumber, etcetera, worked too. Margrete continued painting the design on the shutters. Krishnaji held a discussion with teachers at the Old House. Renée Weber is here to interview Krishnaji for a new magazine called *Revision*. We all lunched at the Old House' [*laughs*]; this "Old House" business won't

last.' [*S chuckles.*] 'For supper, Krishnaji and I had our first meal in our kitchen brought over by Michael. Helen Brew in Los Angeles wants to discuss an education film with Krishnaji when we get to Brockwood. Rajagopal telephoned the office, leaving a message for Krishnaji to call him.'

March twenty-second, 'I worked all day unpacking in the cottage. Krishnaji gave an interview to Renée Weber for magazine *Revision*.'



Various shots of the new living room (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The next day, 'I worked on putting things in order. The house still swarms with furnace and heating men, stone masons, etcetera. Krishnaji returned Rajagopal's telephone call with Erna and I in the room. Rajagopal said he wanted to see him. Krishnaji asked what he wanted to talk about. Rajagopal said, "For your own good and mine" he wanted a two-hour talk alone. Krishnaji said that unless it was about Rajagopal's returning everything to Krishnaji, as he had said in his cable from Madras, there was nothing for them to

discuss. Rajagopal hung up. He had stressed "for your good," which sounded like a threat. Krishnaji asked him if he were taping the conversation.' In the past when Krishnaji or I had called, Rajagopal always said "One minute, one minute, one minute" and you knew he was going to turn on…or at least you suspected, he was turning on a recording device. This went on, even before the break. 'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held the first discussion in this house, the trustees, teachers, the Bohms, the Hookers, Frances McCann—just arrived from Brockwood—and Sidney Field.'

March twenty-fourth. 'Elfriede came, and worked thoroughly at cleaning and helping unpack. Max continues work on the doors, etcetera. The carpenter, John, is still working, and Robert is still painting. There was an Indian actor and lady to lunch at Arya Vihara. By evening, almost everything was clean and in order.'

March twenty-fifth. 'It was a warm, beautiful day. I finished putting things away in my bathroom, hung pictures, etcetera. Margrete is doing blue and white shutters for the kitchen and dining room. In the afternoon, Krishnaji held another teacher discussion at which, for the most part, only David Moody talked. Others sat in silence, which Krishnaji feels is pointless. There is a strong atmosphere in the living room, and it holds that number of discussers easily. The acoustics are good when there is a crowd. We went for a walk to the dip, and after'—do you know where the dip is?

S: Yes. On Grand Avenue.

M: Yes. March twenty-sixth. 'My upper lip is swollen. Alain telephoned to wish happy Easter, so I told him about my lip and he prescribed homeopathic apis, which helped a bit. I talked to Wooge, my stepfather, at the Vineyard. Mar de Manziarly lunched with us at Arya Vihara and stayed for the 4 o'clock discussion Krishnaji had with teachers. Margrete completed the blue and white shutters for the dining/kitchen area. It looks very nice, slightly Matisse.' [*S chuckles.*] 'I spoke to Blanche Mathias about lunching with her in San Francisco on April twenty-fourth.'

There isn't much the next day, but on March twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji and I drove to Los Angeles via the Ventura freeway. Krishnaji had a haircut at noon, after which we lunched at the farmer's market, and bought Benes cakes'—oh, there was a wonderful bakery, a Hungarian bakery called Benes. 'We went to Design Research'—that was a very good store of modern furniture—'for a wall clock, but they didn't have one I liked. And then to Giselle for my fittings on Indian clothes. We came back to Malibu. The house looks beautiful in spite of its emptiness. Its serenity is untouched. Lori was cutting the grass. Elfriede had everything clean; the remaining tubs of plants are nicely distributed, but part of the lawn has sunk a bit, and a large crack is in the cement terrace. We went over to the Dunnes', and Phil reminded me that that part of the lawn is on fill from when we first moved earth in the house building in 1953. We stayed with Amanda and Phil briefly. We came back to Ojai, Krishnaji driving his usual portion of the way and went to the "Old House" to greet David Shainberg, arrived from New York and staying there till April tenth. We came back to the cottage for supper. Krishnaji is concerned that there is less vitality in the U.S. Foundation. He is afraid it may peter out.'

March twenty-ninth. ‘There was a light rain. Krishnaji talked to Erna and me about the adult center activities. Also, it was decided that, because of the predicted weather, this weekend’s Ojai public talks will have to be held in Nordhoff School and Gymnasium. Krishnaji, Max, and I walked in the afternoon.’

There isn’t much the next day, but on March thirty-first, ‘there was rain again. Elfriede came and cleaned. Carlson says another old pipe broke near the point, so he turned off the valve.’

S: This is the Malibu property.

M: Yes, Malibu. ‘After lunch, Krishnaji, Erna, Evelyne, and I talked with Saral and David about David’s retirement plans and the time he might spend here. Krishnaji and I took a short walk.’



Two shots of the new kitchen/dining room (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The first of April. ‘The sun was out, but the Oak Grove was still too wet to be used. So, Krishnaji gave his first Ojai talk in Nordhoff High School Gymnasium. Not a bad place, but “not as nice as under the trees,” said Krishnaji, a little wistfully. “I don’t know what to talk about,” he said on the way over. Then, as usual, it came to him and he spoke of the pressure of language. “It uses us, not we using it,” and the pressure of ideals. We came back and had our first meal in the cottage dining room. Krishnaji, Shainberg, and I walked on Thacher Road. After our supper in the cottage, I went over to the Old House. Carol and Joe Zorski are there from Brockwood. Michael Mendizza showed slides he had taken of Krishnaji at a teacher discussion and used over Krishnaji’s voice—a sample for possible use in libraries, universities, etcetera.’

April second. ‘A clear day, but Krishnaji’s second Ojai talk also needs to be in the Nordhoff Gym. A stupendous one. An intense key talk. Krishnaji making razor-subtle points of thought being always old, knowledge being the past, thought being able to see

its limitations without making it a thought product. It seemed that stop of thought lets insight and intelligence in. So, seeing is where insight and intelligence take over.' I think that's…

S: …fundamental.

M: Yes, that's the word. [*Chuckles.*] 'Thought doesn't carry its seeing, its limitations on; if it did, that would still be thought. This is the razor edge of transition out of thought, when insight takes over.' I don't know why people don't see that. [*S chuckles*.] 'We lunched alone in the cottage. Erna, Lou Blau, and I had a telephone discussion about my purchase of this place.'

April third. 'I talked to Mitchell Booth about the purchase agreement and later signed it. We lunched at the Old House. John Alcorn, a man with cancer who has left everything to KFA, sat next to Krishnaji and came over to the cottage afterward. Alan Hooker came with a ceanothus plant; Alasdair Coyne and Denise from Brockwood prepared the soil along the path for planting.'

The next day. 'It was cloudy on awakening. Rain soon began. Telephoned Frances McCann to thank her for a very generous present for the house, cash instead of the rug she had bought, which didn't look right, and Krishnaji wants to use the money to make an outdoor table using the Malibu tiles.' It's out there. I had brought some extra tiles up from Malibu. 'Frances suggested the Art Center on Montgomery Street for today's public discussion. We were to have used Libbey Park, as Nordhoff Gym is unavailable, but the rain refused. So, with immense effort on the part of all helpers, it was moved to the Art Center. Though a small, gloomy building, it produced a good, closer atmosphere. Krishnaji gave an intense exposition of "the observer is the observed." In the car, coming back, he said, "My, I put a lot of energy into that." I had made lunch, and we asked Max to join us. Krishnaji slept afterward, and I struggled with a mountain of paper at the desk. We walked on Thacher Road, ran into Bill Angelos and, of course, Ms. McGarrity.' Ms. McGarrity, I don't think has appeared in this, hasn't she?

S: I can't remember.

M: She's a character from ancient times; an old lady who knew that Krishnaji used to, when he lived here before my time, walk up over the bridge, you know, on McAndrew Road. So she would be there waiting.

S: Ah, ha.

M: …so, 'ran into McGarrity, who has resumed her old waitings at the bridge for him to pass. On the walk, he asked me if the people this morning understood; what impression they got out of it. I said the serious ones seemed to listen intensely. Some seemed to see it, but from what one or two others said, it seemed to slip away. "Observer is the observed" is *the* way to put it, Krishnaji's own, but perhaps harder for most to grasp. Krishnaji asked, "*how else?*" I said, psychological terminology is inferior, and not his,

but people mostly seem to understand *projection*; the mind *projects* its accumulated thoughts and knowledge onto what it observes; it colors it with that, and thereby, doesn't see. He said he would use the word projection.' He never did. [*M and S chuckle.*] 'We came back in time to watch Walter Cronkite and the news. In the evening, suddenly, while watching a Hitchcock movie on television, Krishnaji said, "I must've been born this way, able to see directly. I have never been through all that." (Thought, images, division)' in parentheses.

S: Those are your parentheses?

M: Those are my parentheses.

S: Alright.

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Unusually, in Mary's small daily diary, she has a slightly different version of the following: 'Krishnaji asked, "How does he know all this?"' And Mary says after reading this, "He's talking about himself" [chuckles].

M: '"What makes me see all this?" I suggested that he never thinks about all these matters except when he's talking seriously. He nodded.'

April fifth. 'I woke up early, happily. A clear, beautiful morning, a lovely way to wake up. Krishnaji and I drove to Carpinteria taking Alan Hooker, with Alasdair Coyne following in Alan Hooker's truck. At Carpinteria Nursery we chose plants for around the cottage, pittosporum, podocarpus, vinka, etcetera. Krishnaji and I came back in time for lunch. In the afternoon, Alasdair, with an all-Brockwood team of helpers—Denise, Adrian, and Matthew—planted everything. Frode came in, too. Krishnaji said of the visit to the nursery, "I get absolutely vague." He had to retreat to the shade of the car after a bit; the sun was too bright. But, he was pleased by the beauty of the hills and the full waters of Lake Casitas. The rains have furred the hills with green as we have never seen them. The ceanothus was in bloom everywhere, and pink and wild flowers grew on steep banks, etcetera.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji's second public discussion was held at Libbey Park. It was cold, but the rain held off till later. It was not a good discussion. Pressure was the main subject, but contentious people kept it from going well. In the afternoon, at 4 p.m., Nathan and Dorothy Shainberg (David Shainberg's parents) and David Shainberg came for tea with Krishnaji.'



Krishnaji's sitting room with the couch on which Mary sat for most of the interviews (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

April seventh. 'Elfriede brought some of the cushions recovered in chintz for the big sofa**[3]**. She also stowed things in cupboards in my study so that some semblance of order began in there, and I can begin to function at the desk, which is a horror of papers. Countless people were at lunch at the Old House. The Hookers helped Michael do a Mexican meal; I don't know how they managed so many. I fetched Krishnaji's gold watch from the safe deposit box. His other one has gone to Patek in Geneva for cleaning, etcetera. After lunch, we went to the Green Thumb Nursery in Ventura for another floribunda rose, Charisma'—that's the name of the rose—'and other flowers for planter's pots outside Krishnaji's bathroom. Krishnaji came back from a short walk as I returned and helped unload the car. He said, "In spite of all the people working, do you feel the atmosphere of this house? It is extraordinary." He is pleased for me, and this is that feeling of sunlight.'

April eighth. 'There was snow on Topa Topa, some sun, but mostly cloud. Charles Moore and John Rubel and his wife came to see the house at 9:30 a.m. Charles has not seen it since the tile floor went in. Alasdair came and planted the plants I bought yesterday. So, the little bed of flowers outside Krishnaji's bathroom looks bright and pretty. The third talk was held in the Nordhoff football field, with Krishnaji on a small stand in front of the bleachers, a shelter over his head from the sun, but not from a rather sharp wind. The electricity failed just as we arrived. Ted and others rushed to cope. After a wait, it came on. I made the announcements. Krishnaji spoke further on pressure and toward the end asked how the whole of consciousness can be seen—only when the mind is quiet, without thought, can this be seen. We lunched alone. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon, while the rest of us held a trustees meeting. Lou Blau came and went over all the legal explanations, etcetera, of my buying this place. He left and we continued for over three hours. Cynthia Wood's resignation as a trustee was accepted, and she was made an

honorary trustee, with whom reports, etcetera, will be shared, but she will have no responsibility. Her generosity in donations has been immense, according to Evelyne. She has given larger sums to KFA than anything else, but one wonders about her understanding of Krishnaji. Recently she said to Evelyne, "Krishnaji is such an egotist that he does all the talking in public discussions." At the end of the day, I was weary of people.'

S: Hm. That's understandable.

M: April ninth. 'At last, a beautiful day. Krishnaji gave the fourth public talk in Ojai at Libbey Park Bowl. Alan Kishbaugh had lunch with us in the cottage. Then, at 4 p.m., we had to tea Dr. and Madame Questiau, Madame Jacqueline Marco, Frances McCann, Ruth McCandless, Maris Lindley, the Hookers, Sarjit Siddoo, Verna Kreuger, Evelyne, the Lilliefelts, Alan Kishbaugh, and Max. There was enthusiasm over the house. Krishnaji went for a walk with Max. *Finalmente***[4]**, we had supper quietly. Krishnaji said, "What a strange life, talking all the time."' [*Both chuckle very quietly*.]

The next day, 'in the afternoon, I took the gray Mercedes to Dieter for the 9,000-mile service and came back to Ojai in a rental car.

On the eleventh, 'Krishnaji held the third public discussion in Libbey Park Bowl. Max lunched with us. Sarjit Siddoo talked with Krishnaji in the afternoon about Wolf Lake School and the plans for next week.'

April twelfth. 'In the rental car, I went to Oxnard, returned it and picked up the gray Mercedes, which had its 9,000-mile service and drove inland to Beverly Hills. My hair was thoroughly and well cut. I did miscellaneous errands and drove back to Ojai by 5 p.m., passing Malibu, unable to stop. I knew the Dunnes weren't home. Krishnaji was walking down the drive as I came in, pleased at the sound of the Mercedes motor; he could tell it had been tuned.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I went over to the Old House to a tea party for "interested people" arranged by Evelyne. Today she went to see Rajagopal and will tell us about it tomorrow.'

The thirteenth of April. 'Krishnaji's fourth public discussion held in Libbey Park Bowl. These are arduous for him; it's as if he had to lift the whole weight of the audience's mind. We lunched alone; and then Evelyne, Alan Kishbaugh, and the Lilliefelts came; and Evelyne reported on her meeting with Rajagopal. It was at his invitation after she initially suggested they meet. It was held in the K & R office living room. She had never met him before. Her initial impression was: old, shuffling, unable to find the light switch, dressed in a sort of velour windbreaker and slippers, sat in silence, putting it on her to explain why she came. So, she described building plans, etcetera, and wondered if K & R could contribute.' [*M and S laugh.*] 'He listened, questioned her on details of the positions of the buildings, etcetera, then took over the conversation, and described his martyrdom.' [*Both chuckle lightly*.] 'He said he is faithful to the "real" Krishnamurti. He had been vilified. He said, "You will get it all when I am dead, but only over my dead body," and said he must settle "personal matters" with Krishnaji. She was there one-and-

three-quarters hours. It ended with his agreement to think over whether he could contribute anything, within the rules of K & R. Erna says that he can't because we hedged him in so thoroughly in the settlement. He can only use funds as it specifies, i.e., for donations of books to libraries, etcetera. In the afternoon, Ralph Gardner took photographs of Krishnaji.' [*M laughs.*] His martyrdom! [*Both chuckle lightly*.]





The walk into and out of Pine Cottage past the Pepper Tree (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The next day. ‘Bud telephoned, and we discussed business things. He and Lisa will be in Europe in June. Elfriede came and unpacked the remaining books, and I will have to sort them, but at least they are on shelves. The Fundación members came to see Krishnaji—Alfonso Colón, Armando Riesco, Juan Colell came, bringing Sylvia Cardenas, publisher of *Orion*, Hugo Baldi of Argentina, and Racquel Drassinower. There was the usual Fundación problems. Later, Krishnaji and I walked to the dip and back. It was cold and gray. The paper says it snowed from Scotland to the Channel and London had nineteen-degree weather.’

April fifteenth. ‘There was rain all day. Krishnaji gave the fifth public talk in Nordhoff High School Gymnasium, a great and deeply moving one. He was tired afterward from the energy he put into it. We lunched alone, and he slept till 5 p.m. At 4:30 p.m., there was a tea for all who had worked setting up the talks at the Old House, and Krishnaji came briefly. While there, I was telephoned by Jackie Kornfeld at Tuxedo Park at the suggestion of Maris Lindley. Jackie is in great pain at the death of Joe, her husband. I talked to her at length. When I came back to the cottage, I told Krishnaji about it, and he spoke to her. It is rare for him to talk on the telephone, and especially about such serious things. He talked at some length.’

April sixteenth. ‘It was clear in the morning. Krishnaji’s sixth Ojai talk was again in Nordhoff Gymnasium, an extraordinary one. The audience sat silent and transfixed at the end, many in tears, as was I. There was a sense of something overwhelming, sacred; of his having spoken from the depth of truth. When we reached McAndrew Road, hail fell and then a downpour of rain. We had to change our clothes after just going from the garage to the house. Toodie had been at the talk and came for lunch, bringing her daughter Zoë. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon while Toodie talked to me about her problems, and what to do. Rain poured all afternoon. Ralph Gardner came again and photographed Krishnaji. Toodie and Zoë left. Then Evelyne, Erna, and Michael Mendizza came and talked to me about the plan for which Evelyne says she can raise funds from sources outside the Foundation mailing list, to have Mendizza do an hour-long 16mm film on Krishnaji. He will go to Canada this week, and later Saanen, Brockwood, and India. He looks on it as a sort of biography of Krishnaji, using stills and views of past places in Krishnaji’s life, intercut with the footage of present talks, etcetera. He seems intelligent and capable but might attempt too much: reference to the pepper tree and how to bring that in, an area I would be cautious in touching. The rain finally stopped, and Krishnaji and I took a short walk.’

The next day says, ‘desk work, to the bank about opening a Krishnaji account for Ms. Dodge’s trust money. I also sent Narayan airfare to England and back. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw Carol Kinsey about a study she is doing at JFK College on consciousness, drugs, etcetera. We walked with Erna. Krishnaji finished the *Avalanche Express* thriller.’ [*S chuckles.*]

S: Alright, we’ve run out of tape for today.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This interview took place at Pine Cottage.

[2] It seems poignant to me that they entered "to live for good" through the original front door of Pine Cottage rather than the new front door of the expanded Pine Cottage. It is also through this door that Krishnaji left for the last time, after his death.

[3] Mary then says, "That's these," indicating the sofa in Krishnaji's sitting room where we conducted the interviews.

[4] "Finally" in Italian.

Issue 51: April 18, 1978 to May 25, 1978

The strange series of experiences Krishnaji underwent that came to be called "the process" and which began in 1922 occurred again in 1961 and 1962 when Krishnaji was staying with Vanda. She had made notes of those events, but had kept them to herself. In this issue, Vanda reads out her notes to Mary and Mary Lutyens, the person Vanda knew Krishnaji had asked to be his biographer. The next day, Vanda dictated large segments of her notes to Mary to send on to Mary Lutyens for the second volume of her biography of Krishnaji, *Krishnamurti: The Years of Fulfilment.* However, Mary's account of Vanda's notes in Mary's diary feels more intimate. If, as Mary and I suspected, Vanda's notes were subsequently lost, then Mary's notes on Vanda's account are the best record we have of these important events.

Mary: Alright, we're beginning this on April eighteenth, 1978.

Scott: That's correct.

M: Yes, well, Krishnaji and I were in Ojai, and my diary says, 'Krishnaji and I packed some luggage, and left in the morning in the gray Mercedes with Theo to Malibu. We had a light lunch in the dining room there, and Elfriede had'—[*chuckles*]. You don't want details about…

S: Yes, we do.

M: No.

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'Elfriede fixed the teak game table with a tablecloth.' You see, all the furniture had gone up to Ojai.

S: Oh, that's right.

M: Yes.

S: You see, now, these are important details.

M: No, they're *not*! [*S chuckles, then M chuckles*.] I'll never agree with you on this. Well, anyway, she fixed it. 'And we had a couple of folding chairs and the kitchen stool, so we had our lunch. We continued on to the IRS office in West Los Angeles for Krishnaji's tax clearance, required before he can leave the country. We went on to Westwood Village for a reading renewal for Krishnaji, at Winky's.' Winky was my friend who worked in the bookstore. She's been identified earlier.

S: Yes.

M: And I got an Indian art book for Margrete Wilhelm.' That was Fritz Wilhelm's wife, and she had been very nice and done the painted shutters in the house.

S: I remember she did those.

M: Anyway, I apparently got her an Indian art book, and 'also the all-important detectives for Krishnaji.' [*S chuckles*.] 'We drove back to Malibu, where Krishnaji and I remained and Theo drove the gray car back to Ojai. I went over to see Amanda and Phil Dunne. The Dunnes' garden, mine, and our canyon never looked so beautiful. The rains had made everything bloom, the wildflowers, every leaf was a deep green. It was especially beautiful. The house was very beautiful by itself with almost no furniture. It is serene and blessed. It feels like my very skin.'

S: Oh, how nice.

M: Krishnaji had been worried that it was painful for me to leave the house. It wasn't, but I think we recorded it earlier, he had said that the house feels abandoned, which broke me up.

S: I know.

M: But, it was alright, you see. 'There is still a bed in each of the two bedrooms, a few dishes, towels, etcetera, so Krishnaji and I could have supper as always, and spend the night there. Krishnaji said that this morning, in Ojai, meditation came when he woke up early at 3:00 a.m.'

April nineteenth. 'Woke up to the soft ocean sounds, and the quail came bustling across the lawn. The lawn has sagged curiously in places. So much rain seems to have caused it to settle. Krishnaji said, "I'm glad they chose you to look after me."' [*S chuckles*.] And then he went on, '"It might've been someone else."' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: *No!*

M: Of course, there would've been a queue for that.

S: Exactly.

M: 'He said, "This room must've had many happy and unhappy times for you." I saw the Roman nails in the beams and remembered how Sam had found them in Ostia Antica and told me to take them back and put them in the Malibu house so it will last a thousand years.' That's true. They were all Roman nails.

S: Oh, wonderful. Did you leave them there in the house?

M: Of course, but I don't know whether that house still exists.

S: Yes.

M: I don't know. I don't go down there anymore because the Dunnes don't live next door. 'I told this to Krishnaji, and he said, "Why don't you take one out, and put it in the house in Ojai?"'

S: That's exactly what I was thinking. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Well, they, they were big, you know…

S: Yes.

M: …big, fat…I don't know how I would have gotten them out. I would have had to hire a carpenter to pull them out.

S: Yes, they probably would have had to be sawn out. [*M chuckles*.] I know what those old Roman nails are like.

M: 'We had breakfast. I took the green car down for gas, etcetera, and came back to go with Krishnaji and Alan Kishbaugh, who drove us to the airport. Krishnaji and I flew at noon to Seattle. We arrived at 2 p.m., and had a two-hour wait before taking Pacific Air West to Victoria. The vegetarian lunch was so poor that we had a salad in the airport, some ice cream, and a Danish. Krishnaji had never heard of that'—a Danish [*S chuckles*] —'but it was what came when he wanted a sweet biscuit. He spoke again about a Roman nail from Malibu for Ojai, and said, "When we came there yesterday, I felt Mr. Zimbalist."'

S: Mmmm. How nice.

M: Yes. 'We reached Victoria at 5 p.m., and both Siddoo sisters met us. We drove to their school by the sea. Krishnaji met only a few of the teachers and students and went right to bed. I brought his supper on a tray, and now I must sleep.'

The next day. 'Jackie and Sarjit gave me a tour of the place. It has well-kept gardens, lovely places above the shore, and the lapping sound of water is dear to my island blood. They have two cows, and a newborn heifer; and the school has more milk and its own butter than it can use. The milk tastes like milk.'

'At 11 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to students and staff on what a school is all about: learning, freedom, and what they mean. The ten students are nice-seeming children, seem at home, and pleasantly say good morning to you. There is a please-ing and thank-you-ing, and they listened to Krishnaji. The meeting was videotaped by the school and by local TV, and Michael Mendizza is here to begin his filming of Krishnaji, which is to continue at Saanen, Brockwood, India, and Ojai next spring. Krishnaji had lunch with the children at one table, and took a nap till 3 p.m. After that we went in one car with Jackie and Sarjit, a second car following with Michael Mendizza, Terry (the handyman at the school), and

Mary Whitehouse (who tends to various things at Wolf Lake itself, which is a possible place for the school).' They owned two places; actually, they owned vast forests. But, they are distressing forests because every tree is the same size. In other words…

S: Yes. It's all reforested and replanted.

M: Yes.

S: I know. That never feels natural.

M: It doesn't look like a forest.

S: No. I know.

M: It looks like…I don't know what.

S: Yes, a tree farm.

M: A tree farm, although it was beautiful, and the trees were quite big.

S: Yes.

M: I think that their father was in the lumber business. So, they owned that, and then they also owned the place where the school is, which was separate, on the ocean, which is beautiful. Anyway, 'Wolf Lake is several miles into a thick forest, logged thirty years ago, and now thickly wooded with Douglas firs and alder. We had to walk in to see the lake, which is about a mile long, and we walked to the end, a two-mile walk each way for Krishnaji, which he stood very well; and he chided me for suggesting to the Siddoos that it was a bit much for him. I feel, rather, enclosed in the woods without space: the trees crowding in. It would not be my choice, but Krishnaji tends to like large pieces of land. This one is 5,000 acres. He speaks of not only a school, but a college, an *enormous* outlay when it would probably cost half a million just to bring in the electricity before the cost of the road, clearing, building, etcetera. "One mustn't think of the money, but whether it is right."' [*Chuckles.*]

S: That's so like him. [*Laughs*.]

M: Yes, and it always left the rest of us thinking, what will we do? [*S chuckles.*] 'The two sisters Siddoo listened willingly. Jackie seemed prepared to go to any length. Sarjit looks more to the practical side. It would be a tremendous undertaking. I wonder if they're up to it and have the energy to do it. They are not young, but Krishnaji's visions are undaunted.'

April twenty-first. 'It's a gray day. Krishnaji spoke to the staff in the morning. After lunch, Saral and David arrived. He has been lecturing in Vancouver. The plan was to go to the Butchart Gardens, but it rained. So, Krishnaji talked all afternoon with Jackie and

Sarjit about the school, the rules for it, etcetera. A Mr. and Mrs. Eric Smith—he is on the board of the Krishnaji educational center of Canada and is the Siddoos' financial adviser,' um, 'he came with the Bohms.' I must stop saying "um."

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Obviously, Mary's "ums" have been edited out, as well as most of the little asides Mary and I had. However, Mary and I had such fun in these discussions, and there was so much joking between us, that it seems only right that readers have some sense of the affectionate humor that pervaded these discussions, so a couple are included in this issue.

S: [*laughs*] It doesn't matter.

M: It does. It sounds horrible.

S: And they all get transcribed, so they're down there for posterity. [*Laughs.*]

M: That's the trouble; that's what bothers me.

April twenty-second. 'Krishnaji spoke to the children alone. I did letters. In the afternoon, there was a little sun, so, with the Siddoos, we walked around the grounds while Michael Mendizza filmed Krishnaji in 16mm with a Beaulieu movie camera for his film project. Down along the gray pebble beach, there were beautiful driftwood logs and again that gentle lapping sound at the edge of the sea. Krishnaji said to me, "One should only come here in summer." He feels the cold here, which must be because he is tired. In the evening, a tooth hurt him. He put oil of cloves on it and tried pressure on it with the first joint of his index finger, suggested to relieve tooth aches by Terry, the handyman here, a believer in such.' [*Both chuckle.*]

The next day, it just says, 'Krishnaji spoke to the whole school plus guests.'

That brings us to the twenty-fourth, and in the little diary it says, 'We left Wolf Lake School at 9 a.m. Jackie and Sarjit drove us to Victoria Airport, where Krishnaji and I took the 10:15 a.m. Pacific Air West flight to Seattle, changed to Western Airline, and flew to Los Angeles, where Alan K. met us and drove us to Malibu. We put our bags in the green Mercedes and Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai, arriving about 5 p.m.'

And in the big book it says the same thing.

S: Well, it won't be word-for-word; there must be some word you changed. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: You would like the punctuation too? [*Laughter*.]

S: No, I'll just throw that in willy-nilly. [*Chuckles.*]

M: 'We left Wolf Lake School, and at 9 a.m., Sarjit and Jackie took us to the airport. We flew Pacific West flight to Seattle' (comma) [*S laughs*], 'changed to Western Airline' (comma) [*S laughs*], 'and flew to Los Angeles' (full stop). [*Both laugh*.] 'Krishnaji liked the new plane.'

S: You see! That's a new detail.

M: …'and they served an acceptable vegetable lunch.'

S: You see, there's another new detail.

M: Oh, posterity will thank you for all this. [*S laughs.*] 'Alan K. met us and drove us to Malibu. Krishnaji and I changed to the green Mercedes and drove to Ojai, arriving about 5 p.m. Krishnaji feels the Siddoos don't really know what it is all about.'

S: You see, that's a *very* important detail [*both laugh*] because Krishnaji turns out to have been very right.

M: He was right in all such things. 'He doesn't intend going back there. He did a thorough job there, but neither of the sisters, as he calls them, really understand what is needed, nor has a clue.'

April twenty-fifth. 'John Rubel came with Salvador Juarez'—he was the stone mason. 'We wrestled over placement of the Malibu ocean rocks.' Oh, I brought up those rocks.

S: I know which ones.

M: To me, they're beautiful sculpture, sculpted by sand and waves.

S: Yes.

M: 'So we placed them in a pool in the patio. The shower doors were put in the bathrooms. I worked all day in the house and at the desk without lunch.'

April twenty-sixth, 'The Jøtul Norwegian stove'—the one in the dining room, like the one at Brockwood—'was installed and looks very nice. Krishnaji says it gives a country look.' Which it does, I think. 'I worked all day at the desk, trying to figure out the final costs on this house. In the evening, we watched TV, and something came up that made me ask Krishnaji if mankind's impulse toward religion is a plea to make things better, or something deeply inherent. He replied, "I think it is inherent."'

S: The impulse is inherent?

M: Yes.

The twenty-seventh says, 'There was an all-day-long trustee meeting. Before it, I telephoned my brother to sell some stock to be able to pay the remaining bills on the house. Krishnaji came to the meeting and made a statement on the future use of Pine Cottage when he and I are dead. It's not to be lived in, but used as a study place, library, for quiet study of the teachings. Last night, Rosalind R. telephoned Mark that she is selling the old Weideman property adjoining her house, and offered the KFA first refusal: two acres with two houses in bad repair. Cost $110,000.'

S: What's the Weideman House?

M: I think it's what we now call the Maris Lindley House, but it once belonged to someone in the distant past called Willie Weideman. I never knew him; he was before my time.

S: Ah. But how did Lindley get it if KFA bought it?

M: I don't know. I don't remember. Did we buy it? Well, it says we're buying it; I don't know if we did. We'll see. 'We debated it at the meeting, and decided KFA should buy it. Her agent tried to raise the price, but in the end, she said, "You should have it." So we are buying it. We must raise the money, as we have only enough for the two buildings Max is building at the school. The old Logan house is also for sale. We should buy that too for $165,000, but haven't any money. Much discussion too about publications, with much criticism of the choices of material for books…all this went on till after 5 p.m. It was wearisome. Alasdair came about planting plants.' There were two houses, and I've never been clear. The Old Logan House is somewhere up there, but I've never been up there.

S: Up there where the office is now?

M: No. Up Horn Canyon.

S: Oh, up Horn Canyon?

M: Yes.

S: But, that's not the Logan that was Krishnaji's friend, is it?

M: Yes, yes, that's the Logan. But I don't know…one was the Weideman house and one was the Logan house. I don't know how Lindley got it. She must've bought it. She wanted to be close to Arya Vihara…

S: Yes.

M: …and she bought it.

April twenty-eighth. 'Up early to work at the desk. I paid the insurance bills. At 10 a.m., Erna came with Mr. Brown, an insurance man, and we went over policies of all the

properties here on McAndrew Road, KFA's share and mine. Elfriede came to clean and Mr. Schwartz brought new lampshades. Michael Mendizza filmed on 16mm a discussion in the living room between Krishnaji, Fritz, Mark, Evelyne, Alan, David Moody, and Laura Martin and Carol someone. In the afternoon, he filmed Krishnaji walking in the Oak Grove and also speaking briefly to the camera. I went to the bank with Erna and Ruth to sign before a notary the agreement between KFA and me and the transfer of the title of the McAndrew Road property to me.' This was a complicated maneuver that Louis Blau thought of, which was supposed to save me capital gain on selling my Malibu house.

S: Right.

M: …which never worked in the end because you need to sell the one before buying the other within eighteen months, and it took me longer than that to sell Malibu.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Anyway, Louis Blau thought up all this and in order to bring this about, I had to own all this property on McAndrew Road. I had to buy it, which I did. Well, eventually, I gave it all back. But that was what we went to the bank about. Yes, it says: 'All this is carefully worked out by Lou Blau. I pay $10,000 now and owe an additional $165,000, and I pay seven-and-three-fourths percent till I pay that off. I lease Arya Vihara and the orange groves to KFA and then give back the whole thing, retaining a life tenancy. I gave Elfriede instructions about Malibu as I won't be able to go there Tuesday as planned. Too much to do here. Another nonstop busy day,' it says.

April twenty-ninth. 'I slept well, and was busy all day in the house and at the desk. Max's brother Alan Tansill came to lunch at the Old House. I gave Erna a check to buy this place. Krishnaji, Mark, and I walked in the afternoon. Alasdair Coyne planted vines under the trellis and we moved the Malibu tubs of camellias up to the north patio, where they look lovely. Krishnaji is very pleased and kept going to look at them.' [*Chuckles*.]

The next day, 'I was busy all day in house. Rosalind Rajagopal reneged on the sale of the Weideman house by trying to raise the price to $115,000 and higher interest and retaining mineral right. She told Mark, "I have so many trustees," a lie because it doesn't belong to Happy Valley; it is her personal property. We won't pay what she now asks and with those conditions. Krishnaji dictated a statement to go in the minutes of last Thursday's trustee meeting about the use of Pine Cottage when he and I are dead. No one is to live here. It is to be a library, "a place of study and meditation, as carefully explained in my teachings." I spoke on the telephone to the Dunnes.'

May first. 'I worked at the desk. Krishnaji washed the green car with Ted's help.'

May second. 'Amanda and Phil came to see the house for the first time and for lunch with us in the cottage. It was a joy to have them here. They clearly like the house, and Krishnaji was pleased by this reaction. He noted Amanda explaining it, and the

extraordinary atmosphere in the living room. It was a beautiful day. It was a clear day, and the air was laced with orange blossoms. It was perfect for their first visit, and first meal with us here. Later, Krishnaji washed the gray Mercedes. I had to keep working at the desk. I was up till 4 a.m. this morning on this. I finally figured out the cost of this house.'

The next day, 'I telephoned my stepfather, then started packing. Alasdair came in the afternoon and planted the herb garden by the back patio, also rock roses on the east bank. Dieter came and put the two cars up on jacks; drained the tanks and removed the batteries.' Dieter is the Mercedes garage person. 'Then, Krishnaji and I fastened old sheets over them.'

S: So, they stayed in the garage here?

M: Yes, and they were always prepared for our long time away.

May fourth. 'We were up at 5 a.m. Mark rang to say that Rajagopal had telephoned him last night, saying he had to speak to Krishnaji. Mark said Krishnaji is leaving this morning. Rajagopal said he would telephone through the office at 9 a.m. Krishnaji had me ring him. I said Krishnaji was calling. He thanked me rather unctuously. Krishnaji came on, and the conversation was short. All that was said was that Rajagopal sent his love and that he had not had the privilege of seeing him this year. Krishnaji said he accepted that. Mark had the school van to drive Krishnaji, Max, and me to the Los Angeles Airport. Everyone, the Lilliefelts, Fritz, Margrete (his wife), Michael Krohnen, Ted Cartee, Carl Marcus, and some others saw us off. Krishnaji wanted to go along the sea, and as we neared Malibu, Mark asked if I wanted to stop at the house. Krishnaji said, "Let's!" and we slowed. Elfriede was working with Lori along the driveway, thinking to see us pass. We drove in, and went into the house, Max seeing it for the first time, and I saw the partial cleanup of the broken pipe, etcetera, on the slide, done mostly by Lori and Elfriede and some by Carlson'—Carlson was a local contractor who tried to help fix these things—'who promised last night on the telephone that he would finish the work this afternoon. The house looked serene, beautiful, it is as part of me as my skin; its looks, its feels, its sounds, are extensions of my nerves, not because of memories, as Max suggested, but because it is, to me, something alive, as each tree and plant are in my care, a sort of trust, as an animal might feel. I cared for it from the beginning, and when it was hurt by the fire, I healed it. Now, I must turn away from it, and the pain is the absurd one, I suppose, of not losing it, but of turning away from it, not caring and tending it anymore. Krishnaji, Max, and I took the 12:30 TWA flight nonstop to London.'

S: Is that the year Max came to Brockwood?

M: Did he come?

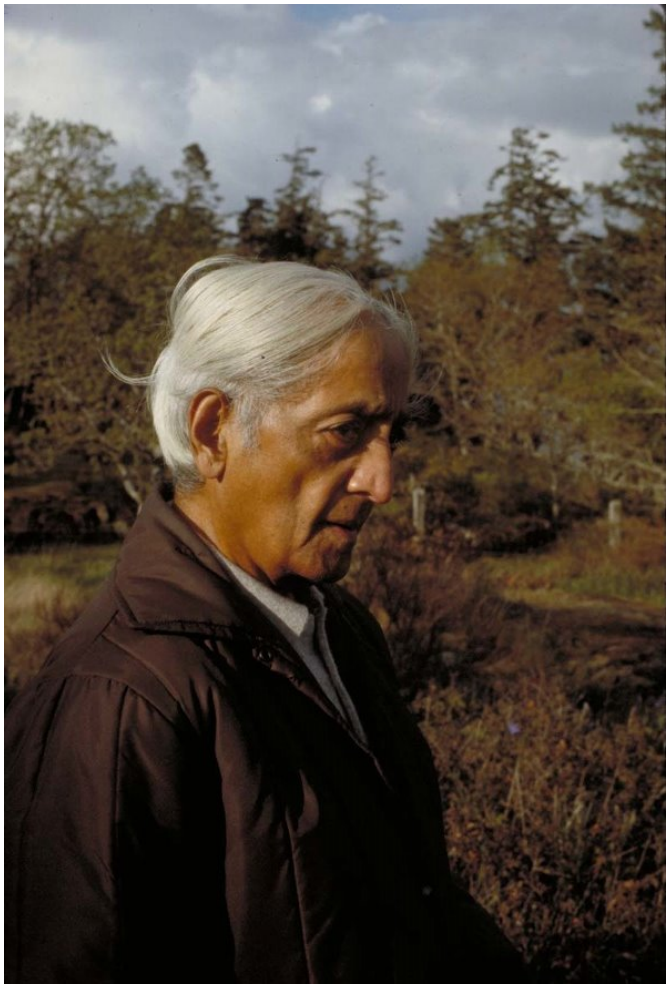
S: He came to Brockwood.

M: Well, then that's it. I don't remember. He was the builder.

S: Yes, I remember.

M: May fifth. 'No sleep at all on the airplane, not even a doze. Krishnaji slept a little across the aisle, and when he woke up, he watched the sun rise and chanted to himself'…

S: This is on the airplane.



Walking in Brockwood Park (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: Yes…'in Sanskrit, quietly. We landed at 7 a.m. Dorothy and Doris in the Cortina and Scott with a van met us.' [*M says S's name softly and both chuckle*.] 'Scott Forbes brought back Max and the luggage. We drove through a light rain to Brockwood. Spring is young. Leaves are just beginning on the beeches and oaks, and the daffodils are still out. Everyone came out on the driveway to greet Krishnaji. We walked around a little, and then Krishnaji went to bed and slept most of the day. I showed Max around. He is in the West Wing guestroom. Dorothy brought trays to Krishnaji and me for lunch. I unpacked and bathed, ate lunch, and slept in the afternoon. I spoke to Mary Links on the telephone, who said that Vanda is visiting Paola and Jon in Cambridge.' Paola was Vanda's daughter, and she was married to Jon Cohen, who's a professor in Canada, and he was on a sabbatical in Cambridge.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And that brought Vanda over to England. I never could get her to come to Brockwood, but she did come when Paola and Jon were here. 'I telephoned Vanda. She will come to stay here next Friday.' I don't think she did, but we'll see.

S: I think she did.

M: Did she?

S: I think so. I remember seeing her at Brockwood. I'm sure I did.

M: I even had a guestroom created when we first moved into Brockwood that was to be Vanda's room.

S: If I may interrupt for a minute before we go on: What happened to Il Leccio, Vanda's house outside of Florence?

M: Oh, she lived there till she died.

S: I know. But what happened after she died?

M: I don't know. I've no contact. There's nobody to have contact with. Well, there is Paola; but Vanda's son, you know, was killed.

S: I know, before Vanda died. I know, a tractor accident.

M: Tractor, he was riding a tractor all by himself in a field or something.

S: Yes, and he fell off, and it fell over on him, or something.

M: It tipped over; he was crushed.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Awful.

S: I know.

M: I went down to Florence to see Vanda after Krishnaji died.

S: Yes.

M: But stayed in Florence.

S: Not at Il Leccio?

M: I didn't stay in the house. She didn't have a guestroom or something; I stayed in Florence. Il Leccio is just outside.

S: Right, yes.

M: I didn't see her again after that, although we were in touch.



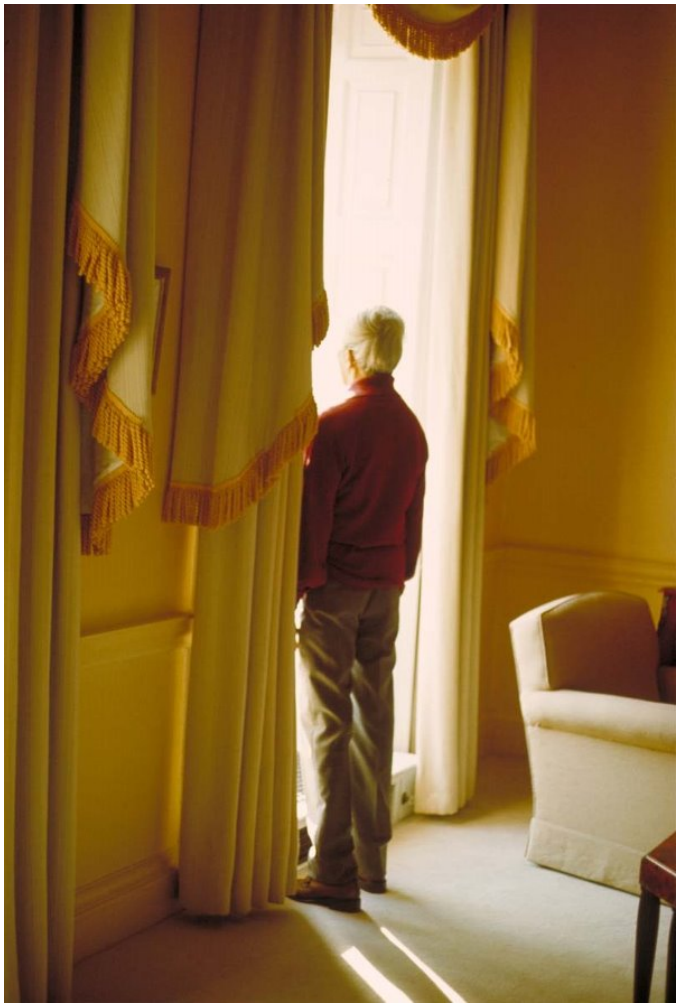
Walking in Brockwood Park (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

'I unpacked, bathed, and slept most of the afternoon, getting up to fetch Krishnaji's supper tray and to eat my own downstairs. So, once again, I am in this lovely room and very glad to be here. How extremely fortunate I've been in places I've lived in. How blessedly generous life has been in this.'

The sixth of May. 'Krishnaji and I rested. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked up and down the driveway. There was a discussion among a few in the afternoon, not with Krishnaji. I telephoned Filomena in Rome; it is her eighty-first birthday tomorrow. She sounded well and her usual dear self. Krishnaji was up for lunch, but rested otherwise. He says he feels "washed out." So do I. We took a gentle walk with Dorothy and the dogs up and down the driveway.'

May seventh. 'Krishnaji didn't speak to the school. He rested in the morning. Mary and Joe came to lunch, and they, Krishnaji, and I sat in the kitchen talking afterward. Then, we strolled in the garden. They will summer here again this year.' They did that several summers when the school was on summer vacation, and we were in Gstaad.

S: Yes.



Looking out of the West Wing drawing room (Copyright Mary Zimablist)

M: Which was very nice, but it'd be nice if they came when we were all there. It'd be nicer. 'For supper, Krishnaji and I dined as guests of Dorothy in the theater workshop, where Carl Tolbert'—I'd forgotten him—'had'…

S: Yes.

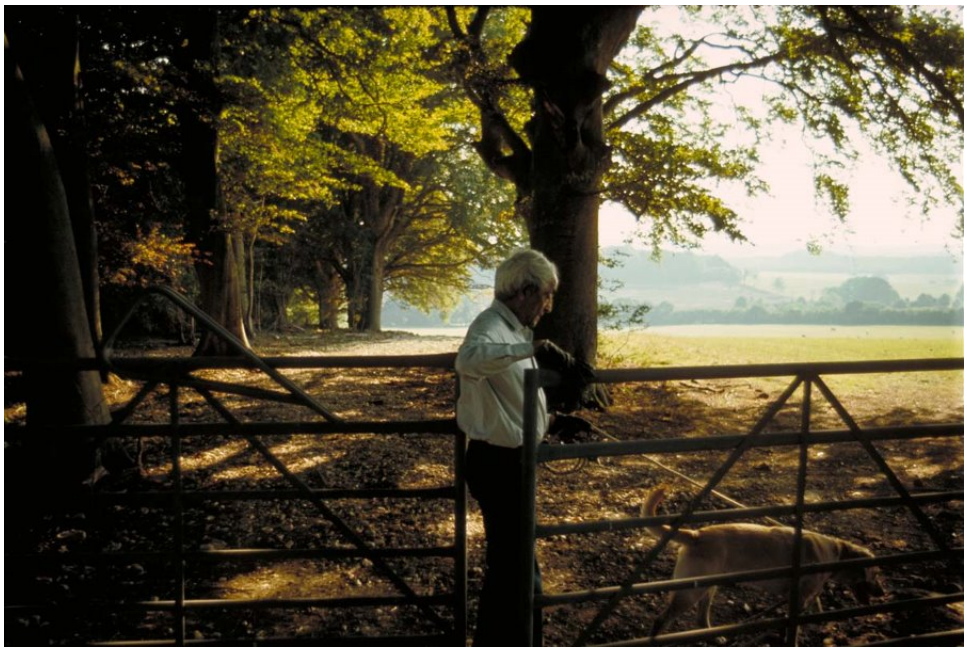
M: …'a cooking class, studying restaurant management.' We had a restaurant…what?

S: Oh, yes, I remember that. It only happened one term.

M: Well, anyway, 'the theater workshop was done up as a restaurant, tables for four, candlelight, excellent menu, service good, live music, i.e., harpsichord and a recorder playing, two students; the food was very good. We dressed for the occasion, i.e., skirts for women and jackets for men.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji said afterward, "I watched their faces. It is a hard world for the young. Exams, A-levels, O-levels, then what to do in life. Thank god I'm not young."' [*Chuckles*.] Yes.

The next day, ‘Krishnaji didn’t sleep well. He rested during the day, but was tired. Eating mousse last night with cream in it is not good for him. I went to Petersfield in Doris’s mini on errands.’

May ninth. ‘The Mercedes is activated. In the morning, Krishnaji spoke to the school. In the afternoon, I took the Mercedes to be serviced in Chichester. Scott brought me back.’



Walking in Brockwood Park (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The tenth. ‘Krishnaji is tired. He saw Peter Jenkins’ child.’ She was the one with leukemia. ‘I went to the school meeting, and then with Donald Dennis to fetch the Mercedes in Chichester.’

May eleventh. ‘Krishnaji, Max, and I, in the newly serviced Mercedes, went to Petersfield and caught the 10:23 a.m. train to London. Max got off at Woking to go by bus to Heathrow and fly back to California, where he is to start work on the two school buildings. Max made friends with everyone at Brockwood. Last evening at supper, Brian Jenkins made an announcement about the swimming pool heater, which Max helped the students build out of two old radiators.’ Remember that?

S: I do [*laughs*]. It was a solar-powered swimming pool heater.

M: ‘And Brian Jenkins added that, due to a kind and smiling friend, a cover had been donated for the pool. All the students turned smiling and clapping to Max, who colored and made a shy bow.’ [*S laughs.*] ‘He takes everyone’s warm feelings with him. Krishnaji and I continued on to London. Looked in at Huntsman briefly, and then Krishnaji had his hair cut by Mr. Brown at Truefitt.’ Mr. Brown emerges to fame.

S: I remember him. Krishnaji always had his haircut by Mr. Brown.

M: It was a sort of a male preserve in there.

S: Yes, very much so.

M: I would sometimes go in and there'd be a chair for a visiting creature such as I. I could sit in, but I knew I was intruding. [*Both laugh*.]

S: I went in with Krishnaji.

M: Yes, but you would've been accepted eagerly.

S: Yes, yes, I was.

M: But, women? No. [*S laughs, and M.*] 'I bought two pair of flat Ferragamo shoes on the corner.' That's around the corner from Truefitt. 'We then walked to Fortnum's and lunched with Mary Links. There was a pleasantness in the picking up of the familiarity of all this, the train compartment, Waterloo, and London cabs, Huntsman with its bolts of woolens, the walk down Burlington Arcade, and of course, Fortnum's and its smell of very expensive groceries.' [*Laughs*.] 'And so to our window table for three, the invariable lunch of fruit salad, cheese flan, grilled mushrooms, fresh spinach for Krishnaji, and then his *gâterie* ice cream. We talked about the uncertainties of people; who will be responsible when he is not there to hold all the work together as he now does. And Mary raised again the need for him to clarify his will, so that his letters will not be under the jurisdiction of the publications committee. This should be gone into when we can during these coming weeks. Krishnaji took a cab alone to Portland Place.'

S: If I may stop here a minute, just to clarify, that when you had lunch at Fortnum's, it wasn't in the downstairs…

M: *Oh, no*. It was upstairs.

S: It was in the upstairs more formal dining room, which, it's on the fifth floor?

M: Fourth floor, I think. I think, I'm not positive.

S: And there was always that Scottish lady who was the maître d'.

M: Yes. And she always escorted us to that same table.

S: Right, the same table, which is in the corner just as you enter on the right-hand side.

M: Well, it's over by the window.

S: Yes, by the window, but it's on the farthest…

M: There's a *banquette* that goes along under the window, where there's room for two, and then there's the end of the table, which backs up to a short bit of wall.

S: Yes, yes. I'm just trying to locate this for posterity, you see. [*Chuckles*.]

M: People will go stare at it!

S: [*with laughter in voice*] Yes, they probably will. If I didn't already know it, I'd probably do the same.

M: Well, see that you don't forget [*with mock stern voice*].

S: [*laughs*] So, Krishnaji took a cab alone to Portland Place, you said.

M: Well, yes. 'Krishnaji took a cab alone to Portland Place.' That's the dentist place.

S: Yes.



Walking in Brockwood Park (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: …'whilst I bought him some goat cheese, coffee for me, and a new detective at Hatchards,' a good bookstore on Piccadilly, right near Fortnum. 'Then I followed him to Mr. Thompson's. He had X-rays, etcetera, and they both came out to tell me'—that's Thompson and Krishnaji—'that next Thursday, afterThompson has pondered, we will discuss what should be done. Considerable repair is needed and Krishnaji is worrying about the expense. Thompson said he was sick at what it will be, which will be around 1,000 pounds sterling. I obviously said Krishnaji was not to think about the cost, only what was best. Thompson said Krishnaji was clearly going to live to be a hundred. And the new tooth would last that long. So we left, caught a cab on the corner, and got back to

Brockwood a few minutes before Vanda arrived by car with Paola and Jon from Cambridge, where Jon is teaching economics for a year. This is Vanda's first visit. She's in the West Wing guestroom, and Paola and Jon are in the West Wing dining room.' That means, it was considered a dining, at least it was intended to be, a dining room, if Krishnaji wanted a dining room in the West Wing, but it was later known as the Bird Room because of the wall paper. It now should be known as the Butterfly Room because the wall paper with birds was ruined by a leak in the roof, and I couldn't get any more of that bird paper, it didn't exist, so…

S: It was butterflies.

M: It was butterflies, which is really in my view, as the one responsible, an improvement because it's a north-facing room, and it…

S: Yes, it's much cheerier.

M: …it's bright yellow.

S: Yes, yes.

M: The birds were nice but they didn't make it lighter.

S: Yes.

M: So, if anybody cares, that's what happened.

S: Although I have to correct you.

M: Yes?

S: It wasn't the roof that leaked through to the paper.

M: No. It was the…

S: …the pipe.

M: It was the pipe? Oh.

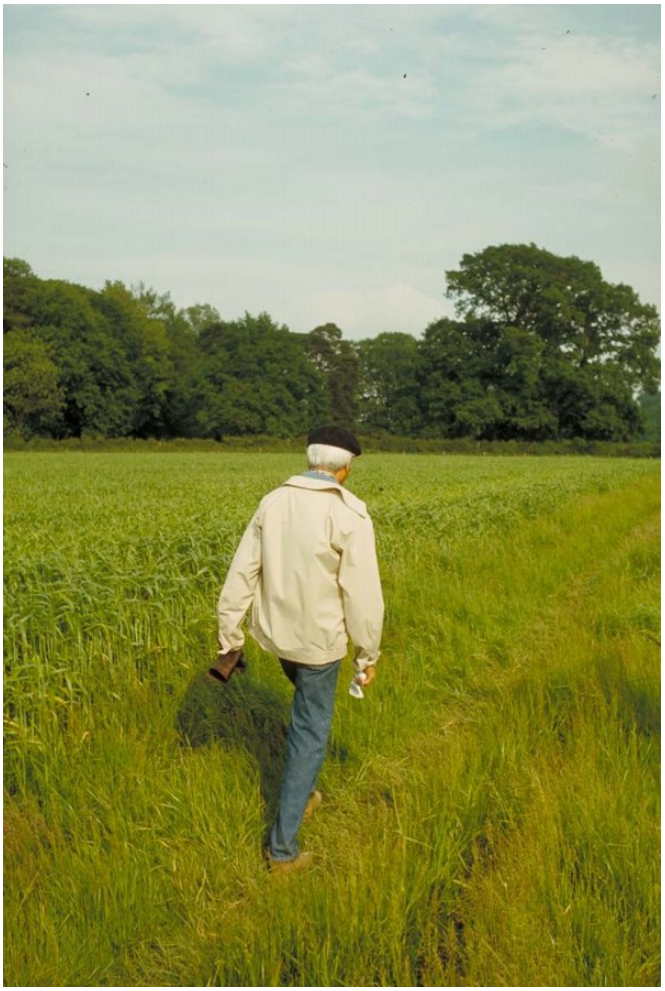
S: It was an old pipe that was left over from the…

M: …the eighteenth century.

S: …the eighteenth century, and it was a lead pipe…

M: Oh, awful.

S: …which had eroded through and water ran down the length of the wall, and that's what did it.



Walking in Brockwood Park (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: I stand corrected. But leaks were not unusual events in Brockwood, and it's still going on, as far as I know. 'It was their first visit, and Krishnaji took Vanda on an immediate tour before we went to bed. Frances McCann and various Brockwood people (like Shakuntala and Natasha) who had visited Vanda in Florence, greeted her. We talked a little about the Aldo Moro horror**[1]**. Vanda has not rented her flat again in Rome. It is no place for Krishnaji these days, she said.' Hmm, that was interesting.

May twelfth. 'It was Krishnaji's eighty-third birthday. As usual, he brushed aside any mention of it. I made breakfast for Paola and Jon before they left for Devon, to where one of their boys is in school. Vanda remained. There was a discussion between Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me about his talking to some of the members of Brockwood who seem dependable, responsible, and who will be committed to it. Krishnaji wanted to talk to them right away, so at 4 p.m., in the West Wing dining room for privacy, Krishnaji met Dorothy, Scott, Harsh, Stephen Smith, Shakuntala, Ingrid and me. The problem' [*laughs*] 'was met of not incorporating partners, whom Scott, Stephen and Ingrid have. The point

is responsibility for Brockwood now and after he is gone. Joe and Carol are leaving. Dorothy talked to them just before this meeting, and they do want to try it in the U.S. At 5 p.m., there was a staff meeting. Narayan has arrived. I spoke to Betsy Drake in London where she has a flat for three months and seems pleased.

May thirteenth. 'Krishnaji remained in bed. Pascaline Mallet is here for the weekend, and I explained to her why Krishnaji decided not to go Brittany in June as originally planned. She had made inquiries about places there. The Marogers are here with their youngest daughter, Diane, a dear little girl, very bright, eager, friendly, and who has a congenital bone illness. Her parents hope that Krishnaji will cure her. Krishnaji talked to Narayan. In the evening, Vanda and I talked. She has brought with her her record of the times in 1961 in Gstaad, and 1962, when Krishnaji fainted, and another entity seemed to speak to her through him. Mary L. comes here tomorrow, and Vanda is wondering whether to tell her about it. They have met only once at a Tannegg lunch a few years ago. They should know each other, and perhaps tomorrow will bring this about. I said to Vanda that I had hoped she would wish to tell Mary. She came across her notebook when moving out of her Rome flat at Via Barnaba Oriani.' That's the name of the street.

S: So, Vanda came across the 1961/1962 record that she had made?

M: Yes. But what she did with it, god knows.

S: So, we don't have that?

M: Not that I know of. When I visited her, she had all of Krishnaji's letters to her in a plastic shopping bag in her hall closet downstairs. I tactfully suggested other ways of preserving them and all kinds of things, but she, I don't know, just didn't react. And after she died…she had a friend, Mary somebody, in London, also a yoga person, and I was able to get in touch with Paola through this Mary, her friend, and I sent word. I didn't want to be pushy about it, that if Vanda had left any provision for archive material, that we had archives and would very much like to have any material. But nothing ever happened. I didn't feel I could push it any more.

S: No, of course not.

M: So, as I was reading, 'I told her I hoped she would wish to tell Mary Links. She came across her notebook when moving out of her Rome flat on Via Barnaba Oriani. She feels as though it is private, and she has kept it to herself, but that she has not the right to do this indefinitely. "It is not mine." But, as she doesn't know Mary, she said, "With you, I feel like a sister. I can tell you."'

May fourteenth. 'Mary L. and Amanda Pallant came in the morning. Krishnaji talked to everyone. After lunch, Vanda, Mary, and I talked, and after a bit of general conversation, what I had hoped for came about. Vanda began to tell Mary about the events that began in July '61 at Tannegg, the period at the start of *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, when Krishnaji was staying with her. Krishnaji, in his room, suddenly fainted, and then as

Vanda described it, his eyes became enormous and another being spoke to her through Krishnaji's body. An extraordinary change came over the face. It happened on July 18, 1961. The voice said, "Don't leave me until he comes back." And then, "He must love you if he lets you touch me, as he is very particular in this." And "Don't let anyone come near me until he comes back." On the following day, it happened again. Krishnaji fainted. After trembling, the eyes became larger and deeper, and the voice said, "I feel very strange. Where am I? Don't leave me. Will you kindly stay with me until he returns? Are you comfortable? Take a chair. Do you know him well? Will you look after him?" It was this last question that Vanda said "Is why I am here." She feels she gave her word on this; she said that for a whole month Krishnaji's face continued to change. There was not a return of the other being but a "different look" would come over his face. He fainted once in the woods on a walk across the Turbach stream.' The Turbach is a river that runs behind Tannegg. 'She describes these looks, and the feeling around Krishnaji at that time, in language that seems to copy Krishnaji's own in *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, which she was reading as he wrote it. Coming from her, not him, it sounds a little overdrawn, but she read most of it to Mary and me, from her own handwritten account. Part of it described a time, a year later, the twenty-first of May, 1962, in Rome when Krishnaji was ill with fever, and became delirious. "It has been told to you to look after him. He should not have gone out. You should've told him." And, "Do you know him? You cannot know him. How can you know the running water?"…"We repeat and never question. Tell him, take a pencil, tell him 'Death is always there very close to you, to protect you.'…'When you take shelter, you will die.' Mary and I guessed there were four entities in all this. The one who goes away (presumably Krishnaji); the one who tells what should be done; the one with the great eyes; and probably the childlike one who also spoke to me in Gstaad when Krishnaji was delirious. Mary and Amanda had to return to London, but it was a good meeting, and a bond was formed. Paola and Jon returned from Dorset and visiting their son at Dartington, just before Mary and Amanda left, and so Amanda met them too, for the first time. Paola and Jon spent the night.'

S: Alright. Let me just ask you, because what's clear is that Vanda had brought her…

M: Notebook.

S: …her notebook. And she didn't just tell Mary and you about it; she actually read it out.

M: Yes.

S: And so all these quotes are your writing down what she had said.

M: That's right. That was what she told Mary and me.

S: This is probably the only record we have left of it.

M: I know, I know. I have no idea what Paola's done with these things, or if indeed Vanda even had them when she died.

S: Yes. Yes, because she would throw things away.

M: She would throw things away.

S: So, you and Mary are proffering that there are four beings. There is the one who went away (presumably Krishnaji); the second is the one…

M: …who was left.

S: …the one who was left. The third is the one with the big eyes.

M: The one with the big eyes…

S: Can you read them again? Because I want to make sure I get this.

M: Oh, yes, yes. Mary and I probably talked about it afterwards.

S: Exactly.

M: 'The one who goes away (presumably Krishnaji); the one who tells what should be done'—the one who was talking to her who said, "You should look after him. You didn't look after him."

S: But, that's not the same as the little child.

M: No. The little child is very distinctive, because I had an experience with the little child, and it's the little, little voice that talks like a child.

S: Okay. So, there's the little child; there's the one who tells what should've been done.

M: Yes.

S: …who's in a way instructing the person looking after the body.

M: …yes, chiding the person, really. "Why did you not…you should've told him," that person said.

S: And then the fourth one is the one with the big eyes?

M: I don't know why we got the fourth one with the big eyes. The one with the "great eyes" it says. I didn't see great eyes when I had the same experience. Well, I don't know what she interprets, because when—I'm now judging from my own experience with him, which is that he was looking around the room and didn't recognize or even know who I was. I've written about that elsewhere. And he spoke to me as though…and he said, "Did you ask him any questions?" he said to me. He was looking around the room, as though he didn't know where he was; he certainly didn't know who I was. And he spoke to me

as though I were a stranger, “Did you ask him any questions?” and I said, “No.” And he said, “He doesn’t like to be asked questions.”

S: Isn’t that more the instructor?

M: Yes. But his eyes could’ve been described more as…they were unseeing. They were eyes of…

S: But Vanda said that his eyes never went back. So, in a way, there was the Krishnaji who existed after this event, who is different to the one who existed before this event, and different to the other three. [*Long pause.*]

M: Yes.

S: He was never quite the same again.

M: Well, without repeating it all, the one who is left says, ‘“Don’t leave me until he comes back.” And then, “He must love you if he lets you touch me as he is very particular in this.”…“Don’t let anyone come near me until he comes back.”’ And then on the following day, it happened again. Krishnaji fainted after trembling. ‘The eyes became larger and deeper and the voice said, “I feel very strange. Where am I? Don’t leave me. Will you kindly stay with me until he returns.”’ That’s still the one who’s left, but, you see, that has the big eyes. I’ve only questioned, or tried to figure out if there’s a fourth one with big eyes.

S: That’s why I’m asking.

M: I think it’s the same one who’s looking around bewildered.

S: Yes.

M: ‘“Will you stay with me until he returns? Are you comfortable? Take a chair. Do you know him well?”’ You see, this is like, to me, he didn’t know who I was, and he didn’t know who she was. ‘“Will you look after him?”’ It was this last question that Vanda said ‘“Is why I am here.”’ She took it as her job, just as I took it as my job when he said these things. ‘She feels she gave her word on this. She said that for a whole month Krishnaji’s face continued to change. There was not a return of the other being, but a “different look” would come over his face. He fainted once in the wood on the walk across the Turbach Stream. She describes these looks and the feelings around Krishnaji that time in language that seems to copy Krishnaji’s own in the *Notebook*, which she was reading as he was writing it then.’

S: So, what I’m asking is, is the fourth person the person who was left after these events, in the more the day-to-day things?

M: Well, there's always a person who goes away, and there's always the person who's there, who is, as he said to me, something like…this is not verbatim, but the gist of it is (but I have it written down somewhere), "Even after all this time, all these years, I don't feel at ease with him." That's said by the person who is left, when Krishnaji has gone away.

S: Yes.

M: The one who doesn't know who you are, or where he is, really, and he looks around with vacant eyes, which could be described as big eyes.

S: But you and Mary are postulating a fourth person, which could be, after all this is over, somehow, Krishnaji is different than he was before.

M: I don't know if it's a fourth person.

S: Of course.

M: Yes. She said, '"there was not a return of the other being, but a 'different look' would come over his face."'

S: Right, right. I'm just trying to probe. We don't have to push this further.

M: I know. I'm trying to sense what it seemed…or trying to provoke what I was seeing, because…well, there were times when he was *off*, if you know what I mean.

S: Yes.

M: And one didn't intrude on that. Only once did I—I've told you about this before. I only made one mistake in not sensing it. It was in Malibu and we were having supper on trays and looking at the evening news. And I was sitting on that long sofa that's in the other room; and I was sitting on that long sofa, and he was at the other end; it's twelve feet long, so it was quite a ways away, and the television was over there, and we were both watching it. And we'd been talking. And he was eating; I was eating. And I suddenly made some remark, and he reacted with a convulsive shock as though…a physical shock. And I didn't realize that he'd suddenly gone off. I mean, it wasn't unlikely. He would go off, he'd go off in many unusual moments, but I hadn't picked it up. And it gave him this physical shock. And the next day he told me that he'd been shaking all night from it. So you had to…

S: …be sensitive.

M: …be very sensitive. And that's the only time I didn't pick up the signal.

S: Yes.

M: I don't know, these things are hard to sort out.

S: Anyway. Continue on. Did you finish off that day?

M: Not quite. 'Krishnaji again put his hands on the Maroger child, Diane, a dear little girl, age eleven.'

May fifteenth. 'Paola and Jon spent the night here, and before they left after lunch, Jon had a long talk with Krishnaji. "I lit a bomb under him," said Krishnaji with satisfaction. The bomb presumably is to lead Jon to see that he's wasting his life teaching economics.' [*M and S chuckle*.] 'I met Mary C. at Petersfield, and we talked shop for most of the day. Vanda is staying on here till Thursday. Half the school went on a two-day camping trip. In the afternoon, Krishnaji put his hands on the Maroger child. "She's an extraordinary child. She sat absolutely still with her eyes closed," said Krishnaji afterward. He both did and didn't want to talk about it. "One mustn't talk about it," he said.' He didn't like talking about healing at all.

S: Yes.

M: May sixteenth. 'The house is quiet and relaxed, with only a few of us are here. Krishnaji treated the Maroger child. Vanda gave a yoga lesson to Dr. Parchure and others in the evening. She dictated parts of her notes on the '61, '62 events, and I typed them.'

S: I don't think I have ever seen this account of Vanda's that you typed up. Do you have any recollection of it at all?

M: No.

S: Perhaps what we'll do this afternoon, with your permission, is just look through Vanda's file quickly.

M: Yes. Where would Vanda's file be?

S: In your file cabinet.

M: Oh, that one. I'm not sure I have anything in it.

S: Well, we'll take a look. Alright. Let's continue.

M: May seventeenth: 'Another quiet day. In the afternoon, for half an hour, Krishnaji put his hands on the head, arms, legs, and various bones of Diane Maroger, something he's never done at such length.'

May eighteenth. 'Krishnaji, Vanda, and I went to London by train. They went to Huntsman while I took Vanda's suitcase to Fortnum's. Then, I went to fetch photos.

Mary L. and Amanda joined Krishnaji, Vanda, and me at Fortnum's for lunch at 12:30 p.m.'

S: Where would you have taken the photos? There's a photo place on Bond Street, is that the one you went to?

M: I've no idea.

S: Okay.



Walking in Brockwood Park (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: 'After lunch, Vanda dropped Krishnaji and me at the dentist, and she went on to the train to Cambridge to join Paola. Mr. Thompson has studied Krishnaji's X-rays and decided five teeth must come out. Two will be crowned, and two bridges will be necessary. He pulled two upper left today; there was scarcely any bleeding, but he said it was a good thing as there was pus underneath. Krishnaji said he was alright. Vanda had tried to persuade him not to have Novocain. When I remonstrated in the taxi, Krishnaji pressed my arm, and I realized he was telling me he would pay no attention to her advice.' [*S chuckles*.] 'He had the Novocain and said afterward he couldn't have stood it without it. We got a taxi quickly, and the train was waiting, so we were back in Brockwood by 5:20 p.m.'

May nineteenth, 'Krishnaji has tooth pain, but the swelling is gone. He got up for lunch, treated Diane, "an extraordinary child," he says each time. And again, it was a long treatment. He walked with Narayan, and I went to a staff meeting. A letter came from a man who wrote in December to Krishnaji about Padre Pio.'

S: Ah, yes.

M: That was interesting. I recently came across my account of all that.

S: Yes, Padre Pio was interesting.

M: Yes. 'In January, I answered this man that Krishnaji was in India, etcetera, but that he knew of Padre Pio. The man added a p.s. in today's letter that Padre Pio also knew of Krishnaji. Today's letter appeals to me to explain the relation of mystical states of Krishnaji and Padre Pio. I read the letter to Krishnaji. And asked him how he considers the record of mystical experiences as described in so many religious writings. He is skeptical of most, he said. "I question that it is a total vision. It is a partial vision, like a little harbor. The waters are of the sea, but it is without the width."' That's nice.

S: Just tell a little. What did Krishnaji think of Padre Pio?

M: Well, he didn't say what he thought just of Padre Pio, but he talked in answer to my questions.

S: And Padre Pio was aware of Krishnaji?

M: Yes. Vanda knew about Padre Pio, and apparently, once when Krishnaji was ill in India, before my time, and she was worried that something awful would happen to him, she somehow asked Padre Pio. I don't know what the contact was, and he said, "Do not worry, he will be alright." So, anyway, Padre Pio had the stigmata.

S: Yes. I remember.

M: There are many things I could've, I should've asked Krishnaji, but…

S: Oh, I know…it's…I'm… [*Laughs.*]

M: I didn't want to push. I mean, if he wanted to tell me, I wanted to hear.

S: Yes.

M: But I didn't want to corner him with questions. It didn't seem cricket.

May twentieth. 'Krishnaji decided to spend the day in bed. He had Dr. Parchure work on my back to help the leg circulation. Krishnaji gave another long treatment to Diane, who wept afterward because she felt so happy with Krishnaji. We have moved the Marogers into the West Wing guestroom. The house is filled with weekend guests.'

The twenty-first. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. We walked in the afternoon. He treated Diane Maroger. Dr. Parchure treated my lower back and foot.'

May twenty-second. 'Guests, desk, etcetera. School meeting. Krishnaji treated Diane Maroger. Dr. Parchure massaged my lower back and foot.'

The next day, 'Dr. Parchure and Krishnaji decided Krishnaji will live to be 100.' [*S chuckles*.] 'And therefore, says Krishnaji, I must live to be eighty-two or so.' This is in 1978. Well, anyway, I won't do the math on that.

S: It means you're supposed to live at least two years longer than he does.

M: Yes. 'Dr. Parchure is doing my back and foot each day, activating nerves. It seems to be helping. My leg was warm at night, which is unusual. Krishnaji spoke to students alone. He was tired afterward. It was rather cold at lunch, and we only strolled in the grove with Dorothy in the afternoon. His teeth are hurting, so eating is difficult. He is without complaint with all this, takes it as a fact. His face is thin and tired, which rings my heart. With all this, he has made me send off a letter to Pama Patwardhan giving his agreement to a schedule in India that includes Rajghat and Bangalore, two more places than last year. This far ahead he will agree to any plan, and then it is too much when he comes to it. Pupul writes she will arrive here on the ninth of June and stay till the eighteenth. Krishnaji treated little Diane Maroger, as he has each day.'

The twenty-fourth. 'I met Mary C. and Mary L. at the Petersfield train station, and the publications committee met at 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji joined it after lunch. There were touchy matters, as always, between Foundations. The Indian book *Insights* is next to be published. It is a book of discussions with Krishnaji in India edited by Pupul and Sunanda. Their English is unacceptable. What to do? Krishnaji says they claim their English "shows how the Indian mind works"—whatever that means,' [*chuckles*] 'and hence, it mustn't be changed. It is just illiterate to those here.' [*Chuckles.*] 'An everlasting argument to placate the Indians, which I really don't follow. There was also more of the pros and cons of publishing more of the K-Bohm dialogues. Mary L. was strongly against, as before.' Eventually they were published. 'Erna and Theo have joined the fray in favor of them. I seem to be the only one who hasn't read the transcripts. I took the two Marys back to the train. The Linkses go to Venice on Saturday until the tenth. Krishnaji was present in the afternoon sessions and throughout the discussion of the Indian book. We walked gently in the grove later.'

May twenty-fifth, 'Krishnaji and I went to London. We took Marie-Bertrande Maroger to the station, too. She went to the Chelsea Flower Show. Krishnaji and I went to Huntsman, the bank, etcetera. We lunched at Fortnum's. Browsed in Hatchards. With difficulty, we got a taxi to the dentist. Mr. Thompson pulled a third tooth, a lower front; the Novocain was painful and the extraction painful. "I yelled," Krishnaji said later. I ached sitting apart in the waiting room. We had trouble getting a taxi afterward. Krishnaji resists fiercely all efforts to get him to wait in the dentist's waiting room until I get the taxi. My concern irks him. His stubbornness makes me rather desperate. Where he is tired, he tries to carry every package we have, etcetera. Tuesday he has three hours with Thompson. Krishnaji agreed to let me ask Amanda Pallant to drive us to Waterloo afterward. He does <u>*not*</u> want to be driven all the way to Brockwood, firmly. His tooth today had pus under it too. It has been hurting him since we were in Victoria.' You see, he never complained.

S: Yes, I know. And we'll have to leave it here because we've run out of tape.

M: Oh, alright.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Aldo Moro had been a prime minister of Italy who had been kidnapped and murdered by the Red Brigades urban guerilla group.

Issue 52: May 26, 1978 to July 11, 1978

Mary calls attention to the value of her large diary, as opposed to her little daily diary, in this issue, as well she might. There are several instances in which Krishnaji makes fascinating comments or has extraordinary small conversations with her, and they would be lost to us if it were not for Mary recording them in her large diary. What is also striking is how deftly and nimbly Mary can follow Krishnaji's lead on how to proceed with the conversation: ending the topic when he is finished with it, delving into it when that seems appropriate, changing the subject when needed. It is difficult to imagine anyone else being as sensitive, effective, or supportive in these conversations; and it is impossible to overstate how fortunate we are that she took the time and trouble to write so much of it down.

Mary: So, you want me to start on May twenty-sixth, but there's nothing of note on that day. And the next day just says, 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting, but getting up in a dressing gown to treat the little Maroger child. "I've never done it so intensely," he said. Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrand say Diane has more energy and more strength since this healing started.'

Scott: Yes.

M: 'Also, Krishnaji spoke to the Bowman twins, Lee and Karen.' I don't know who they were.

S: They were two American students at Brockwood.

M: Oh?

S: Yes. I remember them well.

M: May twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. A very moving, far-off talk. At the end, it was on the religious life is to be free of the self. I was stirred to tears. He spoke from the far reaches of something sacred. He felt later that it had not been understood, and said, "They are not able to see it." It was a warm day, in the seventies. Krishnaji, Dorothy, I, and the two dogs went to see the bluebells along the road to West Meon, and wound up going around the block.' You know what I mean by around the block?

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'In the evening, we watched the first half of the movie *The Godfather* on television.'

On the twenty-ninth, 'It was another hot day. There was a school meeting in the afternoon, which I attended, before Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked the dogs. I telephoned Dr. Scheef, and we have an appointment with him on June twenty-eighth.' Dr. Scheef was the head of the clinic in Bonn.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

S: Right. We've met him already.

M: Tuesday, the thirtieth. 'A letter came from my brother. He arrives at Gatwick next week, and leaves later that day from Heathrow'…well, it's all about his plans. 'I'll try to meet him. Krishnaji and I went to London. We lunched early at Fortnum's. Then, Krishnaji spent from 2 p.m. until 5:45 p.m. *almost four hours*' [*said with exclamation in her voice*] 'in Mr. Thompson's dentist's chair. Four teeth were prepared for crowns. Two teeth were extracted. Now, there is a two-week pause until the bridgework and crowns are ready. Krishnaji bore all this with total fortitude. Amanda Pallant came and was there with her car to drive us straight to Waterloo. We immediately caught the 6:20 p.m. train and, though men were standing in the aisles, we found two seats. I sat opposite and felt physically beaten by his face; drawn but bearing the pain and misery all quietly. It was 8:30 p.m. when we reached Brockwood. "I'm so glad you have a nice room to come to," he said. Notions of those awful houses in Wimbledon…' Anyway…

S: Those are the awful houses that used to be rented for him when he would go there.

M: Yes, yes. And he never complained.

S: And they were awful houses because Rajagopal wouldn't give any money.

M: That's right.

The next day, 'I woke up with a migraine at 3 a.m. It was a hot day. Betsy Drake came down from London on the noon train. I met her at Petersfield, she lunched at Brockwood, and we spent a pleasant afternoon. Krishnaji stayed in bed, but came into the West Wing

kitchen to greet her. She was struck by his face, "marvelous looking." I showed her the gardens, which were in their fullest flowering.'

S: So, Betsy had never met Krishnaji before?

M: Not personally, I don't think. She offended me no end at one point. She came up to the talks in Ojai once, and I found she was sitting sketching people during the talk. [*S chuckles.*] So, I wasn't at all…well, I knew she just wasn't interested.

The first of June. 'It was a hot day, somewhere in the eighties. Krishnaji and I went to London. In the train he spoke again about the four hours on Tuesday in the dentist chair during the entire of which his mind was empty.'

S: Hm, remarkable.

M: I just can't…

S: It's not human!

M: No. [*Both laugh*.] And he didn't…or, at least, I'm saying he didn't, I don't know what he did, but I don't think he was trying to make it empty. I think it just was.

S: Yes.

M: That's a supposition on my part.

S: Yes.

M: But, I'm sure of it. [*Chuckles*.] For whatever that's worth. 'He said it hadn't struck him until afterward that his mind had been empty.' [*Chuckles.*] 'In the taxi on the way to Huntsman, he said that only when Mr. Thompson asked if he was alright, if it hurt, he would reply. Otherwise, his mind was empty. Then, he said, "All this way in the taxi, coming from the station, there has been nothing in my head. It's getting more and more this way." Then, he said that when he put his hands on people to heal, sometimes it is as though there were a flame, a little flame in the middle of his hand, and that when he started treating Diane Maroger, there was none, for a number of times, and then slowly, it began to happen. And then, he felt, he was able to help her. He said that, for instance, when he put his hand on Sacha de Manziarly when he was in the hospital and dying'—this was in Paris—'there was no flame, and from that he could tell that he could do nothing.' Isn't that interesting?

S: Remarkable. It's very interesting.

M: Very interesting. See, that's the value of the big book. This little one has nothing of this kind in it.

S: Yes, but the little diary is valuable anyway.

M: 'At Huntsman, he chose two good thin materials for trousers, a brushed cotton and a beige. We then walked to Fortnum's. At lunch, I asked him about his own response to seeing suffering in India, or a poor bent man that we saw shuffling along the Strand. Was what he felt "a reaction"? He knew I was thinking of his chiding me for taking on his pain at the dentist last Tuesday.' [*S laughs heartily.*] 'I mustn't, because he then feels it in me, and he doesn't want the burden on me. He spoke about going back to India in 1922, and the sights of misery were so appalling, that he could only walk at night.' I had forgotten that.

S: Hmm.

M: 'We went to Thompson, where only an adjustment to the present bridge had to be done. When we came out, we instantly caught a taxi, and then the 3:50 p.m. train at Waterloo just as they were blowing the whistle to leave. It was hot on the train. Brockwood was cool, a refuge. I showered and changed into clothes I will wear in India. I cabled my brother; I will meet him at Gatwick on Monday.'

The next day it just says, 'Warm again. Desk work. Staff meeting.'

There is little more for June third. 'It was warm and marvelously lovely. The grove has never been so beautiful. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I strolled in it. Krishnaji talked to Scott Forbes.' You'll have to ask him about that.

S: [*chuckles*] Scott Forbes has no memory of it at all, and he wasn't intelligent enough to make notes!

M: [*laughs*] So, it's lost to posterity.

June fourth. 'A man named Geoffrey Nicoletti in Philadelphia has been writing urgent letters to Krishnaji, to me, to David Bohm, and one came here for Alain Naudé, which I forwarded. He is hung up on resolving Krishnaji's teachings and life, to the implications of the life of Padre Pio, whom he greatly reveres. He speaks of the physical signs: the stigmata, healings, being in two places, etcetera, which he regards as evidence of something, all involved with faith, a belief in Jesus, etcetera; but then there's Krishnaji's denial of faith, etcetera. I read the latest letter to Krishnaji, and he suggested that he and I have a taped conversation in which I put forth the questions in Nicoletti's letters, and see what happens. We did this today, taping it on the Uher. Krishnaji said that the phenomena of so-called "sainthood" are familiar in various religions, and they can come about without the person having truly perceived truth. He spoke of waters in the harbor and the waters of the sea. They are the same waters, but those in the harbor are contained (i.e., still within a framework); whereas those of the sea are boundless. He questions any perception that doesn't discard all religious dogma. It is partial, and therefore not the ultimate. Nicoletti had mentioned kundalini, assuming Krishnaji to have had it, and that Padre Pio's experience could be so described. Krishnaji objected to the term, and said he

questions most descriptions of kundalini as not being the real thing. Nicoletti also asked if Padre Pio would consider Krishnaji as a profound thinker, but incomplete in not having perceived the meaning of Jesus; and if Krishnaji would consider Padre Pio as one who had helped people through healing, etcetera, but who had fundamentally done them harm through using faith, belief, etcetera. Krishnaji said this was a question he didn't want to answer: to assess someone, "to say he is or is not." And he questioned comparing Krishnaji and Padre Pio. I'm going to get the tape transcribed somehow, and send a copy to Nicoletti.' I wonder if I did that? I must have.

S: Where is that tape?

M: Well, that I think is coming in the shipment because I found it there at Brockwood when I went through all my things before moving out.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

'In the afternoon, Krishnaji talked privately to Ingrid as part of the five staff members from Brockwood to whom he looks for commitment to the place. The Marogers left for home after supper, little Diane with large eyes close to tears. My brother called from New York. He and Laurie arrive at Gatwick tomorrow; I will meet them.' Laurie is his daughter. 'We went for a walk at 6 p.m.' That's because it was cool then.

June fifth is: 'I left at 8:30 a.m. in the Mercedes for Gatwick. The country was lovely to drive through. I met Bud and Laurie, who arrived on Laker Airline, and drove them to London, Bud telling me of all their doings. He is full of enthusiasm. When we reached London, the preoccupation was where to park. We had decided to lunch at Claridge's, so I drove up to it and Bud got out and told the doorman, dressed in the usual Claridge's livery uniform, that we were lunching there, and his sister would like to leave her car, could they look after it? "Yes, sir!"' [*S chuckles*.] 'So we left keys, car, and luggage, and

went amiably in, privilege not yet entirely dead, and very pleasant. We had a leisurely lunch, after which we went to Morgan Guarantee, about my brother's account, bought a sweater for Laurie, and came back to find the car waiting in the first parking meter space. I gave a befitting tip to the doorman, and off we went to Heathrow,' [*humor in her voice*] 'where I left them bound for Düsseldorf. Lisa flies there after an opening this evening at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. She goes British Air, at their rates, but via Laker my brother and Laurie can fly round trip, New York-London, for $243.' [*M and S both chuckle*.] 'I drove back to Brockwood via the M3 in one-and-a-half hours in time for supper. It was good to see Bud. Laurie is a chunky child, un-charming in most ways to me, but it makes me sad to see what her upbringing accentuates.' I'm full of critical family remarks.

The next day, just 'desk work. I feel a cold coming on. I went to Petersfield on errands.'

June seventh. 'It's Mother's birthday, and Wooge'—that's my stepfather—'will be going to the cemetery. I sent some flowers. It is a pity—but pity is not a welcomed word, denoting a certain separation between the one who is feeling and the object. I feel a sad wish to comfort, to cushion, and protect from pain, somehow to conjure up a brightness that lived in so many summers of their lives; to have Wooge know it is always there if one can look; and to smile at Mother in a way that could tell her that in the end there is only the shine of what was good, and all the rest falls away. I went on an early train to London and by underground went to the hairdresser on Cadogan Street. She cut my hair quickly and fairly well. Then, I walked to Betsy's rented flat on Walton Street. We lunched and went to see the Robert Hirsch collection at the Royal Academy, which is to be sold at Sotheby's—drawings by Dürer, Rembrandt, medieval treasures, Cézanne watercolors, Lautrec, Redon, etcetera. Then, we walked to the theater, where we saw a 3:00 p.m. matinee of *The Old Country*, as guests of Betsy's friend, Faith Brook, who is in it. Anthony Quail played the part created by Alec Guinness. I haven't been to the theater in years and was pleased to be there, though I got rather sleepy in midstream.' [*Chuckles.*] We went backstage to see Faith Brook afterward, a nice, good actress, absorbed in the play and its world. We stayed almost an hour, and came out to rain and no taxis, so we walked till we finally found one on Bond Street. I dropped Betsy at her place, and I went on to Waterloo. Reached Petersfield by 8 p.m. "Was it worth it?" asked Krishnaji. Well, more or less, yes.'

S: [*chuckles*] So, Krishnaji wanted to ask you when you got back if the trip to London was worth it?

M: Yes. Well, he had to. It clearly was questionable in his mind. [*Both laugh*.]

S: Clearly.

M: June eighth. 'Krishnaji and I went to London. Huntsman was our first stop, of course. Then, during lunch at Fortnum's, Krishnaji said, "There's something in the head that is absolutely still, and that center of energy looks and sees. And when that is happening, the rest of the body is quiet, as though it were nonexistent."' See, things like that are…

S: Invaluable.

M: …invaluable and are only in this big diary. They'd be lost if it weren't for this.

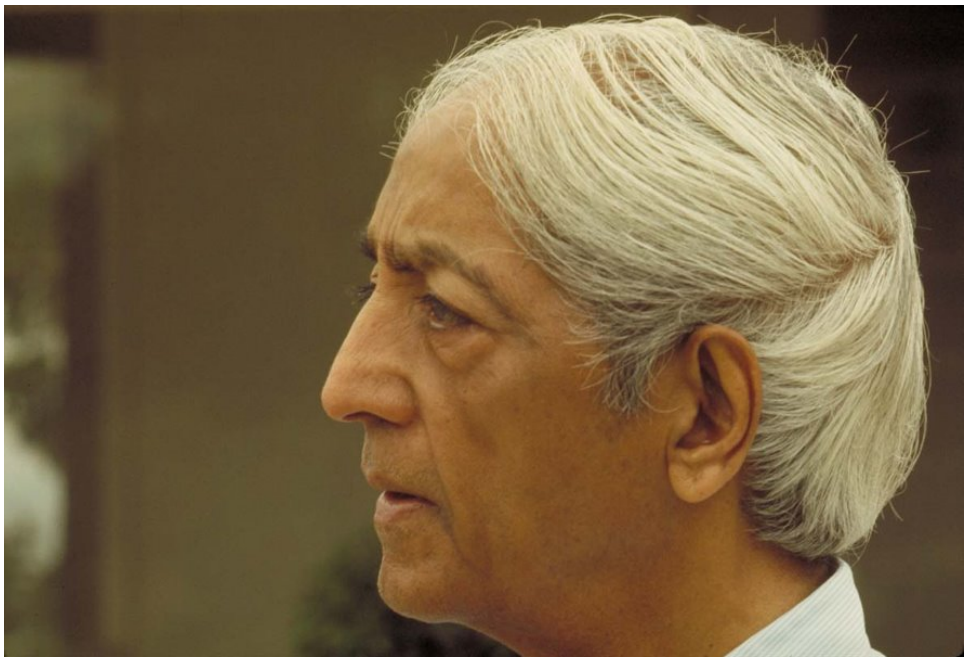
S: Exactly.

M: And I couldn't remember them all.

S: Of course not.

M: But luckily I wrote it down.

S: Yes, yes. Very luckily.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

M: 'I asked him, "When that silence looks, does it record?"'

'He said, "No, and that is the point of it."'

'I then asked, "If I were to ask you what you see, do you know what you see?"'

'He said, "Yes. The center of energy doesn't record. The tape records, the memory records, but not the center of energy." He said that the other day when news came about the Weideman house being sold, he thought of Rajagopal, and it kept coming back into his mind, and he said to himself "Why is this happening? No recording!" And from then on, he has not thought of it.'

‘I asked him if there is an action in this, and he said, “Yes. There is an action but I don’t know what it is. In the center of the head there is a sense of great space, stillness, and energy.” He said, “I discovered when I was putting my hands on little Diane—usually when I do that, I just put my hands on the person and look at the sky or the trees. But I discovered when I was doing it with her, that energy was not doing it, but that energy was there and is still continuing.”’

‘I asked him if this is something new, something different. And he said, “Entirely. I am just watching it go on. It is an extraordinary kind of stillness, quietness, I haven’t had before. I mustn’t talk too much about it.” And as he said this, he gestured with his hand across his forehead. “I shouldn’t talk about it. I talk about it to you, but it is something totally new. I haven’t had it before.”’

‘All this I recorded at the table with a Dictaphone. After lunch we went to Mr. Thompson, who prepared a fifth tooth of Krishnaji’s for a crown and installed a crown on one already prepared. It took two-and-a-half hours—2:30 p.m. to 5 p.m., and we got back to Brockwood by 7 o’clock.’

S: Now, wait a minute. So, you have a Dictaphone tape someplace of this?

M: But, I don’t remember having a Dictaphone at that point. It says, ‘All this I recorded at table with a Dictaphone.’ I wasn’t carrying a Dictaphone around, was I?

S: It seems so, and there’s supposedly a tape about this, someplace.

M: Really? Let’s see, we were in London, ‘Then, during lunch at Fortnum’s, Krishnaji said, “There’s something in the head that is absolutely still, and that center of energy looks and sees. And when that is happening, the rest of the body is quiet, as though it were nonexistent.”’ Then, I went on asking questions.

S: And Krishnaji very interestingly seems to say, that even though there is this center of stillness, the mind still can act as a tape recorder, and can record things.

M: Mmm.

S: So, somehow, I don’t know if that means that all the rest of us only have that tape recorder, and don’t have the deeper center of stillness…

M: I think that what you’re saying is true. I mean, likely…I don’t know.

S: Yes. But, I’m really interested at the moment in where this Dictaphone tape is. [*Laughs*.]

M: So am I [*laughs*].

S: So, you don’t have it here, you don’t suppose?

M: I don't think so.

S: Do you have any Dictaphone tapes here?

M: Not that I know of. But that doesn't mean I haven't. [*S chuckles.*] I've got stuff here and there that…

S: I know.

M: …I've got recordings that I made on equipment that you can't play anymore, stuffed there in that little study underneath something. I meant, when Tom was around and did things, to have them re-recorded, or something, because there are little spools that…

S: But that's something that the archives should do.

M: Yes. I must get them out and turn them over to…

S: Let's take a look for them.

M: Alright. I have no idea what's under there.

S: Alright. We'll take a look for them.

M: June ninth, 'Dorothy met Pupul on an early flight from Bombay. She's staying in the West Wing spare room. She is pleasant, and more relaxed than in the past.'

S: Pupul is more relaxed?

M: She is, yes.

June tenth, 'There was much talk with Pupul. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.'

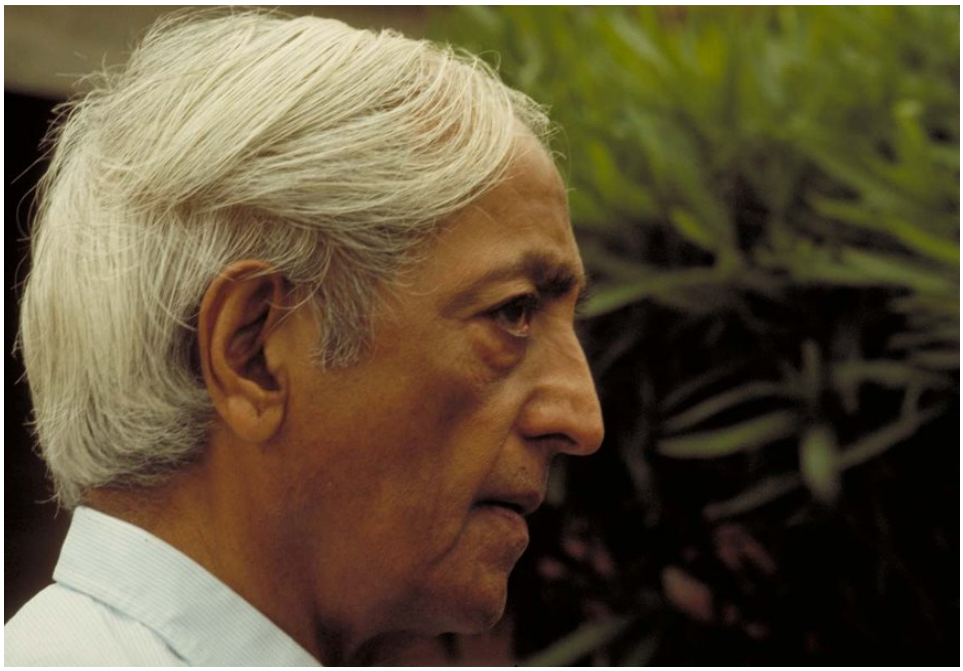
The next day, 'I talked all morning with Pupul. In the afternoon, she and Krishnaji did a taped dialogue in which she asked him if there had been changes in his teachings. He said, "no." This was held in the West Wing drawing room, with the five particular Brockwood staff members, plus Dorothy, and the Digbys, who lunched at Brockwood and earlier had talked to Pupul about Indian publications, and the Marogers, who returned this weekend with their cousins, Jean-Claude and Lucie de Grémont, who are staying near Cheriton. All attended the discussion. Daughters Daphne Maroger and Pauline de Grémont, in their teens, are going to stay at Brockwood until the term ends. Bud telephoned from Paris where he, Lisa, and Laurie are staying until Saturday.'

There's really nothing the next day.

S: Now, according to the archives list, there's supposed to be the second videotaped discussion with Pupul on that day.

M: Well, I didn't write it down if there was.

And June thirteen just mentions a walk in the afternoon.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

June fourteenth. 'Pupul, Dorothy, Doris, and I drove to Stonehenge.' [*Laughs.*] 'Pupul had never seen it and wanted to. In spite of tourists, the barbed wire, and the being kept at a distance, the stones retained their strange atmosphere, mystery, and silent dignity. We drove on toward Salisbury, looking for a place to have our picnic lunch, which we found on a slope by a small river, the Avon, I think. We spread out rugs and ate as we watched the swiftness of the river. There was a sleeping swan on her large nest, her mate on guard in the river, eyeing us sternly. Little moorhens and their chicks were diving for eatables. There were willows and wild roses, and I was lost again in the loveliness of this land. We went on to Salisbury and did some shopping in Boots**[1]**, and went across to the cathedral. A pleasant day, which Krishnaji spent in bed.'

The fifteenth. 'Krishnaji, Pupul, and I went to London, and Krishnaji and I went to Huntsman. Pupul went to Hatchards. I went on to Hillier's to fit a pair of blue trousers, and I rejoined them at Fortnum's, where we lunched with Mary Links. Joe kindly came afterward because it was raining, and drove Krishnaji to the dentist, and me to the bank, then to the Swiss Embassy, where I got Krishnaji's Swiss visa. I was unable to find a taxi after that, so I walked to Portland Place, where Krishnaji's dentist was. Pupul arrived there, too, after rain and taxi problems. Krishnaji had four crowns, and a new bridge put in. Joe came back and took us all to Waterloo.'

There is nothing the next day but a staff meeting.

June seventeenth: ‘David Bohm held a meeting in the afternoon. On the walk were Krishnaji, Narayan, Dorothy, and me. Pupul gave a talk on India to the school in the evening.’

June eighteenth. ‘Pupul left at 7 a.m. with Dorothy driving her to Heathrow. I met Lailee’—that’s Krishnaji’s and my doctor in California—‘and her son Timur Tessamur at Petersfield. They lunched with us at Brockwood. Lailee was an enthusiastic guest. She met Dr. Parchure, and she’s going to send various vaccines for me to take before I go to India. I showed her and Timur the place. It was a warm and lovely day, but they had to catch the 3:20 p.m. train back to London. Krishnaji, Narayan, Dorothy, and I walked later.’

The next day, ‘There was a cable from Mavis Bennett to me saying Reg died very suddenly.’ Oh, he died. He was a nice man.

S: Yes, he was.

M: ‘Krishnaji, Dorothy, Doris, and I sent a cable back to her. I kept feeling Reg was something rare, in the original sense of the word, a good man. I drove to Nelly and George Digby’s in Sherbourne, Dorset, eighty-three miles from Brockwood. They have made most attractive a sixteenth-century inn that is part of the Digby estate and was lived in by George’s mother until her death a couple years ago. It is charming, as arranged by them. A friend, Hugh somebody, was at lunch and afterward we all went through Sherbourne Castle, built by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1594, the home where George grew up and now owned by George’s elder brother, who won’t live there, so it is open to the public. To me, it was an ugly, depressing place with towers, heraldic beasts like gargoyles, rooms in a long corridor shape, as was common in those days, and all looking out on a lake and large park considered splendid, but too bare of trees to me. In fact, I could hardly bear being there. George’s father was fox-hunting mad, with heads of foxes everywhere, and the sporting drawings of my youth: Lionel Edwards and Cecil Alden, commemorating horses and famous runs.’ I have had to confess that I went fox hunting in my youth. [*S chuckles.*] And suddenly last October, the House of Commons had thousands of fox hunting protesters besieging it. The papers were full of it, so was the television. And it made me laugh because I understood what both sides felt.

S: Yes.

M: I am, of course, totally against fox hunting now.

S: Yes, I know.

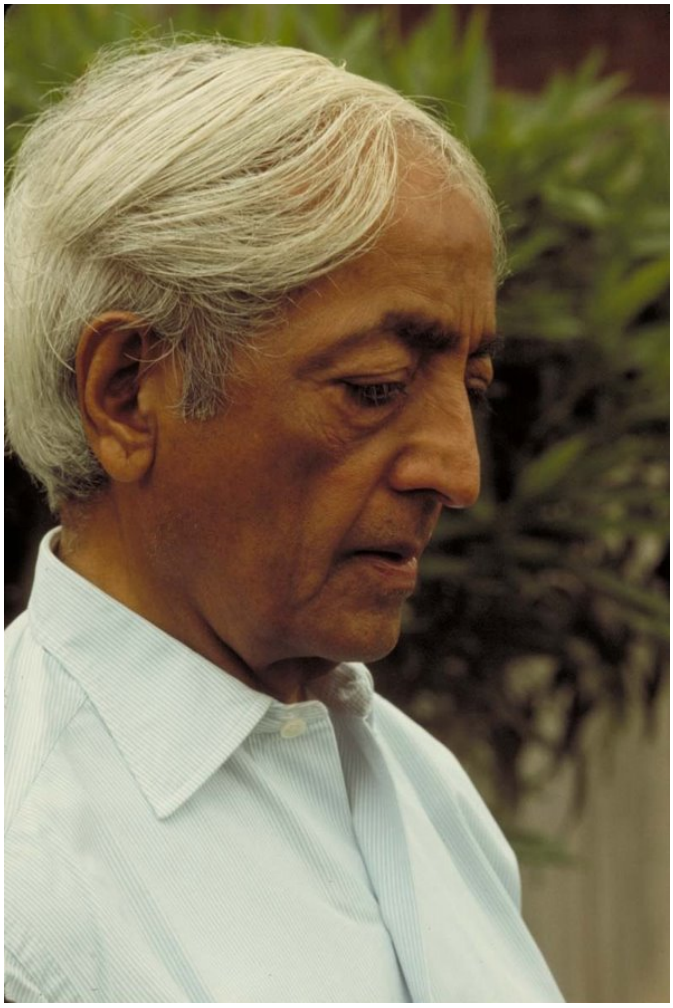
M: But I can see both sides of the whole thing. So, it was funny to me that, with a war going on and people being slaughtered, people still want their pleasures in killing animals, and protesting their rights to do so, righteous rights. Anyway, ‘It all seemed depressing to me, and gave me a sad glimpse of what George’s childhood must’ve been like for him. He is such a different sort of person. I fretted too because I had trouble

letting Krishnaji know by telephone that I had arrived safely as I said I would. I finally got the message through that I was leaving, didn't stay to tea, but came whizzing back—the car like a racehorse. I passed Stonehenge again with young people streaming there on foot for the summer solstice. I got back in one hour and forty minutes, in time to fetch Krishnaji's supper. But I don't enjoy such long jaunts away from him.'

The twentieth just says: 'Desk.'

S: [*chuckles*] You read that with no joy whatsoever.

M: No.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

June twenty-first. 'Krishnaji and I went to London. We had an early lunch with Mary and Joe at their flat. Joe then took Krishnaji to the dentist. A new bridge was adjusted; it feels excellent now, Krishnaji said afterward. Mary and I sat most pleasantly and talked till Joe brought Krishnaji back. Then Joe took both of us to Waterloo and we were back at Brockwood early.'

So, Thursday, the twenty-second. 'It rained, and I did desk work. Dr. Rahula, a Ceylonese Buddhist scholar, and Dr. Schloegl, a German woman, a sociologist who went to Japan and stayed twelve years in a Zen monastery, and who is also a Buddhist scholar, came for lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji, the two Buddhist scholars, Narayan, and David Bohm had a discussion, which was videotaped by Scott and company. Rahula talked about fifteen minutes without stopping at the beginning. He is hard to understand and pedantic. There was a staff meeting after supper. After supper, Esme and Verna showed me how to make tofu, which Krishnaji now eats instead of cheese.' Do you remember Verna Kreuger?**[2]**

S: Very well.

M: The next day, 'I took Dr. Parchure to Winchester. We got back by 11:30 a.m., in time for Krishnaji's second discussion with the two Buddhists, Narayan, and David. A third one was held in the afternoon. The discussion evoked much from Krishnaji, but little of interest from the others.'

June twenty-fourth. 'I went to London alone, did errands at Harrods, then got my hair cut. I lunched with Betsy at her flat, and was back to Brockwood in time for the walk with Krishnaji and Narayan. Krishnaji had talked to Soleil and to Terence Stamp, each privately.' Soleil? That sounds French. Do you know who that was?

S: Yes. Actually it was a girl from California. She came to Brockwood and started off…I don't remember what she was doing, but that didn't work out. However, she wanted to stay, so I took her on as the secretary for the video department. I think she left about a year later with Eric Schiffmann, the yoga teacher.

M: June twenty-fifth. 'I spent most of the day packing. Krishnaji stayed in bed. Donald Dennis with three other students washed and waxed the Mercedes, then I put it in the barn for the summer, covered with sheets, etcetera.'

The next day was 'a cold day. Krishnaji and I went to London, and right to the dentist for the new bridge to be smoothed at a spot that was irritating Krishnaji's lip, then back to the train, where we ate our sandwich lunch. We were back at Brockwood by 3 p.m. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I went for a walk across the fields. Then, more packing, tidying, and typing for me.'

June twenty-seventh. 'I was up early to finish packing and tidying. Krishnaji and I left Brockwood at 12:15 p.m. in the mini with Dorothy driving, Doris and Ingrid bringing luggage in the other car. We stopped for a picnic sandwich in the car by a field near Heathrow, where we stopped last year. Krishnaji and I took the 3:15 p.m. BE flight to Cologne. It was cold in England and cold in Germany. We taxied to Bonn and the Hotel Bristol, a totally charmless hotel with vile wallpaper in which I see Rorschach tests' [*both laugh*]. I used to administer Rorschach tests; I was rather professional about it. 'Rorschach test heads of ugly animals but, nevertheless, convenient and clean. I confirmed tomorrow's appointment with Dr. Scheef, and then we went for a walk.

Krishnaji remembers more or less where we went last September. We had supper in the dining room, thinking it would be quicker. It wasn't. The headwaiter is from India, and is tolerant of our vegetarian peculiarity. From his window, Krishnaji saw, across the city, a huge revolving Mercedes star. He was pleased.' Oh, you know, there was an ad.

S: Yes, yes.

M: June twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji likes sleeping under the continental quilt. "Nicely warm," he said. We walked the two blocks to the Janker Klinik shortly after 10 a.m., and saw Dr. Scheef at 11 a.m.—a man in a hurry. Krishnaji had various tests done, including phosphatase test, which I believe is to show any cancer cells. We were out in a little over half an hour. While waiting, I began to wonder what it is that makes people and nature cling to life.' [*Laughs.*] 'What wants to survive? I spoke of it to Krishnaji. He said he had never asked that, and would consider it. He began to speak of pleasure, the always turning to it, life being seen as pleasure or the possibility of it. I said that it was part, but was it the root? Krishnaji said, "I am not in it now. It's too big a question now." In a few minutes, he said suddenly, "The rock roses must be in bloom, and the creeper must have reached the trellis."' [*S laughs.*] 'So, we talked about Ojai a little, left the clinic, and walked to a nearby bank where I got Deutsche marks for travel checks, and then returned to Hotel Bristol for lunch, served quickly this time. We took naps and returned to the clinic at 3:30 p.m. Scheef says Krishnaji's tests are fine. Nevertheless, he gave some prescriptions to strengthen Krishnaji, and 350 enzyme tablets. He was in a hurry, and his telephone was ringing constantly. He leaves tomorrow for Jamaica. He didn't have the pink pills that help Krishnaji's hay fever, but said he would send some to Gstaad. I am to keep on with enzymes and Vitamin E, and so is Krishnaji. We went off after paying Krishnaji's bill for 155 Deutsche marks ($73) and tried unsuccessfully to fill the prescription. It was early closing day, and the only open pharmacist was missing an ingredient. We bought cherries on the street and ate them in our rooms before going down to supper.'

The next day, 'We left Hotel Bristol at 8 a.m. by taxi to Cologne Airport, and took the Swiss Air 9:30 a.m. flight to Zurich, where we changed planes for Geneva. There was a very thorough searching before boarding the plane. Good security. Two tough-looking women ran their hands up and down every inch of me. When the plane took off, it wasted no time gaining altitude. In Zurich, I discovered United Travel had booked us with a ticket earlier than the one in the computer, and on the travel memo they gave me, so we took an earlier flight, but our luggage, booked through from Bonn, came later.'

S: Oh, lord.

M: 'We waited in Geneva in the baggage area, and *finally*, our bags came. Switzerland is shining in the summer sun. We took a taxi to the Hotel des Bergues. Our first day here. Nice rooms, adjoining but not communicating, newly redone in old-fashioned French style. Krishnaji approved, "I like this hotel," better than the Hôtel du Rhône, where we used to stay. We lunched in the Amphitryon Dining Room, where, once again, it was pleasing in an old-fashioned way: snowy linens, two waiters serving deftly and with

style. Quiet. It was mostly men lunching together; dignified and serious. Krishnaji said, "Nous sommes en régime" to cushion our vegetarian ordering.' [*S laughs*.]

S: He said "Nous sommes en régime" to the waiters?

M: To the headwaiter; explaining our eccentricity and mollifying them. He made it seem we were just on a diet. [*Both laugh*.] He was rather modest and apologetic about…

S: Yes.

M: 'We rested a little after lunch, and then walked across the bridge to Patek, where we fetched Krishnaji's steel watch, sent in March by Ted for cleaning and repair. Krishnaji watched with fascination the young technician who checked his gold watch. We walked on down to Jacquet for the annual ordering of ties, Krishnaji choosing with satisfaction ten; the first four for Joe Links, and then four for himself—the last two were at my urging. He didn't want more than Joe had. At the end,' [*both laugh*] 'at the end, his attention fled, as it often does, in choosing material for suits or other things for himself. But he was pleased with his visit. He spoke of Huntsman to the son of the owner who assists at these annual choosings, and so with cordial handshakes and escortings to the door, we emerged on the Rue de Rhône again and walked up past the fish store, with a smell I dislike, and so across the bridge to a chemist, for the prescription given yesterday by Dr. Scheef. We had a rest at the hotel. I rang Tannegg, and got a happy-sounding Fosca, and then Vanda. They had just arrived. Krishnaji and I dined at 7:30 p.m. in the Amphitryon. We had crème caramel for dessert, for protein, at Krishnaji's suggestion.' [*Laughs.*] It's got eggs in it!

S: Crème caramel for protein, is it?! [*Laughing.*]

M: Yes. [*Laughing more.*] Well, it's made of eggs; he was quite right, and I didn't object at all. 'I asked him at supper what was his earliest actual memory. He thinks it is standing in his rooms at Adyar, looking out at the river, oblivious of everything else. Did he directly remember Nitya? Yes, but as with other faces, it is hard to evoke his face. "I can recognize a photo and say 'Yes, that is him.' He seems to remember more the feeling, the relationship. I asked him if he remembered Rosalind Rajagopal, and he said he remembered her beating him, hitting him "in the groin." I felt sick.' [*Long pause*.] '"Those two must have set it all up." "I was made to feel guilty all the time of something. I wondered if it were my fault." "I don't want to have those two in my consciousness." So, we talked of other things, then went up to our rooms, and went to bed.'

June thirtieth. 'They are digging a large excavation for a building outside our rooms. Krishnaji was standing in the window when I brought him the vitamin tablets. "I like to watch all that." He noticed, too, a *splendid Ferrari*.' [*S chuckles at M's mimicking of Krishnaji's voice*.] 'We stayed in all morning. The concierge sent our suitcases to the station, and at 1 p.m., we lunched pleasantly in the Amphitryon. We had vichyssoise and omelet, etcetera. We took the 3:15 p.m. train, Krishnaji watching the lake all the way to Montreux, where we changed to the little blue mountain train that goes up to Gstaad.

From shortly after Montreux, Krishnaji recognized every glimpse of the road we usually drive. "Now we are in our country," he said. It had been warm in Geneva, and on the train too, but it was cool in Gstaad when we arrived at 6 p.m., and recent snow had left patches low on the mountains. The Bernerhof Hotel is being remodeled, and the little garden and tree opposite have been destroyed. The taxi man regretted it, too, as we went up to Tannegg. Fosca, a bit too deaf to hear the bell, nevertheless, looked well and her usual nice self. And Vanda was welcoming and warm. Soon Krishnaji had his tray in bed. Vanda and I ate in the dining room as always. I unpacked before going to bed. So, is it a sign of age to find ease with familiarity of things? Not entirely, I think.'

S: [*chuckles*] No, it isn't.

M: We now go to July first. 'I woke up with a pleasant feeling I didn't have to get up, but did. Krishnaji rested in the morning. At noon, a Hertz man brought from Berne a bright-green Renault; our summer's lift up and down the mountain. At 12:30 p.m., the Brockwood mini appeared with Donald Dennis driving, and inside were Dr. Parchure, Narayan, and Natasha. They were calling before going to their chalet in Schönried, arranged by Edgar Graf. "So healthy a place," said Parchure, "how can one be sick here?"' [*Laughs.*] 'At 4:30 p.m. Krishnaji walked down to have his hair cut by Mr. Nicolas, who cuts it well. I drove him up the hill after we bought some almond butter he had seen in Pernet's window.' Pernet was the local grocery store. 'He is still off all dairy food as they may encourage hay fever. When Scott Forbes brings a jar of Nagari from Brockwood, I will make tofu for Krishnaji.'

S: Yes. And just to explain your last comment, Scott Forbes was driving the great big video van, which was always also loaded up with various supplies. [*Both laugh.*]

M: Yes, oh, yes. Lots of things, carrying things that are indispensable.

S: Yes.

M: July second. 'Donald brought Dr. Parchure at 11 a.m., and both Krishnaji and I had a massage. He stayed to lunch with Vanda, Frances McCann, and I. Krishnaji stayed in bed until late afternoon when he and I went for a first walk up the hill and to the end of the wood. Krishnaji has suddenly developed considerable varicose veins in his left leg. Parchure went to John Bell in London and brought him some longer elastic stockings, which he wore today. I telephoned Filomena in the evening and said I would come to see her around the seventh of August.'

Then, for the next several days, there really isn't much except people to lunch, errands, etcetera. Oh, yes, on July fifth, 'Krishnaji had wanted some oil or cream for his face during massage, so I got him some Payot.' Payot is a well-known French face cream maker. 'I got some Payot for him and realized after that it cost $25.' [*Laughs.*] 'Krishnaji luckily hasn't noticed it. He looks forward to seeing whatever I bring back in the shopping basket.' He always did this; he used to do it at Brockwood.

S: Yes. I remember.

M: I would go and buy toothpaste and pencils and I don't know what, and he wanted to see it all. He wanted me to put it out on the kitchen table. [*S laughs*.] It says here: 'Even a tube of toothpaste is like a present.' [*Laughs.*] 'Krishnaji saw Silvius Russu**[3]** briefly. On a chilly walk under gray skies, we went halfway up the Turbach Road, Krishnaji wanting to stretch the distance a little each day. I think today's must've been three miles. On the way back, he said, "Soon the new ties will come."'

S: [*laughs*] Jacquet.

M: 'And then he added, "Little things please little minds."' [*Both laugh*.] 'As we were taking off our muddy boots, Edgar Graf appeared and later stayed till supper. The tent is being put up by Brockwood boys who got free space in the barracks to pay them for their work. Graf described to Vanda Barabino's present circumstances. Biella'—that was, oh dear, Barabino was a pain in the neck, really, and he had a school in Biella, in Italy, which wasn't a Krishnamurti school, but he tried to make it appear to be one—'Biella has failed. Barabino wrote a story for a movie, but nothing came of it. He still answers questions about Krishnaji's teachings as though he were the Italian spokesman, and of course, he has still not returned the mailing list.' We never could get the Italian mailing list out of him. 'Pietro Cragnolini is ailing and wants his name off *The Bulletin*. Mr. Letteri will take his place.'

July sixth. 'It was rainy and cold, and the snow was low on the mountains. Joan Wright brought two fine silk nightshirts she made for Krishnaji.' She used to make lovely things for him, particularly nightshirts that he liked.

S: And bathrobes.

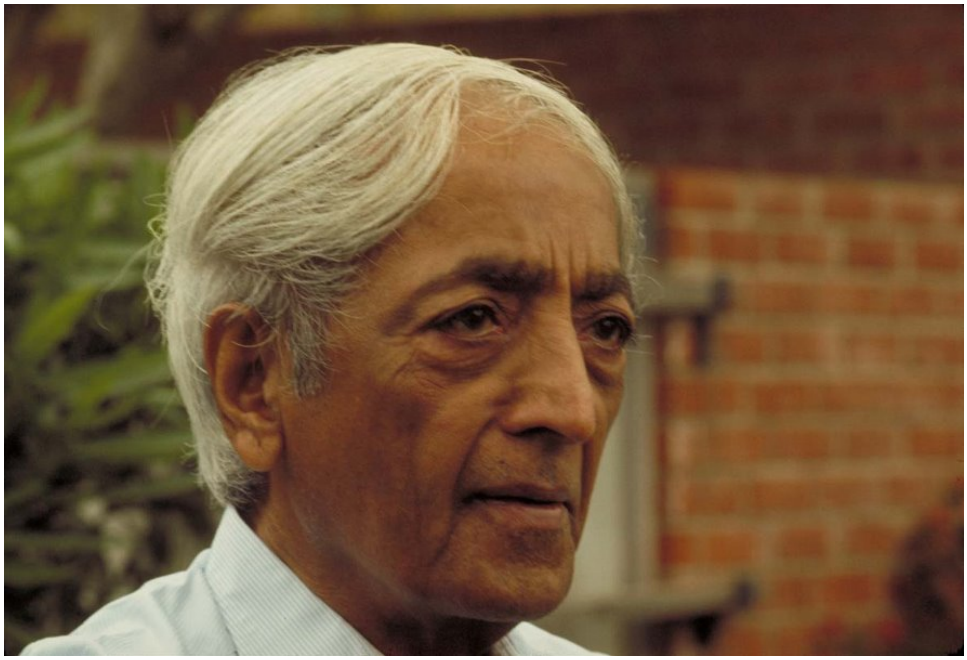
M: Bathrobes, too.

The next day, 'I went to fetch Dr. Parchure at 6:30 a.m., then did letters. I fetched Mar de Manziarly to lunch. Krishnaji and I went to Saanen in the afternoon for a pair of walking shoes for him. The Simmonses and Doris arrived in the Land Rover.'

July eighth, 'There was fog and rain. I worked at the desk. I went to the tent, picked up Natasha, then we went to see Dorothy and Montague. Natasha lunched with Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and me. Krishnaji remained in his room. I later went down to get four boxes of Wobenzyme.' That was a two-year supply.

S: Is that an enzyme?

M: Some magical German pill. [*S chuckles*.] I may have some old ones still in the cabinet in there.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

July ninth. 'Rain and fog. I drove Krishnaji to the tent for his opening Saanen talk on the sense of self. It was very fine. The tent was full in spite of cold, rain, and the cost of the Swiss franc. Coming back, Krishnaji said, "I had no idea what I was going to say when I sat down." Dr. Parchure came back with Vanda and Mrs. Walsh, and gave Krishnaji a massage without oil before lunch. In the afternoon, Evelyne rang. She and Lou arrived, and are staying in the same chalet as two years ago belonging to a friend. Krishnaji and I walked down the hill, around Alpina and up again. I read till 11 p.m., finishing the first volume of the Raj Quartet.'

The tenth, 'Evelyne and Lou came to lunch. They visited the Malibu house before leaving California. Lou wanted to see the slide area, which the Sandler office'—that's the real estate people—'say is making the house hard to sell. Lou said I must do something immediately, and suggested that Max'—that was the Ojai builder—'do it. Krishnaji agreed with this, and said if necessary, I should fly back there. Lou felt I should, in order to arrange the look of it. Krishnaji and I walked in the afternoon. In the evening, I telephoned Amanda and Phil Dunne and told them what Lou had said, and that I was going to ask Max to go and see the problem. I asked if they would meet him there, etcetera, and think about the look of it. They, of course, said yes. I had dialed directly, and it was wonderful to talk**[4]**. Then, I telephoned Max at his work phone on the site in Ojai. I got him instantly and explained it all. He said calmly in Max fashion, "I will do it."' [*S chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji was pleased. "At last," he said.' [*S chuckles more*.]

July eleventh. 'I fetched Dr. Parchure as usual at 6:30 a.m. The weather was clear for a change. Krishnaji gave the second public talk in the tent, and there was enormous energy in it. At lunch were Simonette di Cesaro'—that was a friend of Vanda's and a woman I've known; she's Italian, but used to live in India part of the time—'who has just bought a house in London. Rome is now too dangerous to live in, she says. To lunch were

Narayan, Dr. Parchure, and Mr. and Mrs. David Mustart, friends of Naudé; he is a geologist teaching at San Francisco State.' It was fascinating; I didn't know about tectonic plates until this particular day. Now, we all have to know about it. 'Krishnaji joined everyone after lunch and sat talking until 6 o'clock about all kinds of things, including tectonic plates, the continents' movements, earthquakes, and ancient Indian history. When they finally left, Krishnaji and I went for a short walk down the hill and back. Krishnaji said it is possible some sort of disaster may occur in the next year and we must plan where we should be. Ojai, we both felt, would be best. We could live there as simply as elsewhere. We could even live and sleep in the kitchen if necessary. We must plan it a little, try to be prepared. Talk to the Lilliefelts. "Where I am, this body is, will be safe."' That's nice.

S: Alright. We should end it there because we don't have enough tape to do another day.

M: Mm, and there's a long entry coming.

S: Alright. So, that will be July twelfth?

M: That will be July twelfth.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Boots is a chain store which began in England as pharmacies, but they have expanded to sell a great many things like drug stores do in the United States.

[2] Verna was a very sweet American woman who came to Brockwood right at the beginning to work in the kitchen. She was the first Brockwood staff member, since it became a school, to die at Brockwood.

{3] An elderly Romanian man who had been dedicated to Krishnaji since the early 1920s.

[4] Long-distance calls used to be only made through long-distance operators, and often had to be booked ahead of time.

Issue 53: July 12, 1978 to August 16, 1978

The events of this issue take place entirely during Krishnaji's and Mary's stay in Switzerland for the Saanen talks. For me, there is more of the leisurely, while simultaneously intense, atmosphere of those periods conveyed here than in previous issues covering the same period. It was the most international of all Krishnaji's regular events, and thousands of people from around the world interested in Krishnaji's teachings, and often their families, descended on the small village of Saanen and the surrounding villages. Mary notes the change after the talks were over, and it was, indeed, very discernible. But for Mary and Krishnaji the work continues: the correspondence, the interviews, the meetings about organizational matters, and then with the change in venues, the preparation for the Brockwood talks. Mary expresses concern that Mary L. must finish the second volume of Krishnaji's biography because Mary L. has just turned seventy years old. But Mary herself is sixty-three at this point, and there is nothing about her being in the presence of Krishnaji that seems restful, or relaxed, or laid-back for someone of that age.

Scott: Alright, we begin, but there's only one microphone on, and that's Mary's, so I'll try to speak loudly so the transcriber can hear. Today is February thirteenth, 2005, Mary's ninetieth birthday!

Mary: *No*! Please! That is immaterial. [*Chuckles.*]

S: [*laughs*] And we are going to begin on July twelfth, 1978.

M: Yes. Well, we're in Saanen. 'The morning was fairly clear. I fetched Dr. Parchure at 6:30 a.m., and then went down to see Dorothy and Montague to deliver letters and asked if they would prefer to stay in the Land Rover instead of moving up to Tannegg when Vanda leaves on Friday.' They were living in their Land Rover in the camping site. Dorothy felt she was more available there to meet people who were interested in Brockwood; plus they just liked camping.

S: Yes.

M: And usually, when the talks were over, and we had the space downstairs in Chalet Tannegg, they would come up and stay there until they left for Brockwood. 'Doris had said earlier to me that this year they would sooner stay put, and they confirmed that. I said please do what really suits them. That is all Krishnaji or I want. I met Natasha**[1]** and brought her up for lunch. Vanda had asked Frode and Julie Desnick**[2]** up to lunch, and I picked them up when I found them walking up the hill.' [*Chuckles.*] 'In the middle of lunch, Max telephoned. He had been to Malibu after my call on Monday and again yesterday. Amanda and Phil, and also the county building and safety man, inspected it. All agreed on cutting a three-foot terrace to remove the filled area on the ocean side of the lawn, putting railroad ties in to hold it, then gravel on top. He will do it this week. I said not to stint on the cost, but do what is necessary. He said it would likely cost

between $6,000 to $7,000. I told him to go ahead. He said he would also make steps down to the beach, which the house buyers are interested in. Krishnaji was very pleased. I took Natasha down the hill, then went to the bank, etcetera. When I came back, I interviewed a young woman, Genevieve Hahn, who has a child who wants to go to Oak Grove School**[3]**. I walked with Krishnaji in the evening, then telephoned Amanda and heard her views of the slide business. She and Phil approved. All is well in hand. How wonderfully helpful friends can be; and we wonder at the speed of all this and the impulse to help.'

July thirteenth. 'The morning was clear and sunny. I fetched Dr. Parchure at 6:30 a.m. Krishnaji gave his third Saanen talk. He gave it huge energy, and there was much on self-identity. "Where there is identity, there is no freedom." He had a massage by Dr. Parchure on his return from the talk. But, first, we went to Kohli.' Kohli is a man who had a shoe store, and there, we received Krishnaji's new walking shoes. At lunch, there was Suad al Radhi, Evelyne Blau, Narayan, Dr. Parchure, Vanda, and me. Krishnaji came in for coffee. Evelyne and I talked about Foundation matters until 4 o'clock. Later, Krishnaji wore his new shoes on the walk and is very pleased. He said, "Do you think…" I interrupted and said, "Yes," and he said, "You caught my thought."' [*Chuckles.*] 'I did. He thinks he should have a duplicate pair for Ojai.' [*S laughs, then M laughs.*] 'Vanda is not eating at lunch and barely at supper.' She was emaciated and she hardly ever ate anything, and you couldn't talk her out of it. 'Some sort of stomach upset, she said. She leaves tomorrow for Florence and will return on August sixth.'

The next day, 'again, I fetched Dr. Parchure. Vanda left for Florence at 8 a.m., and will return later. Dr. Parchure helped put chairs in the sitting room for thirty-two people. Scott Forbes came by early to regulate Krishnaji's watches**[4]**.' [*S laughs; M chuckles*.] 'At 11:30 a.m., there was the annual meeting of committees and Foundation members. It began this year with a discussion of committee questions, and later Krishnaji joined in. There were reports on schools, which were given by Evelyne for Ojai; Dorothy, Brockwood; the Siddoos on Canada; and Narayan on India. It went on till almost 2 o'clock. Krishnaji had lunch alone. Mary Cadogan, Jane Hammond, Evelyne, and Dr. Parchure had lunch here, and then talked about fundraising. I fetched Narayan for a talk and walk with Krishnaji, while I did some marketing for Fosca and also ferried Fosca down to the stores. I felt hot and tired with an aching leg.'

July fifteenth, 'I fetched Dr. Parchure so he could move up to Tannegg into the downstairs room'—that's the one Vanda had vacated. 'At 9:30 a.m., I went to a hairdresser. Dorothy, Montague, and Dr. Parchure were at lunch.'

The sixteenth of July. 'It was a clear and warm morning. Krishnaji gave his fourth Saanen talk to a packed tent. Michael and Bonnie Mendizza have arrived and are staying at Evelyne's, and he took stills in the tent. It was a very strong talk. In the car afterward, Krishnaji said, "A lot of energy. How did you all stand it?"' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Jean-Michel Maroger and Diane were in the tent and came up afterward. Krishnaji put his hands on Diane. She can now stand and walk one or two steps on her own, though she is still in a brace. I went to fetch Anneke, who, as usual, is staying with Doris. She and Dr. Parchure

were at lunch and afterward, Krishnaji put his hands on her.' He was always helping Anneke's health.

S: Yes.

M: 'Krishnaji gave Brian Jenkins an interview at 4:30 p.m., the first ever for Brian. Meanwhile, I went to Mary Cadogan's at 4 p.m., and she and Edgar Graf and I discussed the Saanen Gathering Committee, the KFT, and the KFA all sharing Krishnaji's travel expenses to Switzerland and the Tannegg rental. Vanda will continue to contribute to the Tannegg rental, but only one quarter now. I had a long talk with Dr. Parchure at supper about Krishnaji's health. He watches carefully for any change to try to offset it and minimize it. He questioned me on any changes I may notice. Krishnaji's balance is less good. Parchure says that this is controlled by an anterior part of the brain and could be caused by lessening of the blood supply. He asked Krishnaji about this and will he continue throughout his life to have clear mental faculties. Krishnaji, who puts large responsibilities on Parchure for the rest of his body health, said, "Yes," his mind will be clear. Something else will look after that.' [*Pause.*]

'During this morning's talk, Krishnaji was on the verge of talking about yoga and then he veered away. I mentioned it after lunch while he was having what passes for coffee, i.e., Pionier, a cereal brown stuff.' [*Seems to ask S:*] Do you remember that horrid drink?

S: Yes, I remember that horrible stuff. We had it at Brockwood.

M: No caffeine at all. 'And Krishnaji said, "I'm going to destroy it."' That means yoga.

S: He's going to destroy yoga?

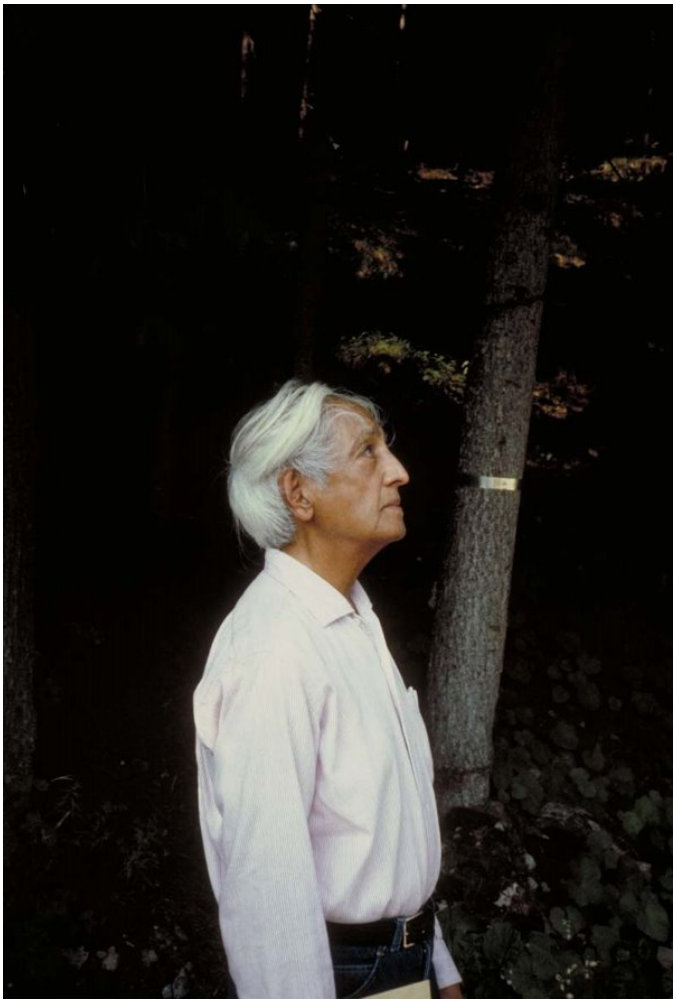
M: Yes. 'We talked about this on the walk yesterday. I had spoken of what seems to be a yoga-neurosis,' [*chuckles*] 'endless preoccupation with it, hours doing it, teaching it, talking about it, as in Vanda's case, Frances McCann's, and many others. It seems almost a narcissism in yoga, and the yoga now, according to Krishnaji and to Dr. Parchure, is gymnastics, not yoga.' They are. There is an obsession about yoga.

S: Yes, yes.

M: July seventeenth. 'A beautiful day, warm day. I worked on letters. No one to lunch but Dr. Parchure. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw Diane Maroger. I fetched the Siddoos and Scott and went to Evelyne's chalet for tea and a discussion of Michael Mendizza's Krishnamurti film. Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, Doris, Anneke, and Narayan were there. Doris was aggressive, demanding Mendizza's qualifications, and rejecting to tape our discussion until I asked others how they felt. After that, Doris backtracked. She attempted to monopolize the discussion for a while but others contributed. Evelyne presented plans very well. Scott Forbes came back to Tannegg to fetch Krishnaji's steel watch. He has talked about it to a Patek technician, and wants to take it to him in Geneva tomorrow. For Krishnaji, Scott is becoming a watch expert.' [*S laughs.*] 'We walked up on the hill and

met Krishnaji returning under his sun umbrella from his walk. Scott pointed out the Wildhorn'—that's the mountain—'where he had gone yesterday with his mountain climbing friend.' [*S chuckles.*]

But you were denied mountain climbing soon after.



Krishnaji in Switzerland (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Yes, I was *supposed* to be denied, but I wasn't very obedient to that.

M: You were not? [*S laughs mischievously*.] You mean you sneakily went up mountains when we didn't know?

S: Well, Krishnaji prevented me [*M chuckles*] from going up one year, but he didn't say that climbing from then on was finished, although he did later. I mean, I never lied to him about it, or anything like that.

M: You just didn't mention it.

S: I just didn't mention it sometimes. [*M laughs.*] But the problem was that Krishnaji always knew.

M: Yes, he knew.

S: And he would *scold* me.

M: You see.

S: In fact, one time I did some climbing on the way to Saanen, and I hadn't told Krishnaji I was going to go climbing before Saanen. I usually only had time after the talks.

M: Mm, hm, mm, hm.

S: But when I drove up to see him at Tannegg to tell him I had arrived, as I usually did, he was at the door, anxiously waiting for me.

M: Mm, hm.

S: And he said, scolding, "Where have you been, what have you been doing?" And I replied, well…[*Both laugh*.] I think that was the year he wouldn't let me climb again.

M: Yes. Well, I know that he said to you, as he said to me, you are no longer responsible to yourself alone.

S: Yes. That's right.

M: Therefore, you cannot climb mountains, and I had to be careful driving a car, and I couldn't just fly around anyplace I wanted.

S: That's right. Yes.

M: So, I asked, well, does that mean that I shouldn't go and see my mother in New England? He said, no, no, that's alright for you to do that. So, it seemed to boil down to I shouldn't, for instance, fly up to lunch with someone in San Francisco. Which wasn't really necessary. I mustn't do unnecessary…

S: Right, unnecessary things.

M: Yes.

S: So, yes. My climbing had a severe crimp put in it. [*Both chuckle*.] And eventually, it was *stopped*.

M: Yes, yes. It's like…I think all of us would've liked to have gone up gliding in Saanen, including Krishnaji.

S: I did go up gliding there.

M: Did you?

S: But that was before I knew Krishnaji.

M: Well, that was excusable.

S: So, I got away with that one. [*Laughs*.]

M: He would liked to have gone, and the fact that he wouldn't let himself go gliding because it was unnecessary and somewhat dangerous, or, at least, he thought it might be, and so we should not go, too. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes, I know. We weren't allowed to take risks either. [*Both chuckle*.] "Your life no longer belongs to you."

M: Yes, yes.

S: That was his expression to me.

M: That was, yes. It was to me, too.

The eighteenth. 'The weather was hot, with showers in the afternoon. Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen talk. The Marogers, Jean-Michel, Diane, and her sister Daphne came to Tannegg right after the talk, and Krishnaji put his hands on Diane, while Daphne helped me with some French in a letter. Then, Krishnaji steadying her, holding one arm and her father the other, little Diane walked'—I have it underlined—'from Krishnaji's sitting room, across the hall, into the living room, and climbed into the armchair. It stopped the heart to see. I think, how can I know, but I think that Krishnaji has put a greater healing power into this child than any other since I have been around. Certainly, at Brockwood, he was intent on doing it. And now for the first time in her life, she has walked, carrying her own weight. Narayan was there during her appearance; the Marogers left and Narayan and Dr. Parchure were at lunch. Narayan leaves today for India. I went to the village on assorted errands; then to Jane Hammond to pick up KFT's share of the Tannegg rent to deposit it in Vanda's account, Swiss francs 2,400, and to go over a draft of a constitution for the Krishnamurti Learning Center of South Africa, which Patty and Lola Shepherd are starting.' Those were two sisters in South Africa and they started in…I think it was in Cape Town…

S: No. It was Durban.

M: Durban, was it?

S: Yes. I visited them there.

M: Oh, then you know.

S: Yes.

M: 'When I came back to Tannegg, Krishnaji was giving an interview to Reinhold Sindler, an Austrian; and waiting in hope of seeing Krishnaji were Juan Colell, just appointed secretary of the Fundación, his brother, and the new Spanish publisher of Krishnaji books, Mr. Agut, and his wife. When Krishnaji came out, he spoke to them briefly and was given copies of the Spanish paperback of *Beyond Violence*, *Beginnings of Learning*, *Krishnamurti on Education*, and the sample color of *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, which will come out in September. They left, and Krishnaji and I walked to the end of the wood.'

The next day. 'I had a migraine in the night. Evelyne and Michael Mendizza were here in the morning to discuss filming. Dorothy brought Anneke before lunch. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched together. I fetched Magdalina Jasciuska, the Polish sociologist, to see Krishnaji. He also saw Diane. I marketed. Krishnaji and I walked to the end of the wood.' Now, Magdalina Jasciuska will come into this more. She was a very nice woman, and she and her husband started the Polish Krishnamurti Committee.

July twentieth. 'I telephoned Filomena in Rome and told her I would come there August seventh. Krishnaji gave talk number six, a very moving one. The Marogers: Jean-Michel, Daphne, and Diane came to lunch. Krishnaji came to the table and told stories. Then he slept, and I did errands. Evelyne, Michael Mendizza, and Scott came, and Krishnaji did an audiotape on the meaning of "You are the world" for use in the film. Mendizza was shooting it, and Krishnaji wore a little microphone inside his shirt with a battery in his belt that will broadcast his voice to the camera and sound recording. At 4 p.m., Evelyne, Michael, and Scott came and recorded on audio Krishnaji talking on "You are the world," all of us joining in the discussion, but only some of Krishnaji will be in the edited version for voice-over in the film. He said everything that one could want on the subject. I walked them up the hill to show them Krishnaji's usual path for walking across the field for filming tomorrow. Then I telephoned Amanda. She reported that huge work had been done last weekend by Max and crew, making a terrace where the earth settled at the edge of the lawn, rounding the slide, making a berm across the property line by the nuns.' Nuns had bought the house next door. 'Max hurt his back, but is alright. More work is scheduled for this weekend. Amanda says it looks very well.'

July twenty-first. 'I drove to Chateau d'Oex for soybeans to make tofu for Krishnaji. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched at the table. It was a gray day, but after Krishnaji had seen Diane at 4 p.m., he went up the hill and was filmed by Michael and Bonnie Mendizza, Evelyne and Scott helping. He sat on the first bench, and spoke for one to two minutes on nature—if you are not sensitive to it, how can you be related to human beings.' That's what he talked about. 'Then, more along the path to the bench by the edge of the wood, where he did one minute on what brings people to these mountains, to the talks, the common problems which all mankind shares. It was cold and spatters of rain began as we finished. Krishnaji, as always, did it superbly, altering what he said with

each take, unable to repeat himself.' [*S chuckles.*] 'It was tiring for him, and he felt the cold. Though I didn't feel much like it, I took Dr. Parchure at 8:30 p.m. to a photo slide showing on Dorothy's recommendation at the Landhaus in Saanen by a Swiss photographer named Blum.'

The twenty-second of July. 'The cold yesterday tired Krishnaji, so he rested. I did desk work in the morning, then fetched Anneke and Mar up to lunch. Anneke brought a book by Rajneesh in which he said some incorrect things about Krishnaji, which she found funny. I do not find malice about Krishnaji funny. Mar and Anneke chatted away about the old days. Mar was more tiresome than informative, but Anneke remains her pleasant self. It has been decided that the three people for the filmed discussion with Krishnaji on Monday will be Jean-Michel Maroger, Anneke, and Scott. Two Europeans, one American, and the Saanen audience. I walked with Krishnaji to the river after Krishnaji had seen Diane.'

July twenty-third. 'It was a beautiful day. Krishnaji gave the seventh Saanen talk, a long one-and-a-half hours and very moving one. Jean-Michel brought Diane for Krishnaji's touch right after the talk at Tannegg. I fetched Simonetta di Cesaro'—we've talked about her—'Suad al Radhi'—we've talked about her—'and Dr. Mark Brandes up the hill to lunch later. He is a German archeologist teaching at the University of Freiburg, who was brought by Suad twelve years ago to lunch here, and he came especially today to hear the talk and lunch. Before lunch, Krishnaji joined us and talked intently with Brandes about Sumerians.'

S: The Sumerians?

M: Mm. 'Brandes described how before 2,000 B.C., they began writing. At first, little clay objects were made, then they imprinted those objects on clay tablets. Krishnaji asked Brandes for archeology's view of our present civilization. He gave a pessimistic reply.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'Civilizations tend to destroy or be destroyed. Krishnaji said, "If you or some people see what is happening—the enormous technological advances and the lack of religious perception, what do you do? What will you do?"'—and I underline the you; he said it very emphatically.

S: Yes.

M: '"What will you do? Talk about it? Make people see?" Krishnaji ate in his room and came in for coffee. Brandes had to catch a train, so I took them down and then picked up Scott. Met Jean-Michel and Anneke, and guided them to Evelyne's chalet where we discussed with the Mendizzas and Evelyne the content of tomorrow's filmed dialogue between Krishnaji, Jean-Michel, Anneke, and Scott. I came back as Krishnaji was returning from a walk by himself. He was quite tired from the length of this morning's talk.'

The twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji was tired, so he didn't do his morning exercises. He had a long talk with Parchure about the Foundation activities in India. Krishnaji's plan for

Parchure is to search for people interested in the teachings; and he questions how to finance it. I did errands in the village, looked for books for Krishnaji, etcetera. Evelyne and Mendizza came at 1:30 p.m. to set up camera lights for the dialogue with Krishnaji in the corner of the sitting room, where the bench is. At 3 p.m., Jean-Michel, Anneke, and Scott came as participants and discussed their opening question of what an individual can do in the face of a disordered world of violence, chicanery, etcetera. At 3:30 p.m., Daphne brought Diane, and Krishnaji gave her a treatment. The Marogers left after the filmed dialogue for their home in France. Krishnaji said to me that when he touched Diane's elbow, it was as if it were dissolving, becoming soft. The dialogue was filmed. Krishnaji went off for his walk, and close-ups were done of the other three. Max telephoned from Ojai to report on work done in Malibu; they have two more days of it. He is sending photos.'



Krishnaji & Mary in Switzerland (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: None of these interviews with Krishnaji that Michael Mendizza did are in the archives list.

M: No? Really?

S: Really, and that means the archives doesn't have them.

M: Well, let's do something about that.

S: I've got a note. There may be a more up-to-date archives list than this one I have.

M: I see.

S: I hope so, anyway.

M: The next day, 'I did desk work, ran errands, and made tofu. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched together. It was a quiet day of rest for Krishnaji. We walked as usual.'

July twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji gave the first public discussion. There was extraordinary rudeness and aggression from both Lulu Ani and Christian'—that terrible Norwegian—'and a loud complaint from Edward Ani that he has listened for forty years without any change in himself; Mrs. Ani harangued Krishnaji that it was because he hadn't explained it properly. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched quietly. Later, Krishnaji had a haircut. We talked about a headline in *The Herald Tribune* that said the world had spent $400 billion in 1976 on armaments, and from this, he said that the question this morning is one he must answer. "I shed a tear inwardly when I heard it." He asked as Edward Ani had asked, '"I've listened to you for forty years and nothing has changed. What will make it move?"'…'"A crisis? Sorrow? Pain? A devastating event? These are all outer. We depend on things to shake us. How am I to say, 'Be intelligent about the event'? They won't listen. They will ask, 'How am I to be intelligent when I'm not?' I would say, 'Do you really think you're not intelligent now?'"'…'"You, Maria, are a very good example. Would you have listened years ago before your husband died? You went through a devastating event before you came to this. Take Mima Porter. She had all that money; she took the opposite direction because of money, and money destroyed her. Look at Signora—yoga, it's her life now. Which means really that there are only a few who can be intelligent before the event, not after a motor accident, to say 'I must drive carefully.' How do you help them before, not after? Only be walking with them."' That's a strange comment. Mm.

S: Mm, yes.

M: 'Dr. Parchure and I had supper at 6 p.m. with Dorothy and Montague in their Land Rover. It was very nice. A delicious supper was cooked by Dorothy on her two-burner camping stove. It rained outside, but we were snug and warm, and it was very pleasant. Dorothy is dismayed to have found that the Anis have reservations for the Brockwood Gathering.' [*S chuckles.*]

The twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji held the second public discussion at which he began by speaking of the $400 billion spent on armaments, and went on to answer a question on change; to see without seeking what is happening, then intelligence can enter. I brought him back to the chalet, and then fetched Pascaline Mallet, Gisela Elmenhorst, and Magdalina Jasciuska up to lunch. The first two hadn't met the third. But, before we were halfway up the hill, they had found that they have Polish friends in common. The world of Krishnaji listeners,' I put. 'He came and sat with them after lunch, and then I drove them down again. At 4 p.m., Mr. Mirabet of Spain came, as in past years, to smile, shake Krishnaji's hands, and give 7,000 Swiss francs, which Krishnaji is giving to Brockwood.' That was that nice old Spaniard, who every year reverently came with quite a large sum of money to further the cause. 'Then, Krishnaji and I went up the hill with Michael Mendizza and Bonnie, and their son Eric was toddling about, and Scott was waiting. Krishnaji was filmed without voice walking along the path and then sitting down on the

bench, for use later with a voice-over. The talking to the camera of last time is felt to be unnatural.' He was good on it…

S: Krishnaji was brilliant; but it wasn't a good idea, Krishnaji walking along and then suddenly turning to the camera and speaking to it.

M: Yes, that doesn't make sense.

July twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji held his third public discussion. I went back to the tent for Dr. Parchure and Mr. and Mrs. Waid, with whom Dr. Parchure stays in Bombay. He is very much the businessman and she is nice-looking and smiling, looking younger than the mother of two grown children. And I went down again to fetch Jackie Siddoo. Krishnaji sat both before and after lunch, but ate in his room. He talked at length with Jackie afterwards about Wolf Lake versus the present location for a school. It seems Sarjit has limits to how much she wants to invest and would like to wait five years before building at the lake. Jackie wants to press on. Krishnaji asked questions such as, "Are you willing to give everything you've got to this?"' [*S laughs*.] 'I asked him if he was implying that they should bankrupt themselves if necessary. "No, no," he said. But I was afraid Jackie might think he expected them to go that far. I took everyone back. Mr. and Mrs. Waid were having tea with Evelyne. I told Jackie that instead of his coming to Canada, she and Sarjit should spend as much time as possible where he is.'

The next day. 'Evelyne telephoned early, asking if I could come to a meeting in the afternoon to discuss Mr. Waid's suggestion that while Michael Mendizza does KFA filming in India, he also shoot footage to be made into a one-hour film on the Indian schools. She had enthused about this, and asked Dorothy if a film shouldn't also be done on Brockwood. Michael had sat up last night making cost estimates. Krishnaji gave his fourth public discussion in the tent and afterward had me speak to Mrs. Ani. I asked her why, in view of her hostility and her aggression shown toward Krishnaji and what he was saying on Wednesday, why she wanted to come to the Brockwood talks. I also mentioned her association with U.G. Krishnamurti and her joining in his malice toward Krishnaji. She called her husband and reported my question. I pointed out the limited Brockwood space, and our trying to give rooms to as many interested people as possible, so I question her coming. She said she didn't accept my description. I said her behavior in the tent came across as anger toward Krishnaji, and though I know little about U.G. Krishnamurti, people inevitably bring tales of his ugliness toward Krishnaji. As Krishnaji had to be rescued from the sun on the road, the conversation was short.' I had to pick him up as he was walking from the tent.

S: Yes.

M: Now, do we know about U.G. Krishnamurti?

S: Yes, I think we do.

M: Okay. 'Our conversation was short. Her husband asked if he could walk with me to the car, and said to me that his wife is abrasive. I agreed. Christian's behavior was brought in, and Ani said, "Oh, we're all somewhat childish." I said we are old enough not to be childish, and Christian's childishness can also be called common rudeness. I caught up with Krishnaji. After taking Krishnaji to Tannegg, I went back for Frances McCann. She and I lunched alone. Krishnaji joined us for coffee. I then went for an hour's visit with Joan Gordon at Alpina'—that's a hotel. 'Then, I took Dr. Parchure to Evelyne's meeting. Beside her and Mendizza, there were Dorothy and Suzanne and Hugues. Evelyne is enthusiastic about two films on the schools, but made it clear she cannot raise funds for anything but the KFA film. Estimates for a one-hour film for India was put at $24,000, and one for Brockwood at $9,000. Dorothy cautiously thought it might be possible. Parchure, who had spoken somewhat to Waid, was doubtful Waid would raise money for an Indian film, and it would be very difficult for Indians to do so. Evelyne was to meet the Waids in the evening, and Parchure lunches with them tomorrow. Evelyne flies to Los Angeles in the morning. The Mendizzas go on Friday.'

The thirtieth. 'Krishnaji ended this year's meetings with a fifth public discussion. Mr. Ani handed me a letter with a check to Brockwood for 150 pounds sterling, "in case we couldn't fill the room," and a lot of other nonsense. Dorothy and Montague came for lunch. Krishnaji and they were talking beforehand, and I was thinking that we had been able to get through this year's Saanen season without any specially crazy ladies, when at the door appeared a young German girl in a pink sari demanding to see Krishnaji.' There's always the [*S chuckles*] nutty female invasions that went on. [*M chuckles, then both chuckle*.] 'I made the usual spiel. "But I want to see him," she burst out, and tried to push her way in. It's the first time I've had to stop anybody physically. I held the door and blocked her way. She was alternately cajoling and angry, and then Krishnaji sent Dorothy to back me up.' [*Chuckling.*] 'We stood firm until the girl was completely outside and we locked the door.' [*Both laugh*.] 'Fosca reported that she hung around for quite a while.' Fosca could see out the kitchen window.

S: Oh, yes, which looks onto the driveway.

M: Yes. 'She must be the "crazy one" Dr. Parchure reported meeting in the tent, and Krishnaji said she pursued and grabbed him on the road. Krishnaji is against the school films. He thinks them a waste of monies needed for other things. Dorothy was not disappointed, as conveying the special quality of Brockwood on film would be difficult. Parchure, who lunched with the Waids, later reported that Waid was not prepared to raise any money at all, saying he is too busy. Sofia and Carlos Silva'—do you remember them?

S: Yes, I remember them.

M: …'came in briefly to see me at 4 p.m. She now does acupuncture in Rome. Krishnaji and I walked later. Frode caught up with us, coming to say goodbye; he leaves for Norway and then goes to Saint John's College in the U.S., a very special boy,' it says here. 'Evelyne left for Los Angeles.'

July thirty-first. ‘It is quiet at last. The people who came for the talks are leaving. Donald Dennis came to say goodbye. He, too, goes to Saint John’s College, as does Javier**[5]**. I was out when Donald came to the chalet, but ran into him in the village, and drove him to Dorothy’s in the camping site. She had just returned from the Diablerets. Dorothy, Montague, and Doris leave for Brockwood tomorrow. Krishnaji and I walked in the afternoon.’

August first. ‘It was a gray and foggy day. Krishnaji rested in bed. I did letters all day.’

The next day. ‘I worked at the desk all morning. Edgar Graf came to lunch, and Krishnaji came to the table. All seems to have gone well in the summer’s gathering. Edgar got sufficient donations to cover the costs in spite of the Swiss franc’s strength. The dollar dropped today to 1.70 Swiss francs to the dollar in the newspapers, but 1.63 was posted in the bank window. The village has different faces walking around now. Most familiar people are gone, though two came to the house wanting to see Krishnaji: a shy French boy, Gerard de Nouveau, a musician from Orleans. When he was told he couldn’t talk to Krishnaji, he asked if he could speak with me. So we did for a while. Shyness is so seldom seen.’ [*Chuckles*.] ‘Krishnaji did see Mr. Russu briefly at 4 p.m., and then we went for our walk. I reminded Krishnaji of the safe deposit box here and the money in it belonging to him, etcetera. He said, “As long as I am alive nothing will happen to you, if you are careful.”’ What does that have to do with the safe deposit box? [*S laughs*.] I don’t know. Anyway, that’s what my diary says.

The next day, ‘Krishnaji dictated letters. Dr. Parchure came for lunch, and Krishnaji was at the table. I went to the bank for an Alzina discussion with Mr. Hans Liechti.’ That’s the man in the bank. That was an account that I had jurisdiction over, but it was money at the Banc Cantonal given for Krishnaji.

S: Why the name Alzina?

M: It was invented by the man that looked after Frances’s investments, and at some point when he had come to turn over some of these things for Krishnaji’s use, he named the account Alzina, and so it was listed as Alzina.’

August fourth. ‘Nadia Kossiakof came in the afternoon. We talked, and later Krishnaji joined us. She described the horrors in Beirut where the Red Cross workers are deliberately fired on, and old women and children are shot. What should be one’s response to this, she asked. Krishnaji said, “What can one do? If you see a child being beaten, you act. But are you committed to something? If you have commitment, you are part of all that. If you see the danger of commitment, then you are free. And that intelligence will dictate.”’

The next day just says, ‘A quiet day. I worked at the desk. And we walked.’

August sixth, ‘To a letter from a man in Texas, who asked among other questions why one slips back from moments of clarity, Krishnaji dictated the following for me to put in

my reply to the man, a William Bagley: "If I may point out, time as movement is not involved in having insight into one's own nature and structure. Time is our conditioning which is essentially thought. To perceive the whole movement of thought, in that very perception thought is aware of itself as being limited. And any action born of this limitation must inevitably bring about conflict, pain, and suffering. If one actually, not philosophically or theologically, perceives the truth of this, the truth of the nature of thought, then there is no falling away from that truth and coming back to it. One must also bear in mind that there is no path to truth and it can never be charted." He didn't sleep too well last night; he skipped his exercise this morning, and slept some more. He rested all morning, lunched with Dr. Parchure and me, and then took a nap. I too slept after lunch. The air was moist and heavy, rather enervating, but we went for our walk to the end of the wood. Krishnaji stopped as usual by the chickens, leaned over their pen'—there were some chickens up there by a chalet—'and said, "Pourquoi vous ne sortez pas?"' [*M and S laugh.*] That means, why don't you leave?

S: Yes!

M: 'There was a white cat in the newly cut field. Krishnaji approached it, but it flattened itself in a wild way, prepared to take off, then shot away toward Elizabeth Taylor's chalet when Krishnaji came close.' [*Both laugh.*] Elizabeth Taylor had a chalet that was just down the hill from the field that we walked across. 'Rain began as we reached Tannegg. In the evening, Vanda arrived back from Florence and Crans, where she put her grandson in camp. On the television news it said that the Pope has had a heart attack at Castel Gandolfo and received extreme unction. Krishnaji made no comment. When he said goodnight to me, he said, "Tomorrow I will send two angels with you, but not till tomorrow."' [*Chuckles.*] 'I go in the evening to Rome to spend two days with Filomena, returning here Thursday.'

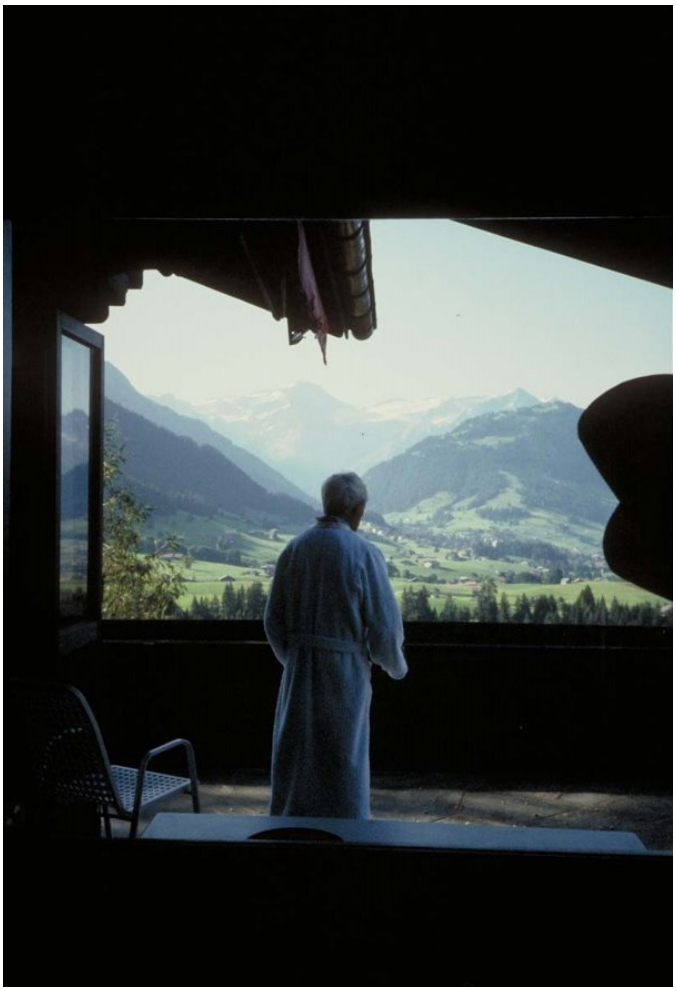
August seventh. 'It was a gray morning. I was up early, washed my hair, and wrote another letter. Krishnaji slept well, and is feeling rested. I felt secure leaving him in Vanda's and Parchure's care, but there was that unease, a certain ache when I leave for outside reasons. He waved as I drove off at 10 a.m. in the little Renault. I went via Les Mosses through Aigle. The rain had commenced falling at Chateau d'Oex, and poured all the way to Geneva. Coming down the mountain, there was a sign: "Le pape est mort"'—the pope is dead. 'I read in the papers at the airport that he had died last evening at Castel Gandolfo after a heart attack. I reached Cointrin'—that's the name of the airfield in Geneva—'at 12:15 p.m., returned the Renault to Hertz, checked my small bag, and checked into the Alitalia 1:55 p.m. flight, which was rescheduled to leave at 3:00 p.m., so I ate a sandwich and read. Rain kept pouring. Each passenger was given a plastic umbrella, and we ran across the tarmac to the aircraft, arriving pretty wet. The hard-voiced stewardess made all the announcements in Italian, French, and English, rattling them off so fast it sounded like all one word. We flew through fog and clouds to Rome, arriving after 5 p.m., Rome time. The immigration man, more attentive these days than usual, looked in a book to see if my name might be there. I carried my bag out, and there was Filomena and her son Mario waiting in spite of my having said I would take a taxi. Filomena's a little older, but totally her dear self. All the family were waiting when we

got back to their home. A big greeting. Katrina'—that's her sister—'is a bit paralyzed now on the left side. I'm sleeping, while I'm here, in their other house. I have Filomena's room, and she is in the back. I gave little presents to each. There were smiles, jokes, and the warm chatter of Italian family life. Filomena and I had the perfect supper for me: fruit including fresh figs and then a mozzarella. We talked and talked.'

The next day, 'Filomena and I spent a quiet day talking.'

August ninth. 'Filomena and I went shopping for a juice extractor. Mario drove us there and then drove us to San Pietro'—that's Saint Peter's. 'I went to see the Pietà.' You know, the Michelangelo statue of the dead Christ in the virgin's arms. 'It is now restored after the madman hit it with a hammer, and it is behind glass. Not very well lit but deeply moving as always. Preparations were going on for the lying in state of Pope Paul, whose body was to be brought to Rome from Castel Gandolfo in the late afternoon.' Castel Gandolfo's the papal country place…

S: Yes, yes.



Krishnaji in Switzerland (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: …where he'd go on summer holidays. 'Many Japanese tourists were milling about. Filomena touched the foot of a San Pietro statue, worn to no toes from its countless touchings. Rome, more than any other city I have been in, seems to reach further in time into a measureless past. The Michelangelo and Bernini, once again, were a gift to the eye and the spirit. The baroque gestures of the saints and putti'—putti are the little cherubs, they call them putti—'once again, make me smile inside. Papal deaths seem a part of my comings and goings to this city. It was Pius when I left in 1958, and Sam used to stop by the piazza to see if the white or black smoke would float from the chimney above the Sistine Chapel.'

S: Yes.

M: 'We then went to Ponte Milvio for figs, mozzarella, and *parmigiano* for me to take back to Gstaad.' Ponte Milvio is one of the ancient Roman bridges across the Tiber. 'The open-air market, noisy, cheerful, made me feel really here again. Filomena was intent, suspicious of every fruit; the salesman, young, relaxed, wooing the customers.' [*Both chuckle*.] '"Anche se non si compra ti ringraziamo," shouted one'—which means, even if you don't buy, we thank you. [*S laughs*.] 'In the cheese shop, it was nice, warm, and busy. The salesman wooed Filomena; Filomena said to him sternly in Italian, "See that you give me the best." "Si, signora, pense à me." Yes, signora, trust me. [*Chuckles.*] 'We had to go on to another place for the freshest figs. We came back for lunch, and I read most of afternoon. Filomena packed the figs and cheese in grape leaves in a box, packed so perfectly they could ride in my suitcase. At 5 p.m., Sofia or Sanguinetti, as she calls herself professionally—or are she and Carlos married after all? No matter.' [*Chuckles.*] 'She came to meet Filomena. The object is perhaps some relief from pain of arthritis in Filomena's neck and right shoulder. Sophia now does acupuncture and is said to be very good. She was just right with Filomena: cheerful, friendly, confident, asking just the right questions and explaining just enough to Filomena. She examined her and said her energy is excellent. Energy is the ingredient in everything these days. It puts one off a bit, but I reach for any hope of any relief for Filomena. Sofia is on holiday now. Filomena is to call her at the end of the month and make an appointment for treatments. Sofia told me that there would be no charge, which I said we couldn't let her do, but thanked her very much. I left funds with Filomena to pay for the treatments. It is now up to them, but I hope and hope. Filomena and I had a nice supper of fruit salad and mozzarella and watched on television the papal cortege coming through Rome from Castel Gandolfo to San Pietro. The piazza was filled.'

The tenth, 'Filomena and I had breakfast. She had packed the figs and cheese expertly. I said goodbye to the family, then Filomena and Mario took me to Fiumicino'—that's the Rome airport—'and, without delays, the Alitalia flight left at 12:50 p.m. for Geneva. I was glad to have been with Filomena, and felt some good for her in my coming. She was relaxed and smiling. Mario is, on the whole, older but not Filomena. In Geneva, Hertz provided a strident green Opel Kadett station wagon, and so I drove to Gstaad the Bulle way. Krishnaji had said to me when I left, "It will be fun to go off alone," and that is usually so for me. But going away from him geographically and for something outside of the ordinary and, therefore, strictly avoidable has little pleasure for me. Now, I was

heading toward him, and so back on the right track.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'The drive wound its familiar way. He was awake when I arrived at 4:30 p.m. He had sat with some people Vanda had invited to lunch—Frances and some others. Krishnaji gave me the letters he wrote to me on the two days I was away, the eighth and ninth of August.**[6]** We went for the walk to the end of the wood. There was much snow here on Tuesday. The Wispile was white…'

S: It's the mountain that you can see right in front of the balcony of Tannegg.

M: Yes, that's right…'was white a third of the way down, but it has melted now, though much remains on the higher mountains. It looks very white and clean. Krishnaji said that he and Dr. Parchure demolished much of the nonsense about yoga to Vanda, and McCann was present and heard it too. He seems pleased.**[7]** He has started taking morning walks before his massage. A cassette had come from my brother telling me that my cousin's in the hospital again, an infection'…well, I don't want to read all that.

S: Yes. I understand.

M: 'Life seemed to have been very hard on her. If it were not for Krishnaji, I would go to her, but as with Father and Mother, Krishnaji comes first.'

The next day, 'I did letters in the morning and village errands. Then I telephoned Bud at the Vineyard. Lorna is somewhat better. Krishnaji, Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and I walked. The French air controllers had begun another slow-down strike.' They were always doing that.

August twelfth. 'At lunch were Dr. Liechty, Frances McCann, Marjolaine van der Straten, Duncan McCandless, and a Mark Wagner, a young American with an American father and a Mexican mother who came here for lunch Thursday and seemed bright to Krishnaji. After lunch, Krishnaji joined us. He talked to Dr. Liechty, and after she left, there was a chance for the young guests to ask questions. Mark had to be prodded by Frances, and asked something meaningless about the moon and relapsed into slack-looking silence. Duncan went on in his slightly jokey way and the time dragged on. I became impatient and felt a waste of Krishnaji's time, and an obviously lost nap. I took up the discussion to try to bring it to a culmination, as it couldn't go far as it was. I had an increasing migraine. Krishnaji, Vanda, and I walked. When we came back, we watched the funeral of Pope Paul in Saint Peter's Square. Krishnaji watched it, and said, "I can't feel a thing, can you?" He admired the rug spread under the coffin.' [*Light chuckling*.] 'A helicopter appeared; tiny over Saint Peter's Dome, and Krishnaji said, "le Saint-Esprit,"' the holy spirit. [*Laughs more*.] Oh dear. 'The migraine finally won at supper, and I went to lie down. Dr. Parchure worked on my head and neck, which relieved it, and I went to bed and sleep early. Perhaps I'm just tired.' [*Light chuckle*.]

The thirteenth of August. 'It was a rainy day. I telephoned Dorothy at Brockwood about our arrival and about Mark Wagner coming to the Brockwood talks, then started packing. There were no guests at lunch. A young American, Curtis Jones, appeared on the

doorstep wanting help with some project on a Greek island. He was rather engaging, full of energy and purpose, but slightly eccentric. Krishnaji saw him through the window and talked to him a bit, and then turned him over to Dr. Parchure, as he has some notions of writing a book on the human body. Parchure says he knows nothing about it.' [*Both laugh.*] These people who would turn up and…

S: Yes, I know.

M: …flit in and out of the day. [*Chuckles.*] 'We brought him plates of food, and he talked a streak and finally accepted in a friendly fashion my saying that the Foundation couldn't offer money or sponsorship of his project. It would've been nice if all that earnest energy could've been turned in Krishnaji's direction, but he couldn't see beyond his own view, and lost the chance. I rested and read all afternoon and finished the second volume of the Raj Quartet.' I think I was reading that all summer.

The next day, 'I did packing and the last errands. Krishnaji had a haircut. A Pakistani man, who said he met Krishnaji fifty years ago, came to greet him. Then Krishnaji, Vanda, and I walked to the end of the wood. I had an on-and-off migraine, and Krishnaji cured it.'

August fifteenth. 'It was a sunny morning, and the mountains shone. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I said goodbye to Vanda and Fosca, and drove via Les Mosses and the autoroute to Geneva. I left the Hertz car, and we took Swiss Air to Heathrow, the flight going over Germany and Belgium to avoid French air space and the strike of air control workers. Mary and Joe, Dorothy, and Doris met us. Krishnaji and I drove back to Brockwood with Mary and Joe. They are staying another night before returning to London in order to be with us. Brockwood is green and beautiful after heavy rains all summer. Krishnaji had supper downstairs with the few who are here. There was a message to me from Betsy to telephone her on my arrival.'

August sixteenth. 'I unpacked, then talked most of the morning with Mary L. in the kitchen. After lunch, I unfurled the Mercedes from the barn and got it going. Mary came with me to the garage, and we exercised it a little. I asked her if she had worked on volume two of the Krishnaji biography. She said she has been making notes and wants to go ahead, but wonders how to handle the Rajagopal story. We talked about it, and I said that I hoped urgently that she will do the book. Mary was seventy at the end of July, all the more reason to want her to get on with it. We came back, and then Krishnaji, up from his nap, came with me and the Linkses in their car to Ovington, where we walked by the river. The beauty of it, the clear, swift waters and the green water weeds, the little ducks diving and swimming along the bottom, the slow sail of the swan, the warm smell of growing summer things gave a rapture. I walked to the water and felt dissolved as though it ran through all my senses. This countryside moves me in a way that the splendors of the Swiss mountains do not. We came back to the news that Mary and Joe's flat in London had been broken into. They left immediately, but later Mary rang to say that nothing was missing. A crow bar had been used to force the door, but inside the burglar

alarm went off and the intruders fled. Immense relief for this flat is filled with personal treasures they have collected over their lives, things of great taste.'

S: We have to end it here, Mary, we're running out of tape.

M: Alright.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Natasha is the daughter of Narayan and Shakuntala.

[2] Frode and Julie were two students at Brockwood. Frode went on to become a trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation of America.

[3] If this hasn't been mentioned before, The Oak Grove School was the Krishnamurti school in Ojai so named because it sits on the edge of the Oak Grove where Krishnaji gave his public talks in Ojai for decades.

[4] Krishnaji enjoyed his pocket watches being exactly to-the-second accurate, so the telephone time code number would be called, and his watches adjusted accordingly.

[5] Another student from Brockwood.

[6] Krishnaji wrote to Mary every day they were not together, usually when he was in India and she was in California; but he did the same even when they were just apart for a couple of days, as on this occasion.

[7] This conversation about yoga took place on August eighth, according to Krishnaji's letter to Mary. He writes, "Miss McCann was here for lunch and after Dr. P. was explaining what 'yoga' means and Mrs. Walsh joined later. I will tell you about it. Between Dr. P. and myself, we wiped away yoga, almost entirely. Yoga = exercise and not all the nonsense around it."

Issue 54: August 17, 1978 to October 25, 1978

The activities we follow in this issue are typical of this time for Krishnaji and Mary, except for a small break they take to the Loire area of France. There are the public Brockwood talks and discussions, the beginning of a new school term at Brockwood, and Krishnaji's preparation to go to India for his winter program there. One of the unusual elements of this year is that Mary is preparing to go to India with Krishnaji, something she hadn't done since 1965.

Many readers of these memoirs have expressed appreciation for the hyperlinks allowing them to read the text of any talk or discussion that Mary has said she found to be especially good. Thanks to the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust and its archivist, this issue has the first hyperlinks to video tapes of such talks and discussions. We hope you enjoy them as much as we do.

Mary: We're beginning on August seventeenth, 1978. 'Krishnaji and I took the 11:23 a.m. train to London and were met at Waterloo by Mary and Joe. After Krishnaji gave Joe the Jacquet ties, so carefully chosen and ordered for him by Krishnaji in Geneva, Joe had said that he wanted Krishnaji never to have to take a taxi in London again!' [*Both chuckle.*] 'He drove us to Fortnum's, leaving Mary, Krishnaji, and me to lunch. During it, Mary questioned Krishnaji on the schools. She had heard from Erna in a letter yesterday that the KFA needs $950,000 by next April for a school building and a yearly $100,000 above the tuitions just to keep the school going. Krishnaji has not yet seen the letter, but listened to Mary on the effort that all this fundraising entails.' Obviously, Mary was [*both chuckle*] very much against it. 'Joe picked us up and took us to Portland Place, where Krishnaji had a 3 o'clock appointment with dentist Thompson. I came back with Mary and Joe to their flat and saw the damaged door.' You know, they had been broken into.

Scott: Yes, I remember our last discussion ended with that.

M: 'The door is now fitted with new locks, and I was glad to see their charming things all there and intact.' They had a lovely collection of many things.

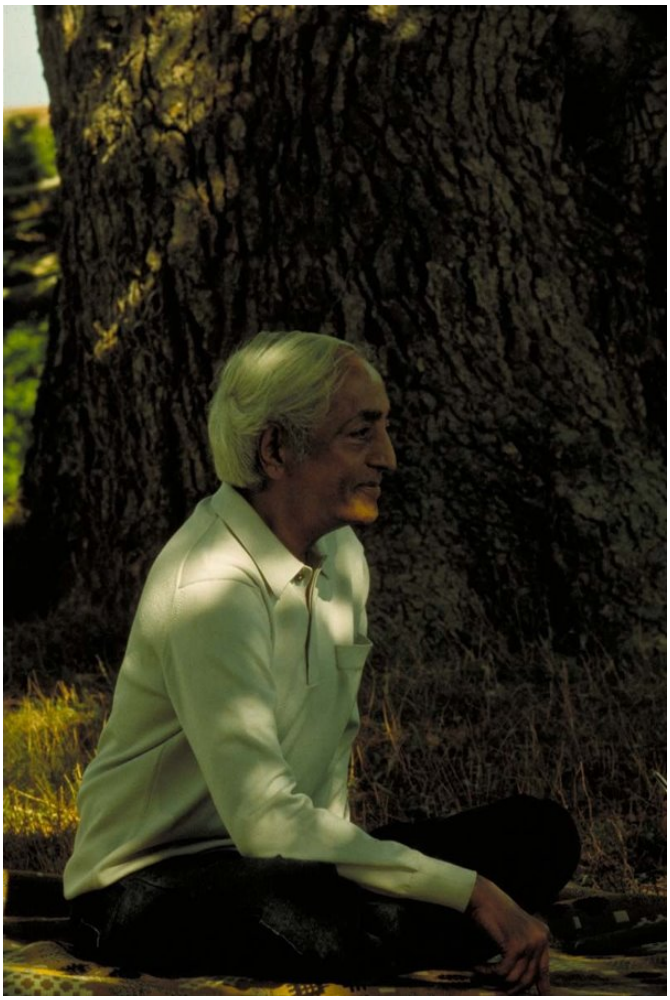
S: Yes, yes.

M: 'Later, Joe drove Krishnaji and me to Waterloo. We bought two detective stories in Waterloo, and took the train, and I began volume three of the *Raj Quartet*.'

August eighteenth says: 'I worked at the desk, then went to Alresford on errands. It was a warm day, so Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked the dogs in the grove. Krishnaji asked, "Where are we going?" He spoke of Erna, who came to all this because of the teachings, and now has to spend all her time worrying about money. Krishnaji questioned school money being spent, and the energy expended for that and not on the teachings.'

S: Quite right.

M: I agreed with him, but [*chuckles*] it didn't turn out that way. 'Dorothy was, as usual, immediately defensive, which hinders Krishnaji's inquiry. Brockwood has reached a fairly firm footing, but he now wonders if we should go ahead with the Oak Grove School in Ojai, so late in the day. "I could be wrong," he said. Everyone is so busy making all these outward things happen that there is no time or energy for the inner. He long ago was impatient with me for these same questions he is now asking. He seemed troubled; yet, this morning, when I played records during his breakfast, he was smiling, listening with enjoyment to Joan Sutherland singing Bellini. He said, "It is sentimental, but it brings tears to the eyes," and smiling, rolled his eyes to the sound. A romantic.'



Krishnaji talking on lawn (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

August nineteenth. 'Krishnaji said upstairs after lunch, "I woke up this morning saying, 'What am I doing here?'…'These are children. I need someone to talk to, someone who will mine it out of me. I feel there is much more to be got out. Someone who can discuss these things—but they can't.'"'

S: He's saying that there's much more to get out of him.

M: Yes.

S: But that there's no one to talk with him to get it out.

M: Yes.

S: He always felt that, it seems.

M: He always felt that; someone to facilitate his expression of these things.

'And then I said, "Has there ever been anyone?"'

'Krishnaji replied, "No. Aldous was Christian in his upbringing. Then he went off into Buddhism, Vedanta, and all that. He couldn't."'

'I asked, "Anyone else?"'

'Krishnaji: "Rajagopal hadn't got the brains for this." He shrugged as he said that.'

'I asked about India, and Krishnaji said, "They discuss, but sometimes it forges something out of me. Achyut has gone into this, but he is too old now. He says that he has failed me."'

'And then, "Perhaps I will go away. Leave all this. I must be careful or I will do that."… "I will do whatever is decided. Don't you worry about this, or I can't talk to you." I do not worry. I am very still inside, but I too fail him in this. And to fail Krishnaji is a knife through one.'

S: Quite so.

M: 'We worked, weeding in the garden.'

The next day, 'It is warm, and he was not feeling like the morning walk, but slept. He is thinking of these matters. He said, "I will write to Achyut to get some pandits and we will have a discussion."…"We will have a discussion and make a book out of it." My spirits rose a little. I worked in the tent. When Krishnaji came down, he, Dorothy, and I went for a walk in the grove and pruned bushes.' We did a lot of pruning in those days, and I liked that. Krishnaji did, too.

S: Alright, let me just clarify for a minute here. You said that you went and worked in the tent.

M: Chairs and things.

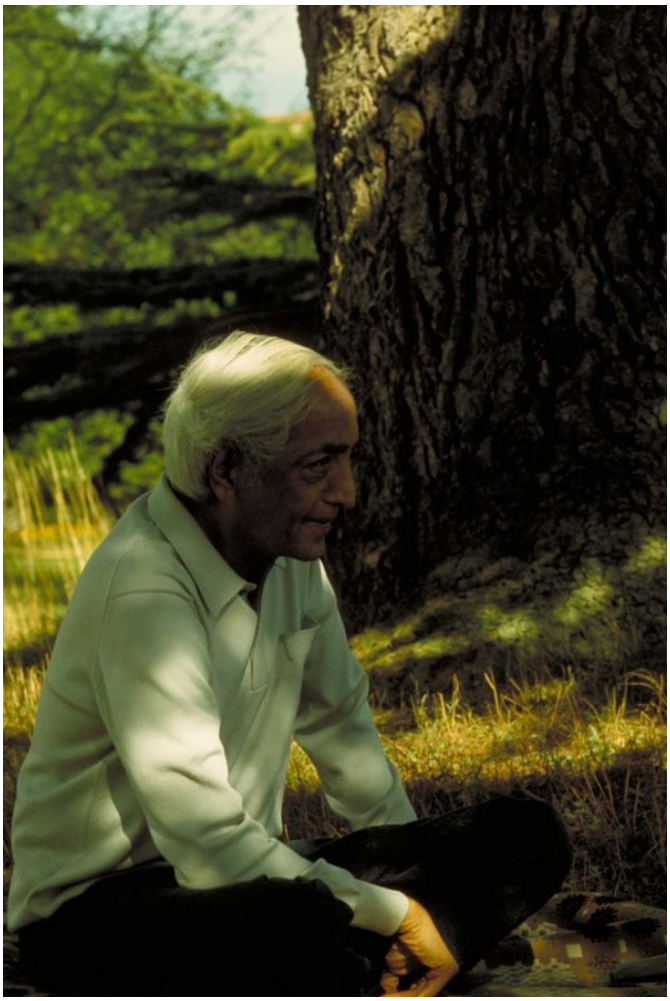
S: Right. There was a large marquee put out for the public talks.

M: Yes, two large marquees.

S: Right, one was for eating and one for the talks.

M: Yes.

S: Just to clarify; otherwise…



Krishnaji talking on lawn (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: Those tents are the tents I was talking about.

S: Right, otherwise, people in the future might think we made you sleep in a tent at Brockwood. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: A Georgian tent. [*S laughs*.]

August twenty-first. 'In the morning I went to Petersfield on errands: got plants for the West Wing, etcetera. It was a warm and lovely day. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I pruned bushes in the grove. Krishnaji is fired to clear all the deadwood, brambles, nettles, fox gloves, etcetera.' [*S chuckles*.]

The next day, 'I took Dr. Parchure to Petersfield Station for his day in London, and did more errands there. Edna Cleeve…' do you remember Edna?

S: I do indeed.

M: Edna Cleeve was the nice woman who came to clean in the West Wing. 'Edna and I prepared the West Wing dining room as a guest room for the gatherings. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I cleared weeds in the grove. Bonnie and Michael Mendizza and baby Eric arrived and are staying in Woodland Cottage**[1]**.'

Wednesday, August twenty-third. 'Another warm day. Krishnaji dictated letters, which I typed. I made flight reservations for us on October thirtieth via Japan Air to Delhi and continuing on to Benares. A work party of everyone in the house, including Krishnaji, worked on weed clearance in the grove. I heard on the BBC that Charles Eames had died. Sad, sad news of a talented and nice man.' The Eames were great friends of the Dunnes, and people that I knew well.

S: Yes.

M: And they were very, very talented.

S: The Eames chairs.

M: Eames chairs. Yes.

S: Yes. Designers of all kinds of things.

M: I had wished that, if someone was ever to do a documentary on Krishnaji, it would be they. I would've tried to have the Eames do it, had they lived, because…

S: Did they make films?

M: Oh, yes.

S: Ah. I didn't know that.

M: They made a famous film when the Russians had a World Fair in Moscow, and they were given the job of explaining to the Russian public what the United States was like, in fifteen minutes. What they did was, they did a film montage of all kinds of things, forest and people. They started with the morning and people going to work; showing all kinds of people going to work, someone on a trolley, someone walking, someone on a bicycle, someone in a beautiful car, all going in the morning; children going to school, and then it went through the day, the sort of things that people did. In the process, it showed the country, mountains, and freeways, and streets, and all these things. They even showed Filomena's little dog, Monkey. [*S laughs*.] And this was shown on seven enormous screens in Moscow. People stood up to watch it. The public came in for fifteen minutes,

and on seven huge screens as big as that wall, this was shown. So, everybody could see. And this was to give a picture of the United States to the Russian public.

S: How interesting. Was that the same year as the famous Kitchen Debate with Khrushchev and Nixon?

M: I don't remember. Perhaps.

August twenty-fourth. 'Evelyne Blau flew in from Los Angeles, arriving just before Krishnaji and I left for London. She is in the West Wing spare room. Krishnaji and I took the train from Petersfield, and Joe Links kindly met us and drove us to Huntsman. I walked to Hillier's on Cork Street to have my slacks altered, and to have a greenish heavy tweed pair made from tweed from Huntsman. Krishnaji and I lunched at Fortnum's, then Joe drove us to Portland Place for a 2 p.m. appointment with Mr. Thompson. He then took me to Morgan Bank and on to Sloan Street, where he left me at The General Trading Company.' That's a furniture place. 'I bought two dozen teaspoons we need.' I'm sure everyone in posterity will be fascinated by knowing that [*S laughs*]. 'Then I walked up the street to have my hair cut. Not too good, but it was much needed as it was too long. I got to Portland Place by 4 p.m., but Krishnaji didn't finish until 6 p.m. Four hours in the chair! Mr. Thompson prepared five more teeth for crowns. Joe, blessedly, took us right to Waterloo, and we arrived at Brockwood by 8:30 p.m. It was a grueling day for Krishnaji, but he said that he had "thought of nothing" the whole four hours.' That's the astounding statement.

The next day, 'Krishnaji rested all day. Edgar Graf arrived and is in the West Wing dining room, a mark of esteem from Krishnaji,' it says.

S: Yes, it is. That's what I was thinking, actually.

M: 'People are filling the house.'

August twenty-sixth says, 'A clear fine day. The larger tent with 2,000 chairs was full. Everything was very orderly. People entered in groups of fifty; our attempt to prevent people racing for seats seems to be working. Krishnaji's platform is on the north side this year, and there's a little enclosed curtain space just by his entrance where he can tidy his hair.'

<u>Editor's Note:</u> Krishnaji had to walk from the house across the extensive south lawn to the tent, and it was often windy and even raining. This little enclosure, which had a little mirror, gave him the chance to tidy himself before going on stage and in front of the video cameras. He would carry down his comb, comb his hair, hardly looking at himself, and immediately walk on stage (assuming the announcements were over).

'He was in fine form. We ate fruit and salad upstairs afterward and then returned to the tent for the hot food course. Krishnaji kept moving about so he doesn't get hemmed in.'



Krishnaji talking on lawn (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Yes, Krishnaji used to go back to the West Wing after the talk to kind of…

M: …unwind.

We ate fruit and salad upstairs afterward and then returned to the tent for the hot course. Krishnaji kept moving about so he doesn't get hemmed in.'

S: Maybe we should just say something about this because I can't remember if we've mentioned in previous discussion the eating routine after the Brockwood talks and discussion. There's no place to eat anyplace around Brockwood. So, Brockwood used to prepare meals, lunch, for these 2,000 or more people who came to the talks. People could buy the entire meal or just parts of it, which was an enormous achievement of military precision by Esme and Verna…

M: Yes, getting the food for 2,000 plus people, and getting it down to the tent.

S: Yes. But Krishnaji, after a talk, would go back up to the West Wing and kind of…

M: …unwind.

S: …what I used to call "come in for a landing," [*both chuckle*] and have the start of his normal lunch.

M: Yes, fruit and salad, and he would be quiet.



Krishnaji talking on lawn (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: But, then, he would go back down to the food tent and mix with people and eat a little of the hot food everyone else was eating.

M: Yes, that's exactly what happened.

S: Yes. But, he didn't sit down.

M: No. He stood up and moved, otherwise people would corner him.

S: Yes, yes. Poor Krishnaji.

M: Yes.

S: Okay. I'm just putting that down for the record. I think we've talked briefly about it before, but I can't remember.

M: I don't think we have, I don't know.

August twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji gave the second Brockwood talk of the year. The weather was fine, and the tent was full. As yesterday, we ate upstairs after the talk, and then he ate in the tent. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, the dentist and his wife, came. After a rest, we pruned in the grove.'

Now, I find that the big book doesn't give anything again until October.

S: Really?

M: I regret, yes, so the following month will be rather quick.

S: I guess so.

M: For August twenty-eighth it just says, 'we pruned in the grove.'

S: [*chuckles*] This *is* going to be quick! [*M laughs.*]

M: The next day, Krishnaji gave the first public discussion, a very good one,' I say. 'In the afternoon, with huge energy, he led Dorothy and me in pruning in the grove. Edgar Graf left.'

August thirtieth, 'Mary and Joe drove down for lunch, and Mary had a long meeting with Evelyne on the chronology for the biography part of the film. Beginning at lunch, Krishnaji also talked to Mary and me about the necessity to raise funds, and its taking energy from everyone and at the expense of the teachings. Mary had suggested that the Ojai school building be stopped. Krishnaji said he had thought about it, but it must continue.'

The thirty-first. 'Krishnaji held the second public discussion in the tent. Evelyne's question aimed at a subject she wanted discussed for the film, on learning and relationship, was the dominant theme, and Krishnaji covered it fully. He ate no lunch as his stomach wasn't right. At 4 p.m., Michael Mendizza took over 100 slides of Krishnaji in the drawing room, while Dorothy and I talked to him. It began to rain, so we didn't go pruning. Evelyne interviewed Doris and then Dorothy on audiotape in the evening. I telephoned my stepfather at Martha's Vineyard. My cousin is still in the hospital. Tomorrow is the anniversary of my mother's death. I had to tell my stepfather Wooge that I'm going to India, so can't visit him at the Vineyard this autumn. He said he hadn't expected me at the Vineyard.'

Then there's really nothing until September second. 'The weather is still fine. Krishnaji gave his third talk, a very fine one. Krishnaji ate first, as usual, in the West Wing and then returned to the tent for the main dish. We walked quietly in the afternoon. Simonetta and a friend of hers, Lolita Pignotelli, came and spent the night. Simonetta was in the West Wing dining room.'

September third, 'The weather is perfect. Krishnaji gave the fourth talk on meditation, and it was extremely good. The tent overflowed with people. I made an appeal for donations. Krishnaji, as usual, ate upstairs and then returned to the tent. Jean-Michel Maroger is here for the day. Krishnaji set dates for our visit to their place in France for October second to eleventh. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Jean-Michel, and I walked. Simonetta left. Krishnaji and I had supper watching the new Pope celebrating mass in Saint Peter's Square. Then, we watched *The Goodies*!' I've forgotten about *The Goodies*.

S: [*laughing*] Oh yes.

M: What was *The Goodies*?

S: Oh, *The Goodies* was one of those ridiculous British farce comedy programs.

M: Yes, I remember now.

S: They were like Monty Python, but even more farcical and more frantic.

M: [*laughing*] I haven't thought of *The Goodies* in all these many decades!

S: Somehow right after watching the Pope being coronated, seems…[*Both laugh*.]

M: The next day it just says, 'People are leaving as the talks are over. It is a quiet day. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields that have just been reaped: golden and beautiful.'

September fifth, 'It rained. I worked at the desk. Krishnaji dictated the first of a new series of *Letters to the Schools*, which are to go to the Indian schools, Brockwood, the Oak Grove, and Wolf Lake.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held a discussion with as many students and staff as are here. It was photographed by Michael Mendizza. Later, he also photographed Krishnaji walking with Whisper in the grove.'

September seventh, 'Evelyne and Michael, Bonnie, and Eric left for Holland to photograph Castle Eerde before returning to the U.S. I went for tea with Phil and Christopher Fry; their garden is beautiful. It was a happy visit. I was back in time to give Krishnaji his tray.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went to Wickham to lunch at the Old House Hotel.' Do you remember that?

S: I remember it well.

M: 'It was very pleasant. We came back on the small roads. At 5 p.m., I went to the Alresford Surgery for a tetanus shot and the first cholera and typhoid and paratyphoid shots.' I was preparing to go to India.

The ninth, 'Krishnaji dictated the *Letters to the Schools* number two. I slept all afternoon, feverish from the shots. Krishnaji and Dorothy weeded in the grove.'

The tenth, 'My fever has gone, and I felt better. Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number three. We both rested after lunch. Krishnaji tried'—*what*? 'Krishnaji tried sliding down the banister a little' [*both laugh*] 'as we went out to do more weeding and pruning in the grove.'

S: Why not? He was only eighty-three! [*Both laugh*.]

M: Anyway, on the eleventh, it says: 'Krishnaji and I went to London. Mary and Joe met us at Waterloo, and took us to Huntsman.' [*Laughs.*] Another duplicate trip. 'I had a fitting at Hillier's on the greenish tweed trousers. Krishnaji and I bought pens in the Burlington Arcade.' He liked doing that. There was a pen shop…

S: Yes. It's wonderful.

M: It's not there anymore.

S: What? Oh, I thought it was still there.

M: Maybe it's somewhere else, but it's not in the Arcade because I went deliberately there a few years ago to buy a pen I like that I can't get in this country, and it was gone.

Anyway, 'we then lunched with Mary at Fortnum's. Joe took Krishnaji to Mr. Thompson at 2:30 p.m., and I did errands on foot—the bank, Culpepers…' What was Culpepers?

S: It's an herbal shop.

M: That's right.

S: It used to be on…oh, right near Wiggins, the coffee man. But then it moved.

M: Yes. I remember vaguely now…'and then I got a taxi at Claridge's…' It was near Claridge's.

S: Yes.

M: '…to Portland Place. Krishnaji was two hours in the chair. He had the loose upper front tooth out, and a replacement went in but he must go back Friday. Joe drove us to Waterloo. Home by 6:15 p.m. People are arriving for a seminar. Maurice Wilkins came.' He died recently.

S: Yes, I saw that in one of the weekly journals that I read. He was a very nice man.

M: Yes, a nice man.

September twelfth, 'Krishnaji held the first of daily seminars at 11:30 a.m. About seventy people came, and it started on the subject of "What does it mean to be a light to oneself?" but it veered off. We pruned in the afternoon, but for too long, and it was tiring. Krishnaji was full of energy. He had an hour's talk with Shakuntala, and also treated Harsh.'

The next day, 'in the early morning, Krishnaji had a talk with Dr. Parchure and me. Then, he conducted the second day of the seminar, and it went well. He got into the subject of

fear. After lunch, Krishnaji called Dorothy for a talk on organization drowning the teachings, how to prevent it, etcetera. This seminar is too much for the staff after the gatherings. Jean-Michel Maroger joined it after an hour, and Krishnaji also said his time is underused during the European part of his year. He wants to talk less to students and more to the public and people capable of going with him.'

The next day was the seminar again, and more pruning in the grove.

September fifteenth, 'Krishnaji and I went to London. Joe met us and drove us to Huntsman.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji and I lunched at Fortnum's and shopped at Hatchards, and Krishnaji went with Joe to Mr. Thompson while I did errands. Joe drove Krishnaji and me to Waterloo.' Another identical day. 'In the evening, Maurice Wilkins, David Bohm, and David Shainberg discussed science and Krishnaji's teachings.'

On the sixteenth, 'Krishnaji held a fourth seminar meeting. Very good. We pruned and pruned.'

And it was the same for the next three days, 'Krishnaji held fifth seminar meeting. Good. Pruning.' You see, I'm trying to master the art of brevity. [*Chuckles.*]

S: [*chuckles*] And, unfortunately, succeeding brilliantly.

M: 'On the last day of the seminar, the nineteenth, there was a panel discussion with Shainberg, David Bohm, Dr. Parchure, Harsh, and me. Then everyone left.'

September twentieth, 'Krishnaji rested in bed all day, and I worked at the desk. All staff are starting a four-day holiday tomorrow. The ten students who are here are taking charge, including doing the meals.' Where were you?

S: I was there. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: September twenty-first, 'Krishnaji again spent the day in bed. I took the 9:23 a.m. train to London, and went for my Indian visa to the high commission, where Mr. Vethakan'—he was a nice man—'was helpful.' He worked for the embassy, and he came to the talks that year. 'Then to the French consulate for Krishnaji's visa. I had my hair cut, and caught the 2:50 p.m. from Waterloo. In the evening, I took Frances McCann and Brian Jenkins to Chichester Cathedral, where there was a performance of *The Sleep of Prisoners*. Christopher was there and had reserved front row seats for us.' That's one of his plays, and often they did his plays in the cathedral, which is a wonderful background for his sort of play.

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I went to London. Joe met us at Waterloo. I gave lunch at Cecconi to Krishnaji, Mary, Joe, Amanda, and Alain Naudé, who's here for a week before going to see his mother in South Africa.'

S: Where is that restaurant?

M: Vigo Street, I think. It has Bond Street on one side and Regent Street on the other side. It's an Italian place, and I didn't like it much. But anyway, that's what we did. 'Krishnaji had his haircut at Truefitt, and then we went back to the country.'

September twenty-third. 'Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number four in the morning. I took Dr. Parchure to Winchester in the afternoon for Adidas things for Krishnaji.' That would be shoes.

S: Yes, Adidas shoes, for walking in India.

M: That's right.

S: He used his Kohli shoes to walk in at Brockwood.

M: I think so. Yes. 'I did other errands in Winchester, and had a flu vaccine in the evening.' Why did I have it in the evening? Well, anyway, that's not important.

September twenty-fourth. 'I feel a bit fluey, feverish. Krishnaji dictated the fifth *Letters to the Schools* in the morning. I rested in afternoon, but went with Krishnaji for a walk across the fields.'

Not very much happened for the next two days except that Krishnaji dictated two more *Letters to the Schools*.

September twenty-seventh, 'Dr. Parchure left for India, and students who arrived from Ojai for the beginning of the school term here said there had been a fire in Ojai, in Matilija Canyon. Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number eight. Mary Cadogan came down at 11:30 a.m., and discussed publication matters that need to be discussed in India at trustee meetings. She may not be able to go. She and her husband Alec are going on holiday to California next week. I took her to Petersfield, then I worked in the grove, pruning with Krishnaji and Dorothy.'

The next day, 'There was rain in the morning. Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number nine. The Digbys came for lunch and reported on publication matters to Krishnaji. Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I pruned. We changed our flight to India from Japan Air to Air India.'

September twenty-ninth. 'Pope John Paul died after thirty-three days as Pope.' That's why the present one is called Pope John Paul II.

S: There is a large body of evidence that that pope was poisoned.

M: Yes, I've heard about that. Does anybody know who poisoned him?

S: [*laughing*] Well, this involves the scandal with the Bank Ambrosiano, which was an arm of the Vatican Bank, and it seems there was right wing and criminal money…

M: Yes, and some organization called something peculiar.

S: Yes. Apparently, the poisoned Pope was a very good, honest man, who really was a wonderful priest, and he rose up because of his integrity and wouldn't accept the corruption he found. There were all kinds of corrupt things that the Vatican Bank was involved in.

M: Yes.

S: And he was making complaints about it, and suddenly…

M: …he died…

S: Yes.

M: …after thirty-three days. That's really medieval.



Krishnaji talking on lawn (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Do you remember there was a lawyer and his wife from the Bahamas, who were interested in the teaching and who came to the Brockwood talks several times. Patrick Tooth, was his name, and he was the lead lawyer for the family of that Italian who was in charge of the Bank Ambrosiano and who was found hanged under Blackfriar's Bridge in London.

M: That's what I'm trying to remember. I remember the hanging under the bridge…

S: Yes, well, this man supposedly committed suicide by hanging himself under the bridge, but his hands were tied together. [*Chuckles.*] You know, there were lots of suspicious things like that.

M: I'm fishing in my memory for it, what was that illegal group, something with a number.

S: Yes, it was like P2 or something…

M: P2, yes, I think that's it.

S: Yes, they seem to have been involved in all the banking corruption. It was a secret and illegal order in Italy that was part of the Masons, and they were excommunicated by the Pope. So, this group existed in secret.

M: Yes.

S: But, secret though it was to the public, it turned out that all the chief politicians and police people were in it, and members of the Mafia, and all kinds of strange things went on with them and the Vatican Bank. I don't want to waste time on all this, but, for example, the Vatican, of course, has a very longstanding and strong stance against the use of contraceptives; and yet the Vatican Bank was the largest shareholder in Italy's biggest condom business.

M: Yes, [*chuckling*] I read that.

S: That was, at least, not illegal, but there were all kinds of just plain scams where billions of dollars disappeared, billions! And no one knows where this money went.

M: Yes. It sounds like the background for a good book.

S: Well, there was a very good book about all of this called *In God's Name*.

M: Yes, yes. I know about that. Diane has that.

S: This is interesting, but a diversion…

M: …from what we're doing. Well, anyway, the Pope died. 'Krishnaji and I went to London. Mary and Joe met us. Krishnaji and I lunched with Mary at Fortnum's. Krishnaji went to Huntsman afterward. I dropped by Paul Anstee's shop and then I joined Krishnaji and we came home.'

September thirtieth. 'A cold day. Krishnaji dictated letters all morning and I typed all day except during a meeting that Krishnaji called with Dorothy, Shakuntala, Ingrid, Harsh, Scott, and Stephen Smith. All students arrive for the start of term tomorrow.' Have you anything to comment on that?

S: No. I can't remember it at all.

M: October first. 'The school term began at Brockwood. Krishnaji talked to the school very movingly at 11:30 a.m. I did letters and packed. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the afternoon.'

For October second, the big diary recommences. 'At 11 a.m., Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to Heathrow. We stopped for a picnic lunch at our usual side road. A car was parked there, so we went further up the lane and turned into a quiet field where a magpie hopped and hunted. Krishnaji found it too early for lunch, but Dorothy and I took it as it came. Dorothy is feeling pleased with the shape of the school on the second day of the term. Relations seem straightened out and good. At Heathrow we waited for our flight. I read in the *Herald Tribune*'—oh, that somebody died that I used to know.

S: Who?

M: You didn't know him.

S: [*laughs*] Is there no significance…?

M: He was the first man I ever fell in love with.

S: Oh. [*Laughter.*]

M: And no comment from there on. Anyway, he died, and etcetera, which I'm not going into. [*S chuckles.*] 'I read it without surprise or reaction. Early times and people in my life without any threads today. The past has long been gone. At 2:30 p.m., Krishnaji and I took off for Paris and Roissy airport. Jean-Michel met us and we drove around Paris and south to the Marogers' place in Montrichard near Blois. Krishnaji sang one of his Sanskrit chants as we sped across the flat plains of France. The wind sound gave him semi-privacy and so he sang, feeling at ease. A sparrow hawk fluttered over a field and there were contrails of a very high-flying aircraft, pleasing as always to Krishnaji. "Maria," he touched my shoulder and pointed.'

S: Pointing to the contrails?

M: Yes. 'It was dark as we arrived at the house. For centuries it was part of an abbey and the walls are thick. There is an ancient silence in them. Marie-Bertrande and Diane and Jean-Michel's mother were waiting. Krishnaji has a large room, an apartment on the ground floor, and I am next to it. We ate at the table, fruit and vegetables from their garden, brown bread, and cheese. Krishnaji stuck to the tofu that I brought from Brockwood, wrapped in wet paper foil. It leaked in my handbag but seemed alright. To bed quite soon, both of us tired, but not too.'



Krishnaji with the Marogers (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

October third. 'Krishnaji slept very well, unusual in a new place. It is utterly quiet, and his room is apart from the rest of the house. The Marogers have thought of everything for his ease and comfort. Krishnaji brought his tracksuit with him so he can be warm while he exercises. And bouillottes…' Do you remember bouillottes? Bouillotte is the French word for hot water bottle. 'Bouillottes were provided to warm each bed. Autumn is here. There is early snow in the Pyrenees, and any night there will be frost here. Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number ten for January fifteenth distribution. It went well. He was filled with it, and wants to keep doing it. He walked around with Jean-Michel a little before lunch, rested only a short time afterward, and put his hands on Diane. She seems better, stronger, sits at the table, following all that is said, and smiles beamingly and shyly at Krishnaji. Krishnaji walked later with Jean-Michel, Marie-Bertrande, Madame Maroger, and me through the woods; Ikra, the nice German shepherd, coming enthusiastically with us. There were allées in the woods.' You know, the French have these rather formal woods…

S: Yes.

M: …with what they call allées.

S: They're like fire breaks in American forests.

M: Yes. But they're rather formal, making a French formality in a forest. 'There were allées in the French style. The open land is very flat and wide. Farms are being abandoned. Old farm buildings, beautiful in stone with rough plaster, are more expensive to repair than replace. So they're replaced with prefabricated bungalows. Corruption of the French countryside slowly is happening. The Marogers, who started farming here with much enthusiasm, cannot get more than one paid helper and are overwhelmed by the

amount that needs to be done, and it is never caught up with. Krishnaji ate at the table, promising to go back to his normal regime of supper by himself tomorrow. We watched the news on TV at 8 p.m., and he turned out his light at 9:15 p.m. I read nonsense, *The Holcroft Covenant*, a thriller, until 10:15 p.m.' [*Laughs*]. 'Then, sleep. There is something about being here, in the middle of France, remote and quiet.'

October fourth. 'Krishnaji slept nine hours, feels well and entirely relaxed, away from the pressures at Brockwood, India, and Ojai. "How can we come back here?" he asked. There should be no difficulties. The Marogers are warmly welcoming, appreciating fully his presence, and wanting it to be a relaxed, quiet time for him. After breakfast, he dictated *Letters to the Schools* number eleven, which I won't send until February first. It was on corruption of the mind, and making an image away from the fact. "We work well together," he said at the completion of the letter. His head began toward the end.' You know, his headache began.

S: Yes.

M: 'In the afternoon, he put hands on Diane. Then, Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande drove Krishnaji and me to Amboise, where Jean-Michel lived as a boy during the war years. We visited the pagoda built by the duc de Choiseul, and walked in the woods along the Loire for a bit, and came back via Montrichard and Pontlevoy. Krishnaji had supper on a tray in front of the TV in his little sitting room. We watched the 8 o'clock news, including the funeral in Saint Peter's Square of John Paul, rather a reprise of the previous Pope's funeral in August. And so to bed. For me, reading.'

The next day. 'It was a gray, cold morning. Krishnaji dictated the twelfth *Letters to the Schools*, mostly on energy, limitless energy, and our using energy in the psychological realm in service of the me. Jean-Michel and his brother Alain and his wife Claude, who live with their daughters, Anne and Natalie, were at lunch. They live in the other half of the house.' It's a funny house, which was part of an old abbey; and they split it in half, each family having a half. 'Later, Krishnaji, Jean-Michel, Marie-Bertrande, Alain, and mother and I walked in the Forêt de Chaumont; and we brought the German shepherd dog, Ikra, along. Krishnaji treated Diane.'

October sixth. 'It was a lovely, clear, and warmer morning. In the morning, Krishnaji dictated *Letter to the Schools* number thirteen on habit and tradition. "One can do the same thing at the same hour every day without it becoming a habit when there is an awareness of what is being done." He spoke of the vain repetition of ritual as utterly meaningless. I asked about his Sanskrit chanting. He said, "I chant for the noise of it." Krishnaji talked to Marie-Bertrande alone before lunch and later treated Diane. Lunch was out on the terrace under a parasol in a warm, indolent sun, precious and rare for October sixth. We had delicious, fresh flageolet beans and courgettes from the garden. At 3 p.m., we went to Chambord.' Krishnaji didn't like going into chateaus, you know, sightseeing. He wouldn't go into Amboise when we went there. 'Marie-Bertrand, I, and Ikra were in one car, and Jean-Michel and Madame Maroger in the other with Krishnaji. I went in to see the famous staircase and was surprised to see Krishnaji coming in with

Jean-Michel. He was curious to see the staircase, too. He examined the chateau carefully, and thought the top too ornate. Marie-Bertrande and Madame Maroger went to Blois to fetch Diane from school. Jean-Michel, Krishnaji, and I walked with Ikra in the woods and then drove back along the Loire River. The light was beautiful. It flows across the landscape and through memories of French paintings, as Tuscany evokes Florentine paintings of the Renaissance. Krishnaji treated Diane when we got back.'

The seventh. 'Another gentle, sunny day. Ariane Maroger, the oldest daughter, arrived last night. She is studying at the Louvre. Krishnaji dictated the fourteenth *Letters to the Schools*, mostly on thought, a very fine one. Lunch was again on the terrace, and later we walked around the place and in the woods. Krishnaji, of course, treated Diane; she is walking a little by herself.'

The eighth. 'Another warm, lovely day. I did my exercise and washing, shoe cleaning, etcetera, a little earlier, and was quicker with breakfast. Tina, the Portuguese maid, is off on Sundays; today. Krishnaji dictated the fifteenth *Letters to the Schools*, mostly on wholeness of the mind, thought, desire, etcetera. Lunch was again on the terrace. I got punctuation up-to-date on all *Letters to the Schools* done here'—I was correcting my writing—'so perhaps I can dictate them on my return to Brockwood**[2]**. After lunch, we sat talking till almost 4 p.m., with questions to Krishnaji on what he meant by insight. It came across as a perception uninfluenced by thought, conditioning, or memory—an instantaneous seeing of the whole of something.' That's not in quotes—I'm just reporting. 'Everyone afterward walked about three kilometers along the road.'

October ninth. 'The weather is still warm, but it is beginning to change. Jean-Michel went to Nantes. Krishnaji took the day off from the letters and rested in all morning while I did regular letters. Krishnaji got up for lunch, which again is outside. I went with Marie-Bertrande to the open-air marché in Montrichard, then to Blois to fetch Diane and post letters.'

The next day. 'In the morning, Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number sixteen. The afternoon walk was through vineyards south of Pontlevoy. The sky and light were beautiful. A Greek or Romanian man, who has to do with Jean-Michel's shipping business, came for dinner.'

October eleventh. 'Krishnaji dictated the seventeenth *Letters to the Schools*. All the Marogers were at lunch, including Alain and Claude and their daughters Anne and Natalie. Krishnaji sat on the lawn till 4 o'clock talking, urged on by Jean-Michel's questions of the early days, Theosophy, theosophical notions, a little about the "process," etcetera. It seemed to amuse him. He reminded me of the photos taken many years ago when he sat in a field. He looked so young, talking with ease, entertaining his audience, fascinating them, telling it all lightly with humor, never indicating whether he believed it or not. He then "treated" Diane. And at 5 p.m., he, Jean-Michel, Marie-Bertrande, Alain Maroger, the mother, and I drove to a wood where we saw boars being raised, and walked a long road through the forest, with heather and the smell of autumn leaves. It

was so beautiful, it was the breath of this season filling the senses. When we came back, Jean-Michel showed Krishnaji films he made at Brockwood, Saanen, and…Greece'…?

S: He was half-Greek.

M: I know but…oh, that's his own films and nothing to do with Krishnaji. I see, that's why. Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande were both, oddly enough, half-Greek.

S: Ah, ha. I didn't know that.



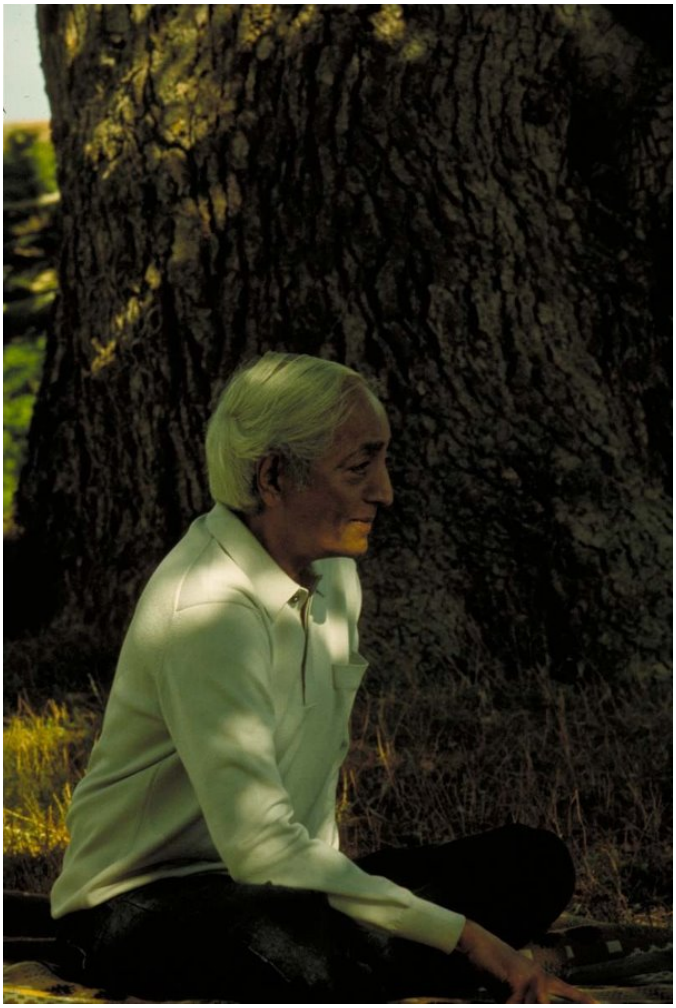
Krishnaji with the Marogers (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: October twelfth. 'Krishnaji and I left La Mahaudière**[3]** at 10:20 a.m. with Jean-Michel and his mother. We drove to Le Roissy, had picnic sandwiches in the car, and Krishnaji and I went off into the reaches of that pretentious airport. While waiting for our BE flight, a young Englishman and girl recognized Krishnaji, and came enthusiastically to greet him. They had been to the Brockwood talks; he was named Dick Temple and was a dealer in religious art, her name was Melissa Morant. There was an interminable queue at passport control at Heathrow, but it was quick with the luggage. Dorothy met us and gave us all the Brockwood news on the way back. One teacher, Daniel, has already left. The Hammick boy'—oh, yes, Mr. Hammick's nephew. Mr. Hammick was one of the upper people in Huntsman.

S: Yes, I remember him. Yes.

M: And he had a nephew…

S: Yes, who came briefly to Brockwood.



Krishnaji talking on lawn (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: …who came to this school. It says. 'Hammick, nephew of the Huntsman tailor, felt Brockwood wasn't the right school for him, and he left.'

S: Yes, it didn't work out. I remember.

M: 'We reached Brockwood by 6 p.m. Lou Blau telephoned with a new offer from a buyer for Malibu. I agreed to what Lou outlined.'

The next day was 'unpacking, laundry, mail, etc. We walked across the fields with Dorothy. There was a staff meeting at 5 p.m. There was a letter from my stepfather that my cousin is now home from the hospital and that he, Wooge, had gone to stay with his son and daughter-in-law.'

On the fourteenth, 'Krishnaji dictated the eighteenth *Letters to the Schools*.' And all it says for the next day is that he spoke to the school.

October sixteenth. 'Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number nineteen. I read and punctuated earlier ones to Sheila, who will type them.' Who's Sheila?

S: She was someone who was your secretary. She would come in and do some letters for you.

M: For me?

S: Yes. You would dictate some things, and she would type them up. She was from the village. I don't think she did it for very long.

M: Yes, I remember her. 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the rain in the afternoon. Then there was a school meeting. On the evening news, there was the announcement that on the eighth ballot the cardinals chose a new Pope, Cardinal Wojtyla of Poland, who has taken the name of John Paul II. We saw him greet the enormous crowd outside Saint Peter's in excellent Italian. "I'm bored with the Pope," said Krishnaji.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The next day, 'Krishnaji talked to students. I went to Alresford and Winchester on errands. There was a walk in the afternoon, and I talked to Ginny Travers.'

October eighteenth. 'It was a cold, clear morning. We took the 10:23 a.m. train from Petersfield to London. Joe and Mary met us at Waterloo, dropped Krishnaji at Huntsman, and me at the Morgan Guarantee bank. I checked our seats on Air India, and got some writing paper at Smythson.'

S: Where were they located?

M: Bond Street, in the middle of Bond Street. It's all that blue kind of paper I use, you know. It's where these little daily diaries came from.

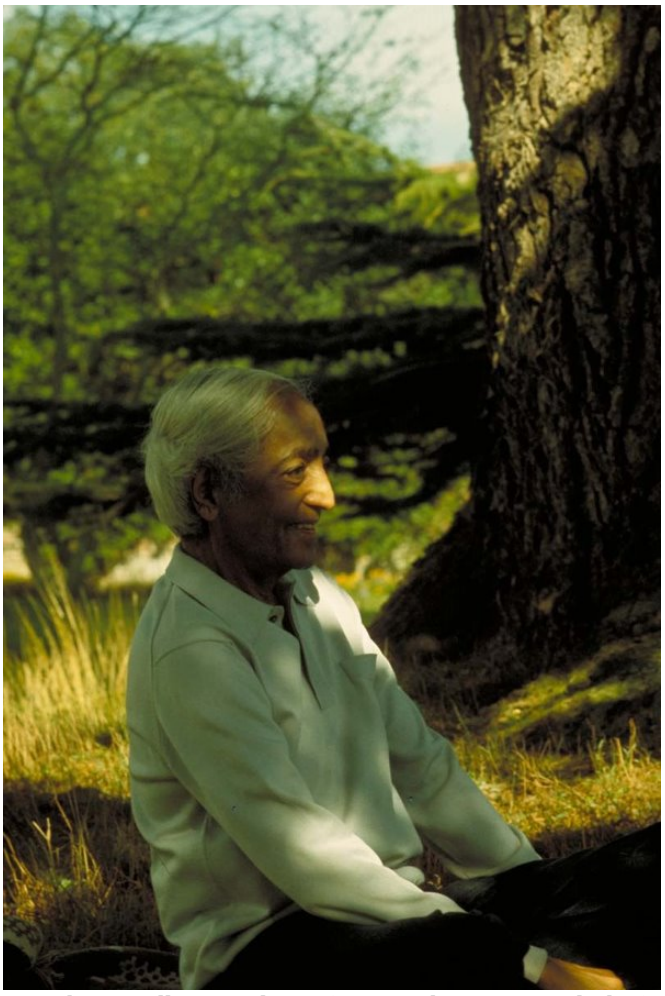
S: Where is it on…?

M: It's on the east side of Bond Street further up toward, I don't know…further up.

S: Past the camera place?

M: It's near the camera place, across the street. 'I bought some writing paper at Smythson and joined Krishnaji at Huntsman. In the Burlington Arcade he bought a case for his pens and then we went on to Fortnum's, where Mary lunched with us. I gave her the first six *Letters to the Schools*. At 2:15 p.m., Joe drove Krishnaji and me to Mr. Thompson. There was much laughter on the way at excerpts I read out from *The Joys of Yiddish*.' That was a very funny book that Joe gave us. 'It was written by a man called Leo Rosten. Krishnaji learned the meaning of "schmuck" and "nebbish." Krishnaji's teeth were checked and were found in working order. Thompson says he must use a Waterpik. He X-rayed the lower right molars for me where I had a slight ache, but

nothing was amiss. Joe again took us to Waterloo where we had the time to buy three detective paperbacks and catch the 3:50 p.m. train to Petersfield.'



Krishnaji talking on lawn (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

October nineteenth. 'Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number twenty. "We work well," he said. He spent the remainder of the day in bed resting. At 5 p.m. I drove Frances McCann, Eleanor Hawksley, Karen Bowman, and Scott Forbes to Alresford Surgery for shots for India. I had my second cholera, typhoid, and typhoid-paratyphoid shots. Bud telephoned from New York. He and Lisa are flying to London for the weekend. I will lunch with them Sunday.'

The next day,'Krishnaji dictated the twenty-first *Letters to the Schools*. He wants to finish a year of them, which would be twenty-four**[4]**, while we are here. Then, he wants to go on with a different set, dialogues, he says. "I can dig this way."' Dig into things, you know.

S: Yes, I understand.

M: Yes. '"I can dig this way." It appears he has found a way to challenge himself that he had thought he could get in the challenge of discussion with others. But there is no one with whom he has a challenging discussion. So he will challenge himself. I did correspondence with Sheila in the afternoon. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a meeting with the staff. Doris went on about everyone having opinions and how do we find intelligence. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked up and down the driveway twice for exercise. Then, there was a regular staff meeting after dinner.'

The twenty-first. 'Krishnaji dictated the twenty-second *Letters to the Schools*. He is eager to finish the twenty-fourth and start a new batch. His mind seems ablaze, and in the afternoon, when we went for our walk, he did a preliminary run, not walk, to the gate and back while Dorothy and I waited. Only then did we walk through the grove and across both fields. The autumn landscape is so beautiful; the crop of blackberries has a perfume. The heavy summer rains followed by long ripening days of sun have made them delicious. I spoke to my brother. He and Lisa came on Laker Airlines. They're staying at Claridge's.' [*S laughs.*] Why are you laughing?

S: Well, it's just funny, Freddy Laker's Airline, which I have traveled on several times, was the most cut-rate, bargain-basement, no-frills airline…

M: Yes. My brother always picks those kind of airlines…

S: And then he goes to stay at Claridge's. [*Hearty laughter*.]

M: That's standard with him; he's still doing it. I don't know if he's going to Claridge's because, well, he doesn't go to London much anymore.

S: Yes. Does he still fly the bargain-basement…?

M: Yes, and he has some new thing that's even cheaper than all that. [*S laughs*.] They go via Greenland or something, and I don't know where.

October twenty-second. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school and a mass of guests, but I took the 10:20 a.m. train to London, and joined Bud and Lisa at Claridge's. Their room was just beyond the one that Sam and I had the first year that we stayed there. Sam'—my husband—'made a movie at the studio MGM had just outside London.'

S: Was that *Beau Brummell*?

M: *Beau Brummell*? I can't remember now.

S: *Quo Vadis*?

M: No, not *Quo Vadis*. Anyway, he made it there; and so, they put us up at Claridge's. It was very splendid—we had a sitting room and a bedroom. 'London on a Sunday and Claridge's was quiet, relaxed, leisurely, and in its original dignity. It is order, not luxury,

and that is attractive. Bud and Lisa lunched with me in the small Causerie dining room there.' It's a little side dining room, not the big one. 'We talked at length. Then, we went to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where Lisa had to see an exhibition that will be at the Cooper-Hewitt in January: drawings of the exteriors and interiors of castles, furniture, etcetera, for King Ludwig of Bavaria.' You know, those Bavarian, weird castles. 'We were able to capture a taxi, and I dropped them at the Royal Academy and went on to Waterloo and the 3:50 p.m. train back to Petersfield. They go to Paris in the afternoon for a week.'

October twenty-third. 'Krishnaji did the twenty-third *Letters to the Schools*, and changed the format to a dialogue between himself and a questioner, he doing the questions too at first, and then having me do the questions.'

S: So, he started off doing the question, then he wanted you to ask him the questions.

M: Yes. 'He seemed pleased by the way it went. He wants to do more this way. I dictated correspondence to Sheila in the afternoon, and got through the awful backlog, some of which I brought with me from California. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked on this marvelous afternoon. It was not cold, but had golden sunlight. There was a school meeting at 5 p.m. In the evening, Krishnaji and I watched sheep dog trials on TV and then a Panorama program on weapons in space. "Man has gone mad," said Krishnaji.'

The twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji said he had had a "marvelous night, an extraordinary meditation," he said, and said he had it less when he is talking, i.e., during the public meetings and seminars, etcetera. Now, it is beginning again. After breakfast, in the kitchen, he said, "It must have been extraordinary. I feel like going away and disappearing. I shouldn't talk about it. It isn't put in words." Then, "Someday I shall." Krishnaji talked to the students alone. Lou Blau rang in the evening, and said there was a fire in Malibu but the house is safe. It broke out in Kanan Canyon. Also, there was one in Mandeville Canyon but not near Sunset. Lou is sending papers for me to sign on the sale of the house, as they must be notarized before I go to India.'

October twenty-fifth. 'I took the 9:20 a.m. train to London, and did errands at Harrods, photocopying, etcetera. Then, Fleur lunched with me at Claridge's. She seems puffier, but otherwise, alright.' She's not well. 'She enjoys their place in Spain; it's quiet, and they never have to leave their own place. I had my hair cut by Mary Links's man, and caught the 4:20 p.m. train back. Just as I arrived at Brockwood, my cousin Lorna telephoned from the Vineyard. She had my letter and is home, much better; sounded alright. I telephoned Amanda; the fire came within three miles of their place. Barbara Poe's house in Mandeville is alright and Betsy's house is, too. Amanda said that Phil was working with Lori'—that was our shared gardener—'on leaves in the garden. I felt almost there. I spoke to Elfriede.'

S: Alright. Well, then, I think we need to end it there because we're not going to have enough tape for another full day.

M: Oh.

S: So, we'll begin next time with October twenty-sixth.

M: October twenty-sixth, I will mark that right now.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] That was one of the outlying cottages Brockwood had then.

[2] Mary seems to have taken down Krishnaji's dictation in her own version of shorthand, and then re-dictated them to her secretary at Brockwood to be typed.

[3] The name of the house.

[4] The letters were to be sent to the schools every other week.

Issue 55: October 26, 1978 to November 24, 1978

In this issue we see the first time that Mary has returned to India since her initial visit there in 1965. Everyone there has come to realize her importance to Krishnaji's work, and she is treated very differently than she was twelve years before, but the visit is still not without its challenges, as well as its charms. The discussion from which the transcripts were made for this issue took place in 2005—twenty-five years after the visit. Yes, Mary had made, at the time of the visit, detailed diary entries that are an aide mémoire for her; but it is interesting how very vivid the memories of that trip are for both of us.

Mary: We begin today on Thursday, the twenty-sixth of October, 1978. 'Krishnaji and I took the 11:23 a.m. train to London. Joe Links met us and dropped us on Jermyn Street. We lunched pleasantly with Mary at Fortnum's. It was congenial as always. I will miss our being together. We parted at Hatchards where Krishnaji bought some detectives and I bought my friend Christopher Fry's memories of his family called *Can You Find Me*. Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt, and I walked to Hill Street where I received, at the office of a friend of Lou Blau, the legal papers for the house sale sent to me by Lou Blau air freight on Tuesday. Some need notarization. As I was near the U.S. consulate, and didn't want to come into London tomorrow, I ran over to get it done, and hastened back on foot to Truefitt. I saw Krishnaji standing in the doorway. As I crossed Bond Street, a taxi with a light on appeared, so we grabbed it and went off to Waterloo just in time to jump on the 4:20 p.m.'

Scott: [*chuckles*] We should say that when a taxi's light is on, that means it's free to pick up passengers.

M: It's yours if you're nimble.

October twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number 24, a complete year. In the afternoon, I posted legal papers to Lou Blau. The Marogers with Diane arrived for a few days with a niece of Jean-Michel, Pauline de Grémont. They're here for a few days, and I put them all in the West Wing. Krishnaji spoke to the staff, which I missed.'

The next day, my diary just says: 'Packing. Desk. Walk. Krishnaji put his hands on Diane and also on Harsh.'

October twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji spoke to school. I telephoned Erna and did more packing. Walk.'

Monday, the thirtieth. 'I packed and put things in order all day. The Mercedes, which Krishnaji had washed yesterday with Eric, was put away for the winter—the battery was removed and it was covered up. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji, Dorothy, Jean-Michel, and Marie-Bertrande and I walked. The gray, autumn beauty of the land—a last enjoyment. At 5

p.m., Marie-Bertrande drove me to Alresford Surgery, where I had a gamma-globulin shot. I finished packing, doing laundry, and putting things in order. I was up till almost midnight doing last-minute things, but then I managed very little sleep.'

S: I can remember having gamma-globulin shots, but I can't remember what they were for?

M: I guess it was supposed to be protective of something, because we were leaving for India.

S: Yes.

M: October thirty-first. 'We left Brockwood at 6:45 a.m., Krishnaji and I with Dorothy, and Scott driving a second car with luggage and Doris. A few students were up to see Krishnaji off. The loveliness of autumn seemed to line the lanes we passed. We stopped for a picnic breakfast at the usual place near the airport. Esme had made us some delicate small sandwiches of marinated tofu. Our Air India flight scheduled for 9:15 a.m. actually took off a little before 11. We were laden with hand parcels: a seven-pound Cheshire cheese, a sun umbrella, plus my usual load. At the airport, Krishnaji said, "Let's buy some chocolates!" He wanted them as presents for people in India, so we bought some. We had the desired two farthest forward seats on the left side in the first class. But idiotically, Air India divides its smoking and nonsmoking section down the aisle, and we were afflicted with a pipe smoker only a few feet away on the other side of the aisle. We landed in Rome, went into the transit lounge, and there were Vanda, Filomena, Topazia, Mr. Turchi, and a Russian named Alexander Ladizensky, about whom Topazia and Vanda had telephoned earlier. He has been allowed to immigrate to Israel, but can go to the U.S. too, and his one thought is to see Krishnaji. My own one thought was to see Filomena. It made me truly happy to see her. She has had some acupuncture help from Sofia Sanguinetti, and she looks well.'

S: Ah, yes. The former Brockwood staff.

M: Yes. 'I knew Filomena would be there, so I brought her prescriptions of Dolobid, which she asked for after reading an article on them as "super-aspirina" for arthritis. I also brought Brockwood cassettes for Vanda and received pounds of cheese from her and a bag of fresh figs, nuts, raisins, and biscotti from Florence. Topazia, as usual, had something to hammer on about: a meeting of some psychologists who want Krishnaji to attend their conference in Rome next year. Krishnaji thought Vanda "looked old. Must be from all that yoga," he said.' [*Both laugh heartily*.] Oh dear. [*More chuckling*.] 'All the talk was tiring. I felt exhilarated by the success in seeing Filomena; she looked very nice in a blue cashmere cardigan I bought her in August, and she was very dear. So we flew on through the night over Turkey, Afghanistan, and Pakistan. No sleep at all for me, and very little for Krishnaji.'

The first of November. 'We landed in Delhi about 4 a.m. Sunanda and Pama met us with a car at the aircraft itself, and drove us to a VIP lounge where Krishnaji, Sunanda, and I

sat while Pama and Mr. Mourli'—Mr. Mourli was a nice man who lived in Delhi, was friendly to Krishnaji, and always helpful–'took our passports through immigration and fetched the luggage. The latter took quite a while as one bag didn't turn up for about an hour. We then went upstairs to a transit passengers' hotel where they had a room and bath for each of us to rest in until the Benares flight. Krishnaji wanted to change to Indian clothes, which they had brought.' The Indians always felt he must wear his Indian clothes the minute he gets to India, and he rather liked his Indian clothes.

S: Yes, yes. [*M chuckles*.] And he looked incredibly elegant in them, too.

M: That he did. 'And I was glad to shower and change into fresh clothes, and lie down a little. The room was like a prison, but Sunanda had brought their own linen for the bed, and in spite of no sleep, it was refreshing.' It was very thoughtful.

S: Yes, that was.

M: 'They also brought a picnic breakfast. And then we went to the flight. Frances McCann, who left Brockwood Sunday with Chris Jones'—who's Chris Jones?

S: He was an American student. He and his brother Ken were students at Brockwood.

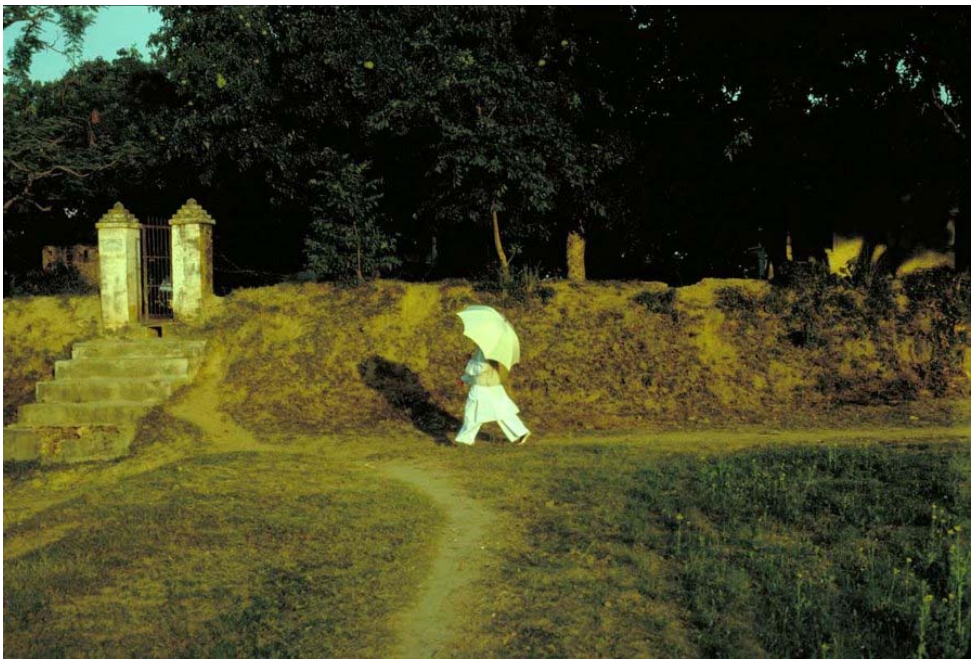
M: …'were on the same flight. I dozed as we made bumpy landings at Agra and Kahjuraho. Then, Varanasi'—that's another name for Benares. 'A hot, moist breath of tropical air invaded the plane as the door opened. Pupul, Ahalya, Radha Burnier, and Upasini were there to meet Krishnaji. He and I drove to Rajghat with Pupul and Upasini. It was then that I felt in India again. Before the eye saw, one knew it: the curious, intricate smell of India. Of what? Dust, spice, wood smoke, smoke from cow dung fires, incense, the tinge of oil in the air—complex as Indian cooking, it would tell me I was in India if I were blind. The land is very green from the recent floods, the air much moister and warm, the children, wandering cows and buffaloes, dark faces, brilliant colors, potholes everywhere. Almost all faces turning to watch the car pass. The eternal presence of poverty. Life lived here against odds that would probably destroy me. So we came to India and Rajghat. The school is on holiday; it's Diwali. It began yesterday, but there was nevertheless a crowd to greet Krishnaji. A young, shy girl gave me two bunches of tightly tied flowers. Ahalya, intent on making up to me for my lodgings here in 1965'… [*M and S both chuckle*]. That's another story!

S: Yes, we remember that one.

M: Yes…'had prepared two rooms for me to choose between, both in Krishnaji's house. I took one just under his, which I realized only later is normally Ahalya's own room. The usual high ceiling, plaster-walled room, cement floor with fresh-smelling matting, a bed with mosquito netting, dressing table, writing table, and a metal cupboard with a lock. The bathroom has a geyser**[1]**. So, I can heat my own water and fill the bucket, which is a great luxury here. There is also a low stool to sit on while soaping and pouring water over oneself, which then flows across the floor into a drain.' [*Both chuckle*.] I remember it

well. I learned, in India, to do everything with one bucket of hot water, which meant not only bathing, but doing my laundry, too.

S: Yes.



Krishnaji walking in Rajghat (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: When I first went to India, I got only one bucket every morning, so I had to use it judiciously.

S: [*laughter*] I know. And I can remember one year I went to Rajghat and they had just installed a new electric geyser in my bathroom. But they hadn't grounded it. [*M laughs*.] Which meant I got a terrible shock trying to turn it on or turn it off.

M: What did it do when not grounded?

S: Well, that means that you get the electric current going through you. You know…

M: Oh!

S: Yes. So, I just got a terrible shock.

M: Do you mean a physical shock?

S: Yes, a terrible physical electric shock, it's just really…

M: Well, that's awful.

S: Yes, it was really lethal.

M: It's dangerous.

S: It was very dangerous. And I had to…

M: What'd you do?

S: Well, I told someone responsible, of course, but nothing happened about it, this being India, so I would turn it off and on with a stick. [*M laughs.*] I had to stand out of the room and reach around the corner and turn it on or off with a stick. Because, otherwise, if you were standing in the room and the floor was wet…

M: Yes, you'd be electrocuted.

S: Well, you know, it really was a very severe shock. So this is how I operated from then on.

M: Did you ever get it fixed? No?

S: I can't remember that. But I can remember thinking that this is *so* India. They've gone to all this expense of buying this thing, the trouble of installing it, but they didn't do it right. So, it actually was worse [*hearty laugh*] than the old previous arrangement, because it was dangerous.

M: Well, now, this is one of those things that, if all our voices percolate to India, do we censor this or not?

S: You know, this is the kind of thing that they know about, and Krishnaji was always hammering away at them about.

M: Well, they know about it, but for us to be giggling about it may offend.

S: [*big laugh*] By the time anyone hears or reads this, all the people responsible will be dead, so it won't matter.

M: Also, I hope that it somehow comes across that our criticisms or comments are about places for which we have great affection.

S: Yes, yes. They are.

M: 'Pupul is in her cottage, not far away. The others are in various guest cottages. Parameshwaran (who cooks for Krishnaji everywhere in India) is here. Before going to bed at night, I gave him the recipe and nagari for making the tofu. We had a late lunch. Krishnaji slept, but I unpacked and by suppertime was falling asleep at the table. I hadn't had more than three to four hours sleep since Sunday night.' This was on Wednesday. 'They say the river rose to almost the rim of the cliff here in the September floods, but now the Ganges is quiet, sleeping mildly, returned to its ancient ways.'

S: Wow. The cliffs are very high.

M: That's a lot of water.

November second. 'It was a quiet day. I helped Parameshwaran with his first making of tofu. Dr. Parchure brought his wife to meet me, a charming, shy, nice woman. I also met the young woman principal of Vasanta College, Ms. Schuetaschgal?' That doesn't sound right. I don't think that's correct.

S: Now, just to say, Vasanta College…

M: That's the women's college.

S: It was the women's college that was founded by Annie Besant. It was first called the Women's Hindu College, or something like that.

M: Yes. 'Our meals are cooked and served by Parameshwaran in the upstairs dining room on Krishnaji's floor. We have salads and all manner of very good food, immaculately cleaned. He is, of course, a Brahmin. In the late afternoon, Krishnaji, Ahalya, Upasini, and I walked around the new filled-in ravine; then down to the playing field where Krishnaji did five laps around it. I came back after three and bathed. It is very hot. Dr. Parchure gave me a foot massage. Both feet are swollen from the long flight and the heat.'

The third of November. 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a small group discussion on the self. Present were Pupul, Sunanda, Pama, Ahalya, Achyut, Radha B., Narayan just arrived, Parchure, Upasini, and Rajesh Dalal—a nice, bright, young man—Krishnakutti, Frances McCann, Mrs. Parchure, a few teachers, and Mr. and Mrs. Deshpande.' Do you remember that name?

S: Ah, yes.

M: 'He couldn't see the relevance of discussing the self.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji had at him. But it only silenced him. Krishnaji asked what we had all done with the gift of something true.' [*Both chuckle.*]

The fourth of November. 'Krishnaji rested today. Today is the twenty-year anniversary of my husband's death. How extraordinary life has been. I cannot judge it or assess it from the outside. It is as if it were not mine to speak of it. It has happened, and not of my planning. I went out early and stood watching the sunrise on the river, the slow, silent casting of nets from the fishing boats. There is something curiously still here, inside. My mind seems to be silent, without much movement, listening, and it isn't somehow mine. The possessor is absent, or has it merely stepped away? Krishnaji rested in the morning but was at the lunch table. Achyut and he have been discussing religious centers, apart from the schools, perhaps in the cities where books, tapes, etcetera would be available, and where people who are serious could be found to come to other small centers for a sort

of retreat. Krishnaji wants to go into this. At 4 p.m., Dr. Parchure came and walked with me to his house where his wife gave me tea. After tea, Dr. Parchure left us alone to talk. She seems so nice, shy, and unsure of her ability in English, but she's actually quite proficient. I'm inclined to talk more than I want to, to help over the bumps, and was touched by her wanting to talk to me. She walked back with me. Krishnaji had been for a walk.'

November fifth, 'There was another small group discussion at 9:30 a.m. with the same cast as last Friday. Krishnaji used the analogy, "You have been given a baby. What have you done with it? Have you cared for it? Is it the most important thing in your life?" Pupul spoke of "clouding over"; one has clarity, then it clouds over. Krishnaji in effect said, "You let this cloud over because you are not serious. You have not accepted the baby's responsibility. You have not given it your being, your total energy. This is not the whole of your life." It hit hard at most of them. He spoke with great force. At lunch, he lingered at the table until 3 o'clock discussing whether Nagarjuna and Shankara'—these are great teachers in Buddhist and Hindu traditions—whether they 'had the insight of the Buddha, or whether intellect brought saints to see the limitations and the futility of intellect, until out of that and an ensuing search, there came an insight. Krishnaji felt that a Buddha and possibly Nagarjuna, "They were not intellectuals though they had great intellect." He felt that they had insight born of compassion. Then, from that, came intelligence.'

I'm glad this is written because in the dialogues I now go to, people have thought and they can never get out of it.

S: Yes.

M: And I can't ever seem to…I talk about it, but it doesn't seem to have any effect. What is insight and then intelligence. You know, Krishnaji used to say to us, when you see the limitations of what you're doing, an insight can come into that. And he used to say that thought can see its own limitations, and by seeing its own limitations…

S: …it is changed.

M: …insight comes in like a light.

S: Yes, yes, and it produces a change.

M: Exactly. This just doesn't convey when I talk about it.

S: I don't know if it conveys to anybody who hasn't experienced it.

M: But in a way, not in a profound religious sense, insights are…

S: Yes, we have little insights.

M: Yes. I'm sure everybody has had some little insight. Some of them are just—you know that sensation, suddenly seeing something quite differently. Yes. 'He was doubtful about Shankara. Radha Burnier, Achyut, Sunanda, and Pupul were at the table. Radha said that too little is clear about Shankara.' They're all very good on the history of these things, this group.

S: Yes.

M: 'As all the subsequent Shankara Charyas wrote'—you know, the people who followed him—'it is hard to be sure what is the writing of the original one. These lunches are too tiring. My leg aches sitting there so long, and Krishnaji, though he enjoys talking about it all, is tired by it. In the afternoon, Nandini and her older sister Amru arrived from Bombay. Nandini looks quite a bit older, but her manner is always gentle, friendly, and graceful. Krishnaji was rather hoarse on the walk. He did only two laps, said he was tired, came back, and started to talk to Nandini, but gave it up. I sent Dr. Parchure to see him, suspecting fever. It was—100-degree. Parchure mobilized things, spent the night in a room nearby, and prepared to fight the fever if it rose.'

The sixth. 'Krishnaji's fever is now sub-normal. He says he slept well. His voice was very hoarse, and he has a sore throat. He was mostly interested in the tailor who was coming to fit a kurta' [*S laughs*] 'and underclothes. The meeting with Buddhists tomorrow has been postponed. He stayed in bed all day, and in the evening his fever went down to 99.8. I walked around the campus with Ahalya, Nandini, Amru, and Mrs. Padma Santhanam.' Oh, I don't think she's appeared yet. Padma Santhanam comes from Madras. 'Elections are going on, and the county is fascinated by whether Mrs. Gandhi will win the election to Parliament. If she does, she will apparently become the leader of the opposition.'

November seventh. 'I tried on a kurta and a copy of my Courrèges trousers by the tailor, then went to Benares with Ahalya, Sunanda, Parchure, Narayan, and Upasini, where I bought some cotton for more kurtas. Benares is a nightmare of people, dust, dirt, crowding, noise, a torrent of life that would be my destruction if I were ever dropped into it. It is like the edge of a volcano, watching beings who are in it—surviving barely. A ghastly carnival celebrating nothing.' Have you been to Benares?

S: Oh, yes.

M: 'The clouds of dust and refuse, every vehicle has a horn screaming at every other vehicle, carts with porters, carts with shrill deafening music advertising movies, wandering about the streets pulled by tiny horses or a human being, donkeys carrying rubble herded by thin little boys, bicycles, streams of people. It is an ordeal just to drive through the streets. We stopped at the Theosophical Headquarters building in Benares to pick up Radha Burnier. It is called Shanti Kunj, and it is where Krishnaji and Mrs. Besant used to live. The garden there, in its age, had a luxuriance and quiet, astounding after the terrible streets. Radha, calm and clean, in a white sari, didn't mind as the dust poured in the car coming back. I had to wash eyes, nose, throat, and everything once we got back.

Krishnaji had slept all morning, no fever. He approved the three cottons I bought for kurtas. Mrs. Gandhi had won the election for a seat in Parliament.' [*Chuckles.*]

The eighth. 'Krishnaji is much better. He rested in bed except for attending a trustee meeting of the KF India, to which I was invited. I explained the state of finances in Ojai, and also the point of view of the U.S. and English Foundations that Krishnaji and his teachings are one, and our responsibility is to that. In the afternoon, I drove with Pupul, Nandini, Amru, and Sunanda to tea at the Agricultural College. A German girl who tried to force her way into Tannegg last summer was hanging around the gate. Pama stayed to dissuade her from being here, except at the public talks. We drove through villages of rubble, dust, swarms of people, and wandering animals, past camels slowly pulling their large flat feet down the dirty roads. Then, suddenly, there were fields of green with only an occasional buffalo, and the beauty of the land was a wave. We were on the road the Buddha once walked to Sarnath, and I thought how beautiful India must have been then, with very few people and the land in its pristine freshness. I walked back in the twilight in a pair of what Krishnaji calls "sand shoes," sneakers in my childhood.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji had supper on his veranda.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji is well. At 9:30 a.m., he held a discussion with all the students in the Assembly Hall. It was preceded by the children chanting as Krishnaji sat cross-legged on the small dais facing them. The rising beauty of the chant, and the extraordinary grace and majesty of Krishnaji brought tears—there are times when his presence is that of a god. The children were good at speaking up in spite of their shyness, but their sing-song English and the heavy consonants tripping over each other made Krishnaji use Rajesh as an interpreter.' [*Both chuckle*.] He couldn't understand their English. [*Chuckles.*] 'In the afternoon, a motorboat ride up the river past the Ghats was laid on with Nandini, Amru, Padma Santhanam, Frances McCann, Chris Jones, Krishnakutti, Rajesh, Mrs. Drassinower, and a difficult couple, the Levittons. Mrs. Levitton was a victim of polio and has to be carried or wheeled everywhere. She was very affable, and was an instant first-name user to me, though I didn't know hers. Her husband does acupressure and there was something unpleasant and unclean about him.' You see, these are the comments…

S: They're your impressions. We don't call them truth, and we won't send them a copy of this.

M: Alright. But I don't like to hurt…

S: I know…but this is life.

M: There's such a thing as discretion.

S: Not when you're writing history.

M: Hmm. 'The great and sacred river is filthy and brown; the city sewer gushes into it just upstream from where the Rajghat school is, downstream from the city ghats and where the clothes are washed by the dhobis.'



Krishnaji looking at the river Ganga (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: The laundry people.

M: The laundry people, all male…'where the dobhis wash the laundry. Just the bathing, teeth brushing, plunging in that goes on along the ghats makes me feel green.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Bodies are neatly queued on the burning ghats, waiting their turn, wrapped in bright cloth. Seven fires were going as we passed; the air was heavy with smog from all of it. Buffalos were being scrubbed by their owners, half-submerged in the river. Goats picked at invisible weeds on the cement. We came back in mid-channel. I have no further impulse to visit Benares.' [*Chuckles.*] I obviously didn't like it. I don't remember disliking it.

S: It's very difficult to like.

M: Yes, but it's interesting.

S: Yes, it is very interesting. [*Laughs*.]

M: 'A cable came from Evelyne. She arrives from California in Delhi tomorrow, and will be here on Monday.'

S: Ah, yes, Evelyne was coming with Michael Mendizza because he was filming that year.

M: Oh?

S: Yes.

M: November tenth. ‘At 9:30 a.m., an Indian television crew that is doing an hour’s film on Krishnaji and who photographed yesterday’s discussion with the students, filmed in 16mm black and white a question-and-answer session with Krishnaji. The questioners were Achyut, Pupul, and me.’ I was in for international effects. [*Chuckles.*] ‘The man in charge, a Mr. Leyti, had done his homework and made up the questions. We each were given two to ask. Mine were, “What place has knowledge in man’s search for enlightenment?” and the second one was, “You say conflict arises out of desire and choice; and they structure our lives. Can we be free of these?” In the afternoon, they photographed a similar session between Krishnaji and a few students. This I missed as before lunch Dr. Parchure gave me something for “dust allergy,” which turned out to be an antihistamine that made me sleep as though hit on the head. I came to at about 4 p.m., and walked with Krishnaji, Pama, and Upasini around the perimeter of the place. Krishnaji was tired in the evening, and he didn’t eat much supper.’

The eleventh. ‘At 9 a.m., Krishnaji gave the first Rajghat public talk in the assembly hall. It was filmed in part by the Indian TV crew. It was on disorder. He lunched at the table, but went quickly to rest and got up later only to greet the governor of Bengal. He did exercises in his room only. While at supper upstairs, Nandini, who with Amru had eaten at Vasanta Asharam, came running from downstairs saying that Mr. Levitton was in a temper from being told that he and his wife couldn’t come to Rishi Valley, and he had charged in demanding to see Krishnaji then and there. I went down to speak to him. He was furious. I said the obvious things, that Narayan’s decision was necessary due to the physical limitations of Rishi Valley, etcetera. He argued. I asked him why he couldn’t accept it with grace, which seemed to choke him with rage. He made Namaste’—that’s the Indian greeting with hands together—‘sarcastically and left. Narayan came a little later and said that he had told Levitton that the school would not be able to give aid to his wife’s infirmity while Krishnaji is there, i.e., carrying her around as Mr. Levitton gets Chris Jones to do here.’ He was exploiting Chris Jones—getting him to lug this fairly heavy woman all over the place. ‘Narayan explained that during Krishnaji’s stay, the school is so busy, but they were welcomed to spend a few days later on when some help could be provided. Later, while Narayan was eating dinner, Mr. Levitton came to his table and said, “I hope you don’t get a stroke and have to learn to live in a wheelchair.” Then, “He cursed me,” said Narayan in a matter-of-fact voice.’

November twelfth. ‘Krishnaji gave the second public talk at 9 a.m. The hall was overflowing with all kinds of people, but it seemed a superficial audience, easily inclined to laugh. At times, the questions are in such a heavily accented English that Krishnaji cannot understand them. I sat near the Tibetan Rinpoche, a young man in a dark red robe and yellow shawl. He crossed his legs and seemed not too comfortable, shifting on the hard bench. Krishnaji spoke further on disorder, on the seeing of it, which then brings about order. A man asked about dying, and Krishnaji shot back, “Have you ever tried it?” and reproved the laughter and went on, and spoke of dying to the self. He lunched at the table, rested, then saw some of the Patel family briefly. He talked to Ahalya, Parchure, Rajesh, and Upasini about Rajghat, and later did exercises in his room. I took a nap and walked as it was getting dark with Nandini and Pama. After supper, Pupul, Nandini, and Sunanda reminisced about Krishnaji in the late ’40s: Krishnaji’s gaiety in those days,

how Rajagopal came to hear of Krishnaji's strange events at Ootacamund, and Pupul's and Nandini's report of that; how Rajagopal came to hear of Krishnaji's strange events at Ootacamund through grilling the servants, then made Pupul *swear* never to speak of it; of the nastiness of Rosalind to Krishnaji when she came to India in 1956, her berating him, yelling at him, and of her convincing Krishnaji that the CID**[2]** was opening his mail, of her speaking ill of Krishnaji to Pupul when Pupul visited Ojai, of the case between Nandini and her husband in which Nandini's charges of cruelty were answered in a brief which quoted pages of Krishnaji's public talks in which he said Indian women were considered chattels and that this, not the husband's behavior, caused her to leave him. The husband won the case and custody of their three children; she could see them only in the summer outside of Bombay, and only with his mother present. Devi'—that's her daughter—'was nine years old when this happened, and she became a little mother to her two brothers. A year later Pupul had to take Nandini to London for a cancer operation and later a removal of a kidney. Pupul spoke of papers she has, notes of meetings between Krishnaji and Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, and with Indira Gandhi, of marvelous things Krishnaji used to say in discussions, which were not recorded.'

The thirteenth. 'At 9 a.m. in the assembly hall, Krishnaji held a discussion with a Tibetan Rinpoche and three other Buddhist scholars. Achyut translated the Hindi when necessary, helped by Pupul, Radha, Sunanda, and Deshpande. The Rinpoche began with a quiet, almost whispered, question about the observer and the ending of thought. Then another Buddhist held forth in Hindi and it took forty-five minutes before the basis of a question was accepted by all. Krishnaji kept having to ask what actually happens in daily life in relationship, and the Hindi-speaking Buddhists kept going off into theory. More and more, Krishnaji is emphasizing the actual, dismissing the theories, the ideas. This seems the point where people balk. They escape into the idea of something and away from the thing itself. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw the Patel family for what was to be a ten-minute meeting, but which went on one-and-a-quarter hours, sorting out their troubles. Evelyne, Michael Mendizza, and Robert Dunigan, in cowboy boots and hat, who is to do the sound recording, all arrived from Delhi. Evelyne is in the little guest house that Frances McCann relinquished. Evelyne brought pneumonia vaccine from Lailee Bakhtiar'—that's our doctor in Beverly Hills—'and an unclear message from Lou about the buyer not approving the geology report on the Malibu house. I went for a walk in the twilight with Krishnaji. After supper, Evelyne and Michael outlined plans for filming in India to Ahalya, Pupul, Nandini, Achyut, etcetera. It seemed to go down well. It was a noisy night with the village festival, chanting, and dogs barking.'

November fourteenth. 'A day of rest for Krishnaji. Evelyne, Michael, and Dunigan went into Benares. Evelyne came back in time for lunch. Radha and Professor Krishna of Benares Hindu University and his wife were at lunch. He told Krishnaji of the present university condition where threats with knives and guns are made by students to the teaching staff for grades, and when cheating for examines are denied.' I remember that, I was there. They'd come in with a gun and say, "What's my grade?" 'I walked with Krishnaji and Upasini around the playing fields.'

November fifteenth. ‘Krishnaji called me before breakfast. He had a feeling in the night that I was upset about something. I assured him that I wasn’t. At 9:30 a.m., he held a student discussion in the assembly hall. It was way over their heads. One Muslim girl asked, “Sir, what is religion?” Krishnaji replied it was what it is when you know what it is not.’ [*Both laugh*.] That must’ve baffled her. ‘They had trouble, too, with comparison, and understanding that there cannot be love when there is fear. He had difficulty understanding their questions. It may be not only the heavy Indian accent, but also a bit of deafness on Krishnaji’s part. I spoke to Parchure about it, and he will suggest hearing tests in Madras. There is a certain critical stance toward the school here. “This is all too difficult for you; you are not used to this,” he keeps saying, which of course is true, but it could come across as criticism. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji was filmed by Michael with the littlest children here outside the house, and then at a tree planting. Krishnaji, Upasini, Nandini, and I walked. I came back, bathed, and changed, and went with Krishnaji and others to chanting by Brahmin priests.’ Those were wonderful.

S: Yes.

M: They all chanted very loudly and vociferously, and it sounded wonderful. Hmm, hm.

The next day. ‘Nandini and I visited the art department of the school. Krishnaji saw a sannyasi. In the afternoon, Michael filmed him walking along the path by the houses with the Ganga in the background. Then, Krishnaji, Nandini, and I walked along the perimeter road. A village man came up the cliff from the river, suddenly saw Krishnaji, and prostrated himself, touching his head to Krishnaji’s feet.’ I remember that so well. He came up and he looked at Krishnaji as though he was seeing a god or something…

S: Yes.

M: …and threw himself on the ground at his feet. It was very touching. He was taken totally by surprise. ‘Krishnaji raised him up, greeted him silently, and walked on. A look of wild wonder and emotion was in the little man’s eyes as he watched Krishnaji, as though he had seen God. It wasn’t adulation, nor the see-a-famous-person look; it was wonder and adoration. In the evening, Oopali, a former Rishi Valley student and now professional dancer, gave a recital and we went to part of it.’ I remember that man, little old man, so very well; he’d scrambled up the bank, got up to the level part, and there was…

S: Krishnaji.

M: It was nice, very sweet.

The seventeenth. ‘Krishnaji talked to the teachers. I didn’t go, thinking that the fewer outsiders, the better. Instead, I did letters. In the afternoon, Michael filmed Krishnaji on the other side of the Varuna’—the little river that flows into the Ganga—‘walking on the farmland with his big sun umbrella. When this was done, we walked to the eastern end of the KFI land and came back past the Sanjivan Hospital, where Evelyne and I went in. A

Dr. Sharma, the one and only nurse, and a most hard-working woman, showed us around. It was pitiful to see how much is needed.' It was a very primitive hospital.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: I remember the beds were…there weren't any sheets on them.

S: Yes, just rope beds.

M: Rope with some kind of a plastic mattress. Not what you'd like. 'On our return, Dr. Parchure talked at length to me about it, and about his early life as a country doctor, living with his wife and two-year-old son in a thatched hut with poisonous caterpillars on the walls, crabs the baby reached for scuttling on the floor, and snakes falling from the ceiling.' He has extraordinary tales, and he tells them very well; he tells them straight, but I always wanted to record them because they were…

S: Yes, yes…extraordinary.

M: November eighteenth. 'I went with Achyut, Radha Burnier, Pupul, Nandini, and Evelyne to the Sarnath Museum. Pupul and Nandini then left before lunch for Bombay. In the afternoon, I had Mrs. Krishni to tea'—a very a nice woman—'now retired to Poona from teaching here.' She was a teacher when I'd been there before.

S: Right.

M: 'I remember her tireless kindness in looking after foreign guest meals in 1965. She had the eagerness to talk that is part of her friendliness, and a tendency to run on that seems a part of aging in some women. Krishnaji was visited by the Maharaja of Benares, a short man. I did some packing easily and quickly, as the dhobi brings the clothing so well folded.'

November nineteenth, 'The school was out to see Krishnaji off when we left for the airport at 8:45 a.m. Michael filmed it. Evelyne, in spite of her fever yesterday afternoon, was there, too. Krishnaji, Achyut, and I flew to Calcutta. Friends of Achyut's and admirers of Krishnaji came to the airport with their families—a Mr. Mehta, a large meat-eating Brahmin in a dhoti, and a Mr. Sen, wife, child, etcetera were there. They brought a three-course lunch, which was served to Krishnaji, Achyut, and me in a private apartment in the airport. The wives, daughters, and sisters served it. A stubby, rather rough-looking psychotherapy woman seized the opportunity by the throat to ask Krishnaji intense questions, the answers to which left her face scrunched up in puzzlement.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'The last one was, "Do you believe in God?" Krishnaji said, "Who invented God?" There was a shocked silence. "Obviously," he said, "man invented God."' [*M laughs*.] 'They all looked like a frozen frame in a moving picture. We were driven in a large private car to the aircraft stairs, an assistant of the airline took us aboard, and we left at 2:30 p.m. for Madras. The country was green flying over it. There, to meet Krishnaji, were Pama and Mrs. Jayalakshmi, who gave Krishnaji and me each a huge

garland of roses, and tuberoses, and bead necklaces. Others were there, too, including Mrs. Santhanam, who lent her air-conditioned car to drive Krishnaji and me to Vasanta Vihar. Madras was warm and humid, but green and cleaner-looking than Benares. The air was soft and pleasant, not dusty and polluted. Vasanta Vihar is now painted white, which gives it a stately beauty instead of the dingy stained yellow of 1965. There were shrubs and plants everywhere. Waiting on the porch were Sunanda, Prema Srinivasan and her daughter, and Vatsala. The latter was arrow thin, with large dark eyes that veer away when looked at.' I don't seem to remember her. 'Her speech and movement is rapidly intense. She immediately asked me if I would like to take a walk. So, down the drive we went in the dark and up the road a bit before returning. She has examinations in German tomorrow and later again this week. Krishnaji's rooms are above his old ones, charmingly done, a sitting room with blue and white cushions I would like to have in Ojai,' [*chuckles*] 'the bedroom beyond with a small porch, and large, handsome bath. I have been given his old rooms on the ground floor just underneath, with a small sitting room, large bedroom; both clean and comfortable, attractive. Then I took a luxurious bath with ample hot water. In this heat, bathing becomes almost a rebirth. We dined in a new dining room, in the kitchen building, once a garage. It's back of the main house. Dining were Krishnaji, Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, and Vatsala, who has been living here for the past ten months. Early to bed as we are tired from journeying.'

The twentieth of November. 'It was hot and humid. Krishnaji wanted to talk to Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, and me about the Foundations' schools predominating over the teachings, and Rajghat problems. No sooner had we started than Mr. Santhanam walked in and sat down on the floor with the rest of us in Krishnaji's bedroom…and sat,' it says. [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji was irked and wanted him gone, so he got up, and Sunanda and I sorted his clothes for Rishi Valley. Achyut and Pama eased Santhanam into the sitting room, and talked to him about land for the school his wife is running but which belongs to KFI. He finally left and we resumed.'

S: We should just say that Mr. Santhanam, who was just mentioned, is the husband of Padma Santhanam, and that they eventually became the philanthropists who funded the school in Madras.

M: That's right. Mrs. Santhanam…

S: …was the guiding force.

M: Yes.

S: And she was really the one who had the interest in Krishnaji, not Mr. Santhanam.

M: I think so.

S: Mr. Santhanam, I think, had made his money from car parts. I think he had Lucas Car Parts, or something like that, and had the franchise for all of India. That's where all the money came from.

M: I knew there was a lot of money, and he was a big businessman, but I didn't know what he did.

S: Yes. I think it was that.

M: 'Krishnaji feels the schools have overshadowed the Foundations and the teachings, and taken all the energy, etcetera. He wants to change all that. He discussed Rajghat, the north splitting from the south someday, and how to prevent it. He questioned if the Foundation should run the hospital at Rajghat, the rural schools, etcetera. Achyut gave the pros on this. Later, Krishnaji came down and talked to me alone: "Do they know what I'm talking about?" At Rajghat, he felt "like going away." Also, he felt one night in meditation a tremendous force descend on him.' Dick Clarke and his daughter Heather Thornblod came to call.'

S: Oh, yes! I remember Dick Clarke! We should just say Dick Clarke was one of Krishnaji's tutors when Krishnaji was a little boy at the TS, and by now, Dick Clarke was about 500 years old.

M: Yes, but…

S: But spritely.

M: Very spritely. And still could bicycle, if you remember.

S: Yes! I remember well. He used to bicycle everywhere.

M: [*chuckles*] Anyway, they came to call. 'And Krishnaji had a word with the daughter.'

'Prema Srinivasan lunched with us. After lunch, Krishnaji had a long talk with Vatsala and later told me she wants to leave. She said she cannot live on words, and wants to get a job. He asked her what she was most interested in. She said she is serious about religion, but must do it her own way. He said she should, and she will stay only as long as he is here. He seemed to think that her not wishing to live on words meant it is only that to Sunanda and Pama, that that is all they offer. I wonder if it reflects Vatsala's own state. Krishnaji wonders about all the older ones here. Pupul in particular. He wants more young people in the Foundation. Afterward, and more briefly, he spoke to Prema's daughter. He then took me and Pama on a rather harried walk in the dark, past a place where gypsies were cooking their supper on an open fire. Buffaloes wandered, and it was again dusty and dirty. There was a discussion at supper with Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, Vatsala, and me on what is tradition. Krishnaji spoke about tradition, and said that all religion is based on tradition and is therefore meaningless. I asked if he was against tradition because it is second-hand, a pattern, a formula, etcetera; or did he also deny the original perception of the first teacher, the Buddha, etcetera? Did he deny that there had been truth for them, which may subsequently have been corrupted into tradition by the ones who heard it, didn't understand it, but passed it along? "Truth cannot be given to another," he said. I asked about a person who reads in one of his books, say, the observer

is the observed, and instantly sees the truth of it, not intellectually, but truly sees it? Tradition is not there. Achyut spoke of a conversation with Krishnaji years ago in which Krishnaji had showed him the falseness of something that was weighing on him, and it had totally ended then, and it had never relapsed. "But I have other blindness," he said. Krishnaji then said insight in one thing shows us the totality of things. This seemed to upset Sunanda. "It is not one thing at a time," said Krishnaji. He asked, "What happens when I say that conflict harms the brain?" I said I instantly see it is true, but it is memory and seeing because I have experienced just that, and know the harm and it does not recur. One swiftly finds it is real because it would recur—but I didn't have to finish the sentence because Krishnaji, sitting across the table from me—there was that nonverbal exchange. Krishnaji's statement that truth cannot be given to another is clear—the person must come to it, but truth about the factual, psychological impediments are communicable by him, or his writings, I said. Only one who has understood can communicate this, he said. And he further said that the understanding, and therefore, the wiping out of one impediment, makes one see the whole field of impediments, and they cease to exist. This must be gone into further, says I.' I don't think I reported this very well.

S: One gets the gist of it. One gets the gist.

M: 'To bed right after dinner for early rise.'

November twenty-first. 'We got up at 3:15 a.m., bathed, dressed, and had luggage ready to load into Mrs. Santhanam's car. Dr Parchure, who arrived last night from Benares by train, took my bags. Sunanda, Pama, and Jayalakshmi were up to see us off, the latter will come with Narasimhan on the twenty-fifth. Parameshwaran rode in front, while Krishnaji, Achyut, and I were in the back. We left at 4:10 a.m., going westward along roads where trucks were coming from Bangalore with produce, and bullock carts, mountainous with hay, moved slowly toward us. The bullocks' eyes shown in the dark like cats' eyes. As it became lighter, the village huts of mud and thatch, though very poor, don't have the squalor of the north. Krishnaji took pleasure in the large tamarind trees along the road, telling me that the villagers do not cut them as they give valuable fruit, and each tree belongs to someone. Pale green rice fields appeared, and the soft mauve bloom of the sugar cane. We stopped once for petrol. Little thin-legged boys were carrying on their shoulders pots of water to the huts across the main road; some were brightly polished old brass pots, but too often they were a plastic copy. As we came near Chittoor, the land was like parts of California: low rocky hills, but there was water here. The monsoons have left river water and there are small lakes. Krishnaji pointed to a shrine on a fairly steep hilltop and said, "He used to climb up there alone, they have told me."' That meant himself when he was a boy.

S: So he doesn't remember doing it, but he was told.

M: Exactly. 'In Madanapalle, where he was born, there was all the comings and goings of a market, and he remembered the running joke in *Laugh-In*.' *Laugh-In* was a comedy program we liked to watch in California. I don't know if you remember…

S: Yes, I remember it.

M: It was funny, and they used to joke about "beautiful downtown Burbank,"…'and Krishnaji kept laughing at "beautiful downtown Madanapalle"' [*S chuckles*] 'all the way through the town. Achyut explained to us, as Krishnaji had no idea, how Rishi Valley came to be. Mrs. Besant had a Theosophical college in Madanapalle, and had offered it to Krishnaji for a school, but Krishnaji didn't want a school in the city. So they searched and found land in the valley, nearer to the Rishi Konda mountain. The valley then had no name, but the choice to Krishnaji was obvious. The school grounds were green with very many new trees. The part around the old guest house where Krishnaji stays is nicely planted and a stream runs through a stone channel. The school was waiting to greet him. Frances McCann is already here. Narayan has given me the room across from Krishnaji's on his floor. It is cool, clean, quiet, and good to be in the country after cities. I felt very glad to be here. I unpacked, and washed my hair. Parameshwaran, with two helpers, provides our meals in the kitchen and dining room next to my bedroom.' Do you remember, Krishnaji had the rooms on the left, then there was a big open space…

S: Yes.

M: …and then there was a little dining room and the kitchen; and in the back was a small bedroom, which is what I had. 'Krishnaji was a bit hoarse on leaving Madras, and this was worse at lunch. He went to bed, admitting reluctantly that his throat became sore on the flight.' What flight?

S: Flying from Benares to Madras, where you just came from?

M: Yes, yes. 'Dr. Parchure arrived in the afternoon, and says that Krishnaji's vocal chords are inflamed. He ran a fever of 99 degrees in the afternoon, but that dropped to 98.8 in the evening. Earlier in the afternoon, I had walked around and met Indira, Narayan's sister. Then, Narayan showed me the new guest house.'

S: We should just say that the reason people would get up so early to drive from Rishi Valley to Madras is that it was a four-hour drive, if all went well, but it was very hot.

M: Yes.

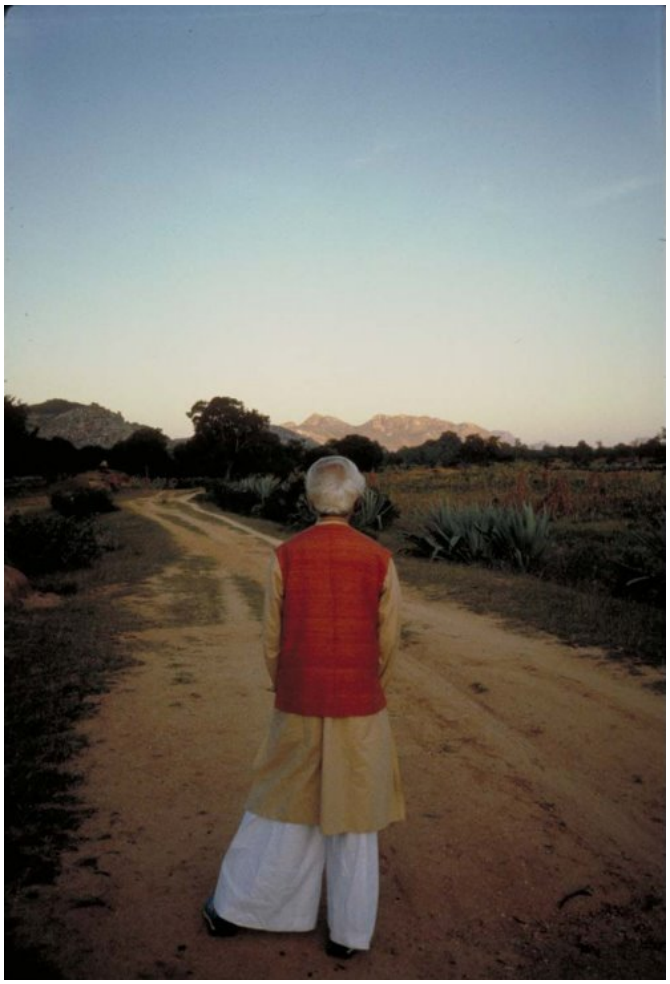
S: *Very* hot. So, if you wanted to get your traveling done before the heat of the day, you had to leave Madras at about 4 a.m.

M: Yes. It was cooler then, and the roads weren't quite as hectic.

S: Yes, not quite, but still at 4 a.m., there was a remarkable amount of traffic on the road.

M: Also, a lot of things in India happen early.

S: Yes.



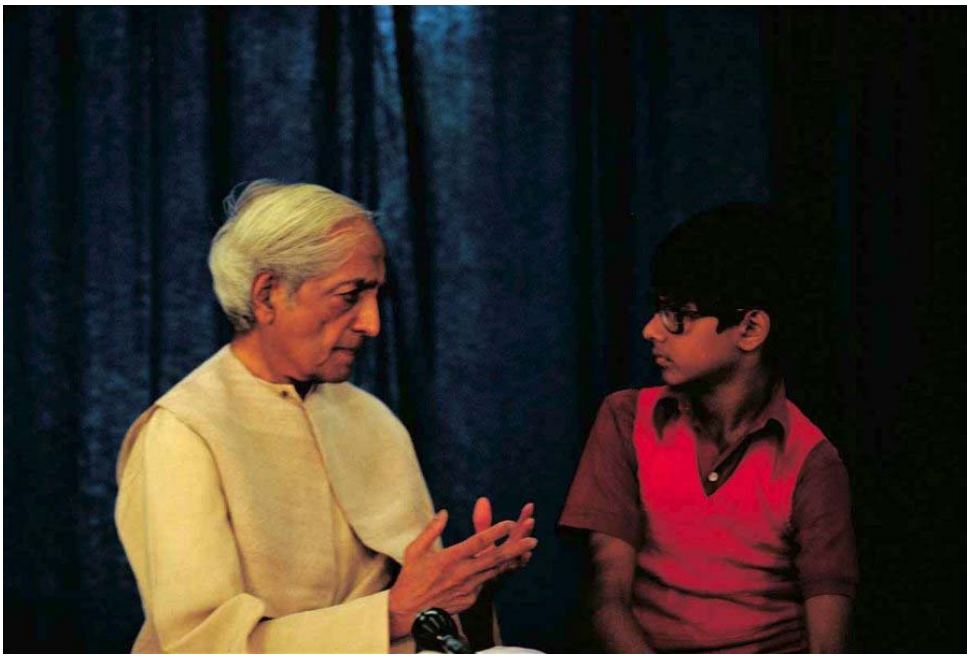
Krishnaji walking in Rishi Valley (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: I remember that they used to have discussions with Krishnaji at 7 a.m. in the morning.

Now for November twenty-second. 'I went in early to Krishnaji and took his temperature. He had no fever. He had slept well. I went with Narayan to the chanting assembly of the school, then walked around with Frances a bit. I came back and unpacked Krishnaji's trunk of clothes. A tailor came, and he had old kurtas altered, all the time Krishnaji standing in a draft in his night clothes, rejecting the choga I got out for him'…A choga was a kind of coat, or I don't know what you'd call it; it's a long garment that you'd wear over your Indian clothes if you needed warmth.

S: Yes. It's more like a bathrobe without a belt.

M: Yes, it is…'rejecting the choga I got out for him stubbornly.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Narayan brought teachers: Prasad, Indira, and Mrs. Thomas to lunch. Sunanda and Pama rang from Madras; Evelyne had arrived but still has fever, and has gone to bed there.



Krishnaji with a Rishi Valley student (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

They will all motor here Saturday. Meanwhile, Michael Mendizza arrived in the afternoon. Dunigan, his sound man, walked out on him Sunday in Benares. He left without telling Michael, who was at the TS filming in the afternoon, and came back to find Dunigan gone, no note, nothing. Frances saw him on her 2 p.m. flight to Delhi. Michael says he can manage here and his wife Bonnie will join him in Madras. Narayan took me to see the new thatched building for the rural school, rather like the Ojai pavilion but in brick, eucalyptus rafters from the school grounds and thatch. It cost $1,000, and was very handsome.'

***Editor's Note:* At this point in the discussion, Mary had a leg cramp, and asked for the tape recorder to be turned off as she tried to get rid of it. What follows is what was said when the recorder was turned back on. Obviously, Mary and I were talking about the nature of these discussions.**

M: This has to be a memoir.

S: Yes, it is.

M: …which is what Krishnaji was referring to. It's what I was witness to during those years, filtered through my eyes and my brain…

S: Yes, well, that's just it. And I think, it's right to be up-front about all the limitations. So, you can say, 'I thought he was a wonderful person,' or 'I thought he was a terrible person,' and that is not the same thing as saying, 'he *was* a wonderful person,' or, 'he *was* a terrible person.' If it's at least continually implied, that this is just your perspective, then, I think you can say all kinds of things, and your subjectivity is taken into account.



Krishnaji with Rishi Valley students (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: Yes.

S: And what you're saying is terribly valuable, it's ***terribly*** valuable. Something like a book, as a finished product, is meant to be presented to the public, whereas these discussions, as they aren't. As these are, this is the raw data.

M: Yes, that's right. I was saying what I had, or what I heard or saw or thought that day.

S: Yes, exactly, and out of this raw data, scholars can make something that's polished for the public, or I can do editing down to something that's more for the public. As these discussions are, this is just the raw data, but it's incredibly evocative, and communicates a whole sense of that…well, it's an era. And really, it's an era that's ***gone***; in absolute terms, it's ***gone***. And so it's just terribly, terribly important; all the little details, all the different people that came and went, all the…it's very communicative. Anyway, let's go on.

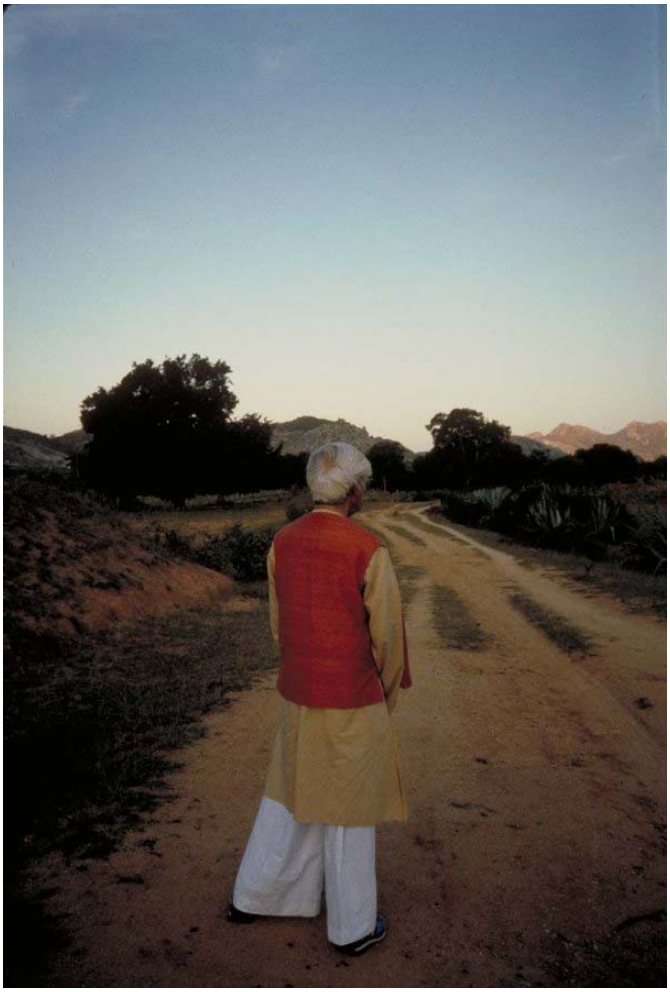
Editor's Note: ***Readers of these memoirs should probably know that, despite the length of this account, more than half the volume of the transcripts has been edited out, without, I hope, removing anything of significance.***

M: What was that last date we did?

S: Have we finished the twenty-second?

M: Um, yes. I said the rural school building cost $1,000.

November twenty-third. ‘Krishnaji stayed in bed all day. I went to see Chris Jones, a Brockwood student who has been ill, then I walked, wrote letters, and had supper in the visitors’ dining hall. Kathy Harris and Julie Desnick arrived.’



Krishnaji walking in Rishi Valley (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Kathy Harris was a Brockwood staff member, and Julie Desnick was a student.

M: That’s right, and ‘they arrived from Brockwood. Also Joan Wright.’

The twenty-fourth. ‘In the morning, I went with Narayan to Madanapalle to buy kadhi cotton.’ It’s a hand-woven cotton, and very nice. ‘But the shops had closed. We walked past the house where Krishnaji was born, a narrow street with narrow houses and open drains outside. They appeared very small. A tailor lives and works in it on the ground floor, and a family lives upstairs is what a small sign said was “Sadhana Tutorial School.” The house must be deeper front to back than wide for it seemed tiny. We didn’t get a good look inside, as Narayan didn’t want to show much interest.’ The Indian Foundation were thinking of…

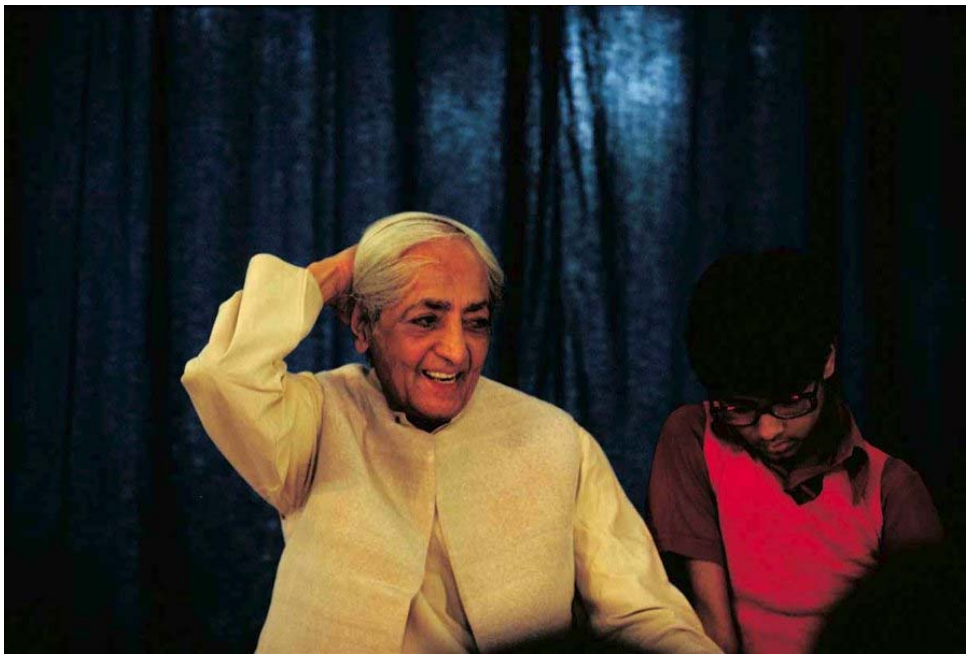
S: …buying it, yes.

M: 'If the buyer was known to be KFI, the price would inflate. It is hard to imagine that little baby being born there over eighty-three years ago. It seemed infinitely mysterious. Perhaps it was a nicer street then. The smallness of everything made it seem part of another time; and so it is, really. Krishnaji showed no interest at all in it when I told him where we had been. At lunch, Krishnaji came to the table with Mr. Gandhi, an architect, and Narayan. I have had an idea to make the end room where the meetings are held into a big handsome bedroom for Krishnaji. It would have light on three sides, and could easily be done with shutters. His present bedroom is small.' He had…

S: I know, I remember it.

M: …yes, a little, tiny…

S: Little, tiny, ridiculous, lightless, airless room.



Krishnaji with Rishi Valley students (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: Yes. 'The alterations could easily be done with shutters. The present bedroom is small and dark, and in the mornings he needs a lamp to read. Then, I suggested enlarging the center room to include both verandas, making it a large space for meetings.' That, too, was eventually done. 'The architect says it is all feasible. In the afternoon it rained. I began Christopher Fry's memoir *Can You Find Me.* At 4:30 p.m., Vasanta Kumari, the woman singer who is going to live and teach here, sang for Krishnaji. Palgat Mani Iyer, the great mridangam player, also now living at Rishi Valley, was there also.' He was wonderful. Do you remember him?

S: Oh, yes! He was wonderful. We'll have to end it here as we're running out of tape.

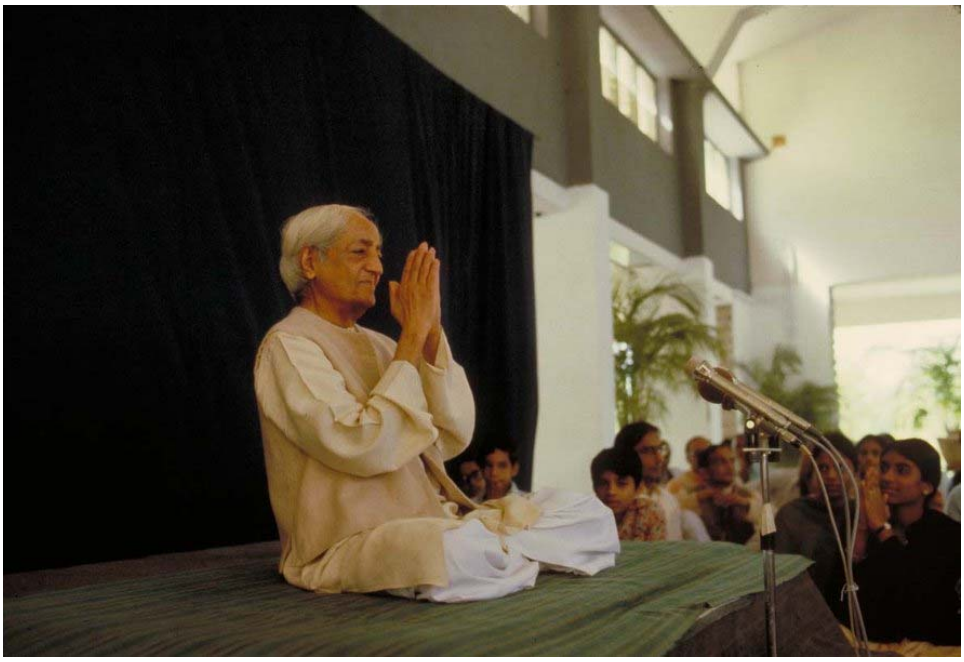
FOOTNOTES:

[1] It is what they used to call electric hot water heaters in Indian bathrooms.

[2] Criminal Investigation Department.

Issue 56: November 25, 1978 to January 5, 1979

Mary and Krishnaji are in India throughout this issue, and the physical challenges are wearing on both of them. Mary's pros in describing India are often extraordinary and lyrical.



Krishnaji in Rishi Valley (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

Mary: So, we begin on November twenty-fifth, 1978. At this point we're at the Rishi Valley School in India. 'Evelyne and Sunanda arrived from Madras. Krishnaji, Narayan, and I lunched, and Sunanda joined us afterward. Krishnaji bore down very hard on what the Foundation is actually doing, and questioned what he is doing here. After more than forty years of talking, there is not one person "who will work at it, who will carry the flame through India." Narayan suggested an order, such as a monastic order, but Krishnaji said, "He has said no disciples."…"Don't call it that."…"Call it a group of people." He said again that he probably has another ten or fifteen years and doesn't want to just go around. He questioned whether he himself had been "irresponsible" in not meeting with just half a dozen people and seeing that they have this thing. It was a knife in me to hear him raise a question that it could be his fault. After all, he has poured out to others all these years. Toward the end of the conversation, it was tentatively planned that he should divide his time in India between Rishi Valley, Vasanta Vihar, and Bombay.'

Scott: Could we just stop and discuss something here for a minute, because I think what you were reading about how disappointed Krishnaji was, and saying that no one was carrying out what he talked about, etcetera, needs to be highlighted a bit.

M: Yes.

S: I think it's important just to note for the sake of history that this is not something that Krishnaji was just saying in his last year just because he was ill, which some people in India have been saying in the years since. No. This is something that he had been saying for almost a decade.

M: Yes. That's true.

S: And repeating it strongly and calling people to task and doing everything that he could.

M: Yes, and he used to say to all the places, in his last decade, "You're not using me. I'm wasting my time. What am I going to do when I go to Ojai or Brockwood or something?"

S: Yes, but that was a different matter. He said that in all the places he went to in his last years, but this sharp criticism of India and of the Indians was not something that he had in the other two places, in America or England. There was an edge to his criticism of the Indians, what they were doing, and the lightness with which they were taking it all or something like that.



Krishnaji with Achyut (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: Yes, it was much sharper in India. And he felt they were taking it all for granted. Anyway, 'Pupul, Nandini, and her daughter Devi, Achyut, Nelly Digby, and Eleanor Hawksley arrived in a van from Bangalore. Krishnaji went for a walk with Narayan and me, and met Jayalakshmi, her sister, and Narasimhan, who have come from Madras for one night. We continued to walk, and Krishnaji saw the newly thatched building at the rural school. Mr. Naidu'…Oh, he was a lovely man…

S: Yes! Yes.

M: He was the head of the garden.

S: He was the estate manager, really.

M: Yes, he was head of the whole place, physically.

S: Including running the farm.

M: I hope he's well. Anyway, 'Mr. Naidu, who is in charge of the farm, planting, etcetera, came along and pointed out new trees, and other rural developments. Krishnaji was pleased. Everyone but Krishnaji had supper in the visitors' dining room.'

The twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji was sick to his stomach from midnight till 6 a.m. Others were similarly ill, Frances, Michael, Julie, etcetera. There was something in yesterday's lunch, though Krishnaji ate here in the old guest house, while all the others ate in the visitors' dining room. Parchure is trying to figure it out. Krishnaji stayed in bed all day. The teachers' discussion was postponed. Jayalakshmi and Narasimhan had breakfast here with Narayan and me. They left in midmorning after seeing Krishnaji briefly in his room. I did letters, read, slept, and took a walk westward up the valley alone. Krishnaji felt better after his rest and the semi-fast. He got up at 5 p.m. and walked around outside the house. He seemed well by evening.'

The twenty-seventh. 'I woke up at 1:30 a.m. with a migraine. Later, I took Dr. Wolf's pills and Krishnaji put his hands on my head. It was a quiet morning. At lunch were Krishnaji, Evelyne, Nelly Digby, Narayan's sister Indira, Prasad, and me. Earlier, Nandini said that Nelly was abusive to the houseboy in a British *memsahib* style.' [*S laughs*.] 'Krishnaji wants me to tell her that she cannot behave like that.' [*S laughs again.*] And then I wrote one word: '*Difficult*.' [*S laughs again*.] 'Scott Forbes and Pama arrived from Madras having extricated from customs the video equipment Frances has donated to KFI, and which Scott has come to set up and show people how to use.'

S: Yes, just for the sake of history, Frances was, I think, the largest contributor, but not the only one by any means. I raised funds from several people for that. And it was an absolute nightmare getting all of the video equipment and videotapes through Indian customs.

M: I'll bet it was.

S: So this was the introduction of the Indian Foundation to video recording Krishnaji's talks and discussions. [*Both chuckle lightly*.]

M: The next day. 'At 9:45, Krishnaji held a discussion with all the teachers, including Brockwood's Kathy Harris and Scott Forbes and all the Foundations' trustees. Afterward, Achyut and I had a long talk on the problems in Krishnamurti Foundations, and the

tension between Pupul and Narayan. Achyut is friendly to both, but wishes Narayan had more of a feeling for the Foundation and working as a whole, not just for Rishi Valley. At lunch were Krishnaji, Narayan, Scott, Sunanda, Venkataraman (a math teacher), and me. At 4 p.m., there was a KFI trustee meeting. Krishnaji, Pupul, Nandini, Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, Narayan, and Rajesh. Krishnakutti and I were non-members invited to attend. Krishnaji asked whether he should become president of the KFI. Pupul had told him that she wishes to resign in his favor. She said she once opposed his being president, but now is for it with all her heart. Krishnaji said as things now stand, he is holding everything together, and there isn't a spirit of cooperation. Why not? He said again that the schools have swamped the teachings. And he asked why was there division in the Foundation? Pupul made an attempt to bring her differences with Narayan into the open, but she did it in such a challenging manner that he flared up. There were questions on how differences are handled in the English and American Foundations, and I said they were discussed and never became issues.' Well, I was being optimistic. [*S laughs*.] But this is 1978. More to come, obviously.

S: Yes.



Krishnaji with Rishi Valley students (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: 'I said that Krishnaji is president in both the U.S. and the United Kingdom because, after Rajagopal, we were intent on his having as complete power as was legally possible. Beyond that, we feel totally responsible to him. Krishnaji spoke of cooperation, the feeling of cooperation coming first, and from that, everything must flow. Afterward, Rajesh Dalal and I talked about all the things surrounding the teachings here and walked to the road and back.'

November twenty-ninth. 'I called on Evelyne and then Nelly in the morning. In the afternoon, Krishnaji held another KFI meeting at which he again wondered if he was not

being responsible in seeing that a few came to total understanding, and again spoke of the Buddha, who had only two disciples who understood him and they both died before he did. It is an ache to hear him wonder if it his fault after sixty years of pouring light on everyone. Narayan, Nandini, Devi, and I walked with him. A little village boy brought him a newborn goat.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Black and white and tottery.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji held it, and the brown mother bleated protectively. A tiny flute sound came from the rocks on the hills. The player was invisible, but it was a faint thread around our walk in the evening. Sitting, and talking with Krishnaji, I could hear it faintly somewhere.' It was lovely, a little shepherd boy with the goats, and he would play his flute. It was just lovely.

S: Yes, very pastoral.

M: November thirtieth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the whole school in the assembly hall. Michael Mendizza filmed it. The young students spoke right up when he asked what they wanted to talk about. "Sir, what is will power?"' [*Chuckles.*] '"Sir, what is desire?" The last from a *tiny* boy. Krishnaji talked on learning and comparison and got a young boy and girl to sit beside him. Both of them entirely unselfconscious. The little boy with heavy glasses was utterly serious and honest.' What was his name? I used to know…Sanjay! 'When Krishnaji asked if he saw something, he wouldn't say he did until he'd considered it carefully. The children were wonderful, and Krishnaji enjoyed it. "Tell your teachers, no comparisons!"' [*S laughs*.] 'Scott, who did the sound for Michael, was laughing after Krishnaji's talk ended. When I asked him why, he told me it was because Krishnaji had a battery mic under his kurta for the film, so Scott could hear the children afterward, clustering around Krishnaji, and telling on their teachers who do, of course, compare!' [*Hearty laughter by both*.] I'd forgotten all that.

S: Yes, I'd forgotten it to until you just read this. [*Still laughing.*] And I can just see those little Indian students doing that too.

M: 'In the afternoon at 4 p.m., Krishnaji held another KFI meeting, which got so heavily psychological, it got nowhere. Narayan spoke of an area of loneliness, which resists all awareness, while simultaneously insisting that nothing was wrong in his relationships. Pupul before breakfast told me of nightmares and fears that affect her. There seems to be a tendency to make things into abstractions, fill herself with concepts, and not look into the personal problems. In many ways, they seem remarkably unaware of themselves. Scott was on the walk with Krishnaji and me, and later Sunanda and Rajesh joined us. We met small, dark-as-twigs gypsy women crossing the fields, instant begging and chattering at us. Krishnaji pulled out his pockets, so did Scott and I, to show we had nothing, but they laughed and kept chattering. A second pair came along and the performance repeated itself…' [*S laughs*.] Do you remember any of that?

S: I remember gypsy women were sometimes at Rishi Valley, but not that particular occasion.

M: '…the performance repeated itself, except that Krishnaji gave one his clean white handkerchief. On our return, Krishnaji talked to Vatsala, who was in a flurry of changing her mind.' Do you remember who she was?

S: If I remember correctly, she hadn't been a student at one of the schools, and was not quite a staff member, either. She might have been a university student and an expert on Heidegger, and that interested people in her.

M: Maybe.

S: A year before, or two years before, Krishnaji had given her some attention, talked with her, and people found her promising, but she was having some kind of metaphysical crisis during this year and then disappeared, and I can't remember ever seeing her again. I think that's who it is.

M: I can't remember seeing her again. Well, I wouldn't be in India every year. But I never heard another word that I can recall. Anyway, it says, 'Rajesh has talked to her. Now she thinks she may join one of the schools, but doesn't know, and is in confusion.'

'After supper, nine village men danced outside the school's dining hall. A tall man with a rattle moved in the center, calling the time, and the other eight danced in a circle around him, two older ones playing flutes with tassels on the end as they danced. The others had cymbals. Krishnaji came and stood watching. After about forty minutes, the students began to join in. At first, the older girls, then tides of little boys in their white pajama suits jumped in, then older people:' [*chuckles*] 'Karen and Chris from Brockwood, Kathy Harris, Devi'—that's Nandini's daughter—'even Nandini for a few minutes. Krishnaji was laughing, alight with the fun. He urged Pupul to join, and with a burst of enthusiasm, for a few minutes she did. "I want to dance," said Krishnaji and did it a little standing in the dark behind the circle of onlookers. At 9 p.m., we walked back to the guest house, and he was pleased and full of fun.' Do you remember that?

S: Yes, I do. And I remember Krishnaji's little almost invisible dance in the shadows.

M: The first of December. 'A quiet day of resting for Krishnaji. I did desk work and dictated from my notes of *Letters to the Schools* to Mr. Hari Harumi…'

S: Oh, yes. He was a man who did secretarial work.

M: That's right…'so he could type them. Krishnaji walked with Scott and me and we met gypsies.' Oh, so we met gypsies that day, too.

December second. 'At 9:45 a.m., Krishnaji held a discussion for teachers, including some from Bangalore. It was mostly on comparison. I wonder how many understood. In the afternoon, there was a concert, Palghat Mani Iyer on mridangam, and an albino fellow on a little drum shaped like a Camembert' [*S laughs*] 'and Vasanta Kumari singing accompanied by a young woman on violin. The singing left me fairly flat, but Mani Iyer

was very good. Krishnaji sat in the middle on a mat with the young students all around him, and enjoyed Mani Iyer. We walked afterward.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held another teachers' discussion with the same group at 9:45 a.m. Much frustration. He said, "There is no distraction." And, "Distraction is thought." He seemed to me to take for granted one knew what he meant, and with, for instance, the subject of knowledge, which he discussed scathingly as "a means to livelihood and status" with teachers who have in part never heard him before and may not know he has a more nuanced view of it, this could be bewildering. He kept putting the question, "With ten students in front of you, how will you see that they have no distraction?" And at one point, he asked them how they will make the ten students understand the whole existence of man.' [*Chuckles.*] 'He is also intimidating in dismissing almost any reply they make with, "You're not answering my question." He made me feel at the end of one-and-a-half hours thankful that I'm not a teacher.' [*Both laugh.*] 'In the afternoon, he, Narayan, and I visited the dairy herd; graceful-eyed cows eating green hay, most of them a cross between Sindhi'—Sindhi is a breed of cow—'and Jersey. Little calves were shyly friendly. We walked across the stream, turned left and westward along the rice fields on a tiny path. It was away from everything, truly country, and I felt the niceness of that, the way I feel less often in India. There is something in the air that is constantly unpleasant. Is it a smell, a kind of sourness, part of the mildew in the buildings, a gray in the water, which though it comes from a well and is said to be very pure, never seems quite clean either on my clothes or self. Have I become too finicky, overly fastidious? The blankets on my bed are musty. The pillow used who knows how long is inside a thin pillow slip, there is no pad on the rubber mattress, and inside the rag-bare sheet smells of damp.' I'm sorry to go into all this…

S: No, no. It's fine…and it's *very* true.

M: 'I may be wrong in reacting, but there is what my mother used to call "feistiness"'… This is a word my mother made up, it's something sort of ick.

S: [*laughing*] Yes.

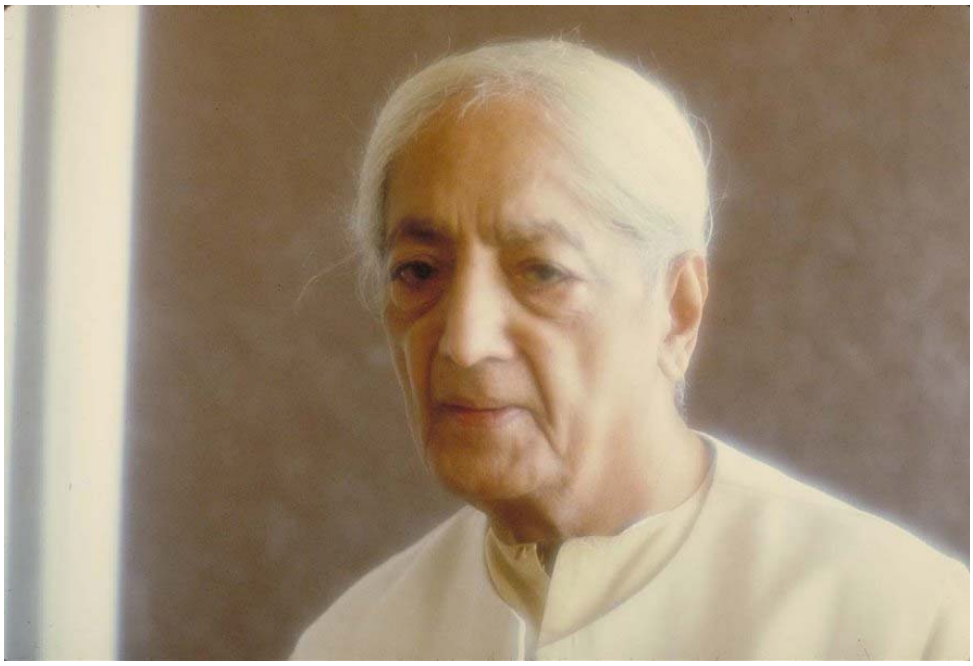
M: '…what my mother used to call "feastiness" about it all. But we did have a nice walk, got back across the little stream by jumping, and clambered up the bank while I kept a cautious watch for cobras, and came back along the Tetu Road.'

December fourth. 'At breakfast, Krishnaji talked vigorously about forming small groups of religiously committed people. He swept the value of the schools aside; he really was drastic. In the afternoon, he, Narayan, Nandini, Devi, and I walked about four miles.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave his second students' talk and discussion. The new video equipment brought and set up by Scott was used for the first time. Scott is training three teachers to man the three cameras, and one to be the director. Krishnaji again had a little boy named Sanjay sit beside him and a little girl on the other side. Very bright children. Krishnaji asked what causes fear, and Sanjay replied, "It is all in the mind, sir."' [*Both*

chuckle.] ‘The older children don’t speak, but the young ones were quick and were really listening. At the end, Krishnaji asked everyone to sit quietly and asked if they understood why he suggested it. A little girl piped up, “Sir, it is to build up our energy.”’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘At lunch were Narayan, Vatsala, Rajesh, and me. It rained, but we walked anyway at 5 o’clock. Evelyne gave me a letter sent by Lou about the geological report on my property, based on which the buyer called off the deal.’ I had a terrible time with the geologist on that.

S: Yes, selling the house.



Portrait of Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: ‘The report makes it appear that the land may go in a landslide. It said there are three slide areas. If the report is correct, the place could be unsellable. The letter is so drastic I simply read it with no reaction at all. I realize the financial implications can be considerable but can do nothing for the present. We’ll have to deal with it in February. Krishnaji said, “What will you do?” I replied, “I don’t know what I can do.”’

December sixth. ‘Nandini and Devi left early for Bombay. Sunanda and Pama went to Madras. Krishnaji held a meeting at 4 p.m. for some of the teachers. He spoke of seven things to give the students: 1. protection in freedom, 2. a sense of religious, righteous behavior, 3. an expectation of the highest excellence, 4. love and affection, which is security. Then, he added last year’s list, which was 1. a global outlook, 2. a concern for man, 3. a religious feeling. He kept asking what we can do as a group to give this to the children, how one is to have unyielding rectitude? He said that other groups have a belief, an authority to hold them together, to give them energy. But, he said, the very denial of authority and belief gives energy.’

‘Narayan spoke of a brotherhood of teachers and absence of fear.’

‘Krishnaji asked, “How will you bring this about? By working, you will not get it. You must get it, and then work at it.”’

‘Pupul brought up compassion as a central thing, and Narayan said, “If I see I am the world, there is a root of compassion.”’

‘Krishnaji asked, how will they prevent the children from being swallowed up by society? “Do you have a deep religious feeling? That is the rock, and from there you live.”…“Compassion means love, intelligence, an end to sorrow. Have you intelligence? You can’t give something you haven’t got. You have to have this quality of creation, newness, not innovation, or invention, but as an endless source, a river with no beginning and no end.”’

‘Krishnaji, Narayan, and I crossed the valley and climbed a stone path on the north side of the valley to a flat mesa. It was dark by the time we returned. Mr. and Mrs. Santhanam arrived. A Mr. Mueller had a run-in with me…’ Oh, that was that tiresome man.

S: Oh, yes, wasn’t he the one who made up stories about himself being a CIA agent, or being a spy?

M: Yes, he was weird.

S: Yes.

M: I don’t know what happened to him.

S: He was in Ojai for a while.

M: Yes, he was. And he was difficult wherever he was. Anyway, I had an argument with him on that day.

S: There was never a shortage of tiresome people.

M: No. [*Laughter*.]

December seventh. ‘Rain. Krishnaji talked to the students. The same two students sat with him on the platform and again the children were remarkable; they really think, and are unselfconscious. The ones about thirteen to fourteen years of age are the articulate ones. It was videotaped. I met Gita, a daughter of the dairy head, to whom the Moorheads are giving a year at Brockwood.’

S: Yes.

M: The Moorheads are an English couple. Have they appeared in this account yet?

S: Yes, they have. We've talked about them, and that they set up the dairy at Rishi Valley.

M: We did, alright. 'The Moorheads were giving Gita a year at Brockwood. She came and asked to talk to me, and so we did. She's seventeen years old, bright, serious, and has the makings of a teacher here. At lunch were the Santhanams, Pupul, Achyut, Narayan, and me. Later Ahalya, Upasini, and Mrs. Parchure arrived from Rajghat.'

S: Just to say for a minute that Gita, I think, spent two or three years at Brockwood and then…

M: She went to Australia.

S: …she met at Brockwood a young staff member; she was by then about twenty years old, and they got married. He was Australian, and they're now living happily in Australia.

M: Yes. I used to hear from her.

S: I did, too.

M: But I haven't heard in a long time.

S: I heard from her a couple years ago.

M: Yes, yes. She was a nice girl.

S: A very nice girl.

M: December eighth. 'I woke up at 2 a.m. with a headache, but Bufferin fixed it. Dr. Parchure gave Krishnaji the pneumonia vaccine sent by Lailee'—that's our doctor in California—'which came via Evelyne. Jayalakshmi brought a violinist T. Krishnan, and he and Mani Iyer gave a concert.' He was very good. I remember that well. You probably do, too.

S: Yes.

M: The next day just says: 'Rain. Krishnaji spoke to teachers at 9:45 a.m. I dictated letters, etcetera.'

And the day after it just says: 'A clear day. Krishnaji talked to teachers again at 9:45 a.m. Anantaswami V. Hari of Bangalore was at lunch. We go there Wednesday for the day.'

S: Now, Anantaswami, just to say, was a trustee of the Indian Foundation.

M: I think so. And he, I believe, put up a lot of the initial money for the school in Bangalore.

S: Yes, and his two children were lovely people who came to Brockwood.

M: Oh. I'd forgotten that.

December eleventh. 'Pupul recorded a question-and-answer session with Krishnaji. Present were Ahalya, Upasini, Rajesh, Pama, Scott, and me. Toward the end, he said that there must be: 1. No comparison; 2. Problems must be solved instantly; 3. No sorrow. He said if someone were to ask why should one keep listening to K? He would tell them to listen to him constantly, as often as he could, because "The flower is always new." At 6:15 in the evening, the school's annual dance performance was held under the banyan tree. Krishnaji sat on a mat with the children. The ballet was not very good, but three little boys played mridangam fiercely during intermission.' [*Both chuckle*.] Oh dear.

December twelfth, 'Krishnaji talked to school. The children were excellent.'

The next day, 'I was up at 4 a.m., bathed and dressed. Mr. Anantaswami came from Bangalore last night, and drove Krishnaji, Narayan, Pupul, and me to the new Krishnamurti school in Bangalore called The Valley School. Evelyne, Michael, and Dr. Parchure came in a separate car. We left at 5 a.m., and arrived at 8:15 a.m., and were given breakfast in The Valley School guest house by Mrs. Anantaswami and servants. We went to the school, and at 10 a.m. Krishnaji spoke to the students, after which we returned to the guest house, where he spoke to teachers. The children were under twelve years of age, but spoke right up.'



Portrait of Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

'Krishnaji: "Do you like your school?"'

'Children: "Yes!"' [*Chuckles.*]

‘Krishnaji: “Are you afraid of your teachers?”’

‘Children: ‘No!”’

‘Krishnaji: “What would you like?”’

‘Children: “To have a hostel.”’

‘Krishnaji: “Don’t you want to go home to your parents?”’

‘Children: “*No!*”’ [*M and S both chuckle*.]

‘The parents apparently are always busy. The teachers are new at this, but were intent on having a good school. They are leery of having a principal, but see the need for one. At the school, Michael Mendizza photographed Krishnaji with the children. After lunch at the guest house, there was a short rest. Then, Mr. Harry Khoday, who has paid for most of this school, and Pupul brought the First Minister of the state and a Mr. Urs to see Krishnaji. It was a sticky beginning.’ [*Laughs.*] I remember well, nobody spoke. Krishnaji sat on the sofa and the First Minister, a big portly man, sat on the right, and Pupul sat on the left, and I and whoever else was there were not part of the group—we modestly sat in the background. *And nobody spoke!* And I thought, well, it’s up to Pupul as she is supposed to have engineered this, and she’s the hostess type, but *nothing happened*. [*Laughs more.*] ‘*Nobody spoke.* Finally, Krishnaji began to question him on whether people in India will see what is happening to the world, etcetera, and are concerned. Krishnaji spoke with charm and intensity, and the Minister had the intelligence to appreciate it. Then, we left and were driven back to Rishi Valley by Mr. Khoday, who had most kindly not allowed Evelyne or me to pay for some silks from his factory that his brother brought, and which we wanted to buy. We reached Rishi Valley at 7 p.m. I went to bed without supper. Krishnaji has a boil forming above his left knee.’

The fourteenth of December. ‘Krishnaji spoke to the students. Again, it was very good. I took photos. The children, one of whom was Sanjay Ganapati Daychu’—spelling?—‘again sat beside Krishnaji, and it went very well. I took a roll of film of it. At lunch were Jayalakshmi, Dr. and Mrs. Parchure, Pama, and Narayan. In spite of his boil, Krishnaji walked down for a coconut tree planting. He planted the first one near the swimming pool. I planted one nearby. Then, he led a crowd across to the bridge and had each person plant one along the river. Jayalakshmi, Ahalya, Upasini, Dr. and Mrs. Parchure, Jayalakshmi’s sister, Rita Zampese, Mr. Deshpande, Indira, Narayan, and Scott. Most had to wade through the stream, Krishnaji urging them on from the bridge. Only Pupul evaded it by leaving.’

The fifteenth. ‘Pupul left for Delhi to see Mrs. Gandhi. The boil is hurting Krishnaji, and a Dr. Krishnamurti from Madanapalle came for lunch. Krishnaji stayed in bed but saw him. He and Dr. Parchure decided on an antibiotic, doxycycline, 100 milligrams, which Krishnaji took in the evening.’

There's little for the next day. 'Krishnaji's boil is beginning to drain and soften. Krishnaji was able to sit in the other room and hold a teacher discussion. "A fact is never a fragment." In the afternoon, I climbed the hill behind the playing fields.'

December seventeenth. 'In the morning, Krishnaji again held a teachers' discussion, and in the afternoon, he did one for filming, talking with Narayan, Prasad, Krishnakutti, Indira, Mrs. Major, and Venkataraman. Michael set it up in front of the guest house. Krishnaji's boil is not draining properly. Ahalya and I packed Krishnaji's clothes in metal trunks to take to Madras. Someone said that the U.S. and China have mounted an opening discussion of diplomatic relationship. News here is as remote as the moon.' I always felt that in Rishi Valley, that one was way far away from the whole world.

S: I know. Yes, yes.

M: The eighteenth: 'Krishnaji held a discussion with students of the two upper classes, with Narayan the only other person present. Afterward, Dr. Parchure cut open Krishnaji's boil using a freeze anesthetic, which lasts such a short time that Krishnaji had considerable pain, but as soon as it was over and bandaged he said the pain was gone and it felt much better. His and the only question is why and how he got it. Dr. Krishnamurti was at lunch'—that's that doctor from Madanapalle—'and two teachers, Dr. Parchure, and me. Krishnaji spent the rest of the day in bed reading. I, too, read all afternoon, *Newsweek* and *Time* from Narayan, and then went for a walk alone. The sky was beautiful with round, piling clouds. A sparrow hawk fluttered in place over the rice field, dived but rose with nothing.'

December nineteenth. 'In spite of the boil pain, Krishnaji insisted on talking to the students, and I packed in the afternoon. Mrs. Gandhi has been jailed for four days by Parliament, and was stripped of her membership in Parliament, denying her the seat she won in it a few weeks ago.'

December twentieth. 'Up at 3 a.m. and we left less than an hour later for Madras. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Parameshwaran, and I were in the Santhanam car. We arrived at Vasanta Vihar by 8:30 a.m. and learned that all the others (Evelyne, Nelly, Frances, etcetera, etcetera) were to have left by car and van at 7:30 a.m., but were prevented by dangers of riots over Mrs. Gandhi going to jail. She is stronger in the south, and her followers have attacked trains, newspaper offices, etcetera. Four people were killed in Bangalore where Achyut, Ahalya, Mrs. Parchure, Upasini, and Rajesh are; so they, too, are immobilized for the moment as trains had been attacked. It can't last long as she will be out of jail in four days.' Where were you in all that?

S: I was stuck in Rishi Valley, and I remember it well. I was loading all the video equipment into the van, and was about to travel by car with Michael Mendizza and some others, when we were told at the last minute that no one could go. Of course, everyone was worried that you and Krishnaji wouldn't arrive safely.

M: Yes. We left so early, we didn't…[*chuckles*].

S: Yes, but there was no word until we phoned and learned that you'd arrived safely.



Krishnaji with Parameshwaran (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: 'I'm grateful we took off early as I had had enough of Rishi Valley and am glad to be here in Madras. My mysterious luck or fortitude in not being sick came to an end in the afternoon. I went with Prema Srinivasan to a tailor with some saris she got me, but he was closed, so I got some detective stories for Krishnaji and *Newsweek* and *Time*. When I came back I began to feel queasy. I ate only fruit and went to bed, but was sick at night.'

The next day. 'I felt weak but better, and had only a slight fever, 99.6. I slept most of the day, taking only fruit juice and tea. There is no news from Rishi Valley, but late at night the group who were in Bangalore (Achyut, Ahalya, Mrs. Parchure, Upasini, and Rajesh) arrived by train. I read a book just published called *Krishnamurti's Boyhood* by Dick Clarke.'

December twenty-second. 'I feel alright but am weak and eating only very lightly. The question is how to be adequately nourished between now and February, avoiding fried and spiced things, which make up almost all this cooking. *Vediamo. Vediamo.*' That's Italian for "we'll see." They say it all the time in Italy, "we'll see"—*vediamo*.

S: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'A letter came from Amanda saying a man is considering buying the Malibu house. This she has heard from Elfriede. Rajesh said he questioned some of the young men making trouble in Bangalore on what political party they represented. They said fifteen rupees a day, and an assurance they wouldn't be arrested.' So they were paid agitators.

S: Yes.

M: 'News came in the morning that the Rishi Valley group is on their way. Dick Clarke lunched here and presented his book to Krishnaji. I asked him what he meant at the end when he said that Theosophy takes in Krishnaji and the Krishnamurti Foundations. He replied that the Theosophists believe Theosophy takes in everything.' [*Both laugh*.] 'I pointed out that this is oddly construed. In the afternoon, the Rishi Valley vans and car brought the missing persons. It seems that trouble began at 6:30 a.m. on the twentieth at Madanapalle when Ulrich Bruger, Gisèle Balleys, and Mrs. Ridley were arriving there by car to take a bus to Madras, and a mob crowded in on the car threateningly. A man in the crowd said to let it go back to Rishi Valley, as no buses were running, but another group closed in and tried to force the doors open, telling them to get out of the car. The driver edged the car over a curb, as if to comply, then gunned the car and they escaped back to Rishi Valley.' Were you in that?

S: No, no. And I'd completely forgotten about that incident. Mrs. Ridley was just an elderly woman enthusiast from Sheffield, and Gisèle Balleys and Ulrich Bruger were just enthusiasts from Switzerland and not on any committee at the time. They were all going to get the bus from Madanapalle to Madras, because there weren't cars for everybody, obviously. When they got back to Rishi Valley and told us what had happened, we knew it was dangerous for the cars and van to leave. That's what I can remember now.

M: Yes, yes, yes. The mob closed in. 'So, they escaped back to Rishi Valley, but they are now here. Evelyne had tea. Evelyne, Nelly, Scott, etcetera are staying in the annex.'

S: This might need to be explained a bit more, because this was the year in which India was hosting the international trustees' meetings, and they were having Michael and company filming, and me recording and teaching them to make video recordings—they were having so many people that their normal facilities couldn't hold everybody. So, although they had previously constructed a two-story annex of bedrooms and bathrooms in back of Vasanta Vihar, that was not enough, so they built special bamboo and coconut palm leaf shelters on the roof of the annex for people to sleep.

M: They did? I hope you didn't have to sleep there, did you?

S: Yes. I did. I slept there. They didn't have any other places. I can remember Upasini was in a bed next to me; there was just rows of beds for the men. I think the women had the better accommodation in the permanent structure beneath us. And then to eat, they couldn't fit everyone in the dining hall, so they had to make a bamboo and coconut palm dining room. [*Both laugh*.] Anyway, continue.

M: 'I went for a walk with Krishnaji and Pama, driving to the beach past the TS and Damodar Gardens, which KFI is thinking of leasing.' That's part of the TS compound and indeed they did lease it for Mrs. Santhanam's Krishnamurti School. The School, they called it. 'We walked along the beach toward the river, the wind blowing in from the Bay of Bengal was clean and so was the sound of the sea, but the wide beach is not. The fisher folk live in hovels on the beach and relieve themselves along the edge of the tide. So one can't walk on the sand, but has to walk along an old disused road leading to the bridge

across the river. Krishnaji strode along, vital, indomitable-looking, past the TS, past the part of the beach where he and his brother were noticed as boys and this strange story began. Krishnaji does not set foot on TS property and hasn't since the 1930s when he was made to feel unwelcome. The road we took to the beach goes around the TS property. Coming back, we met Achyut, who is staying in Radha Burnier's house. Back at Vasanta Vihar, Pupul had arrived from Bombay after a crowded time at the airport. Everyone, including Krishnaji, had supper at table in a coco-palm hut put up outside the dining room in the back garden.' [*Chuckles.*]

December twenty-third. 'I attended the KF of India trustee meeting. There was a discussion of Krishnaji's becoming president of the Foundation instead of Pupul. I don't see any big operational difference it would make, but it was decided that Krishnaji will give his answer tomorrow. Perhaps forming a small college at Rishi Valley was also discussed. Krishnaji spoke of the need for new good people. Rajesh said that the full sense of responsibility people start with seems to fade. Perhaps the enormity of the teachings causes this. Krishnaji said if he saw the truth of the teachings, he would start in a small way. "After all, it took (himself) fifty years."'

S: What's he saying?

M: Well, he's telling them if he was investigating the truth of the teachings, he would start in a small way. '"After all it took"'…and I put in parentheses (himself) '"…fifty years."…"I can't do anything tomorrow. If I want to do something, I want to do it today. If I had heard the Buddha, and his mind is too big for me, I would take what I can understand and keep moving."…"He says, no time—I would work on that. I don't know what he means. I would ask him."…"He says I *will* do this, I say, <u>no</u> time. If I am angry, I end it now, not tomorrow. I won't let anything enter into the field of time. I would ask, have I understood that—the word meaning, the inwardness of it? I can't capture the immensity (of it all), but I can begin with that."' Now, I put "of it all" in parentheses, which I think are mine, but the rest is a quote.

December twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji at the KFI trustee meeting accepted the presidency but wishes that Pupul and Achyut as vice presidents should act as "buffers" with regard to legal and other matters in his absence, or during any period in which he delegates his powers to them. Achyut demurred because he has accepted to start religious centers all over India, and therefore feels he should not take on an official position. Pupul made a plea to Achyut to accept nevertheless as he is uniquely able to protect KFI in the country today.**[1]** Achyut wants to do the religious work on his own so that if he makes mistakes, they're all his personally. Pupul refused to be a vice president without him. Krishnaji said that was blackmail.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'Krishnaji asked about his own responsibilities as president. He said the schools exist to carry out the teachings; the Foundations are totally responsible for the schools and so for the teachings. Under those circumstances, he asked Achyut to join. Achyut said he

would do what Krishnaji wishes. Krishnaji said that was not enough. Then, Achyut accepted. Krishnaji then asked what we can do to make all the Foundations more responsible and active, creative, alive, and living the teachings. Are there too many members too casually involved? He is concerned with a separation if he dies. I asked about Krishnaji's powers as president, and if he had their agreement that he can, at any time, whether he is in India or elsewhere, overrule the vice presidents. Krishnaji asked at length, what is the responsibility of the Foundation members and what do they do? "Am I spilling my blood on a rock? It is not worth it?" Krishnaji said our trust is in the teachings, "and that trust is your life." It is the responsibility to see to each other and to keep in contact, not only verbally, but inwardly. At 5 p.m., Shankar drove Evelyne, Nelly, Julie, and me to the Music Academy, where M.S. Subbulakshmi sang. Shankar had invited me in Brockwood. We had to queue together, and it was a chance to observe the audience. High preponderance of what I think of as South Indian Brahmin faces, rather fine, slightly ovoid, with a certain dignity. It was a bit like the opening of the opera in New York: women in their most gleaming saris, dark, lustrous colors, diamonds in ear, and regrettably noses.' [*S chuckles*.] 'Subbulakshmi and niece Radha in brilliant yellow saris, surrounded by accompanists, sang for almost three hours marvelously. It was raining when we came out. Shankar drove Evelyne, Nelly, and me home before going back for the following concert at 8 o'clock. So passed Christmas Eve.'

Christmas day. 'Between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m., the monsoon poured over five inches of rain.' That is a real downpour. 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the first of the combined Foundations meetings, the only non-Indian members being Nelly, Evelyne, and myself. We went into the responsibilities of the Foundations. Krishnaji said, "The religious mind is without illusion," and later, "sorrow is illusion." At 3:30 p.m., Sunanda, Pama, Pupul, Nelly, Evelyne, and I had a publication meeting. India has agreed to let Harper bring out the meditations book in the autumn of 1979 in time for Christmas, and their own book, now retitled *Explorations and Insights*, is to follow early in 1980. At 5 p.m., when the rain slacked a little, Lakshmi Shankar came to sing for Krishnaji. It was in the hall, about thirty of us were there. Jayalakshmi brought Mani Iyer, who sat beside Krishnaji like a carved ball of dark wood. Then, their combined presence evoked singing that was marvelous, all devotional songs, they seemed to come from deep inside, a reverie, substances of longing, sorrow, and supplication. Sitting in the dark hall, she became an ancient monument figure. It seemed deep inside whatever is the Indian mind and heart, a distillation of centuries. At the end, she came forward, touched her forehead to the ground before Krishnaji, and turned slightly to touch Mani Iyer's feet, obeisance to God and to greatness. I talked afterward a little with Shankar's'—that's the student at Brockwood—'mother, Mrs. Ramachandrin, and his sister. Shankar and his parents had talked to Krishnaji before the concert. The rain continued. That was that Christmas in Madras.' It was *wonderful* when she sang.

S: Yes, yes.

M: December twenty-sixth. 'The rain continues. It was heavy in the night and all day. There is flooding. Krishnaji wanted to have others come to the 9:30 a.m. meeting, the second combined Foundations meetings, but I pointed out that Krishnamurti trustees had

come all the way from England and America for meetings on Foundation matters, and so the meeting was with them only. "Would you be more responsible if I went away?" he asked. He told them how he had often told me that he wanted to disappear.'

December twenty-seventh. 'The rain is continuing. At 9:30 a.m., there was the third and final combined Foundations meeting. The subject was the subtleties of interpretation and what it means to spread the teachings. We must speak out of what we understand. It may not be the totality of the teachings, but what we have seen we can communicate. At 4 p.m., we finished the international publications meeting.'

The twenty-eighth. 'The rain continues. In the morning, Pupul took Nelly, Evelyne, and me to the handicraft wholesaler where they proudly showed us their samples of lovely cottons, etcetera, but when we tried to buy some, almost all are unavailable. I did buy a green cotton full smock-like top for 4 rupees 25 ($2.94). In the afternoon, I went to town again with Evelyne and Scott, who were looking for presents. I bought some tussor silk for pants. The sights of the slums in the rain are numbing: women washing their cooking pots in street water, wet and filth everywhere. Outside the shop an old beggar angrily waved away a man with a child trying to keep the foreigners, us, for himself to beg. A snake charmer catching sight of me in the doorway waved his wretched cobra.'

S: Yes, yes. India.

M: December twenty-ninth. 'I woke up at 1 a.m. with stomach trouble. Dr. Parchure says it is a "chill in the stomach."' [*S chuckles.*] 'Whatever the cause, the two pills of something called Intestipan worked instantly, but I felt dead tired and weak all day. I stayed in my room, read, slept, and ate nothing but tea and toast. Nandini arrived last night. David Shainberg and son both arrive this evening. The rain continues. There have been fifteen inches since Monday.' That's in five days. 'Tomorrow the first talk is scheduled. Krishnaji says even a little sun will dry it out. He is bored with all this rain and inaction, and wants to talk.'

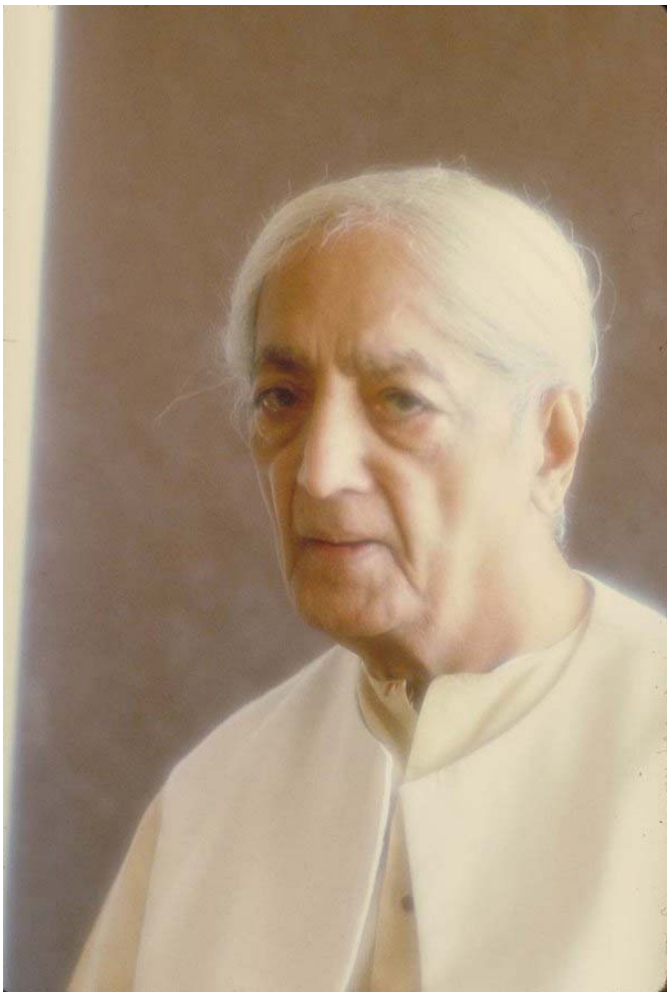
December thirtieth. 'Wisps of sunlight gave hope in the morning. Krishnaji and I walked down to look at the driveway, and a lake there had diminished considerably. But later the rain began again. Shainberg was at lunch upstairs, and later at supper, too. I feel better today and was at all meals. I slept after lunch. By 4 p.m., it was obvious the talk could not be held in the garden, so Krishnaji held a discussion in the hall. It was so crowded, I sat out in the landing on the staircase.' That's a big hall; it can hold a lot of people.

The last day of the year. 'Sun at last! A clear, beautiful day. I did some ironing on a stool with a towel on it and a tiny electric iron that has to be switched off after sitting and heating, and then on again when it cools, or there is a shock. At lunch, there was Krishnaji, Sunanda, Nandini, me, and a Dr. Ravindra, an Indian professor of physics and religion at Halifax University.' He's a nice man.

S: Yes.

M: 'In conversation, Krishnaji said a person with a total view could not be concerned with a particular one, i.e., such a person could never be a scientist, artist, etcetera. He or she would only be concerned with the totality; he would teach that, nothing else. I put forth a question of a person of genius, Beethoven, as Krishnaji likes him so much' [*both chuckle*], 'who might be an egocentric man but at moments of creation that ego was not functioning, was in suspension, a crack of light coming through. I said I wasn't discussing whether that light was the same as the total light but only whether the act of creation could come about in a non-ego instant. This led to relationship versus affect, between truth and actuality. Actuality cannot touch truth, hence there is no relationship, as Krishnaji defines it, but truth can affect actuality. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji held this year's first Madras public talk in the gardens of Vasanta Vihar. End of 1978.'

S: Terrific.



Portrait of Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: January first, 1979. 'Krishnaji came down early as he does each morning to wish me a good morning, but today he wished me a Happy New Year. He picked a little white blossom from the vine off the veranda and gave it to me. These have an intense, sweet

smell. It was another clear, sunny day and a quiet one as Krishnaji rested until his second Madras talk in the garden at 5 p.m.'

The second. 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a discussion in the Vasanta Vihar hall with a small group who actually did the discussing sitting in a circle while a large group sat around as observers. The subject was: What is a religious life? Participating in the small group discussing with Krishnaji were: Achyut, Pupul, Sunanda, David Shainberg, Evelyne Blau, Nelly Digby, Narayan, Rajesh, Krishnakutti, and me. In the afternoon, the ever-around-the-corner stomach symptoms hit me again, but Dr. Parchure's pills controlled things, and I was able to go at 4 p.m. with Nandini and Pupul to tea at Mrs. Jayalakshmi's. Though it is only around the corner, she came quite formally to take us in her car. It is a different house, though nearby the one I went to in 1965. Her house is in the back, and her son and daughter-in-law live in one in the front. A pretty garden of flowering shrubs and stone statues separates the two houses.' That was where I first saw a collection of *Nandis*…'

S: Ah, Nandis, yes.

M: '…which led to my admiration and her asking, "Do you think Krishnaji would like one for Ojai?" I said, well, I can't speak for him, but I should imagine he would be delighted, but ask him. So, she did, and he said, "Oh yes." So, she had made what you see outside this house.**[2]** And then at some point later, when I wasn't there in India and the first one was delivered, he said, "Oh, that's nice. It'd be nice to have two of them." Well, you know, it's quite an investment [*S laughs*] because it's big, as you know.

S: Yes, and they're carved out of granite.

M: …made out of black granite. So, he had spoken, and that was it.

S: [*laughs again*] And a second one was produced.

M: We will get, if we live so long as to finish these discussions, to another trip when I was there when they were delivered, and they were put, if you remember, there was the office, and then some steps down to the ground, and there were two…

S: Ah, yes, ledges. On the level of the top step.

M: Yes. And so, they were placed there. And when we came out in the morning, they'd been garlanded in marigolds. [*Laughs*.]

S: [*softly*] Yes, yes, I remember. I was there that year as well. [*Chuckles again*.]

M: As I said, '…a pretty garden of flowering shrubs and stone statues separates the two houses. Parameshwaran was there to serve. "He belongs to me," said Jayalakshmi.' [*S laughs*.] 'Apparently, she employed him first and one feels each plays the correct and

pleasing role in the other's life. This has been some kind barrier between Jayalakshmi and Pupul and Nandini.'

S: Yes.

M: 'I brought this meeting about by asking if I could come to see her and bring Nandini and Pupul. She showed us photos of Krishnaji at my request, which led to looking with admiration at her collection of bronze and stone statues. But what really broke the ice was our asking to see her saris.'

S: Yes. She had extraordinary saris, I remember.

M: 'She brought out superb South Indian saris of heavy Kancheepuram silks.' Kancheepuram is where they were made. Both Pupul and she knew the very weavers of some. She knew Pupul's knowledge of them equaled her own, and her face lit up talking about them. We were a proper audience. I spoke of one she wore last weekend, a beauty of dark blue and turquoise, and she gave it to me! It is splendidly beautiful, and with Nandini's help, I wore it in the evening. Nandini put it on me, then we went upstairs for Krishnaji's inspection. He looked very critically, walked around me, and said, "Excellent, you can wear them."' [*S laughs.*] 'I relaxed into the sense of wearing something beautiful and therefore felt at ease. I was told I looked right by the critical eyes of the ladies, so I abandoned my assertions that Western women look to be in a costume when they wear saris.' That's what I always felt, Western women looked idiotic in saris.

S: That's true. And I have said to *many* people that you're the only Western woman I ever saw who could wear a sari.

M: I've seen others, but I can't think who.

S: You're the only one I've seen.

M: Well, I don't do it very often. In fact, I don't do it anymore. I'm wondering where this particular sari is. I had it at Brockwood. Anyway, 'So, I abandoned my assertion that Western women look to be in costume when they try to wear saris and went off in this one to a dinner at Prema Srinivasan's. All but Krishnaji went. Her house is so like a Beverly Hills home, with flowers and sandalwood. A woman sang before dinner. We dined at tables on a terrace. The food was excellent, and Prema's taste and care were in everything.'

S: I remember that dinner.

M: Yes. Yes, I do, too.

January third. 'Again, the small group discussed at 9:30 a.m. with Krishnaji while a large group listened. I stayed out of it this time because Michael was to film it. But because of complaints about the lights, he didn't. At lunch were Krishnaji, David Shainberg,

Professor Ravi Ravindra, Nandini, Pama, and I. At 5 p.m., Sunanda, Pupul, and I went to Prema's to look at sample saris she is collecting for an October showing in Bombay. She works with weavers in Kancheepuram, and I ordered a very pretty one, and Sunanda gave me a creamy cotton one she had from the last sale. Dr. Sudarshan sat in with Krishnaji at supper.' Have we met him in this? I don't think so. He was a physicist.

S: That's right. Wasn't he eventually at the University of Texas, or something like that?

M: I think so.

The fourth of January. 'At 9:30 a.m., there was again a small group discussing with Krishnaji in the hall with a large group listening. I rejoined the small group. The theme was still what is a religious life, but a professor from Madras University slowed it down with questions on technique. During the discussion, Evelyne received a telephone call from Lou that her sister had died suddenly of a heart attack in New York. Evelyne was very upset. Lou urged her to fly home now, but after telephoning the family, she hesitated, wanting to finish the film work here. Her mother has not been told. I arranged for her to use the telephone in Sunanda's room. Krishnaji came in with me, telling me, "You be there when I see her," and said to her that he was sorry, holding her hand with both of his. She didn't come to lunch but made a decision to complete her work here, and then fly back. Shainberg was at lunch, but later flew with his son Steven to Delhi and on to New York. In the afternoon, Krishnaji and two cars of us drove with Padma Santhanam to a beach south of Madras where there is land to build an enlargement of The School.' That's the Krishnamurti Foundation School in Madras. Krishnaji didn't like it at all: a flat expanse of sand, no trees or vegetation, too far to bring children, etcetera. We came back past the TS Damodar Gardens, which is for sale, and Krishnaji is now keen for that. Evelyne joined us for supper.'

S: I remember the first version of The School before it was moved to the Damodar Gardens. It was made mostly out of bamboo, with a banana and coconut leaf roof. It was *beautiful*. It was just so charming, so sweet, and I was so impressed with it because these wonderful flimsy little buildings were so elegant with these beautiful little children in them.

M: Yes.

S: It was just magical. [*M chuckles*.]

M: January fifth. 'At 8 a.m., while Krishnaji spent the day resting, three cars of us drove to Kancheepuram. Evelyne didn't come. I was with Nandini, Prema, and Scott. Prema was very informative historically, and she had arranged the day. We visited a big temple first, and saw the temple elephant confined with leg chains as he is on a must…' You know?

S: Yes. And I remember him holding up his leg with his chain.

M: Yes, it was terrible.

S: And just looking so piteously at us, showing us his terrible situation. It was really, really awful.

M: 'We threw him a large bunch of bananas, which he ate as if it were one. And he seemed to sense our sympathy, holding up a leg that seemed to have a sore. I had my first glimpse of Brahmin priests, heads shaven to a pigtail or bun in the back, earrings in the right ear, of course the sacred thread, complicated dhoti swaddling them, then a large v of white ash with vertical red line on the forehead, chest, and each upper arm. We were shown by the light of a paper dipped in oil, the statues of a deity in a dark shrine. Then, the head priest, a hugely fat one, put in our cupped palms water with saffron and camphor to touch with lips and pour remains on one's head. A round crown was touched to each head. Then some leaves in each palm, all this a blessing. Prema had arranged a showing of the temple jewels'—that was fascinating—'which were carried forth in chests and taken out one by one for us to see but not touch. A crown for the god in gold inlayed with uncut diamonds, huge emeralds, smaller goddess crowns, some long necklaces, and most exquisite, a little hand, a palm of blessing about five inches high, all gold, and the palm encrusted with diamonds.' Do you remember that?

S: Yes, very much so.

M: 'All these are shown on certain festivals when they ornament the statues of the deities. We then went into another temple with a large and splendid Nandi facing it. Inside the courtyard, there were niches with bas-reliefs of Shiva and Parvati. Many of Shiva dancing, a smile on his face, right leg straight up alongside his ear, and a bashful Parvati…' That was the consort of Shiva.

S: Yes.

M: '…kneeling beside him. This was something about Shiva's dance, when he out-danced his wife.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Everything he did, she did, until finally he won by raising the leg up.' She was too bashful to do that. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'In one most charming niche, there was a Nandi dancing beside Shiva, all smiles. One can see fragments of the paint that was on all these, but it is largely gone.' They are restoring some of the statues, but it is ugly, fake-looking restoration. 'We then went to a sari shop for the famous Kancheepuram heavy silk saris.' That's where those all come from, very South Indian. Apparently, if you know about such things, you can tell by looking at a woman's sari where it came from, or if it came from there. 'A pre-Pongal sale was on, so there was not too much choice left. But I bought one for Mrs. Parchure, and one for Evelyne, who didn't come, and green and red one for me.' I don't remember it; I've given away most of my Indian clothes. 'Then, amazingly, we were served lunch brought by Prema in a back room. Lunch for ***fourteen***, even water and towels and soap to wash our hands were brought. After lunch we went to the weavers where the saris are made, and Pupul was greeted as an empress.' [*S chuckles*.] She knew all of these when

she was doing the handcraft business. ‘The best weaver of all, now retired, was sent for, and came quickly to greet and be greeted. They showed their present wares, and Pupul saw how the level had deteriorated in the short time since she gave up all this. There were three saris left from her designs. Nandini bought two, and I bought one as a present for Sunanda. We drove back to Vasanta Vihar. Krishnaji came, and inspected the loot with interest and approval.’

S: Yes.

M: ‘Mrs. Parchure was very shy, but I think was pleased with her sari. So was Evelyne with hers, a red, very traditional one, and wore it to the Santhanams, where all of us except Krishnaji, including the Brockwood people, Frances, Eleanor, Kathy, Julie, were invited. I wore a gray print sari. Nandini brought it and helped me to put it on. The food was very good and simpler than we have had. The house was large and comfortable with a large garden.’

S: We have to end it there as we’re out of tape.

M: Alright, we pick it up from here next time.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Achyut was a nationally acclaimed freedom fighter for many years, fighting for India’s independence.

[2] They were at the remodeled Pine Cottage during this recording.

Issue 57: January 6, 1979 to February 4, 1979

Krishnaji's tour of India finally comes to an end with some public talks in Madras and Bombay that Mary feels are exceptional, but the tolls of this tour on both Krishnaji and Mary are substantive. Mary and Dr. Parchure are both worried about the consequences for Krishnaji. And we can clearly see why Krishnaji, in previous years and in subsequent years, discouraged Mary from coming to India for her own sake.

While in Madras, Krishnaji has an interesting discussion on what he, Krishnaji, was like as a boy, with a man who had tutored Krishnaji when he was young. The substance of that discussion is not directly reported by Mary, but Mary's reflections on that discussion are fascinating, and ring true.

For the first time we get to see, through Mary's eyes, the frantic, frenetic, hysterical crowds in Bombay that we have only been told about in previous issues, and which really existed nowhere else.

Mary: We begin today on January sixth, 1979, and we're in Madras. 'As I seem to have embarked on wearing saris, I was glad to go to town with Prema to arrange the making of the blouses and extra petticoats that wearing saris requires. Also, I went in earlier with Nandini for essentials of life: a box of tissues, some medicine, and for the obvious *Newsweek* and *Time*. At 4 p.m., I put on a cotton sari by myself, which for now amuses Krishnaji,' [*S chuckles*] 'and which I feared, but of which he approves. And at 5 p.m., he gave his third talk, a very great one**[1]**, which seemed to fill the mind and dissolve it. I feel silent, disembodied after such a talk.'

The next day: 'In the morning, Evelyne, Michael, and Bonnie shot film of the TS beach and other places Krishnaji used to walk. Nelly and I went there at 10 a.m. to join them. Joy Mills and a Mr. Ballard were in Krishnaji's old quarters and balcony, and Joy Mills recounted events of the early days. It was strange to be in those rooms and that place. Uma, Narayan's sister, and her husband, Ramaswamy, were at lunch. She is shy, smiling slowly when you talk to her, but withdraws into a quiet melancholy. Krishnaji teases her, is wooing her to leave a good teaching job at Delhi University to come with her husband to start a college at Rishi Valley. He is sweeping in his enthusiasm and disregards all the practical problems involved.' [*Chuckling; S chuckles, too.*] 'At 5 p.m., Krishnaji gave his fourth talk. "Order is sequence in space."' That was a quote from the talk. 'He had a cough, problem. Dr. Parchure brought him a glass of water and laid it on the dais, but he didn't see it until Kathy Harris pushed it forward. The talk was tremendous**[2]**; he went into fear, thought, and the foundations of order.'

The eighth. 'Mrs. Gandhi came to Madras to see Krishnaji. She arrived here with Pupul at 10:45 a.m. and spent an hour with Krishnaji, after which she rested in Pupul's cottage. Then, before lunch, she met in the hall those who were lunching here, Evelyne, Nelly, Frances, Scott, etcetera. Pupul then brought her to Krishnaji's upstairs dining room, and

left her with me while she went to speak to Krishnaji.' You have to make conversation for something like that.

S: Yes, of course.

M: 'I asked her about the jail she was recently in for a week. What was it like? She answered quite readily, a cell for six but she had it to herself, beds are raised, stone shelves. Hers had no mattress but a quilt to lie on and one over her. "I am used to a hard bed so it was alright."' [*S chuckles*.] 'Food was brought from her home, newspapers were allowed, and she brought books. The bars on the window bothered her, which was a little surprising to me as all houses in India seem to have barred windows.'

S: Yes. [*Chuckles.*]

M: 'But she hung blankets over the ones in her cell. It was the cell in which she had put George Fernandez when she was Prime Minister.' Fernandez was critical or something, so she jailed him.

S: Ah, yes, yes.

M: 'On Christmas Day, she invited an Australian girl in an adjoining cell to have lunch with her, thinking she must be a Christian. The Australian turned out to have been converted to Islam.' [*Both laugh*.] 'She was in on a drug smuggling charge.' [*Laughs again*.] 'Krishnaji, Mrs. Gandhi, Pupul, and I were at the lunch table. Krishnaji went out of his way to be the host; to entertain her, he told her some of his best funny stories. She listened expressionless until the joke at the end, then smiled.' [*S chuckles*.] 'It was as if she were barely listening until the cue came to smile. Krishnaji tells these stories with such charm and enjoyment that it is always a pleasure to listen to him, but there was no relaxation with her. Mrs. Gandhi is a smallish, very held-in woman. She wore a black and white sari, not the taste of Pupul's, but she has nice neat feet and cared-for toenails.' You can't say I don't give you descriptions in this thing. [*S laughs heartily*.]

S: Historically, all very important.

M: It doesn't say whether…no, she wouldn't paint her nails; they don't in India, at least they didn't then. 'She was uncertain about removing her sandals outside the dining room and followed what Pupul did. After lunch, she went off in her car accompanied by an enormous, tough-looking bodyguard. She reappeared in the big hall shortly after 5 p.m. when M.S. Subbulakshmi had begun to sing. Pupul went to sit by her. She listened without expression. One felt a woman in whom there was little enjoyment or affection. After about forty minutes, she left quietly and Krishnaji got up to see her to her car. In the morning, she had spent an hour with him, and he said that they talked for only about ten minutes of that time; the rest was sitting silently. I had the impression that if she gave up politics, she would be left with nothing, without inner resources. The concert was very fine, but too long.'

S: In another year, there was another experience of her funny lack of feeling or sensitivity.

M: Well, you must've been present in all this.

S: Yes. And at that other year, when she came to Rishi Valley.

M: Mmm, to case it for the grandchildren?

S: Yes, I think so, and it was a child, I think, of…

M: Must've been Sanjay.

S: It might have been, or it might have been Rajiv, as I met him also at some point; but I can't remember when. Anyway, we were at a school dance performance under that gorgeous banyan tree; I was sitting just behind Indira and this irksome child, who turns to his grandmother, Indira, and says, "How long do you think it would take to cut down this tree?" [*M chuckles*.] And instead of saying something like, "Oh, why would you want to cut this down?" or "It would be a pity to cut down such a venerable old tree," or anything like that, she said, "Well, it would depend on the saw that you used." I was astonished. There was no appreciation of that tree, of its beauty, that is a magnificent tree. It's one of the biggest in India, isn't it?

M: I don't know if it's the biggest or one of the biggest, but it's a very ancient and beautiful tree, and was one of the reasons that Krishnaji wanted the school there.

S: Yes.

M: It's enormous!

January ninth. 'At 7:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a public discussion in the garden. Mostly blustery dull questions were asked.' I'm very judgmental.

S: [*chuckles*] I would call it discerning.

M: The next day: 'I went with Nelly to Madras Museum to see bronzes and wood carvings, which I enjoyed very much. Nelly never stops twitching with criticism of everything, but I think she had enjoyed things. We stopped at the Bank of America to cash travelers' checks, which takes a long time in a long line. Between the heat and standing, my leg got very puffy. Pupul left for Bombay. Krishnaji rested. Scott Forbes left for Brockwood. Soon we will all start moving westward. I look forward to it.'

The next day there is only 'at 7:30 a.m. another public discussion held by Krishnaji in the garden.'

January twelfth. ‘At 7:30 a.m., Sunanda, Prema, Nelly, and I went in Prema’s car to Mahabalipuram. We paused to look at a large hotel called Fisherman’s Cove on a beautiful beach. The temple by the sea was beautiful. We went to others and then had a picnic breakfast supplied by Prema, sitting in the shade of a huge rock. She does everything so nicely and with such enthusiasm. We saw the long rock carving of Krishna holding up the mountain against a storm, a lovely carving of a cow being milked and licking her little calf which nestles against her. Other carvings, too, of gods and a man doing difficult austerities with a Nandi copying him.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘We came back with air conditioning in the car, stopped at Prema’s beach house for coconut juice, and were back at Vasanta Vihar for lunch. Evelyne left at 4 p.m. for Delhi and on to Los Angeles. At 5 p.m., there was a concert by Palghat Mani Iyer and Professor Ramanathan, who sang very well, and later told me he is at Wesleyan University.’

S: The university here in America?

M: Yes. They have a big Indian music program.

S: Mmm.

M: Philippa studied there.

January thirteenth. ‘I woke up with a sore throat. There was a discussion at breakfast with Krishnaji, Achyut, Sunanda, Radha, and I on what Krishnaji means by no recording. I asked if he meant no recall. He said, “In insight, there is no recording.” I asked him about the *Notebook* that he wrote, in which he describes what happened earlier. He said, it was not written using memory. The words happened at the moment of writing. Before the talk, Krishnaji’s fifth in Madras, Narayan spoke about the schools and I made an appeal for donations explaining a little about the American and English Foundations. Krishnaji gave a *deeply* moving talk**[3]** on a religious life.’

The fourteenth. ‘Krishnaji called me to talk to him with Achyut and Sunanda about the TS and Damodar Gardens, which the KFI wants to get for enlargement of the Madras school. Radha told Achyut that they might want two TS members on the board. Krishnaji asked me what I thought. I spoke for myself and perhaps those like Erna and Theo who feel that a TS member on the board is a blurring of Krishnaji’s break with the TS. Krishnaji got impatient with what I said; I stayed with it, and pointed out his statement that he would have not allowed Rajagopal to edit his books if he’d known he was still a member of the TS. Krishnaji wants this land, and said I was being stupid. I said, perhaps, but he asked me what I thought about the land, so I told him. Achyut tried to minimize the importance; he is trying to make the TS’s demands acceptable to us, instead of the other way around. I said Radha, because of her personal qualities, has been accepted in spite of being with the TS—she was already a trustee—and that has rankled with some. Finally, Krishnaji said, “Do you feel it?” meaning something else was at work. I said, I didn’t have his perception, and the decision was obviously his. But he wouldn’t accept that. “It is your responsibility.” I said he was trying to force me to say something I didn’t feel. Either I said it or kept silent. Finally, we were “interrupted” so it ended. But later he

told me that he had felt "a presence" in the room as we talked. That one must remain open to "something" being at work. The TS was meant to help the work of the World Teacher; perhaps this is an opening. At lunch were Krishnaji, Mr. and Mrs. John Coats, Joy Mills, Radha, Achyut, Pama, and me. Mr. Coats was amiably chatty, and his wife was the same. Only at the end of lunch did Krishnaji bring up interest in getting the land. Coats and Joy Mills said they thought it a good idea. It was agreed that some of us should look at the land tomorrow. On leaving, Joy Mills asked Krishnaji, rather archly, if he would like to live in his old rooms at the TS.' [*S laughs.*] The TS people were always trying to net him, as it were, or catch him again.

S: Yes, yes. Yes.

M: 'He looked startled and a little suspicious. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji gave his sixth and final talk of the series, a long, deep one**[4]** on many things. His voice was deep and from far off. He put tremendous energy into it, and at the end sat in silence while the large crowd seemed not to breathe. As he moved toward the house, people flowed in a tide around him, touching him in worship. He went upstairs alone, and some impulse made me follow. He stood in the dark, and held onto me for a moment when I came to him, and felt he would faint. He sat on the floor, and said, "Don't touch me now."' He had fainted sometimes; I was always afraid he'd hurt himself.

S: Yes.

M: 'I sat near him and in a few seconds he fainted slowly toward me. He lay there several minutes, then came to and said he was alright. He went into the bathroom, washed, changed from a dhoti to pajamas**[5]** and said he wanted to walk. The crowd had streamed away, so he went out and walked with Jayalakshmi. At supper, he ate with everyone as usual, and afterwards stayed far too long talking to the Bangalore school people: Kabir, and Anataswami, and a third one.' I don't remember who the third one was.

S: Let me just mention something about Coats here, John Coats.

M: Mm.

S: And I don't know if I mentioned this earlier or not, but on my first visit to India, I was given an introduction to him, because I wanted to see the TS, and the library, where Krishnaji had lived, etcetera. Anyway, he was absolutely charming to me, but the remarkable thing is that he told me that his Uncle Coats had owned Brockwood.

M: Yes, he built the tower.

S: …yes, had built the tower, and that John Coats had played at Brockwood, visiting him when he was a boy. [*M chuckles.*] So, there's this funny…I don't know what it is.

M: He also, I think it was this meal, although I don't mention it in here, when I was put next to him, I told him about when we bought Brockwood that we heard there was a buried treasure.

S: Yes.

M: We hadn't found it, but I asked, if we ever do find it, does it belong to us or to him? And he said, "My dear, it belongs to you." [*Both laugh heartily*.]

S: He was a very nice man.

M: Yes, a nice man.

The fifteenth. 'At breakfast were Krishnaji, Nelly, Radha, Achyut, Pama, and me. There was a discussion of Sanskrit meanings, Buddhist doctrine, etcetera. At 10 a.m., Achyut, Pama, Sunanda, and I met Radha and John Coats and went to look at Damodar Gardens then Besant Gardens as possible school sites. I think the TS needs money and wants to sell. Present market prices are two lakhs**[6]** an acre, which would make buying prohibitive. Damodar Gardens' houses and thirteen acres are suitable but there is presently an inactive plan by the city to enlarge the road, which would ruin it. Besant Gardens is larger, about forty to fifty acres we could use. I have a feeling that their price and demands will be stiff. Krishnaji during all this was meeting some students and having a quiet lunch. He needs rest and is not taking it. Nelly and Eleanor Hawksley left in the afternoon and so did the Mendizzas. I rested in the afternoon with my sniffles. Vatsala came and went. Sunanda says she went to a cricket match on Saturday in preference to Krishnaji's talk.' I remember that. It was very much noted that she did that in preference to the talk.

S: Yes.

M: The sixteenth. 'At breakfast, Krishnaji, Radha, Sunanda, Pama, and I had a discussion on reincarnation of which this is a rough summary: There is a stream, which is thought, attachments, etcetera. Thought is a material process. If when the body dies, attachment, etcetera, has not been understood and ended, that attachment, that thought continues as part of the stream. *It* can manifest in another but it is not reincarnation of a total person. Ego is an illusion.' [*Chuckles.*] 'The desire for reincarnation—the wanting another chance is part of attachment, thought, the stream. Karma—cause and effect, is meaningless if one sees this. After breakfast, Sunanda and I went to buy suitcases. I sent flowers to Jayalakshmi, Prema, and Radha. There was an Indian Express man at lunch. Mrs. Gandhi, when she came to Madras, said she would come to see Krishnaji, which was printed, so people are asking what Krishnaji said to her. The Indian Express man asked Krishnaji, but he smiled and shook his head. At 6 p.m., Sunanda and I went to a Kalakshetra dance performance put on by Rukmini Devi.' Rukmini Devi, if she hasn't already appeared in this account, she was the aunt of Radha; she was also the wife of, um…

S: George Arundale.

M: Yes, from the old Theosophical days.

S: So, she was really Rukmini Arundale.

M: Yes, but they call her Rukmini Devi at her dance school.

S: And also, she is the aunt of Professor Krishna.

M: That's right. 'Rukmini Arundale, hard-faced and swollen-looking, lumbered about in an orange sari looking something like Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*. She didn't return Sunanda's Namaste gesture…'

S: Yes.

M: 'I didn't expect any recognition from her having come to tea at the thatched cottage in Huizen.' Huizen was where we stayed in 1967…

S: In Holland?

M: In Holland.

S: Yes. Oh, she was there at that time, I remember your telling about it.

M: '…but she eyed us as we sat in the theater waiting for the performance to start. So, perhaps is keeping tabs.' I remember she came to Huizen to see what this was, who are these new people around Krishnaji. It was quite something. She sat appraising and looking at everything. Krishnaji was extremely polite with her at the time. 'We left after one act as Prema had to…' do something about dinner. 'Krishnaji, Pama, Parchure, Vatsala, and Prema's children.' Oh, we were dining with her, that's it.

January seventeenth. 'Mr. and Mrs. Rex Henry were at breakfast. Afterward, Amru'—she is another of Pupul's sisters, also then in Bombay—'and then Sivakamu and her brother Yadnya came to greet Krishnaji. Sunanda and I went with Padma Santhanam to visit The School KFI. It's a nice building, plaster half the way up, then lattice sides and palm leaf thatch on the roof. Children are two-and-a-half to ten years of age. It seems an excellent school. The children sang, danced, and did a little play—most endearing children. One little boy with enormous black eyes was as beautiful a child as I've ever seen. A little French girl was looking at pictures by herself, not understanding English, and it was touching as she was so pleased when I talked to her in French. She came and sat with me when the other children danced. Padma is responsible for this school, and it is a fine job. She and her husband lunched with us at Vasanta Vihar. At 4 p.m., I went to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Rex Henry at the Olcott Bungalow in the TS. We sat on the porch outside and were joined by Dick Clarke. He was more than willing to discuss Esoteric Section meetings when I said I knew nothing about it. It seems they meet weekly, members only,

and they must be punctual at 8 a.m. and give a password to get in, sign an attendance book, then facing the pictures.' Now the pictures, were you ever in that room?

S: Yes.

M: They have pictures of the Masters.

S: Yes, painted by…

M: By some woman.

S: Yes.

M: 'They sign an attendance book and then facing the pictures of the Masters, they recite together some sort of salute, sit, and then the one conducting the meeting (usually Radha) addresses them, speaking on something for forty-five minutes, after which there is some sort of pledge, and it is promptly over.'

S: The ES, just to say, is the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society, an elite inner circle, and Radha is the head of it.

M: Yes. 'He went on to say that Radha would speak on something like probation and the Masters, and he once asked her how she reconciles such things with her interest in Krishnaji, but got an inconclusive reply.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The eighteenth of January. Let me speak to you off the recorder.

[The tape recorder cuts off, and then on again.]

'Radha came to breakfast.'

S: Yes, and just to explain here why the recorder was switched off and on again, you were telling me that you want me to be careful about whether or not, and when, if ever, what you are about to tell me should ever go out. Okay.

M: Alright. And then, before my reading it, I'll just say that I'm asking Scott please to not reveal this in any way that would cause difficulties for Radha.

S: Yes.**[7]**

M: 'So, she came to breakfast. The conversation turned to Arundale and Rukmini, etcetera. Radha described Rukmini's neglect of him when he was ill and dying; though diabetic, he was fed sugar by some quack doctor. Also, Rukmini used to hang around with musicians in the days when she still danced.**[8]** Arundale would sometimes accompany her on tours, and young Radha Burnier was brought along to fill in and dance the dance program when Rukmini began to be heavy. It was Radha at these times who

tried to help Arundale when he was ill. In his last days, he said to Rukmini, "You're a hard woman." So went the reporting on all this ancient history.'

'Krishnaji said he would like to ask the only surviving person who "knew the boy" [meaning himseslf] when he was found, Dick Clarke, about what happened. So, it was arranged that Jayalakshmi would invite him for lunch. It was a very hot day but a bit cooler at Jayalakshmi's when we all went there at 12:30 p.m. Krishnaji had on a dhoti and looked resplendent. Present were the Henrys, Mr. and Mrs. John Coats, Dick Clarke, the Santhanams, Sunanda, Pama, and me. It began with singing by a man from Kalakshetra accompanied by flute, mridangam, and tamboure. During this, Subbulakshmi, husband Sudarshan, niece Radha, and the latter's little girl came to listen. The child crawled over and sat half in my lap. After singing, nine Brahmin priests chanted; they wore their costume of dhoti, shaven heads, Vishnu marks on forehead, arms, earrings, and hand rings, etcetera. They looked a little like Iroquois.'

S: [*chuckles*] Yes.

M: 'The chanting went on rather relentlessly. At one point, I thought they had gone beyond stopping and would continue all day. But some sort of high sign was given for it slowed down to an om, and ended. Krishnaji handed out the rewards like diplomas: a dhoti, a banana, certain traditional leaves, and a piece of paper money. They all plucked at the money. Somehow it all seemed a business affair, in spite of their extraordinary appearance, they could have come to sell insurance. They looked around, scratched themselves while chanting, and it was very perfunctory. Subbulakshmi and family departed, and the rest sat down to Mrs. Jayalakshmi's sumptuous meal. I counted over nineteen separate things, vegetables, etcetera, without counting sweets or drinks.'

S: Yes.

M: [*chuckles*] 'Toward the end of lunch, Krishnaji began to ask Dick Clarke about what Krishnaji was like when they found him. Clarke seemed to remember it all clearly. Krishnaji kept at him with questions, holding Clarke's left hand and ticking off the questions on his fingers.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Sunanda took down in shorthand the whole conversation, which went on until 5 o'clock. I recorded bits of it on my Dictaphone. The Coats family listened raptly to it, but he and Radha had to leave midway for a TS meeting. Krishnaji seemed to feel that what "the boy" was like and whatever went on in his mind—as he kept asking—eluded him.' In other words, he seemed to feel that it eluded him.

S: And it eluded Krishnaji?

M: Yes. 'But for me, the picture was a true line throughout; the dreamy child who when punished by the school master would stand on the veranda until told to leave, who often had to be fetched home by his little brother**[9]**, was a gentle, compliant boy who replied to his TS elders, "Whatever you say" when asked about doing something. He was polite and accepting, but not really touched by their world; it went in one ear and out the other.

He learned outward things: manners, speech, witnessed the TS goings-on, but it left little mark; he was elsewhere. He remembers vaguely standing by the Adyar River for hours, staring at it, vacant. This vacancy was some otherness that protected him, let whatever he is grow, mature very slowly. It protected him from most of the pulls of life later on, from the brutalities of Rajagopal and Rosalind. It is there today when he is "off," when he sits in Hamish Thompson's dental chair for four hours without a thought; his reality, his native place is elsewhere, as it were. I said all this to him later and at supper when we all talked a bit about it. In the Rajagopal and Rosalind times, he said he was sometimes physically beaten, but he didn't resist their violence as he hadn't fought against the wretched schoolmaster as a child. It all left no scars, just as the Theosophical beliefs did not condition his mind. Later on, returning from Jayalakshmi's, we walked near the beach, Sunanda, Pama, and Vatsala, who goes to Rishi Valley to teach, and me.'

S: Just a minute—it's just that these notes and your Dictaphone recording do not appear in the archive list, but I've seen that transcript that you made, or maybe Sunanda's notes; I have seen those with Dick Clarke talking with Krishnaji about the childhood.

M: Yes, I remember the conversation, mostly, but I don't know where the notes are.

S: I've seen the notes.

M: Oh, good.

January nineteenth. 'Very hot. This climate is becoming a bit too much. Packed. Frances McCann and Anantanarayenen to lunch. Thinking of yesterday, I told Krishnaji that though he doesn't talk definitively about what happened to him as a boy, what the concept of Masters really is, etcetera, unless he makes some statement, his own words written as a boy recounting the initiations, going to visit Masters, etcetera, will stand as his testimony. I asked to read that statement to him and let him consider if he wishes to comment. He thought for an instant only and then said, "Alright. Remind me about all this when we get to Ojai, and I'll make a statement." Radha and Vatsala at supper with Krishnaji, Sunanda, Pama, and me. We leave early tomorrow.'

The twentieth. 'Up at 4:15 a.m. Bathed and ready to leave by 5:15 a.m. Sunanda is coming next week, but Krishnaji, Pama, and I said goodbye to Parameshwaran and all the staff and left for the airport at 6 a.m. Yesterday, I gave Parameshwaran a dhoti and 700 rupees, and he seemed pleased and talked of what he would buy for his son Mani. Ganesh, the servant who cleans my room, etcetera touched my feet in farewell, which I tried to stop. Nataraj had gone ahead with the luggage and tickets, so when we arrived at the airport, there was only the farewells. Jayalakshmi had more beads for Krishnaji and for me. I felt a renewed sense of friendship with her. The Henrys were there and various others. We boarded, had a bit of a wait until some fog burned away, and then flew off. The captain invited Krishnaji and me (because I was with him) to come into the cockpit.' [*Chuckles.*] 'The view from there was marvelous, and a complexity of instruments at the center of the controls of the Boeing 707 that was beyond me. We landed in Bombay and coolness; a marvelous life-giving cool. There to meet us were Nandini, Pupul, and Asit,

at whose apartment we are staying. We drove in his fifteen-year-old 190-D Mercedes, air-conditioned, etcetera, into the city. It seems already in the West, with twenty-story buildings everywhere, traffic that could be in Los Angeles—the feel of a Western city. Asit and his wife Minakshi, the daughters Clea, who's at Rishi Valley School, and Sonali, live in a very modern apartment on the sixth floor. Krishnaji has one bedroom; I have the other; Pupul and Nandini's mother's servants, who have cooked for Krishnaji for years, are here—Vimabhai, a thin, ancient, smiling woman in a sari that swaddles her and is often around the head, too, and a toothless man. Also the Chandmals' maid. All is very comfortable here, and one feels halfway to the West, too. The extravagance of being cool again plus an excellent simple tasting lunch began the climb up to normality again for me. Nandini's sons, Gansham and Vikram, came to see Krishnaji. I had letters from Amanda.'

January twenty-first. 'There was a conversation at breakfast between Krishnaji, Pupul, Nandini, Achyut, Pama, Asit, and me on whether the "flame" of the teachings can be handed on. Is insight total, or can it be confined to a particular area or subject? I had a nap in the afternoon, and then at 6 p.m. we all walked around the race course—a good place to walk, and the only open space for miles around.'

The twenty-second. 'A handful of local psychoanalysts led by a Mr. Nathain came to talk to Krishnaji at 9:30 a.m. They hadn't a clue.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Afterwards, Pupul and Nandini took me to the cottage industries.' That was a place where they sold all the handcrafted things; they had all sorts of things there. 'I bought a silk sari. I had another nap in the afternoon, and again we all walked around the race course.'

The next day. 'I shopped with Nandini and Minakshi Chandmal at the Taj Hotel. Another nap in the afternoon. Sunanda arrived with the balance of shirts from Kannan.' Kannan was the tailor and shirt-maker and all that in Madras. I know you got some of his things, too.

S: Yes. I came to know him well over the years. He had been a student at Rishi Valley, and he had a son there who eventually came to Brockwood.

M: 'Asit took many photos of Krishnaji, and again we walked around the race course.'

The twenty-fourth. 'I went with Nandini to the Kolhapuri chappal store in the morning. Then lunched alone with Krishnaji. Krishnaji's first talk was at 6:15 p.m. I went ahead at 5 p.m. with Pupul. There was a huge crowd. The usual familiar faces were in the foreground, Rajneesh's U.S. followers smoking pot, all kinds and ages of people. I sat with Nandini and family members behind and to the side of Krishnaji on a small platform in order to get quickly to the car parked just behind.' It was a few feet, and we could rush to the car. 'Krishnaji came with Asit. In the talks, he answered his own question, which he has been putting to us: "What is the cause of the degeneration in this country, in the world?" It is the intellect, its overuse. Everything is reduced to a theory or a concept. We do not see things as they are, holistically, but as theories. When Krishnaji stopped speaking, he sat silently for a few moments, and Nandini and I went straight to the car,

only yards away. But as Krishnaji rose, so did a wave of people pressing forward to touch him for darshan'—you know, people think they get a blessing if they can touch a holy man. 'He was caught against the wall by people kissing his hands, his feet, touching him, and in a hysteria of reverence. Asit fought to keep the door of the car open and let him get in. It took minutes. And when he managed it, hands came through the window to touch him. Krishnaji was a figure of compassion, touching as many hands as he could, saying, "Be careful. Be careful." Nandini called out, "You will be hurt." And the answer came back in Marathi, "It doesn't matter." The chauffeur edged the car forward, but the crowd ahead obliterated the road. It took about ten minutes to drive the 100 or so feet to the street. In the morning, Krishnaji had said, "What will I talk about? Well, I suppose it will come. The day it doesn't, I'll shut up shop."' [*S chuckles*.]

January twenty-fifth. 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji talked to Pupul, Nandini, Asit, Dr. Parchure, Radha, Achyut, Pama, Sunanda, and me about the events in Madras, and Ootacamund in 1948, in Gstaad and Malibu, etcetera'—usually referred to as "the process"—'in response to the question about what these events meant. He said he remembers none of it. Pupul described her and Nandini's witness to the 1948 events, and I described similar things that had happened to Krishnaji in my presence. Krishnaji asked if we could have imagined it, and this was ruled out. There was too much similarity in our reporting, and some of the events reported in Pergine**[10]**, and later with Vanda that she had reported. The conversation lasted till 12:45 p.m., and was taped on cassette by Asit. It will probably be kept as a confidential record for a while in the three archives. It was too long to report here, but no clear answer emerged. The subject needs further talk, and Krishnaji seemed disposed to continue it while here. Mr. and Mrs. Patel came to lunch and brought *firey* food.' [*S chuckles*.] 'At 5 p.m., I went with Sunanda and Pama for a drive and had tea at an enormous new hotel, the Oberroi Sheraton. It could've been in Los Angeles, New York, or Las Vegas. I was dazed to find Wednesday's *Herald Tribune* on sale, the first glimpse since October thirty-first. England is deep in snow; Heathrow and Gatwick are closed. I dined with Sunanda and Pama and Radha across the street from where Krishnaji and I are staying, on the twenty-fifth-floor VIP penthouse of the Indian Express guest apartment, which has been lent to them and Achyut by Mr. Goenkar, who owns the *Indian Express* newspaper—it is a pro-Janata and anti-Indira political party.'

January twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji held a discussion at 9:30 a.m. with about sixty invited guests. It was not a good group for discussion. At lunch were Radha, Frances McCann, Sunanda, Pama, Krishnaji, and me. Radha has given me the list of the manuscripts and letters, etcetera, sent to Krishnaji in 1950 that was part of the archives from the TS and that Rajagopal is withholding from KFA. Nandini brought me a lovely brown and black cotton sari. We walked on the race course in the late afternoon. People have discovered his walking there, and one determined family of three marched ten feet behind him all the way around.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Yes. I saw that happen in later years when I was there.

M: The next day, 'In the morning, Pupul, Nandini, Devi, Mina, and Gansham Mehta'—oh, Gansham is Nandini's son and I think Mina is his wife—'and I went shopping, first to an art place where I bought some little enamel birds, a box, and a necklace as gifts. Then, we walked across the street to the cottage industries where I bought a cotton kaftan. I had a quiet lunch with Krishnaji. At 5 p.m., I went with Pupul and Minakshi to the place where Krishnaji was to speak. Rajesh and Upasini were there from Rajghat. At 6:15 p.m., Krishnaji gave his second Bombay talk to a huge crowd. It was on: "Fear is based on thought and time." Again, he was engulfed by a crowd afterward. A man rubbed Krishnaji's hand over his face; another put Krishnaji's fingers in his mouth, so that Krishnaji sat in the car when he finally reached it with his hands palm up, unclean. Nandini, sitting between us, had to get his handkerchief and rub something off his nose. Hands, hundreds of hands, were thrust through the partly opened window, and Krishnaji touched them all as the car crept forward. People marched behind, their hands on the car, as though in that way they kept a contact with him. One man before the talk demanded to be allowed to come and live on the landing outside the door of the flat. When Nandini said it was not possible, he said, "You are keeping me from my god."' [*S chuckles*.] 'It was very hot during the talk, oppressive to me. Krishnaji had a slight cold when we got back.' There's something hysterical about the Indian crowds.

S: Absolutely. Yes, absolutely hysterical.

M: If it's politics, somebody gets shot because of…

S: Yes. Look at all the people who were killed in riots because Indira Gandhi was being put in jail for four days.

M: Yes.

S: I know, I know.

M: I suppose it's not unique, but it's certainly prevalent in India, or was then, and this was 1979.

S: Yes. I imagine it still is.

M: January twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji has no cold symptoms. Newspapers said that Nelson Rockefeller died in New York. Various people dropped in here during the morning. At lunch were Krishnaji, Narayan, Asit, Minakshi, and me. At 5 p.m., I went with Pupul and Devi to the JJ Arts'—that's where he gave the talks in Bombay; it was a big open space…did you ever go to the Bombay talks?

S: Oh, yes, yes.

M: …in the middle of Bombay—'where at 6:15 p.m. Krishnaji gave his third Bombay talk, an overwhelming one, deeply moving. It was sacred. The crowd poured through toward him afterward, and what seemed a thousand hands stretching to touch him. He

looked dazed, as he so often does after such a talk, but seemed to want to give something to each in the milling crowd. His palms together, he turned to face them all, and finally in the car, through the partly opened window, he let the thrusting hands touch his, as the car moved slowly forward. I felt unable to speak after such a talk, but later had to go with Minakshi, Sonali, and Dr. Parchure to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Parekh, Rishi Valley parents and host to Narayan, Prasad, etcetera. Radha, Achyut, Pama, Sunanda, and Frances were there. I came back directly afterward. Krishnaji was in bed reading and feeling alright. No cold. The vast energy that is within him is beyond explaining.'

The next day. 'All morning there was a meeting of KFI trustees in which I was included. Krishnaji had a letter from Jean-Michel Maroger that Marie-Bertrande and Diane fell down stone stairs at Diane's school in Blois. Marie-Bertrande was unhurt, but Diane broke a left thighbone, a clean fracture. Marie-Bertrand was carrying Diane when she fell. It is extraordinary that no other bones were broken in such a fall. One wonders if Krishnaji's healing has made the child stronger. We walked again around the race course.'

January thirtieth. 'There was another KFI trustee meeting which Krishnaji attended for a while. Devi took me for some last-minute shopping. I got a bag for Sunanda, eighty-three dollars worth of cheese—gruyere, camembert, etcetera' [*both chuckle*]—'as presents for Pupul, Nandini, and the Chandmals. I found a book too on Dürer for the Chandmals. I lunched with them in the Taj at the Rendez-Vous Restaurant, a French restaurant on the top floor. I came back for a nap and later walked on the race course. Krishnaji's voice is getting hoarse. The race course is windy, but he said it wasn't, and walked anyway. I came back and discovered, while I was absent this morning, that he told the KFI board, at their urging, that he would give six talks in Bombay next year instead of four, and stay in India until February. I asked why he planned as many talks in Bombay as in the whole of the U.S. I tallied the talks and discussions with schools and groups here this year: thirty-seven. I said I was not asking for an equal number in the U.S., but two less in Bombay next year.' They would talk him into these things.

S: I know.

M: 'Krishnaji said, "We'll see,"' [*S chuckles*] 'which isn't good enough. I appealed to Pupul to cut the program down.'

The thirty-first. 'I went with Nandini, Sunanda, and Frances to Bal Anand, Nandini's school for small and very poor children. Rajesh met us there, and took me to the nearby house of two of these children, a room about twelve feet by twelve feet where the family of twelve people live. It was so dark, I could scarcely see inside. The mother was washing clothes on the pavement of the courtyard under a water spigot. The mother and father smiled and made signs of welcome. They offered Rajesh food.'… Some of these people … [*with quiet sadness in her voice*].

S: I know, it's extraordinary.

M: Heartbreaking.

S: I know. It is.

M: 'At 6:15 p.m., Krishnaji gave his fourth Bombay talk. Very fine. Again the crowd was immense and surrounded the car afterward. With some, it was a delicacy of reverence and touching, not grabbing his hands but touching quickly and lightly. After the talks, I would've sooner been quiet, but after several postponements, there was a dinner for Nandini, Devi, and me at the Tantias' house. It was late. The younger daughter Sudha came for us with a car. It was nearby, a large flat with inlaid wood and paneling. We dined at a long table. The seating was all men on one side, i.e., Mr. Tantia, Gansham, and Vikram; and then Devi, Nandini, and Mina, and me on the other side. Sudha and her mother were at each end. Mr. Tantia was pleasant and chatty. They want to come to Brockwood Park and Saanen. I gave information but fear they envisage being with Krishnaji more than is possible, which is going to be disappointing. I got back to the flat far too late.'

February first. 'I packed, and had a long talk with Dr. Parchure, who reported his conversation of this morning with Krishnaji. As his doctor, who has been given responsibility of Krishnaji's health, he needed Krishnaji to tell him whether he wished to do everything as fully as he wants and then "disappear," or did he wish to live a long time and conserve the body in strength. Krishnaji said he wanted to live a long time. In that case, said Dr. Parchure, the intelligence of the body was either not functioning or not being listened to. "Your body is giving you signs," but Krishnaji pays no attention. The falling sick here in India with minor infections is a sign of the bodily resistance lowering. Krishnaji doesn't give it the necessary rest to build his strength. His feet have been constantly swollen in India, another sign of lessened function. Krishnaji was somewhat impatient with all this, but listened. Dr. Parchure said he must have two days of total rest after each talk, with no two-hour discussions at the breakfast table; he must have at least one meal a day in bed, feet up and not hanging down. And he must rest before traveling to a new place and also on arrival. Krishnaji's voice was hoarse, a sign he is overusing it. Today, he should've rested but tides of people came to pay respects and say goodbye, bringing useless presents of huge boxes of dried fruit that we can't take. In the afternoon, I found the mad German girl who tried to force her way into Tannegg, and I put her out. And Mrs. Billimoria sent a mother with a son who wants to be a woman, and Krishnaji talked to them both. Finally, they all left. Pupul and Nandini were at supper. Krishnaji went to bed afterward, and so did I. We managed to sleep intermittently until midnight. Then, we had to go to the airport.'

February second. 'Pama had taken the luggage, tickets, and our passports last night, so there was little for us to do but dress, and be ready to leave the flat at 1 a.m. Asit drove Krishnaji, me, Pupul, Nandini, and Vikram to the airport. A mass were waiting to see Krishnaji off. Achyut, Ahalya, Upasini, Frances McCann, etcetera, were in the VIP lounge provided. Krishnaji was dressed in his Huntsman jacket and trousers, and I was back in slacks, sweater, shoes, and stockings, my native costume again. The flight was called, and when the British Airways plane was loaded and ready to go, a signal came

and Krishnaji, Pama, and I drove in a chauffeured car out onto the runway to the foot of the steps of the aircraft. Very VIP. We didn't have the first row in the first class, but the second. Not as a VIP should be treated.' [*Both laugh*.] 'The flight took off at 3:20 a.m., and was to have been nonstop to London, but after three hours we came down for fuel in Bahrain. Krishnaji and I for exercise paced the length of the well-kept modern air terminal. We had left Bombay at 3:20 a.m. and were due at Heathrow at 7 a.m., but it wasn't until 9:30 a.m. when we reached Heathrow. We had to wrestle our own bags; not a porter in sight. I went looking for one or a trolley, and of course, Krishnaji in my absence lifted six of the bags off the turntable. He then found a trolley, and was irritable when I wouldn't let him load it and push it alone. Doris was waiting inside, and Dorothy and Ingrid were at the cars. They had brought overcoats for us. The cold air and wintry beauty of the countryside made my spirits soar. Snow and ice had kept cars from using the lanes, but it had warmed and rained yesterday, and there is sun today. So we saw only patches of snow and Brockwood welcomed Krishnaji. The house is warm and comfortable. We both felt dazed from travel. Everything looks so clean. It is a luxury to take a drink of water from the tap, to read news of the world, to eat simple food. It is a delight to be here. I slept in the afternoon after Krishnaji had lunch downstairs and then gone to bed. It was happiness to put his tray together for supper. Everyone is smiling. Alas, Scott is ill in his cottage; he has hepatitis.'

S: Ah, so that was the year I got hepatitis. Yes. I think I picked it up in Syria.

M: Yes. 'Scott must have caught it in Damascus where he spent a week on his way back.' I remember that.

S: Yes. I do too, regretfully.

M: The next day. 'It was lovely to wake up here, to light a fire in the grate, exercise a little, and then make a delicious breakfast of buttered toast, porridge, etcetera, and eat it slowly at the table in *our own* little kitchen. The tall trees are bare and beautiful, and the sun came to spend the day, wiping away the silver frost that covered the fields at daylight. My whole organism feels different here, somehow back to normal. The swelling and pain going out of my lower leg and foot, the constant heat was a constant attack on the body in India. This is the climate where I feel best. How narrow is the margin of health in these matters. Obviously different for each body. Krishnaji's swelling is leaving his feet. He thinks it is the carrot juice he now drinks.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I think it is the absence of heat. He got up for lunch, took a long nap, and at 4:30 p.m., with Dorothy and the two dogs, we walked up and down the drive. The cold air felt as if it was cleaning my blood. I telephoned Filomena in Rome. They've all had flu, but she sounded alright, and it made me glad to hear her voice. Then I telephoned Vanda in Florence, and Krishnaji spoke to her briefly. Earlier, I spoke to Phyl Fry'—that's Christopher's wife. 'Sounds of friends' voices make me smile inside. Krishnaji rested most of the day. We watched TV, *The Two Ronnies*'—do you remember that program?

S: [*laughing]* Yes, I do. [*M laughs too*.]

M: February fourth. 'Yesterday's sunshine went off behind clouds, but the day stayed dry. Mary and Joe drove down in mid-morning and we talked at length. Krishnaji joined us at 12:30 p.m. Mary is pleased with the six shirts he had made for her, and Joe liked the two Indian scarves. After lunch we all sat in our little kitchen over coffee and biscuits and talked. They left at 4 p.m., and Krishnaji took a nap. He wasn't feeling like going out, nor was I. Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande Maroger are coming on Tuesday.'

S: Okay. We should end it there.

M: Alright.

S: So, we'll begin again on February fifth next time.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Hyperlink to text of January 6, 1979.

[2] Hyperlink to text of January 7, 1979.

[3] Hyperlink to text of January 13, 1979.

[4] Hyperlink to text of January 14, 1979.

[5] Pajamas are the white cotton trousers that are daily wear for men in India.

[6] A lakh is 100,000.

[7] Radha Burnier and Rukmini Arundale have both died.

[8] On the surface this indicates nothing, but that she "hung around with musicians" was comment-worthy by Radha, says a great deal.

[9] Because the school master would sometimes neglect to tell him to leave, and just left himself.

[10] A place in Italy where "the process" was witnessed by several people in 1924. See *Krishnamurti: The Years of Awakening* by Mary Lutyens.

Issue 58: February 5, 1979 to April 16, 1979

After a brief stay at Brockwood en route to California after their long trip to India, Mary and Krishnaji return to Ojai, where the freshness of their new surroundings reinvigorates them. For much of this issue, Mary and Krishnaji deal with the aftermath of their trip to India, and Mary tries to solve the problem of her Malibu house sliding into the sea.

Mary: We begin on February fifth, 1979. Krishnaji and I are at Brockwood for a few days for Krishnaji's usual stopover on his way from India to California. My diary reads: 'Doris lent me her little car, and I went to Petersfield and caught the 9:20 a.m. to London. There was a dustman's strike, but the English are tidy and pile their refuse neatly in black plastic bags.' [*S laughs*.] 'The city seemed otherwise normal and more relaxed and quiet at this wintry time of the year. It had the wintry gray air remembered from the two years Sam and I spent in London when I had the private pleasure of exploring the city by myself, walking in the grayness, which seemed the breath of London. Today I did two errands, a new watchband from the Swiss watch place on Bond Street, and I met Paul Anstee at Christie's in South Kensington to see a Japanese vase he suggested as the lamp material I asked him to find.' That's that green one on the table in the living room.

Scott: Ah, yes. A nice one.

M: It was going to be auctioned, and he spotted it for me. 'I decided to bid on it. We had a sandwich in the basement lunch place nearby and just after 2:00 went to the auction where Paul bid on the vase for me. It went for eighty pounds, and I had decided to go higher.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'I brought it back in a Harrods shopping bag. Now, how do I get it to Ojai?' [*Both chuckle again.*] 'Walked up and down the drive with Krishnaji on my return and went to a school meeting.'

S: Now, you must've taken Doris's car to the station…

M: I did.

S: …well, I'm saying the reason is that the gray Mercedes was still put up for the winter, as you were only at Brockwood for a short while, so you didn't want to take it out of storage.

M: Well, I daresay you're right, but I don't remember.

S: Well, it must've been. Anyway, just for the record.

M: February sixth, 'Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande Maroger arrived for two days. Mary Cadogan came to lunch. Krishnaji agreed to go to France sometime this year, probably early in October to do a video interview answering questions from French students.' That never happened. 'We discussed Indian matters with Mary Cadogan. At lunch, she described her meeting Rajagopal with her husband when they were in Ojai. He

was the kindly old gentleman and spoke only well of Krishnaji.' One of his acts. [*S chuckles.*] 'All the rest of the day, I packed, washed, ironed, and all was in order by the time I went to bed at 10:30 p.m. Krishnaji said he felt tired. I suspect the accumulated fatigue from India, which he somehow keeps at bay when he is busy, will seep out now. It will be good to be quiet and in one place for a while.'

February seventh. 'It was a foggy morning. I made our breakfast and was ready to go early. The Marogers said goodbye to us as they were going up to London for the day before returning to France. Eleanor Hawksley provided a Boots shopping bag on wheels, which was perfect for carrying by hand to Ojai the vase bought on Monday. Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me, and Esme and George Carnes followed with the luggage. We left at 10:30 a.m. and went past the cottage so Scott, isolated by hepatitis…'

S: Ah, yes, I'd forgotten this.

M: Oh, yes. '… could wave.'

S: Oh, how nice of you and Krishnaji to do that.

M: It was terrible, you picked up hepatitis in…

S: …in Syria, on the way back from India. Yes.

M: Yes, I remember it. We were quite indignant because as far as one knew, you hadn't eaten anything or been anywhere we hadn't been but you had stopped in Syria on the way back.

S: Yes, yes, yes, yes.

M: Well, you waved. [*Both chuckle*.] 'At Heathrow, after checking in, we learned our 1 p.m. flight was delayed by fog, which prevented our incoming flight from landing. We sat in the TWA lounge, read, surviving on two cheese sandwiches till our flight, which got in at 3:30 so we could take off at 4:30. We had the two single forward seats in the nose that Krishnaji likes, and he took the one on the left, which he prefers. We read papers, magazines, and thrillers all the ten-and-a-half-hour flight but also slept fitfully. Landed in Los Angeles at 9:30 p.m. It took an hour to round up our six bags and two packages (Indian oil and six meters of sofa cushion material provided by an English decorator, D. Saxby) to go through customs. Mark had the school van to collect us, and we drove past Malibu to Ojai. I was too numb from travel to feel the difference, if any, of not coming home to Malibu. Erna, Theo, Michael, Laura, and Ted were waiting up to greet Krishnaji. The house was beautiful, filled with flowers, in exquisite readiness by Elfriede. The greeting committee soon left, and Krishnaji, quite wide awake, walked from room to room saying, "Do you feel the atmosphere?" and then "I'm glad you have a beautiful house to live in. It is more beautiful than Malibu, and you have a beautiful room in…what's that place we just came from? Brockwood!"' [*Both chuckle*.] 'And so we have come back.'

The eighth. ‘After only about two hours’ sleep, I woke up, then stayed awake. I telephoned my brother, as he and his wife Lisa were having breakfast. Then, telephoned Amanda for a happy, long chatter. Krishnaji stayed in bed all morning, but came with Erna, Theo, and me to lunch at Arya Vihara. Both slept all afternoon. Dieter’s son came to wake up the two Mercedes.’ They were put up on blocks while we were away. ‘Krishnaji and I had supper on trays with television and quickly went back to bed and slept afterward. The silence and peace of this house is something alive.’

There’s nothing for the next day but, ‘Errands in the village, and slept all afternoon.’

February tenth. ‘I telephoned my stepfather Wooge, but spoke only to my cousin Sally; he is suffering from the effects of an antibiotic taken for an infection. He was in the room, so she seemed rather reticent to speak. This morning, Krishnaji woke up at 1:30 a.m. and stayed awake, and I did more or less the same, so we both refrained from an afternoon nap to try to adjust to the time zone. Krishnaji said he had felt the full atmosphere of this house almost to the point of fainting in bed yesterday. He said when he goes into the living room, it is so strong, “it is like a temple, one goes very quietly.” It is interesting that it is the living room—a new construction, unlike his bedroom and sitting room in the old cottage where he lived so long. The living room is where the jewels were placed in the foundation by Theo at Krishnaji’s suggestion. Theo has given me a map of where “it” is in the foundation of the school main building—always to the northeast. Evelyne and Lou Blau lunched with us at Arya Vihara. Later, Lou, on the telephone, urged me to get an engineer to advise about the Malibu house…’ The Malibu house was sliding into the ocean.

S: You said the northeast for the jewels; was it always the northeast?

M: Yes, yes. Northeast. That I’m sure of. From my memory, not just from what it says; and that’s where you put them…

S: Yes, that’s where I put them at Brockwood, in the Centre and the school.

M: Northeast, definitely.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Um, ‘…about the engineer to advise about the Malibu house. I will talk to him after I’ve gone back to look at it, as it is now. I marketed in the afternoon. Took a small walk with Krishnaji. My cold has come back.’

The eleventh of February. ‘Krishnaji wanted to talk to Erna and Theo, so we did that all morning. Max Falk was at lunch, and afterward Krishnaji and I with Max, Mark, Erna, and Theo visited the new school buildings, which are very handsome. They are larger and better than I visualized. The residence’s main house is particularly good-looking with many good details. The school classroom buildings are woven among the oak trees, scarcely visible from afar, and fulfill the notion of a multiplicity of connected units,

which can be added onto, are functional, and don't look institutional. Zelma Wilson'—that was the architect—'who designed it has done well. So has Carey Smoot, in spite of all the difficulties.' He designed the first building, that wooden one.

S: The one with the wavy roof?

M: Yes, the wavy roof one. 'We walked through Oak Grove and saw that the stable has been moved way back from Besant Road, and then saw the new school vegetable garden made by Carol Andre. Mark asked on behalf of Jackie Kornfeld, who is urging it, whether Krishnaji would speak in New York. I repeated what Parchure had said about his health in Bombay, and Krishnaji let us agree to say no.' Parchure was saying that he does too much.

S: Yes.

M: The twelfth is only: 'Elfriede came to clean; Alasdair Coyne came about the garden. Krishnaji and I took a walk to the dip and back. Early to sleep.'

February thirteenth. 'My cold is better. I made our breakfast and left at 8:30 a.m., Krishnaji remaining in Ojai. I drove to the Dunnes' and sat and talked with them for over an hour. It was a quiet joy to see them again after nine months. Then, I went across the canyon and saw the alterations Max made last summer in terracing the lawn space. It looks very nice, but there continue to be disquieting cracks in the ground, and some of the railroad ties he put in to hold the ground are askew. Elfriede showed me fine line cracks in the tile'—that house had a tile floor—'in the living room. They had been under a rug, so we can't be sure if they're new. It made me weep to see the beloved house again, but it has been well cared for by Elfriede and Fred and Lori, who was there weeding along the entrance. The garden is healthy and tidy. It is a blessed place no matter what geologic strangeness is going on. I went to town with clothes for the cleaners, and bought a Norelco razor for Krishnaji.' He was always buying new razors, because he liked the newest electric razor.

S: I know. I remember.

M: And then he would give the old ones away.

S: I got many of them, almost always Brauns, sometimes Philips, but it was…

M: Yes. It depended on what was the latest.

S: Yes, exactly. [*Chuckles.*]

M: 'I also got some detectives for Krishnaji from Winky. Then, went to Helen for a needed haircut. Ran into Betsy at Lindberg's and drove back to Ojai through rain. But it was 6:20 p.m. and dark when I pulled into the garage. Krishnaji came out with an umbrella in his bathrobe and helped me carry the packages. He said they had had an

interesting talk at lunch. Bud and Lisa telephoned as I got in to wish me happy birthday. Krishnaji doesn't remember or consider birthdays, which is as it should be.' [*S chuckles*.] 'Michael had left our salad and soup, so we soon had our trays. Washing up in the kitchen, Krishnaji said he had become afraid alone in the house when it became dark. He had locked all the doors and windows. "I don't know what I was afraid of, but it was gone the moment you were here."'

S: So, he wasn't afraid on your behalf.

M: No. I seem to have some protective something because, I think I've already said, he told me once that he would not go out at night anymore in the dark, alone. And I asked, "Well, what if I were with you?" "Oh," he said, "then, of course, I'd go." I don't know what it was. He's not a man who feared things.

S: No. No.

M: It was…I don't know what. I don't want to make up things or what it might be or even imagine.

S: No, but, it's perhaps it's like the…

M: He had this thing about being protected.

S: Yes.

M: And I somehow felt as though I were an instrument of whatever protected him. It wasn't me, it was…they had to have a tool to do it, and I was available.

S: It's similar to, at the end of his life, when he said, "Don't leave the body alone." It's as if there *were* things that…well, one has a choice of saying, either there was nothing to be afraid of, and it was all in his imagination; or one has to say that there were things that he was sensitive to that were threatening…

M: Yes.

S: … but that were not threatening when he was with someone who really cared for him and who would protect him, or who was an instrument.

M: And yet he also said, which is sort of the opposite of that, that he is protected.

S: Yes.

M: But, evil wants to get at good, and as it can't get at him because he's protected…

S: It goes around him.

M: It goes around him. I'm sure he said that to you.

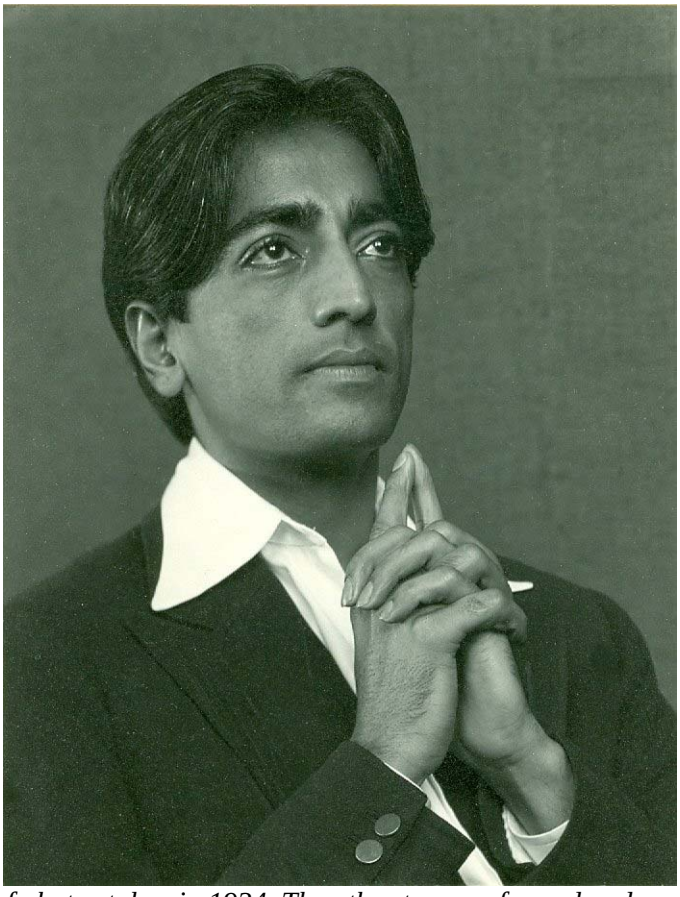
S: Yes, yes, he said that to me, too. But this is something…

M: You must be careful, you mustn't go mountain climbing, or whatever it was you wanted to do.

S: Yes, but this is something slightly different.

M: Yes.

S: Because this is him saying there was something he felt that was threatening, but that left when you came; and in your words, you were an instrument for some kind of protection, so that when you were present, it was alright, which is interesting. It's *very* interesting.



Third in a series of photos taken in 1934. The other two are framed and appeared in previous issues. This one was among Mary's papers.

M: [*pause*] Yes. And I know when he went and had the operation in the hospital, he was very…instructing me what I must do because he could easily slip away, and I must not let that happen. Well, indeed, it did come up after the prostate operation that we've already covered in these discussions, when he started talking to his brother…

S: Yes, I remember.

M: …and that's when I intervened, interrupted. I said, "Krishnaji," you know, grounded him, "the operation's over and you're fine" and "You'll be well soon" and "We've got lots to do" and I went on talking, talking, talking. And then he said to Nitya, "Nitya, I won't be coming now. I'll be coming later, much later." Make what you can of these things.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Yes. I'm harking on, but he was quite definite in instructing me what I must do, or he might slip away.

S: Yes. What did he tell you that you had to do?

M: He didn't tell me what to do exactly, but I somehow knew, I don't know. I had to talk to him, to keep him…not…

S: …not let him slip away.

M: …not let him slip away. And I reminded him of things we were going to do. I just kept talking, and with big eyes, he listened to me. And then, for me, the fact that he then said to Nitya, "I'm not coming now, but later." It was sort of…grounding him…is the only word I can use, in everyday life, things he would be doing and wanting to do, and the responsibilities. I didn't put it that way, but that was the gist of it—that he had too much to do with the rest of his life to let it end. [*Long pause.*]

Anyway, just going back a little, 'Michael left our salad and soup, so we soon had our trays. Washing up in the kitchen, Krishnaji said that he had become afraid alone in the house when it became dark. He had locked all the doors and windows. "I don't know what I was afraid of, but it was gone the moment you were here." Then, a little later, he stood suddenly still and said his head was bad and gave a cry, "What is happening? Why is it so bad?" I watched lest he faint as he returned to his room. He sat on the bed several times, appearing to start to faint and then coming to, then he was sick several times, vomiting in the bathroom. "Is this going to start again? Why?" At one point, he wanted to go back to the kitchen to finish the dishes and to interrupt what was happening, but was persuaded not to. He was able to do his teeth, wash, etcetera, and then went back to bed, promising to call me if it got worse.' [*Long pause*.]

The fourteenth. 'Krishnaji's head was bad all day. He got up for lunch and went for a haircut to Meiners Oaks. I did errands in the village. Alasdair planted twenty more Ceanothus on the east side of the house. Krishnaji and I walked with Erna and Theo. Lou Blau told me in detail of an offer on Malibu. Will make a counteroffer on Monday. Krishnaji's head was too bad for him to get out of bed after the walk; he watched TV looking tired and in pain. He said it hadn't been this bad in years.'

The next day just says that I have a cold, that I felt poorly, was in all day, and that Krishnaji and I both slept in the afternoon. And really nothing the next day except 'no walk.'

February seventeenth, 'Krishnaji's head has been better though the pain is present in the background. It is quiet when he's doing something, but rises when he is quiet. I'm feeling better. On Thursday, the cold settled in my sinuses, so yesterday I telephoned Lailee Bakhtiar, who prescribed tetracycline, and it is working. Sinus pain disappeared immediately, and the heavy cold is getting better instead of worse. After breakfast, I telephoned Philippa and David in Connecticut, and it was almost as nice as seeing them. In the morning, Krishnaji, full of energy, suggested starting a new series in his *Letters to the Schools*. So, he went to it, dictating to me number twenty-five, which will be dated and sent out on next September first**[1]**. He completed the first twenty-four, a year's supply, at Brockwood before we left for India in October. New teachers and the Hookers were at lunch at Arya Vihara. We rested in the afternoon, then Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I walked down McAndrew Road and back. Krishnaji said to me, "We should see more of them and gossip together."' [*Both M and S chuckle*.]

S: Erna and Theo?

M: Yes, 'So, we wound up taking the pot of soup Michael delivers to us every evening over to the Lilliefelts' and had a pleasant supper there. We got on to the subject of the Theosophical Society, the Esoteric Section, what the young Krishnaji thought, Masters or not, etcetera. Krishnaji said of his memory that he chiefly didn't remember things about himself. He did remember, and corrected Erna, on where people were living in the TS headquarters. He said that that wasn't about himself. He repeated the vague memory he described in India of standing as a boy by the Adyar River utterly empty, and "having a good time." I asked if he could remember directly Dr. Besant, and he said he could a little, but only in her latter years.'

The eighteenth. 'Krishnaji dictated number twenty-six of the *Letters to the Schools*. In the middle of it, the doorbell rang and there was the Russian physics teacher named Alexander Ladizensky, whom Vanda brought to the Rome airport to meet Krishnaji as we were in transit to Delhi in October. He got an exit permit to immigrate to Israel but wanted to come to where Krishnaji is. I rang Theo, who came right over and talked to him until we could all meet at lunch at Arya Vihara.' Theo could speak Russian. 'He sat next to Krishnaji at lunch and Krishnaji questioned him about Russia. Fritz, afterward, took him to find lodging, and introduce him to other Russian émigrés, and tomorrow, perhaps, Max can give him temporary work on the school buildings as he seems to do with all comers. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I walked down Thacher Road and around the block. In the evening we watched the second *Roots: The Later Generations*.' I don't remember what that was, some television thing.

S: *Roots* was about an African-American man who goes back and finds his roots in Africa and in America.

M: Oh, yes. I remember it dimly. On the nineteenth, there's only that Krishnaji dictated another *Letters to the Schools*.

February twentieth. 'It rained. Krishnaji dictated another *Letters to the Schools*. Elfriede came to clean. Mr. G.N. Dalal of Bombay came from Los Angeles by Greyhound bus, and I met him at Ventura. The bus was late, and we got to the cottage by 6:40 p.m. Krishnaji, worried, was waiting outside with Mark. Dalal is staying in the guest apartment. He gave Krishnaji a donation for the Foundation for $5,000. All, including Krishnaji, had supper at Arya Vihara.'

February twenty-first. 'Mr. Dalal had breakfast with the Lilliefelts and spent the day being shown everything, then lunched with Krishnaji and others at Arya Vihara, and walked with Krishnaji. I drove to Beverly Hills the inland way, gave the Christie vase to be made into a lamp to Mr. Schwartz, as well as the fabric I brought from Saxby in London to be made into pillows. I did miscellaneous errands and got back to Ojai by 5 p.m.'

The twenty-second. 'Mr. Dalal had breakfast here with me, then left with Theo for the Oxnard Airport. In the meantime, last night, Professor Ravi Ravindra and his Canadian wife Sally, who seventeen years ago taught at Rajghat, arrived and are staying at the Lilliefelts'. They were shown around the school in the morning, and we all lunched at Arya Vihara. There was a discussion at the lunch table on what is knowing, which was taped by Fritz. At 5 p.m., after a rest, Krishnaji and I, the Ravindras, and the Lilliefelts walked around the block. The Ravindras leave tomorrow morning and return to Halifax, where he teaches and they live with two children. Krishnaji likes Ravi.' Ravi's a nice man.

S: Yes.

M: February twenty-third has only, 'Desk. Krishnaji rested.'

The twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number twenty-nine. I did desk work in the afternoon. Spoke to Naudé. We walked with the Lilliefelts.'

February twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji lunched with the Lilliefelts and then spent the afternoon looking at the school buildings and walking over the land there. I left after breakfast in the green Mercedes for Malibu and the Dunnes'. Spent a happy morning sitting and talking and having lunch in the familiar Dunne way, on trays on the terrace. We sautéed cheese sandwiches, which Amanda said I taught her to make on Kearsarge Street.' I lived in a house that I owned on Kearsarge Street in Los Angeles, years ago! [*S chuckles*.] Decades, decades.

S: And that's where you taught her how to make these cheese sandwiches?

M: Well, there's nothing to making them. You just put them on the grill.

S: [*laughs*] But this is the first we've heard of Kearsarge Street.

M: That's right. Well, Sam and I lived there a little bit when we married. And then as soon as we built Malibu, we moved to Malibu. 'Malibu was beautiful…'

S: What number was your house on Kearsarge Street?

M: 11923? I don't know. 9207? I don't know. [*S laughs.*] There's no use digging in the attic of my mind for inconsequential details, Mr. Forbes! [*S laughing.*]

S: Why not? Inconsequential details are all that I have in mine.

M: [*chuckles*] Anyway. 'Malibu was beautiful; the sky and the ocean were blue in the clear golden air across the canyon to my place, which looked green and very beautiful. It was a very happy day. I left at 3 p.m. Marketed at the Trancas market, got back to Ojai by 5 p.m., and was making soup for our supper by the time Krishnaji returned from his afternoon with the Lilliefelts. The Siddoo sisters arrived at 7 p.m.'

February twenty-sixth. 'The last eclipse of the sun in this century was around 8 this morning. The garden was in a strange twilight. From the kitchen window I saw Krishnaji in bare feet and only in his nightshirt out on the path. "I wanted to see the eclipse," he said.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I rushed him into warmth and a denatured but closer view on television.' [*Both chuckle more*.] 'In the morning, he spoke alone with Jackie and Sarjit Siddoo. Elfriede cleaned. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji, the Siddoos, the Lilliefelts, Mark, Fritz, and I discussed the problems of Canada and the Wolf Lake School. It is costing them $9,000 a month of their own funds just as it is, with only twelve students. Unless they spend millions on more land and building, it cannot expand on the present site. Exactly what I foresaw'—[*both chuckle*] how annoying such foresight is—'has happened.' [*Chuckles.*] Know-it-all, here. 'They had no idea what a school entailed.' It was true.

S: Yes, I know.

M: 'Krishnaji, in summing up the situation, said he is not urging them to do anything, but his descriptions of, "If you are serious, you will ask what is right, not the cost," makes an overwhelming pressure.' [*S chuckles*.] 'He was impatient when I pointed that out. He denies that it's pressure. Then, he gave the example of his telling Narayan to be willing to give up his whole life to Rishi Valley "or, never mind; die, starve, it doesn't matter what."' [*S laughs. M laughs, too.*] Oh dear. 'The Siddoos say they can afford to carry on for two more years, but if they fold, they will be impoverished. If they cannot swing the school now, and it seems an insupportable burden as is, in my view, they should get out before they go broke, not wait for that to happen.' That seems reasonable. [*S chuckles*] 'Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, and I walked to the dip on Grand Avenue.'

The twenty-seventh says, 'Krishnaji dictated the thirtieth *Letters to the Schools*. I worked at the desk the rest of the day.'

February twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji dictated the thirty-first *Letters to the Schools*. A pool man came and with Theo tried to figure out how to make the pump in the ornamental pool less noisy. I spoke to Lou Blau. The last bid was unacceptable.' Then, I went on about who should represent it for selling the house. No use talking about that. 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji talked to a Mr. and Mrs. Farkas, parents in Oak Grove. Mr. Farkas wants to return to Hungary to spread Krishnaji's teachings, a perilous venture. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji, the Siddoos, the Lilliefelts, Mark, and I talked again about Canadian school matters. The Siddoos want to go ahead. In the evening, we watched the television: *As You Like It* by the Royal Shakespeare Company.'

S: Before we go on, what's happened to the Siddoos?

M: Well, they sort of um…the place…well, I don't know. They're somewhere, but they're not running the place up there. It's no longer…

S: It's no longer a school, but it became an information center for a while, didn't it?

M: Well, that was just a title, really. I don't know where they are, actually. I haven't heard from them.

S: Don't they show up at international meetings?

M: No. Next year when we have all the Foundations meeting here, they may turn up, just to turn up. I don't know. I'm sure there's some information, but I don't have it.

March first says, 'Desk, etcetera. The Siddoos leave. I went to the village, then walked with Krishnaji and the Lilliefelts. The weather is cold. Krishnaji and I watched a film of an Indian leopard. It rained in the morning.'

March second. 'I got a plumber to get a spoon out of the waste disposal'—you [*chuckles*] have to know all the details—'and finished in time for going ahead with the planned trip to Santa Barbara. I drove Krishnaji, Erna, and Theo in the green Mercedes. It was a lovely day. The bright sun of California. The landscape is very green. We went the inland way, and Krishnaji was pleased with the fullness of Lake Casitas.' Lake Casitas is quite beautiful—it's a manmade lake, as you may know.

S: Yes. It's very beautiful.

M: Very beautiful. 'This was my first touring of Santa Barbara since we moved. We lunched in a small restaurant called The Tea Room, sitting under an arbor. Krishnaji had a large enchilada, salad, and cheesecake. We wandered through El Paseo and bought books, then health foods, and drove back to Ojai, where we went for a short walk. In the evening, Lou Blau telephoned that the real estate people want me to "do something" to improve the earth on the ocean side of Malibu. What?' [*S chuckles again*.] 'The earth is moving; I don't know why or what can be done.' That's part of living here.

March third. ‘At 11:30 a.m., parents and teachers came for a discussion with Krishnaji. They asked about authority. I worked on letters.’

S: So, if they “came for a discussion,” the discussion must’ve been here in the house.

M: Yes. Yes, if they came, they came here.

S: Right.

M: The fourth. ‘There was another meeting here between Krishnaji and the parents and teachers of Oak Grove School. We walked in the late afternoon with the Lilliefelts.’

The next day. ‘A warm, beautiful day. Alasdair planted pots, etcetera. Scott Eckersley made a wooden cover and insulated the pump for the ornamental pool so it is silent. I telephoned an engineer about the Malibu earth. In the afternoon, Krishnaji laid basins around the newly planted tangelo trees and I watered all the plants.’ He liked to garden.

The sixth, it just says, ‘Desk. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion here with Oak Grove School parents and teachers.’

March seventh. ‘It was a warm, beautiful day. I drove to Beverly Hills. Had my hair cut. Had the car washed. Marketed in Malibu, then went to the house, where I met a geologist about the earth movement. He found cracking in an arc running from the narrow part on the point, up near the easterly olive tree, and around to the edge of Filomena’s garden. He said there were two remedies: huge earth removal to ease the weight, or drainage of underground water via pipes similar to what was done before, but more extensive. He would draw up plans and get a rig to do it. The county is due to do the same with the entire area above the Malibu road but it may take three years if they do it; mine needs doing right now. He left. The house was quiet, beautiful, and alive. Its familiar sounds: one’s foot on the steps down to the bedrooms, door sounds, wound around my heart.’ You know, there are sounds, I’m sure you know, in all houses.

S: Yes. Just even the way things echo around different houses.

M: Yes. ‘Fred was home. He and Elfriede lifted one of the smaller ocean stones’—that I think are like sculptures, that are right outside—‘into the car, and I brought it back to Ojai. Came back to Ojai by 5:45 p.m. and met Krishnaji and the Lilliefelts walking. Theo had planted seventy-nine agave Americana the length of the south side of the driveway. They should form an imposing fence.’ They do.

March eighth. ‘At 10:30 a.m., there was a KFA trustee meeting. Krishnaji stayed in bed as it was all on finances. All were present except Alan Kishbaugh. Alan Hooker was considered as a trustee, but his proclivity for giving talks on Krishnaji’s teachings, which have been said to be tinged with interpretation, put it off. We continued after lunch. Professor Ravi Ravindra arrived from Halifax. Krishnaji had asked him to come back and wants to talk to him about being involved in the work in some way. Krishnaji hasn’t said

what he has in mind, and throws it back to the Lilliefelts and me: What do *we* think Ravindra could do? We reply that it is *his* idea, etcetera. Krishnaji talked to Ravindra alone. I spoke to Lou Blau last night about going ahead with the geologic plan and told the geologist to do it. I told the real estate people about it, and the house is temporarily removed from the market until the work is completed. Amanda and Phil returned today from San Francisco.'

March ninth. 'Krishnaji, Ravindra, and I had breakfast in the kitchen. Then, Krishnaji and he talked in the living room. I lit the fireplace in the living room for the first time since we have lived here. When Krishnaji came in and saw it, his face lit up with the look of surprise and delight that is my delight to see. Around 11 a.m., he called me and the Lilliefelts to join the conversation, and while we talked, he stood thumbing Mary L.'s biography in his loose, long towel robe' [*chuckles*] 'with another familiar look of an abstracted child—far off—his face rounded as that of a child.' [*M seems to explain:*] His face would change in so many ways.

S: Yes.

M: 'At 4 p.m., there was another K-teacher-parent discussion. Afterward, Krishnaji, Ravi, Theo, Max, and I went for a walk.'

March tenth. 'Ravi breakfasted here. I do not think he is interested enough to change his life and join us. There was another K-teacher-parent-etcetera discussion at 11:30 a.m. Ravindra left after lunch for England, but agreed to Krishnaji's suggestion that he might become a trustee of the Canadian Krishnamurti Foundation. This will come as a surprise to the Siddoos.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Ravi said he would "help," finding scientists to discuss with Krishnaji, perhaps raise money. He will visit Brockwood on his present trip to England, and will speak to David Bohm, who he knows slightly and is associated with on some "threshold committee." Krishnaji said, "We don't want to lose you." At 5 p.m. there was a walk with Krishnaji, Erna Theo, and I.'

The next day, 'At 3 p.m., I went to a discussion of teachers and parents of older students about adding another year for them at Oak Grove. It was held at AV. Afterward, I walked with Krishnaji and the Lilliefelts.'

March twelfth, 'Krishnaji dictated letters in the morning. A Dr. J. Martin, a professor at UC Irvine, came to lunch and talked afterward to Krishnaji. He wants to write an article about him.'

March thirteen. 'Without breakfast, Krishnaji and I drove to Lailee's office for a 10:30 a.m. fasting blood, etcetera, test.' It was our annual checkup. 'Krishnaji preferred to go by the beach road. Both of us find the valley way repellant and seemingly endless freeway and the smoggy vulgarity of southern California sprawl lines that road. The ocean is a far, far better thing. Krishnaji's blood pressure must've been low, for Lailee had to do another vein to get enough blood. She's just back from a quick trip to Paris to meet her family who are refugees from Iran. Her cousin, who was the prime minister

when Khomeini returned, is in hiding. Krishnaji has a slight earache, and she gave a prescription for an antibiotic and some ear drops. Later, when I asked Krishnaji on the way home how his ear felt, he said, "Better. I think the antibiotic prescription scared it."' [*M and S both chuckle*.] We hadn't filled the prescription yet. 'After the blood giving, we had the prescribed breakfast at Lindberg's, acceptably quiet and clean for Krishnaji. We spent the required two-hour interval shopping before giving the second post-meal blood samples. Then to Bullock's in Westwood for jeans and socks for Krishnaji. I found his size nine-and-a-half in the boys' department.' He liked shopping at Bullock's. 'It was raining outside, and the store was not crowded. I bought some sheets for the guest room in Ojai and Brockwood, went to Winky for books, and returned to Lailee at 2 p.m. to give the second blood samples. Then, we drove to Malibu. The geologist was there. He said the enlarged cracks near the house suggested a need perhaps to dig immediately four or five wells in the lawn and pump out the water. I told him to proceed. It is as if everything has gone wrong there since we left it. We stopped briefly at the Dunnes'. Philippa arrived last night for a ten-day visit. It was lovely to see her. She will come up to Ojai Thursday. We returned to Ojai, Krishnaji driving from Zuma Beach to the usual place, looking pleased and at home at the wheel. He insisted on stopping at Dieter's for a Valvoline fluid that prevents rattle when added to the fuel and, in spite of a long day and driving, he said he wasn't tired. The outing may have diverted him. He, of course, hadn't seen the Malibu changes Max made last summer and he thought it looked rather nice. In the evening, the geologist Ramiras called, and will meet both horizontal and vertical drillers there tomorrow and let me know the plan and costs.'

S: If Krishnaji started driving at Zuma Beach usually, where would he stop?

M: He would stop when we started getting near Oxnard traffic. In those days, we used to drive through Oxnard.

S: Right.

M: And he didn't like that. I mean, he didn't want to drive in towns and traffic. So, he would drive the section before that, then I'd take over. 'The geologist called in the evening as he has both horizontal and vertical drillers meeting him at Malibu tomorrow.'

March fourteenth. 'There was news on TV that while Carter was flying back to Washington from Israel and Egypt, the Israeli cabinet voted for the peace proposal, and it was just accepted by both Begin and Sadat. If the Knesset next accepts it, then the peace treaty will be signed. One hardly dares to believe this, at last, is at hand. Carter deserves immense respect for having gone all-out to solve this. I took Krishnaji to the Oak Grove School where he talked with the children, and while he was doing that, I fetched Mar de Manziarly to the house. She is staying with her sister for a month. The geologist rang with a numbing drilling bid for the horizontal drainage. Five 200-feet-long draining pipes to be put into the hills and under the house for $23,000.' Everything went wrong. 'He said he would try to get another bid by late afternoon. Krishnaji, Mar, Erna, Theo, etcetera lunched at Arya Vihara. Then, Erna and Theo took me to a benefit movie in Ojai of Ingmar Bergman's *Autumn Sonata* with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann. Krishnaji

was asleep when I got back. I had telephone calls about different bids by the drillers. Somebody in San Francisco will do it for around $7,000. I agreed to it. They come down tomorrow and start work Friday.'

March fifteenth. 'It rained on and off. Philippa was to arrive early but was delayed by an overturned truck on the coast road. I took Krishnaji to the school Pavilion, where he talked again with the children, and it was photographed by Michael Mendizza for use in the film. I came back and found Philippa had arrived. We sat by the fire and talked till Krishnaji returned, and we all lunched at Arya Vihara. An editor of a Santa Barbara magazine, Jerry Dunn, was at lunch and afterward interviewed Krishnaji about schools, etcetera for his publication. We hope to make Oak Grove better known and possibly get more local students. A photo for the magazine was taken. Meanwhile, Philippa and I sat in the kitchen, had coffee, and talked till she left at 3:30 p.m. I wish I could be with her and David more. Krishnaji's teaching is what they need and could become alive to them. Elfriede telephoned that the geologist says rain is coming to Malibu and the lawn must be covered with plastic. She wanted my permission to get it from the Malibu Lumber Company. Luckily, Lori was there, so she and he did it just before the rain began. Krishnaji went to bed and read. I did letters and played records. Sunanda's notes of the January eighteenth conversation between Krishnaji and Dick Clarke arrived.'

March sixteenth. 'The drilling for the drain pipes starts in Malibu. At noon, Dr. Rahula, and Professor and Mrs. Jacques Maquet, head of anthropology at UCLA, came and lunched with us at Arya Vihara. Then, Krishnaji talked alone with Rahula; and then, Krishnaji, Rahula, and Maquet had a discussion, which Ted taped. Erna, Theo, Fritz, Mark, and I sat in on it. Rain, so no walk.'

The next day, 'It was a beautiful, clear day. I drove to Malibu, saw the geologist and the drilling, then went to lunch for Philippa at the Dunnes'. I saw Ray Eames'—wife of Charlie Eames, you know, the designer of the chair in the other room—'Lailee, the Dreyfuses, Joe Cohen, Evelyn Keyes, and Winky. Drove back to Ojai by 5 p.m., and walked with Krishnaji and the Lilliefelts. Krishnaji had talked for an hour with David Moody.'

March eighteenth, 'Rain on and off. Worked all day on income tax. Krishnaji and I went for a walk. The drilling continues in Malibu.'

There's really nothing for the next day.

March twentieth. 'Krishnaji and I left at 11:30 a.m. and drove to Malibu. Elfriede served us lunch in the kitchen. Philippa came over to say goodbye as she returns to Connecticut tomorrow. I watched her walk away up the path, as she and her siblings had all their lives. The drilling in the hillside is in its fifth day. So far, only one pipe is giving water. At 2:30 p.m. we went to Lailee's office, where we got the reports on our annual checkups. Krishnaji had a hearing test and is quite deaf in the high registers. His blood pressure was 130/80, cholesterol 190, uric acid 7'—was 10 last year, it says—'blood sugar 90 fasting and one day after food. So, all is good. The boils he had in India were

not diabetic. His blood count was fine. EKG fine. The only question is his stomachache, which occurs from time to time. When he showed Lailee where it hurts, she said it was the gall bladder place, and suggested an upper GI X-ray, but he pooh-poohed it and said the barium swallowing would make him sick.' Well, it was, obviously, as we know from hindsight, gall bladder. 'We were finished by 4 p.m., but Krishnaji wanted to go back to Bullock's for more jeans,' [*chuckle*] 'which we did and also got him another tracksuit to wear while doing his morning exercises. We drove back to Ojai along the beach road, Krishnaji driving his usual stretch. Today has been a strenuous one, but he said he wasn't a bit tired. I feel blessed by this.'

March twenty-first. 'I feel my cold coming back. I drove early to Los Angeles about income tax. Then to have teeth cleaned. Went to Malibu in the afternoon, and arranged for a new drainpipe to be put down the hillside to receive water from the drilling. Got back to Ojai by 5:30 p.m.'

For the next day there is only, 'Desk, etcetera. Walk in afternoon. Saral and David Bohm arrived from England, and are in the guest house.'

Then really nothing until the twenty-fourth. 'At 11:30 a.m., there was the start of a discussion with Krishnaji: David and a group from San Francisco selected by Fritz from the class he gave at JFK University. On the walk with Krishnaji was Alan Kishbaugh, Erna, Theo, and me.'

The next day, 'The second day of discussion. Krishnaji thinks the discussion group is unintelligent.' [*M and S chuckle.*]

March twenty-sixth, 'The third discussion with Krishnaji. Drilling has ended in Malibu. Lailee says Krishnaji tests negative for parasites.' After India, you always have to be tested.

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'She advised me to have tests as I feel so poorly. Went to Ojai Valley Hospital for this. Rain in the night.'

The next day. 'One-and-a-half inches of rain in Malibu. Fourth discussion with Krishnaji. Desk work.'

March twenty-eighth. 'Three-and-a-half inches fell here last night, total of two for the storm in Malibu. I heard from Amanda and Phil and the geologist with the plumber all at the house. There was the fifth group discussion with Krishnaji at 11:30 a.m. I slept in the afternoon, feeling weak and ill from the pills for parasites.'

The next day, 'The rain stopped. There was the sixth group discussion in the morning. Krishnaji was very moving at the end. In the afternoon, there was a trustee meeting with Krishnaji present part of the time. At 4 p.m., Dr. Lailia Gramm, one in the morning

discussion group, joined us to discuss putting together an educational conference in April of 1980. The pool man worked on the ornamental pond. Krishnaji watched an old Danny Kaye movie in the evening. I telephoned Brockwood and spoke to Doris—Dorothy is in Wales—to say that Krishnaji and I postponed our arrival there till May fifteenth.'

The next day was 'the seventh and final meeting of the discussion group.'

March thirty-first, 'Miranda arrived in Malibu. It was a quiet day here, and I took the last of the pills, but still feel sick from them.'

April first. 'A beautiful, clear day, warm, clean, and shining. Krishnaji had planned to come with me to Malibu where Miranda arrived yesterday. He wished to wander around the place while I went across the canyon to the Dunnes'. We would have had a sandwich lunch, but last night he felt tired, as well he might after the past week of group discussions with a group that contributed little, so he stayed home and lunched at the Lilliefelts' with them and the Bohms. He stayed there talking till 4 p.m. I drove sedately in the green Mercedes, going slowly as I am only emerging from ten days of sick-making anti-parasite medicine, and also hadn't a full tank. A gas shortage closes most stations on Sunday, but I had a hunch I might find an open one in Oxnard, which I did and filled up. I went straight to the Dunnes', and though I hadn't seen Miranda in about two years, it seemed no time to either of us. We sat on the terrace and talked of her reporting life'—she was a reporter for the television news in those days—'at present in Buffalo at the ABC station there, and about the story she has been investigating, the Love Canal chemical dumping…'

S: I remember.

M: You remember that?

S: Yes.

M: '…which has disastrously affected people living there. It is an awful story. Miranda is only here in Malibu till Tuesday. She looks well but thin, works very hard, and is enthused about it. I sat with Amanda and Phil a bit. Then went over to look at the earth cracks. Fred was trying to siphon the last week's rainwater out of the plastic sheeting on the gravel part. The cracks are deeper and wider. The earth has not stabilized yet, and it is one week since they finished the hydroger in the hillside. According to the geologist, we must wait another week to see their effect. I looked at the drainpipes finished yesterday to connect with the six new hydrogers and three old ones and carry any water away from them to the bottom of the canyon. Malibu was at its loveliest. The hillside was covered in wild daisies and nasturtiums blown from some re-scattered seeds years ago, the earth and air were shining. But for the earth cracks, it would've been all peace and beauty, the quiet beckoning to stay in a trance of light and the air of spring on this deceptively lovely edge of the continent. I left instead, marketed, and drove back to Ojai by 5:30 p.m. Krishnaji had discussed with the Lilliefelts and the Bohms the Fritz situation. It is not clear yet. I made soup and artichokes for our supper.'

S: The Fritz situation being that…

M: Fritz was not turning out well.

S: Yes, exactly, I'm just trying to be explicit for the record.

M: It had to end sooner or later.

S: Yes. In what way was it not going well?

M: Well, he was being a guru, and he was doing sort of psychological meetings with people. And he was the boss and knew it all. He was wrong for the job.

S: Yes.

M: April second. 'A quiet day. Renée Weber had lunch with us. She's staying at Arya Vihara. I walked with Krishnaji, Erna, and Theo. Watched the Bill Moyers program on TV.'

The next day, 'I drove to Beverly Hills. Went to the dentist; had a fitting; a haircut; and did various errands. Came back to Ojai by 5:30 p.m., having had the car washed in Ventura on route. Miranda returns to Buffalo.'

April fourth. 'It was a beautiful day. I discussed an automatic watering system for the plants around the house, also planting more orange trees. I fetched Mar de Manziarly to lunch. I walked with Krishnaji and Erna.'

The fifth. 'Another clear, warm day. Desk work. Frances McCann came to lunch. Krishnaji went to look at the Grove with Theo and Mark. I stayed with the typewriter. Then, we both watered the plants.'

There is really nothing the next day, then April seventh, 'The morning was cloudy and cool, but there was no rain. So, at 11:30 a.m., for the first time in two years, Krishnaji was able to speak in his Oak Grove. The first talk was today, and it was very moving. He looked extraordinarily beautiful. As always, he asked me what he should wear, and I urged his heavy mustard-colored Huntsman corduroys, with a green Indian shirt and taupe cardigan—all exceedingly becoming.' [*S chuckles*.] 'Age vanishes; his face is unlined and shines. He began his talk differently, speaking of goodness, what it is not, why man doesn't have it; how no system, belief, etcetera will bring it about; how only in understanding oneself can a different dimension come about and man can go beyond it. He spoke quietly, with that depth of voice that usually comes for the deepest meditation of his talks, but today it was there from the start. A large audience, in spite of the gas shortage, listened intently. I sat on the ground where I must've sat years ago when I first heard him speak there. His presence, his voice, the atmosphere of the Grove make me feel my life had begun there all those years ago. Is it thirty-five? Now, I live here with him, with all that is beyond describing. I cannot say how it came about. It happened. I did

not imagine it, seek it. It happened, and I have been blessed beyond all other life. On the way back in the car, he said, "I was so filled with that, that I was trembling." And coming back through the village, he said, "Drive slowly. I want to faint." He bent slowly forward, but didn't quite faint, and was alright when he reached the house. Alan Kishbaugh lunched with us here in the cottage. I had cooked early the first lunch since we returned from India. It was pleasant to be cooking again, and it is part of the intimacy of home. Later, we walked, Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and Alan Kishbaugh.'



Alan Kishbaugh helping Krishnaji into the grey Mercedes in the Oak Grove after a talk (Copyright Reza Ganjavi)

April eighth. 'It was a clear, beautiful day, and it was beautiful in the Oak Grove where Krishnaji gave his second talk. He stopped neatly after an hour, and we were the first car to leave. We came back on the winding, quieter road, and Krishnaji said, "The minute I stop talking, my head begins." He looked close to fainting in the car but didn't. I had made lunch earlier and Erna, Theo, and Alan Kishbaugh ate with us. Both of us were tired in the afternoon but we walked to the Lilliefelts' and down Grand Avenue. Krishnaji was sick to his stomach; said he ate too much at lunch. Took some bicarbonate of soda at the Lilliefelts', vomited, and felt better. He had only some V8 juice for supper.'

April ninth, 'I worked at the desk, etcetera. Elfriede came to clean. She goes on holiday to Germany on the twenty-first and won't be back here till her return, June fifth, when she will clean the house and put it to bed until our return. We will be in England then. I marketed. A short walk with Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and Alan. I watched part of the Academy Awards on television.'

The tenth, ‘It was windy and clear. Krishnaji held public discussion number one in the Oak Grove. We lunched at Arya Vihara, took naps in the afternoon, and walked with Erna and Theo.’

The next day, ‘I watered and cared for plants most of morning. Krishnaji did some too in the afternoon.’

April twelfth, ‘Krishnaji held the second public discussion in the Oak Grove. Later in the afternoon, we went through the administration building, then the Grove, vegetable garden, etcetera.’

The thirteenth. ‘It was a warm, beautiful day. I did desk work and marketing. In the afternoon, I went to a party at Joe and Carol’s in Meiners Oaks. All the Brockwood people who are here were there. I took Frances McCann home by 6 p.m. Krishnaji had watered all the plants.’

April fourteenth. ‘Another warm, beautiful day for Krishnaji’s third talk in the Oak Grove. There was a large crowd. I sat up on the hill and could hear perfectly as if I was only a yard away from him. The beauty of the trees, the fresh grass, the air alive with ripening summer, and something blessed in that grove seemed the surrounding of his voice and words. We drove back slowly as usual. He lay down for a while while I finished cooking our lunch. Alan Kishbaugh, for the first time, has brought a friend to the talks, and they are both staying at Erna and Theo’s, so he brought her here for lunch: Stella Resnick, a gestalt psychologist. Krishnaji talked a little to her about what she does. At 4 p.m., Alfonso Colón, his nephew Jose, and brother-in-law Armando Riesco, and Hugo Baldi from Argentina came to see Krishnaji. Afterward, we went for a short walk, helped ourselves to a few of the Lilliefelts’ tangelos, but only ones that had fallen on the ground,’ [*chuckles*] ‘and came back to supper. Ginny and Bill Travers’ film about the lion that Krishnaji and I had seen at their place at Sussex was on television.’ Do remember that?

S: Yes, yes.

M: April fifteenth. ‘It’s Easter Sunday. I telephoned my stepfather, who is now at the Vineyard, and then my cousin Lorna. His voice sounded stronger. He is pleased to be home.’ Anyway, it goes on about my stepfather’s health, but I won’t go into that. ‘At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his fourth talk in the Oak Grove on another perfect day. Lakshmi Shankar and entourage were to arrive for the talk; Evelyne’s having arranged for her to fly back from an engagement in Chicago to sing here at the school for Krishnaji and a benefit concert for the school. After the talk, Krishnaji seemed close to fainting in the car, swaying, but didn’t actually faint. He lay down while I completed cooking. Erna, Alan K., and Stella Resnick lunched with us, but Theo went off to cope with Lakshmi Shankar, who had arrived somehow at Rajagopal’s’ [*chuckles*] ‘by mistake. She came with her daughter and son-in-law, and an older man to play *tabla* and his wife, to greet Krishnaji briefly. They touched his feet, and we all sat for a short while before Mark took them to Evelyne’s cottage to change and freshen up. I had barely time to load the

dishwasher before Krishnaji and I drove to the Pavilion, and at 4 p.m., Lakshmi sang most beautifully for Krishnaji and the audience, who paid $20 for tickets inside, and $10 on the porch, as donations to the school. Refreshments were served under the trees, and Krishnaji stayed until Lakshmi Shankar left. She seems a nice woman. She had picked slokas and bhajans that she knew Krishnaji would like. To my surprise, she and her daughter kissed me goodbye, most un-Indian, but friendly. Krishnaji watered the patio plants on our return while I fixed supper.'

S: Okay, we're going to have to stop it there because we're not going to have enough tape for the sixteenth.

M: Okay. Alright.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] These letters were dated the day they were meant to be sent to the schools, not the date they were written.

Issue 59: April 16, 1979 to June 19, 1979

This issue contains one of more interesting statements that Krishnaji made about himself. In several previous issues we have seen him question why he had remained so "vague" or "vacant" as a boy, how was he able to avoid the conditioning of his childhood. In discussing with Mary and Mary Lutyens material for the second volume of this biography that Mary L. was writing, Krishnaji, in this issue, questions the source of his insight. After dismissing the popular theories, he says that perhaps he "could not answer the question," but that the two Marys might be able to, and if they did, then he would know if it was right. At another point, Krishnaji says that he didn't think it was "right" for him to make certain investigations into that source of his nature. It seems sufficient to just witness that nature.

Mary: Alright. We begin on April sixteenth, 1979. 'I cleaned house because Elfriede's not coming to clean as she leaves this week for a visit to Germany. A Mrs. Nicolosi and three young people lunched with everyone at Arya Vihara. The Bohms are here. In the afternoon, the Brockwood people who are here for the talks came for tea, and I brought them over to see the cottage. The Malibu Coast Highway is closed to all traffic because of rocks falling.'

The seventeenth. 'Krishnaji gave the third public talk in the Oak Grove. Michael Mendizza filmed parts of it and had David Moody ask for the film, "What is the relation between love and freedom?" To this Krishnaji added, "Responsibility." Walking out after the talk, Krishnaji passed Austin Bee, who was standing behind the cassette stand. Krishnaji stopped and asked, "Who are you, sir?" Bee gave his name, and Krishnaji shook hands with him.' This needs a little background. Austin Bee was assistant and secretary of Rajagopal and ran the K & R office, and was consistently rude to Krishnaji the few times I ever met him. [*Laughs*.]

Scott: [*Chuckles*.] And Krishnaji didn't recognize him.

M: No. 'Bee gave his name, and Krishnaji shook hands with him. When I reached the car, a figure was standing there in the shade behind it. At first glance, I didn't see who it was, but then as I was opening the car door, I saw it was Rajagopal, rather shrunken, face more wizened and monkey-like.' He always had a simian look to me.

S: Yes, you've said that.

M: 'He stared at me and I said, "How do you do, Rajagopal," but didn't go to him. Krishnaji was approaching and I introduced to him, before he reached the car, a Frenchman who was waiting to salute him. Krishnaji then went toward his side of the car, saw Rajagopal, but didn't recognize him, either. He asked, "Who are you?"'

'"I'm Rajagopal." He gave Krishnaji a package and said, "This is for you." Krishnaji took his hand and held it, and then Rajagopal said he must go, people were watching. He

walked up the road and Krishnaji stood looking shocked and *distrait***[1]** as he sometimes does after a talk. He had sent word to Blackburn to speak to him after the talk, but now he told Blackburn to meet him at the cottage.' He was very often disoriented after a talk, somehow.

S: Yes, yes. I know. We've discussed this.

M: I wanted to keep people away from him. But he would chide me when I did that.



Mary and Scott at the time the discussion on this issue occurred (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: I know. Still, he needed some kind of protection.

M: Yes. 'He got in the car and urged me to drive away quickly. He looked at his hand, which had a scent that Rajagopal uses, and it disgusted Krishnaji. He said, "What is the matter with my hand? It is unclean. It is not my hand." He held it out the window and said several times, "It is not my hand. It has touched something unclean. That man is evil." He held it without touching anything, as he did in Bombay after the mob had soiled his hands.' They used to grab him…

S: Yes, I know.

M: Yes, you know. And I would have to go in the bathroom, turn on the tap and get the soap so…

S: …he wouldn't have to touch anything. Yes.

M: …he would wash his hands quickly with soap…

S: Yes.

M: …to get off this, this contact, and it was really not just imagined. Some people put his hand in their mouth. It's disgusting. 'The Blackburns were waiting when we got there, but he told them to wait outside. We went into the kitchen, I turned on the tap in the laundry and he washed the hand thoroughly before going out to tell Blackburn that whatever Blackburn is saying—he has now become a sort of guru and she does "healing"—that it has nothing to do with what Krishnaji is doing. We had lunch at Arya Vihara with Erna, Theo, Alan K., and Michael. After lunch, Krishnaji dictated a letter to Rajagopal suggesting they talk things over. The package turned out to be a quartz wristwatch. Krishnaji said, "He knows I don't ever wear a wristwatch. I will give it to Narayan." He felt clean again after the washing. Later we took a walk. The landslide at Big Rock outside Malibu is still raining rocks on the Pacific Coast Highway, which may be closed for weeks or longer.'

S: It's really genuinely nutty for someone to give Krishnaji a wristwatch, knowing he never uses wristwatches; and a quartz one when he has those fabulous mechanical Patek Philippes which he so enjoys. It's very strange.

M: Nothing coming from Rajagopal was ever too strange.

April eighteenth, 'I was unable to get diesel in Ojai. I went into Ventura for kitchen things, marketed, etcetera, but got back for lunch at Arya Vihara. Ruth McCandless was there. Rajagopal had telephoned while I was out and called again during lunch. He said he just wanted to point out that the instructions for using the quartz watch are in the box. I asked him if he wanted to speak to Krishnaji after lunch. He said no. I asked him if he had received Krishnaji's letter. He said, "What letter?" I said it had been posted yesterday and if he hadn't received it, it was probably in his letterbox. Krishnaji made me rest after lunch. He claims I am overtired and this seems to irritate him. Later, he said I continue to make faces and hand gestures.' He was always aware of when I fidgeted. [*S chuckles*.] 'Perhaps I do, but his irritability seems to be a sign of his own fatigue, too. Miranda was on the 7 o'clock ABC news, nationally reporting on the Hooker Chemical company abuses in Niagara Falls. We saw only the back of her head and hand holding the microphone doing the interview, but her voice was strong and incisive.'

The next day, 'It was another beautiful day. Krishnaji held the fourth public discussion in the Oak Grove. It lasted one-and-a-half hours. We lunched at Arya Vihara. At 4 p.m., we had forty people to tea, mostly people who have come a long distance for the talks: New York, Canada, South America, etcetera. A letter came from Rajagopal, or rather an envelope addressed to me with JK initials under my name. It was a brochure on the watch.' [*Laughs.*]

S: In case his gift wasn't sufficiently appreciated? [*Laughs*.]

M: Yes, that's right.

April twentieth. 'I spent the day doing desk work, house work, and errands. Krishnaji did basins around the new orange trees, and we walked to the dip.'

April twenty-first, 'Krishnaji says I still move my hands and mouth unnecessarily, and is determined to help me stop it.' [*S chuckles*.] 'He now sits opposite me on the floor and I'm absolutely still for some minutes. He says Brahmin boys used to be taught this.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I find it very easy. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his fifth Ojai talk in the Oak Grove after which we had lunch alone at home. Krishnaji napped briefly. Vicky Orfaly came by briefly to see the house, bringing a Scriabin recording. At 4 p.m., I went with Krishnaji to the formal dedication of the Oak Grove School buildings. We went through the main house with Mark and the architects, Ron Gammel, etcetera. It looked very nice. Then, with a large crowd looking on and helping, Krishnaji planted a sizable fig tree, the kind that becomes enormous, ficus macrophylla**[2]**. Next, with the architect Zelma Wilson joined by Max, we went through the school classroom building, also very good-looking.' She designed that one. 'Krishnaji wanted to designate where a wooden fence should go around the Oak Grove itself. So, we walked over there and he will make a statement for posterity that this part of the land must not be built upon or used for purposes other than quiet, serious ones, etcetera. We came back and showed Gammel and colleagues the cottage.'

April twenty-second. 'Krishnaji gave his sixth talk in the Oak Grove, completing this year's series, a very beautiful talk. Mrs. Vigeveno was standing behind the car when I came out. I went up to her and asked her how she was. She said she wanted to greet Krishnaji. She did so and gave him a note from Rajagopal, which said that he, Rajagopal, knew of nothing that needed to be settled between them, but that he wanted to see Krishnaji, "once more." Krishnaji and I had lunch alone, and he rested. Lacerta and Bandi came by at 3 p.m.; they are staying with the Paxtons, who are friends of theirs.' Those are two old friends of mine; Lacerta was German-born, I think. Bandi was the nickname of the husband of a friend of hers and a friend of mine, whose real name was Andrew Marton**[3]**; his nickname was Bandi. 'Then, at 4 p.m., there was a KFA trustee meeting, mostly to discuss Fritz and the adult center. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Ruth, Alan, with David Bohm and Mark included. Krishnaji is uneasy about Fritz for he has no contact with him, and fears that this is all intellectual with him. He seems serious about the teachings but with no passion in it. Krishnaji suggests Margrete has lessened the spirit for the teachings that Fritz seemed to have when he joined us. Later Krishnaji and I watered all the plants.'

April twenty-third. 'I did house cleaning, etcetera. John Rubel'—that's an architect—'brought clients of Charles Moore to see the house.' Charles Moore was the architect of the new part of this cottage, and John Rubel was a colleague. 'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji had an hour's talk with Fritz. I went to the first meeting to be held in the main house at the school, where parents and staff talked to Brockwood people: Stephen, Wendy, Verna, Matthew Mitchell, Denise, and Francisco.' Who was Francisco?

S: Oh, I remember him. He was a Brockwood staff member.

M: The twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji dictated letters, including one to Rajagopal in which he said that he was sorry that Rajagopal had again closed the door between them, that Krishnaji had wanted to talk over, among other matters, the archives, which were his and not Rajagopal's. He said the door was always open, "wherever I am." Balasundaram, who arrived for the last two talks and is staying with Colonel Noyes, had been invited to lunch at Arya Vihara. He arrived here at 11 a.m., so I had to spend a much-needed-for-other-things hour talking to him before Krishnaji appeared and we went to lunch at Arya Vihara at noon.' Do you remember Colonel Noyes?

S: I do remember Colonel Noyes. His granddaughter came to Brockwood.

M: The next day just says, 'I worked at the desk all day. Krishnaji mostly rested, but talked again to Fritz in the afternoon. We walked to the dip.'

The twenty-sixth of April. 'Krishnaji helped me clean the living room,' [*chuckles*] 'he with the wide broom and I with a vacuum.' He liked to push those big brooms. 'Earlier, I had washed the floors of the kitchen and hall. Later, Erna told me that Laura would like to clean this house as a job, so she came over and we talked over her cleaning the floors, bathrooms, vacuuming, etcetera and she will start Monday at $5…*$5 an hour*'!? Times have changed.

S: [*laughs*] Yes, times have changed.

M: Who was Laura? [*Pause.*]

S: Well, before this, you mentioned that Ted had a girlfriend named Laura. Perhaps it is she.

M: That's right. That's who it was. It was nice for her to offer to do the house. 'If this works, it will be an excellent arrangement. Elfriede will close and open the house, but cannot keep coming up here from Malibu every week in the future. Laura now lives in the back of the office and is very thorough besides being a nice person. If she does vacuuming, the bathrooms, and the floors once a week, I can do everything else easily. During lunch, Rajagopal telephoned me to ask what Krishnaji was doing during the next days. When was he leaving? I told him that Krishnaji was leaving on the fifteenth. Rajagopal said, "I hope I will see you," and hung up. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion mostly with David Bohm, but trustees and the Oak Grove School staff were present and some joined in. "Is separateness caused by desire?" was the question.'

April twenty-seventh. 'I worked most of the day at the desk. Max came to put missing hardware on some of the doors and windows. I picked up our tickets for London for May fifteenth. Krishnaji had his hair cut at Meiners Oaks.'



A photo of Mary from 1935

The next day, 'Again, I spent much of the day doing desk work. Alasdair planted four more tall ceanothus and cut the hedge by the garage. At 4 p.m., there was a meeting with Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Alan, Ruth, and me, plus Mark, Fritz, and Margrete, about the uses of Arya Vihara, which it was decided should now be called the Old House.' We kept trying to call it that, but nobody did it. [*S laughs*.] 'We discussed the activity there, who lives there, etcetera. Fritz and Margrete are going to move upstairs when Mark moves to Oak Grove.' Mark and Asha lived upstairs in those days, where Doug now lives. 'Michael remains where he is. The west room will be for the library where Krishnaji's books will be available for visitors, the east room will be for tape listening, and the middle room will be a quiet room. There was talk of a need for a certain atmosphere. Also, it was raised by Krishnaji that we should decide whether visitors or teachers can share rooms with unmarried partners.' [*Chuckles.*] 'And it was decided that they could not.' That's an ancient, long-gone matter.

S: Yes. [*Laughs*.]

M: 'Then it was decided that only permanent residents, i.e., Fritz, Margrete, and Michael, live there, except for times when Krishnaji's talks are on and we have visitors from other Krishnamurti Foundations. Fritz and Margrete agreed to all this but perhaps too readily. Later Krishnaji was full of doubts about them. He doesn't think Fritz understands the teachings; that it is all intellectual.'

S: Now, let me just recap here for a minute. This was an agreement reached by everyone that non-married couples would not stay together at Arya Vihara, and Fritz and Margrete were married by then.

M: Yes, I think they were by then, because we didn't know he was planning to marry when Krishnaji offered him the job, and he went back to…where did he come from?

S: Germany, but she was Danish.

M: She was Danish, and he reappeared with her.

The twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji asked Erna and Theo over after breakfast to speak of the Fritz business. He feels strongly that it is not going to work out, that Fritz hasn't a feeling for all this, has no communication with him, and that it is all talk. We questioned the whole adult center activity. Erna and I feel that we should let Fritz and Margrete have more of a try. Theo is more pessimistic. Both were at lunch, but walking back from the Old House, David Bohm told Krishnaji in confidence that Fritz is quite upset, and though Fritz didn't say so, Dave feels they want to leave. We told this to Erna and Theo at 3:30 p.m. so that we could consider what to do with the Old House if they do leave. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with Dave, the rest of us, and Oak Grove School teachers. A continuation of Thursday's meeting. "Is thought based on desire? Is there an action not based on this?" I spoke to my stepfather at Martha's Vineyard. His eyes are bad and the lonely meals are hard on him.'

S: What was Fritz upset about?

M: I don't know. I don't think they liked the job, and felt things were not working.

S: He felt, if I remember correctly, and I might be wrong in this, but he seemed to have some notion that he was going to be more central.

M: What?

S: Well, he was the one who…

M: …who understood everything.

S: Yes, and who people would come to—to discuss things when Krishnaji was no longer there. So, he was expecting to be put into a position of prominence that never panned out.

M: In fact, he must've picked up, from all these meetings alone with Krishnaji, that things were not working.

S: Yes, he must've picked that up, and he was not being given the prominence and the accolades that he expected. I remember this; I'm pretty sure that what I've just said is

correct. I wasn't in Ojai at the time, but Fritz and I had several conversations at Brockwood and Saanen, and there was always that feeling, from Margrete, too.

M: Yes. And I think she rather encouraged that. Fritz wasn't being treated with proper respect, though she didn't say that, but that was the atmosphere.

S: Yes. Well, he had a Ph.D. in physics, and he should've been treated almost like David Bohm, who was looked up to by people.

M: Yes. The thirtieth. 'Laura did the cleaning. Saral and David Bohm left for Canada after lunch. Krishnaji had a glaucoma pressure check, and was found to have no problems. At 4 p.m., Balasundaram came to see Krishnaji and talked for an hour. The geologist telephoned me with problems in getting a permit for the earth project in Malibu, so I talked to the county office. Krishnaji and I walked with Erna and Theo to the dip.'

The first of May. 'Each morning, Krishnaji sits quietly opposite of me on the floor to teach me to be still,' [*S chuckles*] 'not move my hands, face, etcetera, unnecessarily. Then, he does a vigorous massage of neck and back to help circulation in my leg and keep away headaches. Sometimes he jokes when I thank him, "I must help my benefactress."' [*Both laugh.*] 'This morning, he said, "I wouldn't do it if I didn't like you. Remember that." Pause, then, "Well, I guess I would, but you know what I mean."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I did much laundry, but Laura Martin, having done the floors yesterday, a business arrangement between us that I hope will be permanent, was a considerable help. I worked at the desk most of the morning. Evelyne and the Mendizzas, the Bohms, and Michael were at lunch, and at 4 p.m., Krishnaji and I joined them by the school where Krishnaji was photographed walking, also in the Oak Grove. He is quite bored with this filming and luckily this was the final chore in it for him. It took almost two hours. But earlier after lunch, Michael Mendizza had shown us a few clips of the film, which made me feel it may turn out well. I said I would like to see the text of the narration when it is done and also the film itself before it is final. This could be on my return in November. They agree. A note from Rajagopal came for Krishnaji with a clipping of a sentimental poem on friendship and two lines underneath saying this is what he would feel all his life, and even afterward. Krishnaji was so disgusted he barely glanced at it. It was one of those "Friendship is when…etcetera, etcetera." The temptation is to reply that friendship isn't when one steals, etcetera, etcetera.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Balasundaram came and talked to Krishnaji for an hour yesterday. He had seen Rajagopal, and said that he had urged him to return the archives and be friendly before he dies. He said Rajagopal refused to discuss the archives, and was keeping things to defend himself, "in case they attack me," and said, "They are hoping for my demise." Balasundaram himself headed off Krishnaji's asking him to return the Rishi Valley tapes he had made off with when he left Rishi Valley by weeping and saying that Krishnaji and his teachings meant everything to him. Devious fellows,' I say. 'In the evening I wrote a letter to the L.A. County about a permit to correct the Malibu landslide danger and posted it in hopes a permit will be issued and this mountainously complicated thing can begin. It has been one difficulty after another in Malibu since we left.'

May second. ‘I spent most of the day working at the desk. Balasundaram lunched with us at the Old House. Krishnaji discussed with Erna, Theo, Mark, and me about Fritz. My brother rang from New York. He and Lisa are going to San Francisco tomorrow on business and to see Liddy’—that’s one of my brother’s daughters.

May third. ‘Krishnaji talked with Fritz at 10:30 a.m. Then, Krishnaji, Fritz, Margrete, Mark, Erna, Theo, and I talked anew about the adult center and the use of the Old House. It was a different atmosphere and a more constructive talk. Krishnaji “really worked,” he said, at getting through to Fritz, and things seemed better. I had to skip lunch and go to the bank for a cashier’s check for the L.A. County engineer to put up a surety bond for each piling project at the “toe” of the hillside in Malibu in order to get a permit. Amanda and Phil arrived at 2:30 p.m. and we spent a pleasant time sitting and talking. Phil took the check to deliver for me to the county office in Malibu. After they left, Krishnaji washed the green car and I had a staggering estimate from some earth moving contractor in Topanga of $26,000. After a long discussion with him, I got it down to $15,000 to $17,000. It will be on a time basis. All this has become a mounting disaster.’

May fourth. ‘In the British election, Labor’s Callaghan is out and Margaret Thatcher becomes prime minister. Krishnaji cannot watch her on TV. “That awful bourgeois woman. He now has two *bête noire* in England, Thatcher and the Queen.”’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘At 11 a.m., Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went in the green Mercedes to Santa Barbara where at the IRS office, in less than five minutes, we got Krishnaji’s tax clearance, which he needs as a resident each time he leaves the county.’ Well, he had no income, no nothing, so it was easy. ‘We stopped at the Danish store and bought teakwood oil for cleaning the furniture.’ The teakwood furniture needs oiling or it did then. ‘Then, we lunched at The Tea House, after which we drove pleasantly back along the beach and then through the mountains, which pleased Krishnaji. Lake Casitas was beautiful. At lunch, Krishnaji asked what each would do if we had a lot of money; “something extravagant” he was asking for. None of us could come up with a sufficiently frivolous answer.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘Good works were out, taken for granted. But after them, what? Krishnaji, laughing, said, “I’d probably keep getting the newest Mercedes, not going anywhere, just washing it every week.”’ [*Both laugh*.] ‘I thought I might keep Rajagopal tied up in law courts until he handed over everything to Krishnaji and did penance.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘We queued up for gas in Ojai with about ten other cars ahead of us. The shortage is beginning to tie up California. Balasundaram telephoned to say goodbye and to tell us that Rajagopal had rung him six times last night wanting to see Balasundaram again and asking if we had sent him as an emissary. I spoke to the geologist. The permit was finally issued this morning and the earthwork begun. The earth moving man, on his own, asked Phil and Amanda if some earth could be piled temporarily on their side of the bottom of the canyon, and they agreed. It is still a cliffhanger whether we will get a permit to move sufficient earth smoothly from Cal Trans’—Cal Trans is the California Transit Authority, the road people—‘as there is litigation over the Big Rock slide.’ That’s part way down the highway toward Santa Monica, which is always sliding. ‘Krishnaji wants to come with me to Malibu tomorrow. He wants to drive his car, and is shy to do it when the Lilliefelts are there, as today. He said, “They might worry.”’ [*Chuckles*.]

May fifth, 'Lorna'—that's my cousin—'called about my stepfather's health. Krishnaji and I left for Malibu at 10:30 a.m. in the green Mercedes, Krishnaji driving the usual part from the poplar trees on the Pacific Coast Highway. There was hardly a car on the road along the ocean due to the Pacific Coast Highway closure at Big Rock.' Big Rock was to the south of Malibu, toward Santa Monica, but we come from the north, so we could get where we wanted to go. 'We went right to the Dunnes', and walked down their road to the bottom of our canyon, where I met the man from Topanga Unlimited, which is doing the earth piling. We discussed and signed an agreement for a $15,000-to-$20,000 cost. Walked back up with Krishnaji and ate a rice salad and fruit that we had brought, sitting on the terrace with Amanda and Phil. Krishnaji was amused by a newspaper column that Phil read about the fencing of California and of its Governor Moonbeam.' Do you remember Governor Moonbeam? [*Laughing.*]

S: Yes, Brown!

M: That's right. [*Chuckles*.] 'We watched the Kentucky Darby on television…' Derby, we say in this country, Derby. One has to be careful between the Darby in England and the Derby here. 'It was won by Spectacular Bid. Then, Krishnaji and I went over to our side, saw Fred, and saw the deterioration of the earth. Cracks are eight to ten feet wide; in places, they go down six feet. I don't know how to arrange it after the earth slide is arrested; but think planning should wait until it is certain that no more movement is expected, and my return in November. Except for the disaster area, the place looks so beautiful. Roses are enormous and in full bloom. I gathered an armful. We drove back. Krishnaji again at the wheel for the usual part. "May I talk seriously?" he said as we were away up the quiet, empty road.' [*Long pause*.] '"Because of our relationship, I'd never leave you. That will never change. There is something sacred in it. People don't understand this." He's thinking about what he will say tomorrow in the discussion with the staff on the business of relationships, and in particular, the not sharing of rooms by unmarried couples. He had been sorting out in conversations, the past few days, the differences in relationship seriousness.' I'm surprised that there were such discussions.

S: I am, too.

M: Yes. I don't remember them.

The next day. 'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a continuation of last Sunday's discussion with the staff. The discussion was on the relationship in which there is no self. Max and his brother, Alan Tansill, were also there. I told Max about Malibu and he is going to take a look on Wednesday. Afterward, Theo brought Krishnaji five little silver boxes gilded inside and put in each tiny pieces of jewels. This is Theo's gift and project, and he is very intense about it. We sat around the table as he arranged it all before Krishnaji. Then, Krishnaji stayed alone with them for about five minutes and did whatever he does while we sat in the living room. Krishnaji closed the boxes, then called us back and the boxes were put in a bag, which Krishnaji will keep on his person for some days. Later, one box will go in the school building in some secret place, and one in the Grove. The others are to be kept for the future. There is, of course, one in this house, put in the foundation by

Theo when it was being built, and one similarly in the school main house. This is an ancient Indian notion of bringing a certain atmosphere, a religious quality to a place. Krishnaji jokes about it lightly, but it was his idea to do it, eagerly accepted by Theo as his task. At 10 p.m., I telephoned Filomena in Rome. It was May seventh in Rome and her birthday. She said she'd fallen and broken her hip last week, but she is not in a cast and she is alright. Her voice sounded strong and well.'

S: I wonder where Theo put the others.

M: I don't remember. How many were there? [*Pause*.] It says five little silver boxes he brought.

S: Yes, but then one was…

M: One was…well, he'd already put the one in this house.

S: He'd already put those in, yes. And he'd already put the one in the schoolhouse.

M: In the schoolhouse, and one in the Grove.

S: So, I wonder what happened to them?

M: I don't know. Erna would've had them when Theo died. I don't know. That was Theo's project.

The next day there isn't anything but desk work and housework.

The eighth of May, 'I left early for errands in Los Angeles, to Bamberger about taxes, and payments for the earth piling in Malibu; then to Helen for a haircut, and finally bought a new suitcase. There were long lines at all gas stations. I heard that the Pacific Coast Highway, which has been open for three days, had to be closed again after another slide at Big Rock. Got back to Ojai before 5 p.m., but joined a queue at the Chevron station, and after forty-five minutes, was able to fill the diesel in the Mercedes, so at least it will have fuel when I return in the autumn. Krishnaji was watering the plants. Alain Naudé called; he plans to drive down here from San Francisco tomorrow in his new Honda if he can get gas. He has his U.S. citizenship.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated letters, including a reply to Rajagopal's sending him a corny clipping on friendship. Alain rang in the afternoon, saying he had to turn back to San Francisco for lack of gas.'

May tenth, 'Automatic sprinklers were put in along the walk up to the front door here. Dr. Geschickter, who years ago was assistant to Dr. Bloodgood'—Bloodgood was the head of orthopedics at Johns Hopkins who prescribed the experimental radiation treatment for the tumor in my leg in 1931, and has followed my case—'came to tea with his sister-in-law and her husband. He gave me some useful advice on the leg, including

not to let blood sugar levels drop, i.e., if suddenly tired, eat something. And said that radiation of the leg wasn't the kind that is accumulative in the body, but to avoid X-rays. Krishnaji received a letter from Rajagopal and had me telephone him to review his accusations that when KF India had published the collected works, it was "in complete violation of the letter and the spirit of the settlement." Also, he affirmed his statement that he had not removed anything from the archives. What ensued was an interminable, impossible conversation. I tried to make the points that the KF India had not published any collected works. The only collected works I knew of in India were by Chetena.' Do you remember that other publisher, Chetena? 'That I had met the head of Chetena in Bombay and asked him if he were publishing without Rajagopal's permission and he said he hadn't "up to a point." Rajagopal didn't pursue this and said, "Never mind about it." I then spoke of his denial of removing archives material, and asked if that meant he was restoring the missing material?'



A fashion photo of Mary

'Rajagopal: "All the letters that you and others have been claiming do not belong to the archives. Everything that belongs in the archives are there."' That means he had them at his house. 'He said the archives were not defined. I said, on the contrary, they were spelled out in the legal agreement, etcetera. He denied that the letters, Krishnaji's manuscript, and materials sent by Jinarajadasa for Krishnaji belong to the archives. He said if there is anything specific Krishnaji wants to see, he should list things specifically, and then he would make a copy'—meaning he, Rajagopal—'he denied that he had

withheld part of Pupul's account of events in Ootacamund even though Pupul says much of it is missing in the copies that Rajagopal gave. He said if Krishnaji wants something, which he remembers and which might be there, he will be glad to make a copy, but he must know exactly what it is, and it still may not be there. Rajagopal said, "I don't claim anything is mine, but everything which has been sent for the archives is already in the archives." I asked if he once said original manuscripts had been destroyed by him. He replied, "I said 'may have.'" He said, "If they are gone, I have not got them. I can't produce them. For the last fifty years I have been doing this work. What is the reason you question me now?" I said he was not giving sensible answers, and asked if he had the manuscripts, was he willing for Krishnaji to look at them?'

'Rajagopal: "He can see anything he wants to in my house." He said there were only typewritten manuscripts, not in Krishnaji's handwriting.'

'I asked what happened to the original; they are the most valuable and precious part of any archive material.'

'Rajagopal: "He can see whatever there is, but he must ask exactly what manuscripts, not generally this or that. He must be specific. Whatever is not there cannot be produced. If you don't believe me, I am sorry."'

'I asked again about Pupul's statement. And he said, "Why should you accept her statement? She may have forgotten. Anyway, nothing can be done about it. I can't produce them, and if you don't believe it and he doesn't believe what I am telling you, it is too bad. I do not wish to talk to him indirectly. There is no point in talking. For ten years, I've been trying to talk to him, not in connection with these things. I have been treated as someone who has done something wrong. I am not coming to him as a penitent. I am talking of that. It is not possible to divorce the work I am doing, to live completely isolated. There are things which are of concern to both of us."'

'I said, "We are all trying to find some way so that things can be sorted out in a friendly, amicable way and establish an amicable relationship between us."' These are the kind of conversations I used to have with him. [*S chuckles*.] Absolutely intransigent; lying and so forth.

The next day, 'I am mostly doing desk work. Sprinklers continue to be put in. Rajagopal telephoned me to acknowledge that Krishnaji's letter came to him.'

May twelfth is 'Krishnaji's eighty-fourth birthday, though, as always, he waved away any mention of it. It was a very hot day, but the adobe walls keep that wing cool and comfortable. I did desk work all day, including writing a letter to Rajagopal, putting on paper what I had said variously in Thursday's telephone conversation.'

The next day, 'It is a hot day in the nineties. The air conditioning in the old part of the cottage is not working. I spent much of the day packing. Talked to Bud, Miranda, etcetera. Krishnaji washed the green car.'

And for the following day I am still, 'Packing. Krishnaji washed the gray Mercedes before Dieter came to put both cars up on blocks for the summer. I telephoned my stepfather at the Vineyard, and said I would come to see him in November.'

The next is both May sixteenth and seventeenth as we were crossing time zones. 'I finally finished packing, and did all the laundry I could. Rajagopal telephoned to say he was "verbally acknowledging" my letter, and also to ask if Krishnaji and I were going to New York. "I just wondered in case I want to telephone."' [*Chuckles.*]

S: He was nutty.

M: Completely nutty. 'There was a noon lunch at Arya Vihara, and at 1:30 p.m., Krishnaji, Mark, and I left in the school van. We went the inland way as the Pacific Coast Highway is closed again by the Big Rock slide. We got to LAX by 4 p.m., and checked in. I sat with the hand luggage, while Krishnaji and Mark stood looking at the aircraft.' Krishnaji used to wander around in airports, and I was afraid to leave the hand luggage in case it'd be stolen. And he would go off, and I…[*both laugh*] was afraid I'd lose him, or something.

S: Yes.

M: It was very frustrating. [*S chuckles again.*] 'Krishnaji and Mark stood looking at the aircraft, a 747, and Krishnaji noticed a crack near one of the doors. Pretty soon some ground crew noticed it too, and instead of boarding and taking off at 5:30 p.m., we sat till 9 p.m., and left in a substitute plane, which stopped to refuel in New York at 5 a.m. where Krishnaji and I walked around for exercise for forty-five minutes. It was too early to telephone my brother. So, on we flew and landed at Heathrow at 6 p.m., a relatively quiet time there. So, a porter and luggage were quickly had. Dorothy, in her Cortina, took Krishnaji and me, and Ingrid and Stephen took the luggage. It was 9 p.m. when we reached Brockwood, but still light. The students and staff were on the driveway to greet Krishnaji. He and I had supper quickly, alone in our little kitchen. "How quiet it is," said Krishnaji. How green Brockwood is—the spring has been cold and late, so the leaves on the beech trees are just beginning. I went straight to bed and deeply to sleep.'

May seventeenth, 'I woke up a little after 4 a.m., and felt like getting up, so I unpacked, bathed, dressed, and all was in order before getting breakfast. A satisfaction. Krishnaji slept most of the morning, but got up for lunch. Narayan, Venkataraman, and Mrs. Premilla Rajan were here from Rishi Valley. Dr. Parchure arrived from Bombay in the evening. I talked to Mary Links; she and Joe are just back from Venice.'

The eighteenth: 'In the morning, I talked in the kitchen to Dr. Parchure at length. Edna Cleeve came to clean. I ran the washing machine, which leaked, and the ceiling in the hall below fell in. The rug is badly spotted.' [*Laughs.*] There was always a leak!

S: I know [*laughing*].

M: 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and the dogs and I walked across the fields. I feel again the wordless love for and beauty of this land. Went to the staff meeting at 5 p.m., and eased into Brockwood life as if it were an uninterrupted thread from Ojai, which, of course, it is.' [*With great feeling in her voice*:] I love Brockwood so much.

S: Yes, I do too. I do too.

M: I want to cry when I read about it.

S: Yes.

M: The nineteenth. 'I did desk work. There was a long discussion at lunch about the purposes of the schools. We walked.'

May twentieth. 'Krishnaji talked to the school. John McGreevy…' Oh, he was the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation man who did that film with Krishnaji walking through the garden and Krishnaji never liked that thing.

S: Was that the one that Krishnaji was speaking through the glass of the window?

M: Yes.

S: That was a terrible film.

M: Yes, anyway, 'John McGreevy, who did the Canadian Broadcasting Company film on Krishnaji, and his colleague Jennifer Pancher came to talk and lunch. He has just done a series on various cities of the world seen through the eyes of individuals. For example, he did one on Leningrad with Peter Ustinov, and just completed one on London with Jonathan Miller. McGreevy said that Miller is going to do a series of his own and should talk to Krishnaji. At 6:30 p.m., the students put on Anouilh's *Antigone* in the Assembly Hall. Daphne Maroger played Antigone. Krishnaji attended and stayed for all of it; he thought they were very good. There was a "Greek" supper afterward. The whole school seemed happy and united.'

S: Kathy produced that. I think that was Kathy's first drama production at Brockwood.

M: Oh, yes, I remember she did that.

S: It was one of the best, that and the other play that she did were the two best plays that we had ever done at Brockwood.

M: She should've gone on doing that.

S: I know.

M: May twenty-first. ‘Krishnaji slept poorly. We’re changing his supper menu from soup to a cooked vegetable. Krishnaji saw Shankar Ramachandran, a student, after lunch. We walked a little. There was a school meeting.’

The next day. ‘I went to Winchester on errands, and Krishnaji spoke to students. We walked in the afternoon, then I telephoned Vanda.’

May twenty-third was ‘a quiet day. I worked at my desk and walked in the afternoon with Krishnaji. The car was given a new battery and put in running order. I telephoned Filomena in Rome.’

May twenty-fourth. ‘We took the 10:20 a.m. train to London. Mary and Joe met us at Waterloo and drove Krishnaji to Huntsman. I went to the bank and then met Krishnaji at Truefitt where he had his hair cut. Then we walked to Fortnum’s where Mary joined us for lunch. She told Krishnaji she will do the second volume of his biography. She has just finished a book about her grandfather, Edward Robert Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Earl of Lytton and Viceroy of India, and will next do one on her father, the famous architect, Sir Edward Lutyens, and then do Krishnaji’s. She says she’s figured out a way to do it without a whitewash of the troubles with Rajagopal. It will be on the teachings and much less personal material than the earlier one. Krishnaji was very pleased, and I feel a huge sense of something good happening. I feared she didn’t want to take on the second volume. I have a deep sense of good in her making the decision to do it. Joe kindly drove Krishnaji to the dentist. I did some more errands and then went to Portland Place’—that’s where the dentist was—‘in time for Joe to take both of us back to Waterloo.’

The twenty-fifth, ‘I met Mary Cadogan at 11 a.m. at Petersfield. She stayed to lunch. Krishnaji talked to the staff in the afternoon at 5 p.m.’

Then there’s not much for the next two days except that on the twenty-seventh, ‘Krishnaji spoke to school at noon.’

May twenty-eighth. ‘Krishnaji dictated the thirty-second *Letters to the Schools* to be mailed out next December fifteenth. I talked to Ginny Travers’—that’s Virginia McKenna. ‘She’s in rehearsal for the opening of *The King and I* with Yul Brynner.’

The next day. ‘Krishnaji spoke to students while the staff had a meeting. After lunch, I took Narayan, Shakuntala, Natasha, and Premilla Rajan to Winchester.’

May thirtieth. ‘I telephoned to Dr. Scheef to tell him we won’t go to Bonn this year, but he said he will send medication for us to someone in Germany who will bring it to Saanen. I made our travel reservations for London to Geneva for July first. In the afternoon, Krishnaji discussed student exchanges between Brockwood and India with Dorothy, Narayan, Dr. Parchure, Venkataraman, Mrs. Rajan, Scott, Kathy, Julie Desnick, and Kathy Harris.’

May thirty-first. 'Krishnaji, Narayan, and I took the 10:23 a.m. train to London. Joe met us, dropped Narayan in Piccadilly, and Krishnaji and me at Huntsman. We later took a taxi to Mary and Joe's, and lunched with them at their flat. Krishnaji talked a bit to Mary about the biography, especially the question of what gives him his insight. Is it the Maitreya theory, Krishnaji's own development, or is there some other thing manifesting? Krishnaji says he doesn't know. He has feelings that he shouldn't ask, but perhaps in going into it with Mary and me, we can find an answer.' That's when he made that curious statement. 'Mary is eager to talk to him on these matters, and will come down to Brockwood Monday. Joe took Krishnaji to Mr. Thompson at 2:45 p.m., and took me later to join him. Thompson operated on Krishnaji's upper right gum, cleaned out some infection, and sewed it up with a pack. It took about an hour.' He had horrible things happen to him. 'Joe took us back to Waterloo where we caught the 4:20 p.m. back to Petersfield.'

June first. 'Krishnaji is not in too much pain, he says. But he chews only on one side. He is laughing at the *TIME* magazine saying that some call Mrs. Thatcher "Attila the Hen."' [*Both laugh*.] 'I took Premilla Rajan to Winchester. We walked along the river Itchen, did an hour's tour of Winchester College together, then I took her around, saw the cathedral and we were back in time for lunch. I went alone to Petersfield afterward to get plants, etcetera, for the house. Radha Burnier arrived just in time to attend a staff meeting with Krishnaji, a discussion of what is opinion.'

June second. 'Dorothy drove Krishnaji, Radha Burnier, and me to London. We had a picnic hamper and intended to have lunch in Hyde Park, but it was crowded. So, we went looking for a quiet place on side streets and wound up at a free parking space in the shade opposite Mary and Joe's. We ate our picnic nicely in the car and then went to see the Indian film *highly* recommended by Pupul, Satyajit Ray's *The Chess Players*.' [*Chuckles.*] Did you ever see that?

S: No.

M: 'Not marvelous, but alright. Got back by 7:30 p.m. Radha and I had supper in the West Wing kitchen. On my way back, Krishnaji intently quizzed us on "What has man done in these thousands of years?"' [*Light chuckle*.] 'Developed outwardly but not inwardly. *How* true.'

S: Yes.

M: June third, 'The Marogers, Jean-Michel, Marie-Bertrande, Diane, and cousin Pauline de Grémont arrived.' Do you remember her?

S: Oh, yes.

M: She was nice. 'Krishnaji spoke to the whole school at noon. In the afternoon, he treated Diane, and then had a long talk with Jean-Michel, Marie-Bertrande, and me about Diane. Her bones are getting stronger, but she has not grown in length. She is now

twelve-and-a-half and her classmates in school are shooting up. Her parents are obviously very concerned. Krishnaji was very intense. He said, "I would give my life to her if I could." I had been silently thinking the same. Krishnaji talked at first as if he were telling the parents what Diane faces, something they live with every day, worry over, and have faced all these years. He told them about Isabelle Mallet, who was disabled and fell in love with him, and asked to be loved, etcetera. This is when he was young. He said, "I was too young to understand what she really wanted. I liked her, went to see her every day, but was too innocent to understand." He told about the woman in Madras with a broken hip whom he saw and she was cured, and Fresia, whose cardio X-rays changed overnight. "What we need is a miracle," he said.'

June fourth, 'Mary Links and Amanda came at 11 a.m. We sat in Krishnaji's room and he talked about the biography. What had kept him "vacant" as a boy? Either some power that wished to manifest—like the Maitreya theory. Or was there an innate something in the boy, an evolution through incarnations, which Krishnaji said is superstition. Or was there a power of goodness, which entered the boy. "I've always felt protected," he said. And then, "If I enter an airplane, it will not fall." But he kept asking and asking the question of how was the boy vacant and what kept him that way? We stopped while he dressed, and Mary and I talked alone in the drawing room. Then, after lunch we resumed with Krishnaji continuing the same inquiry. I took partial notes. Toward the end of the discussion, he said that perhaps he could not answer the question, but perhaps Mary or I could, and if we did, then he would know if it was right.' This is that well-known conversation.

S: Yes.

M: 'He said the Maitreya or reincarnated body prepared over a number of lives theories were "suspect." It would mean that it was restricted to him, and the teachings say that all can achieve it or "It is not worth it otherwise." At 4 p.m., he saw Diane. Then the walk was with Narayan, Dorothy, and me. In the evening he talked to Narayan with Dr. Parchure and me present. He is concerned that Narayan might become authoritarian and set in his ways, as others have before him.'

The next day it just says: 'Krishnaji spoke to students. I went to a staff meeting. Krishnaji treated Diane.'

June sixth. 'I took the 9:23 a.m. train to London, determined to use the Underground and, on it, got to Connaught Street, where Mr. Gordon of Mayfair, Mary's hairdresser, cut my hair acceptably. Then I went to Diemel on Bond Street and got some underthings for Krishnaji, including trunks, as they are called, that don't have elastic. They button.' [*Chuckles.*] Didn't you inherit some of his Diemel undershirts?"

S: Yes, I did, and have them to this day.

M: 'I fetched new eyeglasses. Then went to see Betsy, who has taken Liz Pringle's small house off the Fulham Road. A nice little house with a tiny garden and very nice Jamaican

maid. Betsy is intent on buying a flat in London. I caught the 4:20 p.m. back to Petersfield. Had supper on a tray with Krishnaji and watched Dave Allen on TV,' [*both chuckle*] 'a very funny man. Krishnaji had treated Diane.'



Mary in 1979, at Brockwood. This is the year covered in this issue (Copyright Mary Zimbalist).

June seventh, 'Krishnaji and I went to London on the 10:23 a.m. train. Joe Links, once again, kindly met Krishnaji and drove us to Huntsman. We shopped for a present for Vanda, and found a beige jersey at Peal's. We bought some books at Hatchards and then lunched with Mary and Alain Naudé, who arrived from San Francisco yesterday. He is going on after a week to see Vanda in Florence, then to Zurich to see Dr. Künzli, who was an orthopedic whiz, about a homeopathy book translation.' Alain had translated one of those bible homeopathic things.

S: I remember.

M: 'A pleasant, talkative lunch, but Krishnaji feels he has lost touch with Alain. "He has left us." I think he means the teachings, as well as us, though on the surface we are friendly and have much to laugh and chat about. Joe again, the endlessly kind man, drove Krishnaji and me to Mr. Thompson, where the stitches from last week's gum operation were removed in fifteen minutes, and we were off to Waterloo.'

June eighth. ‘I worked at the desk most of the morning while Krishnaji rested. He saw Diane, and at 5 p.m., talked to the staff about thinking together.’ [*S chuckles*.] Does that ring a bell in your brain?

S: Boy, does it ever. [*M chuckles*.]

M: The next day just says, ‘Krishnaji dictated letters, treated Diane at 4 p.m., and talked to Gizelle Questiau. We walked in a rapture of flowers.’ [*S laughs*.]

June tenth.‘Krishnaji talked to the school. Balasundaram arrived in the afternoon to spend three days. He and Narayan have not met or spoken in some years, not since Narayan took over the principal-ship from Balasundaram at Rishi Valley. Probably it is good for them to be thrown together here. Krishnaji saw Diane and asked the Marogers to stay on another three days. He told me that when he treats her, the room becomes filled with something. We walked. I moved the Marogers up to the West Wing dining room, as Radha is still in the guest room.’

There’s nothing of note for the next day, but for the twelfth it says: ‘I did desk work, but Krishnaji spoke to students, while there was a staff meeting, which I attended. The Marogers left. I put Narayan in the West Wing dining room.’

June thirteenth, ‘I went to London alone for Krishnaji’s Swiss visa and miscellaneous errands, taking the Tube and walking. Yesterday, Elfriede rang me from Malibu, but I was on a walk and not given the message till just as I was leaving this morning. So I went into Claridge’s and called her from there. She is just back from a six-weeks holiday in Germany, and wanted permission to have Calvin do the weeds, which are too much for Lorry. The earth has sunk so that the leach field has to be relocated. She said a prospective buyer has been around. I was too tired to go to the museum as I had intended. So I went back to Brockwood, and early to sleep.’

The fourteenth. ‘Sarjit Siddoo, her husband, and her child are here. Balasundaram left. I took Radha Burnier to the Petersfield train station in the afternoon. Krishnaji talked to Sarjit Siddoo’s husband. It rains and then it rains.’

June fifteenth. ‘It is a cold day. I spent most of it doing desk work. Krishnaji talked to the student, Shankar, after lunch. We had a short walk, then he talked to the staff at 5 p.m.’

The next day, ‘There is some sun. I typed *Letters to the Schools*. Krishnaji talked to Shankar again in the morning, and the staff had a meeting with Shankar in afternoon. He has decided to go to a U.S. university. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields. Betsy telephoned. She has made an offer on a flat.’

The seventeenth, ‘Krishnaji talked to the school. I typed *Letters to the Schools*. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji did a discussion, which Scott videotaped, with five teachers: Harsh, Stephen, Wendy, Brian Nicholson, and Matthew Mitchell. We walked afterward.’

The next day just says, ‘I worked on typing the *Letters to the Schools* and doing housework. Walked across the fields. A warm day.’

June nineteenth. ‘A warm day, the first one here. Krishnaji spoke alone with the students at noon, while I went to a staff meeting. Krishnaji saw Denise Sullivan after lunch.’ Who was Denise Sullivan?

S: She was a teacher.

M: Oh. ‘And later, he, Dorothy, and I pruned rhododendron blossoms in the grove, but Krishnaji began to feel hay fever and returned to the house. I talked with Fleur in London.’

S: Okay. We have to end it there, I’m afraid.

M: Alright.

S: We’ve run out of tape.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] French for “faraway,” “vacant,” “abstracted,” etcetera.

[2] Interestingly, a type of banyan tree that he was so fond of in India.

[3] A film director, producer, and editor who, as second unit director, directed the chariot race in Sam’s film, *Ben Hur*.

Issue 60: June 20, 1979 to October 10, 1979

This issue seems to glide sweetly through the summer of 1979, from Brockwood to Saanen and back to Brockwood without anything major occurring. But Krishnaji's health and fatigue are worrying, especially considering he is about to return to India which always depleted him.

Mary: We start today's discussion with the events of June 20, 1979, and for that day my diary reads, 'It is a hot day. Krishnaji did a videotaped discussion with Brockwood teachers. I went to London with Dorothy and some students. I went alone to Harrods for some photocopying, then to a Victoria and Albert Museum exhibit and looked at other things till mid-afternoon. After that, I went to Betsy's for tea and a rest. Finally, I went by bus and Tube to the Roundhouse theater and joined the Brockwood group, where we saw Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea* played by Vanessa Redgrave and Terence Stamp. I drove home with Dorothy and some others, getting back by 1 a.m.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I went to the Petersfield train station to go to London, but the train was late and Krishnaji was sick to his stomach, so we came back to Brockwood and he spent the day in bed. It is a colic pain with nausea, but it went away. We were to have had lunch with Mary L. and discuss the new biography, but she may come down here next week.'

On June twenty-second it only says that, 'I did desk work all day. The weather was cold and damp again. Krishnaji rested all day except for getting up for lunch.' And the following day it just says that, 'Krishnaji did a videotaped discussion with teachers in the afternoon.'

June twenty-fourth. 'At noon, Krishnaji talked to the whole school. Lou Blau telephoned me after being in Malibu with the geologist and Max, and they agreed to take $10,000 off the price of the house for the leach field problems.' The ground had sunk so badly that the leach field was damaged and had to be replaced.

June twenty-fifth, 'I met Mary Links at the Petersfield station. We talked with Krishnaji before and after lunch on things for the second volume of the biography. I made notes as I did last time.' I would make notes of these discussions and then send them off to Mary.

The next day it just says, 'Krishnaji talked to the students alone**[1]**. I went to the staff meeting.' When Krishnaji talked alone to the students, the staff would usually have a staff meeting.

June twenty-seventh, 'I went alone to London and did several errands, and bought an Aquascutum coat. Then I went to a matinee of *The King and I* with Ginny McKenna and Yul Brynner.' They were the actors. 'I went backstage afterward and had tea with Ginny, took the Tube back to Waterloo, and the 7:20 p.m. train back to Petersfield. Krishnaji had talked to Kathy Harris and Dr. Rahula.'

June twenty-eighth. ‘Krishnaji held two videotaped discussions with Dr. Rahula, Phiroz Mehta, Narayan, Dr. Parchure, Stephen Smith, Shakuntala, Scott Forbes, and me. The first was in the morning and again in the afternoon.’

For the next two days, most of what was happening was packing.

July first. ‘I did as much laundry as possible before lunch at 12:30 p.m. George Digby and Sybil Dobinson were there. Dorothy, Montague, and Doris left in the Land Rover for Saanen. Ingrid drove Krishnaji and me to Heathrow, where at 3:55 p.m. we went by Swiss Air to Geneva and the Hôtel des Bergues. After arriving, I rang Vanda at Tannegg, where she and Fosca had just arrived. We dined in the Amphitryon pleasantly.’ That was the restaurant in the hotel, and it was a favorite restaurant.

July second. ‘We got up late and, after breakfast, went to Jacquet.’ That was where he had ties made. ‘We lunched at the Amphitryon, then went to Patek, Grand Passage for an Adidas training suit for Krishnaji, and the newest Braun shaver.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘Hertz delivered a Ford Fiesta to the hotel, and we drove off along the lake, up through Lausanne and so via Bulle, etcetera, to Gstaad, arriving at Chalet Tannegg at 6:30 p.m. Vanda was there, also the David Mustarts’—that sounds familiar but brings nothing to my memory. ‘They left.’ [*S laughs*.] Never to be seen again as far as I can remember. ‘Waiting for me was a letter from Henry Bamberger’—that’s the man who pays the bills for me—‘about data on payments of the Ojai building for tax purposes.’

July third. ‘We slept late. It was a quiet day, and the weather was cold. Krishnaji stayed in bed. Dr. Parchure arrived with Harsh and Claire. I wrote to Henry about finances.’

The fourth. ‘I went with Dr. Parchure and Ulrich Brugger to see Chalet Rehbock, where Dr. Parchure and others from Brockwood are staying. It is near the Park Hotel. Then I did errands. Krishnaji rested but came to the lunch table, and Frances and Mar de Manziarly lunched with us. In the afternoon, Krishnaji had a haircut, and in the evening, Bamberger telephoned me about permission to pay Max for the grading of the Malibu land. Earth piling is completed and Ramiras, the geologist, is paid. Dr. Parchure confirmed my fear for Verna.’ Oh dear, yes; Verna had a malignancy, and she died very soon after we learned of it.

Scott: Oh, yes. Verna Kreuger. She was a lovely woman. She worked in the kitchen at Brockwood from the earliest days.

M: A lovely woman. And had a terrible cancer, breast cancer, which she revealed only to Dr. Parchure before he left, and she died a few days later, as I recall.

S: Yes. She was the first person to die at Brockwood after we acquired it.

M: The next day. ‘I went to fetch Dr. Parchure for Krishnaji’s early exercises, then went to the bank and did other errands in the village. I needed to find something to protect the carpets when Krishnaji got his oil massage from Dr. Parchure. Krishnaji came to the table

with Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and me for lunch. He didn't walk for fear of the sun and hay fever.'

July sixth. 'I fetched Dr. Parchure to Tannegg, and again did errands in the village. Vanda invited Sofia and Carlos Silva to lunch.' They were ex-Brockwood people who now lived in Rome, and she was an acupuncturist who treated Filomena.

S: Yes, I remember them.

M: 'I telephoned Ingrid at Brockwood about Shakuntala coming here. Verna is worse.'

July seventh. 'Again, I fetched Dr. Parchure to Tannegg. Dorothy, Montague, and Doris arrived in the Land Rover, so I went to see them in the Saanen camping ground, and told them about Verna's illness. Krishnaji wrote to Verna and so did I.'

July eighth. 'I fetched Dr. Parchure to Tannegg at 6:15 a.m. as Krishnaji needed to be ready to give his first Saanen talk in the tent at 10:30. It was on thinking together. He spoke for exactly one hour. Dr. Parchure returned with us in the car and he gave Krishnaji a massage. Krishnaji came to the lunch table, and Peter Racz was there.' He was South American, and was around for a while. I've forgotten what…

S: Was he a student at Brockwood?

M: I think so.

S: I can't remember him.

M: Anyway, he was at lunch. 'It was a gray day, so Krishnaji was able to go out. I had fetched medicines from Dr. Scheef brought to Saanen by Ingeborg von Massenbach.' She brought what Krishnaji called "the pink pills."' I don't know what they were.

S: Ah yes. "The *magic* pink pills."

M: Yes, that's right, "the magic pink pills." [*Laughs*]

S: [*chuckles*] But they worked wonders with Krishnaji's hay fever.

M: They did. 'So, Krishnaji now has 200 pink pills against hay fever. We had our own first walk through the woods. Dorothy spoke to Ingrid by phone, who said that the doctor gave Verna only ten days more to live. Ingrid went up to give Dorothy's messages to Verna, and told her that Krishnaji's and my letters were on their way. She responded and then quietly died. Krishnaji had seen the Siddoos in the afternoon.'

July ninth. 'I fetched Dr. Parchure, as usual, then went to see Dorothy briefly. I brought Mar de Manziarly up for lunch, after which I worked at the desk. Later in the afternoon, I shopped with Dr. Parchure. Sofia was at supper with Vanda and me. When I took her

down afterward, I met Shakuntala at the Gstaad station at 7:20 p.m. I tripped in my sandals and tore a ligament in my second left foot toe.' [*Chuckles.*] How can you…? Anyway, 'I took Shaku to Mrs. Bosevain's Chalet Rehbock. Mrs. Bosevain lived at Chalet Rehbock, where Dr. Parchure, Denise, and Srinivasan are staying. Shaku told me further details of Verna.'

July tenth. 'My foot is fairly sore but I can walk. Dr. Parchure splinted it to the adjoining toe. Krishnaji gave his second Saanen talk, which was more on thinking together and what is a good society. He was bothered by hay fever, though he takes one pink pill each night. Mr. Mirabet, the Spaniard, came at 4 p.m. to make his yearly contribution. Jean-Michel Maroger brought Diane and his mother. Diane is stronger, walks better, can stand without support. Sofia gave me *Chinese* massage.' Chinese? Really?

July eleventh. 'Krishnaji's hay fever has gone into his bronchial tubes. I fetched Shakuntala to lunch. Frances brought Ronnie Naidu of South Africa.' I can't remember him. 'Anneke came to see Krishnaji at 4 p.m., and Diane saw Krishnaji at 4:30 p.m. Sofia gave my foot another massage. Krishnaji had a slight fever in the evening. Dr. Parchure came and slept in the adjoining room,' next to Krishnaji's room.

S: Yes, I remember it.

M: July twelfth. 'Krishnaji has no fever but his voice is very hoarse. He wouldn't cancel the talk, and as he spoke, his voice cleared somewhat. He came back and went to bed but got up to see Diane in the afternoon. In late afternoon, in Saanen, Diane fell from her tricycle and fractured her upper right leg.' That child, if she fell down, she would break major bones.

S: Yes.

M: 'Daphne telephoned to tell us about Diane, and later Jean-Michel rang. She is in traction in the hospital and they will stay here until she can be moved to La Maudière.' La Maudière was their home in France.

The thirteenth. 'At 11 a.m. there was the annual meeting of all the committees of the different countries at Tannegg. Krishnaji came to it. There was a discussion of the role of committees in preventing interpretation, etcetera. Mary Cadogan, Jane Hammond, Anneke, Dr. Parchure, Vanda, and I were at lunch. At 3 p.m., there was a continuation of the meeting without Krishnaji which was held at Chalet Haldi in Saanen.' I forget—I think some of the committee people were staying there or something. 'Jean-Michel came to look at the apartment downstairs for Diane and Marie-Bertrande.'

The next day, 'Vanda left for Florence. Jean-Michel rented the downstairs east apartment and we provided the middle room for Diane as the hospital traction bed can get through its exterior door. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched at the table. After lunch, the van came with Diane in her bed and about ten Brockwood young men carried the bed

carefully in.' [*Chuckles*.] 'It just fit in the doorway. Krishnaji came down and saw Diane. In the evening, he had a lot of coughing.'

July fifteenth. 'Krishnaji gave the fourth Saanen talk. Dr. Lichti came to lunch with Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me.'

The next day. 'Both Siddoo sisters came at 4 p.m. to see Krishnaji. He settled Sarjit Siddoo's monastic notions of the school; celibacy is *not* required.' [*Both laugh*.] 'Edgar Graf arrived for the first time this summer. He is better and will stay a bit. He is still in charge of the Saanen Gathering though he has not been here.'

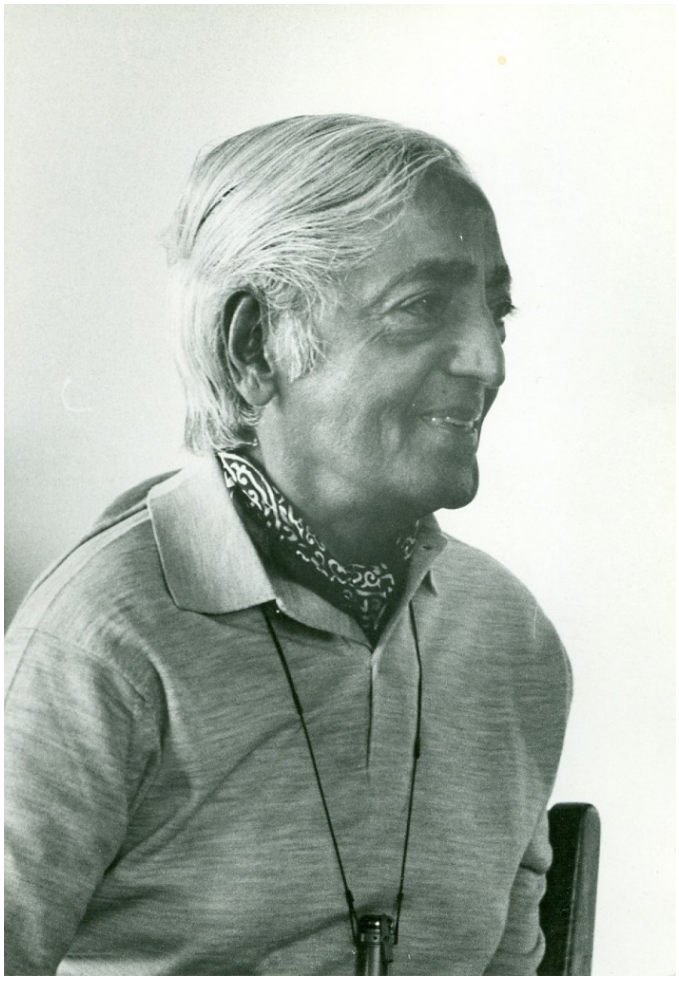
July seventeenth. 'Dr. Parchure moved up to Tannegg in the early morning, then I took him down to the tent. I did some marketing, then went with Krishnaji to the tent for his fifth Saanen talk. Krishnaji bought a pair of loafers on the way back. Scott Forbes, Kathy, and Dr. Parchure were at lunch. Krishnaji ate on a tray. At 4 p.m., he gave an interview for Dutch Radio to a Dorith Witte.' She represented the Dutch Radio. 'And at 5 p.m., Magda from Barcelona brought an old Spaniard and his wife to meet Krishnaji.' Magda was a nice Spanish woman.

July eighteenth. 'A letter came from Erna about Essie Bates giving a $50,000 trust donation for the Ojai school.' My goodness. 'Dorothy came up and told of a German lady wishing to make regular donations to Brockwood and a Greek lady, Mrs. Elly Abravanel, came to tell Krishnaji she wished to start a Krishnamurti school in Greece. Some nice young French people came to see Krishnaji but saw only me. [*Chuckles*.] Still they were very pleasant—Roger Nichol and Geneviève. I don't know who they were, but they were nice. The latter sent a plant. I fetched Anneke and Mar de Manziarly to lunch; Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure were there, too. When I took them back, and I fetched Pascaline Mallet up for tea. Mar gave me copies of her childhood diaries for the archives.' I gave them to the Brockwood archives.

The nineteenth. 'Krishnaji accidentally bent his dental bridge a little. He gave Saanen talk number six. The topic was, "Can we discover a central fact that will answer all problems?"' [*Chuckles.*] 'He said, "Knowledge is part of ignorance because it is always incomplete" and "Observation, action, and intelligence, from this comes love, compassion. When there is compassion, there is no pain, conflict, or suffering." Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched at the table. At 4:30 p.m., Dorothy and both Siddoos came to discuss schools and were joined at 5:30 p.m. by the Greek woman, Mrs. Elly Abravanel and a friend. She wishes to start a school in Greece. I took Daphne and we had supper with Brockwood students in their Chalet Cigale. It was very nice.'

Then there isn't anything of note until the twenty-second, when Krishnaji gave the seventh talk. 'On the way to the tent Krishnaji said, "What will I speak about?" He began with, "Why are you so quiet?" and he went on to speak of that. What is one searching for, etcetera. The mind is a still mind. He finished in an hour, as he has each talk this summer. He rested and I made a fruit dish for lunch. We were all at the table: Krishnaji, Suzanne, Hugues, their daughter Marjolaine, Jean-Michel and Daphne, Dorothy, and Montague.

Krishnaji became tired and so slept. A young French boy came to the door wanting to talk to Krishnaji. I spoke to him for a while. Krishnaji visited Diane, as he does twice every day.'



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

July twenty-third. 'Letters from Mary and Joe, who are happily spending their summer at Brockwood…' Do you remember how they would often spend their summer at Brockwood while we were all in Switzerland?

S: Yes, I do.

M: '…and from Amanda, who said Phil's book has been taken by McGraw-Hill. I marketed. At lunch were only Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure and me. Krishnaji saw Diane as usual. We went on the first walk since Krishnaji's bronchitis, to the end of the wood. My foot was well enough to go, too.' [*Both chuckle*.]

Then there isn't much until July twenty-fifth. 'I took Dr. Parchure to the tent, then returned for Krishnaji. At 10:30 a.m., he began the first of five daily public discussions in

the tent. Edward Ani and Christian did their act together.' In fact, Krishnaji stopped taking questions from the audience because of them.

S: Yes, they were so aggressive and antagonistic and confrontational.

M: Yes.

S: There's an interesting letter in your files from Ani saying that, apparently, because you had confronted him after one of these times, and he was saying, yes, he realizes his wife is very difficult; he's going to stop coming to the talks or the discussions, not because he's any less enthusiastic but only because you claim that his behavior hasn't been right. And he professes to be absolutely stunned that he's been a problem.

M: Well, here it says: 'Edward Ani and Christian did their double act to chivy Krishnaji. Ani said, "Why don't you go?" Peter Racz was at lunch with Krishnaji and me and Dr. Parchure. Dr. Parchure went with Edgar Graf to see an acupuncturist in Berne. I went to supper with Scott and Kathy. Harsh, Claire, Brian Nicholson, and Dorothy were there, too. Marie-Bertrande arrived in Gstaad.'

The twenty-sixth. 'I drove Dr. Parchure to the tent early. Then came back for Krishnaji and the second public discussion. There was no heckling. Krishnaji spoke on love, what it is not, etcetera; on listening, and that a lack of love prevents listening. If you do not listen, which implies change, do not try to blame the speaker. It is your fault. Marie-Bertrande, Jean-Michel, Nadia and Nicolas Kossiakof, and Dr. Parchure were at lunch with Krishnaji and me. It is the first meeting of the Marogers and the Kossiakofs. Krishnaji was tired. He saw Diane in the morning and at 4 p.m., but didn't feel like a walk.'

July twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji held the third public discussion. Harsh, Claire, and Brian Nicholson to lunch. Krishnaji came to the table. He talked alone with Harsh afterward. I drove Harsh back to Saanen. I did marketing and errands. Krishnaji and I walked to the end of the woods, and Krishnaji saw Diane as usual.'

On the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji held the fourth public discussion, after which we lunched alone.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held the fifth and final public discussion of this summer. Christian was loud and insulting, demanding that Krishnaji reveal "his secret," something he withholds. It was ugly. Krishnaji held the meeting together and went on. Dorothy and Montague lunched with Krishnaji and me. We discussed Kathy Harris's complaints and attitudes in the school on sex.' I don't know what that was. 'We took a walk to the end of the wood.'

July thirtieth. 'It was a hot, beautiful day. Jackie Siddoo came by to say goodbye to Krishnaji, and he told her not to hesitate to close the school if it didn't work out. He also told her that he knew about her husband's talk against Brockwood and himself. Krishnaji

and I lunched downstairs with Marie-Bertrande, Jean-Michel, Daphne, and Diane. Marie-Bertrande and Jean-Michel came up afterward, and Krishnaji discussed with them and me what Brockwood's policy should be on sex.' It doesn't say what we said. [*S chuckles*.] 'I did errands and bought travel tickets. An Italian woman reached for Krishnaji through his bathroom window,' [*both laugh*] 'trying to grab him.' His bathroom window looked out on the entrance and driveway. [*M laughs again*.] 'I saw Dorothy and Montague in the campground. They leave tomorrow for Brockwood. Frances McCann came to supper with me. Krishnaji saw Harsh and Claire at 4 p.m. Dr. Parchure went to talk to U.G. Krishnamurti.' He was a ratty little man, who was very antagonistic to Krishnaji, and all the time he would get people to come and criticize Krishnaji, and have his little group over which he would preside.

S: Yes. He'd have his own little meetings, and he'd criticize Krishnamurti terribly for having his meetings, but he'd have his meetings at the same time in Saanen and drew people like Ani and Christian…

M: Like Ani, yes. They were thick with U.G. Krishnamurti.

S: Yes. I think he used to fire them up to be ugly and nasty in the dialogues.

M: I think so. And he came to Saanen, as far as I can see, just because of the crowd that Krishnaji attracted, and to be against Krishnaji.

S: Yes.

M: He didn't come there the rest of the year.

S: I know, I know. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: July thirty-first. 'Krishnaji dictated ten letters. He saw Diane, talked to Daphne, and talked to Jean-Michel. At lunch, there was Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw Diane as usual, and we walked to the end of the wood.'

August first, 'Krishnaji slept poorly. He is tired. He rested in the morning, and did no exercise. He saw Diane and talked a bit with Marie-Bertrande. He, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched. I typed all morning and slept all afternoon. No walk. It's a Swiss holiday.'

The next day, 'I worked at the desk. Krishnaji is still tired but saw the Kossiakofs in the afternoon.'

August third. 'I went with Dr. Parchure to buy Vitamin B for Fosca. Krishnaji rested, saw Diane, lunched with me and Dr. Parchure. At 4 p.m., we went to buy a pair of sandals for him to wear in India. He had a haircut. At 5 p.m., Ortolani came to see him briefly.' We've identified Bruno Ortolani?

S: Yes.

M: ‘He was a nice man, an old friend of Krishnaji’s from Italy, obviously. He’s the one who, when he’d speak up in the tent, Krishnaji would say, “Darling sir,” etcetera. ‘It is the fiftieth anniversary of his dissolution of the Order of the Star**[2]**.’

S: Ah, yes.

M: ‘I had a visit with the Marogers. Ariane has joined them.’ That was the eldest daughter, and the only one who didn’t come to Brockwood.

The fourth. ‘I did marketing. Diane had her leg X-rayed. It is healing well. Krishnaji is still feeling tired. The Marogers asked me to come up the Wassengrat’—that’s a mountain in Schönried. ‘Marie-Bertrande and I walked down from the ski lift, while Jean-Michel and Ariane went to the top. I was back by 5:30 p.m. Krishnaji had walked to the river. He went to sleep early.’

August fifth. ‘Krishnaji slept well, almost nine hours. It was a cloudless, shining morning. Krishnaji “did” my foot and said it was less swollen. He ascribed it to my exercise yesterday going up the Wassengrat with the Marogers and said I should walk more. I said yes. He then said, “You say, ‘yes.’ When?”’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘So now, at his urging, at 7 a.m., I went up the hill and then through the woods where it was so cold my hands were numb. When I was finally in the sun, I held them out and handfuls of sunlight warmed them. How beautiful is the world in the early morning. I had a long talk at breakfast with Dr. Parchure about Krishnaji’s health. Krishnaji has low blood pressure, a slow pulse and, with age, his metabolism slows, so Parchure tries to keep the body fit and stimulated through exercise without tiring Krishnaji. Krishnaji inclines to overdo things; he pushes his body, and is no longer a good judge of its capacities. Krishnaji will seldom stop an exercise on his own. Parchure watches his face. If Krishnaji glances at him, Parchure interprets it that he needs Parchure to call a halt. He spoke of the likely manner of Krishnaji’s death. He doesn’t feel it will be a disease, cancer, etcetera.’ Well, he was wrong. ‘Or of a heart attack in a sudden seizure way, but a slowing down of the body. He said that if Krishnaji becomes unconscious with cold hands and feet, I should rub them to stimulate circulation lest he slip away. But he thinks Krishnaji will know the time of his death and will tell me and then there should be no interference. Parchure talked to Krishnaji during the massage about some of these things, and Krishnaji brought it up at lunch. Parchure was able to get him to see the problem of getting Krishnaji to realize his own physical capabilities, to harbor his strength and energies. We brought up the subject of the public discussions. Krishnaji now thinks it was the unpleasantness in the tent Sunday that has left him so tired all week, and agreed that we should try the old way of having written questions from the audience and he answering them rather than these “dialogues” that don’t work with a thousand people. He also brought up the “interpretation” problem, and his telling trustees to speak, which has the danger of starting interpretations. Krishnaji said, “It doesn’t work.” I told him of my conversation with a man named Weeks, who seemed pleased when I cautioned him that I was speaking without any spiritual authority, and that I could see him going off and saying, “The people around Krishnaji don’t know what Krishnaji is talking about either.”’ [*M and S both chuckle*.] ‘Krishnaji laughed and said, “You can’t win.”’ [*S laughs again*.] ‘He went

back to the health question and said he has always felt protected. Something, a "they" is looking after him for the purpose of the teachings. He feels that "they" will decide the time and manner of his death and he will know it. He asked Dr. Parchure how the Buddha died; apparently of eating bad food, but who knows, really. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon and so did I. Then, we went for the same walk to the river. I spoke to Filomena in Rome about my arrival Friday, and then I spoke to Vanda in Florence about her arrival here Thursday. After supper, I read to Krishnaji excerpts from Mar de Manziarly's diary, which she has given me for the archives. It contains parts of letters from Nitya. One, when he'—that's Nitya—'spoke of tiring things "and the most tiring thing of all is Theosophy."' [*S chuckles*] 'And his description of CWL's boys in Australia: "They were all kings and saints in former lives, but now, unhappily, Australians."' [*Laughter*.] 'Krishnaji's face lit up with laughter and youth. And then a quotation from Krishnaji, "It's strange; I can't remember him," he said. But his laughter had a bright flash of recognition in it. "I wonder what he would have done if he had lived, but that is speculation and we mustn't speculate." I still get that feeling of sadness when I read or think of Nitya, a sense of loss.' There is something about Nitya that I always found anguishing…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …the tragedy of his sickness and dying and…

S: And the hole it left in Krishnaji's life.

M: Yes. And everything that they'd planned to do together.

S: Yes. And he would've protected Krishnaji. There wouldn't have been the Rajagopal nonsense.

M: That's right, there would not have been Rajagopal. It's one of those strange things of, I don't know, of fate or something.

August sixth. 'Pupul wrote in June asking me to ask Krishnaji about "the missing years" of 1939 to 1947, the war years, when he stayed in Ojai. What did he do? Whom did he see, etcetera. She says he reappeared in India in 1947 differently. I asked Krishnaji Pupul's questions, and taped his replies. At lunch there was only Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me. In the afternoon, I went to the bank to review the Alzina account, and did some errands. When I came back, Krishnaji had hoarseness and a slight cold, so I went on the walk alone.'

The next day, 'I walked toward Gruben in the early morning, then did letters, and errands in the village. Krishnaji still has a slight cold. In the evening I went with Jean-Michel, Ariane, and Daphne to a concert in the Saanen church—the Berlin String Quartet played Beethoven, Hindemith, and Mozart. Marie-Bertrande is not feeling well.'

August eighth. ‘I climbed partway up the Hornberg in the early morning. On my return, I made fruit salad, etcetera, for a buffet lunch. At lunch were Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Marie-Bertrande, Jean-Michel, Ariane, Daphne, Jane Ross…’ Who was Jane Ross?

S: She was a very nice student at Brockwood.

M: Ah…‘and Diane was carried upstairs on her board. Also, their friend, Madame Solange de Marignac, who had a long private conversation with Krishnaji in the afternoon. She is hooked on Rajneesh.’ [*Both chuckle lightly*.] ‘I talked with Marie-Bertrande, and Krishnaji joined us.’

The next day it just says that I walked through the woods in the morning and Vanda arrived from Florence in the afternoon.

August tenth. ‘Jean-Michel, Diane, Daphne, and Jane Ross leave for La Maudière’—Marie-Bertrande and Ariane had already gone. ‘I left at 9:45 a.m. and drove via Le Col du Pillon and Aigle to the Geneva Airport. I returned the car to Hertz and flew to Rome at 2 p.m. Filomena and her son Mario met me. I went with them to Filomena’s flat where I stay till Sunday. Catherina’—that’s her sister—‘Mistika’—that’s her niece—‘Vincenza’—a cousin of somebody—‘Lelo’—a grandson—‘and Peppino’—another grandson—‘were there. We talked at length.’

August eleventh. ‘I was in Rome, and spent a quiet day talking with Filomena. It was warm but not hot. In Gstaad, Radha Burnier came to lunch and saw Krishnaji before returning to India Monday.’

The next day, ‘Mario and Filomena took me to Fiumicino.’ That’s the airport. ‘I flew back on Alitalia to Geneva, picked up a larger Hertz, a Taunus, and left at 2:30 p.m. for Gstaad, going via Bulle, and arriving at 4:45 p.m. to find Krishnaji looking out his bathroom window. He said, “I knew you were coming. The deva told me.”’ [*Both laugh*.] ‘We went for a walk to the end of the wood. Frances McCann came to supper with Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and me.’

August thirteenth, ‘A lovely day, but I felt more like moving slowly than climbing up the hill. I started packing for our Wednesday departure. Dr. Parchure said he had talked at length with Krishnaji about looking after his health, and Krishnaji has agreed to be mindful of drafts, etcetera, and listen to me when I suggest covering his throat when he walks at Brockwood.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘At lunch there was Krishnaji, Vanda, Parchure, and me. At 4:30 p.m., I took Krishnaji to the village for a haircut. We came back and walked to the river. He said, “I want to talk to you seriously. Please listen. You must outlive me. I’m going to live a long time and you must be well. I can’t have another person look after me, so you must take care of yourself.”…Then another quote, “I am looked after,” he pointed up at the clouds.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘“You understand?”…“You need to rest, to be alone. I see that is good for you. So when you go back to Ojai, you must arrange it and not the everlasting letters, typing, and Foundation things. I will write to you, but you mustn’t have all those nonsensical letters. In India I will give them to Sunanda.”’

‘I asked him, apart from looking after him, if he had another reason I should survive him.’

‘“I have no one else but you. I’m not being selfish.”’

‘I said, apart from that, was there something I must do when he is no longer alive.’

‘“Could be.”…“Someone must see to it that it doesn’t go to pieces”’—you know…

S: Yes.

M: ‘We talked about the responsibility of Foundation members to talk or not to talk, but he didn’t make it any clearer. There should not be a ban on talking, but they mustn’t interpret. Others will, but Foundation members mustn’t. But where is the line? Right now he is critical of Pama having spoken on a tour that he and Sunanda have just made with the videos in South India, because he thinks that Pama doesn’t understand the teachings. It’s okay for Sunanda to have talked. Pupul won’t talk, he said, but she is about to write a book. It will inevitably be seen as a book written by someone close to Krishnaji and the Foundation. Where is the line in all this? He says he will go into it, and it has changed his mind about urging people to talk. But he seems presently to duck the question. Talking of Ojai, he said he wished he could find a little place where he could get away where no one would know where he is, somewhere near the beach, near Santa Barbara perhaps.’ He had this feeling often, of wanting to get away where nobody knew where he was.

S: Yes. We’ve talked about this.

M: And one reason he seemed to enjoy the driving to Saanen from Brockwood was that really nobody knew where he was, expect that he was somewhere in France.

S: Yes, yes.

M: He felt a pressure, and he felt it particularly strongly in Gstaad when all the people were there and the talks were going on. He said it was like a psychic pressure, everybody intent on him.

The next day says, ‘Packing, packing, packing. Lunch was with Krishnaji, Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and me. Nadia Kossiakof came at 4 p.m. to say goodbye to Krishnaji. We went afterward for the last of this summer’s walks to the end of the wood. He paused by the edge of the field, stared at the mountains a few moments and said, “A l’année prochaine.”’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘The packing was all done by the evening, and we were ready to leave in the morning.’

August fifteenth. ‘Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I said goodbye to Vanda and Fosca, and left at 10 a.m. for Geneva via Les Mosses, Aigle, and the autoroute. We arrived at the airport in one hour and ten minutes, 160 kilometers.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘I dropped the car with Hertz, and we took the 1:30 p.m. Swiss Air to London. There was an endless wait in

immigration—too many flights had arrived at once. Dorothy met us, and Jim in another car took the luggage. Brockwood was looking beautiful. Krishnaji had supper downstairs with the few who are here. We took the Mercedes around the lanes to be sure its battery was charged. We both feel it is good to be back. I talked to Mary Links and unpacked.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji, Doctor Parchure, and I took the 10:23 a.m. to London. Joe met us at Waterloo and drove us to Berkley Square, where Dr. Parchure had an ear test. Krishnaji came with me to Morgan Guarantee where I closed my account, and then we went to Culpeper's for sundries. Then we looked for a beige cardigan as I had foolishly left mine in the Geneva Airport yesterday.'

S: Would that have been at Peal's?

M: Probably. 'At Fortnum's, Mary and Joe lunched with us at 12:45 p.m. Joe took Krishnaji to the dentist for an adjustment to his bridge, and me to the hairdresser to get my hair cut. I met Krishnaji at the dentist, and Joe drove us both back to Waterloo, where we caught the 4:20 p.m. to Petersfield.'

August seventeenth. 'Krishnaji rested while I did laundry and other household chores. After lunch I went to Alresford and opened a checking account at the Westminster Bank, then back to do the entire walk with Krishnaji and Dorothy in the grove, which has been tidied. It is most beautifully neat and we did further weeding and pruning. Madrisa Samuel rang from Varengeville.' Madrisa Samuel was a friend of Pascaline Mallet. Varengeville is where the Mallets live in Normandy or Brittany, I forget which…

S: And Krishnaji used to stay there.

M: Yes, he used to stay there. 'Madrisa called to tell me that Pascaline is ill and in pain; so they cannot come to the Gathering. They are taking X-rays today for her intestinal pain.'

There's really nothing the next day except that I helped make scones for the Gathering.

The nineteenth. 'I worked mostly at the desk. The Digbys came to lunch and we talked afterward with Krishnaji about publishing. Should more of the dialogues with David Bohm be published? During the late afternoon walk with Krishnaji and Dorothy, she twisted an ankle.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji was tired, so he stayed in bed all day, and I had a long talk with Dr. Parchure about this. In the afternoon I went to the bank in Alresford and scraped the side of the Mercedes getting out of the parking lot. Then I went to Winchester to get a handbag as a gift for Mrs. Parchure. I felt dizzy for a few minutes.'

August twenty-first. 'Using a school car, I went to meet John and Barbara Briggs at Petersfield at noon, then showed them around Brockwood. They lunched with us and afterward John interviewed Krishnaji for *World Paper*.' I don't know what that was.

‘Then I took them back to the train. Krishnaji and Dorothy took a small walk. A report from Louis Blau on the house sale is discouraging.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji rested. I worked mostly at my desk. We took a small walk in the afternoon. Krishnaji had a cable from Rajagopal sending love, etcetera, and greetings to me.’ [*S chuckles*.]

August twenty-third. ‘Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I went to London where Joe again met us and dropped Parchure at the ear place. We went to Mary and Joe’s flat, where we lunched and talked. Joe eventually took Krishnaji to the dentist, where Thompson spent two-and-a-half hours fixing the bridge Krishnaji had dropped at Tannegg. I stayed and talked with Mary. Then, Joe took me to Portland Place, where Dr. Parchure met us; and when Mr. Thompson was finished with Krishnaji, Joe took us to Waterloo. Scott Forbes and Kathy arrived from the U.S. They were married in Maine.’ [*S chuckles*.]

August twenty-fourth. ‘Krishnaji rested. I helped in the tent preparations. The Digbys arrived in time for supper and are in the West Wing spare room. Also Edgar Graf came and is in the West Wing dining room made into a guest room. We are now 140 people at meals in the house. A letter and miscellaneous papers about the Malibu house finally came from Louis Blau. He and Evelyne will be in London next week. The house news is pessimistic.’

The next day, ‘Rain. Krishnaji did exercises and had the usual oil massage by Dr. Parchure before breakfast. At 11:30 a.m., he gave the first of this year’s Brockwood talks in a huge marquee. Before the talk, I announced the change of discussion plans, and asked for written questions, which will be given to Krishnaji. After the talk, Krishnaji and I had fruit and salad in the West Wing kitchen, then returned to the tent for the hot course. I sat by the Oak Grove School picture exhibition and talked to Joan Gordon and others. Later I walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy and made yogurt.’

August twenty-sixth. ‘The weather was better. We had the same schedule as yesterday. Krishnaji gave a deeply moving talk number two**[3]** on “senses have no past.” “Knowledge is part of ignorance as it is always incomplete.” Mary Links and Amanda were there, also the Hamish Thompsons’—that’s the dentist and his wife—‘and John Briggs. Krishnaji, Mary, Amanda, and I had coffee in our kitchen. We had only a short walk at 5 p.m. This morning, Dr. Parchure had me come to observe Krishnaji’s exercise so I can keep track in his absence. Krishnaji thinks it’s unnecessary.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

August twenty-seventh, ‘I did exercises with Krishnaji. Later he and I sorted the over ninety questions handed in for the question-and-answer sessions. I typed the ones he chose. After lunch, Krishnaji briefly saw Carlos and Emy Ban, a Brazilian couple, then Krishnaji and I walked.’ There’s a note in the little book that says: ‘Mountbatten and Brabourne grandson killed by an IRA bomb in a boat.’ That was because I knew the Brabournes—she was Lord Mountbatten’s daughter, and I had known them in California.

August twenty-eighth. ‘Krishnaji held the first public discussion or question-and-answer session with the new arrangements. He read a written-in question, answered it, and went on to the next one. He did five in all today. It went very well**[4]**. In the afternoon he talked to a woman, a Mrs. Ann Alexander.’ I don’t know who that was. ‘Krishnaji and I took a short walk. After supper I talked to a Gordon Hall.’ I also can’t remember who that was, ‘then to Shakuntala Krishna, who has a son at Wolf Lake.’

The twenty-ninth. ‘I took the Mercedes to the Mercedes agency in Chichester for repair to the damage I did the other day. Dorothy followed and brought me back. At 3:30 p.m. there was a trustee meeting with Krishnaji, Dorothy, David Bohm, the Digbys, Mary Cadogan, Dr. Parchure, and me about what Krishnaji wants us to do about speaking on the teachings. The decision was to speak only out of our own understanding, making clear to others that it is only that.’ That was the good of all that. He said you can say whatever you want to say, but you must label it as your understanding and not what Krishnamurti means. And that was a vast relief to me, because it was a clear definition.

S: Right.

M: ‘Krishnaji emphasized that, “The Foundations are not”—underlined—“spiritual organizations and have no”—underlined—“spiritual authority.” We then went for a short walk, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I. After dinner we sorted questions for tomorrow’s meeting.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer meeting in the marquee. It went very well**[5]**. We had fruit and salad in the West Wing kitchen and then the rest in the tent. In the evening I talked briefly to Shakuntala Krishna, a teacher and mother of a boy at the Wolf Lake School. Louis Blau telephoned from London. The buyer for Malibu has backed out after Lou refused his low bid.’

The thirty-first, ‘I borrowed Dorothy’s Cortina and took Anneke, Joan Wright, and Dr. Parchure to Winchester shopping. We were back in time for me to fetch Krishnaji’s lunch tray. He spent the day in bed resting. I talked to John Briggs in the afternoon and to Mrs. Alexander in the evening. Also I talked to a Brazilian, Mr. Vanderlucio Q. Abelha about a film on Brockwood.’ People all the time wanted to do films.

September first. ‘The suggested brewer’s yeast at breakfast upset Krishnaji’s stomach. He gave the third Brockwood talk but ate no lunch. He did sit with Mary and Joe while we had coffee in the kitchen. At 2:30 p.m., I attended a Publication Committee meeting. It was decided not to publish the rest of the Krishnaji and Bohm dialogues now but make them available at centers for people to read on request. The next book is tentatively on questions and answers. Krishnaji came at 5 p.m. and took Dorothy and me away for a walk.’ This decision upset Saral Bohm very much.

S: Yes. We’ve talked about these tapes before.

M: The second was ‘a sunny day. Krishnaji gave the fourth and final talk, ate as usual in the kitchen, and then in the tent. People began to leave.’

September third, ‘Krishnaji rested. I did much laundry and the pipes again broke, leaking water in the kitchen and some through to the hall below.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

The next day. ‘Dorothy and I drove to Heathrow to see Dr. Parchure off to Bombay. He went on a Syrian airline and we stayed with him through the check-in. Dorothy and I got back in time to walk with Krishnaji. Our new walk is through the grove, around the field, down along fields by the pheasant wood to the lower field, and then up the drive.’ That’s the best walk.

S: Yes.

M: ‘I talked to Betsy in London.’

September fifth, ‘The Mountbatten funeral in Westminster Abbey was on television. I watched it on Krishnaji’s set while he read detective stories in bed, now and then glancing at the screen and making caustic comments on how silly it all was.’ [*Chuckles*.] ‘His objections to royalty were all he saw in it. I found it very moving in the sense of something deep in the bones of British ways and feelings splendidly done and in a kind of language of form that is part of these people, a majesty of tradition in the face of the squalid evil of the murder and the deep affection for the man himself, a pageant of honor to an uncommon Englishman. Krishnaji had no use for it, but endured my watching with occasional jibes.’ [*Laughs*.] ‘I did letters and we walked in the afternoon.’ [*S laughs too*.] He was very anti-royalist.

S: Yes. [*M chuckles again*.] I’m sympathetic with that.

M: The sixth. ‘It was a very warm day. In Doris’s Mini, we went to Petersfield and took the 10:23 a.m. train to London. Looking out at the office buildings, Krishnaji repeated his nine-to-five office disdain. “I would *never* do it.”’

‘M: “What would you do?”’

‘K: “I don’t know—something else.”’

M: [*Chuckles*.] ‘“What if there were no choices? What if you were on the dole? Or a black person, eighteen years old, unable to get any job?”’

‘K: “I’d do something about it. I am a revolutionary.”’ [*Both M and S chuckle*.]

‘Joe met us at Waterloo and took us to Huntsman. Krishnaji fitted two trousers. We walked to Hatchards, then…’ This is absolutely standard issue.

S: I know, exactly. [*Both laugh.*]

M: I don't have to read it. You know what it says.

S: That's right; this is the pilgrimage, and as you describe it, I'm seeing the whole path along which you walk.

M: 'We went through the arcade.'

S: Of course, the Burlington Arcade.

M: '…to Hatchards, then joined Mary for lunch at Fortnum's. Talked of the second volume of the biography. The question was of how he got the way he is. He said the choices were, "a biologic freak, a medium, or three, a late maturing mind." He said if he were writing, he would consider all these very carefully, or is it something else? He would be with the person, K, and he would study him, question him. He, Krishnaji, discards the freak, and the medium. He said he did mature very late, really when he was sixty-five.' [*Both laugh*.]

S: Oh, good, there's hope for me yet.

M: 'Today he would never put up with what Rajagopal and Rosalind did. He would throw them out. Mary said that Rajagopal doesn't realize how Krishnaji has changed, and so attributes it all to "wicked influences"'—that's me.

S: [*laughing*] Yes.

M: 'I bought some coffee, cheese, and chocolates for Krishnaji and we walked to Truefitt where Krishnaji had his hair cut, then Joe drove us back to Waterloo.' That's an absolutely prototype day.

S: Yes, exactly. [*Both chuckle again*.]

M: The exception for this day is that, 'I left my briefcase on the train. I realized this at the Petersfield station, told the ticket office, took Krishnaji to Brockwood, and returned at 6:20 p.m. for the briefcase, which was brought back by the train on its return trip to London.' That was nice of them. 'I spoke to the Marogers; they will bring Diane here next week.'

The seventh. 'A warm, lovely day. Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number thirty-three to be sent out on January first. Dorothy lent me her car to go to Winchester on errands.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number thirty-four. I helped get lunch in the kitchen. There was a letter from Erna about Krishnaji and the Templeton Award.' That was some man who gives an award to great people who are doing great things. It was discussed that he would get it, or he did get it, I can't remember which, but

Krishnaji didn't want to accept it. 'The Oak Grove School's present monthly deficit is over $6,000.'

S: [*chuckles*] We should be so lucky these days.

M: Yes. [*Chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went for a walk.'

September ninth. 'Krishnaji dictated the thirty-fifth *Letters to the Schools*. We took a short walk, then worked on the rhododendrons in the grove.'

The tenth. 'Again I borrowed Dorothy's Cortina, went to Petersfield, and took the 9:20 a.m. train to London, then the Underground to Marble Arch, walked to the hairdresser's, had my hair cut, walked to Nelson's, and ate my sandwich in Grosvenor Square. Did various errands, bought a pair of Ferragamo shoes and a beige cardigan at W. Bill, chocolates at Fortnum's, and cheese at Paxton.' Paxton is on the street behind Fortnum's—what is that street behind?

S: Jermyn Street.

M: Yes. 'And so back on the Underground to Waterloo. I got plants at Petersfield before driving back to Brockwood.'

The eleventh: 'Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number thirty-six. He said earlier in the morning that he had been sitting very straight in bed, mind empty, and there came a feeling as if something "were pouring into my head. It lasted ten to fifteen seconds to a minute. It was not imagination." In the afternoon, we went for an earlier walk, and then at 6:30, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went out'—underlined—'to dine at the Old House in Wickham. It is no longer open for lunch. Krishnaji wanted to go, so we went out feeling very festive, having ordered our vegetarian fare ahead of time. We had an intricate and excellent salad, then a quiche of spinach and tomato, new potatoes, and string beans from their garden. For dessert, Krishnaji chose crème brûlée with an amazing relish and no ill effects.' [*Chuckles.*] 'We were back by 9:30 p.m. A fine evening.' You can't say I don't provide details!

S: [*laughing*] Yes, and these are *all* very important.

M: September twelfth. 'Narasimhan telephoned from London to say that Jayalakshmi is back in Madras from New York. Marie-Bertrande and Jean-Michel Maroger arrived for the seminar, but Diane did not come. It's too much to move her. They are staying in the West Wing guest room. Suzanne and Marjolaine are also here for the seminar, and so is Maurice Wilkins and the Bohms, etcetera. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the afternoon. I spoke to Betsy on her birthday.'

The next day. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a seminar on "The world is becoming increasingly violent and disordered. What can we do as human beings to change it?" About eighty people in all are taking part.' That's a lot of people.

S: It was a nightmare to video, I remember.

M: Yes, it would be. 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji talked to David Bohm and me about Erna's suggestion that Krishnaji reconsider the Templeton Award. Krishnaji still feels it would be wrong to accept an award for teaching.' He didn't want to accept it, I think, because he didn't think it was right to be paid for what he did.'

S: Yes.

M: 'We also discussed at length the KFA's financial problems with the Oak Grove School. The walk was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me. After supper, I watched a video of the Buddhist discussion Krishnaji held on June twenty-eighth with Dr. Rahula, Phiroz Mehta, etcetera. I talked to my brother and his wife, who are in London at Claridge's until Sunday.'

September fourteenth, 'Krishnaji held the second session of seminar. After lunch, I did errands at Alresford and Petersfield, borrowing Dorothy's car. I was back in time for the usual walk, but Krishnaji felt tired afterward. I went to the staff meeting at 7 p.m.'

The fifteenth. 'Krishnaji held the third seminar session at 11:30 a.m. I left immediately afterward and caught the 1:33 p.m. train to London and went to Claridge's to meet my brother and his wife. We spent all afternoon talking, and I caught the 6:50 p.m. train back to Petersfield. Bud and Lisa return to New York tomorrow.'

September sixteenth, 'Krishnaji held the fourth seminar. Marie-Bertrande told me about some worrying eye trouble that Jean-Michel is having. Krishnaji, in the evening, put his hands on him. The walk in the afternoon was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Marie-Bertrande, Jean-Michel, and me.'

The seventeenth. 'Krishnaji held the fifth seminar on "What happens when there's no sense of individuality?" and "What is action without the actors?" After lunch, Krishnaji, Marie-Bertrande, and I talked to Jean-Michel about having his symptoms diagnosed. Jean-Michel came on the walk. In the morning Krishnaji had said that a curious feeling came on him. He said, "I felt like a young boy."'

September eighteenth. 'Krishnaji held the sixth seminar, completing it. Most people left. The Marogers went to London, and came back at 8 p.m. They ate supper in the West Wing kitchen, and then they left to catch the ferry from Southampton. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the afternoon in a light rain.'

September nineteenth. 'It rained, and the house was quiet again. I worked at the desk all day. Krishnaji and I walked.'

The next day. 'In the morning, I worked at the desk. In the afternoon, I drove to Alresford to post a tax letter; then to Petersfield to meet Betsy, who came for a night. Got back in

time for a walk; Krishnaji, Dorothy, Betsy, and me. I had a long talk with Betsy after supper.'

September twenty-first. 'It was a lovely, clear morning. Betsy had breakfast with me in the kitchen. Then Krishnaji dictated a long letter to Erna about the Ojai school, work in the USA, and his continuing aversion to accepting the Templeton Award. I took Betsy to Petersfield to get the train back to London. I got back in time for lunch. After typing Krishnaji's letters, he, Dorothy, and I went for a walk. I telephoned Erna and Theo about the fire in Ojai on Sulphur Mountain.'

The twenty-second. 'The weather is colder. I attended a staff meeting at 9 a.m., and Krishnaji held the first of three discussions with the staff at 11:30 a.m. School policies on sex seem to be a current concern. The walk was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held the second discussion with the staff. Walk as usual, but mostly we worked on rhododendrons.'

September twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji held the third discussion with the staff—awareness on conflict dissolves it. He left dealing with school problems to the awareness of the staff acting together, which upset Dorothy. The *Santa Barbara Magazine* with an article on Krishnaji and the Oak Grove School arrived. Again a short walk and work on the rhododendrons.'

The twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji dictated letters. He was tired in the afternoon, so we only worked a little on the rhododendrons in the grove. There was a meeting with Brian Jenkins, Dorothy, Stephen, Shakuntala, Kathy Harris, and John King about Brian going to India and other matters.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji's voice is thick, but he has no sore throat or cough. He did exercise and went down to lunch but didn't walk. I fetched Usha Goenka, the Tantia's daughter from Bombay, at Petersfield. She lunched here and left later in the afternoon.'

September twenty-seventh. 'I fetched the Marogers with Daphne. Daphne is here to attend school, he is here for the video interview with Krishnaji and Jean-Louis Dewez. Jean-Michel is in the West Wing. Krishnaji's voice is still hoarse, so he spent the day in bed. I worked most of the day at the desk. New students arrived, thirty-seven of them. Krishnaji placed his hands on Jean-Michel to cure his eye and ear trouble.'

S: At this period we had the new students arrive a few days before the students continuing on from the previous year.

M: September twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji's voice is better, almost clear. At 11:30 a.m. in the West Wing drawing room, Krishnaji did a videotaped one-hour discussion with Jean-Louis Dewez. Jean-Louis put his questions in French, and Krishnaji answered mostly in English. Jean-Michel will later add the French translation for showing the videotape in France. In the afternoon, they did a second hour videotaped interview on education. All

this was done in color. Krishnaji insisted on a walk, so he, Dorothy, and I went across the fields to the west on a still, perfect afternoon. There was no wind. It was so beautiful. Krishnaji put his hands on Jean-Michel.' That was to try to help his eyes.

September twenty-ninth. 'The former students arrive for the start of the term. I worked on the transcription of answers Krishnaji gave to the questions Pupul wanted me to ask him on war years in Ojai, 1939 to 1947. Krishnaji was up for lunch and walked in the afternoon with Dorothy and me across the fields. I looked at yesterday's video. Later, I watched with Krishnaji the pope's arrival in Dublin.' [*Chuckles*.]

September thirtieth. 'It was the opening day of term. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to the school on what it is all about. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields. Krishnaji had a stomachache after supper, but it subsided.'

October first. 'I went to London, fetched my eyeglasses, did errands, met Paul Anstee, and went with him looking for a mirror for Ojai's hall. We didn't find one. He took me to Waterloo and so I got back to Brockwood by 6:20 p.m.'

The second. 'Krishnaji spoke alone with the students, while the staff had a meeting, which I attended. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields. The dogs chased a fawn. A vet came and the fawn is being cared for in the barn.'

S: I remember, a fawn was attacked by…

M: Whisper?

S: No, Kip. Whisper wouldn't have hurt anything, but Whisper, I think, joined Kip in the chase, but Kip savaged the fawn.

M: Oh, dear. I don't remember it.

S: Yes. Kip was not a nice dog.

M: That's horrid. Dear me.

The next day. 'The fawn is still alive. I typed *Letters to the Schools*. Walked across the fields with Krishnaji and Dorothy.'

The fourth. 'I typed most of the day. Krishnaji talked alone with students. There was the usual walk in the afternoon.'

October fifth 'was a beautiful, still, golden day. I typed most of the morning, but managed to get to Petersfield for some errands. There was another staff meeting.'

The sixth. 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed. I typed. I walked alone and gathered firewood.'

The seventh. ‘Krishnaji spoke to the whole school at noon. Then, he and I walked with Whisper in the afternoon, and he said how lucky we are to live in this beautiful place.’

The next day, ‘I again typed. Krishnaji saw Brian Jenkins after lunch. He and I walked in a light rain. There was a school meeting at 5 p.m.’

October ninth. ‘Krishnaji talked to the staff from noon until 2 p.m. Some of them are very resistant to David Shama and his plans to build at Brockwood. Krishnaji talked to Scott after lunch. We had the usual walk, and then there was a meeting between Krishnaji, David Shama, Dorothy, and me.’

October tenth. ‘It is the beginning of Krishnaji’s three-week rest. It was a rainy day. I typed in the morning. Krishnaji and I had lunch in the West Wing. At 4 p.m., Brian Jenkins drove Krishnaji and me to Chichester where I picked up the Mercedes with the door repaired and repainted, etcetera, but still no door handle. Krishnaji and I drove home in it.’

The eleventh. ‘Krishnaji and I went to London on the 10:20 a.m. train. Joe met us and drove us first to Christie’s, where I had Pascaline’s pin evaluated.’ She gave a pin as a donation to Brockwood. ‘Then we went to Huntsman for Krishnaji’s fitting. Mary lunched with us at Fortnum’s, and it was very leisurely, as the Thompson dental appointment was postponed till Monday. We bought books at Hatchards, cheese at Paxton, and then got a taxi to Waterloo. We were back at Brockwood by 6 p.m. I had a 7 p.m. meeting about Brian Jenkins’ plans with Brian, Dorothy, Stephen, Kathy Harris, Shakuntala, and John King.’ Do you remember what that was about?

S: Brian had inherited some money, and he had some plan…I can’t remember. I don’t think anything came of it.

We’re going to have to end this here. We’ve run out of tape again.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] These discussions that Krishnaji had with only students were never recorded, but on the several occasions I questioned students about these talks after they occurred, the students definitely felt they were different to the talks in which the staff were present. This difference could have been at least partly because the students felt freer without the staff, or it might have been because Krishnaji only needed to address the younger person’s mindset, or because the audience would have been a third smaller without the adults present and so more intimate, or perhaps something else. Whatever the reason, the students felt the talks that were just for them were different, and they valued them.

[2] This was Krishnaji’s famous break with Theosophy and all that they had created supposedly for him and his work.

[3] A link to the text of the second Brockwood Talk in 1979.

[4] A link to the text of the first question-and-answer session at Brockwood, 1979.

[5] A link to the text of the second question-and-answer session at Brockwood, 1979.

Issue 61: October 11, 1979 to February 18, 1980

This issue feels like a watershed of some kind. Not only is it the sixty-first issue (which for some reason was more momentous than the fifty-first issue), but Mary's recounting finally gets out of the 1970s. She and I had, for quite some time, joked that we never thought we would ever get out of the 1970s, and now that I look at the dates our discussions took place, I understand why. Our discussions progressed from 1969 to 1970 on June twentieth, 1995. We doggedly proceeded through the 1970s until the discussion for this issue, which took place on March twenty-eighth, 2005. So it took us almost *ten years* to cover the ten years of the 1970s. And the 1970s seemed like such extraordinary years in which Mary's and Krishnaji's worlds changed enormously—Brockwood became established; the Oak Grove School was created; the Foundations hit their stride with publishing and disseminating Krishnaji's work; the systematic videotaping of Krishnaji's teachings was established in Europe, America, and India; and the first attempts at collecting archives independently of Rajagopal were started. The sweetness of the relationship between Krishnaji and Mary seems also to have grown and changed. In 1970 Krishnaji was addressing her in letters as "Ma très chère Madame" (while just a couple of years before, it was "Mrs. Zimbalist") to addressing her in letters during his trip to India covered in this issue as "My dearest Maria."

Perhaps most important to we who read these memoirs: By 1980, Mary became the person to whom he could most reveal his inner life, and she wrote in her diaries a great deal of what he revealed.

Perhaps also this issue feels special as it is being published on the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of Krishnaji's birth.

Mary: So, today, we begin our discussion on October eleventh, 1979. And for that day my diary reads, 'Krishnaji and I went to London on the 10:20 a.m. train from Petersfield. Joe met us and drove us first to Christie's, where I had Pascaline's pin evaluated.' She donated a jeweled pin to Brockwood. 'Then we went to Huntsman for Krishnaji's fitting. Mary lunched with us at Fortnum's, and it was very leisurely, as the Thompson dental appointment was postponed till Monday. We bought books at Hatchards, cheese at Paxton, and then got a taxi to Waterloo. We were back at Brockwood by 6 p.m. I had a 7 p.m. meeting with Dorothy, Stephen, Kathy Harris, Shakuntala, John King, and Brian Jenkins about Brian Jenkins' plans.' Do you remember what that was about?

Scott: Brian had inherited some money, and he had some plan…I don't know what. I don't think anything came of it.

M: The next day, 'Krishnaji stayed in bed, had his lunch in bed, and only got up for a walk in the afternoon at 4:30. I went to Alresford on errands and attended the staff meeting at 5 p.m.'

October thirteenth, 'I spent most of the day typing, and Krishnaji rested. The little fawn chased by the dogs had to be put down, as its front legs are paralyzed.' You remember that?

S: I do, yes.

M: 'Dorothy lunched with Krishnaji and me in the West Wing dining room. Later, we walked across the fields.'

The fourteenth. 'Again, I spent most of the day typing. Dorothy came up to talk to Krishnaji about the Brian Nicholson problem.' Who was he? Oh, he was that…

S: Brian Nicholson was a Brockwood teacher…

M: …teacher and who went off to another place.

S: Yes, and he thought he was Dorothy's heir apparent.

M: That's right. [*Light chuckle*.]

The fifteenth. 'Krishnaji and I went to London at 11:30 a.m. Joe met us and dropped us at Fortnum's, where Krishnaji and I lunched. Joe came back and took Krishnaji to Mr. Thompson the dentist. I did errands. A box…' Oh, something I bought, you don't want to know what I bought…

S: Yes, we do.

M: No! [*S laughs*.] That's silly. It was a present for my sister-in-law.

S: Okay [*Pause.*] …What color was it? [*Laughs.*] I'm only kidding.

M: [*Laughs.*] You'll just have to remain in your thick fog of ignorance!

S: Yes, I will. Still more is lost to history. [*Both chuckle.*]

M: 'I took Pascaline's pin to Phillips'—they sell things like that—'then to Mallett's on Davies Street, looking for a mirror for Ojai, and then to Nelson for Krishnaji'—Nelson's was…

S: The homeopathy place.

M: Yes. 'And finally to Thompson's, where at 5 p.m. Krishnaji was through, and Joe drove us to Waterloo. We were back by 7 p.m. We had supper and then watched TV and fought flies.' Every autumn we had terrible fly trouble in Krishnaji's room at Brockwood.

S: Yes. I remember.

M: They came out of the woodwork.

S: Yes. We finally tracked down what it was, but it wasn't until after Krishnaji died, I think. In the window casements, they would lay eggs, and there was nothing you could do to get rid of them unless you injected something through all the holes, because when the window would warm up with the sun, they all hatched and came out at once. And of course, it was cold outside, so where do all these millions of flies go? Inside.

M: Onto Krishnaji's ceiling.

S: Exactly.

M: The sixteenth of October, 'Krishnaji is tired. There was a telephone call from Pama Patwardhan in Bangalore saying that the Benares meetings had been canceled due to electricity and water shortages. Krishnaji will go to Madras and then Rishi Valley. We lunched alone in the West Wing, Krishnaji in his dressing gown. Later we went for the usual walk.'

The next day there was really nothing, but on the eighteenth, 'I took the 9:23 a.m. to London, and brought Krishnaji's dental bridge to the dentist laboratory. I then walked to Bruton Street, saw Fleur Cowles' exhibition'—a friend of mine—'at Partridges, and did some shopping. I ate a sandwich sitting in South Molton Street on a bench, returned to fetch the bridge, then went to meet Betsy to see the flat she has bought in Cheyne Gardens. I went with her to look at sofa fabrics. We walked back to her rented house in Seymour Walk, where we had tea and I fetched an electric typewriter I bought from her for Brockwood. I took it by taxi back to Waterloo and caught the 5:10 p.m.'

October nineteenth. 'Mary Links arrived at 10:30 a.m. to spend the weekend with us, staying in the West Wing guest room. And by 11 a.m., she, Krishnaji, and I were seated around the kitchen table to go into questions Mary has for the second volume of Krishnaji's biography, which she will start when she finishes the one on her father that she is doing now. This week her book *The Lyttons in India* was published. I'm reading it.' That's about her…

S: Grandfather.

M: Grandfather, yes. He was viceroy of India. 'She went over with Krishnaji many parts of his life, but one important clarification was Krishnaji's explaining, again, that though he was perhaps born with a certain temperament, apparently egoless, free of most of human beings' usual conditions, and though he went through the suffering of the process, this didn't mean that others had to be born to it or go through something similar. Out of whatever he is, he has shown certain things, and if one sees and understands, it can come about in them. There was much talk about "the emptiness" of the boy and why the adoration, etcetera, that went on did not corrupt him. Here, similes seem to me to confuse things. We were also trying to find out what Krishnaji actually means by 'no memory'—it is clear that he has extremely little memory, as we usually think of it; but he also seems

to mean, "no reaction," rather than literally being a blank.' That's my interpretation. 'He also does remember things in his life as a result of being told about them by someone else.' That refers a lot to Shiva Rao, who told him a lot about his childhood, which he didn't remember directly.

S: Yes, he remembers what he was told.

M: 'At 1 p.m., I went down and brought up our lunch and served it in the West Wing dining room, using, at last, that room for what it was intended. Later in the afternoon, we, along with Dorothy, started for a walk, but Dorothy and I went only to the grove as we had to go to a staff meeting; but Mary L. and Krishnaji continued. In the evening, Mary and I sat in the drawing room and talked at some length.'

The next day, 'There was another long talk in the morning, Krishnaji, Mary Links, and I in the West Wing dining room on questions for the biography. It was his language that was theosophical in the early days, not his beliefs; and later, he found his own language. We lunched again in the West Wing dining room, and walked later across the fields. David Bohm arrived at suppertime back from conferences in Spain and the U.S.'

October twenty-first. 'Krishnaji talked again with Mary about his life all morning until Joe arrived at noon. The four of us had lunch in the West Wing dining room. Mary and Joe left at 3:30 p.m., and later Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields.'

The twenty-second. 'I worked most of the day at the desk and doing laundry. After lunch upstairs, Krishnaji came down to talk to Robert Wiffen.' Do we know Robert Wiffen? He was the other architect who helped do the Cloisters.

S: The Cloisters and the Assembly Hall.

M: Oh, yes. That is important.

S: He was also the consulting architect for things like when we were putting in the fire escapes and things like that.

M: He worked with Ian.

S: He worked with Ian Hammond, but he was like Ian Hammond's underling or something because…

M: Yes, he was Ian's number two.

S: Yes, Ian didn't really show up very often; but Robert Wiffen did. He was the on-site person; the person who'd actually come and make sure things were done correctly. He was a very nice man, very nice man, and deeply interested in Krishnaji.

M: Yes, so, 'Krishnaji came down to talk to Robert Wiffen and Dorothy about building quarters for staff.' That's why he was there. 'Later, we only had a short walk as Dorothy and I needed to go to the school meeting.'

October twenty-third, 'Krishnaji and I took the 10:23 a.m. train to London. Joe met us at Waterloo and dropped us at Vigo Street. Krishnaji fitted corduroy trousers at Huntsman. We walked to Fortnum's. It was cold and brisk, the first wintry day. Krishnaji wore his heavy gray flannel suit with a waistcoat. I had on a Chanel winter tweed I've had now for years and seldom wear. We bought chocolates for Krishnaji to take to India, then went up to the fourth floor and lunched with Mary. She put it strongly that if Radha Burnier remains both the head of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society and a KF India trustee, especially now that Damodar Gardens and probably part of Besant Gardens are leased to the KFI for a school, no one will believe that Krishnaji is not connected to the Theosophical Society.' She was very strong about that. 'He said he would discuss it in India. He said he did not want this connection in anybody's minds. I had brought typed notes that I took on Sunday for Mary of the conversation she had with Krishnaji for the biography.'

S: Hm, do you have copies of those notes?

M: Good question. I don't know.

S: Can we look?

M: Yes, of course. I have a lot of stuff of Mary's.

'It developed in further talk at the lunch table that, in Mary's view, Rajagopal and Rosalind didn't care if Krishnaji lived or died, which she thought even though she still had remnants of her early remembrances that Rosalind was pleasant. Krishnaji told a new anecdote I had not heard before, that Rosalind knocked him down the concrete steps of the patio at Arya Vihara and he was knocked out. It means there was no end to the ugliness of what Krishnaji was subjected to. We said goodbye to Mary and walked to Truefitt, where Krishnaji had his hair cut. I bought a heavy cardigan at the Irish shop. We found a taxi and just caught an about-to-leave train at Waterloo. Krishnaji slept in the train. On returning, I found a letter from Amanda.' Well, then, that's all about the family things, not relevant to this.

There's really nothing of significance until the twenty-fifth, when 'Krishnaji dictated the thirty-seventh *Letters to the Schools*. We lunched on trays, and he stayed in bed until 4 p.m. when we walked across the fields. He received a letter from Mary Links reiterating what she had said about Radha Burnier, strongly putting her questioning of Radha Burnier being a trustee of KFI when she is head of the Esoteric Section. Krishnaji is reluctant to have to do something about this, but sees the implications, especially now that KFI is using Damodar Gardens for The School. He likes Radha and she is an excellent KFI member, but the Theosophical Society connection is wrong, and he feels it is.' I think all of us felt it was.

S: Yes, yes.

M: But because she's so nice and we like her, and she tries to do everything properly, nothing has been done about it.

The twenty-sixth of October. 'I worked at the desk in the morning. Krishnaji remained in bed, and we lunched on trays in his room. Afterward I drove in mist and rain to East Dean for tea with Phyl and Christopher Fry. Christopher came out to the car, welcoming me and showing me changes in their garden, which is blooming with dahlias, but still has snapdragons and roses. Phyl was very dear as always, perhaps a little more abstracted, but she remembers all sorts of details. It is her manner, which sometimes makes her seem to come from far away when she speaks. They have found a new painter they like.' They sort of collected paintings by favored painters. 'Andrew Hemingway.' Oh—I bought one of his. It's in the West Wing as you come in to the left, it's a thing in a barn or something.

S: Ah, ha. Yes.

M: 'Their friend David Tindle'—he's a great friend of theirs and a very good painter—'has an exhibition on in London. I'm sorry to have missed it. They will go to Vienna in the spring of 1984 for Christopher to direct *The Lady's Not for Burning*. As always, I felt deeply glad to be with them.' They were two of the nicest people I'll ever know.

S: Oh, how nice.

M: And they were two people as one person, really.

S: Hm, yes, how nice.

M: Phyl died not too long after this. 'These once-a-year afternoons having tea by the fire and talking with them mean very much to me. I drove back carefully through the rain. Krishnaji had admonished me intently to drive carefully. He, it seems, increasingly wants me to be on guard. "Do nothing unnecessary and be careful," he said. I was back by 6:30 p.m. In the evening, I telephoned to Filomena in Rome. All is about the same with her and her family. I told her about Miranda's new job and having seen the Frys, which pleased her. At 8 p.m., Mary Cadogan telephoned. She had been rung by Erna who, on return from Canada with Theo, had received the text of a book of Krishnaji's poems that Rajagopal is bringing out.' He had the right—I think I've talked about it—to republish anything that had been published before he lost the…

S: The court case.

M: Yes. In other words, the pre-'68 material. He could republish, as it was already done, but—and this was in the judge's decision—it had to be done as originally published. 'Erna received the text of Krishnaji's poems that Rajagopal was bringing out, and was disturbed to find that *The Path*, from 1924, was included, in spite of the settlement statement that Krishnaji didn't want anything pre-1926 included in future editions. Also,

there were “insane” changes to the text. Erna wants a protest letter by the Publications Committee if Krishnaji agrees. Krishnaji stood beside me as Mary told me all this, and said he would absolutely not agree to *any* changes. Mary rang Erna back to tell her this. Erna was to have talked to Lou Blau, but hadn’t reached him by the time that Mary called her. She will do so over the weekend. But Erna had a call from Rajagopal in the meantime; he learned from Harper’s Carlson’—Carlson was the editor at Harper for Krishnaji books—‘that Erna had seen the text and objected. Rajagopal said he had the right to edit. She said he had no right to change words, etcetera. He said, you are trying to frustrate me like Doris Pratt’s letter. We will have to see our solicitors.’ So that was the beginning of the next lawsuit.

October twenty-seventh. ‘Krishnaji dictated a letter to Rajagopal refusing permission to make any changes. He and I both talked to Mary Lutyens about this, and also about her letter to Krishnaji about Radha Burnier’s trusteeship in KFI. Doris says her letter to Rajagopal was objecting to his giving material on Krishnaji to an Ojai newspaper which did a review of “spiritual” groups in the valley. Krishnaji this morning said the resting he has done these three weeks has been remarkable.’ He had taken three weeks to rest, more or less. “Something extraordinary has been happening. I can’t describe it.” He said we must remember and do it again in the future. Doing his exercises, then spending all day in bed, including lunch on a tray, then getting up for a good walk, then back to bed seems to be the recipe. He reads, sleeps, watches TV, and seems to relax and rest at a more thorough level. But he did say, at one point, that as soon as he really rests, his head starts. The usual pain. His seeing and saying how good the rest is made me happy to the point of tears.’

The twenty-eighth. ‘There was frost on the lawn, and it was fifty-nine degrees in my room. My electric heater is kept in Krishnaji’s bathroom. I turn it on when I get up at 6 a.m., so that it will be warm for his bath. So, as there is little heat in the radiators these days, I light my tiny fireplace. It is nice to sit a few feet from it, and Krishnaji likes it when he comes in for me to help him with one of his two exercises: he sits and I stretch his elbows over his head, also pull his arms straight up while pressing his back with my knee.’ [*Both chuckle*.] I don’t remember that. ‘I talked to Mary Links. She suggested that *The Path* might be acceptable to Krishnaji as it was written in Ojai after his experiences**[1]** began there. I got a copy from an archive, showed it to Krishnaji. He thumbed a few pages and listened to my reading a letter in the biography that he had written to Lady Emily while he was writing the piece in 1922, which was later published as *The Path*. Later I read it all. A strange outpouring of that strange mind; very beautiful. Krishnaji agreed, and so did I, that it could be republished providing Rajagopal makes *no changes*’—underlined—‘in any text. I rang Mary Cadogan to tell her this so that when Erna telephones here they will both know. Krishnaji went downstairs to lunch with the school. Summertime ended this morning, so when we walked at 4 p.m. across the fields, it was cold, and became dark soon after we got back. The earth smelled of autumn. The grass in the field was dry as hair. We heard the whistle of the Watercress Express train that goes from Alton to Alresford. I have just begun to pack.’

S: Oh, I'd forgotten about the Watercress Express: an antique steam train with old carriages that is maintained by enthusiasts.

M: Yes. And it goes just a few miles.

S: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: The twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji's voice was a little hoarse, so he rested in bed all day. We lunched on trays. Much of the morning went in telephone conversations with Mary Cadogan and Mary Links about Rajagopal's publishing *The Path*, etcetera. Krishnaji revised the draft of his letter to Rajagopal, which I am sending to Erna in which he said the agreement called for no changes in text, and while *The Path* was pre-1926, he might consent to its republication providing no changes are made in any of his writings.' I'd forgotten that the legal agreement of the first suit with Rajagopal was that Rajagopal couldn't publish anything pre-1926, and *The Path* was 1924. 'Mary Cadogan says Erna says Rajagopal has revised *The Path* into a poem format. Mary Links suggested Krishnaji appoint me to make decisions on these publication matters during his absence from the U.S. He gave me a written letter of appointment. I packed in the afternoon, and went to the school meeting.' I'd forgotten that he had appointed me to do that.

October thirtieth. 'In the morning, Krishnaji had make a note for *Letters to the Schools* when he returns. "When attention is profound it includes everything." I suggested he do one on man's impulse to worship; what it is. It was a gray day and though Krishnaji's hoarseness is gone, it was better he not go out. He packed and I packed. We lunched on trays in the dining room.' He liked to do his own packing. You, I think, got into that.

S: Yes. Yes, I was involved in his packing. [*Chuckles.*]

M: 'We lunched on trays in the dining room, and afterward he talked to Daphne, Blake, and Chris Koster for a short time.' Those are students.

S: Yes.

M: 'They say that they and a few others are "serious," and what could they do about it?' Those were all good young people.

S: Yes, they were.

M: 'Later, with Edna Cleeve, I went over things to be done this winter, and I kept packing, doing laundry, ironing, and putting things in order until it was finished at about 10 p.m. Dorothy came up at 4:30 p.m., and we sat and talked and then we went to hear, for the first time, the hi-fi system built by Harsh and students in the Assembly Hall. The car was put away for the winter. Krishnaji gave me a letter to read on the plane tomorrow, and he came in as usual before bedtime and put his hands on my head and eyes—the delicate blessing of his touch. He went to sleep at 8:30 p.m.' He was always

healing me in some way. He felt my eyes, that I shouldn't wear glasses, and he put his hand on my back.'

The thirty-first. 'I was up at 5 a.m., made our usual nettle tea, and sterilized the dishes as we have been doing each day.' Why was I doing that?

S: I don't know.

M: I don't remember. 'Krishnaji did his exercises and so did I, against our long hours of sitting in planes. I bathed, dressed, and had my bags ready by 9:30 a.m. I packed two large cheddar cheeses for Krishnaji to take as presents. We had breakfast in the kitchen. He has been telling me I must be very careful, very attentive when I drive. I asked if he had a feeling I was to have an accident. He said when he is with me, nothing will happen, but I must be careful because there is danger to someone very close to him. "Where there is good, evil wants to get at it," and it can't touch him but will try to hurt the one who is close to him, so I must be watchful, attentive.' He said that to you, too?

S: Yes, he did.

M: Mmm. 'At breakfast, he said, "Give fifteen minutes a day to sitting quietly, finding out what is attention. Go into it deeply." He gave me a letter last night to read on the plane. His flight to Delhi on British Air was to go at 13:45, and Dorothy and Doris were to take him. Mine to Boston was two hours earlier. Ingrid kindly offered to take me in her car. All his things were in order. He blessed me. There, the whole life with him is a blessing. Some of the school were out on the driveway to say goodbye to me, and Krishnaji was standing in his white towel bathrobe at the kitchen window above. It was an aching pain to leave. Heathrow was a jam of passengers, with the three check-in windows for the TWA flight not manned until half an hour after the check-in time. Ingrid came in and accompanied me as far as passport control and then stayed on to see Krishnaji off when Dorothy would bring him for his 13:45 British Air flight to Delhi. He is due there nonstop at 3:30 tomorrow morning, to be met by Pama and Pupul. They then fly at 6 a.m. on to Madras, arriving there by 9:30 a.m. local time.' My god, I do have details.

S: Good.

M: 'My TWA flight left forty-five minutes late. Once airborne, I could read Krishnaji's letter as he instructed me. It was short and said everything I care about: "Partir, c'est mourir un peu."**[2]**…"Be exceedingly watchful. Be very attentive driving. This attention must flow from the inner to the outer."…"What a beastly day. Stia bene e sempre sia benedetta."' In Italian, that means: Be well and always be blessed. 'I felt as though his hands touching me, were coming with me—the piece of paper carries his care and blessing.'

'I landed in Boston at 2 p.m., coming in over the new Kennedy Library, opened ten days ago. There were no luggage carts, so I struggled to get the three bags to the customs

inspector, the solitary porter for the whole hall helped to get them to the curbside, and I bribed the taxi driver to get them to the Air New England flight check-in, where Bud had made a reservation for me on the 5 o'clock flight to the Vineyard. It was a dash to the small plane. We stopped at Nantucket and then continued to the Vineyard. Lorna was there'—my cousin—'and I got the bags into her car. I am staying comfortably upstairs in her little house. I went over to see Wooge'—that's my stepfather…well, that was his nickname. His real name was Francis Huger McAdoo, and Huger in the South—it's a southern name—is pronounced 'Yougee,' and he was called Yougee McAdoo, but the children all corrupted it into Wooge. So, 'I went over to see Wooge. He was upstairs in bed and sadly deteriorated from the two years ago when I last saw him. He is almost blind and seems only marginally aware, like Father'—that's my father—'in his last days. Lynn'—that was the wonderful nurse—'is looking after him devotedly, and there is a nice young cook and relief nurse. At last, Elmholm'—Elmholm is the name of the house—'seems to be working properly. Lorna made our supper. And so to bed. I was pretty tired.'

And that ends the big diary for 1979, so all the entries until February fourth, 1980, will be short ones because we only have my small daily diary.

S: Well, that's much better than nothing.

M: November first. 'Krishnaji should be in Madras. I spoke on the telephone to Bud. He will fly up here tomorrow. I went over to see Wooge, who seems barely here, very physically deteriorated. He was in his armchair and dressed, but spends most of his time in bed. He is almost blind. I read to him. I went with Lorna to the village, and had a rest after lunch. I feel quite tired. Lorna and I had supper on trays by the fire and the TV news. I talked to Amanda and Phil, and also to Erna.'

The second. 'Wooge was downstairs and more able to talk. I sat with him for over an hour. I walked to the village to post the first letter to Krishnaji in Rishi Valley. Lorna and I had a pizza lunch, then took flowers to Mother's grave and Gertrude's grave'—that was Mother's sister, my aunt, mother of Lorna. 'Lorna and I met Bud, who arrived at 5:15 p.m. on a charter plane. We cooked supper, and all three had a pleasant evening of talk. Bud taped reminisces of our early days.' You're not the only taper. [*S laughs*.]

The third. 'Bud had breakfast here at Lorna's. Then he and I went to Seven Gates'—that was a farm when I was a child. It was owned by the Webb family, and it was split up into different sites for houses, but nobody could build a house that was seen by another house. It was nicely arranged, and most of it is all kept wild; my brother has a house there. And so we went to Seven Gates 'to see his Japanese house'—it's an old-style Japanese house built by a great Japanese craftsman, and there's not a nail in it; it's all done with wood joints. 'I came back and visited Wooge, who was tired and wished to sleep. Bud, Lorna, and I lunched here, rested, and had tea by the fire. Later we went to Edgartown, where Lorna and Bud dined with me.'

The next day, ‘It was a beautiful autumn day. Bud and I spent over an hour with Wooge, talking over past times, and Bud taped some of it. We said goodbye, Bud and I flew in a small charter plane to Peterborough, New Jersey, where Bud’s wife Lisa, and two of his children, Laurie and Lindsey, met us. We drove into New York. In Iran, students seized the U.S. embassy and took hostages.’

November fifth. ‘I cabled Krishnaji that I’m in New York, did errands for Belgian shoes, etcetera, and lunched with Bud in a restaurant around the corner. We went to the bank on business things, and then I went to Bendel’s and bought a cosmetics case. Bud, Lisa, and I dined at the apartment. I have made reservations to go to San Francisco this weekend for Liddy’s wedding.’ Liddy is my niece, one of my brother’s daughters.

The sixth. ‘I was in most of the day doing a business review with Bud, and later, the family lawyer, Mitchell Booth, came by to revise my will. We dined at Chez Pascal. Krishnaji was scheduled to go from Madras this day to Rishi Valley.’

November seventh. ‘I talked by phone to Lorna; her son-in-law, Mike Kennedy**[3]**, stationed by the State Department in Tehran, is one of the hostages taken when the students there seized the U.S. embassy. I spoke to Alain Naudé. He will meet me in San Francisco Friday. I went to the Cooper Hewitt’—that’s the museum that Lisa was the head of—‘then on to Midtown on errands. After visiting downtown with Bud to see Liberty Tower’—that was a building that he was partly invested in—‘we picked up Lisa, and then to 12th Street’ to pick up Jim Kraft, the new director of The New School. We went across the Brooklyn Bridge to dine at the Riverview Café’—that’s a really nice place because you see across the East River all the blaze of the New York lights. ‘The Riverview Café, chef Laurence Forgione, made us special things that were very good. The view of the Manhattan across the East River is beautiful.’

The eighth. ‘I went to the Metropolitan Museum, then to Mitchell Booth’s office to sign my revised will. Came back to the apartment and met Philippa and David. We talked all afternoon and then we went to a Chinese restaurant on 86th Street for dinner.’

November ninth. ‘I took the United 11:45 a.m. plane to San Francisco and Bud and Lisa went on another airline. Alain met me. We stopped to see his newly rented house and then he dropped me at the Huntington Hotel. Bud and Lisa were already there. We dined at L’Etoile Restaurant downstairs. Bud, Lisa, Alain, and Miranda who moved here last week and is doing news reporting for CBS News, and whom I saw at 6:30 on the TV news. We had a festive dinner.’

The next day, ‘I went to see Blanche Mathias at 10 a.m.’ That was the old friend of Krishnaji’s who lived across the street from the Huntington, and I know we’ve talked about her.

S: Right.

M: 'I lunched with Bud and Lisa at the Huntington Big 4 Restaurant, then we went to Macy's to get presents for Liddy'—that's the bride-to-be. 'In a rented car we drove to a house in Redwood City, bought by Liddy and Jerry Latter'—that's the one she was marrying. 'Toodie was there already with her children'—that's another daughter of Bud's. 'I saw, for the first time, Liddy's little girl Cathy, called Toto, and met Jerry, whom Liddy marries tomorrow. We went to their friend's house for dinner. Jenny'—that's their mother—'my brother's first wife, and sister Helen…' You don't want all this stuff.

S: Yes we do. We want it all. [*Chuckles.*]

M: Who is going to care, except you? And I can't believe that you're interested.

S: But you know me.

M: Anyway, they were all at dinner.

November eleventh. 'Bud, Lisa, and I drove to the Woodside House of Helen Miller, where Liddy and Jerry were married in a Buddhist ceremony.' I think they made it up. [*S laughs.*] 'They had a not-very-Buddhist-looking Buddhist…'

S: Yes, it's very Californian, that.

M: Yes.

S: You make up your own, yes.

M: 'Much milling around. Then, lunch with lots of people. We came back to San Francisco. Miranda came at 6 p.m., and we walked across the street to the Mark Hopkins Hotel and had supper and talked.'

The twelfth. 'I had breakfast with Bud and Lisa, then took the 10 a.m. United flight to Santa Barbara. Erna and Theo met me. We lunched at the school, then came to the cottage. It was strange to come back to it alone.'

Most of the next three days don't have Krishnaji-related things until November sixteenth, when, 'I wrote to Rajagopal, enclosing Krishnaji's letter to him and a copy of Krishnaji's authorization to me to act with regard to K & R Publications. I fetched diesel and left the green Mercedes for servicing at Dieter's. I mailed a letter to Krishnaji.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji's first letter of the year from India arrived, posted from Madras November fifth. He went to Rishi Valley on the sixth. At 10 a.m., I went to a seminar at Arya Vihara organized by Fritz. There were eighteen people in all. I lunched there and went to a second session in the afternoon.'

Again, it's mostly non-Krishnaji-related things until November twenty-sixth, when 'Erna and I talked to Clayton Carlson at Harper & Row. He has spoken sharply to Rajagopal about his changes in the text of Krishnaji's poems, etcetera, and they are to be put back as originally published. Alasdair came, and we went over plants, etcetera. The second letter from Krishnaji arrived, written November seventh to the seventeenth in Rishi Valley.'

On most of these days that I'm skipping I have notations that I was working at my desk that day. I also attended a weeklong seminar organized by Fritz at Arya Vihara. Then on December fourth, 'I got a cable from Krishnaji that he hasn't received any of my letters. I sent him a reply by cable and a long letter.'

On December eighth, 'It was the last of the seminar meetings and I got another letter from Krishnaji posted in Rishi Valley November twenty-ninth.'

December tenth. 'I got confirmation from Clayton Carlson at Harper that a revised-into-original-form manuscript of *From Darkness to Light* will be sent to us at the end of the week.'

The next day, 'I sent Krishnaji copies of all my letters that he hasn't received.'

For December fourteenth, I have it that Krishnaji was to go that day from Rishi Valley to Madras.

December fifteenth. 'I spent a quiet day at home. Letter number four from Krishnaji arrived, sent December sixth from Rishi Valley. He had just received my first letter from Ojai.'

December twenty-first, 'Erna and I went over the corrected manuscript of *From Darkness to Light*, but it got complicated to read together, so each of us took half to check at home.'

Editor's Note: ***We have been providing links to the public talks and public discussions which Mary thought were special. Of course, we have no indication from Mary about the talks and discussions that occurred in India in the years she didn't go to India. But we do, sometimes, get indications from Krishnaji himself in his letters to Mary. In his writing to Mary on December twenty-third, he mentions this about his talk the previous day. "Pupul & the others said that what one said was totally new and Pupul bent down to touch the feet; after the talk etc. people were touching with their forehead to the ground where one had walked! … It's too long & too complicated to report what the talk was about; it passed out of one, words cascading." As readers may wish to read the text of this talk, a link to it is provided here.***

December twenty-third. 'Breakfast in bed.' It is so notable to have breakfast in bed that I note it.

S: It's not the same thing, though, when you serve it to yourself.

M: Yes, well, I had a sort of high double act. I would assemble all the things for my breakfast, and then I set it up beforehand as though it was set up for me…

S: …by someone else.

M: Yes. I always set it up the night before, then my breakfast tray is ready for me.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And I would also turn down my bed before I went to bed.

S: Right. As if someone had done it for you. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Well, it's a pleasant illusion.

S: Yes, I agree. [*More laughter*.]

M: 'I worked on proofreading'—that's what I was doing in bed—'then lunched at 3 p.m. with the Hookers at the Ranch House. I was back by 5 p.m. and proofread until 10 p.m.'

The next day, 'I got Krishnaji's fifth letter sent from Madras on the fourteenth. Rain came at last. I had Christmas Eve supper with Erna and Theo at 6 p.m.'

Christmas Day. 'I telephoned Wooge and spoke to Ann'—that's one of his daughters—'and Lorna. I also telephoned Dorothy at Brockwood, Sam's brother and sister, and learned that her husband had died last summer. I drove down in the afternoon to the Dunnes', and spent the night there.'

December twenty-sixth. 'I had a pleasant morning talking to Amanda and Phil. Joan and John Houseman came to lunch.' John Houseman, does that mean anything to you?

S: Yes, it does.

M: I first knew him when he was a partner of Orson Welles, and I worked on radio things with Orson, back in New York. When Orson died, John came out to California; he and his wife Joan lived in Malibu, actually. And they were friends of the Dunnes, too. 'I drove back to Ojai.'

The twenty-seventh, 'John McGreevy brought a friend and sculptor, Jonathan Hirschfeld, to lunch.' John McGreevy was a Canadian who made that rather mannered thing of Krishnaji walking around the garden. You remember?

S: Yes. Yes, I remember.

M: 'McGreevy is to find out if Bill Moyers might do an interview with Krishnaji.' I wish that had happened.

S: Yes.

M: 'The Russians invaded Afghanistan.'

December twenty-ninth. 'I finished proofreading *From Darkness to Light*, correcting the butchery done to poems by Rajagopal. In the afternoon, I walked with Erna and Theo around the block.'

And the last day of the year says: 'I went over corrected proofs of *From Darkness to Light* with Erna and Theo and sent them to Harper. I posted a letter to Krishnaji addressed to Bombay, marketed, and cooked dinner for Erna and Theo. They left before 10 p.m., and I sat up and passed into the new year and the '80s, listening to one of Krishnaji's talks.' I thought that was the way to do it.

S: Oh, how nice, how nice.

M: 'Bud, Lisa, and Laurie had telephoned earlier from Paris.' End of 1979, and so, *finally* the end of the 1970s.

S: 1970s, oh good, thank god. We thought we'd never get out of them.**[4]**

Alright, so now we're beginning January first, 1980.

M: Hurray! Alright. January first, 1980. It starts in Ojai, and it says: 'Asit Chandmal rang from San Francisco with news of Krishnaji. Asit returns to Bombay tomorrow. Krishnaji goes there from Madras on the tenth, and Asit will advise him on ways to get here in case the political situations worsen.' I don't know whether that was situations in India or what.

S: I would imagine it was flying over the Middle East back to England.

M: Perhaps it will unfold. 'A quiet day. I mostly did letters. Went for a walk. It is as warm as summer.'

Then, again, I'll skip a lot of days until January ninth. 'Krishnaji's seventh letter, written from December twenty-first to the twenty-ninth and posted in Madras. Letter number six is missing.' He used to write a little bit each day.

S: Yes.

M: 'Harper and Row telephoned about the publisher's note in the poem book. I rewrote part of it.'

January eleventh, 'I got a letter from Dr. Parchure on a health diet of Krishnaji. Carol and Joe Zorski came to supper at 6 p.m. Krishnaji went from Madras to Bombay.'

The next day. 'The rain stopped. I telephoned New York and spoke to Lisa. Bud, who has had pneumonia, is better. I also spoke to Toodie'—that's the daughter—'who went there for the weekend. Drove to Malibu and lunched with the Dunnes. Ray Eames, Barbara Poe'—that's a friend—'Joe Cohn'—that's a friend of Sam's and mine and he was the executive producer of Sam in the studio; they had people who did business and then producers who did movies, and he was a great old friend of Sam's and mine, and he was with Sam in Rome when Sam died—'Joyce and Jules Buck'—that's another friend—'Polly Pierson, Evelyn Keyes were there. I went across the canyon. The fault has reopened along the same place. The earth was to have been fixed. Also a slide on the west side is moving. Four-and-a-half inches of rain in the last few days did it. Came back by 6 p.m. and found the missing sixth letter from Krishnaji posted in Madras had come. I agreed to Alan Hooker becoming a trustee.' The land situation in Malibu was very worrying.

Then we skip to January fifteenth, when 'I telephoned Mary Cadogan to be sure she booked Krishnaji's ticket from London to Los Angeles. The Hookers and Lilliefelts came to tea. As Krishnaji has agreed, the Foundation invited Alan Hooker to become a trustee in place of Ruth Tettemer, who was retiring. Mrs. Gandhi became prime minister again.'

The next day, 'I typed *Letters to the Schools*, had them photocopied, and sent them off. There was another offer on the Malibu house.'

January nineteenth, 'The Hidleys and the Zutaverns and their daughters Kate and Vicky came at 2 p.m. to ask me about Brockwood.' Hidley was a psychiatrist in Ojai, and he was…

S: Yes. And eventually his daughter Kate came to Brockwood as a student, and he had discussions that were videotaped with he and Sheldrake and Krishnaji here.

M: Yes, in the living room here. And the Zutaverns were friends of theirs, I guess.

S: Vicky Zutavern came to Brockwood, also.

M: That's right. 'Walked with Erna and Theo around the block. I saw Louisa Kennedy on television reading a letter from her husband Mike.' He was still a hostage in Tehran.

Then we'll skip again until January twenty-third. 'Krishnaji's ninth letter arrived, sent on January tenth.'

And the next day, 'Krishnaji's eighth letter arrived.'

January twenty-seventh. 'I went to a seminar at Arya Vihara at 10 a.m., then lunched there. My real estate person telephoned that a buyer, a Mrs. McNichol, has accepted my counteroffer on the Malibu house.'

S: Oh, eureka.

M: Yes, exactly.

January twenty-ninth, 'Mr. Schwartz brought the Saarinen chair recovered in red'—which is Krishnaji's bedroom chair.

January thirty-first. 'I went to Beverly Hills on various errands, but was back in Ojai by 5:30 p.m. By then Krishnaji was in the air from Bombay to London.'

The first of February. 'Krishnaji, having left Bombay at 3:40 a.m., arrived in London at 6 a.m. Ojai time. I telephoned Brockwood. He was safely there and sounded well. I lunched at Arya Vihara with Evelyne, the Lilliefelts, and seminar people. The trustees had an informal meeting in the afternoon.'

February second. 'I was home all day preparing the house for Krishnaji's arrival. There is a new outdoor table, inset with tiles from the Malibu house that's out on the patio, and two benches made by a carpenter.'

February fourth, and we are back to the bigger diary. 'The house is polished and so was the green Mercedes today. The house rose beds are made, and the lantana, camellias, jasmine, rosemary, and rock roses are planted. Two hanging baskets of cyclamen are on the north patio. Some painting has been done, and the front door oiled, etcetera.' In those days, the front door was natural wood and you just oiled it. But it got spattered with rain, so I painted it later. 'The yard was swept. The house and I are waiting for Krishnaji's arrival tomorrow.'

February fifth. 'Lorna telephoned at 9:30 a.m. Wooge had died about half an hour earlier at Elmholm. Pneumonia took his life as it had Mother's, but really it was the body's final failing. Sally and Peter'—that's one of his daughters and her husband—'had been with him last week and Sally was unsure if he had really known they were there. Francis'—that's Wooge's son—'was arriving today. Wooge was a very dear man in all our lives. I was about to leave for the airport when Lorna rang, but Krishnaji's TWA flight due at 2:40 p.m. was late by two hours leaving London, because of engine trouble. I saw him debark through a window and there was Asit with him. Krishnaji was in his gray herringbone overcoat and wore a shirt made in India from the Viyella I found for him at Liberty's.' [*Chuckles.*] 'He looked well and less tired than he should've been. I thought he told me on the telephone last Friday when he was at Brockwood that "Asit is coming," but I understood Asit was coming later. I rang Erna to get the guest room opened up. When they finally emerged, we set off for Ojai. Krishnaji was pleased to see the gray Mercedes. It had been washed in West Los Angeles an hour earlier. It was dark as we passed Malibu and 8 p.m. when we came up the drive in Ojai. Erna, Theo, Mark, Asha, Fritz, Margrete, Michael Krohnen, and Alan Hooker, newly a trustee, were waiting by the pepper tree to greet him. I had made soup in the morning and we had supper after Krishnaji had inspected and shown Asit the house. Krishnaji, at last, home and in his bed.'

February sixth. 'Krishnaji was up very early but went back to sleep again till 6 a.m., when we went into the still-dark kitchen and had nettle tea. I telephoned Bud. Wooge's funeral is on Saturday. Bud saw Wooge last Thursday. I telephoned Francis at Elmholm. Asit came for breakfast with Krishnaji and me in the kitchen; Krishnaji sitting in front of the Norwegian stove. We had Erna and Theo come over at 11:30 a.m., and Krishnaji had Asit tell us about a computer scheme to invest in.' Thank god I didn't do it. [*S chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji thought it might help the Foundations, but we had to explain that the Foundations cannot invest in speculations. I got lunch, and we five sat at the lunch table till after 4 p.m., Krishnaji wanting to talk, unwilling to rest. Radha Burnier has resigned from the KFI to run for president of the Theosophical Society after John Coats' death. Rukmini Arundale, her aunt, is the opposing candidate. Krishnaji covered all the Indian news. Finally, he went back to bed, and had supper on a tray while I gave Asit dinner in the kitchen. After Asit had gone, Krishnaji told me of the something new that is going on inside him. It began in Rishi Valley. He said, "It could be the committee—or some other." What other? I asked. He didn't know. "We will write about it"…"I am further away"…"Pupul and Nandini noticed it, and said, 'We have lost you, you are not with us.'" Krishnaji is "cooking" Asit, thinks him very bright and if this financial thing goes through, Asit in five years will be free and able to devote himself to Krishnaji's work.' [*S chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji wants to put money into the scheme. Finally, at 11 p.m., he went to bed. He told me again that he wrote to me every day or I "would fade from my consciousness."' He said the reason he wrote so often was so he wouldn't…um…

S: Forget you.

M: …forget me. [*S laughs heartily.*]

S: Flattering!

M: Somehow, it seemed quite normal. [*M chuckles.*]

S: Now, what is this "committee" he mentions?

M: Well.

S: I know.

M: Who knows.

S: From somewhere other.

M: Something that may or may not arrange and decide things.

S: Right. So this is some group that on some nonphysical level…

M: Undefined group.

S: Right, that decides things.

M: That decides things. And you can do your own casting if you choose to fantasize…

S: Right, of who's on the committee.

M: But I don't attempt to straighten it out.

S: No. I'm just asking this for the record. [*Chuckles.*]

M: One can imagine things but I don't…

S: Right.

M: …I don't believe what I imagine, necessarily.

S: Yes.

M: The seventh. 'Krishnaji was awake at 6 a.m., and talked at length to me till almost 8 a.m. There's something that began in Rishi Valley that has given him tremendous energy. The brain is charged. "I have changed my idea of how long I will live, maybe *much* longer." Asit came for breakfast. Michael is now to do the luncheons at Arya Vihara. So, Krishnaji, Asit, Erna, Theo, and I lunched there today. At 4 p.m., we walked down Thacher Road and around the block.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji slept in the morning. We lunched again at Arya Vihara and walked up Horn Canyon. Krishnaji thinks it is thirty years since he has walked that far up there. The real estate man says that the buyer, Mrs. McNichols, wants to start the escrow immediately, as soon as my lawyer okays her financial situation.' Oh, good.

The ninth. 'Wooge's funeral and burial at the Vineyard is today. The Island is apparently covered with snow and sunlight. Bud telephoned me during our dinnertime on his return to New York from the Vineyard. Almost all the family were there. Dear, dear Wooge. Bud was a pallbearer and he broke down at the funeral.' Wooge was a really better father to my brother than his own father was.

S: Yes.

M: …because he was around more.

S: And he did things like read stories and played games…

M: Yes, you know, and the quizzes Wooge made up. And all that sort of family life…

S: Yes.

M: He was very much a part of that, and as a stepfather, he was perfection, because he was funny and affectionate and fond of us, and never took any authority over us, never told us what to do and not to do.

S: Yes.

M: He was just a lovely person. A nice man in every way. 'Krishnaji began his exercises.

Krishnaji talked to Asit, Erna, Theo, and me on how to hold the Foundations together. We all lunched at Arya Vihara. Max came and fixed the door. We walked down McAndrew.'

The tenth. 'I talked to Sally and Anne at Elmholm'—they were Wooge's two daughters by his first marriage. 'Krishnaji, Asit, Erna, Theo, etcetera lunched at Arya Vihara, and later walked around the block.'

February eleventh. 'Asit at breakfast discussed photography and checked all my equipment. He has taken constant photographs of Krishnaji here and in India.' By the way, all those pictures are now in KFA. He bequeathed them. 'I gave him an introduction to Clayton Carlson at Harper & Row to discuss a book of pictures of Krishnaji. Later, I took Asit in the green Mercedes to the Santa Barbara Airport, where he flew to San Francisco. Krishnaji was tired and turned out the light right after supper at 8 p.m. I spoke to Lorna at the Vineyard, and saw Louisa on television today. It is the 100th day the hostages have been held in Tehran.'

The twelfth. 'Krishnaji slept nine-and-a-half hours in the night, stayed in bed all day and slept on and off another three hours. "This is luxury," he said.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'He dreamt I said, "I must write a book!"' Meaning that he dreamt that I said I must write a book. 'He read some poetry. He asked for the Oxford book of poetry, for some Keats, Shakespeare, Swinburne, Hopkins, O'Shaughnessy. When I said that Hopkins was a Jesuit, Krishnaji said, "Oh, that rather spoils it."' [*S laughs, then M chuckles*.] Oh dear.

February thirteenth. 'Krishnaji wished me a happy birthday.' He usually didn't know it was my birthday. I don't know how he knew, but anyway, he did. 'He said, "We've had a marvelous relationship. It must be that way always. I am speaking as the World Teacher. You are blessed."'

S: Oh, how sweet, how nice. [*M chuckles*.]

M: 'Later, Bud and Lisa telephoned, Naudé, too, and Winky. It was a rainy day. Electricians put extra plugs in the patio. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji talked almost two hours at the table, questioning Mark on the school, etcetera. Then he rested. Erna and Theo came to go on a walk, but the rain was heavy so we had tea in front of the Norwegian stove and then watched President Carter's news conference on television.' That's a great way to spend your birthday. 'Supper and early to bed.'

Then nothing really until the fifteenth. 'It continues to rain. Two inches in the night here, but more in Los Angeles. I went to Dieter's with the green car, and left it there. Alan Kishbaugh picked me up and drove me back to Ojai. He, Erna, and I discussed publication matters. It was Krishnaji's "day off," so he didn't exercise, but stayed in bed all morning. He got up at noon and we all lunched at Arya Vihara. There was a discussion with Mark of the teachers' discontent and other problems. I spoke to the real estate man, an appointment to start the escrow is on Tuesday. Alan took me back to fetch the car. Krishnaji had walked in spite of the light rain with Erna and Theo. He said he had told them, "You are not using me enough here, " and said we must discuss this.'

February sixteenth. 'It rained heavily all night. Krishnaji had Erna and Theo come over at 10 a.m. We sat by the fire and he put to us the question of his not being "used" enough here. "Am I just going to talk to the teachers who understand nothing for two months? It is a waste."' [*Both chuckle lightly*.] 'He needs the challenge of someone who can push him deeper, someone who has gone into all this. How can we find such a person? He dismisses scientists as not really interested, artists, musicians, journalists, and religiously oriented people as already committed to their own beliefs, etcetera. The ordinary individual is hard to find. Where are the serious, intelligent ones who go in his direction? "Maybe there aren't any. Maybe this is the way it is supposed to be. I'm not frustrated, but it is a waste." There is a danger, too, that he will get further and further away. He feels this. It is a lack that confronts him everywhere. At present there is much going on in India but it is an outward response and activity, people offering to help start schools, donate their services, but not this inward exploring. It is intensely painful to me. His frequent telling that the Buddha had only two disciples who understood him, and they both died before he did, is like a knife wound. One wants to give him everything, and this is the most essential of gifts, but I am unable to search for people. I am doubtful of my own capabilities in exploring with him. I understand many things, but make no claims to anything. Am I wrong? Am I hiding in a kind of withdrawal from pushing in this direction? My instincts are to protect him, cherish the man and his energies, but perhaps he needs the demands of challenge. Can I do that? I have felt the physical fatigue for a number of months, but energy comes when it is needed and demanded. The rain poured down. We lunched at Arya Vihara. We had invited Maris Lindley to please her. There was a telephone call from Betsy, who has sold her house to an Iranian for the full price in cash. I spoke to Amanda. The Pacific Coast Highway is closed. Malibu has no electricity, and the rain is heavy. Ojai is also cut off. Krishnaji came into the study at 4 p.m., and as there was a lull in the rain, we walked down to the Lilliefelts' and then to the dip. The torrent of brown water was thundering over rocks that had washed into the road. Krishnaji watched it like a child. At the Lilliefelts', while waiting for them, he said, "I am thirsty," and drank a little rain off the leaves of a trumpet vine.'

February seventeenth. 'The rain continues. Ojai is cut off. Malibu is cut off. We lunched at Arya Vihara, then watched the winter Olympics at Lake Placid on television. The earth is sliding more at my place in Malibu.' Thank god, it was sold. 'Nothing can be done. Blau telephoned to be optimistic that the escrow will start Tuesday in spite of all this.' So, we must not have stopped worrying. [*S chuckles*.]

The eighteenth. ‘The rain was intermittent through the day. Southern California is in chaos. Malibu remains isolated. My place is crumbling along the fault. Whether the buyer, Mrs. McNichols, will end the escrow remains to be seen tomorrow. Lou Blau called last night to say he thought she would not, which raised my rain-soaked spirits. Krishnaji and I stayed in all day except for lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji found a copy of La Fontaine’s *Fables*, which I had bound years ago when I did book binding. “I used to do that,” he said unexpectedly.’

‘“When?” I asked.’

‘“Madame de Manziarly did it and showed me how.”’

‘In the evening we watched the ice hockey, which Krishnaji found very skillful, and the men’s giant slalom in the winter Olympics.’ I like watching that, I must say.

S: That was the eighteenth, and we have to leave it there because we’re running out of tape.

M: Okay.

S: So, we’ll begin next time on February nineteenth.

M: The nineteenth, good. That’s wonderful.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] “The process.”

[2] A quote from the French poet Edmond Haraucourt: “To part is to die a little.”

[3] Moorhead C. Kennedy, nicknamed Mike.

[4] It looks from this manuscript like we just carried on with the next day, year, and decade; but, in fact, Mary and I turned off the tape recorder and had a little celebration that we had *finally* gotten through the 1970s.

Issue 62: February 19, 1980 to April 20, 1980

A positive development that appears in this issue is that Mary finally sells her Malibu house. There is something typical about Mary in this: She has no loss of affection for that house she had built and lived in for so long, but she sees it as the past, and actively embraces her present.

The Oak Grove School and the Adult Center at Arya Vihara in Ojai are not going well, and Krishnaji is drawn into trying to fix them. Interestingly, we see an increase in Mary's role that will continue until the end of Krishnaji's life: Krishnaji asks Mary to be the initial intermediary to talk to people, sometimes before Krishnaji does and sometimes instead of his doing so.

Most worrying for Mary and others is that Krishnaji tells them that he is being "wasted" in Ojai, and that some force or collections of forces that determine his life may prevent him from coming to Ojai if a better use of his time is not found.

Mary: We begin on February nineteenth. 'I telephoned Bud on his birthday; he and Lisa go to Palm Beach on museum matters, then to Panama for some sun, returning March second. A new storm brought torrents of rain, so heavy that we had to wait at Arya Vihara after lunch for it to abate before walking home. Krishnaji spoke at lunch to the Lees, the Wilhelms, the Lilliefelts, Michael, etcetera on distrust among the teachers, how to change it, what is thinking together (not from personal bias and not about something). The escrow on the Malibu house, which was to commence today, didn't as the bank misplaced some papers. Also, the real estate broker is stuck in Topanga by floods and mudslides.' [*Both laugh*.] 'All parts of L.A. are flooded. Houses are destroyed by mudslides. Even if the escrow starts, when the process is completed, the Malibu place has to be in the condition in which it was at the start, or the buyer can refuse to buy. So there is no telling what will happen because of the rains. I talked to Betsy; her escrow starts tomorrow.'

February twentieth. 'It was clear in the morning and then the rain returned and continued all day. We lunched at Arya Vihara. The real estate man telephoned in the morning to say the escrow on the Malibu land *is starting today*. At 4:30 p.m., I took Krishnaji to the barber in Meiners Oaks, where he had his hair cut. This morning he had not gotten up by 6:30, as usual, so I went into his room. He had the covers up to his chin, lying, as he does so neatly, in a straight line, but he was not asleep. He spoke but was vague, disinclined to get up, and when he did, he said he was "elsewhere" and "not quite here." Beyond finding out that he was not sick, I asked nothing but felt his "absence," which seemed to last until he later came into the kitchen where his breakfast tray was ready. He did no exercise.'

The twenty-first. 'The rain has gone at last. Krishnaji was up at the usual time, and did his exercises. The real estate man rang to say the escrow papers are in Louis Blau's office. Blau said the escrow person at the bank is revising them, and he will try to bring

them for my signature this weekend as he is coming to Ojai with Evelyne. Krishnaji dictated a description, which Mary L. had requested, of the change in Krishnaji's meditation which began in Rishi Valley in November and continues here. He said it is completely different and new, a movement that reached the source of all energy, a sense of the absolute; the whole universe is in it. There is the perception that there is nothing beyond this. "This is ultimate, the beginning and the ending, the absolute. There is only a sense of incredible vastness and immense beauty."'

S: We have that description. We came across that.

M: You did?

S: Yes. We came across that, and it was one of the things that we turned over to the archives.

M: We did?

S: Yes.

M: You see, that quote I just gave you alone makes this, all these notes that I scribbled all these years ago, valuable.

S: Absolutely. I completely agree.

M: Well, it says, '"…vastness and immense beauty." When asked how one knows it is the source of all energy, he said, "One can only reply, with complete humility, that it is so."' I think that's in the account.

'Letters had just come from Mary Links and Mary Cadogan, both disturbed by a letter from an R. Toddywalla in Bombay.' [*Laughs*.] Now, *there's* a name! This is a Theosophist who kept writing to Krishnaji, urging him to say that he was really a Theosophist. [*S chuckles*.] 'So, a letter from R. Toddywalla in Bombay in which he keeps referring to Krishnaji having told him that he was joining the Theosophical Society. Krishnaji dictated a letter in reply that this is not so. In the letter, he repeated that if Mrs. Arundale became president of the Theosophical Society, "It would be a disaster." He asked me to show his reply to Erna, who also was disturbed by Toddywalla's assertion, and she also felt that Krishnaji should not do politics for Radha. So, after lunch, he drafted another, better reply. In the course of doing this, with Erna and Theo present, he had me read what he had dictated in the morning on meditation. He said that during the war years here in Ojai, he had no meditation. "Only when away from those two."' And then I have in parentheses: 'Rosalind and Rajagopal.'

S: So, meditation didn't occur when he was near them?

M: No.

S: Hm.

M: 'And today he said, "The body feels very young. Meditation has done something to the brain. I am not tired. On the contrary. Something has happened to the body, something I cannot put my finger on has happened to the whole mind. It is not what it was. What it was, was alright, but it is something entirely different. You have no idea how I worked in India at Rishi valley—the teachers and school, but I wasn't tired. I was like a flame."'

February twenty-second. 'No rain. Krishnaji dictated a few letters. Theo met Asit at the Santa Barbara airport. He has finished his current business in San Francisco and is here for the weekend before flying to Singapore on Monday. We all had a late lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji is very interested in Asit's business in San Francisco, an unusual interest for him. He wanted to put his small savings from the Miss Dodge money into Asit's venture but apparently this will not be possible.' Krishnaji's small savings; he got £500 a year from Ms. Dodge.

S: Yes, I remember.

M: And he wanted to invest it in Asit's ventures. Thank god, it couldn't be done. [*S laughs*.] 'Krishnaji rested while Asit came with me to the village marketing. Then, Krishnaji, Asit, Erna, and Theo went for a walk while I cooked supper. We ate in the kitchen and watched *Washington Week in Review.*' *Washington Week in Review*, for those who don't know, has been going on in my life for years, every Friday night, and Krishnaji liked it very much.

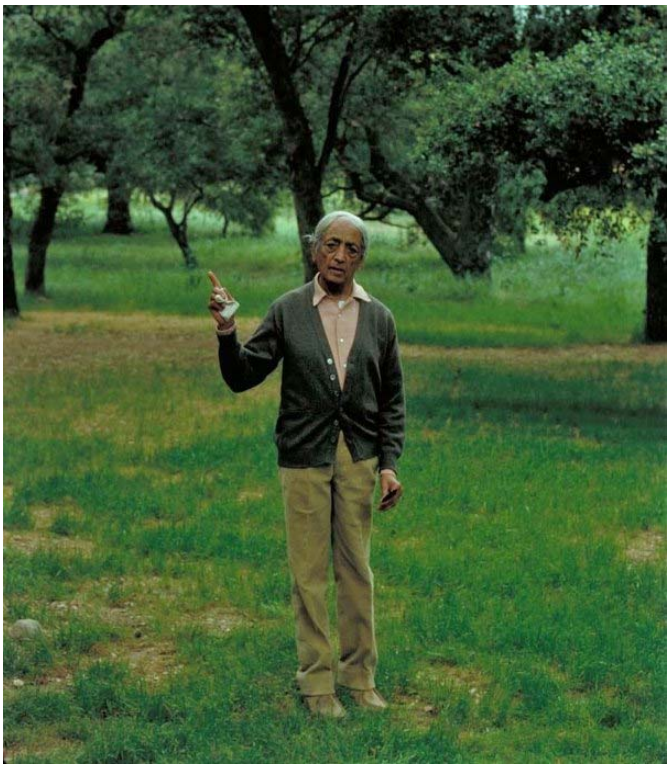
S: So, he liked that too? Oh, good.

M: Yes, we used to watch it. The main television was in his room. I moved it to my room afterwards, but it used to be in his room. He would always have supper in bed, as you know, and I would sit in the big red chair.

S: Right.

M: And we would have supper on trays that way. And the big television was next to the big red chair, so he would look at it. There was a small television in the kitchen. Anyway, 'we watched *Washington Week in Review* and then the Olympics. Narasimhan telephoned to inquire how Krishnaji is.'

The twenty-third. 'At 11 a.m., there was the annual KFA trustee meeting. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Alan Hooker, Evelyne Blau, and Asit came as a guest trustee from KFI. Lou Blau joined us for lunch at Arya Vihara and attended the afternoon session. We discussed Rajagopal's violations of the settlement agreement. Erna raised the question of inequity to me in my remaining payment, due in 1981, on the purchase of the McAndrew Road property. I did not attend this discussion.' In order to make it all legal, there was a…



Krishnaji in the Oak Grove (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Yes, you've explained all this before.

M: I had to buy this place.

S: You bought this place and then you donated it.

M: And then I donated it to the Foundation.

S: Right, with the right to live here for your lifetime.

M: Yes. 'I did not attend this discussion. On my return, all agreed that Lou should review the situation, then we adjourned. Krishnaji, Asit, Erna, Theo, and I walked down McAndrew Road and back. Asit leaves Monday for Singapore.'

February twenty-fourth. 'Max, Katie Marx, and Thomas dug up the pool on the front patio; it will be planted instead.' It was useless as a pool; it had mosquitoes in it. 'Margaret Dodd came to see Asit and discuss a book he wants to do of photos.' She had something to do with publication. 'She lunched with us at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji was a bit tired from no nap due to the KFA meeting yesterday. The Blaus have tried to see Rajagopal as Lou has never met him and thought he could prevail in getting a donation from him,' [*chuckle in voice*] 'but Rajagopal said he didn't feel well. Lou reviewed the settlement agreement and thinks we should attempt to photocopy archive documents. He brought up the Berwick TV interview of Krishnaji, which Evelyne arranged and I opposed. We disagreed. I put on the Berwick program for Krishnaji to see; it was an

interview of Norman Mailer, and Krishnaji didn't want to watch after about ten minutes. I watched from another set. We went for a short walk to the dip. I sat up till late looking at Asit's pictures of Krishnaji.' I've forgotten what all that was about.

The twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji and I said goodbye to Asit at 5:30 a.m., and Theo drove him to Ventura where he took the bus to Los Angeles and a flight to Singapore. Evelyne telephoned about the Berwick interview; she didn't cancel it when we said "no" in January, hoping, I suppose, that Krishnaji would decide otherwise on arrival. So, I put it to him and Erna and Theo at lunch, and offered no opinion of my own. Evelyne feels, rightly, that it is a chance to get footage of Krishnaji at no expense, but in the end Krishnaji decided it would be too tiring, three hours to get to NBC in Burbank and back. And they want to tape it at night.'

S: Oh…

M: He interviewed people on—I've forgotten what on. I didn't think he was suitable. [*S laughs.*] 'We walked with Erna and Theo in the afternoon and looked at baby goats.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: [*laughs*] Not something you do every morning.

M: February twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji talked to Mark Lee and Erna, Theo, and me. Lunched at Arya Vihara. It was a warm day.'

The twenty-seventh. 'There was a telephone call from a young woman with leukemia named Angela Arzunian, asking to see Krishnaji. He agreed, and she came in the afternoon. He saw her for about forty minutes, and said she did most of the talking. He listened, and held her hand. She had read all the books, knew what he had said about death, and is not afraid. She has only a short time to live. In the evening, we saw a television documentary on young people in deep trouble with the law. Krishnaji watched. "What is wrong in this country!"…"I could weep for these young people."'

The next day. 'Krishnaji slept poorly, woke in the night thinking, "I am being wasted. What am I doing here for four months? Just talking to those teachers?" At lunch, he brought it up again. We were alone and having our first meal at the new table on the patio. "What am I to do? I am not being used. The committee might say, 'You're not doing anything. Leave!'" And later on the walk with Erna and Theo, he raised it. "What am I doing just talking to these teachers who understand nothing?" We frantically asked him what he should be doing. "Talking," he said.'

S: [*chuckled*] But not to those teachers, obviously.

M: No. '"Since that thing happened in Rishi Valley, there is much more, much more to be got out." In all the past, no one has helped him to reveal his teaching, but now it seems he needs the affect of someone being able to question, to spur him to go more deeply. The responsibility seems to be on us to provide—so this agonizing warning.'

February twenty-ninth, leap year day. 'Krishnaji slept well, nine hours. At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji talked in the living room with Mark, Fritz, Erna, Theo, and me about the school. The teachers have a lack of trust, are "suffering," according to Fritz who, though he says he doesn't agree with them, is rather their spokesperson. They feel they are not consulted enough. Toward the end of the discussion, Krishnaji said he would meet with us and two or three teachers on Wednesday to work out "the rules of the game" in the school. Then, have meetings on Thursday and Friday with all of them to go into it. Then, enough on schools; he said some of what he had said yesterday. "What am I to do here for four months?" The others left while I got our lunch and stood talking about what could be done to find people able to discuss with him. Krishnaji had me ask Erna and Theo back to lunch with us, as we had just enough; and the four of us had lunch on the terrace. Krishnaji took a nap for two hours, and then we went for a walk with Erna and Theo down to Reeves Road and back. Max has gone to Malibu to put the railroad ties back, to fix the roof leaks, etcetera.'

The first of March. 'After breakfast, Krishnaji had a stomach cramp and felt ill. When we went to lunch at Arya Vihara, he ate very little and then went back to bed. I had a long talk with Erna and Theo, Fritz, and Margrete about the school and possibly a few teachers to work closely with Mark to change the division between Mark and the staff. Krishnaji remained in bed and had a light supper. I made him a vegetable broth, which he had with dry toast and an apple. He thinks yogurt made him sick but felt better in the evening. Max, Katie Marx, a bulldozer man, Lorry, Elfriede, and Fred all worked to improve the railroad ties around the pine tree in Malibu. If the weather holds, they will continue tomorrow.'

March second. 'Krishnaji was weak in the morning but ate a normal breakfast. In mid-morning, he sent for Mark, and talked to him with me present, about the school. The rain began again in mid-morning and ended the work that Max was doing in Malibu. Krishnaji and I lunched at Arya Vihara. There were some teachers there. Elfriede rang me at 5 p.m. and said torrential rains in Malibu washed out the work that Max had done. Krishnaji and I tried to walk but had to turn back as we got so wet. I spoke to David Bohm in London about discussions he wants to have with Krishnaji when he is here. He and Saral arrive on the twenty-seventh.'

The next day. 'Rain turned to showers. Krishnaji was much better. We walked in the afternoon. And' [*chuckles*] 'he asked me why haven't I "this thing."'

S: This thing being this religious thing?

M: Yes. '"What's the point if someone so close to me doesn't have it?" He then asked me if I thought like a woman.' [*S chuckles.*] 'It developed, that he meant did I think beyond the reactions and the nature of a woman. "Is that you? Is it that you do not see instantly the whole of a problem? I want to change you." That's what we were talking about yesterday, seeing the whole.'

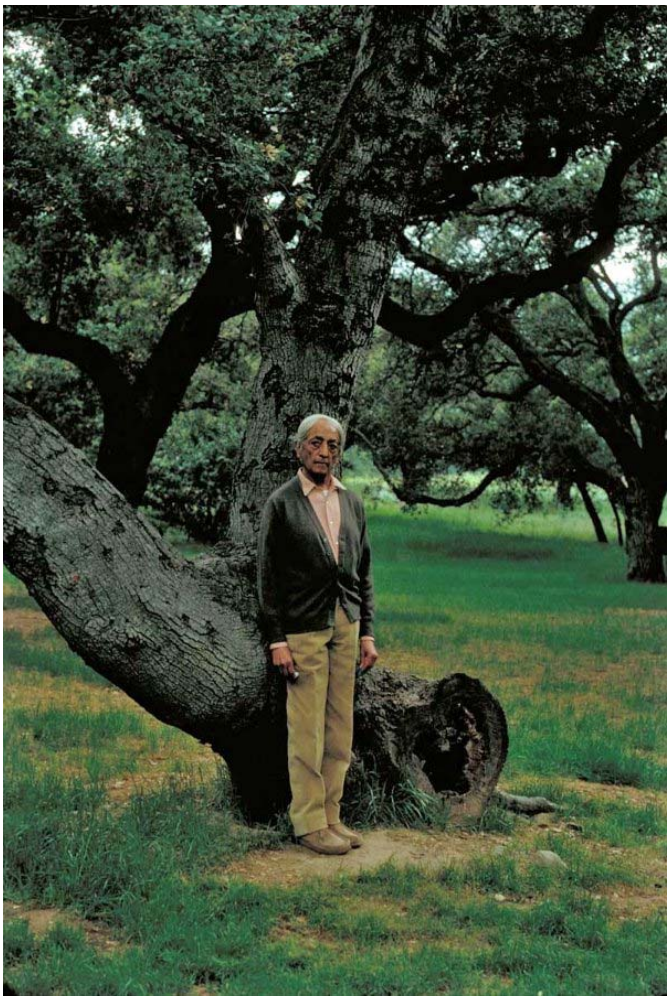
S: Ah, yes.

M: That's because I'm a woman?

S: I don't think so.

M: I think it's more widespread than that. [*Chuckles.*]

S: [*laughs*] Yes.



Krishnaji in the Oak Grove (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: The fourth. 'At 11:00 a.m. Krishnaji had Erna, Theo, and Alan Hooker as trustees come and talk about meetings with teachers beginning tomorrow. We discussed the functions and responsibilities of trustees, of the school director, etcetera. We lunched at Arya Vihara and later walked down Reeves Road.'

March fifth. 'There was a meeting after breakfast at 9:30 a.m. of Krishnaji, Mark Lee, the Lilliefelts, Alan Hooker, and me. It was another rainy day. We telephoned Mary Links and Krishnaji reassured her that he is not joining the Theosophical Society and has so answered the Toddywalla letter. She and Joe sounded like they were in the room; it was lovely to talk to them. We lunched at Arya Vihara, and at 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a

meeting here with trustees and the Oak Grove School staff. It went on till 6:30 p.m. The real estate man telephoned that Mrs. McNichols has signed the escrow for the house.' She was an indomitable buyer. Thank god.

S: I guess so.

M: The sixth. 'I spoke to Amanda on her birthday, then went to Ventura to fetch a new hearing device, marketed and got back as Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, etcetera, and the David Moodys, too, were finishing lunch. At 4 p.m. Krishnaji held a second discussion with Oak Grove teachers and a resolution of their differences seems to be happening. Alain Naudé arrived, having driven down from San Francisco. He is spending the weekend in the guest house. We had supper on trays in Krishnaji's room. The escrow on Malibu had begun!'

March seventh. 'Max reported on how he can re-fix the railroad ties around the pine tree in Malibu. We breakfasted in the kitchen. The weather was suddenly beautiful. Krishnaji and Alain talked in the living room while I tended house plants, and the gramophone rang with Pavarotti singing Neapolitan songs.' [*S chuckles*.] Krishnaji liked that.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: 'Krishnaji later said he had hardly heard what Alain was saying because the atmosphere in the room was so strong. "I must sit in there each morning." We all lunched at Arya Vihara. Alain met the Wilhelms, Michael, and David Moody. At 4 p.m., there was the third teacher meeting, which lasted till 6:30 p.m. Evelyne was there, and Lou telephoned during it to tell me that all is well with the escrow. The building and termite report was excellent, and he is sending it to me for signature. The sale of the house is a triumph.' [*Both chuckle*.] So it was.

S: Sliding down the hill.

M: Yes. 'Krishnaji was tired after the meeting. He, Alain, and I had supper on trays in front of Krishnaji's television.'

The eighth. 'Alain had breakfast with the Lilliefelts, returned, and had a private talk for about an hour with Krishnaji. We all lunched at Arya Vihara. Various teachers were there. After a rest, Krishnaji, Alain, Erna, Theo, and I walked down McAndrew joined by a waiting Japanese man who wanted to see Krishnaji, and invited himself to come along. This sort of thing makes me cranky.' [*S chuckles*.] 'Toward the end of the walk, Alain said to me one of his reasons for coming here is because Mary L. had told him that both Krishnaji and I felt some unfinished something from years ago. He said he had talked to Krishnaji in the morning and now wanted to clear it up with me. I said for myself, I felt then and still felt, that he had acted wrongly when he left, but he had a right to act as he chose. It was over and gone and didn't color my friendship for him today. He defended his actions, saying he was accused unjustly, etcetera, and he said both sides acted wrongly. His words were wanting things to be right, but there was, I felt, an insistence in

him that *he* had been right. By this time, we were back at the gate. The others were catching up, so I spoke in as friendly a way as I could, warmly of past times, when we were all together. I fixed our supper and all three ate in front of Krishnaji's television.'

The ninth. 'It was a beautiful day. Krishnaji, Alain, and I had breakfast in the kitchen. Alain left at 10:30 a.m. for San Francisco, after Krishnaji had again invited him to stay at Brockwood if and when he comes to London. "Naudé is tiring," said Krishnaji after he left, but he feels perhaps Naudé would like to come back to some degree. It was vague, and we'll see. I had a long pleasant chat with Amanda on the telephone and later with Bud in New York. He and Lisa were on Contadora Island in Panama when they were invited by the wife of the shah of Iran to call and spent two hours with her alone.' They were sort of acquaintances of hers. They'd been invited when the shah was still shah, and they had invited a lot of people, distinguished people, to come to Tehran.

S: There was a big event, like the 2,000th anniversary of the Persian Empire, or something like that.

M: Yes, it was something like that, and they were invited and went. So, anyway, they saw the wife in Panama. 'Lisa brought museum articles she thought would be of interest to the empress, and the empress poured out her thoughts. At one point, Bud mentioned the husband of his niece, who is a hostage in Tehran, and spoke of Louisa's going to Paris as the guest of the French government to speak on television. "Is she the woman?" said the empress. She had heard of what Louisa had said, and said it had "given me the strength to carry on." Bud said there's little protection for her. The Panamanian government was so welcoming at first, but is now dickering with the Iranians. She cannot see her children, as she fears for their safety. After lunch at Arya Vihara, we saw a videotape of a Nova program on arteries, blood cells, etcetera, photographed inside the body. After a rest, we walked with Erna and Theo, and ran into the Blaus, who are house-hunting for their daughter Eloise, so they came in briefly.'

The next day. 'There was a meeting of Erna and Theo, Alan Hooker, Mark, me, and Carol Andre on the future of the school vegetable garden. It is too expensive to continue. Carol is to leave. After lunch and a rest, Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I walked in the Topa Topa Ranch grove.' We had permission from the Topa Topa owners.

S: Oh, how nice.

M: March eleventh. 'In the afternoon, I went to an Oak Grove School teacher and parent meeting. Carol Andre is no longer on the staff; will stay on until the garden is changed, and turned over to the staff and many volunteers who will look after permanent plants. It was a calm meeting. I came back and walked with Krishnaji. Max went to Malibu to mend the railroad ties trying to hold the earth.'

The twelfth. 'It was a lovely, clear day. At 11 a.m., we went with Erna and Theo to Santa Barbara, going through the Casitas Pass'—that's the inland way. 'The lake was full, the hills were so very green, and the ceanothus was in bloom. We went at first to buy a

training suit for Krishnaji, then to Danica House for teak oil, to a French bakery, and then lunched in a small French restaurant called Mousse Odile. We had to wait but the food was good. Afterward we went to Kaiser Health Food there, then drove to the botanical gardens where we walked about. Then we drove to Montecito, bought cheese and vegetables, and came home after casing the barber at the Biltmore Hotel for Krishnaji and a hairdresser for me. The ocean was welcome to both of us as we drove back. It smelled of the sea, and soft, moist air. We were back at 6 p.m. Krishnaji was not too tired. We had supper with the fresh vegetables and goat cheese we had bought. Elfriede telephoned to thank me for a check, and say that Max had done part of the work on the railroad ties around the pine tree and will continue tomorrow. Mr. Chapman had a stroke and died.' Mr. Chapman was a very funny old man who lived up in the hills, and used to do gardening for the Dunnes and for me.

March thirteenth. 'Max is working in Malibu. Sidney Field came to lunch at Arya Vihara with Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Michael, and me. He told of robberies and of the dangers of life in his section of Hollywood. Also, he reminisced and said he hadn't ever spoken to Rajagopal since a telephone conversation in which Rajagopal was complaining of his health and having a hernia. Sidney had told him, "Well, that's what comes with lifting other people's property."' [*Both M and S laugh heartily*.] Good for Sidney. 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I walked through the avocado and orange trees of the Topa Topa Ranch, a very pleasant walk. We discussed the renewed crisis in school. Laura Martin is resigning, and she says the trouble between Mark and the staff still exists. We decided to talk to Mark tomorrow morning and then see the teachers without him in the afternoon.'

S: Is Sidney Field still alive?**[1]**

M: No. At least I don't think so. I would've been hearing from him if he was. No. He must've died.**[2]**

S: To me, Sidney Field's biography of Krishnaji is one of the best ones; it is terribly touching and he conveys a sense of Krishnaji.

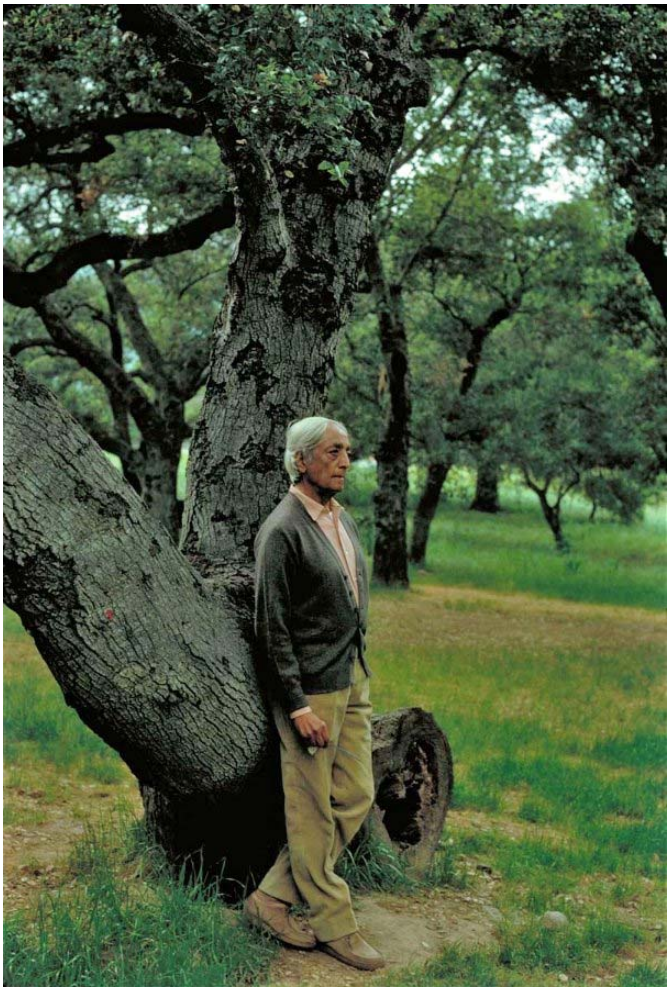
M: Yes, it does. That's a very, very good one. He was a very good friend to Krishnaji.

S: I never met him. I'd love to have met him.

M: He was very nice. [*Laughs.*] I'd forgotten about all that—Rajagopal's hernia from lifting other people's property. [*Laughs more.*] Anyway.

March fourteenth. 'At 8 a.m., Krishnaji, Mark, Erna, Theo, Hooker, and I met. Krishnaji told Mark we would see the teachers in the afternoon without his being there. That meeting was held at 4 p.m. All the staff came. Krishnaji worked very hard at trying to get to the root of the problem. It is a lack of common ground, i.e., bringing about a different human being in the school, the children. All else is peripheral. He got most of them to see this though Laura and her husband, and Margrete Heising, Fritz's wife, remain

uncommitted. Later, Krishnaji chided me for not going deeper, but only discussing on the periphery. "You should've solved it, you and the Lilliefelts," he said.' [*S chuckles*.]



Krishnaji in the Oak Grove (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

March fifteenth. 'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a two-and-a-quarter-hour meeting with parents, teachers, and few others. I invited Kathleen Quinn. It was good, but it went on too long. Max had been invited but finished work in Malibu; he sent me photos of his work via Katie Marx.'

March sixteenth. 'At 10 a.m., Krishnaji, Mark, and David Moody, who will join the school in September, Erna, Theo, Alan Hooker, and I met and discussed Friday's teacher meeting with Mark. Mark was remarkably open and un-defensive in all this. It is good that Moody was there seeing all sides. At 4 p.m., the second parent-teachers-etcetera discussion was held for one hour and twenty minutes. Max came on the walk afterward with Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and me.'

The seventeenth. 'I woke up at 3 a.m., and did proofreading on the final version of *From Darkness to Light* just received from Harper & Row. I had surprising energy all day. In

the afternoon, Krishnaji and I washed the green car and then went for a walk with Erna and Theo through the Topa Topa grove.'

The next day, 'There was sudden thunder and rain in the morning. Elfriede reports a pipe near Filomena's room burst yesterday, but she got the plumber to fix it.'

S: Oh, poor Malibu.

M: 'After lunch, Krishnaji and I drove to the Biltmore Hotel in Montecito, where Krishnaji had a good haircut. The day had cleared and the world was windy and shining. On the way home, we stopped for more goat cheese from Provence. Krishnaji drove along the ocean, looking pleased and very young. He hoped for a train, and one came by, keeping us company as far as Ventura.' [*Light chuckling*.] 'He told me that years ago, when he used to drive by himself, when a train would be parallel with the road, he would drive fast. And the train engineer would shake his finger out the window at him, and he would stop racing.' [*S laughs, M laughs too*.]

The nineteenth. 'I worked at the desk most of the day. Krishnaji saw David Moody at 11 a.m., and Laura Martin and her husband at 4 p.m. while I marketed. There was the walk as usual.'

March twentieth. 'I fixed our breakfast and then I left at 7 a.m. for Malibu. The coast road has just opened after landslides, and the rain has brought out more than ever before the yellow tufted daisies that Krishnaji and I like so much. I reached the house at 8:30 a.m., talked to Elfriede and later to Lorry. Elfriede is prepared to move out and into a trailer on her own land as soon as the escrow closes.' She and her husband had a piece of land up in the hills.

S: Yes.

M: 'I saw all that Max had done. The earth continues to sink like an elevator beyond the fault, but it was a lovely day. The roses were blooming. The sea air shone. The house was dear as it always has been and as beautiful, a familiar-as-ever part of my life. I shall very probably never go there again. I leave it with undiminished affection but no pain. Went over to see Amanda and Phil and learned that they too are thinking it may be time for them to sell and reshape their lives while they are still able to choose. They are thinking of San Francisco.' They never did move. 'It is indeed a day of turning. I went on into town to Dr. Olson about a skin thing that has to be removed, then had my hair cut. At 4 p.m., I met Tootie'—that's Bud's eldest daughter—'at a car rental place in Santa Monica to put my credit card on line so she can rent a car. She is no longer with Lance whatever-his-name-was. I came back along the ocean and drove in as Krishnaji was returning from his walk with the Lilliefelts. "I knew you were coming," he said.' [*Both chuckle.*] He had a great way of, of something…'Krishnaji had seen Fritz at 4 p.m.'

The twenty-first. 'Krishnaji came with me to Green Thumb Nursery to choose a ficus to go in the corner of the new flower bed where the pool was.' You're looking at it now.

‘We bought little plants too and got back just in time for lunch. In the afternoon, Thomas planted everything in the little garden using two of the Malibu sea rocks. It was finished and looking charming by the time we came back from our walk. Krishnaji was pleased.’

March twenty-second. ‘Krishnaji met with Erna, Theo, Alan Hooker, Mark, David Moody, and me about Moody’s draft of a statement on a definition of “common ground” for the school, and we spent an hour amending it. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with parents, teachers, etcetera, which Krishnaji thought went well. Louis Blau sent the final papers with Evelyne for me to sign. He says Mrs. McNichols wishes to close the escrow Wednesday. The shah of Iran leaves Panama for Egypt. Louisa Kennedy is interviewed about its effect on the hostages on CBS.’

The twenty-third. ‘Krishnaji held the fourth parent-teacher discussion at 4 p.m. I signed the grant-deed at the notary, and Evelyne took it to Lou. I spoke to Miranda in Malibu, also Lisa in New York.’

There isn’t anything the next day.

On the twenty-fifth, ‘Krishnaji says we ought to go to Sri Lanka in the autumn. He forgot to tell me. He said Dr. Parchure predicted I would object—Krishnaji taking on too much.’ Well, anyway, we went. [*S laughs*.] ‘The buyer of the house, Mrs. McNichols, telephoned to say, “It is such a beautiful house.” It will be hers tomorrow. I replied in kind. It rained. I went to the Department of Motor Vehicles in Ventura about missing license tags.’

March twenty-sixth. ‘I was up early and proofread the final version of *From Darkness to Light*, finishing my share. Erna and Theo are doing the rest. An appraiser came about the art and china in the house. Krishnaji talked alone with the Siddoos. Frances McCann was at lunch, having arrived from Brockwood last night, and is spending the week at Arya Vihara before moving to a motel. She was nervously talkative at lunch in her mother-y way, which Krishnaji finds trying. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji, the trustees, and Oak Grove staff met to go over the “common ground” statement. It lasted over two hours. Lou Blau telephoned to say escrow was closing and the title will pass on Malibu tomorrow morning when the sale will be recorded.’

The next day. ‘The Malibu house belongs to the new owner. Elfriede has a bad cold but is moving into a trailer on their land in Corral Canyon. Mrs. McNichols has moved into the house, even though it has no leach field. Lou telephoned to say the funds could be telegraphed where I would like them, which I said is to Wellington.’ They’re my brokers in New York. ‘It is, at last, all done. The dear and blessed house is gone. I can no longer care for it. It is the past and closed. I am immensely relieved. Krishnaji went with Theo to visit the school. I marketed and made our supper. In the late afternoon, Saral and Dave Bohm arrived from London for about three weeks. The Siddoos leave.’

March twenty-eighth. ‘Krishnaji’s “day off.” No exercise. Krishnaji says Theo told him that he and Erna eat sandwiches and salad at night. He thinks we should, too. The yam we had last night disagreed with him and it came up. But only it. “My stomach is very clever.

It rejects only what it doesn't like." He dictated letters in the morning. He is interested in going over the archive photos collected by Mendizza in Adyar and in identifying people in them, which I write down. The Bohms were at lunch. The appalling state of the world was talked of at table, seemingly insoluble problems and the drift toward war or starvation. "The world is mad," said Krishnaji to me as we walked back through the orange trees on this beautiful day. Later, he wanted to finish the photographs, and then we walked with Erna and Theo through Topa Topa. The valley is beginning to fill with the scent of orange blossoms. The mourning doves make their gentle sound, and we have been hearing great horned owls at night.'

S: How nice.

M: March twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji is increasingly disturbed over Fritz and Margrete. He feels the atmosphere in the school and Arya Vihara is not good. He talked to David Moody at Moody's request after lunch. At 4 p.m., he held a fifth discussion with teachers-parents-etcetera, including the Bohms. Later, Krishnaji told me, "You must think like me, not like Mrs. Zimbalist."' [*Both M and S laugh.*] He called me Mrs. Zimbalist for the first seven years he was my houseguest.

S: Yes. I remember. It's extraordinary. [*Both laugh more.*]

M: Oh, dear.

S: But then, he called you Maria in such a *beautiful* way.

M: Yes. Well, there were too many Marys.

S: I know there were. But it was also like when I heard him calling my name on a tape, his pronunciation of names was so singular and really very beautiful.

M: It was lovely. Yes, I liked being called Maria.

S: Yes.

M: Vanda resented it because she had a sister who died whose name was Maria, so that name was taken, so to speak.

S: Ah, ha, yes, right.

M: But, it didn't change anything. 'There were severe admonitions brought on by my not sharing his more severe misgivings about elements he feels are destructive to the work here. I had a long talk with Bud in New York about business things. Bud offered the Paris apartment for Krishnaji and me in June if we want to go there. Miranda telephoned; she has to return to San Francisco tonight, but will come down another weekend and come here then.'

The next day, ‘Krishnaji held sixth meeting with parents, teachers, etcetera.’

The thirty-first. ‘I spent most of the day working at my desk, and Krishnaji spent the day in bed. I made our lunch here.’

April first. ‘It was a quiet morning for Krishnaji, but a very busy one for me. Mr. Schwartz delivered the bed table for Krishnaji’s room. Amanda reported on meeting with Ruth Carter on what their place would sell for. At lunch at Arya Vihara were Erna and Theo, Fritz, Michael, and Robin Slanager who arrived yesterday and may help at the school. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a taped discussion with Dave Bohm. Present were: Erna, Theo, Hooker, Fritz, David Moody, and Robin. Krishnaji began by asking, “Did mankind go wrong? If so, when and where?” Eventually he described his own meditation, which is not deliberate. He wakes up meditating. In Rishi Valley it happened that he touched what he described as the source of energy. Toward the end, he spoke of a destruction (of all conscious thought, etcetera, as we know it) and that is a beginning. “Is it creation?” As he was speaking, I had the vivid sense of destruction and creation being one ultimate action in reality. We went for a short walk with Erna and Theo. Margrete has resigned from the school, is angry and disturbed. Krishnaji feels something must be done. He had earlier asked me to talk to Fritz. Krishnaji said I must “stay young,” and he is effecting this when he does my back and head.’ He put his hands on my back when it was sore. That’s going to help me be young. That’s what it did, maybe, I guess.

S: Yes, yes. It really worked. [*both chuckle*]

M: April second, ‘I fetched Mar de Manziarly from her sister’s road and brought her to lunch with Krishnaji at Arya Vihara. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji had a one-and-a-half-hour taped discussion again with David, a continuation from yesterday on: Did man take a wrong turn? And what lies beyond emptiness and silence? “There is something.” It was an extraordinary conversation, as if Krishnaji was seeing beyond human perception. It is too difficult to report here. He ended it with his funny story about the man who died and met Saint Peter, was accepted in heaven but given a chance to visit “down there,” which he did and was received by marvelous girls, etcetera; so he chose that, went down again, but was beaten up on his arrival. Why?, he asks, when that wasn’t his first experience. “Oh, you were a tourist then.”’ [*S laughs*.] ‘Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went for a short walk.’

April third, ‘We left at 10:30 a.m. in the green Mercedes and drove the coast road, Krishnaji taking the wheel at the usual place by the poplar trees and giving it back to me at Zuma Beach. We had a picnic lunch in the car on a shady street in Beverly Hills. At 1:30, Krishnaji had an ear exam by Dr. Seymour Brockman and a hearing test. He has seventy percent loss in the high frequencies. The doctor suggested a hearing aid for special occasions, like hearing questions during talks or discussions. Krishnaji is disinclined.’ [*S chuckles*.] One reason I got a hearing aid for myself…

S: Was to encourage him?

M: …yes, to encourage him, but it had no effect. [*S laughs.*] 'We stopped at Lindberg's for vitamins, etcetera. Then, to Malibu to see the Dunnes. Krishnaji was anxious to get home, so we didn't stay long. Krishnaji drove the usual stretch on the way back. "*Some car*." His face lights up at the car, at flowers along the road, and for me this is a spreading of delight at seeing him at the wheel of his car, pleased, enjoying, young, and with a glow in his face. We arrived home at exactly 6:30 p.m. I realized that today, passing the Malibu house for the first time since the sale that it is part of a past, all of it.'

There's really nothing the next day, but on the fifth, 'at 4 p.m. there was a trustee-parent meeting at the Pavilion.'

S: Oh, not with Krishnaji?

M: No.

S: Interesting.

M: The sixth, Easter Sunday. 'It was a beautiful day. Krishnaji watched TV all morning from the Pope in Rome to the Reverend Schuller, whom he watches with incredulous amazement that people are so taken in.' Reverend Schuller was a fascination for Krishnaji because he was so awful; he was one of those television evangelist preachers.

S: Yes. I find him fascinating as well.

M: Well, then, you know. He built the Crystal Cathedral and it went on and on. Krishnaji would stare at this in fascinated horror.

S: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'I worked at the desk. Joy Mills, now at Krotona, came to lunch at Arya Vihara and for coffee at the cottage afterward. Krishnaji is interested in the probability of Radha Burnier winning the election for the presidency of the Theosophical Society over her aunt Rukmini Arundale. Mills is confident she will. Joy Mills had withdrawn her own candidacy in Radha's favor. People on Rukmini's side were saying Krishnaji wants to take over the Theosophical Society. Later on the walk, Erna asked him if he does. "Just the land," he said.' [*S laughs; M laughs, too*.] He liked having land.

S: Yes, yes.

M: He was always, when we were looking for a place for the school, before we settled on the land we got, he would say, "More, buy more acres," forty acres, fifty acres. [*Both laughing*.]

S: Quite right.

M: Again, there's nothing of significance the next day, but on the eighth, 'I worked at the desk in the morning. After lunch, at Krishnaji's urging, I talked to Fritz about Margrete's antagonisms, some to Krishnaji. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a taped discussion with Bohm and Fritz. Afterward, he and I watered the garden.'

The next day was 'a warm day. I worked at the desk all morning. At 12:30 p.m., Evelyne and Michael Mendizza came and did some movie shots of Krishnaji watering plants, walking with David Bohm, and chatting with him at Arya Vihara. Cynthia Wood came to lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview for *Ojai News* to Lamar Hoover'—he was the longtime, very nice editor of the *Ojai News*, and then he moved away and we didn't see him anymore. 'We walked with Erna and Theo in the orange grove on the Topa Topa Ranch.'

April tenth. 'Malibu is cut off by a slide, breaking the telephone lines. It was a warm day. I worked at the desk all morning. I spoke to Lorna at the Vineyard. Louisa has had a telephone call from Mike at the embassy in Tehran. On TV, militants threatened to kill hostages if [there was] any military action, including by Iraq, which they consider to be a U.S. puppet. There was much discussion about this at lunch. Krishnaji jokingly but vehemently said he would blockade the Gulf unless the hostages were freed or if they are harmed. He would seize the Iranian oil fields and warn Russia not to interfere.' [*S chuckles*.] '"Then, I'd say 'I'm a pacifist.'"' [*S laughs*.] Laughing, he said this. 'At 4 p.m., there was a discussion with Krishnaji and David Bohm, with Fritz and David Moody joining in. What will make man change? was the topic.'

April eleventh. 'It was a hot, windy day. Krishnaji wants vines on his porch and came with me to Green Thumb Nursery in Ventura. It was dusty and strenuous but we found what we were after. We talked in the car about this first attempt to start an adult center in Ojai. Krishnaji feels acutely that it is wrong, is not developing, mustn't go on. He is intense and disturbed about it. We got back in time for lunch. "Why are we both tired?" he asked. After lunch, he talked with Erna and Theo and me until 4:30 about the Fritz and Mark problems. David Bohm came in for part of the Fritz discussion. It seems that Fritz has thought of doing something else; teaching philosophy somewhere. Bohm will sound out Fritz on this. It would detach Fritz from our work and undo what has turned out wrongly. That left us with the Mark problem and the question of why some staff are leaving. Is it Mark's fault? Krishnaji feels strongly that Asha is part of Mark's apparent weakness and is an irritant in the school. Erna is depressed and concerned. We have to get at the reasons some staff are leaving. Is it something in Mark? Krishnaji said again, "I am wasted here." And later to me, "Why am I doing all this?" I asked why he gets involved in all these schools everywhere. Is that his job? He said, "The Committee may say that's enough."'

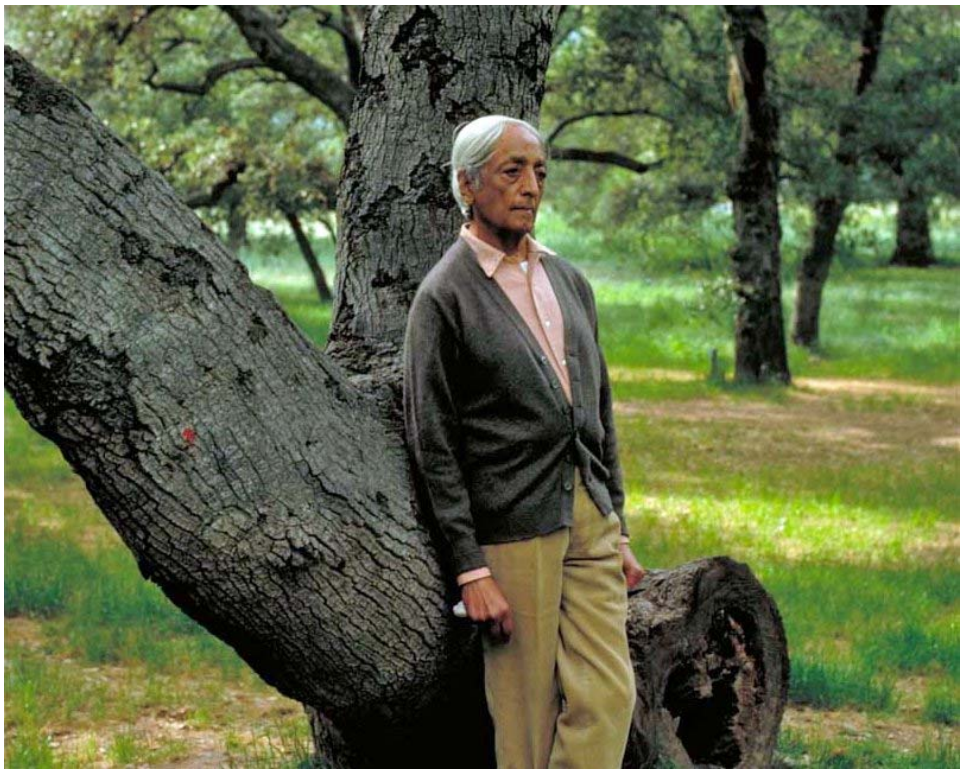
S: The Committee being, again, the…

M: We don't know what the Committee is, but we know it is unknown.

S: An unknown assemblage of whatever. [*Chuckles.*]

M: It has to do with his life and fate.

S: Yes.



Krishnaji in the Oak Grove (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: April twelfth. 'It was a hot day. I worked at the desk in the morning. After lunch, Krishnaji talked with Erna, Theo, Hooker, and me about Mark and the school difficulties. Erna had talked to Darcey and others'—Darcey was a teacher in the school—'on why they were leaving the school. One fact is Asha's meddling. This confirmed Krishnaji's opinion, and that she has no business in the school, etcetera. He was very drastic, but it ended up that I am to talk to Mark and tell him Asha must not be part of the school. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held another discussion particularly with David Bohm, but Fritz and David Moody were in it partially. Krishnaji had chided me for not joining in, so I did, minimally. It began with Dave asking about "the ground" and what is the relationship of a person to that. Krishnaji led one through this subject brilliantly. The total destroyer, a sword cutting away the delusions of the mind. He looked tired at the end and has the beginnings of hay fever. He expended much energy people he feels are destructive to the work, and he was scathing.'

April thirteenth, 'Krishnaji had streaming hay fever, so he was in bed most of the day but got up for lunch. In the afternoon, he gave an interview to Sasha, the Russian that Vanda brought to the airport in Rome in November 1978, and who later came here. Krishnaji also talked privately with Dr. Netzer, a parent in the school, an intelligent man, Krishnaji said. His hay fever was severe in the evening. Max and Alan Tansill brought an air cleaning machine, but Max was unable to start it.' Alan Tansill was the brother or

adopted brother or brother thing to Max. They shared childhood and life together. That was in the little book.

The fourteenth. 'Krishnaji felt weak with hay fever. It begins to bring congestion to his chest. I had a conversation with Naudé in San Francisco, about the effect of "constitutional remedy," phosphorus, which Krishnaji took on March twenty-third. But today, Krishnaji decided to take Dr. Scheef's pink pills, which are the only thing that controls the hay fever.'

S: Ah, yes, "the magic pink pills," yes.

M: He stayed in bed all day. I worked at the desk, marketed, then made his lunch here. He was better by evening. A white wisteria vine and pink dipladenia were planted by Krishnaji's porch.' I don't remember those. We've got rose bushes out there now.

April fifteenth. 'Krishnaji is better. As a result of Saturday's conversation between Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Hooker, etcetera, I saw Mark alone and told him we felt Asha must not interfere in school matters. He listened with remarkable openness. Krishnaji got up for lunch. In the afternoon he had another discussion with David Bohm. His voice was a little thick, but his energy had returned.'

The sixteenth. 'I left at 7:30 a.m. and went via Malibu to Beverly Hills. It was a hot day. I did lots of errands, had my hair cut, then spent half an hour with the Dunnes on the way home. Krishnaji had talked to Mark in the morning. He also talked to Dave, who says that Fritz wants to leave. Krishnaji, Erna, and Theo were starting on a walk as I arrived at 6 p.m., so I joined them but felt tired.'

April seventeenth. 'After breakfast, Krishnaji said that he wanted a serious talk with me. We sat in the living room. He said he's wasting his time here with school problems and talking to teachers who don't understand. He's been here three months, and what? He has woken up with intimations three times that he is being wasted. Ojai, he feels, is a sacred place, and he likes this house, but it is a waste for him. He could write, but he should be having living discussions; someone to talk to who can help him to go deeper. Bohm helps, but he can talk to him at Brockwood. More is happening there. If he doesn't do something, something else will take a hand, something will make it impossible for him to be here. He wants to prevent that. What to do? He said sometimes it is as if something very far were calling him. "Something beyond the stars." He said I am the closest person to him, but that doesn't make a difference. He had me call in Erna, Theo, and as Mark was with Erna in the office, Krishnaji had him come, too. He had me begin to report what he had said, and then he picked it up and said, "I have been sent." He held another discussion with David Bohm from 4 p.m. to 5:40 p.m. It was an absorbing one. An air cleaner is installed on the furnace with air conditioning.' That was in hopes of helping Krishnaji's…

S: Yes, hay fever. Let's just talk for a minute about this because this is something that is remarkable, what you've just read.

M: I know, and it was *extremely* disturbing.

S: Of course. It has to be extremely disturbing. He was intimating that if his time is not used, something may prevent him from coming back here.

M: That's right.

S: So, something may prevent him from not using his time well by conspiring to keep him where it would be used well.

M: That's right. His duty is to keep talking.

S: Yes, and not just any talking; it has to be…

M: No. Not with teachers and about school problems.

S: It has to be valuable talk.

M: It has to be about the teachings.

S: Yes. And what's interesting also is that he felt that there was more going on at Brockwood than there was here. And I remember this period at Brockwood well, and it was full of conflict.

M: Yes! That was when there was practically open warfare.

S: Well, that took a little while, but it eventually became open warfare.

M: Yes, that's when he said, "Unless you people settle these things between you, I will go into the West Wing and close the door."

S: Exactly. Krishnaji threatened to leave, it was so terrible. But just before that, apparently, because that was about '85. It was '84 to '85, so this is just before that period, but it's interesting that Krishnaji felt that there was more going on there than here.

M: Yes. It may have just been that he was bothered by the lack here and, uh…

S: When I came here bringing Krishnaji from India on his last trip, we'll come to this obviously, but at that time, he had asked me, and had Erna ask me, to go to the school and figure out what was wrong.

M: Did he?

S: Oh, yes, they both did. We'll come to it. But I remember feeling that the place wasn't alive, that in a way, maybe because everybody went home at 3 o'clock, or something like that, it was dead.

M: Well, this is just me speaking, not Krishnaji or anybody else; but I've always felt that I was part of Brockwood, and of course, I never go to the school here. At Brockwood, we were living in a house together.

S: Yes, it was something living and constantly ongoing.

M: You're all part of a whole.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Also, here it's full of parents. We never had parent problems at Brockwood.

S: Thank god! I know, and parents are a big problem.

M: They are. And here they are a dominant problem, and they still are. I used to think, thank god Brockwood has students whose parents are mostly all living in other countries, so we never had to cope with the parents.

S: Yes, yes.

M: Because they are a dominant problem.

S: I know. Yes. Anyway, back to our story, but it's just interesting, and it's very significant that Krishnaji felt that even though he loved the house here and he liked being here, he may be prevented from being here if he's not allowed to carry on his work.

M: And this was the place, really, we were all here because of the pepper tree and this house…

S: Exactly.

M: …and "the process" that happened to him here. Mary L. always said to the degree that he has a home, this is it.

S: Yes, yes. But his work is what comes first.

M: Yes. And if he doesn't do his work…

S: Yes. And doing his work required having people that he could do it with. It's all terribly significant.

M: His work was the important thing in his life.

S: Yes, yes. The teachings was everything.

M: Yes.

April eighteenth. ‘It was a very hot day. Scott Forbes is on holiday from Brockwood and came to lunch. I fetched him from the Zorskies.’ You were staying with the Zorskies.’

S: Yes, I remember. I came to see if I would want to leave Brockwood and come to work at the school here. So I went to the Oak Grove School, looked around, got a feel of the place, had an interview with Mark and thought, “No, I don’t want to work here.”

M: Well, you were right because this was…

S: Yes. Well, anyway. [*Laughs.*]

M: April nineteenth. ‘The weather is still hot. Krishnaji saw Mark, Asha, Erna, Theo, Alan Hooker, Evelyne, and me for a discussion of the school and in particular Asha’s position in it. It was made very clear that Asha may not interfere, as she has constantly in school affairs, and may not be on the staff, etcetera. The position of wives in businesses, etcetera, was explained. Krishnaji led all this. She appeared to concur, but after she and Mark left, she didn’t take it well. Mark came here to tell me this. At 4 p.m. Krishnaji held another discussion with David.’

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This was recorded in 2005.

[2] Wikipedia listed Sidney Field as having died in 1975, but IMDb credits him with a screenplay in 1985 and his biography of Krishnaji, *The Reluctant Messiah*, was published in 1989.

Issue 63: April 20, 1980 to July 10, 1980

In this issue, Krishnaji initiates changes that he hopes will solve the problems of the Oak Grove School. Changes also occur that will solve the growing dissatisfaction with the adult center activities. We also see Rajagopal continue to violate the terms of the settlement agreement, and the seeds for the next series of legal actions are sown. Otherwise, we see the typical end of spring and early summer; leaving Ojai, going to Brockwood, and then on to Saanen.

Mary: We pick up our story on April twentieth, 1980. 'Krishnaji saw Fritz and Margrete in a rigorous discussion of their role in all that is wrong at Arya Vihara and the Oak Grove School. Fritz was so shaken by Margrete's reaction that he couldn't speak. Later, Fritz, but not Margrete, was at lunch, after which he, David, and Saral went to Berkeley where Dave is lecturing and holding discussions. David and Saral will go on to British Columbia in a week and Fritz will return here. Fritz told Krishnaji that he and Margrete must leave, then, just after lunch, he reversed himself and said he wants to stay. Krishnaji said they would talk on his return from Berkeley. During all the above in the morning, Miranda and Amanda came in to see me. Miranda hadn't seen the house until now. We spent a happy hour together. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went for a walk in the afternoon.'

Scott: Maybe it's worth just talking about something here for a minute.

M: What?

S: Well, I think a lot of people would be surprised that Krishnaji, who had such extraordinary insights into the most fundamental and important things in life, could be so enthusiastic about people who would turn out to go wrong.

M: I asked him about that.

S: And what did he say?

M: I didn't say it about those people, but someone did something nasty, and I said, "But Krishnaji, didn't you know that he was that sort of person?" And he replied, "I don't look into people unless they ask me to."

S: Yes.

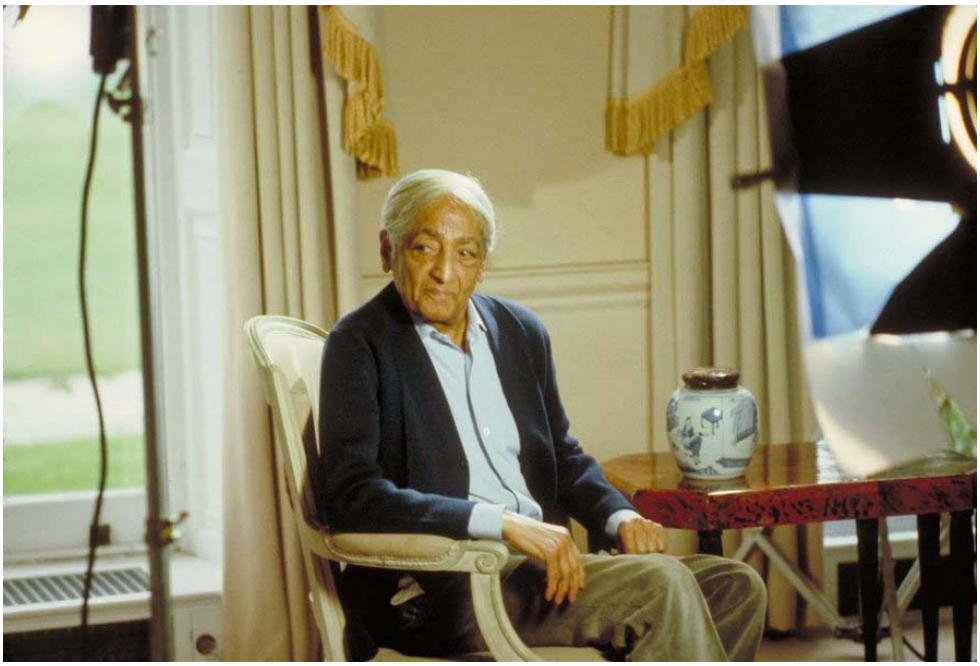
M: He always said it would be like reading their private letters—it's private.

S: Yes. But I think that there's something else, which is that Krishnaji did see people's good points and their strengths.

M: Yes.

S: And I suppose that's often what people presented to him.

M: Of course.



Krishnaji waiting to start video recording (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: And they didn't present their weaknesses and that's what he didn't look into. So there's Krishnaji, actively seeing the good side of people because that's what was not intrusive to look at…

M: Yes.

S: …but then there was another thing, too, which I feel I saw happening at different times: If a person takes the teachings at all seriously, it puts tremendous pressure on the ego and/or self. The effect is either like a spring that you just push it down, or you actually do something to destroy, diminish, disempower, or something the ego and/or self. And for a lot of people who just push it down…

M: It springs back.

S: …it springs back, and it springs back higher and stronger than it was initially. I think this often happened, and people who started off looking like they had potential would just become egocentric.

M: I think so.

S: There's something about the ego and the self—it just springs back vehemently if one doesn't do the work seriously enough on oneself. Maybe this is sufficient, what we've

said, because otherwise it's very mysterious. Why didn't Krishnaji get rid of Rajagopal years ago? Why didn't Krishnaji see all the…

M: Well, I said that to him: "How could you stand these two people? Now that you tell me what they were like?" And as he said more than once in latter years, "The only thing I regret in my life is having anything to do with those two."

S: Yes.

M: But he did.

S: But he also went along with a lot of really dodgy characters who would come into his life, came into his work, who would start off seemingly quite good, and end up being terrible.

M: Mmm. Yes. Of course, he was disinclined to criticize people or react the way probably the rest of us react when something seems wrong with a person.

S: Yes, we recoil.

M: We react. We recoil. And he was too generous.

S: Alright, well maybe there's nothing more to be said about this but I think it deserves mentioning, because otherwise it would seem, well…and this is the kind of thing that some of the Indian Foundation people would say, that he's just incompetent in the world, you know, in the everyday reality, which was just not so.

M: No. I know. But he was willing to put up with a lot of things he had to put up with.

S: Exactly, yes.

M: And that, I think, was a trait with him. He used to tell me sometimes that in his early days, when he was traveling around and he'd have to stay in someone's house that was dirty and where the food was awful, that he never complained and he never rejected and he never…So he would put up with things.

S: He'd put up with things. Yes.

M: And he put up with the two worst people in his life.

S: Yes, yes. Perhaps we should go on.

M: Alright. April twenty-first. 'There was a faint rain. I saw my niece Louisa Kennedy on television talking about the Tehran hostages and her husband. Erna, Theo, and Scott were at lunch. Krishnaji and I went to the hearing aid place in Ventura where he was

fitted for ear molds,' which he never used. 'Some azaleas were planted near the camellias.'

The twenty-second: 'There was rain, and it was cold. Krishnaji saw Mark and Asha in the morning. To lunch were Mr. Merali and Robin Slanager. Krishnaji talked to Erna, Theo, and me all afternoon. We walked.'

The next day. 'I went out early to the market, the bank, etc. At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji had a meeting with Mark, David Moody, Erna, Theo, Alan Hooker, and me about Moody being the assistant school director, and Erna handling the school finances. At 4 p.m., Mr. Merali, Erna, and Theo came to tea. We discussed Mr. Merali's donation. We all went for a walk. The weather still very cold.'

April twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji and I went with Erna and Theo to Santa Barbara for Krishnaji's IRS clearance to leave the country. We lunched at El Paseo. Krishnaji had a haircut at the Biltmore, and we came home, then went for a walk.'

The twenty-fifth. 'An attempt to rescue the hostages in Iran had to be aborted because of helicopter trouble. Eight of the servicemen were killed in a collision. President Carter announced it. Television programs covered it all day. Louisa was interviewed in London. Krishnaji had a quiet morning while I worked at the desk. Mr. Merali joined us for a walk in the afternoon. We watched television news most of the evening.'

April twenty-sixth. 'At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji talked to David Moody and then to him and his wife, Vivian. Krishnaji called me in. Then David, Erna, and I talked. I finished my share of the final check of the text of *From Darkness to Light*, the book of the early poems sent by Harper & Row. Max came to fix the door and lunched. At 2:30 p.m., Erna, Mark, David Moody, and I discussed school business. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji met with teachers and trustees and explained Mark now being simply the administrative director of the school, David now being the educational director, and Erna handling all the school finances.'

The twenty-seventh. 'Dorothy telephoned from Brockwood and later we telephoned back.' Doesn't say what it's about. 'At 11 a.m., Evelyne came with Michael and Bonnie Mendizza and showed Erna, Theo, Alan Hooker, and me parts of the Krishnaji biographical film. We all lunched at Arya Vihara, and Krishnaji gave an extraordinary account of his early days. We viewed more film in the afternoon.'

April twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji had a toothache and had it pulled by Dr. Meinig.' Meinig was the local dentist that Krishnaji had been to for years. 'He had lunch in bed while I had Amanda and Winky to lunch in the kitchen. Bud telephoned about Mother's estate still not being settled and its effect on Wooge's estate. I took Krishnaji at 3:30 p.m. to Ventura, where he got a pair of hearing instruments. We came back in pelting rain.'

The twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji feels better. At 10:30 a.m., he saw Fritz and Margrete; they have decided to move north to around San Francisco where Fritz will perhaps be part of

the academic circle. This solves the problem. Krishnaji called in Erna and me to hear their decision. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji had his second meeting with teachers about the new arrangements with David Moody and his job. Also Krishnaji announced that Fritz and Margrete were leaving.'

April thirtieth. 'I went to a pottery exhibit at the Oak Grove School, then bought eight more roses that Krishnaji wants, and marketed. Mr. Merali was at lunch. He made a large donation to KFA. Later we all walked in a light rain.'

The first of May, 'Erna and I talk to a parent, Mrs. St. John. I then typed letters. After lunch, Krishnaji was photographed for the *Ojai Valley News*. I worked at the desk and later Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I walked.'

The next day just says, 'Desk. Errands. Walk. Eight more rose bushes planted.' [*Both chuckle*.]

May third. 'Krishnaji gave his first talk in the Oak Grove. It was a beautiful day. Elfriede came with Fred to photograph the house. Krishnaji and I lunched alone with Michael at Arya Vihara.'

The fourth, 'Krishnaji gave his second talk in the Oak Grove. Toodie and her children were there. I sat with them. Krishnaji and I lunched alone again with Michael at Arya Vihara.'

The fifth of May. 'Krishnaji went to the dentist, Dr. Meinig, at 8:30 a.m. with Theo. On his return, we sorted questions handed in for tomorrow and I typed them. Mr. Merali was at lunch, and he came on the walk later. Krishnaji said to me, "Catch my thought." I saw instantly that he wanted me to help him move two new roses in cans on the driveway.' [*Both laugh*.]

S: Good for you.

M: Yes. [*More laughter*.] How smart I was.

May sixth. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a public question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove instead of a discussion. He read and then answered three questions chosen by him from those that had been handed in. After lunch at Arya Vihara, Alan Kishbaugh brought a record for Krishnaji. In the evening I telephoned Filomena in Rome to wish her happy birthday. It was early tomorrow her time.'

May seventh. 'I did desk work, marketing, and errands. Alfonso and Alene Colón, Mr. and Mrs. Zapata, Dr. Thumula, and Mr. Álvarez came to lunch at Arya Vihara. I sorted questions for the public meeting with Krishnaji. We went for a walk to the dip. It was a cold day.'



Krishnaji waiting to start video recording (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The eighth. 'Krishnaji held a second question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove. The weather was cold. Afterward he spoke to Blackburn for half an hour outside the cottage, then we lunched alone with Michael at Arya Vihara. We walked to the dip and back at five. It was a drizzly afternoon.'

May ninth. 'I did errands and more desk work. Mr. Merali, and a lawyer friend and wife, came for lunch. They then came back with Erna, Theo, and Alan Hooker to discuss finances here at the cottage. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went for a walk at five. The Bohms and David Shainberg arrived from Vancouver to spend the weekend.'

May tenth. 'There had been rain in the night, but it was clear by the time of Krishnaji's third Ojai talk in the Oak Grove at 11:30 a.m. We lunched at Arya Vihara. David Shainberg came in as we were finishing and he and Krishnaji talked. I came back to the cottage at three. Toodie, Chelsea, and Zoey'—Toodie is Bud's daughter and those are her two daughters—'who had been at the talk, came by. Later, Krishnaji and I walked to the dip in rain showers, and saw a double rainbow. Asit arrived from Singapore. He is staying at Arya Vihara.'

The eleventh of May. 'Krishnaji gave his fourth Ojai talk in the Oak Grove. Dr. and Mrs. Maquet, David Shainberg, and the Bohms came to lunch.' I can't quite remember exactly who Maquet was. I think he was academic in some way, French, doing something at UCLA, and he'd known Krishnaji. He used to turn up occasionally, but I don't know too much about him.

The next day. 'Krishnaji's eighty-fifth birthday.' We don't mention it, but it was.

S: [*laughs*] Of course.

M: 'Up early. Telephoned to Philippa and David, and then Bud about business things. It was a busy morning. The Bohms left for London. Krishnaji went to the dentist, Dr. Meinig, at 9:30 a.m., Shainberg and a doctor friend came here. Asit, Ted Cartee, Frances McCann, Evelyne, the Lilliefelts, Hooker, the Moodys, and Alan Kishbaugh were all at lunch. The four trustees and Asit and Merali met with Krishnaji about his activities next winter and ways to have television interviews. There was a decision to have Krishnamurti Information Centers around the country.'

The thirteenth. 'The weather was cold but nice. Krishnaji held the third question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove. At lunch, there was Asit, Alan K., Michael, and David and Vivian Moody. Without a nap he then saw Ray McCoy who was to teach at Rajghat, [*Both chuckle*.] and Narayan's brother Krishnamurti'—that's another Krishnamurti—'and then we walked to the dip.'

May fourteenth. 'I left at 7 a.m. for Malibu, and went to see Elfriede and their house being built in Corral Canyon, then to see Amanda. Phil was ill with a cold. To Henry Bamberger at 11 a.m. about summing up the costs of both the Malibu and Ojai houses, tax matters, etc. Then I had a haircut, bought sandals for Krishnaji and me'—for our upcoming India trip—'and arranged further car rental for Toodie. I marketed in Malibu on the way home. Got back at 6 p.m. just as Krishnaji was returning from a walk.'

May fifteenth. 'Krishnaji held another question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove. Narayan's brother, G. Krishnamurti, and professor Khare'—he was an Indian who taught somewhere in Southern California—'were at lunch. Instead of a walk, he talked to Erna, Theo, Evelyne, and me about starting Krishnamurti Information Centers around the country. Krishnaji and I were both tired.'

The sixteenth. 'I went to a meeting in the Pavilion of people interested in having Krishnamurti Information Centers in their localities, then lunched at Arya Vihara with the Lilliefelts, the Lees, Hooker, Evelyne, and Ray McCoy. There was a trustee meeting briefly afterward on accepting a house from Essie Bates.' Essie Bates was an Ojai real estate woman who was giving it to the Foundation as a donation. 'Krishnaji and I walked later.'

The next day. 'A warm beautiful day. Krishnaji gave his fifth talk in the Oak Grove. The audience seemed hypnotized. His voice was very deep and from far off. Max had come in the early morning and planted a talisman rose in the rose bed. He lunched with us at Arya Vihara, along with Dr. Jerry Bosak, a young friend of the Shainbergs. While Krishnaji napped, Toodie and her three children came to call. They left at 4 p.m., and at 4:30, Krishnaji and I went to a party at the Oak Grove School for helpers and visitors from far away. We stayed half an hour and came home.'

May eighteenth. 'An even warmer and more beautiful day than yesterday. Krishnaji gave his sixth and final Ojai talk for this year in the Oak Grove. Very wide and a marvelous one**[1]** on action, death, and meditation. Toodie, Liddie, and family again attended. At

lunch, Dr. Bosak, Mr. Merali, David Moody, and Michael. It was too hot to walk. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I sat on the terrace and talked.'

The nineteenth. 'It was another warm day. I took Krishnaji to the dentist, Dr. Meinig, at 10 a.m. I did errands while he was there. Then, on impulse, we went for a drive up Maricopa Highway. Krishnaji was delighted, and declared it "a place to worship" and "house of the gods." We came back in time for lunch at Arya Vihara. Bill Burmeister was there, both Moodys, Fritz, Hooker, Erna, Theo, and Michael. In the afternoon I worked on papers at the desk, and organized things to pack. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I walked. Donald Ingram Smith saw Rajagopal and says he's giving the archives to the Huntington Library.' This was a violation of the legal agreement.

May twentieth. 'I spent much of the day packing. Krishnaji telephoned Rajagopal to say that he had heard about the Huntington Library getting the archives, and it must not be done. Rajagopal said he understood'—which, of course, meant nothing. 'A letter from Betty Eisner came to me offering to talk to Rajagopal on Krishnaji's behalf to arrange a meeting.' This was the idiocy of an old friend of mine wanting to help, and thinking she could help fix things where everybody else had failed. 'We walked with Erna and Theo.'

The twenty-first. 'Krishnaji wrote to Rajagopal and had the Lilliefelts, Hooker, and me sign it with him. I packed and dictated letters for Willa'—Willa was the very nice secretary who worked for Erna—'to type and send. Alasdair and a helper put all the potted plants on the back terrace.'

May twenty-second. 'I wrote a brief reply to Betty Eisner, talked to Amanda, finished packing, then disconnected the furnace, etcetera to close the house. We had an early lunch at Arya Vihara, and at 2:30 p.m. Krishnaji and I left Ojai in the school van with Mark driving, stopped briefly at Oak Grove School, and went on to the LA airport. Asit met us there. He was coming from San Francisco, and he, Krishnaji, and I took TWA flight at 5:30 p.m. for London.'

The twenty-third. 'We had little sleep on the plane'—unlike you—'and arrived at Heathrow at 11:40 a.m. Dorothy and Ingrid met us, and we got to Brockwood a little after 2 p.m. Everyone was out to meet Krishnaji. We had lunch in the West Wing kitchen and slept most of the afternoon. Dr. Parchure has arrived and so has Narayan. I talked to Mary Links. Bud called from Paris. He and Lisa just arrived there from New York.'

S: [*laughs*] Hold on, only because I've just had this flash of recognition about our poor transcriber and eventual readers. When you said, "We had little sleep on the plane unlike you," you're referring to me. [*Laughs*.]

M: Yes, I'm referring to the present Scott Forbes, sitting here, who sleeps wonderfully on airplanes. [*Both laugh*.]

S: Yes, I usually fall asleep very quickly on airplanes. Okay, continue.

M: [*chuckles*] It's a gift, a gift, a genetic blessing.

May twenty-fourth, and we are now at Brockwood. 'We are all mixed up in time. We unpacked, and napped heavily. After lunch Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper and Kip, and I walked in the grove. Everything was in flower, including the handkerchief tree, which was beautiful. The Bohms are here. I finished unpacking.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji had slept poorly. At the lunch table, Krishnaji, Bohm, and Asit decided to hold a discussion at 4 p.m. to which some of the staff came and the Moorheads, Parchure, Narayan, etc. It went on till 6 p.m. The discussion was set off by a newspaper account of a Japanese doctor saying the brain cells don't degenerate if a person exercises his brain.' Quite true.

The twenty-sixth. 'Monday was a bank holiday. Krishnaji slept eleven hours. It was a quiet day. Asit took pictures of Krishnaji. We all walked.'

May twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji didn't sleep last night. The Mercedes was put in commission and I went to Alresford to the bank and other errands. Then after lunch, I drove to Winchester where I got our travel tickets at Thomas Cook, and bought some jerseys for Krishnaji. I returned to join Dorothy and Krishnaji on the walk across the fields. I telephoned Dr. Scheef in Bonn and made an appointment for Krishnaji to see him at the end of June.'

The twenty-eighth of May. 'Krishnaji, Asit, Dr. Parchure, and I went to London on the 10:23 a.m. train from Petersfield. Asit is returning to India. Joe Links met Krishnaji and me, and we lunched with him and Mary at their flat on Hyde Park Street. Mary and I sat and talked while Joe drove Krishnaji to the dentist, Mr. Thompson, then brought him and Dr. Parchure back and took us to Waterloo. We were back at Brockwood in time for a short walk.'

The next day was, 'a quiet day. I cleaned the guest room in preparation for the Marogers, and made hotel reservations for Krishnaji and me in Bonn and Geneva.'

May thirtieth. 'The Marogers arrived with Diane for the weekend. I put them in the West Wing. Sunanda and Pama telephoned from London. They just arrived from India, and they're coming here on June tenth. I had a nap after lunch, a short walk with Krishnaji, and then attended the staff meeting.'

The next day, 'I telephoned Vanda in Florence, then had a long talk with Marie-Bertrande Maroger. The house is full of people. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields.'

June first. 'Krishnaji talked to the school at noon, and then at 4 p.m. did a videotaped discussion with David Bohm and Narayan. We had only a short walk. In the morning, I had a talk with Narayan, and then another with Marie-Bertrande before she, Jean-Michel, and Diane left after supper for the ferry to France. In the evening I spoke to Lisa in Paris. Bud was out.'

June second. ‘Krishnaji slept late. After lunch, he saw Gita, a Brockwood student who had come from Rishi Valley. I went to Alresford and Petersfield on errands.’

June third. ‘It was a warm day. I met Mary Cadogan at the Petersfield station, and discussed Foundation things with her most of the day. Edgar Graf is pulling out of the Saanen Gathering Committee. I walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy, and spoke on the phone to Betsy, now in her London flat.’

The next day was, ‘a hot day. We took the 10:20 a.m. train to London. Joe met us, and took us to Huntsman. Krishnaji chose material for two pairs of trousers for me, and he ordered two pairs for himself. We shopped at Fortnum, then Mary joined us for lunch. Krishnaji talked to her for the biography, all about the two Rajagopals. He then had a haircut at Truefitt, while I got a pair of black pumps at Ferragamo. We went to Asprey for a new wallet for me, then by taxi to Waterloo.’

June fifth. ‘Krishnaji talked to the students. Dorothy felt faint on getting up this morning, so she stayed in bed. Vasanta Kumari, and an accompanist, came to lunch, and at 7:30 p.m., she sang for Krishnaji and the school.’ She was a very good Indian singer.

June sixth. ‘I went to Winchester for errands in the morning, walked early with Krishnaji, then attended the staff meeting at 5 p.m. Mr. and Mrs. Merali arrived, and are to stay a bit. They are in the Cloisters.’

June seventh. ‘At 4 p.m., Krishnaji, David Bohm, and Narayan held a videotaped discussion. After that, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked with the dogs. Mar de Manziarly telephoned from Paris. She cannot come to Gstaad because she has a heart condition. She will see us in Geneva.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school at noon. I spoke to Ginny Travers and to Christopher Fry.’

June ninth. ‘I drove to Chichester to have a new handle put on the car door. I walked around the city until the car was ready, and bought a watercolor by Andrew Hemingway, a painter the Frys told me about last year. I picked up plants for the house in Petersfield and got back to Brockwood by 3:30 p.m. Krishnaji spoke to students. He, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields. There was the first letter from Amanda. Philippa and David are there.’

The tenth of June. ‘It was a rainy day. I met Sunanda, Pama, and Radha Burnier at the Petersfield station. Radha came only for the day, while Sunanda and Pama are staying in the West Wing for a few days. They talked with Krishnaji in the morning. Krishnaji walked with Dorothy, but I slept.’

The next day was, ‘a gray day. I spent most of it working at my desk, but walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy.’

June twelfth. ‘I met Mary Cadogan at the Petersfield station, and brought her back to Brockwood for a Saanen Gatherings meeting, which consisted of Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, Gisèle Balleys, and Brian Jenkins. Mary Links with Amanda, and the Digbys came to lunch. Afterward, there was a publication committee meeting with Sunanda and Pama. At last, after about eight years, a publishing agreement between KF India and KFT was made.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘Krishnaji came in afterward. George Digby argued with Krishnaji about some of his statements. Example: God is total disorder.’ [*Both laugh.*] George couldn’t stomach that. ‘Krishnaji and I went for a short walk.’

The next day it just says, ‘Krishnaji spoke to staff at 4 p.m.’

Then there’s really nothing the day after, and all I have for the fifteenth is, ‘Krishnaji spoke to school.’ I’m getting rather terse. [*Chuckles.*]

June sixteenth. ‘I did house work and desk work.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Yes, very terse.

M: ‘I looked at a videotaped Bernard Levin interview to decide whether to advise Krishnaji to let Levin interview him for the BBC. I felt generally in favor.’ [*Both chuckle.*] I wasn’t a big enthusiast, but I thought it was better to do it than not do it.

The seventeenth of June. ‘There was rain on and off most of the day, but clear in the afternoon for our walk. I spent the rest of the day at the desk. I got a letter from Erna enclosing copies of Lou Blau’s letter to the attorney general, Tapper, about my buying the McAndrew Road property.’ That had to go through the attorney general because it was a trustee buying a house owned by a trust and all that.

S: Sure, yes.

M: ‘Also, lawyer Cohen about the Huntington Library and Rajagopal.’ Cohen was our lawyer dealing with Rajagopal. A very nice man.

There’s nothing of note for the next two days, and all there is for the twentieth of note is, ‘I talked with Scott about Krishnaji.’ Have you any memory of that?

S: None. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: The twenty-first. ‘I went to Petersfield for some household items. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji spoke to the staff on silence, and perception versus ordinary thinking. Perhaps thinking, in the ordinary sense, if much energy and interest is put into it, can bring about perception.’ That’s not very clear, but anyway, that’s what my diary says.

June twenty-second. ‘Rita Zampese brought Krishnaji’s and my railroad tickets to go from Bonn to Geneva. At noon, Krishnaji spoke to the school on values, and living without them. He had a slow, far-off voice, and was very quiet. He felt it should be

printed. It "touched on new things," he said. The walk was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me. In the evening, there was a school concert. Krishnaji was tired and didn't go.'



Krishnaji waiting to start video recording (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: You said that Rita brought railroad tickets?

M: Yes. She must have picked them up for me in London or something. I can't remember. That summer, we flew to Bonn but then we went by train to Geneva.

S: Right, sure.

M: Now the big diary starts up again, so we'll have more details.

S: Good, finally. Otherwise we were just racing through history here. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: So June twenty-third. 'There were rain showers most of the day. On the early news on the radio I heard that Sanjay Gandhi had been killed in a small plane crash. I went and told Krishnaji, who was doing pranayama with Dr. Parchure. Krishnaji nodded gravely and went on with his breathing exercise. I also told Sunanda, who was very shocked, and Pama. Later, Krishnaji sent a cable to Pupul saying, "Please give Mrs. Gandhi my profound sympathy and affection." Sunanda and Pama saw Krishnaji and me off to London: they and Merali waited for him to come down the staircase in the full elegance of his London clothes and umbrella.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Sunanda and Pama then left with Merali for Belgium, where they will visit him and his wife, then go to Paris for the weekend, and then drive with Merali's nephew to Gstaad. Krishnaji and I took the 10:23 a.m. train to London, and Joe Links met us at Waterloo. He gave me a copy of his new book, *Travels in Europe*.' As well as art books, Joe wrote travel books, very good ones, particularly about Venice. That was his specialty. 'They dropped me at Sotheby's, where

I left a large book of lithographs and poems donated in France for the Rajghat Sanjeevan Hospital. Luckily, Sotheby's took it, as I could never have carried it back.' [*Both laugh*.] Someone, I can't remember who, donated it. 'If it sells, it will be in the fall. Meanwhile, Krishnaji fitted at Huntsman, where I joined him, after which we walked to the pen shop in the Burlington Arcade, where his Lamy pen was fixed and he bought a spare.' He liked to look at the pens there. 'Then to lunch with Mary at Fortnum. He told her if he were writing the biography of himself, he would want to write about how "this mind" came to be untouched. It was raining, and Joe very kindly drove Krishnaji to the dentist and then afterward to Waterloo. We were back by 5:20 p.m.'

S: What happened to Krishnaji's pens?

M: I don't know. He probably gave them away or something. Lamys are very hard to get. I have a Lamy and Kathy kindly got me refills for it at Harrods. I couldn't get them here.

S: I have one of Krishnaji's pens that has his name engraved on it, but I don't think it's a Lamy.

M: I don't know. He gave things away a lot. [*Chuckles*.]

The twenty-fourth. 'I packed and did laundry all day. A mad group from Barcelona had invaded Brockwood yesterday while we were in London, and were insisting on seeing Krishnaji.' Oh, they were really mad. 'They insisted on giving him a message. He agreed to see them briefly at 4 p.m. There were three men and a woman, a wife of one of the men, and it turned out that it was she who had a message for Krishnaji. She said that Master Morya told her on the astral plane to tell Krishnaji that he is too intellectual, hard, and has no love. Also that Saanen is finished. He should talk in'—I have in parentheses—'(guess where?) Barcelona. When Krishnaji said he didn't believe a word of all this, that it was nonsense, she sobbed that it was making her suffer that he didn't do what was said. I wanted to say, "Elle est folle" to one of the men but didn't.'

S: [*chuckles*] Yes, "she is crazy."

M: 'People are mad everywhere, but the Spanish ones seem to gravitate toward Krishnaji. The older man has given Krishnaji nine of his books. We walked later and finished packing at midnight.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: There is something special about the Spanish.

M: Yes, they're very insistent on what they think.

S: But it also gets very emotional very quickly.

M: Yes, it's still going on with the Spanish committee—and the Spanish publication committee.

S: I know. The Spanish Foundation, the Spanish publications committee, the different Spanish committees from South America.

M: And they fight each other, too.

S: Yes, it's lawsuits, and everything. Different opinions go very quickly from being slightly off to being completely berserk. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: I think they're having a lawsuit with the Argentinian one at the moment. It's been going on for some time. But I don't, thank god, have to do anything about it.

June twenty-fifth. 'I finished the laundry, and doing some kitchen and other household things right up to our departure at 11 a.m. Dorothy drove us to Heathrow, with Stephen Smith bringing our four bags in another car. The countryside was glowing from all the rain. The fields of barley are green to yellow to orange all at once. A most breathtaking beauty. At Heathrow, Rita Zampese met us and, as we were flying on Lufthansa, her company'—oh, she met us because it was her company.

S: Right, she worked for Lufthansa.

M: Yes. 'She had very kindly booked our train and tickets, too, from Bonn to Geneva. And today she scorted Krishnaji and me right into our seats on the plane.' It was nice of her indeed. 'An hour's flight and we landed in Cologne. There was a porter, a rare bird,' [*chuckles*] 'and in a few minutes we were whirling along the autobahn in a Mercedes station wagon taxi. Krishnaji all alive and watching with a look of a child having fun.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'The speedometer touched 160 km, and Krishnaji seemed pleased. Germany is the land of Mercedes. We are again at the Hotel Bristol in what looks like the same stolid but quiet rooms, numbers 704 and 705, of our last visit. We both fell asleep, and it wasn't until I woke up and went into Krishnaji's room that I saw he had slept in a chair instead of the bed. He said, "I was too tired to take off my shoes and trousers, so I stayed in the chair."' [*S chuckles*.] 'We had dinner in the large, ugly, and ornate hotel dining room where the same Indian headwaiter coped with our vegetarianism.' [*Chuckles*.]

The twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji slept "so-so." He said, "It's an odd thing, I meditate more easily here than at Brockwood. I woke up around 4 a.m., meditated, read, meditated. There, I think it's because there are too many boys and girls with their problems."' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Yes, there were.

M: There were. 'I said, "But this is a hotel full of people."'

'Krishnaji replied, "Yes, but it's impersonal. I cleansed the room and it's alright. I watched the trains go by. I should have cleaned your room."' By cleaning, I must explain what he means.

S: Yes.

M: Although, I don't think I can explain it. He would do something to the atmosphere in rooms.

S: He'd walk around it.

M: Well, yes, sometimes. Usually he wanted to do it alone. You were perhaps privileged to witness it. But anyway, he did it and he did it in hotel rooms. It was something to do with…with human…

S: I can't remember if I saw him do it or he told me what he does, but it was a kind of chasing something out.

M: Yes.

S: Yes.

M: I'll go back a little bit. 'He said, "I should have cleaned your room. Brockwood is not a sacred place like Ojai, like your big room."' I think he means the big room here in this house.

S: In Ojai, the big living room, right.

M: The big living room. 'Then I say, "The Grove is sacred." Krishnaji's face lighting up, replied, "Oh, the Grove. Yes."'

'Me speaking: "Couldn't we make the house part of it sacred?"'

'Krishnaji: "You can't make these things. There I try to meditate, but it doesn't come."'

'M: "Has it always been like this at Brockwood?"'

'Krishnaji: "More or less."'

'M: "It would be interesting to see if it were different when the house is empty."'

'Krishnaji: "Oh, that might be different." He put on a new dressing gown made by a tailor in Madras, a gray silk seersucker got by Prema Srinivasan.'

S: Yes, we still have that one.

M: 'He put it on for the first time and pronounced it alright. He had two pillows, one small, that were uncomfortable— but he did nothing to rearrange them, like sleeping in the chair yesterday.' He wouldn't, you know, his comfort didn't…

S: He accepted.

M: Yes, 'He has no physical instinct to make himself comfortable. He just endures the discomfort. We went to Dr. Scheef at 10 a.m. Krishnaji had blood and urine tests. Dr. Scheef felt the place in Krishnaji's abdomen where Dr. Parchure felt a lump and prescribed X-rays tomorrow morning. As it was raining, we spent most of the day in the hotel, sleeping and reading. It cleared at 5 p.m., and we went for a walk and to buy fruit—cherries, nectarines, peaches, and fragrant strawberries. We came back and ate them in our rooms before dining downstairs. At supper'—oh, this is nice, I remember this—'Krishnaji made up a science fiction story. In his story, everyone in the world, in the local language, heard a voice say, "We've had enough. You have a week to make peace, open your borders, dissolve your arms, and learn to live together. This is God speaking."' [*Both chuckle.*] I remember it so well. '"If people didn't respond properly, all the trains in the world would stop for one hour."' [*S laughing.*] '"What next? They have to be threatened with something or they won't listen." We never figured out the next step, as it had to be one that wouldn't hurt anyone. But Krishnaji was full of laughter at the voice in every place. The House of Commons, the Kremlin, the White House, the Congress, the Vatican, in every house, in forests, remote deserts, everywhere.' [*Both laugh.*] 'We had crème caramel and went off to read and sleep. Tomorrow went round in my head.' [*Laughs.*] He had fun making up these wondrous, fanciful things. There was another time when all guns wouldn't shoot. This took place in the dining room in this rather stately, dreary hotel.

June twenty-seventh. 'No breakfast before the doctor's exam. We got to the clinic at 8:30 a.m. Krishnaji had an abdominal X-ray, having to swallow some liquid—barium or an equivalent—which luckily didn't make him vomit. That was soon over. Next an injection of whatever makes the liver show up, and a liver scan was done; all remarkably quickly. But this was followed by over an hour's wait in Dr. Scheef's office. Jean-Michel had sent me this morning reports of medical tests on Diane in case Dr. Scheef had any light to throw. He has a colleague who is doing some research on Diane's condition. The colleague said that at present, there is nothing beyond what her doctor, at Mount Sinai in New York, would know; but Dr. Scheef will be kept informed and let the Marogers know if there is any development.'

'At last, Scheef returned and said that Krishnaji's occasional pain and lump in the abdomen is a diaphragmatic hernia and nothing of consequence. A towering relief for me. Though, when the possibilities flew like crows in my head last night, I somehow felt it would not be serious. His kidneys, spleen, liver, pancreas are all fine. The liver is not enlarged as one of those quacks suggested. Knowing all this from Scheef is enormous peace of mind. He gave us, for free, 700 Wobenzyms and 800 tablets for me. Also we got Krishnaji 500 pink pills, the magic ones against hay fever, but these we must pay for: 225 Deutche marks.'

'On the way back to the hotel, Krishnaji asked me what I would have done if he had had a malignancy. Apparently he would have left it to me.' [*S chuckles.*] 'Later he said he couldn't put such a responsibility on me. He would decide, but with my advice. We

rested in the afternoon, then went to pay the Apotheker for the 500 pink pills, and to buy some more cherries. At supper, Krishnaji continued his plans for reforming humanity. Since it doesn't act properly, the gods'—it seems there are a bunch of them—'put one god in charge of humanity. And so the question is how to make them reform.' [*Chuckles.*] Krishnaji figured out the way gods can stop man's bad behavior. '"They must choose. We cannot do it for them."…"I must find the way." Then after a while, he said, "I think I've got it. There are the good guys and the bad guys. Up to forty years of age, everyone can choose to be good; and those that do, live on to be very old, maybe 150, free from disease. At age thirty-five, the bad guys have five years; and if they do nothing bad in these five years, they are in the good column. But if they do…"'[*both laugh*]—I'm quoting, this is all in quotes—'"but if they do wrong, they die at forty. Anyone who has made it past forty and does wrong dies right away."' [*Both laugh.*] He enlarged on all this…'

S: Right, so, we've left aside the not hurting anybody business now. [*Both laugh.*]

M: 'He enlarged on all this with a mischievous look.' [*Both laugh.*] Oh dear. That was all so humorous.



Krishnaji waiting to start video recording (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The twenty-eighth. 'We checked out of the Bristol Hotel and walked to the station, a hotel man following with our luggage. We took the TEE train "Rheingold," which goes along the Rhine. The train was late due to damage it incurred in Amsterdam, and there was no dining car because that was one of the cars injured in Amsterdam, so no lunch. The Rhine river was gray. The sky was gray. Krishnaji watched it but I sank into a book. As we neared Basel, we neared our first problem. There, the train was to split in two parts, and our part was to be uncoupled and left. We had been unable to get seats in Bonn in the forward cars that would go on to Berne, but as people got off before that, we

thought we might be able to find seats when we got to Basel. The problem was: how to get our four bags forward four cars in 3 minutes while the train stopped in Basel.' [*Chuckles*.] So, you know, at the end of the carriages there's a little place for the door to get out. We got there with the bags. 'We got set on our mark there and the instant the train stopped, Krishnaji rushed to find a porter—none—or a cart. He found the latter. I dragged the bags off the train onto it and we raced forward with the trainmen helping us, and got onto the Berne section just as the uncoupling clanged apart. We were off to Berne, but, of course, there was the same problem there for the train to Geneva. Again, we got a cart and loaded it, but had time, as there was a wait for the new train. I eyed a robust-looking Indian in a turban to help get our bags on the train, but Krishnaji wouldn't let me ask for his help.' [*Both laugh*.] 'Then I saw a tall, rather distinguished-looking Swiss Army officer and I asked him for his help. He lifted one bag in and other people helped with the rest and *finally* we made it. We were on the Geneva train in Switzerland rolling through the familiar neatness and beauty of the Swiss landscape.' [*Laughs.*] I remember saying to this Swiss Army officer, "Sir, I am traveling with a very distinguished gentleman who is not very strong." And then he rather aloofly but very politely helped. [*S laughs.*]

I mention the beauty of the Swiss landscape; then I write, 'I seem to have a closed mind in Germany. I do not know the place, but bad associations float up. Waiting for the train in Bonn, a closed goods train came rushing through, and the dark image of the war and of Jews packed into such a train was there for me. So it was good to roll along toward Geneva and finally to arrive at the Hôtel des Bergues, where we had immaculate, newly decorated rooms. We unpacked, changed, and by 7:30 were quietly, comfortably having a delicious dinner in the Amphytrion Restaurant. Neither of us had been hungry all day but after all the exertions, it was a very pleasant dinner. Krishnaji says I must not worry when traveling with him. All will turn out all right. But I do not think train rides will be our choice in the future when laden with luggage.'

S: Yes, it's impossible now without porters.

M: Yes. [*Chuckles.*] 'There was a note waiting for us when we got to the Hôtel des Bergues from Gisèle Balleys that Mr. Rusu died yesterday'—your friend, Mr. Rusu. Romanian. A nice, nice man.

S: Yes. A very, *very* nice man; and completely devoted to Krishnaji, since the '20s.

June twenty-ninth. 'A quiet, restful day. I read and wrote letters in the morning. We lunched in the Amphytrion, and rested all afternoon. Went for a small walk at six. It's pleasant to rest, read, and do nothing all day. Dined in the Amphytrion, and so to bed. I have a cold but it's not too bad. Mar de Manziarly telephoned. She lunches with us tomorrow.'

The thirtieth. 'We went to Jacquet, where Krishnaji chose silks for neckties for himself and Joe Links. Mar de Manziarly came to lunch. She has had heart trouble, so she cannot go to Saanen because of the altitude and is staying here with Marianne Borel in Geneva.'

Do you remember her? She was a French woman. 'Krishnaji put his hands to help her. Then we all lunched in the Amphytrion. Krishnaji was rather *distrait*.**[2]** Mar, pinched by age and failing health, still wants rather desperately to be jovial.' [*S laughs.*] You know that mannerism.

S: Yes, and it's very French—"gai," they would say.

M: Yes, very French. 'We invited her to Brockwood so Krishnaji can treat her daily for a while. It was a rather bleak lunch but the food pleased. After a nap, Krishnaji and I went to Patek for a watch check, then to Grand Passage, where we got a wristwatch for Krishnaji to give Chinna.'

S: Who was Chinna?

M: Someone in India. I think he was a servant. 'We also got a dress for Fosca and a blouse for Filomena. We dined quietly, and then to bed. At supper, Krishnaji spoke of the Rosalind and Rajagopal days from 1935 to 1947: the quarrels, Rajagopal's angers, both trying to humiliate him in public, ordering him around. She knocked Krishnaji down the stairs at Arya Vihara and luckily Weideman caught him'—that was a man that used to live around here. '"They must've thought I was an idiot to put up with it," he said. "If my mind worked then as it does now, I would have said, 'Enough. Go, both of you.' I could have then. I still had the power. Amma"'—that's Mrs. Besant—'"had told me, 'You are the ultimate head.' It was before Rajagopal got control."'

'I asked, "Why didn't you?"'

'Krishnaji replied, "I just didn't care. That was the way it was. I accepted it. Once Rajagopal had been angry, [and] I told him he was a bully and he piped down. The next day it was the same thing all over again."'

July first. 'We rested, packed, and had lunch in the Amphytrion. At 3:30 p.m., Hertz delivered a beige Ford Fiesta, and we set off for Gstaad via the Route du Lac to Morges and then over to the road to Oron, Bulle and so through the valley, arriving, as always, in rain. Gstaad has more snow on the mountains than I can remember in July. We were at Tannegg by 6:20 p.m. Vanda and Fosca had arrived on Sunday. So another summer here begins.'

S: [*chuckles*] Yes. Extraordinary. That's so evocative for me.

M: It is for me. I realized listening to some of the records of music I've got, ones that I bought there, the whole valley—I see it when I hear the music. It evokes the mountains, but more than that, the whole *feeling* of those summers there. It was an enormously marvelous time of my life.

S: Yes, yes, yes. And mine. And mine, too.

M: July second. 'Rain. I slept till 8:30 a.m. There was a letter from Erna with a memorandum of a meeting with Stanley Cohen, our KFA lawyer, about Rajagopal giving the archives to the Huntington Library. Cohen advised, and Erna, Theo, and Alan Hooker concur, that we must act to stop Rajagopal or we risk losing our rights under the settlement agreement. The possible steps were outlined, all involving going to court. It will be costly, but all feel it is necessary. Krishnaji concurs strongly and so I wrote this to Erna. I did shopping in the morning. Krishnaji stayed in bed. He gave me some of the precious pink pills for hay fever from Scheef, and they seem to help my cold. In the afternoon, Sunanda, Pama, and Parchure arrived with Kaim, the nephew of Merali. They are in a chalet on Neuret Road. Vanda has put herself in a tiny room and insisted on Parchure moving right into the downstairs one. So I went and fetched him. Krishnaji's voice is a little hoarse.'

S: You know, just coming back here for just a second to what we were saying before about remembering the summers in Saanen…

M: It glows in my mind.

S: Yes, and mine. And what's very peculiar for me is that, although I stayed for many years in the same chalet in Saanen, with a beautiful view over Rougemont and that end of the valley, and I've known those mountains from so many different perspectives.

M: Yes, you used to climb them.

S: But when I think of Saanen, the picture that comes most vividly and immediately into my mind is the view out of the living room window of Tannegg. For some reason, I don't know whether it was because it was something I looked at with Krishnaji, or it was associated with the two of you there, or Krishnaji there or what—but that picture is the essence of Saanen for me. The view out of that window.

M: Yes. Well, it was an extraordinary time for me. It glowed. It was…

S: Yes, I suppose what I'm saying is that there are other aspects of that same valley I saw more frequently and for longer periods of time. *Years* in the same chalet. And yet I think, because of its association with Krishnaji, that is the image that is most vividly in my mind. And it says something about the intensity of what one lived around Krishnaji.

M: Yes. There's an association that I spoke of…of the music that evokes it for me, it is not that the view of Wasserngrat and the whole thing. But it's of out of my window in Caprice. I looked—I've forgotten the mountain's name, but it was…oh…My flat was right along the railroad and I looked at those mountains. And I see those mountains when I play that music; that's the association. And there's a kind of radiance about the light in the mountains and the music. It's all intertwined, so when I hear some of the music that I bought that summer, it brings it back.

S: Yes, yes.

M: But it brings back the whole glow of the Swiss summers. It was wonderful.

S: Yes. Absolutely marvelous.

M: July third. 'I ran errands in the morning, then brought Sunanda and Pama up to lunch. It was Vanda's first meeting with the Patwardhans, and Krishnaji came in before and after, but lunched alone on a tray in his room. Krishnaji had put his hands on Sunanda and will do so every day to help her arthritis. Vanda immediately set to stretching her knee where the pain is located.' You were in terrible peril of Vanda attacking you with…

S: [*laughs*] Her yoga, yes.

M: …her yoga. I finally cured her of it by just relentless resistance. [*Both chuckle*.] At least for me. 'In the evening, Radha Burnier arrived at the Patwardhans' chalet where she is staying, and telephoned Krishnaji. He came into the living room to take the call and, of course, it was to tell him that she had been elected president of the Theosophical Society. She won with 9,300 votes to Rukmini's 5,400. Krishnaji said, "Good,"' [*chuckles*] 'and when he hung up, he said, "Now I can walk through the TS instead of on that filthy road."' He would never walk through it because they'd thrown him out or wouldn't let him live there.

S: Yes. Yes, I remember.

M: So he would walk around it on the filthy road to get to the beach. 'He is pleased. He also had a gleam in his eye denoting something. We will see.' I don't know what that means.

S: It's yours. "We will see" what the gleam means.

M: Why the gleam, yes. [*Chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji's voice is still hoarse.'

July fourth. 'The crazy Spaniards who came to Brockwood are at Saanen led by the little old man who calls himself Jaime Escoi. A second man, something Conola, came with letters to Tannegg this morning demanding to see Krishnaji. I sent them away. Shortly after a letter came, saying Krishnaji had talked to him on the astral plane. Krishnaji's mission in Saanen is finished and it is now in Spain, etc. Then came a telegram from Escoi saying Krishnaji's health decreases from day to day from his obstinacy and he will die here since he is separating himself from Scorpio and other gibberish.' [*S chuckles.*] They used to call me up and say, "He didn't look very well in the tent this morning." In that tone of voice and I finally said: "Do not call again," and hung up. [*Chuckles.*] 'I went to the tent in the morning to see how things are coming, and there talked to Gisèle, etcetera. Dorothy came by. Montague is ill but medicine given by a Saanen doctor has helped. Radha, Pama, and Sunanda came to lunch. Krishnaji congratulated the president with much teasing and laughter. Radha said she won clearly in India and Europe, but only by four votes in the U.S.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Some of Rukmini's more heated followers may contest it but cannot alter the outcome. She is calm about it all, laughing like a

young girl at Krishnaji's jokes and teasing. He asked her what she wanted to do with the TS and then answered for her: to call in the heads of it and end divisions, beliefs, etc. and rapidly the subject turned to what it is that has made mankind get caught in conflict, knowledge, etc. There was the usual references to what tradition has said, etc. and, as always, they were found wanting. Krishnaji tentatively brought up man's struggle for survival in which knowledge was necessary and this invaded the psychological field. Krishnaji ate alone but talked most of the afternoon with Radha and the rest of us. His voice was less hoarse.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The fifth. 'Last night at 10 p.m. a telegram came from the filthy little old Spaniard saying, along with other gibberish, that Krishnaji's health was failing and he would die in Saanen unless he learned about ego from this and left Saanen for Spain. Early this morning, the French-speaking one telephoned. He asked me if Krishnaji had received the telegram? Yes, I answered. Did he want an interview with them? I replied that their telegram was shameful and shows total disrespect for Krishnaji. I went on that Krishnaji desires to have no communication with them and I don't either. He then asked about Krishnaji's health and I said, "He is very well," and hung up. Telegrams kept coming in all day. All gibberish about Masters and astral conversations and about how this man's incarnation was to set Krishnaji straight, etcetera. Sick minds,' I said.

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'I got Krishnaji a navy waterproof warm jacket, which he likes very much, as well as a heavy cotton training suit. Also pleasing. Sunanda came for treatment at 4 p.m. accompanied by Pama and Radha. There was more of yesterday's conversation on man's entrapment in the field of knowledge and what went wrong with humanity. Radha had got through by telephone to Adyar, and Mr. Surendra Narayan, the vice president. She will leave here Friday for Adyar. Krishnaji gives signs of interest in the TS as if it were something he could capture and change.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I have some misgivings about his understanding of how misinterpreted any connection between him and the TS can be.'

July sixth. 'There was fog and rain. Over Vanda's protest, I drove her and Parchure to the tent, and then came back to drive Krishnaji there. The Spanish gnome was there to waylay him, but Scott and I kept him away from Krishnaji. A very fine talk**[3]** laid the direction of the series: the horrors and sufferings in the world, the kidnappings, terrorism, cruelty of man, of man's doing, how did this come about, the dependence on knowledge, is thought the cause of it? It was raining when Krishnaji finished and he got right into the car. He had lunch on a tray, and there were no guests. Scott came to check his watches. Sunanda came up for treatment with Pama and Radha. They left, with Scott taking them home, and Krishnaji and I went for our first walk, which was in the rain up the hill and through the woods, picking our way through mud as we had never seen it there.'

'Krishnaji's voice was clear and strong this morning, and he was warm, comfortable, and handsome in his new navy waterproof jacket. In the earlier afternoon, the French-speaking Spaniard had telephoned saying the old one, Escoi, had seen that Krishnaji's health is deteriorating and when would we see them. I said Krishnaji wished no

communication whatsoever with them. Another crazy telegram came within an hour and during supper. Both of them, plus a third man, arrived at the doorstep. I blew up and said everything I could think of in French. They said they loved Krishnaji. I said to insult and attempt to harass and ignore his replies and say he would die if he didn't agree to their demands was hardly love. They went on about Master Kuthumi and I said all this was *déséquilibré et fantaisie* and to stop the nonsense of telegrams. It would be on my head, they said, and that we would hear no more. Krishnaji laughed when I reported it all and said, "This is old stuff. This is what Arundale did to me." Vanda said they weren't bad, they were stupid. Once again defending persons who attack Krishnaji. She appears to view no one as having any animosity. It is because they love him, said she. That is their pretension, said I. What, in fact, they are up to is aggression to get their own way. But what I discussed later with Dr. Parchure is the growing prevalence of people plunging into occult fantasies and seeking satisfaction in unrealities rather than the old physical pleasures. Delusions proliferate and does Theosophy give orthodoxy to all this? I touched on this with Krishnaji, who said I knew nothing of real Theosophy, that it was Leadbeater who encouraged all this. I didn't pursue it then, but my question remains.'

July seventh. 'Touches of sun at last. I ran errands in the morning, then Radha, Sunanda, and Pama came to lunch. Krishnaji joined us afterward and there was talk most of the afternoon. Krishnaji inquired what sort of persons Radha thought the early TS people were. Olcott was a good organizer, she said. I asked if Blavatsky had something original or only put together various beliefs. Radha said she thought, "She had something." Later, as Krishnaji prepared for the walk and was putting on a coat to go for the walk, he said quickly and suddenly'…[*pause*]…sorry, this is private.

S: Right. Okay.

M: 'And then on the walk, he said, "Do you remember Maricopa? Those mountains! California. This is…too closed in."' I'm surprised about that.

S: The Swiss mountains *are* much tighter.

M: I guess so. I don't know. Anyway.

S: [*chuckling*] Mary, may I ask…Are you saying it is private because he said something nice about you?

M: No comment. [*With mock sternness. S laughs then Mary chuckles*.]

July eighth. Do you want to know about the eighth?

S: Yes, we do. [*Chuckles.*]

M: 'Rain again. Vanda refuses my driving her to or from the tent. She went by taxi.' [*S chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji gave the second Saanen talk. Very fine.**[4]** He continued the exploration of the causes of man's violence, conflict, thought. "Allegiance to anything is

the beginning of corruption." Both Kossiakofs came to lunch. Nicolas is almost blind. He is very pessimistic about the world. Economic disintegration, he feels, is inevitable. I drove them back to Caprice where they were staying. Radha, Sunanda, and Pama came to tea. Krishnaji came in from the nap at 5 p.m. He treated Sunanda but he was too tired for a walk and it was also too late.'



Krishnaji waiting to start video recording (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

July ninth. 'Krishnaji said this morning that meditation came so strongly in the night that at 1:30 a.m., he had to sit up. At lunch was Simonetta, who has completed her work for the Tibetans near Mysore and in September will go to Pakistan to help with Afghan refugees, and Suad Al Radhi bringing gifts of Iraqi glass, dates, and other sweets from Beirut, and Frances McCann. Vanda invited Dr. Frederick Leboyer for coffee.' He was that birthing expert who was advising everybody. 'He took center stage and talked of his learning to sing in Madras, to study breathing; and now his maternity patients are to sing instead of scream when they give birth.' [*Both chuckle.*] Always something nutty comes out of it. 'Krishnaji sat politely silent through all this and then we went off for a walk to Alpina and back, neither of us caring for Leboyer. A phony, we thought. Naudé in London may come here.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The tenth: 'Rain. Krishnaji's third Saanen talk. Radha, Sunanda, Pama came to lunch, after which I took them home. Sunanda and Pama returned later as Leboyer was to demonstrate and teach his singing. Frances was there, too. He clammed up in front of the Indians, so they, Krishnaji, and I left him with Vanda and Frances, the two enthusiasts.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji and I walked to the Palace Hotel and back. A letter arrived from Amanda and Phil, including very good reviews of Phil's memoir *Take Two*, which is coming out in August.'

S: I think we're going to have to leave it there because we've run out of tape.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] A link to the video of this talk.

[2] There is no good equivalent for this in English. It can mean "inattentive," "abstracted," "faraway," etcetera, but the French word is the best I can think of to describe this state of being that would sometimes come over Krishnaji.

[3] The video of this first talk in Saanen.

[4] A video of the second Saanen talk.

Issue 64: July 11, 1980 to November 3, 1980

The Saanen and Brockwood Gatherings go well with their question-and-answer sessions at the end instead of the discussions which had been so disrupted in recent years. Krishnaji decides on a new direction for Brockwood, with which most people seem to be enthusiastic. In November we see Krishnaji and Mary arrive in India for the start of Krishnaji's India tour, something Mary did not usually attend.

Mary: Today we begin our recollections for July eleventh, 1980, and we're in Gstaad for the Saanen talks. My diary reads: 'At 10 a.m., Mary Cadogan, Jane Hammond, and Scott came. Mary and I discussed Saanen matters. At 11 a.m., there was the annual meeting of the various international committees and foundations. Krishnaji had Sunanda describe the work in India. Then he called for greater communication between everyone and described the new Krishnaji Information Centers in the U.S. Out of this came a plan to have these international committees meet at Brockwood after the gatherings there. Mary, Jane, and Scott stayed to lunch. In the afternoon, the meeting of the international committees, minus Krishnaji, continued at the Sport Golf Hotel in Saanenmöser.'

Scott: Right, I remember that year. The Germans had rented the Sport Golf Hotel in Saanenmöser, and there was a continuation in the afternoon of the meeting in the morning.

M: Yes. Oh, that's what it is. 'I drove the Patwardhans and Parchure there, but I left at 5 p.m. to pick up Krishnaji, who had walked down the hill to have his hair cut by Monsieur Nicolas in Gstaad. The mad Spaniards came to the house.' [*Both laugh*.] Oh, lord. 'And after a long discussion on the doorstep, they shook hands, accepting that Krishnaji will not talk to them or come to Barcelona.' [*Both chuckle*.] Oh dear.

Now we go to the July twelfth. 'There was some sun that day. I went to Rougemont to look at two Buddha statues at the antiquaire, Monsieur Rossier's.'

S: Where is that?

M: That's down on the left. [*Chuckles*.]

S: On the left on the main street?

M: On the main street.

S: I can't picture it.

M: 'I marketed, and then the Marogers came to lunch. They are here for the weekend, and afterward they took Krishnaji and me for a ride in their new Citroën. We stopped in Rougemont to see the Buddhas, but Krishnaji didn't like them. I didn't much, either. We

picked up Sunanda on the way back. Krishnaji talked to her and gave her a treatment. I drove her home, and then Krishnaji and I went for a walk.'

The thirteenth. 'Rain. Krishnaji gave the fourth Saanen talk. At lunch were Kathy and Scott, and Natasha, invited by me; and invited by Vanda an R. Porchelli, and an American boy, David Eddie. Nadia Kossiakof came at 3:30 p.m. to talk to me and to Krishnaji at 4 p.m. Sunanda and Pama brought a Romanian lady, Magda Sichitiu, and her little girl, Rukmini, who share their chalet. Krishnaji talked to them. I took everyone home in relays and then Krishnaji and I walked in the rain to the Palace Hotel and back. Krishnaji, after his morning talk, had me write down, "The past is giving meaning to the present and therefore the present has no meaning."'

S: Hm.

M: That's interesting.

S: Just an aside on this, Magda was actually introduced to Krishnaji and his teachings by Silvius Russu, because Silvius Russu was a long-standing friend of her parents.

M: Oh, I didn't know that.

S: And the first time I met Magda was with Silvius. I can't remember what I said—but something like it was nice to meet some old family friend of his or something like that, and he looked a little distant, and said, "Never trust Romanians." [*Laughs.*] And this is, you know, from a Romanian.

M: I don't want to record the following, if you'll turn it off.

S: Alright.

<Tape cuts out, then back on.>

S: We're back recording again.

M: The fourteenth. 'There was some sun today. I ran errands, and Asit telephoned from Singapore to say he is coming here from August ninth to the thirteenth. The Marogers came to lunch. Krishnaji talked alone with Marie-Bertrande and put his hands, as she had been sick last night. Sunanda, Pama, Mary Cadogan, and Dorothy came for coffee. Also at 2:30 p.m., a Madame Nefferts of Swiss German television came with Gisèle Balleys, Ulrich Bruger, and a Mr. Schneider to talk to me about a program on Krishnaji. I agreed to it, so they will videotape in the tent tomorrow and have a short video interview with Krishnaji here at Tannegg afterwards. I fell asleep for a short time, then took the Patwardhans home while Krishnaji went for a ride to Lauenen with the Marogers. They leave tomorrow. Krishnaji and I walked to the river. One of two non-rainy days we've had.' [*Both chuckle.*]

July fifteenth. ‘The rain returned. Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen talk. It was filmed unobtrusively by the German Swiss TV company. At lunch were Frances and an Italian woman, Anna someone, who has done a thesis on Krishnaji. At 3:30 p.m., the television crew set up in the living room at Tannegg, and at 4 p.m., Madame Nefferts did a fifteen-minute filmed interview with him, asking three questions.’ I should have written down what the three questions are.

S: That’s alright, we’ve got the interview.

M: Anyway, ‘it will be broadcast in September. Sunanda and Pama appeared and later I took them back. I joined Krishnaji on the walk to the Alpina Road’—that was sort of a loop for a short walk, it was peaceful—‘as it was too wet to walk in the woods. They are widening the road below the Meurice Hotel, destroying a stone wall, trees, and its narrowness, and with it the sense I get there of an old-fashioned middle-Europe look. The smallness of the road was its character.’

The next day. ‘Still another gray, wet morning. Vanda left on the 7 a.m. train for Florence. Fosca says the secretary telephoned her yesterday and that Vanda’s brother, who was in very poor health, wants to see her, but as she’s coming today not to tell her. She went off without breakfast, independent in a taxi, and Fosca wept. “La Signora,” she wept, “vive come una zingara.”’ [*Both chuckle.*] That means the signora lives like a gypsy.

‘It was quiet in the house. Krishnaji noticed it. No one came to lunch so he came to the table with Dr. Parchure and me. We spoke of Mark Lee. Krishnaji is also concerned about Vanda. At 4 p.m., Mr. Mirabet brought his annual donation of 8,000 Swiss francs’—he was a very nice old man. ‘At 4:30, both Siddoo sisters came for two hours. They asked Krishnaji if he had lost interest in their school. He said they must keep in closer contact with him. Sarjit tried to get him to make a tour of Canada. I reminded her that here, at Tannegg, it was agreed when they first spoke of their school that they undertook it knowing that Krishnaji couldn’t be there. Krishnaji said that he wants to live another ten or fifteen years, and if he travels more than now, that will not be possible. So no question of speaking across Canada. Sarjit, full of “yes, buts,” pointed to his going to Ceylon this year. Krishnaji said he last spoke there in the early ’50s. They have asked him back ever since, and so this year he will go. Sarjit then denied she had said Krishnaji should speak across Canada—only in Vancouver. Krishnaji left it open, but with no commitment. After two hours, they left in Jackie’s newly bought Mercedes. She has become a Swiss resident and bought a flat in Gstaad. There’s lesser Canadian income tax if you live abroad. Both sisters feel their school is now going well. They feel attached to the bone, and that David Bohm made the difference in the school improving. Sunanda had a treatment from Krishnaji, and then there was no time left for a walk. It rained, anyway.’

July seventeenth. ‘There was a little less rain today. Krishnaji gave his sixth talk. I fetched Anneke up to lunch. There was just Krishnaji, she, and I at the table. Anneke was full of talk about a Dutch psychiatrist, Jan Foudraine, a Rajneesh follower. Anneke kept

saying "Bhagwan," which tightened Krishnaji's face fastidiously' [*both chuckle*], 'and Foudraine came at 4 p.m. for an interview with Krishnaji. A large, gray-haired man with a beard and the rusty costume with beads and locket. He was with Krishnaji until 5:30 p.m. Half an hour before he left, Sunanda and Pama came. After Foudraine left, Krishnaji, they, and I sat and talked till after 7 p.m. with much laughter, Krishnaji's face alight with amusement. It was too late for a walk, so he sat on though it was late, after which he was essentially tired. I hoped the fun would take the place of the good of a walk.'

The eighteenth. 'In the morning, I did errands. The Patwardhans came to lunch. A letter came to Krishnaji from Rajagopal, written July ninth in reply to Krishnaji's from Ojai of May twenty-first, saying that he'—that means Rajagopal—'had never violated the settlement agreement. That he had collected correspondence and other items for over sixty years as a personal project'—this is how he justified his actions, you know, he just stole all the archives and claimed they were his—'and that "neither you nor any organization has any valid claim to them."' That's Rajagopal's letter. 'Furthermore, he said that he'—Rajagopal—'is willing to "join hands once again if you will ask your trustees to cease their harassment of the K and R Foundation." There was also a two-page letter to Krishnaji dated June twenty-third and sent to Brockwood, signed by Austin Bee, Mima Porter, and Annie Vigeveno, obviously written by Rajagopal (his style is very evident), and it mentioned a stonewall on everything. It begins, "Dear Mr. Krishnamurti," and is insulting. A copy came to me as a trustee. The Patwardhans lunched with Krishnaji and me and the letters were read to them. At 3:30 p.m. I drove them to Saanenmöser for another getting-together of the foreign committees. Mary Cadogan has left, but Dorothy was there. There was mostly talk about how Krishnaji Information Centers should work. Scott was there about the international endowment fund, which seems to elicit little interest. A Ms. Ruth Jacobs, who has got Krishnaji played on cable television in New York, was invited by me. Suzanne van der Straten came. It broke up at 6:30 p.m.'

The nineteenth. 'The Patwardhans came by in the morning, but I did errands. Only Krishnaji, Parchure, and I were at lunch. At 4:30 p.m., an old Spaniard, Mr. Martinez, and wife came to give a donation'—that's not the crazy Spaniards, they're nice Spaniards. 'At 4 p.m., the Siddoos saw Krishnaji briefly. Then he and I walked to the river.'

July twentieth. 'It was clear early, then the clouds regrouped. Krishnaji gave his seventh Saanen talk to a packed tent on meditation, but it was an odd talk; a bit disconnected, pausing into three anecdotes and more, saying that what must be done before meditation can be done. "Don't meditate," he said referring to what most people do. Only when the mind has seen all its habits, shortcomings, etcetera, and is free, can meditation really begin. Rain began as he came out of the tent. The Patwardhans, Pascal, and Baboo Merali (that's the nickname for Merali I'm supposed to call him, which I do with reluctance)' [*both chuckle*] 'his nephew Kaim, and niece Zubeda came to lunch. As today was the last of the talks, Krishnaji joined at the table. Merali had brought two Indian dishes. After they left, Sunanda had a healing, then I drove her and Pama to their chalet. I came back and took a nap. There was a windstorm that woke up both Krishnaji and me, but we were

both tired, so we didn't go for a walk. I am clamped into a thriller, *The Bourne Identity* by R. Ludlum.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Oh, yes, I remember it.

M: I remember nothing about it but the title, but it was a good one, apparently. [*S chuckles*.]

The next day. 'There was rain and fog.' [*Chuckles*.] 'I worked at the desk all morning. There was just Krishnaji, Parchure, and I at lunch. There was talk of kundalini, and I recorded part of it. We were interrupted by Brian Jenkins wishing to mediate between the Bangalore school and KFI. Robin Chavreul, his wife, and baby came to greet Krishnaji. Sunanda came for healing. I took her home. There was no rest for Krishnaji.'

July twenty-second. 'Sun! Naudé telephoned from somewhere in Switzerland. He's coming here in August. I marketed early, and had lunch with the van der Stratens, Simmonses, and Patwardhans. Krishnaji had his lunch on a tray but came in afterwards. He slept all afternoon while Sunanda, Pama, Parchure, and I sorted written questions for tomorrow. It was a beautiful cloudless day spent, alas, indoors.'

The twenty-third. 'It was a beautiful day. Krishnaji held the first of five question-and-answer sessions. He's taking only written questions, and he answered three today, most marvelously.**[1]** At lunch were Jackie Siddoo, Kathy, and Scott. The later two stayed to discuss video matters with me. The Patwardhans came in later and we all sat with Krishnaji until almost 6 p.m.'

July twenty-fourth. 'The weather is fine, and Krishnaji had the second, very good, question-and-answer meeting.**[2]** We had a quiet lunch with no guests. Sunanda and Pama came to see Krishnaji about India in the afternoon. I had Gisela Elmenhorst to tea with me. I took everyone home.'

The twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji held the third question-and-answer meeting. They go very well.**[3]** After it, Sunanda and Pama came to Tannegg to say goodbye, then left for Geneva and India. There was no one else at lunch. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji saw a young German, Theo Metzinger, and had him see Dr. Parchure. Krishnaji and I walked to the river.'

July twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji held the fourth question meeting. Before it, I made an appeal for funds. What was needed for this year was Swiss francs 40,000, and we really need 6,000 more to make up that sum. Rita Zampese came to lunch with Krishnaji and me. After a nap and a walk with Krishnaji to the river, I sorted questions for tomorrow and Krishnaji dictated some.'

S: Yes, if he didn't think the questions were good enough, he would dictate some.

M: Yes, well, or if he wanted to talk about something that wasn't mentioned.

The twenty-seventh. ‘Krishnaji held the fifth and final question-and-answer meeting, which wound up this year’s Saanen Gathering. Krishnaji answered eight written questions. I brought Suad Al Radhi back for lunch. I slept in the afternoon, and Krishnaji slept till 7 p.m., so there was no walk. I spoke briefly to Vanda and Alain, who was with her in Florence. The Shah of Iran died in Egypt. It is no help in the hostage release.’

July twenty-eighth. ‘It was a sunny quiet day. Hilda and Herri Moorhead came to lunch. At 4 p.m., Dorothy, Harsh, and Claire came to discuss with Krishnaji and me the problem of Anand, their four-year-old son, and the need for a school at Brockwood for children of staff. It was more or less agreed that something must be done. Krishnaji and I went for a walk. Scott joined us to say goodbye. The tent is down. The donations reached 45,000 Swiss francs yesterday and people are leaving.’

The next day we were mostly just quiet, and on the thirtieth, ‘Dorothy came up in a taxi to say goodbye. She, Montague, and Doris leave in the Land Rover for Brockwood and are going quickly or slowly depending on Montague’s health and the weather. I had typewriter trouble, so I rented one from Madame Cadoneau.’ Remember Madame Cadoneau?

S: [*laughs*] Yes. The stationery store.

M: Yes, she ran the stationery store, that’s right. I typed letters that Krishnaji had dictated and sent Bamberger a check for my taxes. Ortolani and his wife came by. They are going to Brockwood. Krishnaji and I walked to the river.’

July thirty-first. ‘It was a hot day. I spent most of it doing desk work and running errands, while Krishnaji rested. It was too hot to walk, so we took a quiet ride to Gsteig.’

August first. ‘This is a Swiss national holiday. It was warm and clear. I did letters all day. Krishnaji slept two hours in the afternoon and didn’t feel like a walk.’

The second of August. ‘It was another hot day. Krishnaji began dictating *Letters to the Schools* again. Today’s was number thirty-eight, the first since before his going to India last year.’ Goodness. ‘After lunch, Krishnaji held another conversation with Dr. Parchure and me on kundalini, and I taped it on the little Sony. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji came with me to the village to order’ [*chuckles*] ‘a new Philips razor and look at Omega watches. It is too hot for a walk, and Krishnaji is tired.’

The third. ‘Again, it was hot. I did letters all morning. At lunch, Krishnaji asked Dr. Parchure and me what is the right thing to do with those, as in India, who make sacrifices, give up jobs, etcetera and come to him. The conversation lasted three hours. It was exhausting. Krishnaji rejected all practical considerations and said I was not going with his thought. It was too late for a walk when we stopped talking, and too hot.’

August fourth. ‘It is slightly cooler today. I again spent the morning doing letters. We sat only one hour at lunch, timed by Krishnaji.’ [*S chuckles*.] I don’t understand.

S: He probably timed the lunch so that the conversation wouldn't go on and you could get off for your walk in the afternoon.

M: Well, I guess so. 'Krishnaji and I went for a walk in the woods.' Yes, I think you're right. 'There was a letter from Sunanda saying that Radha gave a press conference in Madras on her becoming president and said the future of the Theosophical Society is to follow the teachings of Krishnamurti.' Good for her.

The fifth. 'It is a little cooler. I did letters all morning and went to Saanen for fruit in the afternoon. Krishnaji and I walked twice through the words in the late afternoon. He was tired but he had rested all day.'

August sixth. 'I plowed through the letter pile, and the end is in sight!' Exclamation point. 'I ran errands in the late morning, and we had a quiet lunch; Krishnaji, Parchure, and me. Then a nap and reading. Krishnaji did three laps through the woods in the cool of the afternoon.' That means going through the woods and turning around, just staying in the shade.

S: Yes. Right. [*Chuckles*.]

M: The seventh. 'It was a cooler, beautiful morning. Krishnaji dictated letters to Erna about Rajagopal's letter to him of July ninth, and the K and R trustees' insulting letter of June twenty-third. Cohen has had no reply from Rajagopal's lawyer, Christensen. Krishnaji did other letters, including replying to Radha's letter of invitation to visit Adyar when he is in Madras. I typed most of the day. At 2 p.m., I went to the Cantonal Bank, for the annual review of the Alzina account with Mr. Liechti.' That was that sum of money that was donated for Krishnaji's use when Rajagopal had refused to give him money to live on, and they were investing it, and I was supposed to look after it. 'At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji saw Frances McCann at her request. Krishnaji says she does not listen. He and I went for a walk to the river. Krishnaji twice said on the way back that it had tired him. "No more on the river road," he says.' I don't know why, I suppose it was sunny, I don't know.

S: Yes, when it was sunny, it was sunny on that road.

M: August eighth. 'There was heavy rain, then it cleared. I finished typing and posting letters, then marketed and took Fosca down to the village. I also took Krishnaji to look at razors.' [*Chuckled*.] 'Then we walked only in the woods. I got two aerograms from Amanda.'

The ninth. 'Asit and Minakshi telephoned from Geneva, and I arranged to meet them from the 2:30 p.m. train. I have rented a bedroom and bathroom in the downstairs east flat for them. Asit bought me a Nikon F3 camera body only in Singapore.' He was forever talking about the latest Nikon, and Krishnaji was always cheering me on get one, and then objecting when I wanted to use it on him. [*S laughs*.] I would say, "My only interest is in photographing you, and I don't need a new one to do it." But, of course, that

never worked. Anyway, Asit brought me that. 'They have not been able to get these yet in Europe. I gave them a late lunch. Later, after 5 p.m., Krishnaji, Asit, and I walked just to the edge of the river and back, not up the road. Krishnaji said he was tired in the evening.'

S: Also, the walk up the road by the river was quite a steep climb.

M: Yes, it was uphill all the way. I think the sun was part of it.

August tenth. 'Krishnaji slept well but didn't feel like exercise. I took the Chandmals for a drive in the morning. We all napped in the afternoon, then had a walk in the woods. The Chandmals and I dined with Suzanne and Hugues van der Straten and went to a Menuhin concert. The students of Menuhin School played. Alain telephoned from Vanda's in Florence, saying that he is arriving by train here tomorrow.'

The eleventh. 'I took the Chandmals to the village shopping, and met Alain at 11:30 a.m. He has the little room off the dining room to stay in. All were at the lunch table. Much homeopathy talk. Krishnaji, Asit, Alain, and I went for a walk three times through the woods.'

August twelfth. 'It rained on and off. I took the Chandmals and Alain to the village for shopping in the morning, and in the afternoon, I took Alain so he could have tea with Frances. I fetched him later, and walked with Krishnaji and Asit in the woods. Alain had dinner with the van der Stratens, and Dr. Parchure and I dined with Asit and Minakshi at the Olden Hotel.'

August thirteenth. 'I took the Chandmals to the 7:45 a.m. train; they fly to London, New York, San Francisco, and then come back to Brockwood on September fifth. I went with Alain as he shopped in the village. Krishnaji, Alain, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched in. Jackie Siddoo presented financial accounts of the Wolf Lake School at 4:30 p.m., and I had supper at Jackie's. Alain left on the 8:50 p.m. train for London.'

The next day was 'a clear, cloudless day, so after breakfast, Dr. Parchure and I went up the Diablerets. This was his first touch of snow.'

S: I thought he'd been in the Himalayas.

M: Maybe it was just for Switzerland. 'We got back in time for lunch. I marketed, then walked with Krishnaji through the woods.'

The fifteenth. 'I ran errands in the morning, and in the afternoon went with Krishnaji to the village for a new razor and to have his hair cut. At 5 p.m., Suzanne and Hugues came and, in spite of the rain, we all went for a walk through the woods.'

August sixteenth. 'I left at 9:40 a.m. for the Geneva airport. There was a delay at Hertz that prevented my telephoning Tannegg to tell Krishnaji I had reached the airport safely,

so I was in despair on my flight to Rome.' I was supposed to call and let him know I was alright, but I didn't have time. 'There was a huge crowd there, and it took one hour to go through passport control. Filomena and Mario, her son, met me. As I reached Filomena's, the phone was ringing. It was Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and Vanda, who had arrived at Tannegg in the afternoon. Krishnaji was worried. I felt sick at having worried him. I had the usual time with Filomena's family. She and I had supper alone and talked.'

The next day is just a quiet day with Filomena, then on the eighteenth, 'Filomena and Mario took me back to the airport where I took the Alitalia 11:30 a.m. plane back to Geneva. I picked up a Ford station wagon from Hertz, and drove to Gstaad, getting there after 3 p.m. I am unutterably glad to be back. Krishnaji, Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and I talked. Later, Krishnaji and I did our three laps through the woods.'

The nineteenth, 'I slept well. I spoke to my brother, then packed all day and did last-minute errands.'

August twentieth. 'Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I left Vanda, Fosca, and Tannegg at 7:50 a.m. and drove via Pillon and Aigle to the Geneva airport. We flew on Swiss Air at 1:20 p.m. to Heathrow, arriving at 3 p.m. Dorothy in the Cortina and others met us, and by 5 p.m., we were back at Brockwood. We went for a short walk in the grove and had supper at 6 p.m. Krishnaji ate downstairs in the school dining room again.'

August twenty-first. 'I spent most of the day unpacking and putting things in order. Instead of a walk, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I worked in the grove pulling brambles, nettles, and dead rhododendron blossoms. Krishnaji had supper downstairs.'

The twenty-second. 'Krishnaji rested, and lunched in bed. I went to Alresford and Winchester in the afternoon. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I worked again in the grove and Krishnaji had supper in the dining room.'

Then for the next three days, Krishnaji mostly rested.

On August twenty-sixth, 'Krishnaji and I went to London on the 10:23 a.m. train. Joe Links met us.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji gave him the Jacquet ties he had had made for him. Krishnaji went to Huntsman and I to Wallace Heaton.' That's a place that sells photographic equipment. 'I purchased lenses for the Nikon F3. Then I met Krishnaji at Huntsman and we walked to Fortnum, where Mary lunched with us. Krishnaji and I walked back to Wallace Heaton, where I paid for equipment after trading in my Leicaflex, and we then took a taxi to Waterloo, so back to Brockwood by 6 p.m.'

Then more rest for Krishnaji and desk work for me.

On the twenty-eighth, 'I went back to London for a haircut, to Heaton for other Nikon lenses, then bought cheese for Krishnaji, and had lunch with Betsy at her Cheyne Gardens flat. I caught the 4:30 p.m. back to Petersfield.'

The next day. ‘It rained most of the day. I fetched Mary Cadogan from the Petersfield station, also Danah Zohar Marshall and husband. She interviewed Krishnaji in the afternoon for the *Sunday Times*. It was too wet to walk. People are arriving for the Brockwood Gathering.’

August thirtieth. ‘It was cloudy, then clear. Krishnaji gave his first Brockwood talk at 11:30 a.m. We had fruit and salad upstairs, and then went to the tent briefly for the hot course. Both took naps, then we took a short walk. I invited Margaret Dodd to spend the night in the West Wing guest room. She came to talk and to show a proposal for photos and text for a Krishnaji book to the publication committee.’

The thirty-first. ‘Perfect weather. Krishnaji gave the second Brockwood talk, a very fine one.**[4]** Mary and Joe came, and they had fruit and salad with Krishnaji and me upstairs. Margaret Dodd presented her book proposal to Krishnaji and the publication committee. Mary and I had coffee and talked before she and Joe left.’

September first. ‘I sorted questions that had been handed in, and Krishnaji chose ones for tomorrow. We walked in the grove and did some work there.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji held the first question-and-answer meeting**[5]** in the tent. We lunched upstairs and then he returned to the tent briefly for the hot food, as usual. We walked in the afternoon.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji dictated letters, rested, and chose questions for tomorrow’s question-and-answer meeting. And the day after, he held that meeting, and answered nine questions.’

Then there’s really nothing the next day, but on September sixth, ‘I went to fetch Asit and Minakshi Chandmal at the Petersfield train station. They came from California and leave tomorrow for Bombay. Krishnaji gave talk number three. Very fine,’**[6]** (underlined).

The seventh. ‘Krishnaji gave the fourth Brockwood talk, and afterward he gave an interview to Richard Henwood. The walk was just with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me. At 6 p.m., Asit and Minakshi left for the airport and Bombay.’

September eighth. ‘The Gathering is over, so the house is beginning to empty. I did desk work, laundry, etcetera. Dorothy, who was stung in the mouth by a wasp, didn’t come on the walk, so Krishnaji and I, with the dog Whisper, went across the fields. It was a wonder of beauty.’

The ninth. ‘Krishnaji did exercises as usual with Dr. Parchure in the morning, but then spent the rest of the day in bed. I went to a three-hour staff meeting beginning at 3 p.m.’ [*S chuckles*.]

September tenth. ‘Krishnaji and I took the train to London. Mary and Joe met us at Waterloo. Krishnaji had a Huntsman fitting, then I had a Hilliers fitting on two pair of

slacks, with Krishnaji overseeing it.' He had to see how long the slacks were; it should break at the instep.

S: Exactly, yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'We lunched with Mary at Fortnum, then I went at three with Rita Zampese to Qantas about our tickets to India. I rejoined Krishnaji at Hatchards, and we went by taxi to Waterloo and so home.'

The next two days are desk work for me, errands to Alresford and Winchester, and, of course, walks in the afternoon.

September thirteenth. 'I worked mostly at my desk, but in the afternoon, international committee members arrived for a weeklong series of meetings with Krishnaji and David Bohm.'

The fourteenth. 'Krishnaji and David Bohm held a videotaped conversation with committee members; the Brockwood staff were present, but not participating. In the afternoon, there was a tea for everyone. Krishnaji came in for a little while and then we walked.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji talked to the guests and staff in the morning. In the afternoon, Mary Cadogan and I held a meeting for committee members about Krishnamurti Information Centers. I walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy across the fields.'

September sixteenth. 'The Marogers arrived for breakfast and are staying in the West Wing. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji and David held another videotaped conversation with others listening. In the afternoon, Krishnaji talked to the staff only about a kindergarten for Harsh's and Claire's son Anand. Krishnaji is disgusted at the staff's reactions.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The seventeenth. 'Krishnaji spent all day in bed resting, with lunch on a tray. David Bohm held a discussion at 11:30 a.m. In the afternoon, Mary Cadogan and I met with a French-language group consisting of Jean-Michel Maroger, Pascaline Mallet, and Betsy Debass, all from France; Gisèle Balleys for the French-speaking Swiss; and Robert Linssen for the French-speaking Belgians. We talked about French books and the need for more translations. Then, Mary and I met the Spaniards, Juan and Ramon Colell about the Fundación. Alfonso Colón has resigned as its president, and Raúl Dávila, the vice person, is the acting president.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji held another videotaped conversation with Dave Bohm. I talked to Mary Cadogan after lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji talked to the staff. He said he would talk to them every day, or as often as they wished. There was a discussion on "thinking together."' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: After all the talks on that, I don't know why we weren't able to do more of it—we were only able to talk about it.

M: Yes, we could only talk about thinking together, not actually do it.

September nineteenth. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji talked to everybody, and in the afternoon he talked to the Marogers.'

The next day, 'Again at 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji talked to David and everyone else present. After lunch, all the international committee members left. The Marogers left after supper, but in the afternoon, Krishnaji, the Marogers, Dorothy, David Bohm, Dr. Parchure, and I met in the dining room and the Marogers spoke of wanting to do something with either La Mahaudière'—that's their place—'or another place if they move, that will benefit or be allied with Brockwood. They are separating from the farming project of Jean-Michel's mother and brother.' That property was co-owned by the brother and the mother. Nothing came of that, as I recall.

The twenty-first. 'Krishnaji talked to staff in the morning, and was deeply exasperated. He talked to me about it after lunch. There was a staff meeting on school matters in the afternoon and a walk.'

The twenty-second. 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed. Everyone had a day off. I cooked lunch upstairs for Krishnaji, Dorothy, and Dr. Parchure; then I went to get the inspection certificate for the Mercedes in Alresford. After supper, Dr. Parchure and I talked at length in the kitchen. Krishnaji came in and asked what we were discussing. Out of this came a long talk between the three of us on Krishnaji's feelings about Brockwood, a need for people he can explore with, etcetera. Dr. Parchure gave Krishnaji and me flu shots.'

September twenty-third. 'Krishnaji was awake from midnight on. Nevertheless, he held a discussion with the staff at 11:30 a.m., then he slept in the afternoon, and then walked.'

The twenty-fourth. 'It was a lovely day. Krishnaji and I took the 10:23 a.m. train to London. Joe Links met us at Waterloo. He dropped me at American Express so I could get travelers' checks, then I walked to Huntsman, where Krishnaji chose a brown tweed for a jacket and a light gray flannel for two pairs of trousers. Mary Links met us at Fortnum's and gave Krishnaji her just-published book about her father. Krishnaji and I bought cheeses on the way back. He had a haircut at Truefitt. And so to Waterloo and back to Brockwood.'

September twenty-fifth. 'Dr. Parchure left at 6:45 a.m. for Heathrow and India. I did desk work all morning. In the afternoon, I went to meet Radhika and Hans Herzberger and their daughters, Sunanda, age 14, and Maya, age 10, at the Winchester bus station. They are at Oxford for a year while Hans is at All Souls. Sunanda is a new student at Brockwood. Radhika and Hans were in the West Wing for the weekend. Other new students all arrived today for the start of the school year. There were two from Oak

Grove, Kate Hidley and Vicky Zudavern. Krishnaji, Dorothy, the Herzbergers, and I were on the walk.'

The next day. 'I again spent most of the day working at the desk. Krishnaji held a staff meeting at 11:30 a.m., which the Herzbergers attended, and in the afternoon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. Krishnaji put his hands on the Herzberger child.'

September twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji rested. He did no exercise, but was up for lunch. Krishnaji put his hands on.' I don't know who. 'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji and David had another videotaped discussion with only Dorothy, Saral, the Herzbergers, and I present. In the evening, I had a talk with Dave and Saral about people to talk to Krishnaji in Ojai next spring.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji talked to the entire school. I took Radha, Hans, and Maya to the Winchester coach station, where they went by bus to Oxford. I got back in time for lunch. We walked briefly in the afternoon.'

The next day was just my doing desk work and Krishnaji resting. But on the thirtieth, 'I went on the 9:30 a.m. train to London, where I applied for an absentee ballot at the U.S. embassy, and got visas for Krishnaji and me for Sri Lanka from the high commission. Then I went to John Bell and Croyden for a new electric under-blanket for Krishnaji, and got the 3:50 p.m. train back to Petersfield.'

October first. 'Thames Television came to do an interview with Krishnaji. They also interviewed some students and two staff in the morning, and Krishnaji answering questions in the afternoon. The interviewer's name was Elaine Grand.'

The second. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji talked to staff. Dorothy was not well before lunch, and went to lie down. I went to talk to her afterward at Krishnaji's suggestion. She is deeply discouraged and upset, feeling that she has lost Krishnaji's confidence. Krishnaji and I went together to talk to her, and out of it came a largely new direction for Brockwood: no younger students**[7]**; more older ones; and the inclusion of any-age serious people. The primary purpose of Brockwood must be the exploration of Krishnaji's teachings. Dorothy changed visibly and came on the walk. Krishnaji is enthused, and me too. He wanted to talk to the staff immediately, but will wait until Saturday.' That was a Thursday.

October third: 'I met Mary Links at the Petersfield train station. She came to talk to Krishnaji about the second volume of the biography, and to spend the night. Krishnaji told her of the new plan for Brockwood. We talked all afternoon, and with Dorothy we walked. I called Mary Cadogan about the new plan, and she is enthused, too.'

The fourth of October. 'Krishnaji, Mary, and I talked all morning about the biography, until Joe arrived for lunch. Krishnaji, Mary, Joe, and I had coffee upstairs, and Krishnaji asked Joe's opinion of the proposed change at Brockwood. Joe suggested Dorothy have sole decision-making in running it. The Linkses left, and on the walk, Krishnaji told

Dorothy he delegates decisions to her under the new plan. He also held a staff meeting at 4 p.m., and told them of the plan, and most are enthusiastic.'

The fifth. 'Krishnaji talked to the school. After the walk in the afternoon, Krishnaji was tired.'

October sixth. 'Krishnaji slept very well: nine hours. Jean-Michel Maroger arrived. At lunch, Krishnaji invited him to be a trustee of the KFT, and Jean-Michel accepted. At 3:45 p.m., Krishnaji held a videotaped discussion with Jean-Louis Dewez. The latter asked questions in French and Krishnaji answered in English. There was a school meeting at 5 p.m., which I felt I needed to attend, so Krishnaji went alone with Whisper for his walk. Gale winds are blowing.'

The seventh. 'It is cold and the wind is continuing. Krishnaji rested in the morning, but dictated letters. In the afternoon, he did another videotaped discussion for France with Jean-Louis Dewez, and also included Jean-Michel and Daphne Maroger, Stephen Smith'—Brockwood's French teacher—'and Didier Bertrande'—a French student. 'Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went for a walk. Jean-Michel and Jean-Louis left for France. A Moroccan-French man doing a thesis on Krishnaji arrived.'

October eighth. 'I took the 9:30 a.m. train to London to get our Indian visas, then did various errands, and was back by 5 p.m. Krishnaji had talked with Harsh and later with the Moroccan.'

October ninth. 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, the Moroccan man, and I took the 10:23 a.m. train to London. Joe met us and drove Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me to Huntsman. Dorothy went elsewhere and, after Krishnaji's fitting, Krishnaji and I went on with Joe to his apartment, where he, Mary, Amanda, Krishnaji, and I had lunch. Joe drove Krishnaji to his dentist appointment with Mr. Thompson at 3:30 p.m. I shopped for fruit and cheese on the Marylebone High Street, and got a Braun shaver for Krishnaji. He didn't like it, so it had to be returned. Krishnaji had one small filling. Joe drove us back to Waterloo, where Dorothy met us, and so, back to Brockwood by 6 p.m.'

The tenth. 'In the morning, I went to Alresford on errands. Krishnaji lunched on a tray in bed, resting. It was raining, but we still went for the walk. There was a staff meeting at 5 p.m., but before that, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I talked with Harsh and Claire Tankha about their difficulties for an hour, and Krishnaji went on talking for another hour with them after Dorothy and I had to go to the staff meeting.'

October eleventh. 'Krishnaji rested but came down for a walk and then for a special supper in honor of a young Chinese pianist who played at Brockwood Park eight years ago, and is now a concert pianist. He played for the school in the evening and Krishnaji stayed for the first half. The new electric under-blanket came for Krishnaji's bed.'

S: Yes, perhaps we should just say for the record that the Yehudi Menuhin Music School was not that far from Brockwood. We always had very good relations with them, and often their brilliantly gifted students would come and play at Brockwood.

M: Yes. And eventually, Peter, the man who ran it, came a lot to Brockwood, helping the students with music.

S: He didn't run the school; he ran something like the piano department, and he would come on weekends and teach piano at Brockwood.

M: That's right. And still is doing it to this day.

S: Oh, how wonderful.

M: Yes, at least I saw him here last October.**[8]**

S: Oh, good. He is a nice man.

M: A very nice man.

October twelfth. 'Krishnaji got up for lunch with the school. There was a conversation at the table after reading a newspaper article on the effects of the A-bomb. "Dreadful," said Krishnaji. The Bohms, Dorothy, and me were half-joking as there seems to be no adequate serious response to such horror. Krishnaji said if he discussed it with a head of government, they would say, "But our neighbor has it." He would say, "Get together and agree." We went for a walk, Krishnaji, Dorothy, the dogs, and me at 4:30 p.m., as it is beginning to get dark early.'

The thirteenth. 'I went early for my typhoid, paratyphoid, and cholera shots at the Alresford Surgery. Krishnaji spent the day in bed until walk time. The Digbys came for lunch, and George gave a talk to the school on silks and rugs.**[9]** There was a school meeting at 5 p.m. I felt feverish and sore from the shots.'

There was nothing much the next day, just Krishnaji resting and I was working at the desk.

On the fifteenth, 'I went by the 9:23 a.m. train to London, where I went first to fetch my passport and visa from the Indian high commission, then to American Express for more travelers' checks, and bought myself sports shoes for walking in India, and a Water Pik. Fleur lunched with me at Claridge's, and Betsy joined us for coffee. I then did more errands, including picking up the Hillier trousers. I caught the 3:50 p.m. train from Waterloo.'

October sixteenth. 'In the morning, Krishnaji, while remaining in bed, did audiotaped replies to questions submitted by Gary Null of station WBAI in New York for broadcast there. He got up for lunch and later walked with Dorothy and me and the dogs. Krishnaji

woke up in the night with some extraordinary feeling in his head, something he said was ecstatic.'

The seventeenth. 'It was rainy and cold. Krishnaji again had strange feelings in the night. In the morning he replied to the rest of the questions on tape for WBAI in New York. He had lunch in bed, but got out for a walk with Dorothy and me. There was a staff meeting.'

October eighteenth. 'It was a cold, clear day. Krishnaji hadn't slept too well, so he stayed in bed until it was time for the walk. He, Dorothy, the dogs, and I went across the fields and up the drive. The dogs found a fox in the wood caught in a wire trap.' Oh, that's that awful thing. 'Dorothy and I rushed back to get Gary or John King. John King came back and released the fox.' I remember that so well. It was a beautiful, beautiful, big, red dog fox and he was being strangled in this awful wire. Krishnaji kept the dogs away, and then when John King came, he sort of straddled the fox and with the wire clipper cut the thing that was strangling it. And then he pulled his hands apart, and the fox was a streak of red and gone. [*S laughs.*] It was most extraordinary. A beautiful animal. How can they be so brutal?

S: Yes. Oh, they can be.

M: 'My cold is fairly heavy,' it says here. 'Krishnaji and I watched a film on TV of the hijacking of a subway train until almost 11 p.m.'

For the next two days there is really nothing as Krishnaji was mostly resting.

October twenty-first. 'My brother telephoned from New York. He and Lisa go to Bonn Thursday; then he will fly here Sunday, spend the day with me, but go on to Paris in the evening while Lisa goes to Munich and then meets him in Paris. Mary Links sent a draft of a statement on Krishnaji's teaching to me to use in the biography. Krishnaji dictated a different one to me. Krishnaji was up for lunch and talked briefly afterward to an Italian, Mr. Stasi, who lives in South Africa and wants to start a school there. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked with the dogs as usual.'

Again, nothing of note the next day, but on the twenty-third, 'Krishnaji and I to London. Joe met us at Waterloo and dropped us at Huntsman. We chose two tweeds for skirts for me, then we met Mary Links at Fortnum. I gave her the notes for the biography. After lunch, I went for a haircut while Mary walked Krishnaji to Truefitt for his haircut. I went to Culpeper's for more herbs prescribed by Amanda Pallant, and then met Krishnaji at Huntsman and from there we took a taxi back to Waterloo.'

October twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji rested in the morning. I met Mary Cadogan at 10 a.m. at Petersfield. We went over Foundation matters, then the Digbys, the Hammonds, the Linkses, and Sybil Dobinson came at noon. While Joe worked on his own things in the dining room, the rest of us held publication committee meetings both before and after lunch. Krishnaji joined everyone at lunch, and afterward he went for a drive with Joe' [*chuckles*]. 'It was a lovely autumn day. The Linkses and the rest left, then Krishnaji,

Dorothy, and I went for a short walk. At 6 p.m., I met at Petersfield a Madame Nicole Phillipeau from Grenoble who wrote an excellent letter to Krishnaji, and came to meet him.'

The twenty-fifth. 'At 12 p.m., Krishnaji saw Nicole Phillipeau, and at 4 p.m., he talked to the staff about the new plan to have older students. Radhi and Hans Herzberger are here for the weekend, and they came on the walk.'

The twenty-sixth. 'Summertime ends, so the clock goes back one hour. I left at 7 a.m. and drove to Heathrow. Bud arrived from Bonn at 9 a.m., and we drove back through the rain to Brockwood. We talked on our lunch together, then continued to talk. At 3:30 p.m., I drove him back to Heathrow for a 4:45 p.m. flight to Paris, where he will meet Lisa, who will join him there tomorrow from Germany. I got back to Brockwood after 6 p.m.'

The next three days is more shots for me, packing, telephoning, etcetera.

On the thirtieth, 'I packed and packed. I arranged for Bud's camera, which he accidentally left here, to go to Paris with Pauline d' Egrémont and telephoned him there about it. He and Lisa go back to New York on Sunday. I got everything done before going to bed.'

Now the big diary resumes, so we'll have more details. October thirty-first. 'Krishnaji woke me at 5 a.m. I made our nettle tea, but neither of us felt like food. The bags were all ready by 7 a.m., and the school had formed a circle in the West Wing hall to see Krishnaji off. We left shortly after 7 a.m. with Dorothy; Ingrid and Doris took our seven bags in another car. Krishnaji said, "I got up at 4:30 a.m. and I'm still not ready."' [*Both chuckle.*] 'All was with a flurry getting off. It was a clear morning with marvelous hoarfrost on the fields and trees. The beauty of this land, the seasons, the northern air was a gift before the heat of India.' I remember that so well because I knew I was going where it would be very hot, and to see the hoarfrost on every little twig and blade of grass made me say to myself, "Remember this when you get where you're going." [*S chuckles.*]

'We had egg sandwiches while driving and a Cox apple, but after we were in the airport, Krishnaji felt ill with stomach pains. Our flight was delayed, so we sat quietly until he felt better, and was able to get a cart for all of our hand luggage and ride up in a lift with it all. He again sat quietly while I fetched magazines and gradually the pain subsided. We telephoned Mary Links, and Krishnaji said goodbye to her. Our Qantas flight left at 12:30 p.m. instead of 9:30 a.m. We had the forward seats and lots of room with the new "sleeper" seats that pull out. Krishnaji said he woke up at 12:30 a.m., couldn't sleep, got up, looked around, and picked up flies (we've had swarms), got back in bed, and was awake till 2:30 a.m. He had the most extraordinary feelings of "great clarity and don't measure with words." I write this page in the aircraft in Bahrain, where we have had to land. The flight was supposed to be nonstop, but because the flying space is congested due to the Iran-Iraq war, extra fuel was used so we had to stop in Bahrain for fuel. We are due in Bombay at 11:30 p.m., but will be hours late.'



Krishnaji at the gate of the Theosophical Society (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

November first. 'We landed at 4:30 a.m. Asit and Pama had a car right up to the plane. A government man was there to expedite us through the formalities, but only two of our seven bags appeared. There is a strike of luggage handlers, so the other five bags, with everything we need, were not unloaded and went on to Perth, Australia.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Asit tried to take Krishnaji to the nearby Centaur Hotel where we had rooms, but Krishnaji insisted on returning to the airport until I was through with the luggage formalities. It took two hours to find someone, fill out forms, etc. We all finally went to the hotel. The one bag of mine had an old pajama suit so I showered and put that on.' You know, pants and kurta.

S: Yes, that's the Indian pajamas, which are actually outdoor clothing.

M: Yes. 'Luckily sandals, too.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji's only bag had a Water Pik, cheese, and herbs in it,' [*both chuckle*] 'but Pama had brought Krishnaji's Indian clothes. Nandini came at 7 a.m., bringing breakfast. Balasundaram turned up unexpectedly. All had breakfast and sat about until 9:30 a.m., when the Indian Airline left at 10:30 a.m. for Madras. Nandini, Krishnaji, Pama, and I flew on. Pupul, Achyut, Radha Burnier, Padma Santhanam, and Jayalakshmi were all at the Madras airport to greet Krishnaji. Sunanda, Prema, and Malini were at Vasanta Vihar. I have my old room, but enter it from the back, as the sitting room is now a separate room and has a bath addition. Pupul and Nandini have that.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Lunch was in the new dining room built with screens off the kitchen.' Remember that?

S: I remember it well.

M: 'Dr. Parchure was here. Also Rajesh. Parameshwaran was there for cooking. Krishnaji and I had been up for thirty-one hours straight by the end of lunch. But

Krishnaji in his Indian clothes, that Pama had brought to the airport, looked young and radiant.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'He said to me on the plane that when he closes his eyes, the thing he spoke of yesterday, the clarity, is still going on. I bathed then slept in the afternoon. It is hot and moist. The crows and the koels were noisy.' [*S chuckles*.]



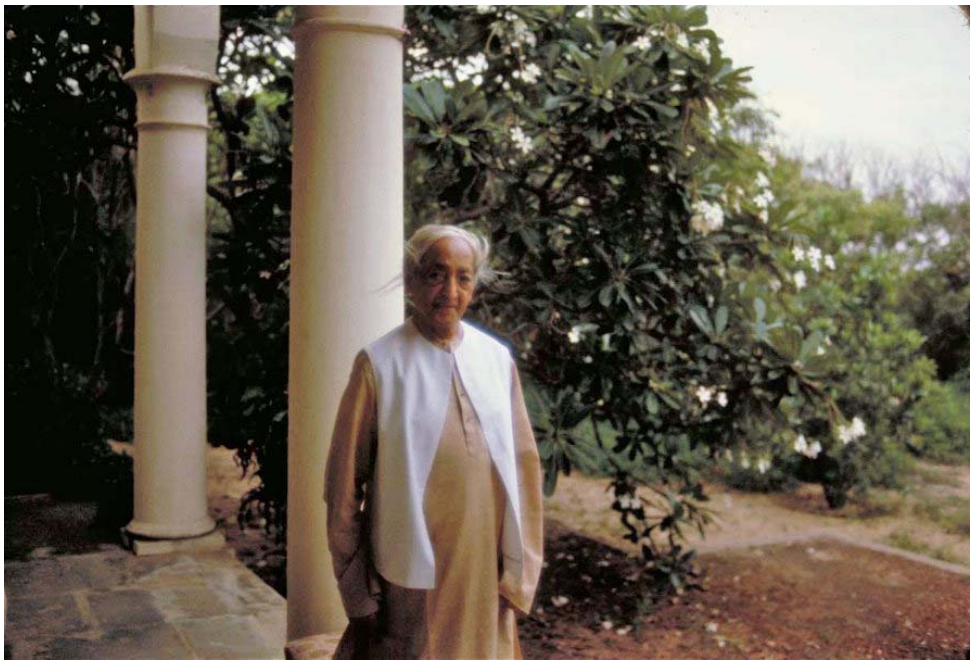
Krishnaji at the Theosophical Headquarters (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)



Krishnaji with Radha at her house (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

Sunday the second. 'Everyone breakfasted in the dining room at 8 a.m. Krishnaji put the question: Has the religious mind of India, which is centered in doubt, as different from that of the West, which is founded on faith, been influenced and taken over by the West

and hence is disappearing? He strongly said that if it is dead, then something new can be born. In death there is beginning. The evidence of decay is the rising preoccupation with astrology, magic, gurus, etcetera. This went on for two-and-a-half hours. I felt dissolved with the need for more sleep, the heat, and the travel wear and tear. I slept one-and-a-half hours till lunch and again afterward. Radha Burnier and her aunt, Dr. Sivakamu, came in the afternoon, and Krishnaji asked when he should make his walk through the Theosophical Society grounds. Radha said whenever he chose. Krishnaji said tomorrow afternoon and jokingly crossed himself several times.' [*Both laugh.*] 'It was almost put off, but Pupul wants to be present and she goes back to Delhi after Colombo. Asit telephoned twice during the day but has no news of the missing luggage. Then he rang that it has been found in Perth, but it may not get back to Bombay till Tuesday, in which case I would not leave for Colombo till it arrives. But at 9 p.m., he rang and Pupul came to tell me that the bags are in Bombay and will arrive here tomorrow. Asit must have pulled all strings to get them to return to Bombay on some other airline. Krishnaji has said all along they would be returned. He had sent an angel.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'The angel must've worked closely with Asit.' [*S chuckles.*] 'Pupul talked with Sunanda, Nandini, Ahalya, and me about the book she is doing on Krishnaji in India, and told of an incident when Shiva Rao was declared dying by doctors some years ago while Krishnaji was staying in their house. Pupul and others were concerned that Krishnaji should be there, but Krishnaji told her, 'Death will not come while I am in the house.'



Krishnaji at Radha's house on beach (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

November third. 'There was another long talk at breakfast about a possible conference next year in Delhi on the crisis in the human condition. Values were discussed, and Krishnaji said, "I have no values." I see immediately what he means but others argued. At 10 a.m., I went with Prema to try to find a cotton kaftan. Everything was shoddy, but I found one long blouse I can wear with pants. Prema was as kind as ever. She has had a bad year with two deaths in her life. Narayan, whose mother was operated on this

morning for a burst appendix, was at lunch, and got a quizzing from Krishnaji and Pupul about the school. At 5 p.m., Radha came with her aunt, Dr. Sivakamu, and Dr. Sivakamu's brother, who wanted to see Krishnaji. Then, we all went to the gates of the TS, where we all got out. A crowd of TS members were waiting, and Krishnaji greeted them with the gesture of namaste. Everyone was smiling. Radha looked very happy. Krishnaji was at his shining handsomest; charming as no one else can be. And so, this first step into the TS for Krishnaji in forty-six years began.' You were there, weren't you?

S: I remember being on what was billed as Krishnaji's first walk through the TS, but I wasn't on this, I don't think, so this is all very confusing for me. You and Krishnaji went onto Colombo, but I didn't go to Colombo, and your diaries haven't mentioned me as being there, so I don't think I was there yet. So, what I'm thinking of must be some other walk.

M: No. You didn't go on to Colombo.

S: But I was there for what I though was the first walk.

M: I know. I remember you and what's his name…on his bicycle.

S: Dick Clarke.

M: Dick Clarke. And it was dark when we got there. We walked in the dark. I remember that.

S: I don't remember the first walk in the TS being in the dark. I guess we'll see, but it's confusing.

M: Alright. 'Krishnaji and Radha strode off at a good clip for this walk through the grounds that he had said he would make if she became president. Dick Clarke, in his nineties, peddled his bicycle behind them with the studious walkers following. Radha pointed out various places as we went along. At her house by the beach, Achyut, Sunanda, Pupul, and Nandini, who went by car, all had fruit juice, and Krishnaji, Radha, Pama, and I walked back to the gate going along the river. Krishnaji told me he recognized nothing, but thought he might recognize the river path where he used to walk as a boy. But when he came to it, he didn't. We stopped by the place where Mrs. Besant was cremated, and then came to what used to be a water tank and has since been embellished. This he remembered a little bit. As we walked by the elephant heads on the main building, he remembered they impressed him when he was very young.' And they would, you know. The very large elephant heads on the outside of the building would be fascinating to anybody, but to a little boy, especially.

'Looking up at his old rooms he said he didn't really remember them. We went into the main hall and he looked about without saying anything. We walked on to the gate. By now it was dark and we waited on a bench for the car to come and take us back to

Vasanta Vihar. Krishnaji told me he remembers virtually nothing of it. "It is a dead place," he said. At 9 p.m., Pama and I went with a Qantas man to the Madras airport to retrieve the missing luggage, which Asit had seen to in Bombay. He and Devi Mangaldas'—that's the daughter of Nandini—'arrived on the same plane. Asit had spent six hours in Bombay yesterday getting it unloaded or they might have gone on to London.' [*Chuckles.*] 'I at last saw the bags, but there was no custom man on duty to clear them, so I couldn't get them. Unless they can be cleared tomorrow morning at 8 a.m., all will be in vain, as I need Krishnaji's passport to clear them, and he needs his passport to go to Colombo on the 9:30 a.m. plane.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: A typical Indian situation.

M: [*laughs*] So that was the third.

S: So we'll stop as we've run out of tape.



Krishnaji at the gate of the Theosophical Society (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For the video tape of this first question-and-answer meeting.

[2] For the video tape of this second question-and-answer meeting.

[3] For the video tape of this third question-and-answer meeting.

[4] For the video tape of the second Brockwood talk of that year.

[5] These had previously been called “discussions.”

[6] For the video tape of the third Brockwood talk of that year.

[7] For the first five or ten years of Brockwood, students as young as ten years of age were accepted.

[8] This discussion took place in April of 2005.

[9] He was the curator for textiles at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and had a fabulous collection.

Issue 65: November 4, 1980 to December 17, 1980

Krishnaji and Mary are in India in this issue, and Krishnaji makes his first trip to Sri Lanka in fifty years. This trip to India is clearly physically demanding and draining for both Krishnaji and Mary, and Dr. Parchure is worried because Krishnaji is pushing his body beyond its limits.

Mary: We pick our story back up on November fourth, 1980, and we're in Madras. You may remember that we just arrived in India from England, and Qantas, the airline we flew on, had lost our luggage. 'At 8 a.m., I went to the airport with Pama and a Qantas Airlines man. I got the luggage examined and released. There were endless forms to be filled and signed; then, with porters running, we rushed to the departure gate where, at 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji and the rest who were going to Colombo were waiting to board. Dr. Parchure, who forgot he had currency in his luggage, was stopped, fined, and couldn't go on his flight, which was to go ahead with Parameshwaran, so he took two of our bags back to Vasanta Vihar. He will follow with Achyut, Ahalya, and Rajesh on Friday. There was a mob scene getting off. I became a machine of passports, keys, and papers, no longer caring about how I looked. I wore slacks that I flew in from London and the same shirt, fortunately laundered, have washed my hair and brushed it. There is no way to set it, but luckily the short haircut in London makes it not too bad.'

'We, at last, got onto the plane, and in not much over an hour we landed in Colombo. Krishnaji is again a guest of the state. Officials met him; and a minister, Dr. Adikaram, and he were driven into Colombo.' Dr. Adikaram was a nice old man who was the head of the Krishnamurti Center in Sri Lanka, chancellor of the university, and had known Krishnaji forever. 'Pupul, Nandini, and I were in a second car. We are staying at Acland House, a government guest house built by the British. It has large rooms with a dining room sixty feet long' [*chuckles*]. 'Parameshwaran oversees the food cooking and three young Navy bearers serve. Krishnaji has the largest and best bedroom with hot water and air conditioning. Pupul and Nandini share another room, but have only cold water. I have a small but adequate room, but it has an air conditioner. The weather is very hot and very damp (just as I feared). We are very near the equator' [*chuckles*]. 'Because it is a government naval place, there are difficulties about others visiting, like the Patwardhans, Asit, and Devi. Devi was told that her mother, Nandini, would have to come downstairs to see her; she can't go up to Nandini's room. Dr. Adikaram is caught in the middle.' I can still see our arrival, because here I was not properly dressed, and of course all the other women were in beautiful saris.

Scott: Yes, and elegant.

M: Exactly, elegant. And the most elegant one of all was Krishnaji in his Indian clothes, and there I was [*chuckles*] in the slacks that I'd left Brockwood in. And luckily I'd bought that shirt and then, whatever it was, and it was laundered, so I was clean. But I was flanked by beautifully dressed Pupul and Nandini into this government limousine [*chuckles*].

S: Yes. And here you're frantically looking after passports and bags and things like that and, of course, Nandini and Pupul don't touch a thing.

M: No, they don't do any of that.

S: No. They don't even carry a handbag. I mean, they just have nothing. Somebody else—some underling—is doing all those things. [*Laughs*.]

M: I remember Nandini had a little bit of trouble leaving India. She had absolutely beautiful, heavy gold bracelets and because they were so large, it was suggested that she was getting gold out of India. And that was a problem in Madras. She said, "These have been on my arm for the last…"—I forget how many years, she'd worn them all her life—she never took them off. And in the end, they looked the other way. [*Both laugh.*]

'Some bureaucratic knot has occurred as there are many rooms empty here but only four of us can stay. There is a government car for Krishnaji's use, and we drove to a park and walked. I am at last in proper clothes and have the luxury of my toilet article box. Today is Election Day in the U.S.' [*Both chuckle.*]

November fifth. 'Some TV technician said that Reagan has won by a landslide. All our people were at lunch, and there was a long conversation. Krishnaji later said to me, "You can't have this sort of conversation except in India." I went with Pupul and Nandini, the Patwardhans, Devi, and a Ceylonese lady for a little shopping. Kleenex was the prize' [*chuckles*]. 'I walked with Krishnaji and Dr. Adikaram in the park. It was very hot. Krishnaji picks up a trail of admirers who march behind him, which he dislikes' [*chuckles*]. 'The heat bothered me. A cold bath seemed like a life-saving thing. Asit and Devi sat with Krishnaji and me at dinner, and later went out.'

The sixth. 'The newspapers carried confirmation and some details of the Carter defeat by Reagan. McGovern and Birch Bayh are also defeated. Republicans have a majority in the Senate. At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji went with Dr. Adikaram to see Prime Minister R. Premadasa. In India, the prime minister calls on Krishnaji, a religious leader being second to no one.' But we were in another country.

S: A Buddhist country, yes.

M: Yes [*chuckles*]. 'Krishnaji doesn't consider this, but he felt somewhat uncomfortable there. Meanwhile, Devi, Nandini, Sunanda, Pama, and I went with a friend of Dr. Adikaram to see the Kalema Buddhist temple. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji was interviewed by Minister of State de Alwis for television.'

S: And that was for Colombo TV?

M: Yes. 'At 5:30 p.m., Asit took Krishnaji and me for a walk by the sea. Krishnaji liked it better than the park, which he thinks irritated his eyes. The sea air is better. The air seemed un-refreshing to me; sticky and heavy.'

November seventh. ‘At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held a press conference with about thirty journalists. Asit took photographs and then left for Bombay after talking briefly to me about Narayan in lieu of being able to talk to Krishnaji. After the press conference, Krishnaji talked individually for forty-five minutes to a Dutch journalist, Paul Marynis of NRC Handelsblad. Dr. Parchure, Ahalya, Achyut, and Rajesh arrived from Madras, and are all staying at the Ramakrishna Mission. I walked with Krishnaji by the sea. He told me that he’d had a good meditation in the night.’

The eighth. ‘Dr. Parchure came at 6:30 a.m. and resumed exercises, massage, etcetera for Krishnaji. After breakfast, he also massaged my still swollen foot. I went shopping with Devi, Ahalya, Pupul, and Nandini. Newspapers all carry articles on Krishnaji’s press conference. At 5:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave his first Colombo talk in John De Silva Memorial Hall. The audience was over 3,000 and overflowed the hall. They appeared stunned by the presence of Krishnaji. He came in slowly, resplendent, wearing a dhoti as he does for talks. Quietly climbed onto a settee, sitting cross-legged, putting his watch beside him. He made the namaste hands together greeting to the audience, which had risen in greeting to him. And then he sat for a while in silence. Majestic. Beautiful. Later, Dr. Adikaram said the audience felt overwhelmed as if in the presence of the Buddha. He began to speak very simply, as to an audience that knew nothing of his teaching. There were several interruptions. A man near where Pupul, Nandini, and I sat had an epileptic fit, and Dr. Parchure, also nearby, saw to him. Two men in the audience interrupted to ask what was being done for the sick, and a Buddhist monk wanted to say something. Krishnaji quietly suggested he come to the public discussion on Wednesday, and then continued his talk. Later, he said the lack of light in the hall made him unable to see the audience, except a man in the very front row who kept looking around, not listening. “I was in despair,” said Krishnaji at the dinner table.’ He liked to connect with the audience visually.

S: Yes, yes.

M: November ninth. ‘Krishnaji was disturbed about Rishi Valley and what he is told of Narayan’s shortcomings. Pupul irritated him at the lunch table discussing this. Her aggressive voice and manner and wagging finger.’ She was a great finger-wagger.

S: Yes.

M: ‘She repeats things over and over, and Krishnaji wants to find a solution. He came in later to talk to me about it. I suggested a less heavy-handed approach to Narayan to give him help and not tear him apart. At 5:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave a second Colombo talk on “reading the book which is you.” A very fine one.’

The next day—

S: Can we just stop and talk for a minute about this Narayan situation because, just to be fair, Pupul didn’t want Narayan to begin with.

M: No. No, she didn't.

S: And she pretty much had it in for him and was looking for opportunities to ambush him. And Asit, being her nephew, just joined her in this.

M: Asit was not a person to have liked Narayan.

S: No. No. So I really felt, Narayan was just a sitting target with them waiting for him to make one false step, and when he did, Pupul was just going to be there at his jugular.

M: Exactly. You're quite correct.

S: It was unfair because he was a nice man.

M: Yes. He was a nice man.

S: Anyway, go on. The next day, the tenth.

M: So, to continue, November tenth. 'At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with about sixty invited people. And at 4 p.m., another one with thirty Buddhist monks. The latter were dull and immature in Krishnaji's view, though he was very patient with them. Afterward, he and I walked by the sea and were able to get *TIME* and *Newsweek* at Galle Face Hotel.' Galle Face is a place, slightly, if I remember, south of Colombo.

The eleventh. 'Pupul, Ahalya, and I left at 7:30 a.m. in an air-conditioned car that I hired' [*chuckles*] 'and drove to Kandy about three hours away. We visited the Peradeniya Gardens. There were marvelous orchids and trees from all over Asia, one of which was a 100-year-old great, spreading tent of a tree like a geodesic dome as big as an aircraft hangar in the middle of a field. I wanted to go under and inside it and found, to my amazement, it was a *Ficus benjamina, the* houseplant of California.'

S: Right, just a little houseplant [*laughs*].

M: Yes, which is like these ficus trees you see out the window. And then at that point in my life I thought of *Ficus benjamina* as something you'd put on a table.

S: Exactly, yes.

M: 'Driving there and back I saw five elephants. One was being scrubbed by four men in a muddy river and two were obviously walking home after their bath.' [*Both chuckle*.] The air conditioning made the trip possible for me. For the first time here, I was cool most of the day. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji went with Dr. Adikaram to meet the president of Sri Lanka, a Mr. Jayawardene, who had invited him. He spent one-and-a-half hours talking to him. In the evening, Pupul, Nandini, and I watched the television broadcast of the interview between Krishnaji and the minister of state done here last Thursday.'

November twelfth. ‘After breakfast, Krishnaji talked to KFI people including Narayan, Rajesh, and a new doctor couple who are at Rajghat about the responsibility to people like them who have come for the teachings and not to work at schools, etcetera. Afterward, I went with Pupul, Nandini, Devi, and Rajesh to the Colombo Museum and to a tourist shop. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a public discussion at the university of which Dr. Adikaram is the chancellor. The hall was jammed with over 4,000 people. Krishnaji took spoken questions from an audience for one-and-a-half hours. Then, he and I left and drove to Galle Face Hotel, where we walked in the dark and rain along the sea walls. In the evening, Pupul asked Krishnaji how much his early life had influenced him. He replied, “Scarcely at all,” and went on to say that most change in him came about after he had left Rajagopal.

<u>Editor’s Note:</u> This is perhaps the greatest statement of praise that could be made of Mary, because Krishnaji could not have left Rajagopal without Mary’s support, and the court case that recovered Krishnaji’s copyright and the land and Pine Cottage in Ojai could not have occurred without Mary’s support.

Pupul talked about the book she is writing on Krishnaji in India. Krishnaji suggested she share chronology dates with Mary Links. At first, Pupul was reluctant, but later, when she realized she needed Western dates, she said they could exchange.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘She said she was not going to answer so many of Mary’s questions about Rajagopal having taken all the contents, including silver, at Vasanta Vihar.**[1]** I was able to get her to look up whether Rajagopal was in India in November 1957 when, if I remember correctly, Krishnaji was bullied into signing over his copyright to KWINC. Mary Lutyens has no record of Rajagopal in India then. But Pupul says he was, and left Delhi in January 1958. He has not been back since.’

November thirteenth. ‘Krishnaji was to rest, but talked much of the morning. I went shopping with Nandini, Devi, and Ahalya. It was very hot. Pupul left for Delhi. Nandini, Mr. Ranganathan, and I walked with Krishnaji by the sea.’

The fourteenth. ‘I had a long talk with Dr. Parchure about Krishnaji’s disregard for his bodily health. His brain is full of energy but his body is tired. The swelling in his feet has not gone down. Parchure feels he should have adjusted to the heat by now, and wants him to have a cardiogram in Madras. He asked Krishnaji where is his “intelligence of the body that he speaks of? Either it doesn’t exist or Krishnaji is ignoring it. The body is dragging with fatigue, though the mind is very alert.” I asked how I can constructively back up Parchure’s suggestions to Krishnaji. Krishnaji feels I get emotional, and so discounts what I say. This makes for only partial frankness. If this is so, as it apparently is, I must quietly be rational in talking to him, no matter what I feel. Krishnaji is presently irrational about his own health and capabilities. It is as if his mind is given greater energy, which he regards as given for the purpose of his work, and he expects his body to do more than it should. I have to learn to act differently with him, offer only what will effectively reach his mind, watch carefully my reactions, and how I express things to him. It will take great care.’

‘Instead of resting this morning, he talked to Narayan, Sunanda, Pama, Achyut, Dr. Parchure, and me about Rishi Valley, the need for new teachers with a “global outlook.” Out of this came an idea for a center, but not at any of the schools, for people who come only for the teachings. And Krishnaji spoke of this leading to a “Renaissance.” He asked what I thought, and I said I doubted that people once said, “Let us make a Renaissance.” They simply did what they saw needed doing and then later it was called that. We must see what is needed now and do it. “Let’s do it,” he said. At 4 p.m., there was a tea for all members and helpers of the Krishnamurti Center in Sri Lanka who have done so much to arrange for Krishnaji’s visit. Krishnaji attended for an hour. Then he briefly saw the minister of education. Krishnaji, Nandini, and I, taking along Mr. Weeraperuna, went for a walk by the sea on the Galle Face green.’

November fifteenth. ‘Sunanda and Pama flew back to Madras. For most of the day, I stayed in my room doing letters and working on the chronology for Mary L. Krishnaji gave his third Colombo talk at 5:30. A very fine one on pleasure, desire, life, death. Dr. Adikaram, who was bitten by a dog several days ago, didn’t come to fetch Krishnaji. Another talkative man escorted Krishnaji and bothered him with questions. After supper with Nandini and me, he watched a TV English drama and looked very tired.’

The sixteenth of November: ‘Krishnaji rested as much as possible. I worked on the chronology for Mary, reviewing 1967, that astonishing and blessed year, especially May in Holland in the thatched farmhouse.’ That was a lovely, lovely farmhouse with thatch on the roof, and the Bois Boulogne house in Paris, and June in Gstaad. At 5:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave a fourth and last Colombo talk. I came back with him and Dr. Adikaram. Krishnaji and I dined alone as Nandini went somewhere with Devi and others. After a talk the Buddha only might have made, Krishnaji watched an old Perry Mason episode on TV, which relaxed him and he went to bed at nine.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

The next day, ‘several government ministers came to lunch. Krishnaji, Nandini, Devi, and I walked at the Galle Face Green in the late afternoon. I packed.’

The eighteenth of November: ‘After an early lunch at Acland House and a formal distribution of envelopes with tips to the staff of nine, we left. Krishnaji was driven to the airport by the minister of state, while another government car followed with Nandini, Devi, Mrs. Nataraj, and me.’ Mr. Nataraj is a nice man from Colombo who worked at Vasanta Vihar.

S: I remember him, yes.

M: ‘We then all sat in a special lounge, with various ministers making conversation with Krishnaji, and all the Sri Lanka Krishnamurti group sitting silently, staring at him. We were driven from the lounge to the aircraft stairs in the car of the Indian high commissioner, who was on the same flight. At last we left, and my spirits rose with the plane. Sri Lanka has much good, but not for me’ [*both chuckle*]. ‘The ringing wet heat is such that I’m physically struggling with it all the time, and there is little beauty to be seen except in the vegetation. I was delighted to leave the whole place. Dr. Adikaram is a

rather touching little old man with some sense of what Krishnaji is about and says. But others in his group, though helpful, and endlessly kind to all of us, are nevertheless a very ordinary group. In Madras, it was arranged for Krishnaji to sail through immigration and customs, but he insisted on standing with me until all our four bags appeared. One was almost lost, but when it was recovered, we then went swiftly in Mrs. Santhanam's car and were away. Krishnaji stared at the crowds of people on the roads. "India, I'm afraid, is hopeless," he said. At Vasanta Vihar, there was Jayalakshmi with two large, black granite nandis she has had sculpted for the Ojai house. They are plump and quite engaging. Krishnaji is delighted with them. He petted them. She said she could have priests come and do something traditional to consecrate them. They are to guard the house.' If you look out the window, you can see one of them.



Krishnaji having fun with all his garlands and the Nandis he received (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Yes [*chuckles*]. They're still on guard.

M: 'How they will get from the veranda here to the patio in Ojai is an interesting problem; presumably, it will be done. Theo and Alan Hooker, who were due to arrive here, have not turned up. It was slightly cooler at Vasanta Vihar, and I feel better being here.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The nineteenth: 'Theo and Alan Hooker turned up in a taxi as we were finishing breakfast. They had been stuck in Bahrain. In the morning, Nandini, Devi, and I went with Prema to shop. I got two cottons for sari blouses and a sample for Krishnaji for underclothes. In the afternoon, the tailor came to measure; also a cobbler came to copy sandals. I went with Krishnaji and Radha to her house in the TS and from there walked on the beach. Pama went to invite Rukmini Arundale on Krishnaji's behalf to lunch

tomorrow or Friday. She said she had to consult her diary and would let him know.' [*Both chuckle*.] Oh dear, dear, dear.

S: But she never showed up, did she?

M: No. She didn't. [*Both chuckle*.] As I recall. I don't remember.

S: I didn't think she did.

M: The next day, 'Radha came and sat with us at breakfast. She says her aunt Rukmini Arundale is afraid of Krishnaji.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji said, "She is? Good. I will exploit that," with a look of glee on his face.' [*Both chuckle.*]

S: Which, of course, he would never have done.

M: No [*S laughs*], but his attitude was…

S: I know, I know.

M: 'Later, a message came. Rukmini Arundale had consulted her diary and cannot come for lunch. She has no free time. Kindly tell Krishnaji. End of subject. Sunanda will not invite her again. In the morning, Devi left for home. Nandini, Ahalya, and I went to the bank to cash travelers' checks and to Spencer's.' That's the name of that store I was trying to remember.

S: Oh, yes. That funny little department store.

M: Yes, kind of a department store. It was a very important store in Madras.

S: It was the only place you could get all kinds of Western things.

M: Yes, that's right.

S: And it was a fun little hangover from English colonialism. I can remember the first time I went into Spencer's, they were playing canned music. Obviously it was around Christmas time, and the music they were playing was, "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"—in *Madras*! [*Both laugh*.] It has never snowed there, probably not even during the Ice Age.

M: Oh, that's funny. [*Both laugh*.] Well, anyway, 'we went to Spencer's and then to a bookstore. In the afternoon, Nandini and I went with Prema to a warehouse of Pupul's firm, and to Radha Silks'—that's a good store—'where I got two-by-two thin cotton…' Two-by-two has something to do with the weight, I think, wasn't it?

S: No, I think it's the weave of it.

M: The weave of it. I've forgotten all that.

S: Yes.

M: '…two-by-two cotton for three more kurtas. Krishnaji had gone with Radha and Achyut for a walk by the time I got back. Alan Hooker said he felt, and Dorothy concurred, when he paused en route at Brockwood from California, that Mark should come to the teacher meetings at Rishi Valley. Krishnaji agreed. Alan said he would anonymously pay for one ticket for Mark, but not for Asha and child. In the evening, Theo, Sunanda, and Pama telephoned first to Erna for her opinion—a yes—and then to Mark. He will come as soon as he can. Yesterday, Dr. Parchure was concerned about the swelling in Krishnaji's feet not going down. To rule out causes like heart, kidneys, etcetera another doctor came and gave a cardiogram and relevant samples have been sent to a lab. As his heart is fine, the new doctor could not account for the swelling. So Dr. P. did simple remedies. In the afternoon, his legs were packed in cold mud and then his feet were put in cold water. Then pressure bandages were wound round and he went for his walk. The swelling subsided.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The next day it just says, 'Packed. Jayalakshmi at lunch said that the nandis are to be shipped to Ojai.' [*Chuckles*.]

November twenty-second: 'A hot night. I awoke at 2 a.m., got up at 3, and at 4:15 a.m. Krishnaji, Nandini, Dr. Parchure, and I left Vasanta Vihar in the Santhanams' car, with all the luggage in the trunk and on a roof rack. Krishnaji sat in front with the driver, alert, watching every move all the way. Nandini and I dozed. The headlights, blaring horns, and diesel fumes make it a tortuous drive. Huge silent carts of hay pulled by patient diminutive bullocks loom in ghostly slow ways in the night. We reached Rishi Valley at 9:15 a.m. All of the school stood in a circle by the old guest house to greet Krishnaji. The rest of us were given bouquets. It was nice to see the changes upstairs. The suggestions I made two years ago had turned out well. The large end of the room is a fine bedroom for Krishnaji.' He was sleeping in that little tiny miserable one.

S: Yes, that tiny dark back room. I remember.

M: 'His old little room is now his dressing room. And the middle room has been changed to include the balconies at either side, giving an airy, much more pleasing room for meetings. I am in my old room downstairs, repainted with small attentions to make it nicer, all seen to by Usha Goenka. Her two sons are in the school here, and she lives in the Moorheads' old house, working in the rural school, and seeing to a proper diet in the school's food, better arrangements for guests, etcetera. We had breakfast. I unpacked and settled my things. Asit arrived from Bombay with his two daughters to start their term. He is staying here for ten days. At 5:30 p.m., Krishnaji, Narayan, and I walked to the school gate and west toward Rishi Konda and back across the fields and past the banyan tree. The valley is greener, though only medium rains have fallen this year. So many trees have been planted, and the ones we planted two years ago are growing. The strangely rocked hills seem to sleep. The urgency of Krishnaji's planting, his enthusiasm, has made

this place blessed and beautiful. He was persuaded by Dr. Parchure and me to have his supper in bed. Nandini and I went to the outdoor supper in the full moon. We ate with Mrs. Parchure, and after we went to where the whole school watched old Laurel and Hardy movies.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Avalanches of laughter resounded in the valley.' That was nice, I'd forgotten that.

S: I had too. They played those old comedies often on weekends.

M: November twenty-third. 'Krishnaji said he woke at 1 a.m. with something happening in the top of his head. It had to do with Rishi Konda.' And I have in parentheses: '(the mountain west of Rishi Valley, a sacred something about it). After breakfast, Krishnaji talked to Asit a bit and then called me to join in. Then he spoke with Narayan about Usha and their relationship. Did they wish to marry? No. Then it was a private matter between them but they must undo the gossip that has sprung up. It is up to them to figure out how. They both seemed happy that Krishnaji had not been drastic. All this took the morning. After 5 p.m., Krishnaji, Naidu, Narayan, Nandini, and I walked all over the westernmost thirty acres, where Naidu has just planted a thousand more mango trees. We saw trays of silkworms devouring mulberry leaves. Little white worms smaller than a cigarette. They do this nonstop for five days and then spin their cocoons. Then a man brings them disaster.' [*S chuckles*.]

S: We should just say here something that again pertains to Narayan. Narayan's relationship with Usha was what Pupul was using to attack him.

M: Funnily, I don't remember Usha.

S: I do, and I knew that's what this was going to be about when you first started talking about her a minute ago. Pupul was insisting that Narayan's and Usha's relationship was bringing the school into disrepute, and that it was undermining the moral development of the students. But no one knew about this relationship until they were told by trustees about it. It was ridiculous. She was a nice woman. But eventually so much trouble was caused that she, I think, had to go.

M: Oh, dear.

S: I know. It was terrible.

M: For some reason, I don't remember her. But I could tell from what I wrote that she had done all these good things. That she was a nice person, and I obviously liked her.

S: Yes, she was a nice person.

M: The twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji held a long talk over the breakfast table over the structure of the school. Asit was pointing out errors and Narayan was being defensive. As a result, Narayan, Asit, and Mr. Vethakan (now an administrator here) met the accountant and revised the system so that monthly accounts are presented. After lunch, Krishnaji

talked with Mrs. Thomas and her husband about her becoming headmistress. She asked for twenty-four hours to think it over. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji talked to Rajesh, and offered him a job of running the junior school and being on the committee of three with Narayan and Mrs. Thomas to run the school. Krishnaji was tired, but had galloped through changes he wished to make. He, Nandini, Rajesh, and I took a late walk. Later, Asit spent two hours in the evening talking to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas about the school and expressing much criticism.'

November twenty-fifth: 'Sunanda, Pama, Achyut, and Ahalya arrived from Madras. Pupul telephoned Sunanda that Mrs. Gandhi is coming here to see Krishnaji on December twentieth. Nandini and I visited the art department of the junior school in the morning. Nari Gandhi'—that's the architect—'Theo, and Alan Hooker were at lunch. Nandini and I called on Mrs. Parchure. Asit reported his conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas to Krishnaji, and Krishnaji sent for me. Krishnaji is disturbed by the reported lack of discipline in the school, and the cynicism said to exist among the older boys, one of whom was heard to say'—I was the one who heard it—'"Heil Hitler" when Krishnaji arrived. Krishnaji was shocked by this, feels great blame is attached to Narayan, and is going to call him to account tomorrow, but feels sad for him and wants him to succeed. The tension over all this has upset Krishnaji's stomach. Though it was almost dark, Krishnaji, Asit, Nandini, and I walked down to the gate.'

The twenty-sixth: 'After breakfast, Krishnaji had Narayan, Asit, and me in for a two-and-a-half hour discussion. Asit, who had cross-checked all his facts, laid them out without emotion for Narayan to answer. Narayan accepted all suggestions. Krishnaji slept two hours in the afternoon and went for only a very short walk.'

The next day: 'It is Thanksgiving Day in the U.S. Krishnaji talked alone with the two senior classes of students, and in the afternoon held discussions with trustees and some of the teachers. We walked to the bridge as it was getting dark. I finished the chronology of 1967 for Mary L. and posted it to her.'

November twenty-eighth: 'Krishnaji talked at breakfast about vision, what it is, and the need for it in the school. Then he rested for most of the day. Nandini and I went with Usha Goenka to visit the rural school. In the afternoon, Usha came to talk to me about her position in Rishi Valley, and I gave her cautionary advice. There was a walk with Krishnaji and Narayan up the hill behind the playing fields, where the government has planted eucalyptus trees.'

The twenty-ninth. 'Perhaps a corner was turned today. Narayan was not defensive when Krishnaji questioned the fitness and his friend's, Mr. Vethakan's, use at Rishi Valley. When Krishnaji went to have his hair cut, Narayan spoke very openly and well to the rest of us at the breakfast table on school matters. Later, he and KFI members held a long meeting on the school finances and structure. I walked with Krishnaji and Theo. In the evening, Asit, who had talked at length with Usha, told Krishnaji he now feels very well about everything. Krishnaji was amazed and smiling, laughing at the turn in Narayan's personal life. I suggested, as a turn away from all this pressure on Narayan, that

tomorrow in front of us all, that Krishnaji tell Narayan that he is the person who can do the most essential and creative things in these schools, which is to talk about the teachings, and that Narayan should concentrate on this.' Golly, what goings-on it was.

November thirtieth. 'There was a meeting in the morning where Krishnaji set forth the new structure of the school. Mrs. Thomas is headmistress, Venkataraman heads the senior school, Rajesh heads the junior school. Narayan remains principal and is part of the group that runs the school. The group is Narayan, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Venkataraman, Rajesh, and a financial administrator to be found by Asit. Krishnaji enlarged on Narayan's special responsibilities beyond principalship, which are to see that Krishnaji's teachings are understood in the school and are a part of it. In the afternoon, Krishnaji held a small group discussion. Mark Lee arrived in the evening from Ojai. He brought Asha and the daughter Nandini, but only as far as Delhi.'

December first. 'Mark came to breakfast. At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the first teachers' meeting. Most of the Bangalore and Madras teachers have come for these meetings; closing their schools for a week to do so. After the meeting, Theo read to Krishnaji and me a letter brought by Mark from Erna. It said that at Stanley Cohen's office, she had signed legal papers starting legal actions against Rajagopal. We are now committed to another legal fray. Theo was in tears toward the end of Erna's letter because of her being alone to face all this. He wants to leave immediately and go back to Ojai. Krishnaji asked if I should go, too. It was decided to wait two days, and then Theo would decide about his own leaving to support Erna. When Theo left, Krishnaji asked me if this is going to lead to a serious battle. I said it could and it should be realized that he may be subpoenaed, etcetera. "I'll go at it," he said. "I am much stronger and more able than I was ten years ago." The compelling factor, according to our lawyer Cohen, is that if we do not act now, we will let go by default what we won in the earlier case. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a private discussion with trustees and a few teachers on the topic he and Asit had been discussing on and off since Ojai: What is intelligence? How does a human brain differ from a computer? Toward the end, Krishnaji spoke of the perception of beauty that is beyond and not related to taste, aesthetics, etcetera. Then we walked. In the evening, Pupul and Achyut arrived. Pupul is full of plans for Mrs. Gandhi's visit here on the twentieth. This evening, I went with Nandini, Asit, Sunanda, and Pama to dine at Usha's. She lives in the old Moorhead house. Radha Burnier is in Rishi Valley, too.'

The second of December: 'Pupul was brought up-to-date at breakfast by Krishnaji, Asit, etcetera. At 4 p.m., there was another private discussion, but too many people slowed it down. Krishnaji, Radha, Asit, and I walked. At breakfast, Krishnaji said, "Ugliness is darkness." Pupul spoke of gurus, and said that Krishnaji was essentially a guru. Krishnaji spoke of light, and he disagreed. "There is only light. You don't say, 'I have come to light. I am that light.' There is light. This has deeper significance; that other is too childish," he said. "After all, goodness is that: to have total light. I think that is logical, sense. But gurus in the usual sense is leading you to light."…"Light is compassion. See the difference. Jesus is supposed to have said, 'I am the light.'"…"I shrink from that," said Krishnaji. He then went on to ask how Rishi Valley can be made beautiful. Ugliness is darkness, and here they don't see that. At 4 p.m., there was another small group

discussion, which was held back by too many people. The walk was with Krishnaji, Radha Burnier, Asit, and me.' All these quotes within quotes must be awfully hard to transcribe, I'm sorry.

S: That's alright. It is hard, but that's alright. We have a very brave transcriber.

M: The third. 'I went to what the school calls "a chanting assembly."' The whole school chants. 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a second teachers' discussion on what is learning. At 4 p.m., I went with Krishnaji to a recital in the assembly hall of North Indian singing by Pandit Jasraj. He teaches Usha. He sang marvelously. At 5:30 p.m., Krishnaji excused himself, and he, Asit, Radha B., and I went for a walk. On our return in the dark, we stopped outside the hall, listened to the continued singing, and finally Krishnaji went in and sat in front until the end of the recital, which was after 8 o'clock. I had supper upstairs with him. He told me "that face" has been with him for four days. Whenever he closes his eyes, it is there; and with his eyes open, he sees it in his room. On the walk, he wanted to stop, close his eyes and look at it. During the music, it was not there.' You know this, "the face."

S: Yes, "the face," yes.

M: 'He also showed me a small gold locket with JK engraved on it and a photograph of him when he was very young. He had me open it very carefully, and inside there were tiny jewels, the jewels that are in Pine Cottage. I made a necklace of thread so that he could wear it next to his skin for a couple of days. He had told Radha about the bad atmosphere in Adyar. She got the jewels and gave them in the locket to him, and when he returns them in their locket to her, they will go into the northeast corner of the main hall at Adyar.'

December fourth. 'It rained gently all day. It was much needed. At 9:30 a.m., the small group discussion resumed on the difference between the computer and the human brain and what is intelligence. Krishnaji took it inevitably to the teachings and to a possible technological takeover of most functions, to genetic and biochemical maneuverings that will control man, and offer him an infinite state of pleasure and hence a deterioration of the brain through lack of use. Carrying this to its logical extreme, man will be destroyed by his technology. Krishnaji then said that all this is within the field of the known. All the computer, technology, and all human thinking. Only the unknown is outside of this. He stopped there for today, but for me the implications were enormous. Man remaining in the known will be destroyed. But unlike the computer, does not man have the ability to move into the unknown where thought is not? And is this not the central function of man? It was an absorbing discussion, a momentous one.'

'Parchure came afterward to do my foot and said that Krishnaji is now too tired to do any exercise in the mornings, but will not hear of cutting down his activities. He is forcing his body to keep up with his mind, but at what cost? At 4 p.m., Krishnaji talked again, this time to the Bangalore school people, shaking them up, and taking the arrogance out of some. Why must he have to do this? When at 6 p.m. it was over, in the dark rain, he

wanted to walk, so we sloshed down to the gate and back. I had supper alone with him upstairs.'

December fifth: 'At 9:30 a.m., there was a teachers' discussion on beauty, taste, etcetera. Krishnaji's voice toward the end was deep, quiet, and filled with otherness. It rained at walk time, but we went anyway.'

The next day: 'At breakfast were Krishnaji, Pupul, Nandini, Achyut, Sunanda, Asit, and me. Krishnaji talked of the need for a sense of sacredness, which he feels in Rishi Valley is being nurtured. Narayan came in and sat during the whole discussion, which lasted till 12:40 p.m. Krishnaji told of the jewels put in the Ojai house and the atmosphere there. He told too of his having worn them for Radha this week so that she can place them in Adyar. Pupul said similarly they had been placed in the assembly hall here. "Then why are they not working?" Krishnaji asked. He felt it has been spoiled by activities—by playing drums, etcetera, and that Visalakshi'—that was Balasundaram's wife—'had practiced black arts there. Something sacred must be respected, not begged for help. Then it can act. They talked of putting jewels somewhere else—at astachal'—that's, you know, where…

S: Yes, where the school goes to watch the sunset.

M: Yes. 'Asit then asked if this sacredness, which can be given to stones, could be given to a living thing, a tree. And if a tree, why not a person? "I think so," said Krishnaji. He said he was not positive, but it might. There was much discussion of this. Pupul recorded part of it on a cassette and Sunanda made shorthand notes and will give the transcription to each of us present.' Did we get a copy?

S: Yes. It's in the archives list.

M: I don't remember getting a transcript.

S: Well, you might not have gotten one. It's on the archives list, so the archives has a copy.

M: Good. 'Krishnaji described the time he had pain and had me place my hands on his head while he placed his hand on mine. He also spoke of liking to stay here in Rishi Valley, that he couldn't, but would like to. All of them were for this. I listened without reaction, though my own feelings are very different. Krishnaji spoke of energy which, at one level, is in both the good and the bad, but beyond is the unlimited energy, which is the source of everything—the universal energy and beyond good and bad.'

December seventh: 'Krishnaji says he thought over in the night what he had said yesterday and it is not possible: A human being is different from a jewel. He said this briefly en passant. When I asked him later what had made him change his mind, he said, "It is obvious: Human beings are too corrupt to receive it. And if they are not, then they have no need of blessing. They have it already." A sequel to that tape needs to be made.

If not amended, it can cause much misconception. In the morning, he held a last teachers' discussion. Most of them left after lunch. Theo went to Bangalore with the Bangalore group in their van. He wants to telephone Erna from there. He has been unable to get through from here. Ahalya left for Rajghat. Krishnaji and I walked in the late afternoon. Nandini came a little way, but was tired.'

The eighth: 'Nandini and Asit left early for Bombay. Krishnaji spent all day resting in bed and had meals on a tray. I ate in the dining hall. Sunanda and Pama left for Madras. Around 6:30 p.m., a message came that Mrs. Simmons was telephoning Krishnaji, and would he telephone Brockwood Park? This surprised and worried him, as Dorothy knows Krishnaji never takes calls. Narayan took me to his house and at 6:45 p.m., put the call into the operator to make the call to England. He had supper brought to me while we waited. Meanwhile, a Kathakali dance group from Kerala, sent by Jayalakshmi, gave a performance under the banyan tree. It took so long to get a connection to England that I joined Krishnaji and everyone there for part of the dance performance. There were extraordinary costumes and makeup. I used the Nikon F3 to photograph it, then went back and waited, but the call couldn't go through. Krishnaji came there and waited with me until 11:45 p.m., but finally we gave up. He must have been upset by it, for he was awake all night.' Oh, lord.

December ninth: 'Krishnaji was awake until 5 a.m. Being up late, and the phone call disturbed him. The call to Brockwood was put in again in the morning. It was after 3 p.m. when the connection was finally made and I spoke to Dorothy. It was a very poor connection. I could barely make out what she was saying, but she was asking Krishnaji to cable Frances McCann the following: "Please leave Brockwood immediately until everyone feels you are fully recovered. Be guided by Mrs. Simmons." Krishnaji okayed the cable, and it was sent immediately, double express. Krishnaji spent the whole day in bed resting and catching up on sleep.' Frances had had a mental breakdown.

S: Yes. It's astonishing she wasn't in India. She normally went to India.

M: Well, at some point, given her increasing frailty, Krishnaji had told her that she shouldn't go to India, that it was bad for her, that India made her worse. I don't remember when that was, but I know that he said it to her.

S: Right, right.

M: December tenth. 'Krishnaji slept well. In the morning, he called Narayan and me and began by telling Narayan of his affection for him. "I have known you for thirty years. You are not my relative, I have no relatives,**[2]** but I have affection for you." Narayan seemed moved by this and was able to talk to Krishnaji without the nervousness he said he has always had in the past in talking to Krishnaji. The situation with Usha was gone into and later Narayan went to fetch her to join in the discussion. Afterward, she talked again to me alone. It went smoothly, perhaps too smoothly. Does she really want to live and work in Rishi Valley? I hope so. After lunch, Krishnaji told me of the curious occurrence when he lay down to rest: "There was a sudden sense of power." I asked if it

were different from the energy that he had felt so strongly here last year. "That was energy, this was power; and I said, 'Be careful, watch it—it can be dangerous.' I looked at it very carefully." Krishnaji, Pupul, Narayan, Achyut, and I walked over the proposed route for Krishnaji to walk with Mrs. Gandhi on the twentieth. Security necessities are an issue.'

December eleventh. 'Pupul left early for Delhi. At 10 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to the school. The children, who were silent at first, then became responsive. On the walk, I asked Krishnaji if the sense of power was still there. He said it was, but he is very careful about it.'

The next day, it just says that Krishnaji rested and that Theo returned from Bangalore.

December thirteenth. 'In the morning, Krishnaji talked to the school about robot technology, which was just reported at length in *TIME* magazine, and what it will mean in their lives. Dorothy, Mary C., and Scott Forbes arrived via Bangalore from London.'

S: Yes, I knew I wasn't at that first walk of Krishnaji's through the TS that you talked about before. But then he must have had another "ceremonial" walk or something like that, because I was there. I remember it, you know, Dick Clarke on the bicycle and the whole thing.

M: I know you were there.

S: Also, I remember Usha and all the difficulty made about her and Narayan.

M: So you came to Rishi Valley on the thirteenth.

S: I guess so. I was also there when Indira Gandhi came, and I remember meeting her and Rajiv.

M: Yes, we're coming to that. 'Dorothy told Krishnaji and me of Frances's deterioration, which necessitated the cable from him—which was just two days before. 'She was talking of black magic, brushing imaginary toads off people's shoulders, lying down in the halls, and refusing to leave Brockwood. Krishnaji's cable was effective, and she has gone to stay with the Carneses in Yorkshire. This is hardly a solution, but it enabled Dorothy to leave yesterday. Frances refuses to go to her sister's, who was informed, but is hostile to all of us. Dorothy and Mary are in the back rooms here in the old guest house. Krishnaji took them, Mark, Theo, and Hooker for a walk, ending up at 6 p.m. at the assembly where there was a very boring performance by the rural school children.'

S: It was the Carneses, Esme and George Carnes, staff members at Brockwood, who Frances went to stay with.

M: Yes.

The fourteenth: ‘It was a quiet day on the whole.’ [*Chuckles*.] ‘At 4 p.m., Krishnaji called the Rishi Valley committee, i.e., Narayan, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Thomas, Venkataraman, Rajesh, plus Achyut and me, to discuss school affairs.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school. At 3 p.m., I met with U.S., English, and Canadian trustees to talk over things. Krishnaji and most guests walked to the rural school to see the crafts the children had made, and then we went on with a walk.’

December sixteenth: ‘In the morning, Krishnaji spoke to the upper two classes. At 3 p.m., I went to another meeting with Dorothy, Mary C., the Siddoos, Theo, Hooker, Scott, and Mark. We finally went into and settled the question Scott has posed about an international endowment fund. Most think it is too cumbersome and feasible in only a few countries, and the American trustees feel the KFA would be affected adversely. In the end, it was agreed that Mary Cadogan suggest that committees inquire if they can get tax-exempt status for donations in their countries and thereby be able to make contributions to the schools. These get-togethers and discussions amongst ourselves have made a good ambience. Krishnaji walked with Asit and me. Dr. Parchure feared Krishnaji was catching a cold, but Krishnaji wanted to walk. We went on the path he may or may not use with Mrs. Gandhi. It has been nicely prepared by government people, but both her security and some of us would prefer there would be no such walk. In the evening, Krishnaji said to me, “Love has no death,” and that he must go into that.’

December seventeenth: ‘At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to the school. It was a very lively meeting. I had lunch in the guest dining room, then went in the van with Mark, Dorothy, Mary C., the Siddoos, Scott, and Hooker to Madanapalle to see the house where Krishnaji was born. Mr. Joythi, who runs a yardage store nearby, had the key because he said he was buying the house to keep until the Foundation bought it, and he took us there. This time I saw what Pupul had described as the puja room where his mother chose to give birth to Krishnaji.’ That turned out to be untrue, you know.

S: Yes, I know. [*Chuckles*.]

M: ‘It is a tiny room about six feet across. Today it is used to store wood and the door opens onto the street. In those days, there was a door into the interior of the house, the front room, but this appears to have been walled off. We had to step into it one by one, so small is it, and crowded with debris. It is hard to put that house and that distant day into any context with Krishnaji. There was such a strange feeling to go through the whole house, climbing up to the uppermost roof. Some women sat on the floor, on the ground floor, and smiled back when I greeted and thanked them. The floor above is called a tutorial school. The walls are solid, with heavy plaster, thick, like the older houses here. The floor is cement. It cannot have changed, except in details, since Krishnaji’s childhood. According to Mary’s book, he lived there until he was about eighteen months old, when the family moved to Cuddapah, where Krishnaji nearly died of malaria. Later, in 1907, the father brought his family back to Madanapalle, and Krishna and Nitya went to school there until the father retired in 1909 and went to Adyar. The house is on a side street, has open drains along the base of the buildings. Nearby, we went to Mr. Joythi’s

store and bought Kerala towels, refusing offers of tea, and a "lady's convenience"' [*both M and S chuckle*]. 'Later, the same group and Theo drove in the van to Horsley Hills. On our return, Sunanda, Pama, and Merali had arrived from Madras.'

S: We should just say something about Horsley Hills because that was a special school.

M: It still exists.

S: Yes, it probably does. It was started by an Englishman who had worked for a long time at Rishi Valley, I think.

M: There was some connection. I don't remember what.

S: Rishi Valley was a private school for the children of parents who could afford such things, and he wanted to start his own school but for poor village children, and it was really a model school. It was beautiful, well run; really a wonderful little rural school.

M: Well, I'm told that now, I'm not sure how, but it's still going and Rishi Valley has a stronger connection.

S: Probably. We'll have to end it there for today, Mary.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Presumably, Rajagopal didn't sneak downstairs in the middle of the night and put things, like the silverware, in his suitcase; he must have had help from people there to ship things to him in Ojai. This refusal of Pupul's to answer these questions from Mary L. is curious.

[2] Narayan was Krishnaji's nephew; the son of a brother from whom he had been estranged since Krishnaji was adopted by the Theosophists at the age of fourteen.

Issue 66: December 18, 1980 to March 6, 1981

This issue seems to fly along mostly, I believe, because Mary only has her little daily diary on which she can draw. Being in India was so physiologically and psychologically draining for her that at one point, both Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure wonder if she shouldn't leave. She doesn't, but the result for us is an account of daily activities that can't afford the emotional expression we have become used to from her. We see her emotions open up and flourish as soon as she is back at Brockwood for a few days, and then back in Ojai.

But all the time she is away, she is compiling notes for the second volume of Mary Lutyens' biography of Krishnaji. And she spends the last part of her time in Madras collecting evidence for the second court case against Rajagopal.

When I think of Mary at this time: sixty-six years old, and frail, I am astounded by the sheer energy she expends on travel and doing all that she did for Krishnaji.

Mary: We're beginning on December eighteenth, 1980 when Krishnaji and I are in Rishi Valley. 'Krishnaji called Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, Asit, Dr. Parchure, and me to his room after breakfast. We sat on the floor and discussed Narayan's position and role here. Krishnaji wants Narayan to devote himself to the teachings and nothing else. The committee must be responsible for everything else. The talk went on till 12:15 p.m. This was to be a day of rest for Krishnaji, but again, he has brushed that aside. Dr. Parchure is asking whether Krishnaji is awake to his dissipation of energy, his irritability at times, and an inattention. Krishnaji says it is not irritability; it is urgency. In the afternoon, he spoke to Narayan alone and said it went well. He said he asked Narayan, if an angel appeared and asked him what he most wanted, what would be his reply?' [*M chuckles*.] '"Enlightenment," said Narayan. Krishnaji was pleased. Then Krishnaji asked, "More than that lady?"' I'll bet he was talking about…

Scott: Usha?

M: Yes.

S: Whether Narayan wanted enlightenment more than he wanted Usha?

M: I think so. [*Chuckles*.] 'At 3:30 p.m., the trustees, other than Krishnaji, met at Narayan's to discuss videos and tapes; who makes and sells them, who has jurisdiction, in other words. The school grounds were noisy with helicopters casing the football field where landing sites have been made, but they seemed overly cautious and afraid to land. I left at 5 p.m., and went for a walk with Krishnaji, Asit, and Hooker over the chosen path for Krishnaji to possibly walk with Mrs. Gandhi on Saturday. It has been smoothed and covered in red earth. Krishnaji was pleased by it. Much activity has been going on all day, with knots of men standing about, supervising others' labors.'



Krishnaji speaking with staff at Rishi Valley, in front of the old guest house. Narayan is sitting to the left of Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist).

S: [*laughs*] Very Indian!

M: December nineteenth. 'There are immense preparations going on for the prime minister's visit, and the school grounds are filled up with soldiers and officials; plans are changed and amended with each new word from Delhi on who, how, and when the prime minister's group will come. Krishnaji called a meeting of Pupul, Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, Asit, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Rajesh, Venkataraman, Krishnakutti, and me to discuss the new setup for the school, and suggested that Krishnakutty travel around India for the KFI; finding good teachers, students. There was an absurdly long debate on students' blue jeans:' [*both M and S chuckl*e] 'faded ones are banned, but this has been amended to mean' [*both chuckle more*] 'they must be clean, not skin-tight, and not patched.' [*More chuckles*.] 'Asit was impassioned for jeans—because he had two daughters in the school who wore them.'

S: Yes.

M: 'Achyut held out for a religious atmosphere…' [*More laughter from both M and S.*] Oh, dear!

S: That grown people could give time with Krishnaji to this!

M: Yes. '…but it wasn't clear how jeans deny a religious atmosphere.' [*More chuckles.*] 'What a waste of Krishnaji's attention and energy. This is supposed to be his day of rest. In the afternoon, I had a tea for the trustees of KFT'—that's the trust in England—'KFA, and Canada. I walked with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Mary C., and Scott over the route which Krishnaji will walk with Mrs. Gandhi.'

The twentieth. ‘News of Mrs. Gandhi’s arrival kept changing. We were given badges with our names, and copies of the minute-to-minute program. She finally arrived at 1:40 p.m. by car with her son Rajiv, his wife Sonia, and their two children (a boy and a girl), plus a secretary, a doctor, ministers, and unknown others. Students and villagers met her at the gate. I used the Nikon there and at the planting of a *Ficus benjamina*, then, in the assembly hall, where first Krishnaji spoke and then Mrs. Gandhi. She spoke spontaneously and conventionally. Some of the brighter students with whom I talked later at Shanti Menon’s Hostel’—that’s one of the hostels where the children sleep—‘said she obviously didn’t know what Krishnaji teaches. I spent about two hours at the hostel having tea and talking to keep out of the old guest house, where Krishnaji and Pupul gave tea to Mrs. Gandhi and family. Then, she and Krishnaji talked privately for about an hour, after which Krishnaji took her for the walk along the new path, photographed by Asit and guarded by 450 security people!’ [*S laughs, then M laughs*.] There weren’t enough trees for them to hide behind.

S: I think the population of the county doubled!

M: ‘Separately, she toured the school grounds by car, inspecting some of the hostels and the rural center. At 7 p.m., under the banyan tree, there was mridangam playing and a ballet. Supper was under moonlight, opposite the dining hall, a long table was set in the middle. Krishnaji had Mrs. Gandhi on his right and son Rajiv on his left. Her family were there, but otherwise, there was only the foreign guests, Dorothy, Mary Cadogan, Theo, Hooker, the Siddoos, Mark, Merali, Scott, and me. We at the head table got waited on, whereas everyone else ate buffet-style. I sat opposite Mrs. Gandhi and granddaughter, a quite Western-looking little girl in pigtails with a lilting, precise voice. Asit’s youngest daughter Sonali, who had been one of the students delegated to be with the grandchildren, told her father that she and her brother talk to each other in children’s pidgin English.’ [*Chuckles.*] I’d forgotten this. [*S laughs*.] You know, you have to insert something in everything you say.

S: Yes, yes, yes.

M: Anyway, ‘Sonali understood this, and said Rajiv’s children were superciliously critical of everything. It was 9 p.m. when Krishnaji, very tired, finally got to bed.’

December twenty-first. ‘Yesterday, Mrs. Gandhi made an unplanned visit to Thettu**[1]** and the villagers came to dance for her at 6:30 a.m. this morning in front of the new guest house where she spent the night. I went to see, and then disappeared into my room. Mrs. Gandhi, her family, and Pupul came for breakfast with Krishnaji before leaving, with the cars lined up outside. She is precise in ignoring no one. There was a farewell gesture to the little…’ I remember this vividly, she was… well, she was a politician.

S: She was indeed, yes.

M: Yes. ‘She is precise in ignoring no one. There was the farewell gesture to the little bent old sweeper woman, who daily whisks the earthen driveway, and she waved to me.’

I was standing up in the building. I didn't go down to see her off as I felt it would be an intrusion. Anyway, 'she caught sight of me in the doorway and waved to me, taking a step forward to do so. The cavalcade swept away, and the place seemed to exhale. The electricity promptly failed. Krishnaji and I went upstairs for our own breakfast. Achyut had spoken with a minister, and ten lakhs are to be spent…' Now, I can't remember how many a lakh is.

S: I think a lakh is 100,000. If so, then ten lakhs of rupees is one million rupees. They had funny number denotations—but useful, in a way. Do you remember the crore?

M: Yes. What was that?

S: A crore was, I think, 100 lakhs, so it would be ten million, but I'm not sure anymore.

M: That's a lot. Anyway, '…ten lakhs are to be spent on enlarging a rain catchment on Rishi Konda, which will ensure the whole valley against drought. This and extra telephone lines, and repair of the roads are the promised tangible consequences of the visit. It is said that Rajiv would like to send his children to the school, but his wife doesn't want to be separated from them. In my eye, Mrs. Gandhi is more of what she seemed two years ago: concentrated, controlled, imprisoned in her life and its power, and lack of affection; at once in the center of possibilities, and cut off from freedom, enjoyment, trust. The death of her son, Sanjay, may have increased all this. The determination remains, but it is without focus, and it is hardening, stalling. Krishnaji, from sitting out last night, and the upsetting of his schedule, has begun to have a cold. Dr. Parchure came to tell me that Krishnaji was planning to go in an open jeep over the dusty, rough roads to look at a dam site on Rishi Konda. I went to talk to him, and he was adamant about it. But, after I left, he called me back, and backed down a little. In the end, he didn't go. I did his packing and mine.'

The next day. 'We left Rishi Valley at 6 a.m. instead of the usual 4 a.m. Krishnaji, Asit, Dr. Parchure, and me in the Santhanam car. All the school was out to see Krishnaji off. We stopped for fruit, eating by the roadside. All the villagers that passed stopped to stare in amazement at Krishnaji, saying something we could not understand in Telugu.' Telugu is the language of that region. 'In the car, Krishnaji, for Asit, gave a chart of the Theosophic hierarchy: initiates, disciples, arhats, bodhisattvas. Krishnaji, according to Theosophy, is an arhat, i.e., beyond the opposites, beyond ego, a master. He said that an arhat, or bodhisattva, supposedly can live on in his body or give it up. He said that if he did not travel about so much and consequently wear out his body, he probably might live much longer, but, he said with a laugh, an astrologer had just told him he would live another twenty years.'**[2]**

S: Hm.

M: 'I said, what about settling down in one place right now and keeping the body as it is. "No, it's too late," he said. All this was said in an amused way, not seriously. We reached Vasanta Vihar at 10:45 a.m., unpacked, and had lunch in the upstairs dining room; just

Krishnaji, Sunanda, Pama, Asit, Parchure, and I. I took a nap and a bath and went with Krishnaji, Radha, and Asit to Radha's house. We walked on the beach. The air from the sea was cool and clean. The sound of the surf was good to my ears. I had had a headache during the drive, and at around 11 a.m., I was nauseated, and again at 2 p.m.'

December twenty-third: 'I stayed in bed with a slight fever and slept most of the day. Dr. Parchure gave me pills and put me on a liquid diet. I felt only weak, the nausea is gone, but sleeping away healed greatly. Dorothy, Mary Cadogan, Theo, and Hooker arrived, and are staying here. Scott, Ray McCoy'—I don't remember Ray being there, but he must've been—'Harsh, Claire, and Anand'—that's their child—'are staying in a house rented for guests. The Siddoos are in a hotel.'

S: Oh, that's right. I'd forgotten that. Jayalakshmi rented the house.

M: Did she?

S: Yes.

M: That's what she also did for me when I first came, as I reported earlier.

S: Yes.

M: And, not just for me, but for me, Frances McCann, and Naudé. She rented a house and rented all the furniture; it had been empty.

S: Yes, for us also she rented all the furniture, and supplied the servants…

M: Well, she lent her Brahmin cook to us for one meal a day, which was generous.

S: Yes, we had a cook, and we had a guard.

M: A guard, yes.

S: And someone to clean, I think. [*Chuckles.*]

M: The twenty-fourth: 'I had no fever in the morning, but it came again in the afternoon. I stayed in bed all day. I got a long letter from Amanda. I read, slept, and worked on biographic notes for Mary Links. Krishnaji talked to the Siddoos, Theo, Hooker, and Asit, about their problems. I was able to attend a press conference that Krishnaji gave in the morning.'

Christmas Day. 'I stayed in bed all day reading and doing notes for Mary Links, except for lunch with everyone, where I just sat with everyone, not eating anything. Then, back to rest. My fever was down to ninety-nine. Krishnaji is worried, and so Dr. Parchure is being over-cautious, putting me on a fat-free diet so I can have special plain things

cooked and served on a tray.' The constant non-plain food was part of my troubles in India. Somehow, it was alright for a while and then…

S: Yes, most bodies that aren't used to it just get exhausted.

M: My digestion finally said *enough*!

S: Yes, yes.

M: And I was always eating the least spicy food, the same thing that Krishnaji was getting as Parameshwaran always went very light on chilies.

S: Yes, but even then.

M: December twenty-sixth: 'I stayed in my room resting all day, but Dr. Parchure okayed a walk in the afternoon. I went with Krishnaji and others by car to Radha Burnier's house and walked on the beach. The sea air was the best cure for me. The annual Theosophical Society Convention is on, so there were many people wandering around. I had no fever today.'

The twenty-seventh. 'I was quiet all day, still getting all my meals on a tray. I have no fever. I got up for Krishnaji's first Madras talk at 5:30 p.m. in the garden. There was a very large crowd. Krishnaji had me sit apart to not be in the crowd with germs. He spoke on corruption in this country, and in mankind. The root is attachment. He felt after the talk, that there had been no communication with the audience; but Asit and others said the contrary. The crowds closed in on him at the end, touching his feet, his hands. It makes him squeamish.'

December twenty-eighth. 'I felt weak, so I stayed quietly in my room till 5:30 p.m., when Krishnaji gave his second talk in the garden. He was engulfed afterward by devotional crowds.'

The twenty-ninth. 'I finally felt well again, and resumed normal life: meals at the table, etcetera. Krishnaji, Pama, Theo, Scott, and I walked on the beach after driving to Radha's house. At 6 p.m., she joined us, and said the TS convention members wanted to greet Krishnaji if he would walk through the grounds. So, even though he had been tired earlier, he set off at a military pace with Radha, Scott, and I behind. As the march progressed, it became quite a parade. It was getting dark by then, and hands in namaste greetings and faces flickered along the road. A few times, Radha paused to introduce someone to Krishnaji; smiles, the greeting, and off we went again. My strength had come back, and my running shoes carried me along like roller skates. The car took us from the gate.'

S: So this is the "ceremonial" walk I remember, rather than the first one.

M: It must've been. Yes, because it was late. It was dark by the end, I remember. That makes sense.

S: But again, there was Dick Clarke on his bicycle and the whole thing.

M: I know. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Okay.

M: 'The day was not over for me. It is Sunanda's birthday, and Merali had twenty-five of us to dine at the Taj Hotel. Parameshwaran gave me a tray first, and so I ate nothing else at the Taj, and didn't feel too tired.'

December thirtieth: 'At 9:30 a.m. in the big hall, Krishnaji held what was to be a computer-versus-human-brain discussion with Asit and Harsh mainly, but with Achyut, Sunanda, and I participating, too. There was a sizable crowd of listeners present. It was a continuation of Krishnaji's exploration of whether the human brain has capabilities beyond the computer. He brought it to the point where thought sees it is mechanical and limited, and is silent. Joy Mills was at lunch. Later we walked on the beach, and the sea wind was the breath of health.'

'The Siddoos have been eating worms a bit at being in a hotel.' [*Both laugh.*] 'They were asked to come early, and all the trustees, minus Krishnaji, plus Mark, Scott, and Ray McCoy, who is now going to Wolf Lake School, held a meeting to talk over anything and everything. It lasted all morning and cleared the air. In the afternoon, a few—Dorothy, Mary, Theo, Alan Hooker, and Scott—went to hear Radha address the TS convention. I walked on the beach with Krishnaji and Pama. We were joined by Rita Zampese, who is here for two weeks. Krishnaji had his usual supper in bed. The rest of us had it in the dining room, and there was not a trace of it being New Year's Eve.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Sunanda's arthritis had kept her in bed all day. Mary, Dorothy, Dr. Parchure, and I went up to see her after supper. She was merry and chatty as always, and showed us a necklace she had had put together of rudraksha beads.'

S: What are they? I know it's a nut from a tree, but perhaps you can explain for others.

M: Yes, it's the thing I've always got around my neck.

S: I know, I know.

M: It's a nut from a tree that grows in India and elsewhere in Asia, too, and it's considered something sacred about it, for some reason, because all sannyasis always wear them.

S: Right.

M: But non-sannyasi women wear them rather the way women wear pearls in the West, a necklace of little ones.

S: Yes. But, a big, double one…

M: …is mine.

S: …like you have, is a rare one.

M: Yes, and it's alone and just on a chain.

S: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Anyway, 'she showed us a necklace she had had put together of rudraksha beads and coral. The beads are seeds of a tree that is supposed to have mysterious qualities. Sunanda demonstrated and held her necklace over a Krishnaji book; in a few moments, it started swinging in a clockwise positive direction. She moved her hand a little, to place it over a different part of the same book, and the necklace reversed and swung the other way. Why? Consternation. I jumped up to look, and the necklace was now over "edited by D. Rajagopal"' [*laughter*] 'in huge letters! When she moved it back to Krishnaji's name, and it went clockwise. She then held it over our hands, and all were clockwise.'

And that completes 1980!

S: Terrific. Isn't that wonderful? [*Laughs*.] Well, we whipped through 1980, I have to say, mostly because there wasn't much of the big diary.

M: Yes.

S: Good. So, now we're in 1981.

M: January first. 'I woke up early and began the year in the best of ways: by going upstairs to greet Krishnaji before I saw anyone else. He came down and brought me a white fragrant blossom he finds in the garden. So, the year began with his blessing. At 9:30 a.m., in the big hall, he held what was to be a continuation of Tuesday's discussion of the human brain versus computers. Is there something the brain can do that is beyond the computer? Unfortunately, too many people were there. Narayan's brother, Krishna, who is a computer expert, was brought into it by Krishnaji, but a review of the previous discussion had to be made for him and also for a biology fan who spoke up, so there was too much backtracking. Such discussions should be limited to those who have participated from the beginning. In fact, because Krishnaji instinctively tries to bring the audience along, the discussion is held down. In this one, Krishnaji spoke of something beyond the brain, which he called "mind." Krishnaji kept the "mind" apart, and it was only at the end, with time running out, that he spoke of "mind" as something outside and beyond human thought, something timeless, boundless.' I must remember that when we get into these discussions here about brain and mind, and everybody misuses the words.

S: Mm, hm. Mm, hm.

M: 'At 6 p.m., a flutist came with a violinist and mridangam player, and they played for Krishnaji most magically. It was again, for me, a time when Indian music is like water flowing, carrying one, and one is in it and of it.'

Now, I'm afraid this is going to be skimpy until February, as I only have entries in my little daily diary.

S: Oh! Okay.



Krishnaji in Madras (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: So for January third, there is only something about my getting our tickets back to London from Bombay on February fifteenth, and 'Krishnaji gave his third Madras talk.'

On the fourth, 'Mary Cadogan, Theo, and I worked on her affidavit about KWINC. We telephoned Erna. The connection was so bad that it was very hard to hear, but we managed. There was a meeting of Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, Pama, Merali, Scott, and me about video funds. Krishnaji gave his fourth Madras talk at 5:30 p.m.'

The next day, 'I went into the city to get my visa renewed, but they said it was too soon. I must do it in Bombay. At 4 p.m., I met Radha Burnier in her TS office at Adyar, and with her went through files for material about the transfer of Krishnaji's archives to him in the 1950s, to support our case that the archives were not sent to Rajagopal. From there, we went on to Radha's house, where Krishnaji came, bringing Scott and Malini for a walk on the beach.'

On the sixth, there is only, 'I went shopping with Prema, and at 4 p.m., Lakshmi Shankar sang for Krishnaji, after which we went for a walk on the beach.'

The seventh. 'I went to the American consul with Mary Cadogan and Theo about Mary's sworn affidavit on archives sent to Krishnaji and not to KWINC. I walked on the beach with Krishnaji, Pama, Radha, and her niece Shubha. When we came back, there was chanting by Brahmin priests.' That was wonderful.

S: I remember it. It was quite extraordinary.

M: The next day. 'At 9:30 a.m., there was a meeting with Krishnaji of the Indian, English, U.S., and Canadian trustees, after which there was a large lunch and party at Jayalakshmi's for everyone. At 4:30 p.m., the students of the Krishnamurti school in Madras put on a play at the school in Damodar Gardens. Krishnaji went. We walked on the beach afterward.'

January ninth, 'There was again a 9:30 a.m. meeting of Krishnaji and all trustees, and this time the available teachers were included. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji talked with Narayan, Rajesh, Sunanda, Pupul, Nandini, Mrs. Thomas, Achyut, and me on how Narayan can bring about a "genius" mind like Krishnaji's in students. The walk with Krishnaji on the beach was with Radha, Nandini, Theo, and Scott.'

The next day, 'All the trustees and teachers met usefully. At 3:30 p.m., I went to Radha's office in the TS and composed the text of her statement on the archives being sent by Jinarajadasa to Krishnaji, not to Rajagopal.' It was important for the case to have this statement that the archives were sent to Krishnaji, and not to Rajagopal, because he claimed that everything was his.

S: Yes.

M: 'I came back with Radha to Vasanta Vihar in time for Krishnaji's fifth talk.'

On the eleventh, 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a teachers' meeting. I slept in the afternoon. Krishnaji, at 5:30 p.m., gave his sixth and last Madras talk for the year. Harsh, Claire, their child, and Mark Lee left. Pupul gave me a most beautiful sari.'

January twelfth. 'I went into Madras center to change travelers' checks and to the U.S. consulate and other errands. Dr. Sivakamu and Radha came to lunch'—she was another of Radha's aunts.

S: She apparently used to play on the beach with Krishnaji and Nitya before they were "discovered." At least, that's what she told me.

M: Yes, yes. 'At 4, Krishnaji chanted with Venkatachalam and Narayan. Except for Krishnaji, all of us dined at Prema Srinivasan's.'

The next day, 'I went with Pupul, Radha, Theo, and Jamni Thadhanam to the U.S. consulate, where Pupul, Radha, and Jamni had notarized statements.' Jamni had been secretary for Jinarajadasa, who was the president of the TS when the archives were sent, and it was she who did the actual posting of the archives to Krishnaji in Ojai at the request of Jinarajadasa. It proved that the archives weren't sent to Rajagopal, but were sent to Krishnaji.' I remember I brought back photocopies of all this. Anyway, we got statements about all this notarized. 'Pupul soon left, but the rest of us were there all morning, getting papers copied, etcetera. Radha lunched with us at Vasanta Vihar, and after, we made files of these papers and originals of the Krishnaji-Jinarajadasa correspondence for Theo to take to Erna. We walked on the beach with Krishnaji, Radha, Scott, and Rinpoche Sandher.'

The next day, 'Dorothy was ill in the night but left anyway with Mary Cadogan and Scott for Bombay to continue on to London.' That's when what you mentioned yesterday happened.

S: Yes. Yes. She was incredibly ill on this voyage and needed such looking after. She had to lie down in the aisle of the airplane because she couldn't sit upright, she was so ill.

M: 'At 9:30, Krishnaji held the first seminar discussion with invited scholars. A Rinpoche from Benares, and Professor Khare'—he was an Indian who taught in this country. 'I was a participant. It was videotaped. I had a nap in the afternoon and a walk with Krishnaji, Rajesh, Radha, and Rinpoche. Alan Hooker and Theo, with all the papers, left for Bombay and on to Ojai. Krishnaji, with Dr. Parchure, thinks I should leave India for my health.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji withdraws on my leaving. At 9:30 a.m., a second seminar meeting was held with Krishnaji, Rinpoche Sandher, Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya, Professor Brij Khare, a Ceylon lawyer, Pupul, Sunanda, Achyut, and some others. There was too much rain to walk in the afternoon. Pupul and I dined with Radha Burnier, her aunt, Dr. Sivakamu, Achyut**,** Rinpoche Sandher, and Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya.'

January sixteenth. 'Today was the third and last of the seminar discussions here. Krishnaji was ablaze and I talked afterward with a Daniel Rogan, an American who wrote to him and will come to the Ojai talks and see if there's work for him. Narayan came to talk to me after lunch. Then, Subbulakshmi sang at 4 p.m.; not too well and too long. At 6 p.m., Rinpoche, Radha, Pama, and I walked on the beach. There was a cable from Mary C.; she, Dorothy, and Scott arrived safely, and Dorothy is recovering.' You get those weird sicknesses in India; suddenly you get sick.

S: Yes, yes.

M: At least, we who haven't the right resistance do.

S: The Indians do, too, and they die like flies. Look at the mortality rates. There's the myth that only Westerners get sick there, but lots of times, Indians get laid up as well.

M: The next day. ‘At 7:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a question-and-answer meeting. Afterward, I did desk work. Pupul left in the afternoon. The beach walk with Krishnaji included Radha and Murli Rao.’ He was a nice man who lived in Delhi.

January eighteenth. ‘I worked all day on dates for Mary. Krishnaji continues to see people, like Malini. A sannyasi talked to Dr. Parchure about herbs. The walk was with Krishnaji, Radha, and Pama.’

The next day. ‘I packed. Krishnaji talked most of the morning with Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw Malini again, and she has finally decided to go to a U.S. university for a degree in education. Krishnaji, Pama, Radha, and I walked on the beach.’

The twentieth. ‘After doing some errands in town, Krishnaji, Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, and I went to lunch with Radha and her aunt Dr. Sivakamu. Krishnaji reminisced and teased Sivakamu about her brother-in-law, Arundale, and all the sins of those days!’**[3]** [*Both chuckle*.] ‘Jamni Thadhanam was also at the lunch table. On Radha’s and my suggestion, Krishnaji visited some of the rooms in the TS headquarters: Dr. Besant’s, his own, and Leadbeater’s. He remembered almost nothing of them.’ I think that’s when he said that he didn’t remember the big room that he and Nitya had, but he remembered Mrs. Besant’s small office room next to it, and he remembered her sitting on the…what was it called? A chowki?

S: Something like that.

M: It’s a sort of big, shapeless settee sort of thing. He remembered her sitting there, writing letters, and he would sit somewhere else in the room and doze. That’s what he told me at the time, but I hadn’t written it in this book. ‘When we came back to Vasanta Vihar, a tree expert, Raja Shikran, planted more trees. At 6 p.m., Krishnaji went back for his walk on the beach with Radha and saw the full moon rise out of the sea.’

The next day, ‘The newspapers say the U.S. Tehran hostages have been released. Reagan was inaugurated president yesterday. Up at 4:30 a.m. Krishnaji, Achyut, and I took a 7 a.m. flight to Bombay. We were met by Nandini, Asit, etcetera. Krishnaji and I are again staying in Asit’s flat on Peddar Road.’ Asit and his wife used to move out, and they turned their flat, which was a nice flat in what was known as Sterling Apartments, at times over for Krishnaji’s use.

S: Yes.

M: It was nice of them, and they left two servants, a couple who did the cooking and the cleaning, and all the rest of it.

January twenty-second. ‘We stayed in quietly except for a walk around the race track at 6 p.m.’ That was the Bombay Race Track, and it was a good place to walk. ‘Asit brought two computer experts to lunch, one Indian, Ashok someone, and the other was an

American, Pat…' Mc-something. 'Vikram brought three issues of *Herald Tribune*, that the hostages were released just after Reagan's inauguration Tuesday, and flown to Athens briefly and on to Wiesbaden, for debriefing. Reagan had Carter go there to receive them yesterday.'

The next day, 'I copied biography notes for Mary Links all morning, then lunched with Krishnaji, Asit, and Radha Burnier. We talked at length about the brain and the mind. I read and rested in the afternoon, then walked after 6 p.m. on the racecourse, Krishnaji, Asit, Devi, Nandini, and me. Krishnaji and I had supper alone.'

January twenty-fourth. 'I went shopping alone to the cottage industries in Malabar, but was back for lunch. Later, I went with Krishnaji and Asit to the J.J. School of Arts, where at 6:15 p.m., Krishnaji gave his first Bombay talk of the year. People were prevented from mobbing him as he got into the car to leave, but were outside waiting to touch his hands through the car window. Nandini returned with us.' That was really sort of horrible.

S: I know.

M: They stuck their hands in and tried to grab him.

The next day 'was a quiet day. The Patwardhans came in the morning for a while. Krishnaji rested. I worked on the biography notes for Mary. Krishnaji had a long private talk with Asit. Krishnaji, he, and I lunched. There was a nap and rest. Again, Asit and I drove with Krishnaji to the second Bombay talk held at 6:15 p.m. Supper afterward was with Krishnaji, Nandini, Asit, and me. Today the American hostages fly from Wiesbaden to the U.S.'

The twenty-sixth. 'People came and went in the morning. I worked on the notes for Mary Links,' and there's really nothing of note.

January twenty-seventh. 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with about twenty-eight people on the effects of computers. All thought is mechanical, therefore, it's the same as the computer, and if that is all there is, there is a deterioration of mind. Afterward, I went with Devi to shop, worked on notes, and then walked on the racecourse with Krishnaji, Asit, and Devi.'

There was nothing of significance on the twenty-eighth, but on the twenty-ninth there was the second discussion here at the apartment.

Again, there is nothing significant until January thirty-first, when Krishnaji gave his third talk, which was in the evening. He said on the way home that 'he almost stopped talking and left as he just couldn't feel communication with the audience.' All these days I continue to work on the notes for Mary L.'s biography.

February first. ‘Krishnaji rested all morning, and we had lunch alone. At 5:50 p.m., Krishnaji, Nandini, and I went to Krishnaji’s fourth Bombay talk, which was at 6:15 p.m., on beauty, listening, fear. Fear is time and thought. The audience was no different, but it sat utterly still, as the fullness of Krishnaji’s talk rose out of him,’ and they felt something happen. ‘Frenzied hands again reaching to touch him through the car window.’

February second. ‘People came and went, seeing Krishnaji. There was a meeting with him of the Rajghat group. After lunch, Krishnaji gave an interview to Leela Naidu Moraes. The walk with Krishnaji included Nandini, Asit, Devi, Gamsham, and Shubha’—that is the niece of Radha—‘and me. Narayan says he is unwell and can’t come to Bombay, but Krishnaji felt that, for his own sake, he must come.’

The third. ‘There was an interview of Krishnaji by Pupul, filmed for Indian television.’ Then just the usual lunch with people and walk.

February fourth. ‘Narayan arrived from Rishi Valley, and at 5 p.m., Krishnaji had a long talk with him about Usha.’ In the evening there was a dinner given by Amru. She is a sister of Pupul, I think, and Nandini. ‘She gave dinner for Krishnaji and the whole group.’

For February fifth, we have the big diary again, so we won’t be quite as skimpy. ‘At 10 a.m., there was a KF India trustee meeting to which I was invited. Merali was made a member.’ Then for some reason I have these four points:

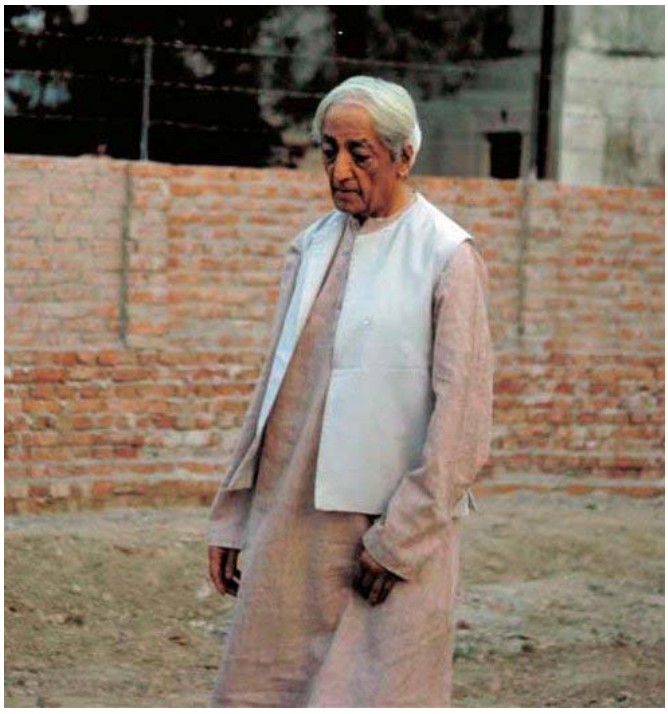
‘1. Radhika Herzberger and her husband are coming to Rishi Valley in July 1982.’ That is Pupul’s daughter, and her husband Hans. ‘Radhika will be on the executive committee for Rishi Valley.’

‘2. The three Patwardhans’ home is Vasanta Vihar, permanently.’ That would be Sunanda, Pama, and Achyut. ‘KFI members will have the right to live at schools in their old age, if KFI agrees.’

‘3. Teachers will be expected to transfer to other KFI schools for periods of one year from time to time.’

‘4. Narayan is to create, at Rishi Valley, a place where the catalyst that changed Krishnaji as a boy can again take place. “The door is waiting to be opened.” At Madras, too, someone must be there to provide the atmosphere, and it must be for students who are there for Krishnaji’s teachings, and nothing else. There will be no education to become engineers, etcetera, but only a total involvement with Krishnaji’s teachings. “If you do this, the door will open, something will take place. I say this with scientific clarity. This has not happened because I have not stayed in one place.”…“If I stayed in one place, I would do it, but it is not my dharma. My job is different.” There is no goal in this. “Either you are inviting something tremendous, or you invite the devil, like any little ashram.”…“That is the devil, the real dangers—the Rajneesh, the Mahesh Yogi, etcetera.” …“If you ask heaven to bless you, it will bless this. The Foundation is nothing

without this, and the Foundation has not done it. The door is *there* to be opened. It is not me. The thing is waiting, hoping. It needs brains, a global brain. Don't say, 'I haven't got it.' All that is gone. It is a child waiting to be born." He said to Narayan, to Sunanda, to Upasani, and to Krishnakutti, "You have said you would do it, and there is no going back. You must have a vital brain, global and dynamic. If you are a woman, you are not a woman anymore, even if you wear a woman's body. You may have been egotistic in the school, but *not here*. And if you are not here, you will not do all that there."' I think that means that if you are not here, like that, you will not do all that there, you will not do what you're supposed to be doing.



Krishnaji walking in Madras (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The next day there was really nothing of note, but on the seventh Krishnaji gave his fifth Bombay talk.

February eighth. 'Krishnaji had a long talk with Narayan in the morning, while I worked on notes for Mary L. Krishnaji and I lunched alone. At 6:15 p.m., Krishnaji gave his sixth Bombay talk, a very fine one. The audience sat hardly breathing. "Religion is skeptical inquiry."…"Meditation is the understanding and ending of knowledge." There was a frenzy of hands trying to touch him through the car window afterward.'

The ninth. 'Krishnaji had a long talk with Narayan. People came and went. Sunanda and I talked, after which I continued to work on notes for Mary L. Krishnaji asked me if yesterday's talk was special, and he said, "It has done something to me."'

February tenth. 'At 9:30 a.m., there was a discussion with about sixty people on values, seeing outwardly, and sensitivity. It lasted two hours. Pupul asked Ms. Vimala

Deshpande to get my visa extended to the fifteenth.' I forget who that was. 'Dr. Parchure's son, Vikram, is getting married, which was arranged by his brother, Vishwas. [*chuckles*] It's a family where all the weddings are arranged by nearest and dearest.

S: Of course, of course. A proper…yes.

M: The eleventh of February. 'At 6 a.m., Krishnaji, Pupul, Nandini, Devi, and I in one car; and Sunanda, Achyut, Parchure, and others in two other cars drove one-and-a-half hours to look at land near a bird sanctuary as a possible site for another school. Krishnaji disliked it, and clearly, it was too near Bombay's pollution.' I remember it. They had animals in cages, and it was awful. 'We came back by 9:30 a.m., and Krishnaji was very "off." When we were there, he said, "Where am I?" He was horrified by the caged hawks and owls. He and I lunched alone. He said, "I feel like never coming back here." He keeps asking for the reason for the degeneration of India. He is repelled, but said, "I feel I must save this bloody country." In the afternoon, he had interviews and walked on the race course.'

Twelfth of February. 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held another discussion with about sixty people. Devi and I went shopping. Leela Naidu was to cook a French dinner, but she came late with it and was drunk. Krishnaji, Pupul, Nandini, Devi, and I were there.'

February thirteenth, my birthday. 'I was given a present of a necklace from Nandini and Pupul. Krishnaji rested and slept in the morning. He and I lunched alone. He saw Leela Naidu at 5 p.m. At supper, Pupul described going to see the Nizams' Jewels for the Indian government.' The Nizams were, I don't know what, like maharajahs or something, and the Indian government forced them to sell their collection of jewels to the government at a much reduced price.

S: Yes.

M: 'I had flowers and a chocolate birthday cake from Asit.' [*Chuckles.*]

The fourteenth. 'I finished packing. People came and went. Krishnaji walked, but I had packed my walking shoes in a bag to leave at Vasanta Vihar, so I didn't go. After supper, Krishnaji and I both tried unsuccessfully to sleep. Pama took the luggage and passports, etcetera, to check in Krishnaji and me.' We were taking one of those middle-of-the-night flights.

February fifteenth. 'Krishnaji and I were up at 2:30 a.m. Pupul, Nandini came at 3, and we drove to the new Bombay Airport. Almost everyone was there to see Krishnaji off. We flew on Qantas at 4:50 a.m., nonstop to London. First class was almost empty, and it was a smooth ten-hour flight. We arrived at Heathrow at 9:35 a.m., and were quickly through formalities. Dorothy and Scott were there to meet us. It was lovely to see frost on the fields, the beauty of winter and bare trees. It is bliss to be here. Krishnaji came downstairs to lunch but slept all afternoon. I spoke by phone to Mary L. Dorothy and I took the dogs for a short walk.' [*Chuckles.*] I remember in the airport at Bombay, they

gave us a special sitting room, and all the enthusiasts crammed in and sat, staring at Krishnaji.

S: Who was there?

M: People I didn't know.

S: Right. So all kinds of unknown admirers.

M: Unknown people who came to see him off and sat and stared at him; and he said to me something about he felt like a monkey being stared at.

S: Yes.

M: But what shocked them, and visibly shocked them, was that when I came in, separately, Krishnaji got up.

S: Of course.

M: Krishnaji was an old-fashioned gentleman, and when a lady comes in, you get up. They were shocked he was getting up for a woman, you know.

S: Oh, yes, yes.

M: [*chuckles*] But it was so funny to see it and their reactions.

S: Of course, yes.

M: Anyway, so we're back at Brockwood. [*S chuckles*.]

February sixteenth. 'Frost is all beauty to me. I feel the delight of cold weather. In the morning, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I discussed what should be done about Frances, who is quiet here now, but unsound. Krishnaji talked to her, with Dorothy and me present, and offered to help her. He will put his hands on her, starting today, and will see her every day in Ojai for the same. But she must stop all yoga, meditation, and whatever else she was doing. She agreed to his conditions, and so Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went for a walk. I went to the school meeting. In the evening, I talked at length to Shakuntala about Narayan's situation, which Dorothy has already told her about, at Narayan's request.' That was when they were still married. Anyway.

S: Yes, but they'd been separated for many years.

M: Yes.

The seventeenth. 'Mary and Joe came at 11 a.m. and talked with Krishnaji and me. We lunched and talked more till 3:30 p.m. Krishnaji treated Frances. I telephoned Filomena.

She has a broken arm. I also telephoned Vanda, Phyl Fry, and Betsy. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.'

The eighteenth. 'In Doris's little car, I went to Alresford, to the bank, the cleaners, and to cable Bud in New York on his birthday. Terence Stamp brought Bernard Levin at noon to meet Krishnaji. Levin wanted to meet Krishnaji about his TV program. He is doing a series of twelve half-hour weekly interviews, and would like Krishnaji to be the last. It could be taped at Brockwood, immediately on his return from Ojai, around the twenty-fifth of May, for broadcast on the thirty-first of May. Krishnaji talked at length with him after lunch, and then with Radhika and Hans Herzberger, who arrived. Mary Cadogan was also at lunch, and we went over Foundation affairs. Krishnaji again treated Frances. When Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I started out at 3 p.m. for the walk, it began to snow! It's so beautiful.' [*Chuckles.*]

The next day. 'The Digbys and the Moorheads came to lunch. George told Krishnaji that he must give up editing. Krishnaji treated Frances, and she is to go to Ojai for further treatment. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I planted beech trees in the new grove, to the south of the apple orchard.'

February twentieth. 'We left Brockwood with Dorothy at 8:45 a.m. for Heathrow. Krishnaji and I flew on TWA at 11:20 a.m., and arrived at Los Angeles about 3 p.m. It was slow in customs, but we were out by 4 p.m. Mark and David Moody drove us to Ojai. The Lilliefelts, the Hookers, etcetera were waiting to greet Krishnaji. Elfriede'—that's my housekeeper—'had cleaned the house to perfection. We had a light supper and went right to sleep. Krishnaji said later that he'd had a good meditation on the plane. "Not people drinking and smoking around." I telephoned Amanda.'

S: In other words, there weren't people smoking and drinking around…

M: Correct.

S: …which is why he had a good meditation.

M: Well, apparently.

S: Or, they're somehow associated.

M: Yes.

The twenty-first. 'I woke up at 3 a.m., and tried unsuccessfully to get the radiant heater going, so I went back to sleep. When I woke up, I telephoned my brother in New York, and then talked to Amanda and later to Miranda. We lunched at Arya Vihara, after which I took KMN2—that's my gray car—to fill it with diesel, and marketed. Early to sleep.'

February twenty-second, and we finally have the big diary again. We're in Ojai. 'There are such gaps in this record, I am discouraged at its incompleteness. Krishnaji and I left

Brockwood Friday, the twentieth, and flew to Los Angeles. In the long emptiness over Greenland and Northern Canada, while I slept, Krishnaji told me later that a "good meditation" came to him. We had the two seats he likes: the two forward ones in the nose of the 747, where one feels least in contact with the other passengers. Krishnaji said there weren't people drinking and smoking, which made a difference. Mark Lee and David Moody met us. We reached Ojai in the dark after 6 p.m. Erna, Theo, Hooker, etcetera were there to greet Krishnaji. The house was immaculate from Elfriede's cleaning the day before, and was bright with flowers. So, we are here at last. It is somewhat less familiar to me than Brockwood was for the few days there. Perhaps because something responded in my very bones to the wintry countryside after India, the beauty of bare trees, the delight of frost, etcetera, the lawns and fields, the clean coldness. But this Ojai house will become alive as we live here. The pepper tree in the back is gone'—that's not *the* pepper tree, but another pepper tree—'from some sort of root rot. To prevent it from falling on the house in a wind, it was cut down. Erna and Theo have reported to Krishnaji and me on the state of the case against Rajagopal. Lawyer Cohen is coming here on Tuesday'—that would be in two days—'to discuss Krishnaji's and my depositions. This morning, while Krishnaji was talking to the Lilliefelts, Hooker, Mark, and Moody about the school, Michael telephoned that Rajagopal was calling the Arya Vihara number with a message that it was urgent that Krishnaji call him. Krishnaji didn't. But his ever-present hope that Rajagopal will somehow emerge with some decency was evident. He would've liked to telephone him, but realized that he mustn't without consulting Cohen. Rajagopal telephoned Arya Vihara again at 1 p.m. Michael answered and said that Krishnaji wasn't there, which was so, but that Krishnaji had received Rajagopal's message. Then, in the middle of lunch, a wire came from Rajagopal to Krishnaji saying that "court orders would reveal all your letters to Rosalind and to me if the case is pursued."' That's the blackmail.

S: Yes.

M: I'm afraid there's a big gap again before we get back to the big book.

S: When's the big book start again?

M: June at Brockwood.

S: June!

M: The twenty-third. 'We were in all day, except for lunch at Arya Vihara. The radiant heat system was fixed and serviced. Krishnaji slept most of the afternoon. Cohen telephoned Erna, reporting his telephone call with Christensen'—that's Rajagopal's lawyer—'in which there was a not-very-polite threat of letter disclosures. Krishnaji was not upset by this. He says he is stronger now than in the other case. My own wish to protect him remains in spite of the disgust at the outrageous behavior by Rajagopal.'

The next day, 'Stanley Cohen came to discuss the case with Erna and me. Then, Krishnaji joined us for two hours. Then, briefly we reported where we are to other trustees, Theo,

Hooker, and Kishbaugh. After Cohen left, we lunched at Arya Vihara, and then held a trustee meeting in the afternoon.'

February twenty-fifth. 'I left at 8 a.m., and drove to Los Angeles. I left specimens for Dr. Lailee, dropped six rolls of film at Lens Art, bought croissants, had my hair cut, and went to Gizelle for alterations. Then to Bullock's for a belt for Krishnaji, and at 4 p.m., I arrived at the Dunnes' to spend a happy hour with them. Phil gave me an inscribed copy of his book *Take Two*'—that's the title of his memoirs book. 'I telephoned Krishnaji as he asked to let him know when I was there. I left at 5 p.m. and drove through rain back to Ojai, arriving, as promised, at 6:30 p.m. Krishnaji has a hoarse voice and spent the day in bed.'



Krishnaji walking (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

For the next three days, I worked on the accumulated mail, and Krishnaji stayed in bed, feeling weak, and with a hoarse throat.

March first. 'I marketed. It rained. Krishnaji is better and we ate lunch in the dining room. It cleared in the afternoon. Then, my stepbrothers and stepsisters Ann, Bobby, Sally, and Peter, en route to Santa Barbara and Napa Valley, came by for tea and to meet Krishnaji, then he and I went for a walk to the Lilliefelts' after he treated Frances.'

The next day. 'There was rain on and off. Dennis came to do the weekly cleaning.' That's Dennis Gottschalk, who's now working for the KFA. 'The Marogers telephoned from Oxnard. They had arrived early from Japan. I went to fetch them. Meanwhile, Krishnaji went with Theo to the dentist, Dr. Meinig, who pulled an infected upper left molar.' He had more tooth trouble. 'He had supper in bed. The Marogers and I ate in the dining room. They are in the guest house.'

March third. ‘It was a beautiful day. Krishnaji, the Marogers, and I walked through the Oak Grove and visited the school, then drove to Lake Casitas and came back in time for lunch at Arya Vihara. We spent a quiet afternoon. Krishnaji’s tooth is not hurting him much. Marogers and I had supper in the dining room and Krishnaji had it in bed.’

The fourth. ‘The rain has returned. I took Jean-Michel to the bank. Erna sold Essie Bates’ bequest of an oriental rug for $8,000.’ Essie Bates, I think I mentioned before, was a real estate woman, and she left money and some things to the Foundation. ‘I did various errands, and everyone lunched at Arya Vihara. After a rest, I prepared dinner. Krishnaji and I walked down to the Lilliefelts’ to have tea with them and the Marogers. The Marogers’ friend, Hertha Melas, who lives and works at a school in Idyllwild, joined us for dinner. Krishnaji ate at the table, too.’

The next day. ‘The Marogers left with their friend for Idyllwild and then the LA Airport to return to France. Krishnaji rested most of the day.’

March sixth. ‘It is Amanda’s birthday and we talked. Professor Brij Khare came with video technicians to look at the living room for a recording of meetings on the weekend of the twenty-first. He stayed to lunch. I marketed. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji talked to Mark and David Moody, Erna, and I about teacher and parent meetings. Krishnaji and I watched the last evening news broadcast by Walter Cronkite, who is retiring from it, though he will do other projects. Dan Rather will take his place Monday.’

S: Alright. We have to call it quits there. We’ve run out of tape again.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The small village right next to the school.

[2] He lived only just over five more years.

[3] It was considered a scandal when Rukmini married George Arundale just after she turned sixteen and he was forty-two.

Issue 67: March 7, 1981 to June 25, 1981

Mary: We begin on March seventh, 1981, and Krishnaji and I are in Ojai. 'A desk day.' Well, it goes on about Frances McCann not following Krishnaji's suggestions and so he feels he can't help her.

I spent the next day, 'reviewing papers, and then at 6 p.m., Dr. Hidley came to consult about how best to help Frances.'

March ninth, 'Rajagopal's lawyer, Mr. Terry Avchen, took my deposition in the morning and afternoon. Our lawyer, Mr. Comus, was present throughout. Mrs. Vigeveno turned up. It was held in the sitting room of the guest house. Erna was also present. It finished at 4 p.m. When I went back to Pine Cottage, Krishnaji had Dr. Hidley with him. We walked to the dip. I am very tired.'

The next day, 'I continued with yesterday's deposition with the same people present. It was finished at 12:30 p.m.'

The eleventh. 'Christensen'—that's Rajagopal's lawyer—'telephoned our lawyer, Mr. Cohen, postponing Krishnaji's deposition from tomorrow until the twentieth, after Rajagopal's deposition on the eighteenth. He also suggested a compromise. If we withdraw contempt from the charges, the lawyers could discuss who owns the archives.'

'Evelyne and Michael Mendizza came to talk to me, Erna, Theo, and Alan Kishbaugh about making another film of Krishnaji. We straightened out the differing points of view. After lunch, Krishnaji and I went to the Green Thumb Nursery and chose trees to replace the pepper trees, one on each side of the house, as well as other plants.'

The twelfth. 'Krishnaji dictated letters. I telephoned Mary in London about Krishnaji's asking her to be chairman of the publications committee to replace George Digby.'

Scott: This is Mary Lutyens?

M: Yes. 'Digby is retiring from publications. I also telephoned Brockwood. Dorothy is not well. She's gone for a rest to Cambridge. Shakuntala said Natasha is going to her father, Narayan, during spring vacation. I also spoke with Doris and told her how helpful her *Herald of the Star* discoveries were in my deposition. Alasdair planted the bushes we bought yesterday. Alain Naudé arrived for supper and spent the night. He's on his way to San Diego.'

March thirteenth. 'I spent the morning talking to Alain, who left after lunch for San Diego, then I worked at my desk. I walked with Krishnaji, and we were joined by Erna and Theo as we went down McAndrew Road. A mirror arrived that had been in my room in New York as a child, and then in the dining room at Elmholm'—Elmholm was the family summer home, and subsequently my mother's home in Vineyard Haven. We will put in the entry here.' It was in all these houses in my childhood.

S: How nice.

M: 'I also unpacked four candelabra that Aunt Sue gave to Mother, and which Bud sent to me, after Mother left Elmholm furniture to my brother and me.' Those are those candelabra on the dining room table.

On the next two days, Krishnaji talked to parents and staff of the Oak Grove School. Krishnaji felt ill on the afternoon of the fifteenth.

On the sixteenth, 'Krishnaji is better but felt delicate. Alain, who arrived here last night, talked to Krishnaji about his own life, and Krishnaji called me in to hear his suggestion that Alain go about finding serious, concerned people for the teachings. Alain went to visit the Lilliefelts. Krishnaji had supper alone in bed while Alain and I ate in the kitchen.'

March seventeenth. 'Alain left. Krishnaji and I went to Green Thumb Nursery again and bought more shrubs and flowers. Ruth, Albion Patterson, and Catherine Kiernan came to lunch at Arya Vihara. I read my deposition in the afternoon. Rajagopal's and Krishnaji's were scheduled for this week, but are postponed due to the settlement talk. Krishnaji and I walked down the road.'

There's nothing for the next day other than Krishnaji working in the garden with Alasdair. And the day after is just me getting my annual check-up and some errands.

March twentieth, 'I worked most of the day at my desk, while Krishnaji and Alasdair finished planting the camellias and the azalea beds by the guest house. David and Saral Bohm arrived in the evening. They're staying here till April sixteenth.'

March twenty-first. 'At 10:30 a.m., Professor Brij Khare came and brought five high school students to discuss with Krishnaji as the first of a three-day seminar. It was videotaped in color. In the afternoon, Krishnaji helped Alasdair plant *podocarpas*in place of camellias on the east side of the house by the hall window.'

The next day, 'At 9:30, Krishnaji discussed with college students brought by Khare, and at 11 a.m., Krishnaji conducted another discussion, this time with four high school teachers. Both were videotaped in color. In the afternoon, Krishnaji again planted shrubs in the garden with Alasdair. Max did repairs on the house. I did income tax preparation.'

The twenty-third. 'At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a dialogue with Khare and a group of college professors. It was videotaped and completed the series. Krishnaji helped Alasdair plant a pittosporum tree outside my bedroom window. I worked on tax data. Miranda telephoned, and said she is coming down in two weeks.'

March twenty-fourth. 'Two people came to lunch who were inspecting the Oak Grove for the school accreditation. Afterwards, Krishnaji went with Theo to the dentist, and I went to Green Thumb for more shrubs and flowers, then to Cohen's office to sign my

deposition. I talked to both Cohen and Comis. Meanwhile, Krishnaji and Alasdair planted a bigger pittosporum next to where the pepper tree was. The Siddoos arrived to stay at the Lilliefelts'.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji received a threatening letter from Mima Porter.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Cohen advises no reply. Krishnaji saw the Siddoos for an hour. They decided to close their Wolf Lake School for at least a year. I worked on income tax matters and marketed. Krishnaji did more planting with Alasdair, and we put climbing roses up my porch.' They're in bloom right now, pretty pink ones. [*S chuckles.*]

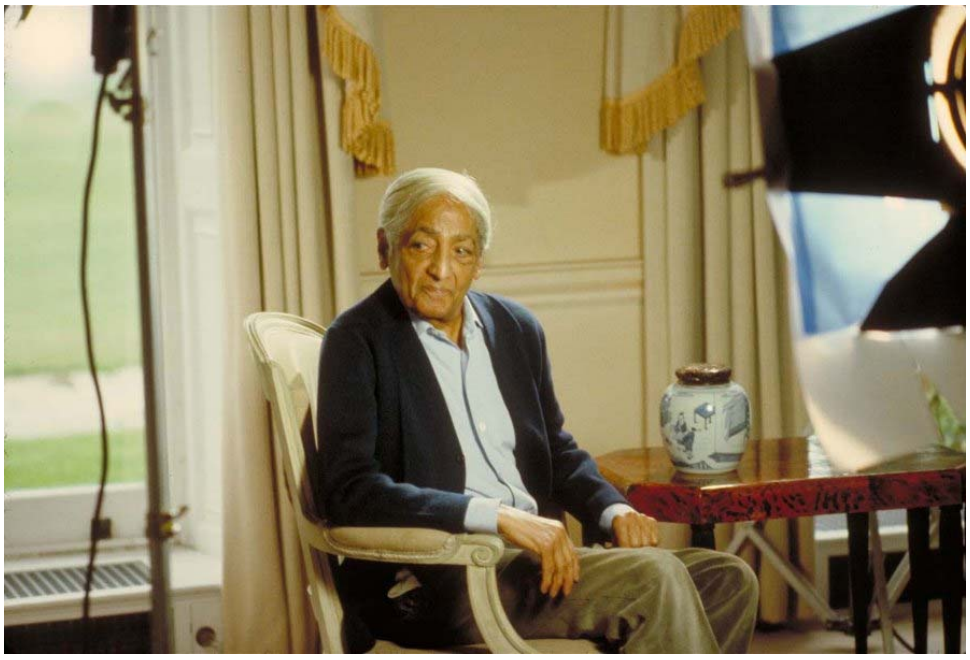
The twenty-sixth, 'I continued on income tax work. Krishnaji rested. At 4 p.m., the Siddoos, who had asked for a meeting, came here with Erna and Theo, Alan Hooker, Mark, David Moody, and the Bohms to talk with Krishnaji about school problems.' Since they were closing their school, I'm not sure what school problems they were interested in.

The next day, 'I left at 7:15 a.m. for Beverly Hills for an eye exam. Then, to Henry Bamberger about income tax matters. Then more errands in Beverly Hills and Westwood. I saw Winky, bought records, cassettes, and a Sony Walkman, and got home by 5:45 p.m. Krishnaji was gardening. "I felt you coming," he said. And then he said, "Gardening agrees with me. I must do it at Brockwood." Then later he said, "You must outlive me."'

'Me: "Why?"'

'Krishnaji: "To look after this person."'

'Me: "Others would line up to do that."' [*Chuckles.*]



Waiting to be interviewed on TV in the West Wing of Brockwood (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

‘Krishnaji: “I don’t want them.”’ [*S chuckles warmly*.]

March twenty-eighth. ‘Krishnaji had another discussion with teachers and parents of the Oak Grove School at 11 a.m. Asit arrived from New York. At the Los Angeles airport, he got a Hertz car, and will stay for a few days. He had supper with Krishnaji and me.’

The next day, ‘Asit had breakfast with Krishnaji and me. At 11 a.m., there was a teacher’s meeting with Krishnaji. In the afternoon, Krishnaji did more planting with Alasdair on the east side of the house.’

There’s really nothing the next day, and on the day after, there is only that Krishnaji talked to the teachers at 4 p.m.

April first, ‘A couple named Jacobson came to see Krishnaji briefly at 12:30 p.m. Jackie Kornfeld, who is in Ojai for a week, came to lunch. David and Saral returned from Los Angeles and Laguna, and there was a discussion on computers between Krishnaji, Asit, and David, with teachers and others listening. In the middle of it, Krishnaji began to call David by his first name for the first time.’ [*Chuckles*.] He’d only known him for twenty years, roughly. [*Both laugh again*.]

S: Yes, well, one doesn’t want to become familiar too soon. [*Chuckles.*]

M: No. Exactly. He called me Mrs. Zimbalist for the first seven years that he was my house guest. [*Both laugh*.] One mustn’t rush into…uh…

S: Exactly, overfamiliarity.

M: The second. ‘I took Asit out to breakfast at the Oxnard Hilton Inn from where he caught his bus to the Los Angeles Airport and onto Singapore. I drove to Malibu and spent the morning and lunched with Amanda and Phil. Amanda and I went up Corral Canyon to see Elfriede and her house, then I returned to Ojai. Krishnaji, in the afternoon, had given an interview to Patricia Hunt-Perry.’ Do you remember her?

S: Yes, I do.

M: April third, ‘At 11 a.m., there was a discussion between Krishnaji and invited guests: D. Bohm, Dr. Ovenden, Rabbi Singer, Dr. Sarkar, Dr. van Groenou, somebody Rexroth, and Dr. Patricia Hunt-Perry. David Shainberg arrived in the afternoon. All but Shainberg lunched at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji gardened with Alasdair in the afternoon. I went to tea and a discussion without Krishnaji at Arya Vihara at 5 p.m. I also ordered gravel for the east garden.’

The next day, ‘Again, at 11 a.m., the second meeting of the discussion group. All were at lunch at Arya Vihara. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw privately Rabbi Dr. Singer, one of the group.’

April fifth. ‘There was the third and final discussion with the group at 11 a.m. Krishnaji and I both had a quiet afternoon.’

The next day, ‘I spent most of the day working at my desk. Jackie Kornfeld saw Krishnaji at 12:30 p.m. Gravel was delivered to the east garden. Krishnaji worked with Alasdair, laying a sprinkler system. He also went to the dentist and has a new plate.’

The seventh. ‘I continued my desk work and did laundry. I went with Krishnaji to the dentist, Dr. Meinig, to have the new dental plate adjusted. Then, Krishnaji wanted to be in on the spreading of the gravel in the east garden. It is complete and looks very nice. Krishnaji is pleased.’

S: Let me just ask you about something that I’ve been curious about. All of this dental work that Krishnaji had…

M: He was always going to the dentist.

S: Right. But, before you were in the picture, what dental work had he had?

M: I don’t know.

S: I’m wondering if he had to have all this work because it had previously been neglected.

M: Well, he must have, but in fact, I don’t know. I have no answer. But he always had dental trouble when I knew him. Krishnaji had been to Dr. Meinig, this one mentioned here, before. He knew him, and he was the only dentist in town. He was a good dentist. So, he took care of Krishnaji and he took care of me too when I moved here. And when he retired, the person who took over his practice, I’m still going to him here in Ojai.

S: Alright. I just asked because I wondered if Krishnaji’s teeth weren’t looked after properly before you came into the picture; whether this was just another area in which, you know, things were neglected.

M: I don’t know. I mean, he must’ve gone. Everybody goes to the dentist.

S: Yes, but if he only went when there was trouble, that’s not preventative treatment.

M: I don’t know. I’ve nothing that I can answer.

April eighth. ‘I went to Los Angeles, to a doctor for my peripheral vision tests, then met Mr. Schwartz at the Fabric House’—that was the man who got me into wholesale places for furniture ‘and got something for the sofa in the guest house. I had my hair cut. Left some photos at Lens Art, did other errands, and got back by 6:30 p.m. Krishnaji had seen teachers in a *long* discussion. Erna says that Rajagopal claims he is in bed with cataracts and a hernia and hasn’t been able to sort out his papers, so next week’s examination by

Erna and me of the materials Rajagopal claims are his is impossible.' We wanted to visit the archives. We had the court agreement which determined that we could go to the archives anytime we wanted, and he always tried to abort it, or postpone it. 'Narasimhan telephoned to know Krishnaji's whereabouts.'

The next day was 'desk work and housekeeping for me, and bad news from my tax man about the large sum I owe on the sale of the Malibu house. Krishnaji went to the dentist Meinig in the morning with Theo. David Shainberg left.'

April tenth, 'In the morning, I did desk work, then after lunch, Krishnaji and I went to the Oak Grove to help plant fifty trees around the main school building.'

The eleventh. 'Krishnaji held another discussion with parents and teachers of the Oak Grove School. Max put wooden dividers in the china cupboard to protect them from earthquakes. It was Krishnaji's idea.' You know, those little vertical stops so that, when the house shakes from earthquakes, the dishes don't fall on the floor.

S: Right. [*Laughs*.]

M: Krishnaji thought of that.

S: Did he, now?

M: 'Max also finished the front door, and put copper gutters on the roof over the front door. Krishnaji planted Cape jasmine with Alasdair while I walked around the block with Erna and Theo. Krishnaji and I both fell asleep at supper while eating' [*both laugh*] 'with the trays.' We used to sit in his room, he in his bed with a tray, and I had my tray in that big red Saarinen chair, and we watched the news on television.

S: Right.

M: April twelfth, 'Miranda and Amanda drove up and spent two hours with me in the morning. They left before one, as Miranda had to get back to San Francisco. Meanwhile, at Arya Vihara, Krishnaji talked to teachers and parents. I marketed and walked around the block with Erna and Theo. Krishnaji was tired, so he watered the garden a bit. After supper, he went early to sleep.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated letters, after which I worked at the desk most of the day. Krishnaji finished planting with Alasdair a Cape honeysuckle on the east side of the house, and was tired in the evening.'

The fourteenth. 'Krishnaji slept well but is still tired. We watched the space shuttle return to Earth and land perfectly on a dry lakebed at Edward's Air Force Base. Krishnaji said, "How marvelous," and then, "They don't have to go through customs."' [*Both laugh*.] 'The Bohms and Willa watched it here too.' Willa was a very good, nice secretary in those days for Erna and the Foundation. 'Krishnaji went to the dentist Meinig with Theo,

while I continued with my desk work. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji and David did a dialogue on sacredness and why most of mankind doesn't reach it. Booth was absent, so I taped it on the Nagra.' Booth?

S: Booth Harris. He was from the South, and he was doing recording things.

M: Yes. I'm glad you remembered. He still lives in Ojai.

April fifteenth. 'I posted my income tax return with the necessary checks, then marketed. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with teachers and parents, which I taped on the Nagra. Krishnaji watered and did things in the garden until 7 p.m., making for a late supper.'

The only thing of note the next day is that, 'at 5 p.m. Krishnaji talked for an hour with Dr. Hidley.'

The seventeenth. 'I worked at the desk most of the day. Krishnaji gardened with Alasdair. We had supper at 6:30 p.m.—a much better time, Krishnaji feels.' Well, I guess it was earlier than 7 or so, don't know what was better about it. [*S chuckles.*] 'I sent an Easter telegram to Filomena signed Ojai and Malibu,' meaning the Dunnes and me.

S: Right.

M: April eighteenth, 'At 11 a.m., Krishnaji had a discussion with teachers and parents. A Dr. Shah and wife from Ahmedabad came to lunch, and so did both Blaus'—that would be Evelyne and Lou. 'I talked briefly to Lou about moneys I owe KFA. Krishnaji slept most of the afternoon and we again had a 6:30 p.m. supper.'

April nineteenth, 'I spoke to my family at the Vineyard. Krishnaji had another discussion with the teachers and parents at 11 a.m. The Bohms left for Canada in the afternoon. There was rain all day. We rested in the afternoon, and had an early supper. "6:30 suits me," said Krishnaji.'

The twentieth of April. 'I again worked at my desk and did laundry. The rain is over. It was a beautiful day, and Krishnaji worked in the garden with Alasdair. Sidney Field brought Krishnaji the manuscript he has written about Krishnaji, a memoir.' Oh, then there's a lot about various children of my family members coming.

S: Right.

M: 'Krishnaji had said on returning for lunch, "I feel very young."'

The twenty-first, 'A letter came from Mary Lutyens saying that her sister Barbie had committed suicide. I spoke to our lawyer Cohen about Krishnaji's deposition, which is on for Thursday. Christensen wanted it postponed so that Rajagopal could "be available," but Cohen said that Krishnaji was available only this week. Rajagopal is said to be going

to have an operation in May. Krishnaji raked the garden with Alasdair. He wore the Mexican straw hat that Alan Kishbaugh brought him.' [*Chuckles.*] It's in the closet in there. Is it known to you and everybody that Krishnaji once had sunstroke, before my time, in India, and that's why he always walked in the late afternoon, when the sun wasn't as strong? And he also would wear a hat because of the sun when he worked in the garden.

S: Right. And he frequently used a parasol when he went out for walks in India.

M: Yes.

S: How old was he when he had the sunstroke?

M: I don't know. I mean, it wasn't recent, in my knowing him.

S: No, no, no.

M: I suppose it was, you know, when he went back to India after the war in the forties.

S: Ah ha.

M: I imagine. He never said when he'd had it. But that sounds plausible, as he was there in India for a long time then.

S: Right. Yes.

M: The twenty-second. 'We drove up Maricopa Highway. Krishnaji's deposition was canceled by Rajagopal as Rajagopal will not be available tomorrow. We telephoned Mary about her sister's death. I did desk work. Krishnaji gardened. Krishnaji, about the Maricopa drive, said he wished we could have a cabin away from everything. And later he said, "I felt like disappearing."' That, also, I think we've discussed.

S: Yes.

M: 'I went with Frances to buy porch chairs.'

April twenty-third. 'Krishnaji and I went with Erna and Theo to Santa Barbara for Krishnaji's tax clearance so he could leave the country. We lunched at Crosby'—I don't know, must've been a restaurant, I don't remember it. 'Then, came back in time for Krishnaji and Booth Harris to wash and put a resin finish on the green Mercedes. Naudé came in time for supper. He's staying a few days. We all had supper on trays. Krishnaji said to me, "I'm glad you're here."'

The twenty-fourth, 'At 10 a.m., Krishnaji, Alain, Erna, Theo, and I talked about Alain's plan to publish a magazine and go around giving talks. What resulted was to wish him

well, but to say that the Foundation would not be involved.' That was a sort of failed attempt to have Alain in the work.

S: Yes.

M: The next day. 'Alain had another talk with Krishnaji, after which he drove back to San Francisco. He goes to London and then to South Africa on May tenth. I, too, had a talk with him before he left, wishing him well with what he wants to do.' And, well, some money thing.**[1]** 'Max came and did adjustments to the house. Krishnaji decided to paint the front door.' The front door was natural but it got wet with the rain and made water spots. So, we decided to paint it. Krishnaji decided it, but I wanted it done, too. 'I went for paint, but the store was closed. The house once again is quiet and at peace after people's departures.'

April twenty-sixth. 'Daylight Savings Time begins. We had a quiet morning; gray and cold. In the morning, I did my usual desk work, then Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to the Ranch House to lunch with the Hookers'—that was the local good restaurant. It was owned by the Hookers, and they had invited us. 'Then I went back to my desk. I made Krishnaji supper, but I fasted after a large lunch.' [*Chuckles*.]

The twenty-seventh. 'At 8:30, I went for paint for the door, a Pompeian red; and posted papers to Mary Lutyens. At 10 a.m., there was a trustee meeting: school matters in the morning. Krishnaji attended. Mark and David Moody were there as well. In the afternoon, Krishnaji put the second resin polish on KMN1'—his car, the green one—'and Booth helped him. The other trustees went on with the meeting. Evelyne brought an NBC request for an interview with Krishnaji on their "Odyssey" program and for taping it on the eighteenth, and Krishnaji agreed. It is a tight schedule. I talked to Miranda in the evening, she returns from Malibu to San Francisco tomorrow.'

April twenty-eighth, 'I took the diesel car to be serviced at Dieter's, and in a rental car, stopped by the customs office at Oxnard to register my camera and the Omega watch.' That's so I wouldn't have to pay duty when I come back with them. 'I came back to the house in time for a delivery truck with the two granite *nandis*' [*S laughs*] 'sent from Madras by Jayalakshmi. It took Max, Alasdair, Ted Cartee, and three men to move, unload, and place each of them. One is on the low wall facing the courtyard and the front door, and the other is on the low wall under the new pittosporum tree off the living room. Krishnaji said, "I am already doing things to them."' And I put in parentheses: '(to make them sacred).'

S: Yes. [*Said very softly.*]

M: And he also told me that I must put a garland around them in the beginning to make them feel at home.

S: [*chuckles*]…which you still do!

M: Well, someone does. Alasdair did it yesterday.

S: Put flowers.

M: He put flowers. Alasdair likes things like that.

S: Yes.

M: So, they usually have flower offerings if we have flowers in bloom.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles.*]

M: The twenty-ninth. 'It was a hot day again, ninety-five degrees. We went out to look at the *nandis*, and gave them flowers, pink ones, this time, as a crown. "This is real worship," said Krishnaji gaily.' [*Laughs.*] 'I returned the rental car in Oxnard and brought back the diesel, and posted Mother's ruby ring to my brother. It is needed for Wooge's'—that's our stepfather—'estate appraisal. After lunch, the water was off. I fussed at getting a plumber. Air conditioning is a boon in the bedroom wing.' This wing had it.

S: Yes.

M: 'In the evening, we watched a film on Oppenheimer. Krishnaji was appalled by scenes of Hiroshima. "Mankind must be mad," he said. The obsession with pleasure may be because people know this is there, said Krishnaji.'

The thirtieth. 'It is very hot. I worked most of the day at my desk. I talked to a man who will videotape the talks. Krishnaji and Booth washed and resin-waxed the diesel.' Oh, that was nice. 'The van der Stratens telephoned from the Oxnard Hilton.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Just to say, about this resining business, I remember it. I'm sure that that resin is resin that I acquired…

M: Really?

S: Yes, but it's only worth mentioning because this is Krishnaji's wonderful tendency to always bring whatever he finds in one country to another country, [*M. laughs*] because it's somehow more valuable there. So, I had found this resin in England, and I had used it on the gray Mercedes at Brockwood. Anyway, Krishnaji was so thrilled with it, he wanted to bring some here.

M: My god, you mean all the way from England?

S: Of course. So, [*chuckles*] when I finally cleared out my cabinet storage from Brockwood, when I moved back to the US in the year 2000, I still had some resin left

over, [*laughing*] cans that were brand-new. [*M laughs*.] Yes, because Krishnaji wanted us to get some, you know, so I'd gotten some for there and some for here.

M: As if resin was unknown in the USA.

S: Exactly, as though there wasn't lots of resin here that you could easily get. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Oh, goodness.

S: [*laughs again*] But, it was more important to bring it yourself from some other place, it was much more valuable because of that than anything you could get here.



Waiting to be interviewed on TV in the West Wing of Brockwood (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: Yes. Maybe we've got some left, for all I know, out in the garage! [*Both laugh again*.]

May first. 'Max painted the front door red. Suzanne and Hugues van der Straten came at 10:30 a.m., and we all lunched at Arya Vihara.'

The second. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his first Ojai talk in the Oak Grove. I sat by the video truck to advise.' I don't know why I would've done that, but anyway, I apparently did. At lunch at Arya Vihara was just Frances McCann, Michael, Krishnaji, and I. I cooked our early supper. Then, in a misty drizzle, we walked to the Lilliefelts' to tea with them and the van der Stratens. Early to bed.'

S: Mary, sorry for just stopping here for a minute, but you said you didn't know why you were sitting by the video truck to advise. I think I remember that there had been some unhappiness with how things had looked. So, you were advising on the filming to…

M: Could be. That's blank in my memory.

S: Yes.

M: The next day 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his second Ojai talk in the Oak Grove. I sat in the video truck, advising again.' We came back to a quiet lunch at Arya Vihara with Michael. I cooked our supper early.'

May fourth. 'A new sofa for the guest flat was delivered. Max finished painting the red door. There was telephoning people, and the sorting of questions for tomorrow's question-and-answer meeting. Vicky Orfali and her brother came by. I looked at video stills of Krishnamurti schools and his voice made by Mendizza. It was quite good. Mrs. Thomas from Rishi Valley is staying at Arya Vihara for a week and was at lunch. I worked on the questions in the afternoon and made supper.' Instead of at the end of the talks, as he had it in Saanen, Krishnaji would have the question-and-answer sessions between the talks in Ojai.

S: Yes.

M: The fifth. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji's first question-and-answer meeting was held in the Oak Grove. At 3 p.m., the trustees, plus Mark and David Moody, met here in the cottage. Krishnaji attended initially, and then worked in the garden with Alasdair. He had a stomachache at supper time.'

May sixth. 'I drove to Malibu and spent an hour and a half with Amanda and Phil. Then went on to Beverly Hills for a haircut and some errands. I drove back to Ojai by 5 p.m. Krishnaji said he awoke with an extraordinary feeling, unlike anything he'd ever had before. It was a feeling of tremendous power, not to do anything, just power.'

The seventh. 'I telephone Filomena in Rome as it is her birthday. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove. I sat in the video van. We went to the cobbler for shoes in Meiners Oaks, where Krishnaji ordered a pair of sandals for India. Mrs. Thomas of Rishi Valley, who is staying at Arya Vihara, was at lunch, and came to the cottage afterward.'

There was nothing of note the next day.

On the ninth, my diary says, 'a warm day. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his third Ojai talk. Merali and Ugo Baldi came to lunch. At 2:30 p.m., I went back to the Oak Grove for a meeting of the Krishnaji Information Center people. It lasted till 5 p.m. I got back in time to cook supper. Pupul arrived at 8:15 p.m. Theo had met her at the Los Angeles Airport.'

May tenth. ‘Krishnaji gave his fourth Ojai talk. At the Arya Vihara lunch, there were Pupul, Merali, and Professor Khare. There was talk of Pupul’s book, *The Earthen Drum*, and what she felt in writing it.’ I remember the title but nothing else. Anyway. ‘Robert and Betsy Mitchell, sent by Blanche Mathias, came to tea and to meet Krishnaji. Krishnaji, Pupul, and I had supper by the television. Mitterand was elected French president over Giscard d’Estaing.’

The next day I just worked on questions for the question-and-answer meeting on the twelfth.

May twelfth. ‘It was Krishnaji’s eighty-sixth birthday, but nobody ever mentions that’ [*S chuckles*] ‘on pain of his displeasure.’ [*M chuckles*.] ‘So, at 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the third question-and-answer meeting in the Grove. There was a tea at the school in the afternoon, and Krishnaji came to it. Krishnaji, Pupul, and I had supper on trays. Then, she, the Lilliefelts, Hooker, Evelyne, and I, with Michael Mendizza, looked at two-and-a-half hours of Mendizza film of Krishnaji.’

The next day, ‘The pope is shot in St. Peter’s Square. There were television bulletins about it all day. At 4 p.m., I drove Pupul to Rajagopal’s. While she was there, I worked on questions for Krishnaji in the Grove, and then I picked her up, and came back to tea. Pupul dined out. Krishnaji and I had a quiet supper.’

The fourteenth. ‘At 6:45 a.m., after breakfast, Pupul left with Theo to visit Ray Eames. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the fourth question-and-answer meeting in the Grove. The weather was cold and later there was a drizzle. After the meeting, we went to fit his sandals. After lunch, there was a trustee meeting with Mark and David to discuss fundraising for a secondary school. Merali will provide matching funds to what we can raise. Krishnaji saw Bill Quinn and then Frances.’

May fifteenth. ‘Krishnaji slept long and well last night and again in the morning. I worked at the desk. Frances McCann came to lunch, and to see the *nandis* and the four chairs she has given for the terrace. I took her back to the village, then did some errands. The car was washed, and I came back in time to make supper. I had a talk on the telephone with Lou Blau about my continuing this year’s payments on the amount of purchase price.’ This is that complicated deal that I think I’ve explained…

S: Yes. You have.

M: …where I had to buy this place and then donate it back. And I did it in different increments.

S: Yes.

M: ‘There’s one more payment for the McAndrew Road property, and then I’ll turn it over to the KFA in another year.’

The sixteenth. 'It was a beautiful day. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his fifth Ojai talk. Bill Quinn and Narayan's brother, G. Krishnamurti'—that's as opposed to J. The G stands for Giddu, pronounced the same as Jiddu, but for some reason it spelled it with a G.

S: Hm.

M: Anyway, 'Narayan's brother, G. Krishnamurti, came to lunch.' Then a lot of my step-relatives came for tea.

May seventeenth. 'It was another perfect day. I spoke to Bud and Lisa in New York about Pupul.' I don't want to explain that. Never mind Pupul. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his sixth Ojai talk, a deeply moving one.**[2]** Eloquent. There was a huge crowd. We stopped to fit Krishnaji's sandals in Meiners Oaks. Sidney Field, and Ben Weininger'—he was a psychiatrist who lived in Santa Barbara—'and Fundación people were at Arya Vihara for lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw Jerry Dunn, who wrote an article on the Oak Grove School and is doing a book on nationalism. Then, Krishnaji and Booth Harris washed the green car, KMN1.'

S: Who was this Weininger?

M: He was a psychiatrist, and he lived in Santa Barbara.

S: And he was interested in the teachings?

M: Yes, and he'd known Krishnaji for a long time before I came around.

S: Ah, ha. I never met him.

M: Well, he was always at the Ojai talks. I mean, he never went anywhere else.

May eighteenth. 'In the green car, taking Evelyne with us, Krishnaji and I left at 11:30 a.m. for Malibu. Krishnaji drove from the poplar trees to Zuma Beach.' That's the part of the route he liked to drive, so at that big rock, we'd change places. 'We had a picnic lunch with us and ate it with Amanda and Phil on their terrace. It was a brief, precious visit for me. We then drove through Malibu Canyon to the NBC Studios in Burbank, where Alan Kishbaugh met us. Krishnaji was interviewed by Keith Berwick.' He had a regular Sunday program called "Odyssey." 'Afterward, Richard Chamberlain asked to meet Krishnaji.' He's that actor. At 4:40 p.m., Krishnaji, Alan, and I drove back to Ojai via Route 5, Fillmore, and Santa Paula.'

The next day is, 'Desk work and more desk work, packing, and paying bills.'

May twentieth, 'I finished packing, and doing laundry. Dieter's son put the cars up on blocks, and disconnected things for the summer. I spoke to Miranda, Winky, and Amanda. My brother telephoned just as I was leaving for lunch at Arya Vihara. I saw

Katie Marx. After lunch, for once, without hurry, Krishnaji and I said goodbye to everyone and went with Mark and David Moody to the Oak Grove School, where the children were clustered, then along the sea to Los Angeles Airport. Kishbaugh came to see Krishnaji off. We left on TWA at 5 o'clock for London.'

May twenty-first. 'I slept little on the flight. Heathrow was taking only eight landings an hour due to a strike, but we were lucky and came in around noon. Dorothy and Ingrid met us. Krishnaji exclaimed at the beauty of the greenness of the trees all the way back to Brockwood. The school was out to greet him. Frances arrived from Ojai yesterday. Dr. Parchure and his wife, Vatsala, and Rajesh are also here. Neither Krishnaji nor I could eat, so we rested a little and then Krishnaji wanted to walk. We went with Dorothy to look at where Krishnaji might start a rose garden. Walking around the grove, we saw the azaleas in bloom. I fixed our supper and fell asleep by 8:30 p.m., but not before talking to Mary Links.'

The twenty-second. 'I spent much of the day unpacking, but had a walk in the afternoon with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and the dogs across the fields. How beautiful it is. I have new bookshelves in my room, which are very nice. Pupul rang from Oxford. She and Radhika'—that's her daughter—'Hans, and Maya'—that's their daughter—'will come here tomorrow. Krishnaji again spoke of "you must outlive me." Hence, I must not go to India this year; it is too hard on me physically.' That's what he was saying.

May twenty-third. 'I went to West Meon to get coffee, and good butter for Krishnaji. Mary L. arrived early. She, Krishnaji, and I sat and talked at length in the kitchen. Joe joined us before lunch. Then, Pupul came with her family. She is in the West Wing spare room. After lunch, Krishnaji, Mary, Joe, Pupul, Radhika, Hans and I had coffee and talked for quite a while in the drawing room. Mary and Joe left; and after a rest, Krishnaji and I walked with Dorothy and the dogs.'

The next day, 'I typed the dates of 1976 for Mary.' That's for the second biography. 'After lunch, a nap, then again a walk with Dorothy and the dogs. I talked to Betsy.'

May twenty-fifth. 'A BBC television crew arrived in the morning to set up for the afternoon recording. At 3:30 p.m., Bernard Levin came, and he and Krishnaji did a discussion that was videotaped for Levin's series on eight conversations with interesting people for BBC2. It was done in the drawing room and went exceedingly well, a good interview.' I've thought since it was a terrible interview. It was too short.

S: It was too short.

M: 'Levin had done no homework, so he didn't know what questions to ask and he was a little bit baffled by Krishnaji, I think. I may be wrong. Anyway, 'it was a first-rate technical recording. Pupul and the school were able to see it on the school monitor as it was happening.'

Nothing of note the next day, but on the twenty-seventh, 'The Mercedes was put in commission.' That was the gray car that I kept over there for driving Krishnaji. 'I went to Alresford on errands. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held an audiotaped discussion on "What is god? Can one discuss it?" with Pupul, Scott, Harsh, Shakuntala, me, and Frode. "When there is a *meditator*, there is no meditation."' That was what Krishnaji said. 'In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, the dogs, and I walked, and in the evening, Krishnaji, Pupul, and I watched a tension-filled film on TV about a submarine disaster.'

May twenty-eighth, 'I went to meet Mary Cadogan at the Petersfield train station. Professor Ravi Ravindra and his friend, Professor Ulbricht, turned up for lunch. Pupul left at 3 p.m. for Oxford. Krishnaji talked to Sue Jay about a television interview around the time of the Brockwood Gathering.' She was a woman who reported for the BBC or ITV, I can't remember which. 'Krishnaji agreed to it. Then, he talked to Ravindra and Ulbricht. I saw the tape of the Levin interview; it is good.' I now don't really think it is good.

S: It was alright. Just alright.

M: I must've thought it was alright because I wouldn't have written it was good if I didn't. Anyway, subsequently, I was less impressed.

May twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji and I drove to Petersfield and took the train to London. Joe and Mary met us. Krishnaji had a Huntsman fitting, and we then lunched with Mary at Fortnum. We spoke of Alain, his plans and problems. Krishnaji and I went to Hatchards for books, and while he had his hair cut at Truefitt, I ordered spectacles at Meyrowitz. [*Chuckles*.] 'We found a taxi and got to Waterloo. Browsed for thrillers and came back by train.'

S: Why do you think Alain's proposals were not accepted? It just wasn't a good proposal, or people didn't like him? Or what?

M: His proposal was too vague.

S: Too vague?

M: Yes. After Alain left, his enthusiasm for the teachings blew hot and cold. Sometimes, he would come and stay, and it would be very congenial, but I don't know. It just didn't work out. Things weren't pursued, I don't think. He talked about things, but didn't act.

S: He didn't act on them?

M: No. I don't think he knew what he wanted to do.

S: Yes.

M: His leaving, whatever the impetus was that got him to leave, was definite to him, but then his life was sort of spotty after that, at least, from my perspective. But the friendship, friendliness, continued. In fact, he keeps calling me now all the time. The other day, he called and said, "I don't know how you are; you haven't called to let me know." And I replied, "Well, I didn't want to call up and tell you boring things about my foot." "No, no," he said, "You should. I want to know." When he left, there was partly an antagonism toward me. I don't know, how can I say things for him? But he had a history of enthusiasm for something and then pulling away and going somewhere else. I don't know. His leaving was a strain, unpleasant, really.

S: Yes, I remember your description.



Waiting to be interviewed on TV in the West Wing of Brockwood (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: But then after he was gone, whatever made him leave wore off. And so, I made it clear to him that he was always welcome to come and stay in Malibu if we were there and do whatever he wanted. And he did to some extent early on.

S: Yes. I'm trying to always think of the questions that posterity will ask. You know, just to make as complete a picture as we can.

M: Yes, yes. Well, he came with great enthusiasm; and he worked hard, and was very useful in bringing young people to talks and discussions. He liked the young and he…

S: …he was good at it.

M: He was good at it. Anyway, let's move on.

The thirtieth. 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed, including meals on trays. He talked to Scott in the morning and Rajesh at 4 p.m.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school at noon. And there was the usual walk in the afternoon.

June first. 'Krishnaji held a meeting in the morning with Scott, Dorothy, and me. In the afternoon, I took Frances to Alresford to get something she wanted to buy. I returned to attend the school meeting at 5 p.m. Krishnaji decided to visit Deventer in September and give two talks in Amsterdam.' Were you at the lunch table when that was decided?

S: I can't remember.

M: Well, Krishnaji always sat in his seat…

S: I remember.

M: …with Dorothy on his right.

S: Yes.

M: And I generally sat across the table so I could talk to both. At this particular lunch, Dorothy and I were talking about Anneke opening the Krishnamurti Library at Deventer; she was putting all her Krishnaji books there, which later on we all went to. Krishnaji wasn't part of the conversation, but Dorothy and I were talking, and I think I said something like, "You know, Dorothy, you and I ought to go to that. Anneke's gone to such trouble; we ought to go." And she said, "Yes, let's. Let's go in September." And Krishnaji, who wasn't part of the conversation, but he heard it, said, "Oh, I'll come, too, and I'll give a couple of talks in Amsterdam." [*S chuckles.*] Well, I knew that to book the RAI Hall in Amsterdam, which is what he would need because it was the only hall big enough to hold the people who would show up, you had to book it years before…

S: Yes.

M: Because they're always booked.

S: Of course.

M: And so, I thought, "Oh my lord, if Krishnaji just decides he'll give a talk, we may not get the hall.' So, I went upstairs and called Anneke and said, "Anneke, are you sitting down?" [*S laughs.*] And she said, "Yes, Mary! Yes, what is it?!" [*mimicking Anneke with voice*]. And I told her what Krishnaji had said at lunch, and she said, "Oh my goodness! Oh my goodness! I must try…" and then, "I'll call you back." And, unbelievably, or who knows what lies behind these things, [*S chuckling*] the RAI was booked for two solid years (as expected); but it had one weekend where it wasn't booked, and that's how he came to have the hall. It was just fate, or something.

S: Yes, yes. Extraordinary.

M: We'll get to that later.

S: Yes, we will.

M: June second, 'I worked at the desk. Krishnaji was awakened by thunder at 2 a.m. and stayed awake. So, he slept after breakfast, but talked to students only at noon. I telephoned to reserve our rooms for the night of July third at the Hotel des Bergues'—that's in Geneva. 'I took Frances to Alresford on errands. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked with the dogs; and we considered putting the roses that Krishnaji wants to plant in the old rose garden after all, but in a new pattern with the soil fixed.' I don't know what that was.

S: I believe that the soil in the old rose garden had what was called rose sickness.

M: Oh?

S: Yes. Roses had been growing there for over 200 years, and apparently after roses have been growing for…

M: 200 years!

S: …that amount of time [*chuckles*], it gets what's called "rose sick." I'm not really sure about this.

M: Never heard of that.

S: And you have to take the roses out for x amount of years before you can put them back in again, or you have to replace the soil.

M: Well, I must be careful. The roses here have only been here since 1970-something.

S: Then you have 170 years to go! [*Both chuckle.*]

M: I wonder if Alasdair knows that? I'll ask him.

S: I'm sure he does.

M: The next day it is just about Betsy coming to visit. And June fourth, my diary says, 'A Mr. and Mrs. Jackson brought two Buddhist monks to lunch, the venerable Ananda Maitreya, an eighty-five-year-old Sri Lankan, and the Venerable Ajahn Sumedho, a younger American abbot of the monastery near Midhurst.'

S: Ahh. Yes. I remember him.

M: 'Krishnaji, in answer to Mr. Jackson's question on meditation, spoke to them for almost an hour. In spite of wind and rain, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. Anneke telephoned that she had engaged the hall at the RAI in Amsterdam for two talks in September. She was triumphant.'

June fifth, 'I took Frances to Alresford Surgery, where she saw Dr. Reilly about the medicine she was taking. Dr. Reilly also looked at my right foot, which has been sore. When we came back to Brockwood, we saw the Marogers had just arrived. Diane now walks, although she needs two sticks. Krishnaji spoke after lunch to Mrs. Thomas and Rajesh about Rishi Valley. Then, he saw Diane. Then we went for a short walk. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji spoke to the staff on knowledge, and that it has never transformed man. Krishnaji spoke on the telephone to Anneke. He is very pleased at going to Holland. Then, he spoke to David Bohm, who isn't well enough to come tomorrow.'

The sixth. 'Pupul arrived from London for the weekend. After a short walk, Krishnaji spoke to the staff from 5 p.m. for two hours. I talked with Marie-Bertrande and Jean-Michel after supper.'

June seventh. 'We chased sheep off of the lawn.' They would sometimes escape from the pasture and come onto the lawn. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji talked to Genevieve, Gérard, and the Marogers about Gérard starting a school in Neuilly.' That's in Paris. 'At noon, there was a dialogue between Pupul and Krishnaji on death. It was videotaped. The school was listening intently. There was a special atmosphere. Radhika and Hans were there. Later, Krishnaji talked to them, Mrs. Thomas, and Rajesh about Rishi Valley, and the Herzbergers going there. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the rain. In the evening, Krishnaji, Pupul, and I watched an old film, *Fanny*, with Leslie Caron, Chevalier, and Boyer.'

June eighth. 'Pupul left for London, Paris, and Delhi. Mary Cadogan came down at 9:30 a.m., and all morning she and Jean-Michel Maroger, Gisèle Balleys, Dorothy, and I discussed French publications, and then Saanen matters after lunch. From 4:30 p.m. for an hour and a half, I was in a meeting on Rishi Valley with Krishnaji, Radhika and Hans Herzberger, Mrs. Thomas, and Rajesh.' A lot of meetings.

The next day Krishnaji spoke alone to the students, and on June tenth, 'Krishnaji and I took the 10:46 a.m. train to London, and were met by Joe and Mary at Waterloo. Mary went with Krishnaji to Huntsman while I went for a beauty treatment.' [*S laughs.*] 'I joined Krishnaji and Mary at Fortnum, where we had lunch. Then we bought jerseys for Vanda, and a lot of books, then caught the train home from Waterloo. Both of us were tired and glad to be out of the city and in the green countryside. On TV, we watched a documentary on foxes living in English cities.' I remember that. It was very interesting. [*Chuckles.*]

The eleventh. 'Dr. Joshua Bierce, a psychiatrist, and his daughter arrived early to talk to Krishnaji and me, and then see Frances. They stayed to lunch. I did a one-day grape fast.' People did grape fasts in those days.

S: Yes, I remember.

M: June twelfth. 'I talked to Saral and David Bohm on the telephone. He has been in the hospital for an angiogram and needs a triple heart bypass operation as soon as possible. Krishnaji spoke for two hours to the staff.'

The next day, 'I took an early train to London and went unsuccessfully to look for shoes. Betsy and I lunched in her flat, and then we went to a matinee of a play entitled *Duet for One*. She dropped me at Waterloo, and I came back, changing trains at Haslemere and getting back to Brockwood by a little after 7 p.m. Krishnaji had given an interview to one of the staff members, and had a long talk with Dorothy about going back to accepting younger students.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. The Bohms were to come in the afternoon, but David didn't feel up to it. Krishnaji had some hay fever.'

June fifteenth. 'I worked to try to finish the chronology for Mary Links. Sue Jay and the director of her television show came to lunch and talked afterward about filming they would do during the Brockwood gathering. I talked to Fleur on the phone and went to a school meeting.'

The next day, I spent most of it 'working at my desk and worked on chronology for Mary. Krishnaji spoke to students alone, while the staff had a meeting, which I attended, reviewing the entry age of students. Krishnaji, after lunch, talked to a Moroccan couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ketani. He is the one who is doing a thesis on Krishnaji.'

June seventeenth was a 'cold, gray day. After lunch, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I in the Mercedes drove to Wisley to look at the roses in the Royal Horticultural Garden, but few were in bloom.' Wisley is nice.

S: Yes.

M: The eighteenth, 'I went to London. I had my hair cut, shopped for some small things, then to the Queen's Gallery to see the Canaletto exhibition, and on to the National Gallery. I caught the 3:18 p.m. train back. Krishnaji had been talking to students.'

S: We ought to just say, here, that probably you went to the Canaletto…

M: …because of Joe Links.

S: Yes. Exactly.

M: Joe was the big world expert on Canaletto. He would've been advising on that exhibition.

S: Yes. And wasn't he something with the Queen's collection?

M: Yes. The Queen has a lot of Canalettos, apparently.

S: Yes, and he was the Queen's consultant on Canalettos.

M: Yes, he was.

June nineteenth. 'I am again working at my desk. My brother called from New York, and said that all is ready for Krishnaji and me in the Paris flat. Krishnaji spoke to the staff from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m.'



Waiting to be interviewed on TV in the West Wing of Brockwood (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The next day, and 'I am still working at my desk. I spoke to Mary and Alain, who is in London for two days on his way from South Africa to San Francisco. Krishnaji spoke to the staff, and described staying *with* something; for example: confusion and jealousy. How to stay with something. Total attention changes things. After supper, we watched a documentary on the British Raj, then the broadcast of Levin's interview of Krishnaji. Krishnaji glanced at it, and then went to brush his teeth and do the dishes.' [*Both laugh.*] You know, we laugh a great deal at these funny things that Krishnaji did, or things that are so specific to him…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …and unusual to anybody else who would've probably been in that spot, but I hope whoever hears this in posterity knows we're not laughing at Krishnaji.

S: No, no, I'm sure not.

M: We're laughing because it's so endearing.

S: Yes. And it was so typical of him.

M: And so typical of him, and it was something, a reason, just one more wonderful, special thing that he was and did.

S: Yes. Quite so, quite so.

M: The next day, 'I spoke to Filomena in Rome, and finally finished the chronology for Mary L. Krishnaji spoke to the school in the morning, and in the afternoon, it was open house at Brockwood. There was a puppet show to which Krishnaji went.' I don't remember that. 'There was a buffet supper on the lawn. Krishnaji ate upstairs, but came down to join in the chanting for the opening of the concert.' [*Chuckles.*]

June twenty-second. 'Krishnaji and I went to London. Mary and Joe met us at Waterloo. Krishnaji had a fitting at Huntsman, and then we lunched with Mary at Fortnum. Alain had left for San Francisco yesterday after a weekend in London on his way back from Pretoria. We spoke of him. I told Mary that after talking to him on the telephone Saturday, it has dawned on me that in trying to help him in practical things, I am putting him in a position which he resents.' That was a difficulty. I was worried about him. He didn't have any money.

S: Yes.

M: And I used to send him some. But I came to think it was a mistake psychologically.

S: It's extraordinary, isn't it? But I know that gratitude is one of the most difficult things for some people to bear. I don't know why, but it is. And it too often turns into contempt, or antagonism.

M: It turns into antagonism because I suppose it increases the sense of…

S: There's a feeling of debt, or indebtedness…or…

M: Yes, indebtedness, which creates resentment.

S: Yes. I find it extraordinary. I never would've imagined it, but I saw it several times. There was a former female student to whom I gave a place to come back to Brockwood because she had a brain tumor, and I gave her a full scholarship just because it seemed she had to get away from her situation. And after a couple of months, she came to me in a fury and said, "I don't want to be grateful!" And I said, "Well, no one's asking you to be. I'm not asking you for that…and certainly not to me. To the place, maybe, but not…'

M: So what happened?

S: She never really stopped being slightly antagonistic. It just was exactly as you're saying; helping someone can turn out to be bad psychologically. There's something about gratitude that some people eventually can't bear.

M: Or, they can't…I don't know.

S: Some people can, but most people can't. It's quite remarkable.

M: It's sort of…a sense of…interpreted as inferiority because…

S: Yes, yes.

M: …if I have to accept charity, I mean, that awful…

S: Yes, but it's…it's…it's something about being less…it's some kind of pressure on the ego for some people.

M: Yes. Well, let's go on. My diary goes on to say that my sending Alain some money 'became a minus instead of a plus. I had sent the rent to California for his flat while he was away. And he had felt I didn't approve of his plans for a magazine, etcetera, which he had discussed with me in Ojai, and so I shouldn't send him any money.'

S: Yes.

M: But, it had nothing to do with the magazine. 'Mary had unwisely told him that I felt he was once again turning from one enthusiasm to another,' which he did. He told me that. I mean, he didn't tell it to me in that way, but before he'd come to Krishnaji, he'd been involved…first of all, he was a very fine musician, but gave it up, dropped it. Then, he became obsessed by Vedanta, and then dropped it. Then, he heard of Krishnaji, and rushed to Saanen to hear Krishnaji and then ensued all this relationship. And, then, he wanted to get out.

S: Mm, hm. I understand.

M: Yes. [*Pause*.] Yes, 'I said that she unwisely had told him I felt he was once again turning from one enthusiasm to another. That is so, but not the whole of it. I feel he's verging on delusions of what can be done with this magazine. But even so, it is his decision to make. My concern is that of a friend who primarily worries that he will have a roof over his head. I said this to him on the telephone. But, at the end of it, I felt I was doing harm, and that the friendship was not sound anymore, if it ever was. Mary said that by Sunday he had wanted to telephone, but delayed until it was too late, so he asked her to give me warm messages and say that everything is as it was. I feel wearily that it isn't, that it is not good enough, so I will leave things as they are. After lunch, Krishnaji and I…'

I don't know whether I should put all that in.

S: Yes. You should, otherwise there are huge gaps in the history that surrounds Krishnaji, and one is left to just wonder. You know, we all have foibles and shortcomings and flaws, we all do. And to acknowledge that is not indiscreet. It's just…

M: But, you see, I'm acknowledging *his* shortcomings, not mine.

S: Yes, but when we study history, and we have a first person account, a witness, we have to know what that person's opinions and prejudices and biases and perspectives were. Otherwise, we don't know how to judge what it is they're reporting. For example, if it's reported by someone who witnessed the meeting between Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella, that Christopher Columbus was brusque and didn't handle the meeting well, etcetera, we would think one thing. But if we know that that witness didn't like Christopher Columbus, then we read that account with a slightly different understanding. So, I think for you and me, it's terribly important that we do make our perspectives, our prejudices, our likes and dislikes, transparent.

M: Mm.

S: And it's not that we're saying that what we think is absolutely true. We're saying "this is what we think," so that when I then tell you that Christopher Columbus was halting and rude and boorish, you know how to listen to what I'm saying. So, this is why I say I think it is wonderful of you that you want to be discreet about everybody, but *you're human*, and you have prejudices and you have likes and dislikes, and you have opinions, and those have to be known in order for history to know how to listen to what you're saying. So, you mustn't try and cover up what your opinions and prejudices are. I just think that's part of making a full record. Of course, we don't want people to be hurt, so that's why no one's hearing these recordings in an unedited way for a long time. These will only be released in full after everybody's dead, if ever; that's up to you to decide. But to not put these things down is a terrible mistake; because the other thing is who are these people that Krishnaji had to contend with in his life. I look at myself, and I want to *weep* that there was no one better around him than me to do the things for him that I did, I really do. And so, to show the flaws that I have is to also show the greatness of Krishnaji in having to deal with a jerk like me.

M: No. Don't… [*chuckles*].

S: But it's true. And to see all the shortcomings—this is why, even the things with, you know, you didn't want to mention that thing with Pupul and your brother and his wife.

M: Well, that has nothing to do with Krishnaji.

S: Well, I know that incident doesn't, but it has to do with Pupul.

M: It has to do with Pupul.

S: And the fact is that if we see the kind of people that Krishnaji had to contend with, it shows more about him. And it shows how extraordinary he was…

M: That's true.

S: …that he could sail through his life and not become demented with the crazy people around him.

M: People around him, exactly.

S: So this is why you mustn't be too protective in trying to be discrete because you're actually robbing, I think, Krishnaji of some of the richness that he had. And you're also not giving historians a chance to judge what you say in the light of your opinions and perspectives.

M: Yes. Yes.

S: Anyway. End of lecture. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Okay. Big footnote. We'll go on. 'After our lunch at Fortnum's with Mary, Krishnaji and I went to visit David Bohm at his office at Birkbeck College. Krishnaji then talked privately with Dave, while Saral and I waited outside in the garden. We have not seen them since Ojai. Dave has lost weight and looked pale and vulnerable. Dave goes into hospital tomorrow for open heart surgery and a triple bypass.' David was obviously frightened to have the operation. 'Saral is frightened but strong. I sat there and talked very factually about it on the lawn behind the college while Krishnaji was alone with David for almost an hour, trying to reassure him. Krishnaji put his hands on him in healing. He said later that Dave clung to him. We took a taxi to Waterloo.'

S: We ought to just say here a little bit about Dave's whole difficulty, psychological difficulty after this. This was such a huge psychological knock for him, this heart surgery.

M: Yes, it was.

S: I, at one point, talked with Dave about it because my dad had been through it.

M: Was this before or after?

S: My father had done it many years before.

M: No, but you talked to Dave about it before his operation?

S: No, after his operation, and all these psychological difficulties. I told him that I felt that I had seen in my father, who was always a very strong, very courageous man, a complete change because of the heart surgery. I said that I felt that because the heart is such a vital part of our life, our body, that when something is happening with the heart, it

sends signals to the brain, saying "Danger, danger, danger, danger, danger," and so fear comes into all kinds of things. After my father's surgery, my father would worry when I was going out for a drive some place or travel. He would say, "Watch out for this and that," or "don't lose your luggage…" all these kind of things, and I had for years traveled around the world on my own, and my father would be worried about me taking a little flight to some place. And David said that's exactly what it was like for him, and he very much appreciated the fact that I'd seen this in my father. And David was also slightly a hypochondriac, in any case.

M: Yes, and he was, at least in my observation, dependent on Saral.

S: On Saral, yes. And he wasn't quite all…someone once described David as not being fully incarnated. [*M chuckles*] He was not quite fully there with a lot of things. To see him doing dishes at Brockwood was absolutely a wonder. [*Chuckles*.]

M: The day the truck from Malibu came up to this driveway here with my belongings, it was unloaded by friends, who rushed to help. Elfriede and the gardener came, but one of the helpers was Dave, and I thought, "My god, if he picks up a lamp…"

S: I know, you want to say: 'Dave, just sit there and direct people. Don't pick up anything." [*Laughs.*] So, of course what that meant was when he had something physiological that was really dangerous, he was absolutely at sea.

M: Yes.

S: I think it's just important to put this down because he was such a good, sweet, and obviously brilliant man.

M: Yes. It must've helped him a lot, your talk.

S: He said it did, and we talked about it several times subsequently. I think it just needs to be mentioned here that this really was the beginning of a psychological unraveling for David.

M: Yes, it was. I think it was.

S: And that takes nothing away from his goodness, or sweetness, or brilliance.

M: Yes, alright, for June twenty-third: 'A new timer was put in the Miele dishwasher. Krishnaji spoke to the students alone. There was a staff meeting for the rest of us. After lunch, I went to East Dean, where Christopher and Phyl'—her name is Phyllis but she hated the name Phyllis—'took me on a lovely round of their garden, and especially the roses, which Krishnaji would like for Brockwood. The scent was like apples, and some of them are like lemons and honey in others. We sat by the fire and had tea. Once again, I felt the warm quiet of life lived in one place in the turning seasons of a garden, in a small village with flowers, books, music, and the glow of stillness. We all look a little older,

but being with them is unchanged and a quiet hour of friendship that I treasure. I got back after 6 p.m. in time for the last half hour of Krishnaji's discussion with the staff.' They were two wonderful people, and Kit's still alive. I talked to him last week. When I asked him how he felt, and he said, "Not too well," but I couldn't get him to tell me what it was. He said it's just growing old. His health is fragile. And Phyl was the perfect counterpart to him. They were like one person.

S: Mm, how nice.

M: Yes, and I was devoted to both of them as a unit almost, and when Phyl died, to this day, that friendship is the same between him and me.

June twenty-fourth, 'Mary and Amanda drove down for the day. We all four talked at length before lunch in the drawing room and afterward over coffee in our kitchen, where we always seemed huddled enjoyably, until they left after 4 p.m. Krishnaji didn't walk because of hay fever. We watched Wimbledon instead.'

The twenty-fifth. 'David Bohm was operated on for a triple bypass today. He was in surgery from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. They found arteries in worse shape than expected and there was some damage to his heart. The actual surgery went well, but afterward his blood pressure dropped critically. He was eventually able to be moved into intensive care and only late onto his own support system. On Saral's behalf, Maurice Wilkins telephoned and reported at length to us. The next forty-eight hours are critical. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I talked. It was a strong physical feeling of holding David with our combined strength—curious feeling of immovable strength, felt in the solar plexus, as if we were holding with total firmness something that could otherwise float out with the tide. It persisted all conscious hours. When we were alone, Krishnaji said that Dave is weak, is frightened. He described again how Dave clung to him. I found myself saying, but we are strong people and we will hold him. I went to sleep feeling this and must have slept deeply, for I heard none of the following: Around midnight, Krishnaji woke up and saw a man standing at the foot of his bed. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "I want to see you," the man said. Krishnaji took him out into the hall and sat with him a few minutes on the stairs. By this time, Dorothy was there. The man, with an Irish name, had written saying he wanted a job, but was put off when his letters became a bit unbalanced. He turned up at Brockwood during the day and was difficult, so he was asked to leave. He made a show of going, but apparently hid in the library, and turned up in the Cloisters around 10:30 p.m. Brian Nicholson spotted him, and rang Dorothy when he became insistent on seeing Krishnaji. Dorothy felt the police were needed, and told Brian to watch him, but the man ran off. Frank was sent to guard the West Wing, but the man must have already got in as he first went into the spare room where Jean-Michel was spending the night.' That's the guest room, the one on the left.

S: Mm, hm. Yes.

M: 'He then went into Krishnaji's room. Soon, four detectives appeared, perhaps because of the Irish name**[3]**. Krishnaji went back to bed but couldn't sleep for two hours. I felt

uneasy at having known nothing of all this. There should be some way for me to hear if Krishnaji needs me. Krishnaji says we must lock the West Wing doors at night.' I'm at the end of hall; I could not hear a thing.

S: Yes, no, of course not. Okay, we're running out of tape here again.



Waiting to be interviewed on TV in the West Wing of Brockwood (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This is explained later.

[2] For a link to the video of the talk, click here.

[3] This was during the period when there was a lot of Irish terrorism in England, as many in northern Ireland wanted independence from England.

Issue 68: June 26, 1981 to July 31, 1981

In general, this issue follows Krishnaji's and Mary's lives uneventfully from Brockwood to Paris to Gstaad. But, there are some private conversations between the two of them that are quietly remarkable.

Mary: So, we begin today with my diary entry of June twenty-six, 1981: 'Krishnaji had insufficient sleep, as he couldn't get back to sleep after last night's intruder.' You'll remember that the night before was the night that a demented Irish man broke into Krishnaji's bedroom and the police had to be called. 'I telephoned to Saral. Dave is a little better. Krishnaji spoke to her twice during the conversation. Dorothy drove Krishnaji, Jean-Michel, and me to Heathrow, where we flew on British Air, a 2:30 p.m. flight to Paris. We had a picnic lunch on the way in the car. In Paris, Jean-Michel drove us to La Tour d'Argent. Bud has lent us his flat. Krishnaji and I shopped for a little food, and other things we thought we might need, then walked across the Seine to the back of Notre Dame. When we got back to the flat, we had soup sent down from La Tour. I telephoned Dorothy, who had just heard that Dave was holding his own. I slept fitfully. It is cold in Paris.'

The twenty-seventh. 'The Marogers came at 1:45 p.m. Then Prema Srinivasan came, bringing briefly her friends Monsieur and Madame Jean-Louis Dumas. They left and Krishnaji, Prema, Marie Bertrand, Jean-Michel, and I had a good lunch at La Tour. Daisy'—that's my niece—'came by. She is touring Europe with three friends. The Marogers came with Krishnaji and me to the film *Shogun*.' Remember that?

Scott: Ah, yes.

M: 'We walked back from the film, and the again the Tour sent down soup, and some other small things. I spoke to Dorothy, again. Dave was briefly taken off the heart machine but had to be put right back on it.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji slept better. It was cold and drizzly. We walked to the Marogers' small flat in Rue Seigner, and had lunch with the two of them. We came back in Jean-Michel's car. Krishnaji slept all afternoon. I gave tea to Daisy and her friends, whom I met for the first time. We talked for two hours. They left and I made potato soup for Krishnaji and me. We ate on trays. Dorothy rang. Dave is off the heart support machine as of this morning, and his heart is holding up. But Montague had to go to Winchester Hospital this morning with prostate trouble and will have to be operated on.' I don't remember that.

S: I don't either.

M: June twenty-ninth. 'It is again cold, fifty-five degrees and raining. Krishnaji is feeling tired. He says his stomach feels heavy. He stayed in bed. I got him a bouillotte.' Do you remember—did you have bouillottes in your French childhood? A bouillotte is a hot

water bag. [*Chuckles.*] 'I got him a bouillotte and shopped for food. I made our lunch, which Krishnaji had in bed. At 4:30 p.m., Nadia Kossiakof, who is now well again after her operation in March, and Mar de Manziarly came to tea. Krishnaji came *en robe de chambre*.' That's a wrapper.

S: A housecoat/bathrobe kind of thing.

M: Yes. 'Krishnaji talked to Nadia about sharing editing with the French committee. My brother telephoned from New York.' [*Laughs.*] 'Lisa,'—that's his wife—'is to be made a Knight of Malta.' [*Chuckles.*] 'So they will come over.' She ran a museum and that, I don't know, had something to do with it. 'So, they will come over for two days at the end of July. Daisy came by to leave some things and cooked eggs for her and her friends to eat on their trip tomorrow. I made our supper, telephoned Frances's sister, Helen McCann, in Lausanne. Frances visits her tomorrow.'

June thirtieth. 'There is a little sun today, and Krishnaji felt better. We went to the Morgan Bank. Lunched at Le Meurice. Bought books at WHSmith and Roger and Gallet soap at Swans'—that's a pharmacy in Paris. 'Went to Charvet and ordered four shirts for Krishnaji and three for me, then came back to the flat. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview to a Madame Rena Dumas.' That was the friend of Prema's who had come the day before. 'La Tour sent down soup, etcetera for supper.' For whoever needs to know, La Tour d'Argent is the restaurant on the top floor of the building where my brother had his flat.

S: Yes, we know. But it interests me that you ate lunch at Le Meurice.

M: I know. It did me, too. It surprised me when I just saw it. I don't know why we went there. Perhaps it was near where we were, but…

S: It's near the WH Smith and all that, but…

M: It's not a place to go for lunch…not in our lives. Well, that is what it said. [*S chuckles.*]

July first, 1981. 'A most extraordinary event. At supper, Krishnaji told me I must write about him, and that I will do it very well. That neither Mary nor Pupul can do what I can, because I am with him, know what he says, what he feels, and what it is like to be with him day by day. He said I should write about being in Notre Dame today. 'You will start a book and it will be published. Start now. Start with more than notes. Start the book.' He got excited about it, and stopped only for a coal barge, as long as a football field, coming around on the Seine near Notre Dame.' [*Both laugh.*] 'We rushed to the windows. The tug skipper ruled the seas. Then Krishnaji came back to the table and urged me on, saying, "I am excited about it." I put up my strong inhibitions of the past about writing: the sense of the subject being too vast, and my being too close to him to be able to be the one to write it, and I said I had never intended to write about him. "You will," he said, "I want you to." An odd thing in this is that I woke up early this morning and decided to

restart these writings, going back to begin with ten days ago, June twenty-second, and catching up. So here is today: I'd begun in my brother's flat in the Tour d'Argent, where Krishnaji did his breathing exercise for an hour while I went for the *Herald Tribune* and croissants at the bakery across the street. Later, I went marketing on the Île Saint Louis and puttered back, the shopping bag heavy with artichokes, *haricots verts* like wisps'—you know little delicate ones—'a lettuce head like a bride's bouquet, *cresson*'—that's watercress—'and…*fraises des bois*.' Wild strawberries. [*Chuckles.*] See, look at all this writing…

S: Oh, good.

M: I was inspired to write down everything…'And a melting brie and a demi-baguette. Then, I ran clothes' [*laughs*] 'through Bud and Lisa's washing washer and dryer, in the flat. Krishnaji and I walked through the side streets, and then we walked along the quay, to lunch at the Marogers', Krishnaji lagging behind because he looks at everything.'

S: Where did the Marogers live at that time?

M: Nearby, I've forgotten the address. They moved shortly afterward to a new address.

S: Ah, but they lived on the Left Bank?

M: Yes, on the Left Bank. Not too far away. 'So Krishnaji, lagging behind because he looks at everything, laughed at a white china toilet bowl left like a milk bottle at a door and at me for not seeing it. We cut over to the side streets where there is more to see. Krishnaji in his elegance,' he dressed beautifully as you know, 'was more eccentric than the students and tourists.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'A pleasant lunch again by Marie-Bertrand. Genevieve Gerard, the young woman who was starting her own school in Neuilly, came to talk about it to Krishnaji and made a good impression. Marie-Bertrand and I did the washing up. Then both Marogers drove us to see the new Krishnaji Information Center over beyond the Boulevard de Grenelle. Pascaline Mallet and Gisela Elmenhorst, who has retired from her job and will devote herself to the center and the French committee, showed us around. It is a nicely small, but not too small, shop. We left and headed for the Etoile, and where Krishnaji suggested going to Vuitton, as he had thought of a shoulder bag for traveling, and we found one. This gave me much satisfaction.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'We then drove down the Champs-Élysées, past Beauburg, which we hadn't seen and found ugly.' [*Seems to explain:*] 'The Marogers dropped us off by Notre Dame to walk home. "Let's go in," said Krishnaji. We walked around the left to look first at the western rose window, Krishnaji noticing the curve of the arches. He was disturbed by tourists turning away restlessly from a priest in satin vestments and dark glasses intoning a mass.' I'm full of details. 'We stopped at the blue east rose window, and Krishnaji was alive and eager at the fluted columns, massively holding up the huge cathedral. "They must've felt something to build all that," he said. "But it loses its sacredness in the stream of tourists." He noticed the crushed cigarettes at the door and was bothered by the empty faces. He would like to send them all away and let the cathedral be cleaned of them and be itself again. He talked impatiently, intently, and we walked along the little park; and he added

that Indians, though it means nothing to them, would have lit candles with the rest.' You know, you light little candles and make a prayer. 'We came back through the Île Saint Louis, where I had shopped in the morning, and so to our supper and Krishnaji's pronouncement that it is fine.' I have had too many attitudes about writing. These are overboard now.

S: Right. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: That was a milestone day.

July second. 'Dorothy rang late last night to say that Montague's prostate operation is to be this morning. I rang her this evening. It is over and it went well. I asked if there had been a lab report, and she didn't know about that. He will be in the hospital two weeks. Dave is now in the normal ward and is up and walking. It has been a week of surgeries. Here in Paris, it was another gray day, turning to rain by lunchtime, and very quiet for us. Except for going to get croissants and the newspaper, I stayed in. I did our laundry in Bud's machine. Marie-Bertrand and Diane lunched with us in the Tour. Diane walked holding tightly to her mother's and my hand. She was delighted to come, and looked at everything sagely, as did Krishnaji. He was wearing, for the first time, a gray worsted suit he had made in 1973, and his gleaming shoes looked like antique lacquer. They were made, of course, by Lobbs, in the 1920s. As almost always, he pays me the compliment of asking me which tie to wear. He watched a table of Japanese tourists, knew how many there were, and observed the coarseness of some of the lunchers. These sorties out into the world impress him with their degeneration. He sees with impatience the ugliness. He talked a little about his early days in Paris and couldn't remember at all when I asked how he managed living alone on the Rue des Colonels-Renard.' That's up near the Etoile. 'Who saw to things? Who cooked, cleaned, did the laundry? He laughs and says he has no idea. His shyness seems to have protected him from advancing women.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'He thinks it's funny. We had again the splendid dessert of fraises des bois and raspberries surrounding pistachio ice cream, with strawberry sauce over the berries. Krishnaji "treated" Diane downstairs while I went to pay our Tour bill. Krishnaji had said, "Let's go back to Notre Dame," but by 4 p.m., when Marie-Bertrand and Diane left, it was raining and very bleak, so he went to bed instead. He spoke again of this book I am to write, saying I must say who I am, how I came into all this, the story of Hirschfeld.' That's the story of how I learned about Krishnaji. I know I've told all this early in our conversations, but…Hirschfeld was Sam Hirschfeld, my doctor, and everybody's doctor in California, and my friend. Hirschfeld had a friend, another doctor, from Chicago, who had found he had various serious heart trouble, and this Chicago doctor told his family and his friends, "I am going to California to learn how to die from a man named Krishnamurti." Well, this caused consternation here and there; and my friend, Sam Hirschfeld, who was his friend, went up to Ojai to find out what this was all about. I happen to go into his office for some medical thing, I don't know what, on the weekend after he'd been to Ojai. He called me into his office because we used to talk about all sorts of things; he was a surgeon and an overall doctor, but he was interested in everything psychological, and I had gone through years of psychoanalysis. So, we used to

talk about psychiatry and people thinking and everything about that subject, just for fun, as friends.

S: This would have been in what year? In the forties?

M: Yes in the forties. Yes. Let's see, yes, I think it would have been an early 1944. Anyway, he told me the story about how he'd gone to see his friend, and he had met this Krishnamurti; and he said, "He knows more about the human mind than anyone living or dead." At that, my ears went up because that's what interested me.

S: Of course.

M: I've told this story to you and everybody else who asks, "How did you meet Krishnamurti?" And so, I heard sometime after that, that this Krishnamurti was going to be giving public talks in Ojai. So, out of curiosity, I went. And I listened. Krishnaji is so impressive you can't help but be impressed. While there, I bought a pamphlet, those things we used to sell as *Verbatim Talks*, and took it home and started reading it. Krishnaji, at that time, spoke only on weekends, so through the week, I read this thing and I found myself arguing all the way down the book, as my conditioning was psychoanalytic and it didn't quite mesh with this different point of view [*chuckles*]. And then, fortunately, I decided by the end of the week that it was stupid to argue with the thing. I thought, "If I want to know what he says and thinks, go and listen to him." So I went back the second weekend, and that was an epiphany: Suddenly, light dawned. And that started my whole interest, that second talk. So anyway, this is the Hirschfeld story referred to in this.

S: Right.

M: Now where was I?…Krishnaji spoke of the book I am to write, saying that I must say who I am, how I came into all this, the story of Hirschfeld, and how I went to hear a talk out of curiosity. Right. 'I told Krishnaji at supper of buying a booklet and being unable to finish a page because of arguing with it, then going to the next talk where it dawned on me not to argue, but simply to listen. "You must write that," he said. "It shows you're not a disciple, but understand something." I also described to him my vivid memory of first meeting him alone on the path heading into the Grove just before a talk. The vivid cross of looks and that that is what I think of when he has said to me, "We should have met many years before." He said we probably would have not been very passionate about the look, "but there would have been something continuing to this. We should have met." Then he stopped. "No, it is right as it has happened. It is exactly right as it is."'

Yes, I remember that first glance at each other…I had my dog with me, a big German shepherd dog, whom I had to leave in the car, obviously. And I went out to check that the window was open enough and it was still shady. I put the car in the shade, but I was uneasy, and I walked out just before the talk to check on the dog, and that's when I ran into Krishnaji coming down the hill through the Grove. That was the first direct glimpse of him person-to-person. So that was that.

July third, ‘I packed. Jean-Michel came and helped us get a taxi and get our five bags into it. We were off to Orly Airport, and the Swiss Air flight. While waiting in the departure lounge, Marie-Bertrand and Daphne came to say goodbye as the family was en route to their home at La Mahaudiére. Krishnaji and I reached Geneva and the Hotel des Bergues at 1:15 p.m., in time for a pleasant late lunch in the Amphitryon, *soigneusement*,**[1]** provided by familiar staff.’ That’s their restaurant. ‘Both admitted we were relieved to have left Paris, and to be in Switzerland. This old-fashioned, orderly, immaculately, Swiss-ly clean hotel, with its boring décor, is a comfort in which to find ourselves. Why was Paris all wrong for both of us? Krishnaji confessed the apartment upset him. He had done the mysterious exorcising, that thing that he does in strange rooms, to both the bedroom he used and the one I was in, but it failed to have its effect. The fact that the decoration of the flat is uncomfortable from our point of view (too ornate, fussy, excessive mirrors, gold faucets, and the oppressive black and heavy flowered fabric on the walls in Krishnaji’s room, etcetera) wasn’t the only reason. There was something wrong in the atmosphere. I tried to sort out what it could be with Krishnaji. Had the fact of my father’s illness and death left an imprint? Or Olive’s madness?’ Olive was my father’s second wife, and she got more neurotic as she got older. ‘Krishnaji couldn’t say, but something kept him from sleeping there and upset his stomach, too. “Have we become too sensitive?” he asked. I too was not comfortable, but that could have been concern over Krishnaji, seeing to the logistics of his meals, etcetera. I also had, and continue to have, the odd feeling that I have not been in Paris. And I was glad to leave and move onto Switzerland, where coping with daily life is easier, more familiar, and, therefore, one lives on a deeper level. Anyway, Paris remains a bit of a mystery to us both. At supper, Krishnaji wondered if the atmosphere of the flat reflects intensely self-centered people. He also said that he was very vacant there; and, therefore, did not dominate the surroundings. He said he had felt especially close to me, had I noticed it? I had, from the time we left Brockwood. He seemed to need my presence and a protection. After lunch, we walked to Patek, where both watches were left for oiling and servicing; then to Jacquet, where the younger man was absent, but an older man waited on Krishnaji. He was not as helpful as the younger man, and so the choice of ties to be made for Joe and Krishnaji went less easily, which tired Krishnaji, and he got vague. But choices were made.’ Usually, there was great pouring over the silks because these ties were all made to order, if you please.

S: Yes, yes. Of course. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: ‘We did some small errands at Grand Passage, etcetera, and returned to the hotel for rest. We dined later in the Amphitryon and so to the immaculate cleanness of bed. I telephoned Vanda at Tannegg.’ Swiss hotels were really nice and comfortable.

S: Yes. I always think of crisp sheets, and a remarkable lack of fussiness, even in fancy ones. In the décor, in mean.

M: Yes. They were not pretentious in any way. [*Both chuckle.*] They were comfortable, clean, and efficient.

July fourth. ‘We both slept well, and woke up to sunshine. It is nice to be here, we kept saying. We had a quiet, lazy morning at the hotel, and then went to the Pharmacie Centrale to get a travel bathrobe for Krishnaji we saw yesterday.”

S: You would’ve bought the towel bathrobe at Grand Passage, no?

M: Yes. We bought all those towel bathrobes through the years at Grand Passage. I’ve still got some.

S: Yes. I have several. [*Laughs.*]

M: You have several and I have a couple very frayed ones in the closet. They go in the neck.

S: Yes, yes. I know. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: And I think Kathy has some, too.

S: Oh, good, good.

M: ‘We lunched in the Amphitryon. Krishnaji asked me what I would feel if he died suddenly. He said he felt rather as if he already had. He didn’t explain what he meant by this, but went on to describe what death usually means to most people, the average person, the state of shock that endures at being bereft, left, let down. He thought of all this last week when it was touch-and-go with David Bohm. I asked him what had gone through his mind then, and he said, “I said to myself, he mustn’t die because, first of all, he is a nice man, interested. There are very few of them like that. I said, if he lives, I am going to ask him to leave all that nonsense about the third dimension, the implicate order, wholeness, etcetera. You see, I think basically there must be a conflict in him of which he may be unaware. I would say to him, let’s gather a group of serious people. Come and settle at Brockwood, don’t travel. You can’t travel anymore. Let’s work together and create a nucleus of people who are intellectually tops and spiritually geniuses. I said I would tell him that.” After lunch, Hertz delivered a little yellow Ford Fiesta, into the back of which our five bags and hand luggage just fitted; and we set off for Gstaad, going gently along the Route du Lac, preferred by Krishnaji. It was a warm, sunny summer day at last. The lake was Monet blue and Krishnaji pointed to trees as we passed them. We had one of our “if we had to live in Europe” conversations—where would we choose?’ We used to talk about that, and ‘Krishnaji said somewhere near here but higher up, looking down at the lake. He said, “Switzerland is safe and stable.” It would be in French-speaking Switzerland. But then he laughed and said, “But I prefer California.”’ [*S laughs.*] ‘We went on all the familiar roads through Mézières, Oron, and Bulle, where we stopped to buy gâteau Bullois.’ Do you remember that?

S: Yes, of course. Very well.

M: 'We reached Gstaad just after 6 p.m. Vanda and Fosca had come earlier, and have everything in order. They are as always, and it was a smiling feeling to see them. A new wooden, of course ugly, door has been put at the entrance, but otherwise all is, again, as it was. The mountains are silent, familiar, inscrutable. I got everything unpacked before disappearing to sleep.' That really brings it all back.

The next day was 'a resting day for all. I spoke to Saral Bohm. Dave had his stitches out and goes to a convalescent place in four days.'

On July sixth, 'I did errands in the village. And then ferried Frances up to lunch with Vanda and me. Krishnaji ate in bed, but came in briefly to see her. He remained in bed until 4 p.m., when he walked down to beyond the Palace Hotel where I picked him up with the car, and took him to Mr. Nicolas for his haircut. As we drove, Krishnaji said, "Put in your journal that I woke up in the night with an extraordinary energy that seemed in the center of the brain. It was there again when I lay down after lunch." I asked how it affected the body. He said, "The body was absolutely quiet." I asked if it kept him awake, and he replied, "Oh, no. I fell into a deep sleep." He walked halfway back with Vanda, and then I picked them up. Dr. Parchure arrived from Brockwood just before supper, having flown from London to Geneva, and from there went by car with Gisèle Balleys. He reported a worrisome outlook for Montague, whose kidneys were slow to respond. But when I telephoned Dorothy, her voice was light with the news that this afternoon, she had found him sitting up in a chair, clear in his mind, and the doctors say he may perhaps be able to leave the hospital Saturday. She is tentatively planning to come to Saanen with Mary Cadogan. Krishnaji came to the telephone to speak to her. He sat in a hunched position, which he claims gave him a stomachache. He has had this ache on and off since we got to Paris. At supper, I discussed it with Dr. Parchure. It possibly could be the result of a hernia, below the esophagus, seen in an X-ray by Dr. Scheef last year.' That's the German doctor we consulted in Bonn. 'Headstands and similar postures are not good for it, according to Dr. Parchure, but Krishnaji brushes his advise aside. We must persuade him to give up that headstand stool.' He had headstand stools in the places he regularly stayed. In fact, I have one in the closet in there. It's a little stool with a hole for your head…

S: Yes, so that your body weight is not on your head and neck, but it's on your shoulders.

M: That's right.

The seventh. 'Dr. Parchure gave Krishnaji homeopathic remedies early, and when I brought Krishnaji his nettle tea, which is the first thing he normally consumes, he said the pain had quickly gone and that he would follow Dr. Parchure's advice. Discussing it all at breakfast with Dr. Parchure, Krishnaji came in and agreed to take suggested homeopathic remedies, and an enzyme suggested by Dr. Lichti for digestion. In the morning, Krishnaji resumed dictating his *Letters to the Schools*. The KFT has just brought out a booklet edited by Mary Links of the first thirty-seven letters. It made Krishnaji want to go on, so he dictated number thirty-nine. Scott arrived in Saanen with the video van, bringing our books and Waterpik from Brockwood, and stayed to lunch. He described mountain

climbing near Zermatt. Krishnaji came to the lunch table with him, Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and me. In the afternoon, Vanda and I talked to the agent about renting Tannegg again next summer. The owner wants to sell it for $2 million, but present Swiss law precludes foreigners buying houses here. Vanda and I went to Saanen at 5 p.m., where I described to Joan Muspratt where to look in Geneva for another towel bathrobe for Krishnaji. We went by the tent, which the Brockwood team had put up completely since 7:30 a.m. this morning—one day. In the evening I went with Scott to the movie *The Shining*.' Do you remember that?

S: Oh, I do.

M: That was a scary movie.

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated a *Letters to the Schools* number forty. He came to the table with Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and me, but rested all afternoon. I worked at the desk and did village errands. Krishnaji found it too hot to go for a walk, but sent me on one.' [*Both laugh*.] 'I went up the hill and through the woods.'

July ninth, 'Krishnaji got up for lunch but otherwise stayed in bed. I did desk work, including letters that Krishnaji had dictated. In the afternoon, Vanda and I went to the village and got marooned in the post office during a cloud burst.'

The tenth, 'Again, the day for me was filled with desk work and errands. Krishnaji had lunch at the table. I went on a cherry fast, but felt so weak that when I started on the walk with Krishnaji, I came back.' Why did I go on a cherry fast? People went on fruit fasts. I ate a light but normal supper.'

The next day, 'I spent most of the day doing desk work. Vanda and I signed a lease for Tannegg for next summer. Krishnaji and I walked in a light rain to the edge of the wood and Krishnaji asked, "Why did Dr. Bohm care so much that I came to see him?"'

'Me: "Because your affection, your regard, probably in a human sense, means more than anything to him."'

'K: "You mean he depends on me?"'

'M: "I think there's too much emphasis on dependence. Affection, friendship doesn't have to be just dependence. You have known him a long time, and a few years ago I think he became quite depressed because you seemed to lose interest in talking to him. Then he cheered up when you renewed your talks. And two things have just happened: After knowing him for twenty years, when we were just in Ojai, for the first time you used his first name. And just now you went to see him. Something you would normally never do before his operation."'

'K: "When he is well I wonder if he can get some really serious people to talk about these things. More than always talking to the teachers."'

‘M: “You do that over and over at each school you go to.”’

‘K: “Yes, but it should be more.” Later on the walk, Krishnaji said, “Let me ask you something: You have heard me talk so many times. Do you think this person learned it or is it totally new?”’

‘M: “He couldn’t have learned it, because it has not been said. Buddhist teachings have certain similarities, but fundamentally what you say has not been said before. Why do you ask that?”’

‘K: “Oh, I just thought of it.”’ [*S chuckles.*]

‘A little bit later, Krishnaji said, “I’ve been thinking about consciousness for the talk.”’

‘M: “I’ve been reading in the book about computers”’—I put in parentheses, ‘(*Through the Micro-Millennium* by Christopher Evans)’—some book—‘“…and toward the end, he tries to define thinking and intelligence, answering all the criticisms people make of computers. He says that, in reply to most criticisms, humans and animals are equally programmed. Making a distinction between a program the baby is born with—breathing, moving, seeing, grasping, digesting, etcetera—and what is acquired.”’ This must be hell to try to transcribe.

S: Probably it is, but luckily, we have a good transcriber.

M: ‘K: “Of course. Does he say computers can do all that humans can?”’

‘M: “He is saying that they can do certain things laboriously, going through all the possibilities before choosing the answer, but man can see enough of the whole to choose without examining each option.”’

‘K: “But it is the same. Knowledge is operating and the computer does it very quickly.”’

‘M: “He seems to be saying (and I haven’t finished it yet) that machines will be able to outthink man.”’

‘K: “Then what is man? What can he do that machines cannot?”’

‘M: “It seems to me the machine must always function in the field of knowledge. Man can go beyond, to another dimension.”’

‘K: “That is right. That is what I have said.”’

‘M: “If the rat theory is correct…”’ Now, the rat theory, that is what’s-his-name—Sheldrake. Let’s see how I explain it, but if not, we must sum up what is meant by it. Well, anyway I will just read just what I have: ‘“If the rat theory is correct, it is as if a man can come along’—you, for instance—‘who can pierce limitations, see onto another

plane, and that once it is seen, it is possible for others of the human species to see. In answer to your earlier question, you have perceived something not derived from knowledge. It is as if mankind sometimes, rarely, produces a human being with this ability to go beyond, and this becomes an opening in the total human consciousness. It really doesn't matter if those people in the tent tomorrow understand what you will say or not. You see something, and you utter it."'

'K: "CWL"'—that's Leadbeater—'"used to say it doesn't matter if anyone understands."'

'M: "The TS believed an entity manifested."'

'K: "The bodhisattva came when the world was in a terrible trouble, every 2000 years or so."'

'M: "What I am saying is a little different, not that existing beings incarnate, but that the human species casts up one of its kind with this power to see beyond its limitation of consciousness. The TS wouldn't have accepted it as intelligence manifesting, would they?"'

'K: "No, they wouldn't."'

'M: "They made it into personalities with names and lives outside of time. Even when I was very young, four or so, I had difficulty with the notion of God in the image of man. It seems somehow so petty. It had to be something much vaster than that."'

'K: "Yes, petty. Much vaster."'

'M: "Also, with you, I am not really interested in a bodhisattva who incarnates in the body of Krishnaji. You are bodhisattva. It comes from you, not from some other being." On the return to the chalet, Krishnaji said, "Are you writing these things down? Will you write this?"'

'M: "Yes."' That was an interesting conversation.

S: It is very interesting. It's very interesting also that he doesn't have any reply to your last comment to him.

M: What was my last comment?

S: That he is the bodhisattva.

M: No, he didn't. He didn't think about it, that I know of, anyway. [*Both chuckle.*] He didn't give any sign I recorded of having noticed.

S: He didn't appear to, yes.

M: 'I telephoned Dorothy at Brockwood. Montague was home and well, and I spoke to Mary L. and Joe in London. They go to Brockwood Tuesday.' Do you remember? They used to spend their summers at Brockwood—it was their summer home, as it were.

S: Yes.

M: July twelfth, 'In the morning, there was fog and light rain. At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji began his first Saanen talk on consciousness: how we are programmed, what is man. There was a large crowd. On his return to the chalet after the talk, he slept, but kept waking himself up by what he calls "shouting." He came to lunch at the table with Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and me; and then slept again until about 5 p.m. As we started on a walk, he said he didn't feel like walking, but that we should go a little ways. He felt no energy, but as he walked, and I told him more about the computer book, which I finished today, his interest and energy rose, and before we knew it we reached the Turbach Road. He is struck by the fact that as soon as Asit began to talk about computers, he'—meaning himself—'grasped the whole implication of it. Most people seemed to recoil, react with, "But…" Krishnaji instantly saw the whole meaning, and so did I. In the evening, Saral telephoned that Dave is doing very well in the convalescent place in Frimley, Surrey. As soon as he is home, he wants to talk to Krishnaji, and to come to Brockwood once Krishnaji is there. In the evening, Krishnaji watched an old Fernandel movie in the *Don Camillo* series, which highly amused him: the gestures, the talking to God, the very French and very humanness of the character actor.' [*M chuckles*.]

The next day was 'another very gray day with occasional rain. Dr. Parchure bought spices for Krishnaji's soup to stimulate his digestion. Topazia Alliata came to lunch, and hammered away at the lunch table.' She was one of those very talkative women. 'Krishnaji didn't feel like a walk in the rain. He had me ring Saral to tell Dave not to meditate until he is stronger.'

July fourteenth, 'The fog lifted by 10:30 a.m. when Krishnaji gave his second Saanen talk, which continued on consciousness: not individual, but human consciousness; the perilous world and how the divisions are dangerous. In the car returning, he said that his stomach again was not right in the night, and he felt so weak he wondered if he could give his talk today. But a tremendous energy came while he spoke, and there was no stomach pain. He was plainly tired, though, and slept deeply "without shouting" for an hour before lunch. I talked to Dr. Parchure. Each day we have tried to adjust Krishnaji's diet: reduced oil, and omitted whatever he says disagrees with him; but he tends to blame the food, the medicines, etcetera, at random. And those cannot be the causes, or the sole causes. Krishnaji wanted "something spicy" to stimulate his digestion yesterday, so Dr. Parchure made a soup of tomato, ginger, herbs, etcetera. Krishnaji drank it, but said later it disagreed with him. Parchure and I discussed the worrisome possibility of something organically wrong. Last year in Bonn, his upper tract was checked by Dr. Scheef, but I now think that the lower gastrointestinal should be X-rayed. It would upset Krishnaji too much during the talks, so Parchure thinks we must proceed day-to-day, get him through the talks, and then see what to do. Krishnaji came to the table and ate a normal lunch. At 4:30 p.m., he saw Nadia Kossiakof, and then we went for a walk to the Turbach Road.

More and more, life becomes edged with perils—a sort of perimeter. The world is becoming a city of rioting humans, more in one quarter than in another, but it is there, around the corner. And one lives one's daily life in degrees of the sound of it, steering if possible around the danger spots. But to be aware that at any moment, one may come upon the violent, the mugger, the bum, and now illness, the perils of age. At lunch, Krishnaji said to me with an amusement in his voice, "One wonders how long he can keep this up."' Meaning the talking. 'This edging of danger is there, and I feel intensely the rare and quiet wonder of so many small and once normal things: the silence of sunlight in summer, a clean and quiet space to read. As I write this early in the morning, there is the solid orderliness of the chalet, the sound of the coffee Fosca is making in the kitchen. The mountains are untouched, and Krishnaji is sleeping in his room.'

July fifteenth, 'I went to the village on errands. Coming back, I met S. Weeraperuma and Dr. Parchure on the hill and gave them a lift. Weeraperuma spoke of meeting U.G. Krishnamurti, who asked, "Are you here to listen to that clown in the tent?"' That horrid little man.

S: I know.

M: 'Krishnaji shrugged when told this, but then the subject came up at lunch with Krishnaji, Vanda, Topazia, Frances, Marjolaine van der Straten, and Dr. Parchure. I told the story. Topazia, followed immediately by Vanda, defended U.G. Krishnamurti. I said their doing that was indefensible.' That was really incomprehensible to me: two people professing undying friendship for Krishnaji, and yet they…anyway.

S: I know, I know. In many ways, Vanda has been called a "contrarian," someone who just likes to take the contrary position.

M: That's right. But not about Krishnaji, I mean, you shouldn't about Krishnaji.

S: Yes, yes, I know. [*Chuckles.*]

M: Anyway, 'Krishnaji said to Vanda, "You know nothing about it, so don't discuss it." After lunch, I ferried Frances and Topazia home, and Vanda to town. Marjolaine is starting work in a hospital in Brussels, having done four years toward her M.D. and is such a nice girl. I said so, as we drove away, and Frances said Marjolaine had such dignity. Vanda immediately said she doesn't have dignity and Topazia chimed in with her criticism.' [*S laughs.*] You see? Frances always has something nice to say about people.

S: Yes, Frances does.

M: Frances, in all the about forty years I've known her, has never said anything disagreeable about anything.

S: Or about anybody. I know. I know.

M: And those two… [*Both chuckle.*] 'I dropped off Vanda and Topazia, and Frances and I went to meet the trains in Saanen, which Dorothy and Mary Cadogan could be on. Waiting, we went over to see the Finnish pair, Elza and Miri's little apartment. It is old, nice, and, of course, spotless; and only 30 Swiss francs for both per day. Dorothy finally arrived just before 6 p.m., and I drove her up to see Krishnaji. Then, I took her to Doris's, where she is staying. On the return, Krishnaji said I shouldn't have reacted to Topazia and Vanda's defense of U.G. Krishnamurti. He said Vanda has her mind made up about people, like Rosalind and Rajagopal, and won't say anything against them. I asked what that had to do with U.G. Krishnamurti. Surely, U.G.K. is no old friend of hers like Rajagopal and Rosalind. Krishnaji used the word "insult" in describing U.G.K.'s remark, and I asked how can two women supposedly devoted to him for years instantly defend his insulter. Krishnaji replied, "Why do you react?"' I said, "Of course I react, it appalls me."

Krishnaji gave up.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'I feel something is intrinsically wrong in this, something false. Later, Krishnaji mentioned it again, and I asked what if it were reversed, and an insult to me had been given? What would he do?' [*Both chuckle.*] I clearly wasn't going to leave this alone. 'Krishnaji said, "I would say you are quite mistaken, you don't know the facts."'

'I said I could understand if the discussion made him uncomfortable, but Vanda and Topazia's attitude remains ugly, and to me *very* questionable. A circular is also being passed around Saanen by the German Rajneesh follower with a pseudonym Premmander, announcing, "Jokes by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh on Krishnamurti, his followers, other 'saints' and himself."' More ugliness. 'Dorothy in the car, about all this, said that she has felt for some time, something she called "subversive" in Vanda's influence on the Brockwood young who have visited her in Florence.' That's interesting. 'Scott Ellard came back to Brockwood hostile, unfriendly, and others, too.' Scott Ellard, as you may recall, was one of our students.

S: I remember him well, yes. A New Yorker.

M: 'Dorothy now discourages students from going to visit Vanda. And also, lately, Yen Yang, who Vanda wanted to ask for lunch today.'

July sixteenth, 'Krishnaji said he woke up at 2 a.m., bothered by yesterday. At 10:30 a.m., he gave his third Saanen talk. Dorothy came to lunch with Vanda, Krishnaji, Parchure, and me. Krishnaji ate at the table. Afterward, Dr. Parchure and I went to Gisèle Balleys's chalet for the annual meeting of the Saanen Gathering committee. The present members, Mary Cadogan, Doris, and I, accepted the resignation, with regret, of Edgar Graf; and confirmed the new memberships of Dorothy and Gisèle and appointed Mary secretary and Gisèle treasurer. Krishnaji's stomach is still not right and he ate no supper. Dr. Parchure slept in the adjoining room to observe how he was in the night. Before that, Dr. Parchure and I had a long talk. He still feels it is dyspepsia, not something organically wrong. He wants to deal with it as that, and if that fails, we will have to look at it more seriously. We decided to change Krishnaji's Bircher-Benner sequence of food'—which is fruit, then salad and raw things, then cooked food—'and start with cooked food.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji slept quite well. He feels "empty," but has no pain. Dr. Parchure measured exact amounts of muesli, etcetera, but didn't give him toast. He is trying to balance the amount of food with the energy needed. Vanda left at 9 a.m. for Florence. At 11 a.m., there was the annual meeting of the foreign committees at Tannegg. Krishnaji, feeling all right, attended and talked of their responsibilities when he is gone: the spreading of the teachings without interpretation, and what constitutes interpretation. Mary Cadogan and Jane Hammond stayed to lunch. Jane had some pain in her back and Krishnaji put his hands, which eased it very much. Krishnaji had lunch in his room, and the new sequence was started–cooked food first, then salad, then fruit. At 3 p.m., Mary, Dr. Parchure, and I drove to Saanenmöser where, at the Sport Hotel, there was a further meeting of all the committees. It went well. Jean-Michel and van der Straten were there. Video and publications were discussed and each committee gave an account of its activities. On our return, Krishnaji had walked to the Turbach Road and has had no pain. The new food sequence continues. In the early evening, there was rain and wind, and a marvelous rainbow over the Wasserngrat, and there was peace in the house.'

S: The first international committees meeting, the one at which Krishnaji spoke, that was at Tannegg, not at Saanenmöser, is that right?

M: Yes, it was at Tannegg. Then we moved to Saanenmöser for the afternoon session, and Krishnaji didn't come. We always began at Tannegg.

July eighteenth, 'It rained at night. Krishnaji feels well, and slept well. I did the marketing. Jean-Michel is here in Gstaad for the committee meetings, and came to lunch and Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me. He brought a copy of *All One*, the first edition of the magazine that Alain Naudé is doing. Jean-Michel didn't know where it came from until I told him. Krishnaji picked it up and read parts of it, and said, "What has happened to Naudé? Oh no, he's become a guru." There are the bits about God that I looked at askance at Ojai in the sample he brought there, and the style is somewhat pontifical, but I will read it later. Krishnaji seemed saddened. "He was intelligent once. What happened to him?" It was too wet to go for a walk, so we each read detective novels.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'Krishnaji is feeling well. Parchure rations his food.'

The nineteenth, 'There is thick fog. It lifted slowly and slightly to reveal snow on the open spaces of the Wispille and Wasserngrat, and on the dark pines there was a sugar ring of white, two-thirds of the way down. Krishnaji saw flakes falling there, but I must have been in the shower then, and missed them. It was very cold. When I drove Dr. Parchure to the tent at 9:15, there were cars come down from the mountains with four inches of snow on their roofs. In spite of it all, the tent was crammed, and Krishnaji gave a marvelous and moving talk.**[2]** "I put a lot into that," he said. I gave a lift to La Damme en Chapeau.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Who was that?

M: Marcelle Bondoneau used to call her that. Her name was Mademoiselle Courtial, and she always came to the talks in the same toque, or little hat. On Thursday, she handed me

a grubby plastic sack with shares of stocks, "for the Canadian school." She was a little bit eccentric. 'As there is no Canadian school this year, Krishnaji wants the donation to go to Brockwood. I drove up to Tannegg with Mr. Weeraperuma with Dr. Parchure for lunch. Krishnaji was at the table. Weeraperuma again recounted the animosity of U.G. Krishnamurti, and his saying of Krishnaji, "I am going to destroy him." In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw the Siddoo sisters. They have found an Indian woman they think could be the principal if they reopened the Wolf Lake School in a year. By the time they left, it was too late, cold, and wet for a walk. So we both sank into our respective detective novels.' [*Both chuckle*.]

July twentieth. 'I had a 10:30 a.m. bank appointment about the Alzina account with Mr. Hans Liechti'—that was the bank manager. 'At noon, a French public relations woman came. Then Brigitte Dantin came to talk to me about putting her eight-year-old daughter in the Oak Grove School. No one was at lunch but Krishnaji and me. At 4:30 p.m., an elderly Spaniard's wife and Magda from Barcelona came for a small greeting and a gift to Krishnaji.' She was a nice woman. 'Then I went to buy him a jersey and we walked to the end of the wood. Tungki came with us.' He was an Indonesian student at Brockwood. 'I dined with Suzanne and Hugues at their chalet.'

July twenty-first, 'The weather is beginning to thaw. For his fifth Saanen talk, Krishnaji wore a nice Navy-made pullover we bought yesterday at Loertscher-Graa. It was very becoming. The talk was very fine.**[3]** Afterward, he said that he said something new today, and "I had no idea what I would talk about when I began." He said earlier he wanted to get some Pringle jerseys after the talk, but I pointed out that the store closes at noon. "That's alright," he said. And so it was. He ended the talk at 11:35 a.m. and we sped again to Loertscher-Graa, where, in choosing, he felt a bit dissociated and shaky. "I shouldn't have come right after the talk," he said. But it was alright, and we got back to the chalet with some nice jerseys. There was no one extra for lunch, so he ate at the table. At 3 p.m., I took a little plant to Madame Banzet, who, at eighty-eight, was again at the talks, but is now in the Saanen hospital with a badly broken ankle. She was looking pinkly orange with health, sitting up in a wheelchair in a ward for old ladies, and taking the attitude that if it had to happen,' [*M chuckles*] 'Saanen doctors specialize in broken bones from all the ski people in winter…'

S: Yes. Exactly.

M: '…so, it was the best place to have broken her ankle.' [*Both chuckle.*] She was a lovely old lady.

S: I think I remember her.

M: I think you probably do. 'I came back for a meeting at 4:30 p.m. with Krishnaji, the Siddoos, Dorothy, and Parchure. Plans were discussed to have the possible Canadian headmistress visit Brockwood to learn about it all. Dorothy came on the walk with Krishnaji and me to the river. The weather is warm again. An Alsatian dog jumped at Krishnaji and bit his arm, but he did not puncture the skin through the jacket.'

The next day was ‘a beautiful, sunny day. I went with Dorothy and Mary Cadogan up the Videmanette téléphérique in the morning. We walked across snow and rough ground to a grassy spot and had a picnic. We came down to Rougemont and had coffee at a little café. I got back to Tannegg in time to walk with Krishnaji to the river.’

July twenty-third. ‘There was rain again. I took Dr. Parchure to the tent and marketed early. At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his sixth Saanen talk. It was very fine.**[4]** Pascaline Mallet and Gisela Elmenhorst came to lunch. Krishnaji was at the table. Nicole Philippeau, her daughter Christelle, and son Manuel came to tea. Scott came about Krishnaji’s clocks, and then he came on the walk with Krishnaji and me down around Alpina and back; all in a steady rain.’ [*M chuckles.*] As I recall you had done a study at Patek.

S: I did. I learned things about adjusting his watches and bought tools for doing that from Patek, yes.

M: The twenty-fourth. ‘It rained again but Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I went touring off in the little yellow car to lunch with Suzanne, and Hugues—the first time since the Biascoechea days…’ you know, Enrique and Isabel Biascoechea.

S: Yes.

M: ‘…that Krishnaji has gone to lunch in Gstaad at someone’s house. Jean-Michel, Daphne, and Ariane’—Jean-Michel’s eldest daughter—‘were there, plus a woman friend of the van der Stratens. They have a good cook, and the lunch was good and a bit of a change for Krishnaji. He ate carefully, but seemed to like it. I took him back to Tannegg afterward, and then, at 3 p.m., Dr. Parchure and I went to the second afternoon meeting with all the Krishnamurti international committees at the hotel in Saanenmöser, which lasted till 6 p.m. Hugues presided very well. Much was discussed. The only snag came at the end, when Mr. Schneider of the German committee announced proudly that he would have a Krishnaji booklet at a big vegetarian conference in Germany next summer. I questioned this as associating Krishnaji and his teaching with vegetarianism.’ And, of course, Krishnaji never wanted himself or his teachings associated with anything. ‘There were *various* opinions. Gisela Elmenhorst and the two Finns, Miri and Elza, said, “Ask Krishnaji.” So I did, and he said a definite “No.”’ I was hated by the German committee for a while.

S: Yes, I remember this.

M: Yes. Remember that? [*Chuckles.*]

July twenty-fifth. ‘There is more rain. Jane Hammond came by at 11 a.m. to discuss with me whether she should become a trustee of the KFT as is being suggested.’ Do you remember that?

S: Yes, I remember.

M: Jane was the perfect trustee, but because she was connected with the TS, mostly because she lived near their community in Southern England. 'She asked if she could be more help than she is at present if she was a trustee. I said we have thought of her for ages as a trustee, but hadn't because of her TS membership. She said she had not been to any meetings there in years, and the only reason she hadn't resigned lately is because the one person she admires in the TS is Radha Burnier. She will write to Radha explaining her reason for resigning. Jane leaves Monday. Mary Cadogan left today. A John Streather, who wrote an intelligent letter to Krishnaji last week, came to tea, and Krishnaji joined us when he woke up. He was a nice man, and is going off to teach Indians in Bolivia. Krishnaji and I walked to the river. I dined with Kathy and Scott at Chlösterli.' Do you remember that?

S: Yes, in Gsteig.

M: In Gsteig, yes.

July twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji gave his seventh and final talk for the year in Saanen. Dorothy and Frances came to lunch. Krishnaji was at the table. There was computer talk on maybe using Apple computers so as to greatly accelerate academic learning and leave more time for Krishnaji's teachings.' [*M laughs.*] 'Dorothy left and Frances talked to Krishnaji about her wish to make a donation.' Krishnaji had, for years, discouraged the Foundations and schools from accepting donations from Frances, as he didn't want there ever to be any hint of taking advantage of Frances. She was trying to persuade Krishnaji that it was sensible for her to make a donation, and her advisors agreed. 'At 4:30 p.m., a friend of Mr. Mirabet, a Mr. Ferdinand Burgues, came to bring letters and a gift from Mr. Mirabet, who couldn't come this year as his sister is very ill.' He always brought a donation for Krishnaji's work, and was very nice. 'It was raining only lightly, so Krishnaji and I walked down around Alpina and up behind the hill above Tannegg a new way, and it was quite a walk. Krishnaji is pleased with it. His energy is amazing. We took one wrong turn and were almost mountain climbing before retracing our steps. In the evening, my brother telephoned from Paris. He and Lisa are on their way to Malta where she is to be made a Knight of Malta.' Which I found humorous. It's something because she was head of a New York museum. 'I don't know anything about the Knights of Malta, except that it's left from the days of the Crusades, and they're still at it.' [*Both laugh.*] 'We had a nice long talk, though. They return to Vineyard Haven in a week.'

The twenty-seventh. 'It was a cold night. The copyright of *Education and the Significance of Life* is expiring in November, and if the author is living, it must be reassigned. Krishnaji has therefore removed it from Rajagopal, and today assigned it to KFA as part of the assets of KWINC, which, in the settlement agreement, came to KFA. As other copyrights expire in Krishnaji's lifetime, he can regain control of them. He, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched alone. Lola and Patty Shepherd from South Africa came at 4:30 p.m. to say goodbye to Krishnaji before returning to South Africa. Patty has an uncertain heart, and was ill here. Joan Wright brought toweling samples for Krishnaji's bathrobes she wants to make. He and I walked to the river.'

The next day, 'Dr. Parchure and I went to Saanen hospital to arrange a lower gastrointestinal X-ray for Krishnaji next week. Then I did errands such as getting an extra suitcase for Krishnaji. He, Parchure, and I lunched at the table. Some Buddhists with a monk' [*M chuckles*] 'dropped in before Krishnaji finished his nap.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'He saw them briefly. Then we went for a walk to the river. I worked on assembling questions for tomorrow's question-and-answer meeting.'

July twenty-ninth. 'It was a clear warm day. As usual, I took Dr. Parchure to the tent early. Then I took Krishnaji at 10:30 a.m. for his first of the question-and-answer meetings of this year in Saanen. Krishnaji had done most of the choosing of the questions, and I had typed ten for him, of which he answered five. It went very well.**[5]** On coming back to Tannegg, I put on the TV, which was broadcasting the wedding of Prince Charles and Diana in London. Krishnaji was scornful, "What nonsense." I fetched Kathy and Scott to Tannegg for lunch, we watched a bit of the royal wedding until Krishnaji came in and said, "Aren't you going to turn that thing off?" I left it on but with French sound so we could know when they all came out on the palace balcony. Kathy and I were fascinated by it, so she and I watched it after lunch, while Krishnaji remained in the dining room talking to Scott and Dr. Parchure. Royal doings always get a rise out of Krishnaji.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'At 4:30 p.m., at Vanda's and Topazia's behest, Krishnaji saw Helen Brew, who wanted to tell him about her movie on birth. She hinted that the BBC and CBS had talked to her about being interested in doing interviews with him, and Krishnaji told her that if they are interested they should approach him directly. She left, and we walked to the end of the wood.'

July thirtieth. 'It was a warm day. At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer session in the tent. It was superb.**[6]** Krishnaji, Parchure, and I had a quiet lunch, during which we discussed Frances's condition, and at Krishnaji's urging, Parchure went to see her and discussed her going to Ojai and resuming her therapy with Dr. Hidley. She agreed. Krishnaji and I talked to her afterward. I telephoned Hidley to verify that he is in Ojai and would see her. I telephoned Frances about Hidley, and also rang her sister in Lausanne with the same information.' Her sister was…sort of…Her sister hated, well, never mind…

S: No, this is relevant. Frances's sister was very antagonistic to Krishnaji, to the Foundations, and to Brockwood, but you and Krishnaji were looking after Frances in a way her sister never could or would.

M: Yes. And he had asked Dr. Hidley to look after her, and convinced her to go to Hidley.

S: Yes. And Krishnaji kept seeing Frances, and inviting her, and never excluded her because of her difficulties. I always thought it was a great credit to Krishnaji the way he dealt with Frances.

M: 'I agree. Dorothy came by and is taking Krishnaji's new suitcase back to Brockwood tomorrow. Krishnaji and I walked in the woods and then I worked on the questions for tomorrow.'

The thirty-first. 'It was a hot day. Krishnaji held his third question-and-answer meeting, which winds up Saanen for this summer. Before Krishnaji began, I made an appeal for donations. We need 4,700 more Swiss francs to reach the needed 45,000 Swiss francs. It was a larger meeting and Krishnaji was a fire of energy.**[7]** In the afternoon, I went to see Frances, who goes tomorrow to her sister's and then to Brockwood Tuesday and from there to Ojai on Thursday. I found her air tickets all mixed up. She had mixed up her medication, too. Although Parchure came and straightened them out, she is no longer competent to look after herself in many things. I straightened out the tickets. She is *touching* and it makes me sad. Krishnaji saw the Foures, very briefly.'

S: Alright. We're going to have to end it there because we have run out of tape.

M: Okay.

S: So we will begin on August first.

M: Alright.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Done with care.

[2] Here is a link to the video of the July 19, 1981 talk.

[3] The link to the video of the fifth Saanen talk.

[4] The video link for the sixth Saanen talk of July 23, 1981.

[5] The link to the video of the first question-and-answer meeting of Saanen 1981.

[6] The video of July 30, 1981.

[7] The video of July 31, 1981.

Issue 69: August 1, 1981 to November 4, 1981

For anyone who has been moved or inspired or touched by Krishnaji and/or his work, there is a major difficulty: How does one convey what is beyond words, beyond thought, beyond memory? At the same time, for many of us, there is a sense of obligation: We can't just remain silent about something so seminal in our lives. If those who came before us had not wanted to convey what Krishnaji was and remains, and had they not wanted to extend the reach of his teachings beyond his immediate surroundings, then most of us would not have known the blessings of his teachings and his presence. This conveyance of that extraordinary "something" is the intention of this project, and it is also the concern of the discussion that starts this issue, as well as a discussion about half way through this issue. In rereading these discussions, I feel I am pushing and insisting beyond the bounds of propriety or good manners; but Mary appreciated the wish to get as much explicated as was possible, to leave nothing of the inexplicable or the ineffable or the incomprehensible unexplored to the greatest possible extent. These two discussions, recorded for her memoirs, were two of a great many discussions Mary had with people close to her and Krishnaji, but which went unrecorded. In hindsight, one can't help but wish that many more of these discussions had been recorded.

Scott: We're supposed to pick up the story on August first, 1981, but before we do that, I was hoping we could discuss something that I've been wanting to talk about for the last several sessions; and listening to a tape of our discussions last night made me feel all the more that we should just talk about it briefly. And this has to do with "the face." Now, for anybody who's been following these conversations, Krishnaji first talked about seeing "the face" as something external to him. And then, somehow, it became internal, and no longer external to him. It was present, but it was internal. And in your and my contact with him…I know we've talked about this…we've seen the face many times. In fact, Krishnaji often, when I would walk with him after a talk at Brockwood or Saanen, because I used to feel that he needed some protection right after a talk, when he was kind of "coming in for a landing," were the words I would use to myself about it…

Mary: Yes, and the hordes were chasing him.

S: When the hordes were just, right, wanting to press in on him. After some talks, particularly profound ones, he would ask me if I'd seen "the face."

M: He did to me, too.

S: Yes, and I don't even know how he knew I could see it, and I don't remember how it all began. I don't remember it beginning; I just remember it was there. Now, in this tape that I was listening to the other night, which, for the record, is the fifteenth of March, 1985—a private discussion with Krishnaji, you, Erna, and Theo—Krishnaji says that, just very briefly, because Theo doesn't really get it…when Krishnaji starts talking about something very esoteric and people don't get it, he always backs away from it, in my experience. In this tape, he said that he hadn't seen "the face" for quite a while. He didn't

say that it wasn't there within him, or on him, or whatever it was, or that it didn't appear to others when he was speaking, but that *he hadn't seen it* for quite a while. And then also, very curiously in that tape—and again, I don't know of any other place where Krishnaji talks about this, other than this tape—he talks about being found as a boy and the whole thing about the pundit, and what the pundit told him, etcetera, etcetera and how Annie Besant was looking for the vehicle for the reincarnation or the manifestation of the Maitreya, and how the TS had picked other boys before Krishnaji.

M: Mm, one of them.

S: He mentioned two.

M: Two?

S: Yes. We only—I only know of the American Dutch boy, van Hook or whatever it was…

M: Yes.

S: But he mentioned someone else and it seems to me there was, but I can't remember. Anyway. But someone, it was either Theo or Erna, asked him, well, why was Annie Besant so certain that you were the one?

M: Yes, then he must've brought in Upadhyaya.

S: Well, what he said was…and he said it in that voice that is speaking while looking at a great distance [*both chuckle*], that there was something about his face as a boy and that somehow that face had been…There was something, I can't remember exactly, but there was something very special about his face…something so special or recognizable or recognized by Annie Besant, or it would have taken millennia to shape this face, and she had recognized…There was something special, though; and her point of recognition, that Krishnaji was *it*, was the face. So there's just this…and it just seems to me that there was some…

M: There was also…I don't know whether this could be linked with it or not, the episode in Ootacamund with Pupul and Nandini, when he went "off," and then when he came to, he said, "Did you see the face?" …well, the implication was that it was the Buddha. And when they said they had, he said, "You are blessed." They had seen "his" face. I mean, I don't know how to… I can't define exactly what he meant or what was said, but there was again, did you see…

S: "The face"…

M: So this must have gone on throughout his life; I mean, that's way back in the forties.

S: But it was brand-new, when he talked about it in your diary, and he mentions it when it appeared, that was new to him, that he saw it. That Krishnaji saw this face; that was new to him.

M: He sometimes said, I forget a particular incident, but after a talk, he would sometimes ask, "Did the face change?"—meaning his face during a talk.

S: Yes. Exactly. Yes, that is what he would ask.

M: And that's something that you'd spoken of, and that you've also seen it on videotape.

S: I've even seen it on tape, yes; and when I told Krishnaji that, he was interested.

M: I've seen…well, it's hard to describe. I've also seen him change shape.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: I mean, I've seen him, though sitting, suddenly become a tall man. [*S chuckles.*] Anyway, these things are so nebulous that I don't like to take a position of what I know and don't know or noticed, I mean…

S: I know, I know. But that's just exactly why I am having you speak about it. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: I know, but there's a vast ocean of things I don't know about, categories of things with regard to Krishnaji, which I have wisps of them in my mind, and I'm aware of them, but I don't try and build a foundation of saying, "This is what was happening," because *I don't know*.

S: Exactly. I completely agree, and I do the same; but I do think that we have to not be overly cautious and not articulate our wisps. The little wisps that we have, I think, need to be put down because they are so extraordinary.

M: They are.

S: And, we can't just take them to our graves.

M: And the fact that both you and I, who have had close and prolonged observation of all this, have to be very careful not to decide what we saw.

S: Exactly. And I think we have both been…We've erred on the side of caution. And I think that that is correct, but I still feel that we ought to push the envelope, as they say these days, a little bit in trying to just say what we observed without saying what it means or drawing any conclusions from it; or what we remember him saying, without making anything of it, or drawing any conclusions from it. Just because this is part of the extraordinary…

So, if I could describe, a little bit, how the face appeared in my eyes. [*Pause.*] In one sense, it was almost like going from a two-dimensional photograph to a three-dimensional object. Without the form actually changing, it just had a greater depth. At the same time, I would say that the form did change slightly, in that it seemed absolutely ageless—"the face." It had no age. It had all the ages.

M: When he was in the hospital dying, and we took turns being with him…

S: I know, yes.

M: And one early, early—God knows, the light was just coming up over the hills and he turned his face and looked at the hills and it was the face of a young, not a boy, but a very, *very* young man.

S: Yes. Yes. Yes, that happened, too, but there was also this other face that wasn't young. This other face had all of the ages, somehow. It was young and old and in the middle and it was—this is just my eyes—but when "that face" appeared when he was speaking, it was…It also had, I don't like to use the word radiant, because that's been overused, I think, by some people, but it did somehow have light coming from it in a very different way, and not just reflecting it. It did…[*pause*]. And also, while it was Krishnaji's face, it was also not Krishnaji's face, which was also very strange; almost as in a dream, when someone has a different face but you know it's them. [*Both chuckle*.] But this…, no, it wasn't like that, because this was definitely Krishnaji's face, but it wasn't his face. I don't know…can you describe it as you remember it?

M: It's so hard to describe. His face was his face, but…

S: Now we are talking about "*the* face," when it changed, right?

M: Yes. Well, I will talk about his face in a moment but…It was different. I don't know what to say. It was transformed or, but…I don't know, it was like light changing on something. Again, it's in this extraordinary realm of things that you notice and must not try to project onto because you don't want to put your own stamp on something.

S: I know. And we're, of course, limited by the language that we have, but also our memories, which are such faulty devices. But still…

M: Yes. And also what we bring to a perception.

S: I know. I know. I know. But still, describe it as if you were describing it to someone from outer space. How did the face change when Krishnaji said, "Did the face change?" And you would say, "Yes." How did it change?

M: I feel I don't want to be…anything I say is too indefinite.

S: I know, and we know that it is wrong, but say it anyway.

M: I may be hallucinating here for all I know, speaking for myself.

S: Exactly. I know.

M: But, It's [*long pause*]…I can't describe it. I'm sorry. I mean, the minute I fish words out of my head, they're insufficient. They're too definite. They're too confining. They're too specific for something that was…The minute we translate something like this into words, we're in the realms of symbols. Words are symbols.

S: Yes, we agree. And we agree also that we're not going to get it right, but there has to be…see, I think that we ought to try and say *something*. Like, for instance, the face didn't change into a kind of Picasso, you know, with both eyes on one side and the nose upside down, so…so we can at least lay parameters down or something. I think we should say something.

M: Well, it was his face. But…[*pause*] I balk at words.

S: [*laughing*] I know you do.

M: Well, I think we have described it as much as we can, or least that I can. I am wary. My description is that I feel that I don't have the words, let's put it that way in a very flat term…to convey this. [*M chuckles.*] But it was perceived with whatever one's own limitations were at that moment. Something was perceived that somebody can say, "Well, you're imagining the whole thing because blah, blah, blah." And that's just nonsense. They can dismiss it. But there was something that I saw…I speak only for myself—and you must speak for yourself…that I did not explain or…it never entered into a familiar term of pinpointing something, explaining what it was. It was just…And one could say it was imagined, but I don't and didn't feel that it was imagined. I'm not given to that kind of imagining. It's just a…a wonderful uncertainty that always, somehow, relations with Krishnaji never had boundaries. Never had statistics to what you could point to and say, "This is what he was like" or "This is how he behaved" or "This is what he was doing." It was all this wonderful…there was the unknown in a very simple way. I mean, an unknown that…that it didn't evoke in me, "Ah yes, I understand it." It all was beyond those dimensions. I don't know, but I'm just getting…

S: Yes. No, that's right. But not only unknown, but always new in some strange way. And Krishnaji would do the same things, often over and over again. The whole going to London, Huntsman, or…

M: Everything was absolutely…

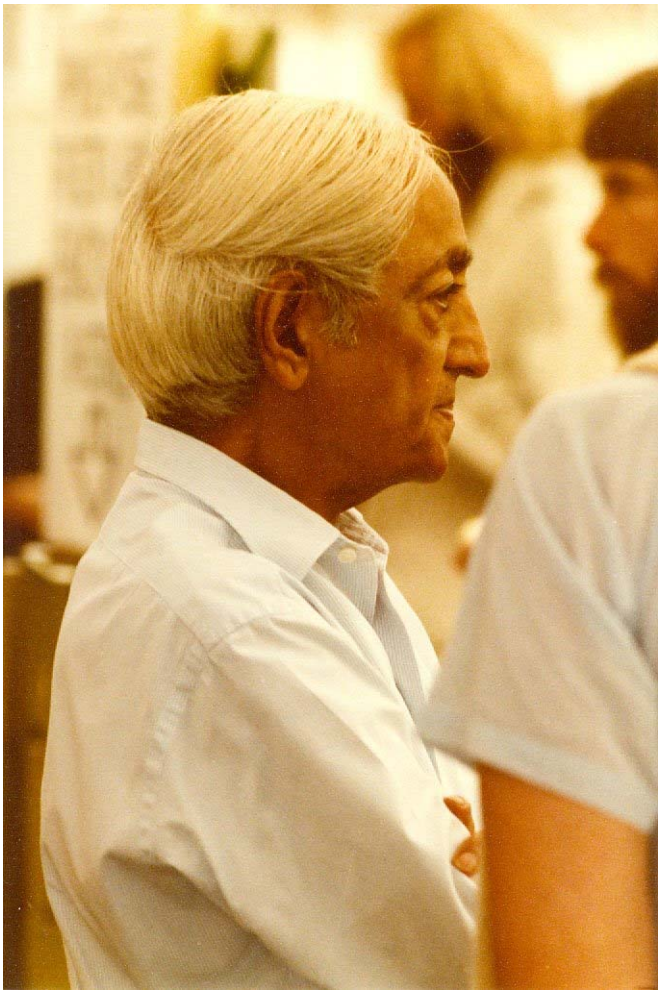
S: …going for the walks, and yet it always felt new when you were with him.

M: Well, this to me—this I can say more definitely than what I've just said—is that I always felt that the *extraordinary eloquence* of the man, and the teaching *genius* that he had, was that it was new to him at that moment. He was…his voice, his mind, his

perception was seeing something that wasn't associated with anything else, and yet he was talking about the same things, in a way—it was the same area. He was talking about dimensions of the human consciousness that most people don't have. But it was new to him. He was not repeating what he'd seen twenty years ago or even last week.

S: Yes. But even doing things like going into London or going on the same walk every day—that was also new, it felt.

M: Yes, it was.



Krishnaji at Brockwood talks (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: It felt like a whole new—and it seemed like it was new to him, too.

M: Yes. There was no—there was a great deal of routine to his life, and there was no routine to his life.

S: I know. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: It was always…and somehow this has, for me, has to do with his teachings. I mean, this was the way he lived and we should all live, in that things don't repeat themselves. They are—they exist, then. And they're true, then. They are not a reflection. Nothing is a reflection with Krishnaji. It's happening, it's there. He's seeing, he's talking about something that is there that moment—alive. And it isn't repetitious. Even…I don't know, in the talks, I used to feel sometimes I knew what he was going to say, but it wasn't old. It was—he was not repeating something. And I wasn't perceiving something I'd seen before. It's impossible to describe all these things.

S: I agree it is impossible. I also think…

M: And that's why I can reread his books over and over and over again as though I'd never read them before or wasn't there when he said those things that are printed.

S: I know. Yes. It's impossible to describe and yet it is important to try to.

M: Well, I think we have done that.

S: [*chuckles*] Anyway, alright—I won't pursue this anymore, but I think it was…

M: Well, it's important…since this seems to be…that we're trying to do.

S: It is important that we push this. I think we have to just, yes…because the whole thing of trying to evoke, or trying to recall what this *phenomenal* blessing was that was to be around Krishnaji, it's also reaching, as well as we can, for these things that are just ineffable; they are indescribable; they're un-capturable. And yet one has to try and grasp these things because…

M: And we had the *blessing*—that is the right word—of his giving us these things without deliberate…giving them just by being.

S: Yes. Yes. And I think it's so…it was so unique because, in my experience and understanding, these blessings were not…are not to be found elsewhere. So we were able to experience or be present at things that other people can't. They're not there, as far as I know. And so,…who knows…but it is, at least in my understanding of the world and my experience with the world, *so rare* that as flawed and faulty and inadequate as our descriptions are, we have to give it our best shot. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Well, let's keep trying.

So, we begin these diaries with the first of August, 1981. 'It was quiet at last. I marketed, then Krishnaji, Parchure, and I lunched alone. Nadia Kossiakof saw Krishnaji at 4:30 p.m. Krishnaji and I walked in the woods where it is cooler. The appeal yesterday brought in Swiss francs 6,100 for a total in donations of 46,000. So we have enough for the talks for next year.'

The next day, ‘All is quiet. The tent is gone. The sun shines. Krishnaji, though on a restrictive diet for two days before having X-rays Tuesday, is starting the additions to his *Journal* that Mary has asked for to make it long enough for the next publication by Gollancz. He saw Gisèle Balleys for a short interview in the afternoon. Then we walked around the mountain in a light rain, which came up. I am on a two-day fruit fast.’ Walking around the mountain was when we went down around the Alpina Hotel and back up the other side.

S: Right. Right. Now, this writing that Krishnaji was doing was for…

M: What would become *Krishnamurti’s Journal*. Mary L. felt sheneeded more than she had to make it long enough. So he was adding to what he’d written before.

The next day, ‘Krishnaji continued to write. I did errands. We ate at noon with Krishnaji’s special restrictive diet for tomorrow’s X-rays. I did another day of fruit fast. I feel repulsion for fruit or anything to eat. Parchure thinks this fruit fast doesn’t agree with me. D’accord.**[1]**’ I write in French. ‘No walk.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

August fourth. ‘I feel so happy that writing about it pulls me down out of the sky. This morning at 8:30 a.m., Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I were at the Saanen hospital where, with Parchure watching over the radiologist, Krishnaji had X-rays of his lower gastrointestinal tract. Dr. Parchure and I felt this was necessary to rule out anything pathological in Krishnaji’s digestion system. It is a test I have long wanted him to have but hesitated to put him through it. This was the right time and place. The Saanen hospital is nice and efficient, with a good radiology department. Dr. Parchure was there to oversee the preliminaries and go in with Krishnaji to see the fluoroscope and talk to the radiologist, who luckily spoke English. The results are what made me *soaringly* happy. There is *nothing* wrong with his digestive tract. One finding was a slight sclerotic thickening of the aorta. Parchure says this is a common age symptom and, as other signs such as his low blood pressure, etcetera exist in Krishnaji, it is not a cause for disquiet. So, I have enormous peace of mind. His digestion has been all right since he shifted to not starting meals with fruit and then salad. The order is reversed: cooked food, then salad, then a moderate amount of fruit. No more fruit juices. He is at present drinking Soya Gen’—that is that Swiss drink made of soy—‘at breakfast and Sumbal…’—that’s another Swiss product.

S: Yes, I remember them.

M: ‘…after lunch. He eats as much as he wants for lunch, but less at supper. A thick vegetable soup or a cooked vegetable, one piece of toast or biscuit, and cheese. Tofu, too. Krishnaji stood the barium needed for the X-ray well, and in an hour we were on our way back to Tannegg. All felt very cheerful. Krishnaji said, “I told you there would be nothing wrong.”’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘After his breakfast he continued writing the first of the two pieces Mary needs for the new book. He wants a new soft pen and a loose-leaf notebook, but there were none suitable in Gstaad.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘At 5 p.m., he had his hair cut, and afterwards said, “I feel extravagant. I want to buy something for you.”’ [*Both*

chuckle.] 'We went to Loertscher'—that's the store with all the sweaters—'and we bought a nice brown Pringle jersey for Dr. Parchure. Then we walked in the shade of the woods. The stream was cool and its sound ran through me as part of the happiness I felt. Krishnaji laughed at me and took my hand, and I knew the extraordinary gift of being able to say, "Yes. *Now*, at this very moment, I am totally happy."' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: How nice.

M: He thought I was silly to be so happy that he was well. [*S chuckles*.]

August fifth. 'Another warm day. Krishnaji wrote and I typed it for Mary. I also did errands of getting supplies of Soya Gen and Buerlecithin, which Krishnaji suddenly fancies and wants for Brockwood and India. They could have gone with Scott in the van; but alas, we didn't want all this last week, before Scott left. I bought all there was in Gstaad and arranged for half of it to go with Harsh and half with Brian Jenkins, who each are still here with cars. In spite of the heat, we walked in the woods and my happiness continues, and Krishnaji is aware of it.' Which means he's laughing at it. [*Both chuckle*.]

The sixth. 'It is a hot day. I went to the hospital to fetch Krishnaji's X-rays and other records. Krishnaji wrote and I typed. Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure like bitter tastes. So I got a small bottle of Fernet-Branca'—you know, it's the digestive liqueur that's often used in alcoholic drinks. It's a bitters—'and a large bottle of Cynar'—that's a French bitter drink that's made of artichokes—'which Krishnaji tasted somewhere in the past and pronounces good whenever he sees an advertisement for it.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Lunch is now embellished with either of these. Krishnaji relishes both.' [*M chuckles*.] 'Dr. Parchure'—this made me laugh—'keeps asking, "What is the dose, sir?" as if it were medicine. And both seem to have blotted out the fact that they are taking alcoholic drinks.' [*Both laugh*.] 'It tastes like cough medicine in my childhood, and I abstain. Krishnaji gave an interview to Donald Hoppen at 4:30 p.m., who was working with a Swiss architect on a huge building in the Jungfraujoch.' It's part of the mountain, the Jungfrau. 'We walked later in the woods as drops from a coming storm began. Krishnaji remembered our seeing deer on the field above the path. And minutes later, we saw one dash across two fields above Tannegg. I went to take a shower and missed Krishnaji's calling me to see what was probably the same deer below his window.'

S: I just want to add here that when Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure were drinking the Fernet-Branca and the Cynar, it was *very*, *very* small amounts that were then watered down. So tiny that no self-respecting Frenchman would acknowledge this as a proper drink. [*Chuckles*.]

M: No, I think they put it in a glass of water or something.

S: Yes. Yes. Tiny, microscopic, homeopathic amounts [*laughs*], but enough to just flavor the water and make it a little bit bitter. [*Laughs again.*]

M: Yes and it was supposed to be—I don't know what. 'There was a thunderstorm.'

Now, I'm going to tell you the bad news: There's nothing more for 1981 in the big book.

S: Ohhhh. Alright.

M: However, we will plow ahead.

S: We will race ahead. Nothing at all for 1981?

M: Nothing. The big diary starts again when '82 starts.

S: Oh, alright. So, it probably doesn't start again until Krishnaji returns, because you didn't go to India that year.

M: No. So, we'll have to bear with the little diary only.

August seventh. 'Krishnaji continued to write. I typed all morning, and in the afternoon sent the first piece that Krishnaji wrote to Mary. We walked in the cool of the woods. We also began a week's regime of whole rice at every lunch. I telephoned to Mary in the evening, and to Dorothy. Frances got off to Ojai yesterday.'

The eighth, 'Krishnaji didn't sleep too well and so didn't go for a walk. He wrote in the morning and rested in the afternoon. I did shopping and took Dr. Parchure to get frames for eyeglasses. Then worked long at the accumulated correspondence.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji continued to write in the morning, and I continued to work on accumulated letters. He saw Ortolani at 4:30. Then we walked down around Alpina and up the hill behind Tannegg.'

August tenth. 'I finished all letters and posted them. I am, for once, up-to-date. Krishnaji wrote in the morning and we walked to the river. Ortolani came in the evening. It seems Frances's sister, Helen McCann, is here in Gstaad and is weeping over Frances. I will ask her here tomorrow.'

August eleventh. 'Krishnaji does not want me to go to Rome. He has been saying this on and off for the last few days. Dr. Parchure pointed out the difficulty that not going puts me in, and at lunch Krishnaji told me today that it is alright.' I don't know why he didn't want me to go to Rome. 'I typed while he wrote in the morning, then did the marketing. At 3:30 p.m., I telephoned Erna to inquire if Frances arrived safely. Erna reported that Frances was there and is seeing Dr. Hidley. Frances's sister came here at 4 p.m. to talk about Frances with me for a while, then Krishnaji joined, and eventually Dr. Parchure added his share. It was a two-hour conversation. The sister was upset. We did as much as possible to reassure her. Then Krishnaji and I walked to the river. My brother rang from the Vineyard. They got back with difficulty. I dined with Jackie Siddoo.'

The twelfth. 'Krishnaji wrote and I typed what he had written. Frances's sister asked for a private interview with Krishnaji, and he saw her for an hour in the afternoon. Then we

walked in the woods. The U.S. air controllers' strike has airports all over the world in turmoil. I got a letter from Amanda about Willy Wyler's death.' That was a friend of ours, William Wyler. 'Phil gave the eulogy at his service.'

The thirteenth. 'Krishnaji was again writing and I was typing. Instead of a walk, we went for a drive to Zweisimmen, and toward Lenk.' And the next day was much the same except that on the fourteenth, 'Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched at the Park Hotel. It wasn't too good.'

August fifteenth. 'It was a warm day. Krishnaji wrote while I typed, then I did marketing. Jackie Siddoo came to say goodbye to Krishnaji, then he and I walked in the woods. He said, "You must outlive me. You are responsible to *that.* I will send you angels but you mustn't call on them. Drive carefully."' [*Both chuckle.*] He was always…These angels could be summoned, but I mustn't exploit them. [*Both laugh.*]

S: Yes, and here is this statement again, that you are responsible not to him—but to *that*.

M: To *that*, yes. And the *that* is underlined when I write it.

S: In the diary, yes.

M: Yes. And he said that to you. You could no longer climb mountains for the same reason.

S: I know, I know. Exactly. My life is no longer mine.

M: No. And I wasn't to go…

S: …gallivanting around unnecessarily.

M: Yes. I could fly to see my mother if that was necessary.

S: Yes, alright. Let's just have another little discussion here because there is something relevant here too, [*M laughs*] and it's not something that we've called attention to before. When he says, "You are responsible to *that*," well, first of all, it's not clear what "*that*" is. [*Chuckles.*] But it's also…

M: One wouldn't ask him what "*that*" is.

S: No, of course not. Exactly. It wasn't done. I don't know why…I wish now I had, but anyway. But even when he talks about things like "*the committee*," you know, which is this other—some esoteric…

M: Yes, they're a little more embodied in my imagination.

S: Yes. They are a little bit more embodied, but, what is significant here is that it is a *they*.

M: A what?

S: A *they*. You see, it's plural.

M: Yes, it's plural.

S: And that in itself is just worth commenting on or saying what we can about it, because…

M: Well, there are possible explanations, but I don't want to feel…

S: No, we don't want to get into explanations; we want to just recall what else may have been said.

M: I am not competent to define it. I don't know. [*Chuckles.*]

S: No, no, not define it, but just recall what else of this plural nature could we talk about? Because it's significant that it is plural.

M: It is. I've had, at times, a sense of *them*. Without any notion of who they are or were or anything. But it wasn't just one entity. But…again…

S: I know, I know, but I'm going to keep pushing you on all this…

M: Someone in the next century may come across this thing and say, well, they were really…

S: Exactly. That we were completely demented. It doesn't make any difference—they're probably going to say we were demented in any case, so…

M: Well, that's alright. Brainwashed by this…

S: …that's their problem, but [*laughs*] is there anything else that we can say? You see, something like "the face" is very singular.

M: Yes, "the face" is singular.

S: And the references to some entity like the Buddha, that we see in his early writings, etcetera—that's all singular.

M: Yes.

S: And the Maitreya is singular, or who knows what it is. But anyway, there are notions of singularity and then there are notions of plurality.

M: Yes.

S: And when Krishnaji refers to some of these things, like the committee…

M: It's plural.

S: …it's plural.

M: It is. It is, and what I felt at a certain time was plural. But I couldn't…And then there's…you see all these wonderful words that are used: the sacredness, the otherness, the ineffable, the wordless, the…you know, all this is again, beautiful words to describe "the Other."

S: Yes.

M: So…

S: It's interesting too—some words like "the Other" and even "that"—you are responsible to "that"—it could be singular or plural. It's not definite.

M: No, it's not. It's not human. [*Laughs.*]

S: Right. It's not human, yes.

M: It's…wordless, ineffable, sacred. All those words. You can't define it or imagine it, and you can't describe it. It is. [*Pause.*]

S: Alright. Perhaps we should proceed.

M: August sixteenth. 'I left at 8:50 a.m. and drove to Geneva airport, gave the car back to Hertz, and flew Alitalia to Rome.' I went to see Filomena. 'Filomena and Mario'—that's her son—'met me and we drove back to Filomena's flat. Mistica'—that's her niece—'was away al mare'—which means at the beach. 'But Vincenza'—that was, I don't know, I think a niece—'and Alvina'—that was her sister—'and Vincenza's son, Primo, and his wife and a three-day-old baby, Viola, and a three-year-old son, Aldo, were all there. Filomena and I had supper alone and talked at length. I went to bed early. I telephoned Krishnaji from Geneva and also on my arrival in Rome to report that I was safe.' You see, he didn't want me to go…the angels would…he didn't want me to depend on the angels…[*both chuckle*].

The seventeenth. 'I sorted an accumulation of years of papers for Filomena, and urged her to make a new will according to Italian law. We had lunch and talked. Her broken arm in January has left her left hand with diminished function. She has had dizzy spells

and her blood pressure is up. We talked of the uncertainty of my coming next year. She doubts she will live much longer and wants to go. We talked of everything. I took a nap and sat on her terrace, but didn't go out. Vanda had arrived at Tannegg this afternoon.'

August eighteenth. 'Filomena and Mario took me to Fiumicino'—that's the airport. 'My 10:30 a.m. Alitalia flight left at 12:10 p.m. When I arrived in Geneva, I telephoned Krishnaji that I was there. I took a Hertz Granada station wagon and drove via Aigle and Pillon to Gstaad. Krishnaji has written me each day. We walked in the woods. He said, "I've had enough of Gstaad." Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and I had supper. I'm glad to have seen Filomena and done what I could, but I am glad to be back; and like Krishnaji, glad to be moving on to Brockwood.'

The next day was a day of packing and doing errands in the village. 'Krishnaji was tired in the afternoon so we didn't walk. It was a warm day.'

August twentieth. 'Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I left Vanda, Fosca, and Tannegg; and drove via Aigle to Geneva, where we flew on a 1:55 p.m. Swiss Air flight to London. Dorothy met us. I am happily we are back at Brockwood. We went for a short walk. The country is soft with the fullness of late summer. I telephoned Mary.'

The twenty-first. 'I spent most of the day unpacking, opening mail, and doing small things around the house. Krishnaji had lunch and spent the day in bed. I took the car for a checkup in West Meon and to buy things to eat. Anneke arrived. I spoke to the Bohms. They will come for three days on Sunday. David is better.'

The next day. 'I finished unpacking and putting things in order. I talked to Anneke, and saw Donald Hoppen in the afternoon. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked with the dogs across the fields; this lovely country. I spoke to my friend Betsy in the evening.'

August twenty-third. 'In the morning, Krishnaji wrote while I typed. Saral and David arrived in the afternoon to stay in the West Wing until Wednesday'—this was on a Sunday. 'Krishnaji talked to David, then we all went for a short walk.'

The next day, 'I went to Alresford on errands while Krishnaji wrote. Then I spent the rest of the day doing desk work. Krishnaji treated Dave. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.'

The twenty-fifth. 'It was a warm day. Krishnaji wrote and I did desk work. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I cleaned brambles in the grove.' That was always fun. I liked that.

August twenty-sixth. 'It was a beautiful, very warm day. We took the 10:46 a.m. train to London. Joe met us at Waterloo, and drove us to their flat. I went around the corner and had my hair cut, then came back to lunch with Mary and Joe. Joe dropped us later at the Burlington Arcade, where Krishnaji carefully tried out and bought a Mont Blanc pen. Then he had his hair cut, and we took the train back to Petersfield.'

The next day was ‘another warm day. Krishnaji spent the morning writing and I typing. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went down to see our Brockwood dean cottage bought this spring and now fixed up nicely.’ What is that?

S: That was the one at the bottom of the hill.

M: I don’t remember it.

S: Yes, you do—it was down at the bottom of the hill, right next to where Edna lived.

M: Oh, I see, on the road, of course. Yes, yes, yes.

August twenty-eighth. ‘People are arriving for talks. As this was Krishnaji’s “day off,” he stayed in bed. In the afternoon, I drove with Dr. Parchure to Guilford for his Seiko watch, and to Habitat. We were back in time for supper.’

The twenty-ninth. ‘I cooked our lunch early. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his first Brockwood talk of the year. We had our lunch in our kitchen and then Krishnaji went down to the tent for half an hour. Suad al Radhi came back with him for coffee.’ She was an Iranian lady. ‘Then I went to the tent, and after that had a bit of rest. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.’

August thirtieth. ‘Krishnaji gave his second Brockwood talk. A very fine one.**[2]** Mary and Amanda were there and came up to lunch with Krishnaji and me in our kitchen. Krishnaji talked to a Mr. and Mrs. Feller of New Zealand at 4:30 p.m., then he, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields.’

The next day, ‘I had the usual Monday chores, and I also sorted questions handed in for tomorrow’s question-and-answer meeting. I also talked to the Polish lady, Magdalina.’ Do you remember her?

S: Yes. I do.

M: ‘At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview to a Mrs. Ann Toothe from Nassau in the Bahamas. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.’

September first. ‘I cooked our lunch, then typed questions for Krishnaji. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji answered three of the questions in the meeting. We lunched in our kitchen. I talked to Mary Cadogan about trusteeship enlargement, then went to Alresford on errands, including getting a Magimix for Dorothy’s new kitchen. She, Krishnaji, and I took a short walk.’

The second. ‘I did desk work most of the day. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields; pale gold with the cut straw. It was so beautiful. We also did some rhododendron cleaning. I sorted questions for tomorrow’s meeting.’

September third. ‘At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji answered written questions in the second question-and-answer meeting. We had lunch in our kitchen. At 4 p.m., he gave a private interview to the Polish Magdalina, and at 4:30, he talked with a Dutch lady, Mrs. deBooy.’ Mrs. deBooy was a friend, I think, of Dorothy’s. ‘He, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields. In the evening, I saw a part of the BBC interview of my friend, Peter Ustinov.’

The fourth, ‘Krishnaji dictated letters, but otherwise spent the whole day in bed resting. I typed in the morning and went marketing in West Meon and Petersfield in the afternoon. In the evening, we watched a Polish film on TV of the solidarity conference last year.’



Krishnaji with the Indian dancer Chitra Sundaram (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

September fifth. ‘I cooked our lunch early. Krishnaji, at 11:30 a.m., gave a deeply moving talk.**[3]** Mary and Joe lunched with us in our kitchen. The Indian dancer Chitra Sundaram danced in the tent for the benefit of the school’s scholarship fund. Krishnaji attended the beginning and the end of it, but in between we went for a short walk. I talked in the evening to the Israeli committee member Avrahan Jacoby.’

The next day. ‘I again cooked our lunch early, then went to Krishnaji’s fourth Brockwood talk. It was a warm day, and the crowd was immense. After eating lunch quietly upstairs, Krishnaji went back to the tent briefly. I talked again to Magdalina Jasciuska. Dorothy was stung by a wasp, and had a bad reaction. Dr. Parchure gave her a shot for it. People began to leave. In the evening, Dorothy, Doris, Anneke, and I counted scholarship donations.’

September seventh, ‘I spent the morning doing laundry and other household tasks while Krishnaji wrote a little. In the afternoon, he, Dorothy, and I walked around the empty tent and orchards, etcetera.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji said he slept poorly. He spent the day in bed, and lunched on a tray. It was a morning of desk work for me. In the afternoon, I took Dr. Parchure to Winchester for shopping. In the evening, Shakuntala talked with me about Narayan.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji wrote and I did letters. Anneke left and I cleaned and prepared the spare room for the Marogers. Krishnaji and I took a short walk.’ And the following day is much the same except that people are arriving for the seminar.

September eleventh. ‘Both Marogers arrive for the seminar. I put them in the West Wing. Diane fell and broke her arm last week. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the first seminar, mostly on education. Maurice Wilkins is here, and so is Stuart Holroyd, who wrote *The Quest of a Quiet Mind*. It is the first time he has ever seen Krishnaji.’ He wrote a whole book about Krishnaji, but he never met him before. ‘I slept in the afternoon, then walked with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Jean-Michel, and Marie-Bertrande.’

September twelfth. ‘The second seminar meeting. Rupert Sheldrake (the rat man) came.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went to Petersfield in the afternoon for walking shoes for Krishnaji, but found none. I telephoned Betsy in London as it’s her birthday. Maurice Wilkins gave a talk in the evening on nuclear disarmament.’

The thirteenth. ‘It was the third seminar meeting. Wilkins left after, as did Magdalina Jasciuska; she went back to Poland. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked around the fields. In the evening, Rupert Sheldrake gave a talk on his book.’

September fourteenth. ‘Krishnaji held the fourth seminar meeting. I took the car after lunch to the Mercedes place for service in Chichester. Marie-Bertrande came with me. Jean-Michel followed and I came back with them. We shopped in Petersfield at the Bran Tub. Marie-Bertrande is worried about the Russian threat. She told this to Krishnaji on the walk, but he, Dorothy, and I feel the threat won’t materialize. A computer expert, Averill’—I didn’t know his last name—‘gave a talk on computers in the evening. The Marogers left for France. I talked to Nicole Philipeau.’ She was a woman I met in Switzerland.

S: Now wait a minute—the fourteenth, when you say “the threat won’t materialize,” is the threatened invasion of Poland by Russia because of Solidarity?

M: Yes. Yes.

September fifteenth. ‘The fifth and last meeting of the seminar, after which most people left. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the field. Dr. Parchure gave me the last of the nightly back and leg massages. He leaves for India tomorrow.’

September sixteenth. ‘Dorothy drove Dr. Parchure to Heathrow at 5:30 a.m. Brian Jenkins drove me to Chichester, where I picked up the Mercedes, paid the annual vehicle tax at the Chichester post office, and came back to Brockwood in time for lunch cooked by Shakuntala for Krishnaji, Dorothy, herself, and me; and which we ate in the West Wing dining room. At 4:30 p.m., a Stephen Gaines and a Miss Bumpus of the BBC came to interview Krishnaji for a radio program on Edwin Lutyens**[4]**. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked. I finished packing for our trip to Holland tomorrow.’

The seventeenth. ‘Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I, with Raman to drive the Cortina back, left for Heathrow, where at 9:30 a.m., we met Mary Links and Mary Cadogan, and we took a KLM flight to Amsterdam. Anneke and Dr. Hans Vincent met us at Schiphol airport, and I rented a Hertz Mitsubishi station wagon. With Hans Vincent to show the way, we drove to the Hotel Kastangehof in Lage Vuursche, near Hilversum. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Mary Links, Mary Cadogan, and I are staying there. It is a nice, small hotel in the woods. We dined in a special room to ourselves in a restaurant next door.’ That was nice. You came somewhere there.

S: Yes, I did, but I was with the video crew.

M: Yes.

S: Some *very nice* Dutch lady gave us her whole house. She turned over the entire house to us and just left us with it. So, yes, I had Jonas there as technical help, and two video cameramen. The RAI had its own video equipment, so we only had to bring the crew.

M: Aha. So the next day. ‘Krishnaji had breakfast in bed. The rest of us breakfasted downstairs while Krishnaji rested. Mary Cadogan and Dorothy came with me to reconnoiter the way to the RAI Congress Centrum where Krishnaji speaks, as he did previously ten years ago. We reached there in forty minutes, but had quite a time finding the entrance. We got back in time for lunch. Krishnaji lunched downstairs with all of us except Mary Links, who was out with a friend. After a nap, all of us, including Mary Links, went for a walk in the rain in the woods. We needed it after the large meals here. Krishnaji had supper in bed and slept nine hours.’

September nineteenth: ‘Krishnaji had breakfast in bed. With Mary L. and Mary C., Dorothy in the backseat, and Krishnaji and I in front, we left at 10:20 a.m. for the RAI.’ That’s the big hall in Amsterdam. ‘We just made it by 10:57 a.m. There was a huge crowd. Scott got Krishnaji in. He, Jonas, and students Julius and Jean-François are doing the video recording. The van der Stratens were there. The hall was overflowing. Krishnaji gave a very fine talk.**[5]** We came back to a 1:30 p.m. lunch, then had a nap. All walked in the woods, by which time it was 6:30 and another huge meal loomed.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘Krishnaji ate in bed and sparingly.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

S: We might just want to talk about this crowd for a minute because it was extraordinary. It was—it’s a huge hall, and all told, there were about 5,000 people, or something like that.

M: Well, I think there were about 3,000 seats, but it spilled out into the outer hall, and they put up a TV in the outer hall.

S: Not one—there must have been at least ten because they were all around. The spill-over space was a large circular lobby area that goes all the way around the exterior of large seating space. And there were, I think, at least ten monitors, and all of those were running, and even then, there were so many people that some people couldn't get close enough to even see the monitors. So, it was huge. I was obviously talking to the people running the RAI, because of all the technical things I was doing with the video recording, and they were astonished at the size of the crowd.

M: Good. Yes. I remember that it was that way.



The only two photos of Krishnaji and Mary with Joe and Mary Links taken by Scott after lunch in Deventer (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

September twentieth. 'Krishnaji slept nine hours. We drove in the rain to the RAI for Krishnaji's second Amsterdam talk. Another huge crowd. Up to 5,000, and it was a very fine talk that covered everything.**[6]** Suzanne and Hugues came to lunch with us, and Joe arrived to join Mary. Krishnaji rested after lunch while Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, Hugues, and I discussed Krishnamurti Foundation matters. Scott arrived to talk to Mary Cadogan. Then he, Krishnaji, Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, and I walked. Krishnaji is worried about food, but he ate an adequate supper. However, he couldn't sleep until 1:30 a.m., as his feet were cold. Anneke arrived to stay in the hotel. She, the Linkses, Dorothy, Mary Cadogan, and I dined, and Scott joined us later.'

September twenty-first. 'Krishnaji and Anneke went with the Linkses; Mary C. and Dorothy with me; and Scott drove Jonas, Julius, and Jean-François to Deventer. We

arrived at 11:30 a.m. and visited the Atheneum Bibliotek, where Anneke created the Krishnaji documentation center. It is a pleasant room and it will house a permanent museum of Krishnaji books, audio and videotapes, photographs, etcetera. It is very nice. The Dutch Stichting'—that means "committee"—'had us all to lunch afterward in a restaurant across the river. Then we drove on to Ommen, and Castle Eerde**[7]**; Krishnaji's first visit there in fifty years. He got out of the car and looked at it from the edge of the moat, but returned to the car when the students came out of the school.' It is an international school today. 'The Links's car and mine returned to Lage Vuursche, and the hotel.'



The only two photos of Krishnaji and Mary with Joe and Mary Links taken by Scott after lunch in Deventer (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The next day. 'Mary and Joe left to drive home. I took Dorothy and Mary Cadogan to the Schiphol airport. Krishnaji lunched with Anneke while I shopped for fruit and Verkade biscuits for Krishnaji.' Those were delicious cookies made by a place called Verkade in Hilversum. 'I came back and rested all afternoon. Krishnaji stayed in bed. Hugues and the van der Stratens dined with Anneke and me as he was in Holland on business. Krishnaji is feeling rested.'

The twenty-third. 'We had a quiet morning. Krishnaji, Anneke, and I lunched; and then went to buy a Philips electric razor, "the latest," in the little town of Den Dolder nearby. Krishnaji and I walked in the woods, and he had supper on a tray in bed, while Anneke and I dined downstairs.'

The twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji and I packed. Anneke's cousin, Professor van der Veen, came at 11:30 a.m. to greet Krishnaji. Then at noon, Krishnaji and I said goodbye to Anneke, and drove to Schiphol. Krishnaji felt weak in the car. "I'm not quite there," he

said. We took the KLM 2 p.m. to Heathrow. Krishnaji had to walk slowly. He felt "washed out." He ate only some grapes we brought. Dorothy met us, and Krishnaji relaxed in the car on the drive back to Brockwood. I got him into his warm bed, but he shook as if with malaria. He took hot Ribena'—that's a fruit drink—'and three teaspoons of brandy, which worked a cure. He is just overtired. Twice he said, "You are a nice person."'

September twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji remained in bed. In the afternoon, he was feverish. I took his temperature and it was 103.6. I got Dr. Clarke from the Alresford Surgery, who examined him and found no other symptoms but fever. He said it was a virus, and to take fluid and Bufferin every four hours to bring down the fever. He took one at 6:50 p.m. after a little soup. He asked me to stay with him and so I was able to take his temperature at 1:30 a.m. when he awoke. It was 101. I gave him another Bufferin at 2 a.m. There was profuse sweating.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji awoke at 7 a.m. His temperature was 99.2. He took another Bufferin. Later he ran a hot tub in which he bathed, and I remade the bed. All is clean. He felt better but very weak. At 1 p.m., his temperature was 98.6. He ate lightly but fairly well. Dr. Clarke and Dr. Greene came in the morning, and prescribed breathing exercises sitting up, which Krishnaji did. He read most of the afternoon. His temperature at 6 p.m. was 101.6. At 9:15 p.m., he took another Bufferin. I stayed near him.' I would sit nearby in his bedroom chair.

The twenty-seventh. 'At 6 a.m., when Krishnaji woke, his temperature was 98. He is feeling very well. He took a bath while I changed the bed again, and then he had breakfast. His temperature was normal all day, and 99.4 at 5 p.m. He took no Bufferin. A very little sweating in the night. I stayed again near him. He was thirsty at 1:30 a.m., but after some restlessness, he slept well. We had watched the Healey versus Benn vote in the Labour Party conference on TV.' [*S chuckles.*]

September twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji's temperature was normal. Dr. Clarke came to see him, and said he can get up in the room today. My brother telephoned from New York. The market is in near panic. Krishnaji talked to me at length about his odd memory. He says he has two strong memories: 1) Standing alone by the river at Adyar, empty of all thought; and 2) Mrs. Besant taking him by the hand, sitting on a chowki and asking him if he accepted as disciples the group present. Then he said he has only one regret, which was not sending away Rosalind and Rajagopal. He spoke of remembrance. "No remembrance of Maria Z. I have fondness for you. It's not a remembrance. That is why it cannot change."' He used to say that he wrote me a lot of letters so that he wouldn't forget me. [*Both chuckle.*] 'His temperature was 99 in the evening.'

S: If I may, I'd like to make another little digression here. In this tape that I told you about of March fifteen, 1985, Krishnaji talks about these memories. He adds a third one, though, which is, well—first of all, let me elaborate on the first one he talks about, which is as a boy standing on the TS building, looking at the river. And he added there that he

felt totally detached from all the things that were going on around him, and utterly alone—separated from all the worship…all of that.

M: Yes. This is why, to me, the effect of Theosophy on him was nil. He used to tell me it went in one ear and out the other. He didn't retain it. It didn't condition him.

S: Yes. He talks about that, too, in this tape. The other memory that he remembers—he says that as a vacant boy, he always used to stare vacantly at things with his mouth open.

M: And Leadbeater…

S: Yes, and Leadbeater came up behind him and slapped up his jaw.

M: Yes, and that was the end of the relation with Leadbeater.

S: Right. That was absolutely the end. Right. Exactly. He talks about that. And then, of course, this other memory of when Mrs. Annie Besant took him by the hand and asked him if he accepted those people as disciples. I don't know when that was—it's in Mary's biographies—but the point is that he has these three memories that, um…

M: And he had a curious memory for places.

S: I know. [*Chuckles.*]

M: When we drove from Gstaad to Paris, he would remember where we had stopped in previous years on the road for a picnic breakfast, which Fosca used to make. And he would say, "Now, we are coming to it, it's just down the road—it's here."

S: Yes. Yes.

M: It's very odd. He remembered places.

S: Yes, and he had an extraordinary memory for detail of anything that had been changed in places. Having been away for months, he would notice something that we had changed at Brockwood—a little thing on a gate post or something, whereas all the people who were living there—probably none of them had noticed it.

M: Yes.

The twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji's temperature was normal in the morning. He stayed in his room. I went to Alresford for some errands. In the evening, we watched a film on TV, *The Birdman of Alcatraz*.' Do you remember that movie? 'At 9 p.m., Krishnaji's fever returned to 101.4, so, I stayed near him again, and gave him Bufferin. At 4 a.m., the fever had dropped to 98.'

The next day. ‘On awakening, Krishnaji’s temperature was 98. I went to London for some errands, including getting my hair cut. I was back by 4 p.m. Krishnaji was listless and had a slight fever at 5 p.m., 99.4. I telephoned to Dr. Clarke. Krishnaji took a Bufferin at 5 p.m., and another at 9 p.m. He slept fairly well. Scott installed a Sony TV I have bought for my room.’ Oh, thank you. [*S chuckles*.]

October first. ‘Krishnaji has fever again, though only slight. I reported it to Dr. Clarke, who came at noon. He took a blood sample, but thinks it is just a second peaking of fever, and should subside for good tomorrow. Krishnaji felt weak. The school term opened. I did desk work, etcetera. Krishnaji’s fever in the evening was up to 100.8.’

October second. ‘Krishnaji slept well and his temperature was normal in the morning. Krishnaji did breathing exercises and a few light physical ones. I worked at the desk most of the day. There was a staff meeting at 4:45 p.m. His temperature in the evening was just over normal, but his voice was increasingly hoarse. He coughed before going to sleep.’

The next day. ‘Krishnaji’s fever in the morning was 97.8 Fahrenheit. His voice remains hoarse with some coughing. I worked at the desk all day, but kept checking his temperature. At 5 p.m. Krishnaji’s temp was 99.2.’

October fourth. ‘Krishnaji had a fair night, and his temperature at 7 a.m. was 98.2, but his voice was very hoarse. I tried to reach Dr. Clarke, but only a substitute was available as it is Sunday, so Krishnaji wants to wait until tomorrow. He sat in a chair, well covered most of the day. The school went on a ten-mile hike, but Dorothy and Ingrid cooked and seven people ate in the kitchen. Later, Dorothy and I took the dogs for a walk, picked apples in the old orchard, and I made apple compote for Krishnaji. His temperature at 6 p.m. was 99.3. I don’t feel too well.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘I am very tired.’

The fifth. ‘Krishnaji had what he called a “fidgety” night. His temperature at 6 a.m. was 98.8. I called Dr. Clarke later in the morning, and he came at noon. He asked for a urine sample, which I took to his surgery in the afternoon. Krishnaji shaved off a beard he has grown since Holland.’ [*M chuckles.*] I don’t remember that. ‘He sat up in a chair most of the day, dozing and reading. His temperature at 6 p.m. was 98.6. Normal!’ Exclamation point.

October sixth. ‘Krishnaji slept well. His temperature is normal. He sat up in a chair in his room all morning. At 2:30, Dr. Clarke brought a doctor, Powell Jackson, to examine Krishnaji very thoroughly. Both agree he has had influenza, and both want him to stay in the West Wing, apart from the school, for a week, and start to build up his strength by walking in the house. I am to keep checking on his temperature. When they left, Krishnaji immediately walked up and down stairs.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘His voice is almost clear. There is a definite change for the better today. I cooked soup for our supper. Dorothy came up at 5 p.m. to say that President Sadat has been assassinated in Egypt. We watched the news on TV. A better aerial had been put up for my TV this morning.’



Krishnaji at Brockwood talks (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The seventh. 'Krishnaji's temperature was normal. He sat up in his room most of the day and, though tired, walked up and down stairs in the afternoon. I spent most of the day doing desk work, but also went to West Meon for some errands. The country is so beautiful. I came back via Warnford.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji's temperature is normal. I worked at the desk most of day while Krishnaji read in his chair in his room, and walked in the West Wing. In the evening, we watched the film *Jaws* on TV.'

Friday the ninth. 'Dr. Clarke came to see Krishnaji. He said we could discontinue the temperature chart, and he will return to see Krishnaji next Thursday.' This was on a Wednesday, so it will be a week later. 'He can go out for a drive or small walk on Monday. I worked at my desk and attended a staff meeting. Krishnaji walked in the West Wing.'

October tenth. 'I spent much of the day doing desk work. Krishnaji saw the Dalal brothers, who arrived yesterday, for a few minutes after lunch. Then I drove them to Petersfield. They gave a generous donation. At 4 p.m., in the West Wing dining room, Krishnaji talked to both Siddoo sisters with Dorothy and me there, and then the prospective Wolf Lake principal, Reeta Sanatanai, was brought in. Krishnaji was tired in the evening, but had stood the extra effort well.'

The eleventh. 'At 9 a.m. I looked at video of Krishnaji's interview by Keith Berwick on the *Odyssey* program, taped at the NBC Burbank studios on May eighteenth. Krishnaji had a long, serious talk with me on what happened to him at 4 a.m. "The door opened and then shut." He could have "slipped away." What would I do if that happened in the

future?' That means he would have died. 'He sees only Pupul and me to carry on the work. We talked for a long time, and he let me tape it.'

October twelfth. 'Krishnaji slept till 7 a.m., and felt what he called "lazy." He read in his chair most of the day. Mary Cadogan came, and we settled up the year's accounting of Krishnaji's travel expenses. I went to Alresford on errands. I attended the school meeting at 4:45 p.m. The Siddoos have left.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji remained in his room, reading. He didn't feel like the intended drive in the car, but he walked a bit in the West Wing. I have a slight cold. I worked at the desk. Krishnaji dictated letters.'

October fourteenth. 'Krishnaji, for the first time since the illness, dressed and came down to the dining room to lunch. He spoke afterward with a guest, Ms. Winifred Austin, which he said afterward did him good. He, Dorothy, I, and the dogs walked to the lodge and back—Krishnaji's first step out. It was a cold, gray day in the fifties, but there was no wind. Then Krishnaji went back to bed. We each had supper upstairs. Raman made some Indian dishes for Krishnaji. My cold is not too bad.'

The next day. 'After lunch, Krishnaji talked at length with Ronald Eyre, who was brought by Jane Hoare.' She was a painter and art teacher, both at Brockwood and one of the big art colleges in London. 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked to the lodge and back, then Krishnaji went to bed. Dorothy had bought Indian food in Petersfield to stimulate Krishnaji's appetite, and we had it for supper, Dorothy and I eating in the kitchen.'

The sixteenth. 'There was frost in the morning; a breath of crystal covering everything. It was clear and cold, but windless. Krishnaji and I took the 10:40 a.m. train to London, and were met at Waterloo by Joe. We went to their apartment and had lunch with both Mary and Joe. Krishnaji told him of the feeling he had last Sunday. Joe took Krishnaji to dentist Mr. Thompson at 2:30 p.m., then to Huntsman, where I met him. We walked to Truefitt, where Rita Zampese came with Krishnaji's Lufthansa ticket. While Krishnaji had his hair cut, Rita and I walked to Heaton to have some film developed, then back to Truefitt. Joe drove Krishnaji and me to Waterloo. Krishnaji stood the trip to London very well. We had Indian food for supper cooked by Reeta Sanatanai. A happy day in the familiar shape of so many days.'

The next day. 'I worked much of the morning at the desk, but Krishnaji wanted to talk to me about his U.S. program. I must see to it. The Digbys came to lunch. Krishnaji sat and talked with them, Dorothy, and me afterward.'

October eighteenth. 'I worked some at my desk, but the Bohms came down to lunch. In the afternoon, Krishnaji and Dave talked a bit together while I talked to Saral. Then we all had coffee. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked the dogs at 5 p.m. Erna telephoned to know how Krishnaji is.'

The nineteenth. ‘In the morning, Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number forty-one. I telephoned my brother in New York about arriving there on November second instead of earlier. Dr. Clarke came and gave Krishnaji a flu shot and gamma globulin. He gave me a flu shot, too. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I met Ingrid and Scott in the drawing room; and Krishnaji asked Ingrid and Scott to be the first of the “Brockwood counselors to the trustees.” It is to be a rotating arrangement by which two staff members are to be part of trustee meetings for one year, then two other staff members will take their places. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went for a walk.’ I don’t remember any of that.

S: Well, I had been attending the trustees’ meetings for several years, just to explain the video activities, which had become so expansive. Somehow, I always came into the meetings before the video topic was raised, and stayed on afterwards. And then Ingrid, who was the school’s bookkeeper, always came in to the annual general trustees’ meeting to help explain the finances. So this was an attempt to make two Brockwood people some kind of associate trustee members.

M: Yes. On a rotating basis.

S: On a rotating basis, but it never happened, there were no others who rotated in.

M: No. It didn’t. Eventually, you became a trustee.

S: I just became a trustee. I don’t think Ingrid did, but I can’t remember.

M: No, she stayed an associate.

The twentieth. ‘Krishnaji didn’t sleep well, so he rested in the morning, but got up for lunch. I went to Alresford and Winchester on errands. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went for a walk across the fields. Two students, Jean-François and Paul, washed the Mercedes so Scott can wax it tomorrow.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘We watched the TV program of *Brideshead Revisited*.’

October twenty-first. ‘Krishnaji dictated *Letters to the Schools* number forty-two. I typed what he had written for the *Journal*. I spoke to Ronald Eyre about the discussion he wants to record with Krishnaji in Ojai in April. Scott waxed the Mercedes. He came with me on a walk. Krishnaji didn’t feel like walking. His back hurts him. He says he pulled it doing exercise.’

October twenty-second. ‘Krishnaji rested in the morning. I tried to help with his back massage with liniment, and I continued my typing. I spoke on the phone to Mary Cadogan, who has found a suitable hall for Krishnaji to speak in in London, The Barbican Centre. Krishnaji says to get it for June fifth and sixth. He, Dorothy, and I walked with the dogs.’

The twenty-third. ‘Krishnaji’s back is painful, so he remained in bed all day. I began his packing. At a staff meeting, I announced for Krishnaji and the Krishnaji Foundation Trust

the appointment of Brockwood counselors to the trustees to serve for a year, and that Ingrid and Scott are the first two. I gave Krishnaji massage before he went to sleep.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji's back is slightly better. He tried hanging from his bar, which helped.' He had that bar.

S: I know. Yes, I put it up for him. It was a chin-up bar in the doorway between his bedroom and his bathroom. He used to hang onto it and lift his feet off the ground, which he felt, sometimes, helped his back.

M: Yes. 'I did more packing for him while he remained in bed. I went to Harsh's first class on computers. Asit arrived from San Francisco and was brought down by friends Peter and Barbara Hale. He is spending the night here and will accompany Krishnaji to Delhi tomorrow.'

The twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji slept well. I gave him a massage after breakfast. Asit showed us his Minolta with an extra Leica 90mm lens. I traded him my Nikon for it. It is small, lighter, and quieter.' He was forever bringing the latest cameras and [*S chuckles*] Krishnaji always wanted me to have one.

S: Yes, but he didn't want you to take pictures of him with it.

M: No. [*S chuckles*.]

S: Which is the only reason you bought it.

M: Exactly. I wasn't interested in photographing anything else.

'I finished Krishnaji's packing. Krishnaji dressed and lunched with the school. I gave him one more back rub afterward. At 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji, Asit, Dorothy, and I left for Heathrow. Rita Zampese met us there and took Krishnaji and Asit onto the Lufthansa plane.' She worked for them, so she escorted them onto the plane. 'It left at 6 p.m. for Frankfurt, where they changed to a Lufthansa nonstop flight to Delhi. Krishnaji was still in pain but said it was better.' Well, then I remark on the beauty of his face in the car. 'Dorothy and I drove back to Brockwood.'

Now, from here on for several months, it is just about me and my life, and that's not so interesting.

S: Well, we're running out of tape, so it's a reasonable place to end this today.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] French for "I agree."

[2] For the video of the second Brockwood talk 1981.

[3] For the video of the third Brockwood Talk of 1981.

[4] Edwin Lutyens was Mary Lutyens's (Links's) father and probably the most celebrated architect of his day. As Krishnaji and his brother Nitya spent so many of their formative years in the Lutyens's household, Krishnaji knew Edwin Lutyens very well.

[5] For the video of the first Amsterdam talk of 1981.

[6] For the video of the second Amsterdam talk of 1981.

[7] A castle in the Dutch-classical style from 1715 with approximately 5,000 acres of land was given to the Order of the Star for Krishnaji's use in 1921. When Krishnaji dissolved the order in 1929, he gave the castle back to the van Pallandt family. The castle is now an international school.

Issue 70: February 9, 1982 to March 17, 1982

Readers will notice that the last issue ended on November fourth, 1981, and that this issue begins on February ninth, 1982. The missing three months are a period when Krishnaji was in India, and Mary was mostly in the U.S. Of course, her diaries describe her activities, but there are only occasional remarks about Krishnaji. We know, for instance, that on November fifth, Krishnaji held the second seminar meeting in New Delhi; and on the seventh and eighth, he held his third and fourth New Delhi talks. Mary also mentions when Krishnaji travels from one of his destinations in India to another, and when Krishnaji's letters to her arrive. Mary also writes about Krishnamurti Foundation of America activities, including the development of the second court case with Rajagopal. More ominously, Mary also records her discussions with their doctor about the possible need for Krishnaji to undergo another medical procedure, and that procedure occupies much of this issue. But all of these things, as important as they might be for history, do not shed much light on Mary's being in the presence of Krishnaji, so they have been omitted.

Mary: February ninth: 'I was in all day, working at my desk. Krishnaji left Bombay at 1:50 a.m. in what in India is February tenth, but in our calendar, is still the ninth. He flew on Singapore Airline to London using his new diplomatic passport.' [*Chuckles*.] 'I telephoned Brockwood at 6 a.m. my time, which is 2 p.m. there. Dorothy says Krishnaji looks wonderfully. Then I spoke to him and he sounds strong and well. It rained.'

Then there's really nothing of significance for the next couple of days. On the twelfth there is only, 'Mr. Schwartz brought the curtains, cushions, etcetera for the Arya Vihara living room. The painting of the walls and windows is finished. The living room entrance, hall, and dining room are now all white.'

The next day, 'I telephoned Filomena in Rome, and my brother telephoned me. Also, I rang Dorothy to remind Krishnaji to use his green card on entering the United States. The Indian consulate telephoned here to ask if I were meeting him. This was all Pupul's propping. The Georgian desk was repaired and delivered.'

Scott: Which Georgian desk?

M: It's that one in the living room. That was given to Sam and me by Jimmy Granger…Stewart Granger, the actor.

S: Ah, yes. Stewart Granger…or Jimmy Granger?

M: James Stewart Granger was his real full name, but he was called Jimmy always. 'I washed and put resin wax on the green Mercedes.' Did I? Well…good for me. That was my birthday, too. It doesn't mention it, but that was my birthday. [*Both chuckle*.] I waxed the car for my birthday.

S: As a special gift to yourself. [*Both laugh.*]

M: Of course, providing it's green!

Now, the big diary finally returns. February fourteenth. 'He is here. Light shines again and this spasmodic writing resumes; always, from my point of view, far inadequate to the subject. The breadth to record.'

'Krishnaji left Bombay on the tenth on Singapore Airlines, the only airline he says is good because it has couchettes where he stretches out and slept six hours before arriving at Heathrow at 8 a.m. He arrived on his new diplomatic passport. The Indian high commission sent a car to meet him, which was unnecessary because Dorothy was there. I spoke to him by telephone when he got to Brockwood, and Dorothy said he was looking very well. On the twelfth, he did an audio-recorded discussion with David Bohm and Maurice Wilkins for French radio. It was organized by Jean-Michel Maroger. All this activity and travel left not a mark on his face when he appeared, escorted by a TWA person, in Los Angeles. Evelyne joined me to wait for his arrival on TWA 761 from London. He had left at 11:20 a.m. London time and landed here at 2:11 p.m., looking very well. We walked to the parking lot, and then Krishnaji and I drove up the coast and so to Ojai. The Lilliefelts, Lees, Hookers, Frances, and Michael were waiting under the pepper tree. But first we stopped at the Ojai hospital so that Krishnaji could see Katie Marks. John Hidley had telephoned me yesterday, saying that he thought Katie was hanging on to life just to see Krishnaji. The cancer has spread throughout her body. She was in a coma a few days ago but mysteriously rallied and was sitting up today, talking to Vivian Moody when we arrived. Krishnaji spent about five minutes alone with her, holding her hand, touching her head, but not talking.'

'The greeters departed, and Krishnaji and I walked about the house, looking at everything. The house is shining and clean. The Georgian desk has been put in perfect shape. Krishnaji approved of the camellia bed on the north terrace, which he had wanted and which I had resisted. He was right. We had supper on trays. "Come talk to me," he said, and then he told me much of the news of India. He is here and life is blessed. There was trouble with the burglar alarm in the night.' [*Chuckles.*] The night he arrived, having traveled and being tired, the alarm outside his door had dust in it and went off about midnight. He never woke up.'

S: Oh, how wonderful.

M: And I couldn't stop it. At one point I tried to beat it to death. [*Both laugh*.] With the handle of a broom. It was ringing right outside his door but he never heard a sound. He didn't wake up.

S: Right, and he didn't wake up when you were trying to beat it to death with a broom? [*Chuckles*.]

M: No. He never knew. [*Both laugh*.] I couldn't stop it. In desperation, I took to violence.

Monday, the fifteenth: 'The alarm rang three more times in the night. When I finally awoke to get up, it was to the peace of Krishnaji's being here. I was unpacking when the man came to fix the alarm in the morning. Krishnaji got up for lunch. I brought Frances over, and with the Lilliefelts, the Hookers, Vivian, and Michael, we had lunch at Arya Vihara. The walls are now painted white, and the new curtains, rug, lamps, and cushions have made quite a change, and Krishnaji approved. There were afternoon naps for both of us, then supper on trays, and we didn't use TV. [*Chuckles*.]

S: What color were the walls of Arya Vihara before?

M: Wood color. Kind of crummy wood.

S: But it is wood. So, it wasn't painted before?

M: That's right, it was natural wood color. I painted it.

S: So, it must have been very dark.

M: It was dark and it was unattractive, so I painted it. I paint everything white all the time. [*S laughs*.]

S: It looks nice. I was just admiring it this morning, in fact.

M: Oh? Good.

February sixteenth. 'Krishnaji and I talked and talked and talked. We again lunched at Arya Vihara and again had naps. Krishnaji has a sore tip of his toe, so he wants to go to Dr. Hara.' That's the foot man in Santa Paula. 'He said at one point in India Dr. Parchure told him his body was deteriorating, so Krishnaji "challenged the body," and it responded with sudden strength and energy.' [*Chuckles*.] 'It is in him now.' The body was always his responsibility, he thought. 'We felt we have too much TV at supper, so we switched it off.'

February seventeenth: 'I was up early. I made our sandwich lunch and we drove to Malibu on a beautiful morning, where we ate our lunch with Amanda and Phil on their terrace. It was sunny, there was a sea wind, and the familiar everything of Malibu. Krishnaji was shy as he usually is with the Dunnes. We got to Lailee's office at 2 p.m., and she examined him. She says he may have a cataract in the left eye and should have it examined. She also says that the small hernia he has does indeed need repair. We discussed the operation and his stay at the UCLA hospital where her preferred surgeon for this works. We drove home along the coast where the wild yellow flowers are just coming out into bloom.' He always liked those flowers. They are right where that big rock is, if you go the coast road. And he always looked for the yellow flowers. 'We stopped at Trancas to market on the way back, then stopped again to see Katie Marks.'

S: When did Katie Marks come into Krishnaji's life?

M: Well, when we moved to Ojai, she had two children at the school, and she was one of the parents who came around, and was really interested in the teachings.

S: So, she didn't go way back to some other era.

M: I don't think so, though, I don't remember anything about her in the past—I mean, when Krishnaji lived in Ojai in the years way back. She was just a nice woman, and had two boys who went to the school.

The eighteenth. 'Krishnaji mostly rested in the morning, but talked to Erna and me about the possible meeting with Rajagopal and Annie Vigeveno.**[1]** We lunched at Arya Vihara. Tom Krause was asked to lunch so Krishnaji could meet him as a possible KFA trustee. Max was there, too. Of Krause, Krishnaji said, "He seems nice. Serious." We talked at lunch of the Sheldrake theory. The Chinese lamp came from Gump's for the Arya Vihara living room. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon. And we had a quiet supper without TV.'

February nineteenth. 'I telephoned my brother on his birthday. It is a hot day here. We lunched at Arya Vihara with Erna, Theo, Vivian, and Michael. The new Gump's lamp in the Arya Vihara living room looked very satisfactory. As Krishnaji thinks the dining room should have, "something bright," I have ordered chintz curtains for there, too. We drove to Santa Paula, where Dr. Hara looked at Krishnaji's toe, and solved the problem with a small pad. We drove home.'

The twentieth. 'I was up early again to get ready. We drove again to Malibu and had our sandwiches with Amanda and Phil on the terrace. Then Krishnaji and I went to Beverly Hills, where I left a beautiful cashmere and merino wool and other materials that Krishnaji brought from India at my dress maker, Gisèle's. Then we went to UCLA hospital at 2 p.m., and Krishnaji was admitted after a deposit of $6,210.' They don't trust you at UCLA. 'Lailee was there. The two-room suite I had engaged on the ninth floor for Krishnaji in December was only half available, but he has the largest room. Though they have offered me a cot, I preferred the sofa already in the room. The usual tests were made, including a chest X-ray. Krishnaji said, "I feel like crying. I don't know why." But he accepted it all cheerfully and said, "Why is there so much fuss over a small affair?" We both went to sleep rather early. The strange surroundings did not make him wakeful. Only once, after supper, when he had dozed off and I tried to pull up his blanket, he awoke too suddenly and shudderingly, not recognizing me right way.'

February twenty-first. 'Lailee came by in the morning. She said all of Krishnaji's tests were excellent, except that his weight is down 3 pounds from his normal 112 pounds. He is 48.9 kilograms now, or 109 pounds. We spent a quiet day, mostly reading. Krishnaji insisted on "doing" my foot. "You must be very healthy. You must outlive me. I've been thinking a lot about that. We will talk about it." Dr. Ronald Tompkins, the surgeon, came to see Krishnaji in the late afternoon. A tall, dignified, pleasant man. He made a good impression on Krishnaji. His surgery is to be early tomorrow at 7:30 a.m. He discussed how much exercise Krishnaji could do during the recuperation. Most of pranayama Krishnaji does involves too much contraction of the muscles near the incision. Simple

walking and slow breathing is best. A little later, the anesthesiologist, Dr. Benjamin Ward, came. He is a young, careful, sensitive man; and he also made a good impression. He will have a spinal anesthesia of petrocaine to be used, minus other drugs, with intravenous saline and dextrose. We had a poor supper. It is a struggle here with food. Krishnaji watched an old *Kojak* on TV. We turned the lights out before 9:30 p.m.'

The twenty-second. 'I write this in the hospital room. Krishnaji went down to the operating room before 7 a.m. He had showered with special soap as instructed, shaved, and lay in bed looking gleaming, immaculate. "One should dress elegantly before dying," he said. And then he said, "Wasn't it Haydn who put on his best clothes to compose?" I replied, "No talk of dying, please." He responded, "Oh, I'm not going to die." He said it very firmly. He laughed when I told him the chaplain had come by while he was in the shower to say words of encouragement before surgery. The chaplain, a pale-faced man in rimless glasses, said to tell the patient, "I'll be rooting for him."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji laughed at the solemnness of getting on the gurney and went off down the hall on it. I asked the anesthesiologist to talk to Krishnaji during the operation as was done when he was at Cedars-Sinai hospital. Now I must wait.'

It continues in a different ink. 'It is now 1:20 p.m. Dr. Tompkins telephoned me at 8:50 a.m. that Krishnaji was out of surgery and in the recovery room, and said it went well. Krishnaji had talked with Dr. Ward during the surgery. They had not been able to tell if there might be a weakness on the left side, which might give in to pressure now that the right hernia is repaired. At 9:50 a.m., word came that the patient was coming out of the recovery room. But it wasn't until 10:30 a.m. that Krishnaji came down the hall. He looked pale, a little yellowish, and hardly spoke. A private nurse, a stout African-American woman, with several rings and a whiff of perfume, was here for a while. An icepack on the wound. Krishnaji was in some pain and the spinal had not gone from his legs entirely. He asked me to hold his feet. Then he wanted to lie on his left side. Sometime after 11 a.m., he asked me, "Maria, talk to me. I could slip away. The door is open. Do you understand?" I spoke to him, saying that he was here; the operation was over; he must close that door. He must remain here. Tell the body. It must be strong and get well. I kept talking. Then the pain became more severe, seeming to come in waves. Did he want something to stop it? Yes. Demerol had been ordered but I was worried it might be the dose for a normal body and telephoned Lailee. He had a shot at 11:40 a.m., and was in considerable pain until it took effect. Groaning, saying this was much worse than the other operation. He asked me to keep my hand on his diaphragm. The nurse had a call for a family emergency and left. I am sitting by his bed and he is sleeping now without pain. I watch the rise and fall of the blanket as he breathes. They are drilling outside.'

'At 2:15 p.m., he woke and looked vacantly side to side. I asked him if he was clear in his mind. He had difficulty talking. I said he'd been asleep. Is he all right now? He said it had been very close. When I said he must shut the door, he hadn't been sure he was strong enough. I said he had been given extra strength in India and he had it to use. He said I mustn't order it, "If it wants to go, it will go." I said I was asking, but he could still tell it.' He was always talking about…the open door as death, yes.

‘Dr. Tompkins came in and spoke to him. In the hall, I spoke of the difficulty of Demerol for Krishnaji, and Tompkins said he would rather Krishnaji endured some pain and not have too much medication. When I came back, Krishnaji said he had been kept downstairs too long, forty-five minutes after they were ready to have him leave, and there was no attendant. The typical things in this hospital, and one reason that Cedars’—the other hospital—‘was better. “I think I’m coming to,” he said.’

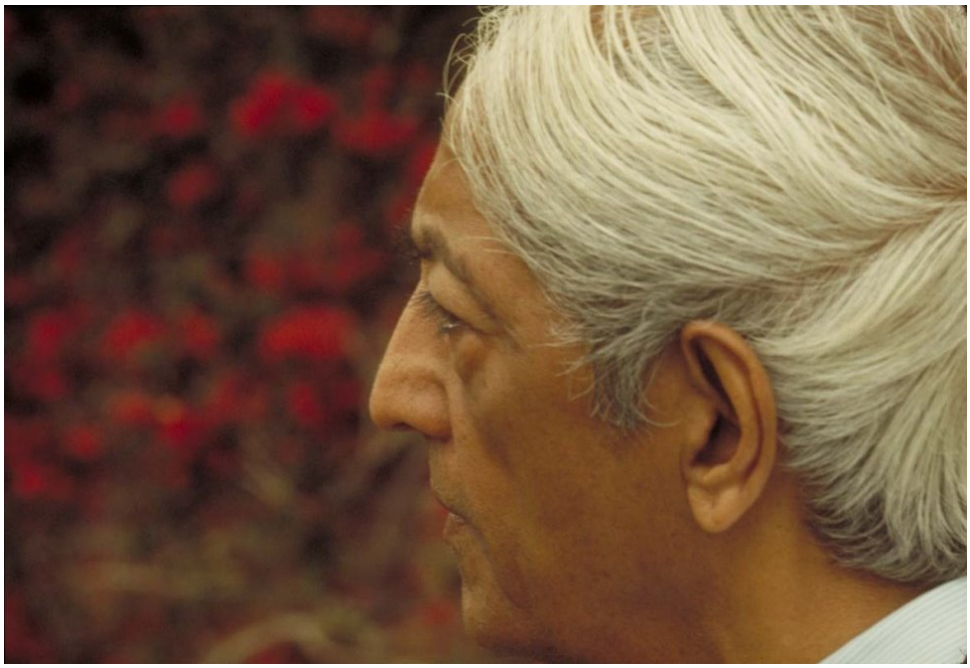
‘Evening: Lailee has been here cheerily. She had him look at the incision with a mirror to see how small it was. Krishnaji has not needed further Demerol and is reading his detective novel, a Raymond Chandler. His voice is weak but normal. The unsuitable day nurse had to leave for a family emergency, and later a nice, quiet one came to be replaced at seven by an efficient night nurse with two-inch red nails and a Vuitton bag.’ [*Both chuckle.*] She did. She had long nails. Bright red. ‘She is quickly and quietly doing things to make everything go well, and Krishnaji’s normalcy has eased me. Lailee says he gets up tomorrow.’

February twenty-third. ‘Krishnaji slept well, on and off. He says there is no pain. The nurse and I got him sitting up, with his legs dangling. Then standing. Then walking once around the room. He was surprised at his weakness. The intravenous tube has been removed. He’s had no further Demerol since the 120 milligram shot before noon yesterday. Dr. Tompkins came by early, and approved of everything. Lailee came by a little later. She said she thought he would be able to go home tomorrow. Earlier, with a private nurse with him, I had gone out to get a plug for his razor, and some tasty food; good yogurt, buttermilk, Häagen-Dazs ice cream, cheeses, fruit. I also went to Bullock’s for two pillows so he can lie down in the car; and, at his insistence, I went to Gisèle to figure out how to use the lovely material he brought me from India. When I got back, he had walked with the nurse to the end of the hall and back. It tired him but was progress.’

‘The day nurse left at seven and the night nurse, Mary Forbin, came on. It will be good if we can leave tomorrow. Krishnaji senses here the mark of sickness and suffering in these rooms. He has slept well, is free of pain, and wants to leave.’

February twenty-fourth. ‘Dr. Tompkins came in early, and agreed that Krishnaji should go home. The night nurse had given him a bed bath before going off duty, and at 7 a.m., he wore his warm shirt under his dressing gown. I got everything into the car and Krishnaji came down in a wheelchair. He sat in the back with pillows, painfully getting into the car. “Avoid bumps,” he asked, and I drove with care. When we came to the yellow wildflowers along the beach, he said the beauty of that was worth the surgery.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘We reached the cottage a little after 12:30 p.m. Erna and Theo were there. It was very painful for him to lift his legs out of the car, walk slowly up the path, climb the porch steps, and, most of all, to lower himself onto the bed. He sobbed, “It is too much for the body. How did I get into this?” He had seemed to stand the drive fairly well, but this was too much. Erna and Theo kept away, but after a little, the pain was gone, and he asked to see them. Theo had gone at my asking to get Tylenol, suggested by Dr. Tompkins, but Krishnaji said he didn’t need it. He read all afternoon. It was very hard for him to move in the bed, and attempts to fix his condition—the position of his

cushions—are unsuccessful. Michael brought a "tasty" lunch, and later at supper, he ate well. But again in the evening, it was painful for him to move. He took my hand, put it on the wound and placed his over it saying, "There, that helps."' I used to ask him if he couldn't…



Portrait of Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Yes, heal himself.

M: Yes. And he said he only could if my hand was on the thing, and then he did it through my hand. And that way it seemed to work. He did that later on, too, at the end.

S: Yes. He did that with me, too. But I didn't know what he was doing. I knew he was doing something, but I didn't know what he was doing.

M: No. So he couldn't heal himself but he could make someone else heal him. Well, I don't know what to say about that.

The twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji slept nine hours. He ate a good breakfast, but felt weak. He read all morning. I telephoned Mary Links in London to let her know how he is. Krishnaji gave himself a sponge bath standing in his bathroom, then he walked around the house and on the terrace. Water mustn't touch the incision until Monday.' This was written on a Thursday. 'He doesn't have much appetite, though Michael brought him tasty, spicy food. I spoke to Lailee in the afternoon. He eventually slept well. Being home with him safe is a blessing.'

The next day. 'He still has considerable pain whenever he moves. It is wearing for him, but he walked in and around the house and outside. His digestion is working as it should. I spoke to Dorothy at Brockwood.'

February twenty-seventh. ‘Krishnaji is feeling stronger, but the pain remains. He is learning to move less painfully. He went for a walk around the house in the morning. While I went to market in the afternoon, he walked to the gate and back.’

There is only the little diary for almost a week, I’m afraid.

S: We’ll bear up.

M: February twenty-eighth. ‘Krishnaji again walked to the gate. It was a quiet day. My brother telephoned from New York. I spoke to Blanche Mathias.’ That’s that lady in San Francisco.

March first. ‘Krishnaji is feeling much better. He wanted the Lilliefelts to come and talk, which they did at 11 a.m. Mar de Manziarly telephoned from Paris. It rained. Krishnaji slept well.’

March second. ‘Katie Marks died at noon. Max came here and saw Krishnaji for a short time. Erna came in the afternoon. Krishnaji talked to her and me about Rajagopal and our meeting him when Krishnaji is better.’

The third. ‘I went to Green Thumb Nursery in the afternoon for plants that Krishnaji wants and for a chaise lounge for the guest house. Krishnaji walked to the gate and back in the morning, and in the afternoon as well. I painted the western *nandi* with linseed oil.’ When it came, there were instruction for it to be painted in oil to make it stay black, but I stopped doing that because it looks better gray. I don’t know; it didn’t look right black.

March fourth. ‘Krishnaji took his first real shower. He walked a bit. Rajagopal telephoned me, but I was out. The curtains came for the Arya Vihara dining room, and it was decided to paint white the east bedroom that Katie Marks had had, and I ordered new curtains from Schwartz. I oiled the east *nandi*. They look splendid. Krishnaji is pleased. He had slight indigestion in the night.’

The fifth. ‘Krishnaji walked in the early morning. I worked at the desk and new plants were planted. Krishnaji read all afternoon. He still feels “weak” and likes staying in bed. We omitted cheese at supper, and that seems to have helped him sleep.’

March sixth: ‘At 11 a.m., there was a meeting of Hidley, Krause, Mendizza, the Lilliefelts, and me about the Krishnaji-Bohm-Sheldrake seminar in April. It was decided that Hidley should be the fourth participant and Krause would do the introduction and part of the epilogue. Later, Erna, on behalf of the Krishnaji Foundation, invited Tom Krause to become a trustee. He accepted. Krishnaji walked three times to the gate.’

The seventh. ‘I awoke around 4 a.m., and remained awake. At some point, I heard Krishnaji call me. I went in and sat with him. We had a light talk. His incision is much less painful. It hurts only when he gets up or down into bed or a chair. He astonishes me. Later, I went to make our nettle tea and brought it to him. He said that he had felt like

"going off," and that it was close. He could have. He wondered what it means. It was not "the door opening," as in the hospital. He thought of calling me, but didn't want to be melodramatic. It would have been very easy, he said. Later, he spoke of it again. "What would you do if you came in and found me?"' Then another quote. '"It shouldn't happen now. I still have too much to do."'

'In the afternoon, he shaved off the beard he has grown since he was in the hospital.' I forgot about that. 'He showered and dressed for the first time since he came back. He put on jeans and a heavy cotton knit we ordered from L.L. Bean a year ago. He is pleased with it, and wants some more to take to India. He looked beautiful and elegant but *very* thin. He weighs 104.5 pounds. He wanted to walk, so we drove to the corner of Thacher and McNell. The Lilliefelts parked at Grand and McNell, so if he tired, the cars were close.' It's level on that part. 'But Krishnaji set off down McNell at his military clip. And when we reached Grand, he insisted on walking halfway back. Theo followed in the car and picked him up. He was tired after he got back to his room. "My legs are weak." But it was a good first outing. He fell asleep right after supper, and slept well. I slept on the *qui vive*. I must live this way.'

S: What is the *qui vive*?

M: That means alert. Alertly.

S: But it literally means "who lives." Where does that expression come from?

M: Oh, it's a well-known French expression. The *qui vive*, to be alert, alarm, paying attention.

S: I don't know it.

M: I've always known that one. It's to be watchful, alert, paying attention, quick, on edge. Yes. On edge. 'In the morning'…oh—'I slept on the qui vive.' That means I slept with the door open and was listening. 'In the morning, I had gone to the Oak Grove School, where five jacaranda trees were planted as a gesture to Katie Marks. David Moody read a page from Krishnaji's *Notebook*. Many people were there.'

The eighth. 'Asit telephoned from Northern California. He will come down next Saturday. At 2 p.m., there was a meeting here of Joe Zorskie, Erna, Theo, Hooker, Mark, and David Moody about the school building. Joe is our go-between with the architect, Zelma Wilson. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji and I walked to the Lilliefelts' and then down Grand Avenue to McNell. Theo drove us back to their house, where Krishnaji sat by the fire and told of Rukmini Arundale coming to lunch this winter in Madras, her stupidity, and her messy way of eating, etcetera. It was dark when we came home. Krishnaji had walked a mile.'

March ninth. 'Erna telephoned after hearing from Cohen's office that Rajagopal has a doctor's letter saying he is too ill to have her and me come on the fifteenth to examine the

archive material he claims is his property, or to make a deposition as the court has ordered. Erna and Theo came over to tell Krishnaji and me what Cohen proposes to do next. Cohen said he cannot allow Rajagopal to run this case. Either he asks the court for an outside doctor to determine if Rajagopal is really too ill, or for an order to have Erna and me examine the archive material in his house. We chose the latter, which, though unlikely to happen, puts Rajagopal's refusal on record. Meanwhile, Krishnaji says he will be well enough next Monday to accept Mrs. Vigeveno's invitation for us to meet Rajagopal and her to talk matters over. I rang Mrs. Vigeveno and said we would come Monday to the K and R office. She had offered her house as "neutral territory," which Krishnaji takes exception to. "How can those people be so stupid, so insensitive as to call her house 'neutral,'" he said.' [*M chuckles.*] 'Annie Vigeveno said she would talk to Rajagopal and let me know.'

'It rained a little, so we didn't walk. Krishnaji said in the evening he was glad not to have walked. It has been on his mind to telephone Radha Sloss, who came to Pupul's to lunch in Delhi.' Radha Sloss tried to get him to talk to her father (Rajagopal), and he said he would try, and that he would let her know if he did. So, Krishnaji was fulfilling that. 'She had telephoned me to learn if Krishnaji had arrived. He telephoned her this evening and told her we had offered to meet Rajagopal. She said that if it didn't work, she suggested he meets with just Rajagopal and her, i.e., without someone to protect him.'

March tenth. 'In the late afternoon, Krishnaji got up for a walk to the Lilliefelts', then on to the dip, and back to the Lilliefelts'. We talked to them for a while. He had slight indigestion and ate only soup and crackers and felt alright. He watched a polar bear film on television.'

March eleventh. 'It rained. We left at 10:45 a.m., and drove to Beverly Hills. We had a picnic lunch in the car, then went to the UCLA hospital, where Dr. Tompkins checked Krishnaji's incision. All is alright. We went back to Beverly Hills, and chose a chain at Van Cleef.' That's this.**[2]** 'We left the rudraksha to be mounted that Krishnaji had gotten for me in India. Krishnaji bought two Vuitton suitcases, then we bought Great Earth vitamins and some detective stories. We stopped at Trancas for lunch and got home by 7 p.m. Krishnaji stood all this very well. It had rained in Ojai all day.'

S: Oh, I'd forgotten about The Great Earth vitamins. They were ones that I had found for him. Krishnaji had asked me what were the best vitamins? So, I went around comparing vitamin labels. [*Both laugh.*]

M: Which are hard to see!

S: Microscopic. I had looked that summer at all of the vitamins that are available in Switzerland, where he had asked me to do this, and I had looked in England; and then, when visiting my parents in Texas…

M: [*laughs*] Oh, I didn't know this.

S: Yes, I went around to different vitamin places and I found these Great Earth vitamins, which were really better than anything else. Also important was that the calcium was not from bone meal, and the E was not from fish liver oils. And so, they were completely vegetarian and they were also the best in their balance of vitamins and minerals. I can remember coming back with *bottles* of them to England.

M: [*chuckles*] Yes, you couldn't get them in England.

S: No, that's right. [*Laughs.*] I had completely forgotten about this until you mentioned it.

M: I didn't know all this, what you went through, and I had forgotten the name brand of vitamin. I wonder if they still exist. I haven't seen any lately.

S: I don't know, but, yes, I remember them.

M: March twelfth. 'Krishnaji didn't sleep well in the night, but did in the morning. He took a hot bath suggested by Dr. Tompkins, and stayed in bed until the five o'clock walk to the Lilliefelts', on to the dip, and back to the Lilliefelts'. He spoke to Radha Sloss in the morning. She says Rajagopal wants to meet him alone.' Now that was not news. 'Krishnaji somehow hurt his left-foot toe walking in the early morning.'

The thirteenth. 'Jacob Needleman came at 11:30 a.m. to talk to Krishnaji. He tried to persuade Krishnaji to speak in San Francisco under the auspices of the Far West Foundation, a Gurdjieff front.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'Krishnaji, he, and some of us lunched at Arya Vihara, Krishnaji's first lunch there since his operation. He slept two hours in the afternoon. Asit arrived from San Francisco, talked, and walked with us to the Lilliefelts' and to the dip. Krishnaji, Asit, and I had supper on trays. Krishnaji's left-foot big toe is still painful.' We had more foot troubles in our circles than seems normal.

S: [*laughs*] Yes, but you cornered the market on them.

M: Yes, I outstripped everybody else, [*S laughs*] in duration at any rate, if not seriousness.

March fourteenth. 'At 11 a.m., there was a KFA board meeting. Tom Krause became a trustee. Krishnaji attended part of the meeting. We all lunched at Arya Vihara, including Asit, then we resumed the meeting in the afternoon. We were joined later in the afternoon by Mark, David Moody, and Joe Zorskie. It was all about the school. My brother telephoned about meeting us in New York. Asit dined out, and Krishnaji and I went early to bed.'

March fifteenth. 'Asit has been staying with us since Saturday. Krishnaji enjoys talking to him about news of the computer world. Asit says the Japanese are going to spend ten years making a computer that can duplicate the abilities of the human brain. Instead of silicon chips, human cells may be used.' [*S chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, and I arrived at Annie Vigeveno's at 11 a.m. for the meeting with Rajagopal and some of them.

Mima Porter and Austin Bee were already there. The seats were in a U-shape with one in front of the fireplace, presumably for Krishnaji. Krishnaji asked where Rajagopal was. Vigeveno said she would explain in a minute; would we be seated and did we object to taping the meeting? Austin Bee had a large tape recorder. Erna was somewhat taken aback by this abrupt question. I merely thought they are doing it overtly instead of under the sofa.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Krishnaji then asked again where Rajagopal was, and Vigeveno said he was not coming. No excuse. No reason. Krishnaji was shocked. Why hadn't she telephoned? She hadn't known, she said. But this was a palpable lie, as Krishnaji noticed that the way the chairs were arranged, he was clearly not expected'—very observant of Krishnaji. 'Vigeveno began to ask us what we wanted, and Krishnaji interrupted, and said without Rajagopal there was no point in talking. We immediately left, but not until I said that Krishnaji was out of his sick bed and three weeks from surgery, etcetera. We drove to Oak Grove School and talked in the car. It was a shock to Krishnaji because, once again, he had hoped and thought that Rajagopal would, at last, do something decent; and once again, Rajagopal had insulted him. "I will never go to see him again. If he wishes to see me, he will have to come, and he will have to restore the archives," he said. Mark was showing Asit around the school. They joined us, and after telling them what had happened, we walked around in the sun and looked at the building sites. At lunch at Arya Vihara, Krishnaji spoke of goodness as an absolute, unrelated to any other thing; unrelated to evil; without an opposite. But evil projects an opposite: a pseudo-good, not the real. Thinking gets caught in these two, and so is untouched by the real good.'

S: Very interesting.

M: That makes sense. He talked about that more than just then. 'Krishnaji has had since Friday a sore left big toe. At first very sore, now better. I put ice packs on it. We went out to Dr. Hara, the Japanese podiatrist in Santa Paula, taking Asit with us. Hara said it might be gout. While waiting, I began a letter to Vigeveno about this morning's deceptions.'

The sixteenth. 'Asit had breakfast and left shortly after eight. I finished a letter to Vigeveno. Krishnaji, and the Lilliefelts, wanted it toned down, which I did only somewhat.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I sent it off with a copy to Rajagopal. Lailee wants Krishnaji to have a blood test fasting tomorrow. It rained all day. Amanda and Phil are back from their weekend in San Francisco. We lunched at Arya Vihara.'

The seventeenth. 'The Lilliefelts took Krishnaji at 8 a.m. to the Ojai hospital for a fasting blood test and later for one after eating. I set up his tray, etcetera and drove in the pouring rain to Beverly Hills, taking two-and-a-half hours. I had a haircut, fetched two French suitcases for Krishnaji, then saw the Van Cleef design for the rudraksha mounting. I had a fitting at Gisèle on the Indian fabric Krishnaji brought me and then left quickly at 3:15 p.m. to get ahead of the traffic on the Ventura freeway. I was home by 5:10 p.m. Krishnaji had had his tests. In the evening, Erna called to say that Rajagopal had telephoned her with a message for me and that I should telephone him. He must have had a copy of my letter to Vigeveno. I didn't telephone him and don't intend to, but Krishnaji telephoned Radha Sloss, told her what had happened on Monday, and said he would

never go there again. If Rajagopal wanted to see him, he would have to come here and give up the archives, putting them where the settlement agreement says they should be kept. Erna said Rajagopal made no apology and no reference to Monday.'

S: Okay. All right. We're going to have to end it there because we are running out of tape.

M: Alright.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] This is one of the things initiated when Krishnaji was in India as a way to settle the court case out of court.

[2] She was showing me the chain which she always wore from the time the rudraksha was set.

Issue 71: March 18 to June 23, 1982

Krishnaji's health is increasingly precarious, yet his speaking schedule increased. In this issue we see him filling Carnegie Hall in New York, and the Barbican Center in London, as well as his normal schedule of public talks and holding seminars, and the seemingly constant flow of people who come to see him.

We also continue to see regrettable behavior around the archives material that was supposed to have been returned to Krishnaji, but which never was.

Mary: Alright. We're beginning today's discussion with March eighteenth, 1982. 'Krishnaji was awake in the night. I made him Horlicks, which wasn't helpful.' [*Both chuckle*.]

Scott: Is Horlicks American?

M: Horlicks? Where are we at this point?

S: You're in Ojai. It's English, isn't it? Not American, is it?

M: No. It isn't. But apparently, we had some. I don't remember anything about it. [*Both chuckle.*] 'Dr. Lailee says the results of Krishnaji's tests yesterday show Krishnaji doesn't have gout, but he has elevated blood sugar. Krishnaji could take a pill, but she suggests I talk to a dietitian about a diabetic diet, and after he tries it, to retest his blood before he goes to New York. I was unable to reach the Ojai hospital dietitian. Krishnaji is not eating enough and needs to put on weight; and diet restrictions will make this even more difficult. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji saw Frances [McCann] and John Hidley about her mental health. She is having anxiety over not being "perfect" and slipping back in her mental state, and is emotional. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon. It was cold and there was intermittent rain, but we walked to the dip and back.'

Now the nineteenth. 'Krishnaji slept nine hours. In view of Krishnaji's need to gain weight, Lailee gave a prescription to lower his blood sugar. I went to the Santa Barbara airport and met Malini at 2:25 p.m. It was a beautiful sight of Ojai returning, with snow on the mountaintops and a blue sky. Krishnaji, Malini, Erna, Theo, and I walked two miles. Malini dined with the Moodys and some others at Arya Vihara. She is staying in the guest house.'

S: This is Malini, the daughter of Prema. A nice person.

M: Yes.

March twentieth. 'It was a beautiful, clear day. Krishnaji, Malini, and I had breakfast in the kitchen by the fire. Malini and I talked most of the morning. We all lunched at Arya

Vihara, then Malini went to see the Oak Grove School. Krishnaji had done exercises in the morning and didn't feel like a walk. We had supper alone.'

The next day. 'We breakfasted in the kitchen, and I talked to Malini most of the morning. We all lunched at Arya Vihara. Then Krishnaji and I drove Malini to the Santa Barbara airport, from where she flew back to Stanford. We had a pleasant drive back. The snow is still on the mountains.'

March twenty-second: 'It was another beautiful day. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Mr. Schwartz installed new flowered curtains in the newly painted white east bedroom. I went in the afternoon to an American diabetic association in Ventura to get diet information, then walked with Krishnaji and the Lilliefelts down McAndrew. Philippa telephoned from Connecticut.'

March twenty-third: 'We packed, and I did house things, lunched at Arya Vihara, and then I prepared the guest rooms for the Bohms. Krishnaji and I walked to the dip. I finished packing before going to bed. Frances and John Hidley decided against her going to New York.'

The twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji awakened me at 4 a.m. His inner clock, as always, had awakened him at 3:30 a.m. He has no stomach for breakfast at odd hours, but did eat something, and we were ready when Mark and the Lilliefelts arrived at 6 a.m. with the school van. Ojai was quiet and beautiful, and so it was down the coast. We passed the Dunnes, but then the traffic to work flowed into the coast road. Nevertheless, we kept moving and reached the torn-up airport on time. Krishnaji is using his two new, dark gray and brown suitcases. I found no baggage stubs on our tickets when we got inside United, but there was nothing to do at that point except board the 9 a.m. United flight to New York. Krishnaji and I had the forward two seats in first class, and Erna and Theo were in another section. We were one hour late taking off due to air controllers in New York. When we landed, Bud with Laurie were there to meet us, and drove Krishnaji and me into the city. We had engaged rooms at the new French-run hotel, Le Parker Meridien. It is half a block from the Carnegie Hall stage door on West 56th Street.' Oh, that was the reason for going to New York—because he was going to speak at Carnegie Hall.

S: Aha. Right.

M: 'There was rather a wait to check in, but the rooms on the eleventh floor are good. The larger one, which was Krishnaji's, has a sitting room arrangement with a bed in an alcove, and set off from it and adjoining is a normal-sized bedroom. The staff is French-speaking. The lobby is rather overly marbled. Krishnaji has started the trip well, and we finished the day well by having supper in rooms. Jackie Kornfeld has sent a fine platter of cheeses and fruits and tofu. I had trouble sleeping due to street noises—something was being drilled somewhere, but Krishnaji slept ten hours, waking up only once. My mind seems to work on the logistics of getting things done smoothly for him. From this to that to the next thing.'

The twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji looked well from his ten hours of sleep. There was no sign of fatigue from the trip. My brother sent his car with a driver to take us to the radio station WBAI for a one-hour live interview by a Gary Null starting at noon. He once sent a list of questions to Krishnaji at Brockwood, and I taped Krishnaji's answers and sent it back for broadcast. Today's interview was live, in a scruffy studio on Eighth Avenue. The dirt and ugliness of that part of the city is jarring. My brother met us back at the hotel afterwards, and we walked to Orsini, a block east, and lunched together. Bud flies to Paris tonight. Lisa has museum doings there. Bud said he is going to sell his house on William Street on Martha's Vineyard.' He inherited a little house across the street from the family house.

S: Elmholm, yes. Who did he inherited it from?

M: Great-aunt Eleanor—a crazy great aunt, who [*chuckles*], who liked him because he was a male in the family. [*S laughs*.] And she thought he was perfect. She embarrassed him, and me too, by taking us to the movies and then, if she thought it wasn't suitable for us, she would get us out of the movie in the middle while we were watching it. [*S laughs*.] And she further antagonized me by calling me "the Queen of Hearts." I used to shudder at that. [*Both chuckle*.] She was quite crazy, but she adored my brother and left him the house. She was the youngest of several sisters who all owned the house, but she was the survivor. Aunt Eleanor [*chuckles*]. Anyway, 'he's going to sell his house on William Street and also sublet the flat in Paris. Walking back to the hotel, I felt he was a little worn. Life has grayed, and I felt that sadness and the flood of affection that wants to protect someone dear. Krishnaji sensed it, too. We said goodbye, and Krishnaji and I walked on in order to time how long it takes to walk to the stage door of Carnegie Hall from the hotel (two minutes), and then we went around the block for a walk. There was a large photo of Krishnaji in the front of Carnegie Hall with "Sold Out" in big letters across it. Krishnaji barely glanced at it. I bought some Pears soaps and found a Burt Lancaster film that was being played at the little Carnegie theater. We came back to the hotel, rested a little, and then Krishnaji said, "Let's go." So we went to the four o'clock showing of the film. His expectation of the Lancaster film was a bit bewildered by this one. "What is happening?" he kept asking. He didn't like it, but stayed. It is the first film we have seen in years, he said.' That can't be true.

S: It's not, no. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'Then we walked east on 57th Street, and he recognized where he was. We went into Doubleday's and bought some paperbacks. Erna, Theo, and Evelyne had listened to the WBAI broadcast in the morning, and thought it went very well. Krishnaji said the interviewer was full of himself. Krishnaji is surprised that people recognize and speak to him on the streets, in lifts, and in the bookstore.' [*Chuckles*.]

March twenty-sixth. 'Narasimhan came to see Krishnaji at 9 a.m. Then Erna and Theo, and then David Shainberg, came. The latter stayed quite a while and answered Krishnaji's questions about Rishi Valley, etcetera, which he had recently visited. Krishnaji asked him to think about "joining us" in some way. Not on the board, "that is

nothing," but in some other way. David said he had been thinking of that. Krishnaji and I lunched at Orsini again, rather late to avoid the noise. The food suits Krishnaji, so at least he is getting enough. Just before lunch, he got the shakes, his hands trembling, and I made a blind guess that the pills to lower his blood sugar have overdone it. I put some sugar on a piece of bread as we were waiting for lunch to be served, and in a few minutes the trembling stopped. He ate well. Tomorrow he will omit the pill. We went for a walk over to the park and back. It was rather windy. At 4 p.m., a *New York Times* man, Paul Montgomery, came to interview Krishnaji. A nice man. Krishnaji noticed how clean his hands were.' [*Chuckles.*]

The twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji said he had awakened several times, but said he had had meditation. It was a cold morning. We had breakfast without haste and, for once, there was no hurrying about before a talk. Krishnaji was in the lobby when I came down, and we walked the short way to the Carnegie Hall stage door. Theo stayed with Krishnaji and I ducked into the side door to my end-of-row seat. Evelyne and Eloise were there, as were Jackie Kornfeld, Toodie, Philippa, and David. Krishnaji came out to considerable applause. The house was full to the ceiling, many standing. People had been scalping tickets outside at 9 a.m.' [*S laughs.*] That was nice.

S: Yes, that is nice.

M: 'Krishnaji began to speak at 10 a.m. There was some microphone trouble at first, but the audience was very sympathetic. Then his voice came on vibrant, strong as a trumpet, and the Krishnaji magic was there, filling the hushed hall. He wore a brown suit, handsome in front of a golden curtain. He held them for one hour and thirty-five minutes. It was a good, intense talk. We came back to the hotel. Philippa and David also came and, while Krishnaji rested for a while, they and I talked. Then, the four of us walked to Orsini's, and again had a good Italian lunch. We walked back to the hotel, and Krishnaji rested again, while Philippa and David came with me in search of tofu and apricots. The streets were cold and windy. The noise of the city is a bit much. Philippa and David returned to Connecticut. Erna and Theo came by after a good meeting of information centers at the Gotham Bookstore.' Gotham Bookstore is a good bookstore, an old bookstore, and they've always specialized in Krishnaji's books.

The fact that it was the way it was at Carnegie Hall, for me, as a New Yorker, because Carnegie Hall, well…in my childhood, I used to go and hear Toscanini there, and I felt that the good sounds in that hall were in the wood, in the fabric, in the walls somehow; and to have Krishnaji's voice added to that, in my imagination, gave me great pleasure.

S: Yes, how nice. Well, it *is* an enormous accomplishment to fill Carnegie Hall like that.

M: It was a right place for him. Although it's not a good hall for voice—it's good for music.

S: Yes. That's often the case: If a stage is good for voice, it's not good for music, and vice versa. But it speaks well of New York that there would be so much interest in Krishnaji there.

M: Yes. "Sold Out" was a lovely sign to see [*both chuckle*] across his large photograph.

March twenty-eighth. 'Tickets for Krishnaji's second New York talk were being scalped at eighty-five dollars outside Carnegie Hall this morning.'

S: Wow. That's a lot.

M: That *is* a lot. 'The *New York Times* man, Paul Montgomery, had a quite nice article on Krishnaji. He gave a very fine talk. Earlier, he had said to me in a not too serious way, "How long can I keep this up?" After the talk, Krishnaji and I lunched with David Shainberg at his flat. About ten of us were there, and Krishnaji told some of his stories: the ones about heaven and hell, St. Peter's, and the man in the red Ferrari. Erna and Theo left for Connecticut. After the lunch, we came back to the hotel and rested.'

The twenty-ninth. 'We were slightly late getting to an 11 a.m. conference put together by David Shainberg and held in the United Nations Plaza building. There were about thirty participants.' These were supposed to be all psychotherapists, but there were others. 'Renée Weber, Patricia Hunt-Perry, Jackie Kornfeld, Montague Olman, Evelyne Blau, and Eloise were ones I knew. A Hopi Indian, some musicians, painters, and psychotherapists, too. It didn't really get off the ground in my view, but seemed valuable to Shainberg. Afterwards, he came with Krishnaji and me to lunch with Narasimhan around the corner from the UN at the Madras Woodlands Restaurant.' The Woodlands is a restaurant in Madras and the New York one is run by the Madras restaurant, and is very popular with UN people, apparently. We had iddlies, etcetera.' Do you know what iddlies are?

S: Yes, I know iddlies very well.

M: You can explain what iddlies are then.

S: They're usually made with fermented black lentils and rice flour.

M: Yes. Like little cakes.

S: Yes. Like cakes, but they are savory, and they are often served for breakfast, which is marvelous.

M: Very good. Very good. [*Both chuckle.*] 'Narasimhan and David Shainberg hadn't met before. Narasimhan told his stories.' He was the source of all those stories that Krishnaji used to tell about God and St. Peter and all that.

S: Oh, Narasimhan was the…

M: Yes. When I was a child, funny stories usually came from the New York Stock Exchange, which my father and brother would bring home. But in this era, apparently funny stories emanated from the UN. [*Both laugh*.] And Narasimhan would bring them to Krishnaji.

S: I've forgotten what Narasimhan was in the UN.

M: He was chef de cabinet to U Thant. Remember U Thant?

S: Yes, of course. Now I remember.

M: 'Krishnaji ate what Narasimhan ordered, but when we reached the hotel, he was still hungry. I got him a cheese sandwich. I then went out for Belgian and Ferragamo shoes and shoe cream for Krishnaji. Erna telephoned that Willa reported that Ruth Tettemer had died of Alzheimer's disease.' Yes, she did have Alzheimer's. I remember when she didn't seem to know who anybody was. That's a shame. 'Also, a belligerent telegram had arrived for Krishnaji from Rajagopal. I talked to Mitchell Booth." That's the family lawyer. 'I am worried about my brother. Mitch was close-mouthed and said little, and was not reassuring.'

March thirtieth. 'We were on time to the second Shainberg conference. I felt again that Krishnaji had to pull everyone uphill. David Shainberg lunched with us at Orsini, and it was late, and therefore quiet. Krishnaji ate well and likes it. There was a movie called *Death Trap* playing at the Sutton Theater, and we went, thinking it would be a thriller. It was a noisy, idiotic lemon. We walked back across 57th Street. New York is beautiful when you look up. The new IBM building has gone up on the corner of Madison. Only such soaring substances give me the old sense of the city I grew up in, and cared about once. Jackie Kornfeld had located Karsh, the photographer. He is in New York and will photograph Krishnaji tomorrow.' Jackie underwrote that. 'She has also seen Felt Forum for next year and gave a good report.' We couldn't get Carnegie Hall the next year for some reason.

S: So you had Felt Forum? Where's Felt Forum?

M: I don't know. It's downtown. How can I describe it? It's a newer place. I'd never been there before. It wasn't there when I lived in New York.'

The thirty-first. 'It was the third Shainberg conference. Yousuf Karsh, the photographer, was there, studying Krishnaji's appearance. Shainberg lunched with us at Orsini. Krishnaji and I then went to Karsh's studio where, from 3:15 p.m. to 5 p.m., he photographed Krishnaji, mostly in black and white, but a few in color. He made Krishnaji have his hands in each pose, which is not characteristic of Krishnaji. I asked him toward the end for some without the hands. We walked back.' That one I've got in the other room is something Jackie Kornfeld gave me in her will. It was sent to me after she died. It has the hands, which Krishnaji didn't…

S: Yes. Krishnaji never did that. Yes.

M: No, he never did that. It was Karsh's fault. After the photo-shoot, we walked back to the hotel, where Krishnaji was interviewed for WBAI again, this time by Lex Hixon. Krishnaji didn't sleep well. My impatience at not getting a taxi back disturbed him. We packed.'

The first of April. 'Narasimhan came at 9 a.m. to say goodbye to Krishnaji. Bud's car, with Les Lewis driving, came for us, and took Krishnaji and me to the airport and a noon flight on United to Los Angeles. We arrived at 3:30 p.m. Mark met us and we drove home along the coast. It is lovely to be back. Krishnaji had fainted briefly sitting on the plane, but was full of energy and enthusiasm on the drive and on arrival. The Bohms, who have been here for a week, greeted us. Michael brought supper. I telephoned to Amanda. The rudraksha and chain had arrived from Van Cleef. Krishnaji wore it overnight.' He would do that with jewelry things. He would "magnetize" them, I think some people call it.

The second of April. 'It is a lovely Ojai morning: clear and shining. We lunched at Arya Vihara with the Bohms, etcetera. Two hours after eating, Krishnaji had a blood sugar test at the Ojai hospital lab. It was 170, which is still too high. Lailee increased the pill dosage to one and a half. Krishnaji will be tested again on Monday. We walked to the dip and back. The air was quite cold.'

The next three days are fairly uneventful. On the sixth of April. 'We took a picnic lunch to the Dunnes' and ate with them on the terrace. Then Krishnaji and I went to UCLA hospital, where Dr. Tompkins pronounced Krishnaji fit and fine, and then we bought Great Earth vitamins to take to Europe. At 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji's eyes were examined by Dr. Laura Fox. He has the beginnings of cataracts in both eyes, but the left one is more advanced. There is a possible need for surgery later. Krishnaji said, "The body accepted it." We got home by 8 p.m., had what Krishnaji called "a good meal," and went to sleep.'

The next day, 'My brother telephoned that he and Lisa got from London to New York yesterday in a blizzard. Mar de Manziarly telephoned from Paris to tell us that Nadia's husband, Nicolas Kossiakof, died. Krishnaji dictated letters. Sidney Field brought his grandson to lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji and I walked with Erna and Theo down Grand Avenue. The results of Krishnaji's Monday glucose test is 122. The pill Talinase is working. Lailee says he is to continue taking them.'

The eighth. 'I went to get a passport photo and plants for the house, then I continued on south, and stopped for a sandwich with the Dunnes. Then I went to Gisèle's for fittings.' That was with those Indian materials Krishnaji had brought me from his last trip.' I had the car washed, and drove back, meeting Krishnaji and the Lilliefelts walking on Grand Avenue. Krishnaji had been to the local dentist, Dr. Meinig, with Theo.'

April ninth I only have that 'at four, Krishnaji talked to teachers here.' That means here at the house.

The next day, ‘It rained. I was up early, did my exercises, and attempted getting things done early. I worked at my desk all morning. Spoke to my brother and to my cousin, and telephoned Filomena in Rome for Easter.’ It was Easter that day. ‘At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held another discussion here with Oak Grove School teachers. It came to something infinite—seeing the incompleteness of knowledge can free the mind to different perception.’

April eleventh. ‘It rained all day. At 10 a.m., there was a trustees meeting. Krishnaji was tired and rested all morning. After lunch, at Arya Vihara, he joined the meeting. We had Mark and David Moody come, and we proposed a committee to help in running the school. We walked down Grand Avenue and we watched *My Fair Lady* on television.’

The next day. ‘After lunch at Arya Vihara, I went to the Santa Barbara airport to meet Rupert Sheldrake and bring him back to Arya Vihara, where he will stay for a week. Meanwhile, Krishnaji held discussions at the house with teachers. Patricia Hunt-Perry came to stay a few days at Arya Vihara.’

April thirteenth. ‘At 10:30 a.m., Erna and I went to the K and R office, where Stuart Comus met us’—that’s our lawyer—‘and also Rajagopal’s lawyer, Terry Avsham, and Austin Bee. We were to examine “archives.” There was nothing that was different from the inventory we made in 1980. It was a complete futility. We were there one hour and came back. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Rupert Sheldrake and Patricia Hunt-Perry came. Both came back here for coffee. Later Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Max, and I walked. Supper was at 6:30. Early to bed.’

The fourteenth. ‘Krishnaji slept poorly. Too much cheese for supper, he thinks. I worked at my desk and paid income tax. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw Mrs. Frumkin for an interview.’ She was a woman who lived in Santa Monica and had people come and see videos. Renee Frumkin. ‘Then we walked down to the Lilliefelts’ for tea with the Bohms, Sheldrake, and Patricia Hunt-Perry. We all walked down to the dip and back.’

There isn’t much the next day, and then on April sixteenth, ‘It was a beautiful day, which I began with much laundry.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘Mendizza came with a crew to set up video equipment with three-color cameras for the discussion. Narasimhan came to lunch and was shown around the school. Patricia Hunt-Perry left. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji, Bohm, Sheldrake, and John Hidley did a one-hour videotaped discussion on what causes mental disorder. After, there was a short walk with Krishnaji, Bohm, and Sheldrake.’

The seventeenth. ‘At 11 a.m. there was the second videotaped discussion with Krishnaji, Bohm, Sheldrake, and Hidley; and a third discussion was done in the afternoon at 4 p.m.’

The next day. ‘It was a warm, clear day. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji, Bohm, Sheldrake, and Hidley did the fourth videotaped dialogue. In the afternoon, Bohm, Hidley, and Krause did an epilogue to it without Krishnaji. Krause did the introduction. The house is finally empty and quiet by 8:30 in the evening. Krishnaji stopped taking the anti-sugar pills.’

The nineteenth. ‘It has been a hot day. Shainberg arrived last night and is staying at Arya Vihara. We all lunched there. Sheldrake left in the afternoon. Krishnaji, Shainberg, and I walked at 5:30 p.m. down McAndrew.’

April twentieth. ‘Evelyne and Mendizza came to film Krishnaji answering questions for their documentary. Radha Burnier arrived in Ojai for two days and came to lunch. In the afternoon, all filming equipment was removed, and Dennis cleaned the house. In the evening, Krishnaji did some special thing to “clean” the atmosphere in the living room.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘The afternoon walk was with Krishnaji, David Shainberg, and the Lilliefelts.’

The next two days are mostly small things, and on April twenty-third, ‘Krishnaji’s blood sugar after five days off the medicine was 115!’ Exclamation point. ‘Lailee said to check again in a month, but meanwhile, all is normal. The Bohms brought Professor Feynman of Caltech to lunch at Arya Vihara. I went to the Oak Grove School horse show. Ulrich Bruger and Magda Sichitiu were also at lunch. She brought her mother and child to Ojai hoping to stay and put the child in the Oak Grove School. Krishnaji met here at Pine cottage with the Lilliefelts, Hooker, Krause, Mark, and David Moody; and a committee to run Oak Grove School was established. Members of the committee are Krause, Mark, Moody, Leslie Hidley, and one teacher.’

Editor’s Note: ***Mary doesn’t mention it in her diaries at this time, but she spoke with me about it a great deal, and it was certainly an important factor in her being in Krishnaji’s presence in California—the Oak Grove School was still not functioning well. This is the third governance structure for the school in as many years.***

The twenty-fourth. ‘Krishnaji dictated letters. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji met here with the trustees and Leslie Hidley, Mark, and David Moody about the new school committee. Then Krishnaji spoke to teachers and parents. We took a short walk.’

The next day, Krishnaji again spoke to the teachers and parents.

On the twenty-sixth. ‘We drove to Beverly Hills for Krishnaji’s 11 a.m. appointment with Dr. Fox. He had a field of vision test and got drops for the pressure in the left eye. I picked up something from Gisèle. We stopped in Westwood for Krishnaji to go to the shaver shop,’ [*both chuckle*] ‘and then we went to Zuma Beach for a picnic lunch, and eventually the Green Thumb Nursery for a ficus tree to replace the one on the patio. “That one was waiting for us,” Krishnaji said. We got home after 4 p.m. and went for a walk with the Lilliefelts.’

S: You used to walk at Zuma Beach with Krishnaji when you lived in Malibu, didn’t you?

M: Yes, I think maybe we did, because Zuma Beach is up the coast highway from Malibu, when you get past the big rock. Zuma Beach is the beach immediately north of that. It’s a big wide beach, a beautiful beach to walk on. It’s a public beach, but when we

lived in Malibu, there would be nobody there during the week. It was only on weekends that people came from the city. It was a very lovely, very wide, beach.

There's nothing for the twenty-seventh except that the Bohms left. And the following day, 'We went to the Oak Grove School for a tree planting and a lunch prepared by a parent who runs a restaurant in Santa Monica. Krishnaji sat at a table with the children. Then he and I went to the IRS office in Oxnard for his tax clearance so he could leave the country. We came back, and Krishnaji worked a little bit with Alasdair planting azaleas that we bought.'

Then, for the next couple of days, there isn't much of significance until May first. 'It is a cool, but somewhat sunny day. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his first Ojai talk in the Oak Grove. He and I had lunch at Arya Vihara with only Michael present. I looked at video of that day's talk—well done by Mendizza using two cameras and the equipment of the seminar recordings. Krishnaji and I walked to the Lilliefelts' and back.'

The second of May. 'It is a nice sunny day. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his second Ojai talk. Afterward, he said, "Where does the energy come from? It can't be the porridge."' [*Both laugh.*] Oh, dear.

S: If it were, I'd want some.

M: 'Lunch at Arya Vihara was with Kishbaugh and Narayan's brother, who's also named Krishnamurti. At 4 p.m., Alfonso Colón and Armando Riesco came to talk about the Fundación. Afterward, we walked to the Lilliefelts', then down McAndrew with them.'

There's nothing much the next day, then on May fourth, 'Krishnaji held the first question-and-answer session in the Grove. The lunch afterwards at Arya Vihara was with Kishbaugh and Narayan's brother again. Later, there was a tea here in Pine Cottage with Mr. Vaid and his son, Magda Sichitiu and her mother and child, Ulrich Bruger, Narayan's brother, Erna, Theo, Alfonso Colón, and his nephew Jose, after which Krishnaji and I went for a walk.'

The fifth. 'Dorothy telephoned from Brockwood about buying one of the Woodland Cottages. Colón and Riesco came to lunch at Arya Vihara. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, and I went to Oak Grove School to look at the sites for new school buildings. Zelma Wilson is the designer.'

May sixth. 'Krishnaji's second question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove. The Meralis arrived at lunchtime and will stay in the guest flat. Krishnaji put his hand on Colón, who has heart trouble, and also talked to Max. He walked with the Meralis, and I went to do marketing. My face caused criticism.' He used to claim that I made, I don't know…

S: Yes, you made faces. [*Both laugh.*] By which, I always thought he meant that your face expressed what you were feeling.

M: Well, yes, I guess I did.

Again, nothing much the next day, but on May eighth, 'There was drizzle, but still, at 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his third Ojai talk. Hugues van der Straten is here for one day, and he came with his son Gauthier for lunch at Arya Vihara. At 4 p.m., there was a meeting of Information Center people at the Lilliefelts'. Krishnaji walked down to their house, but didn't come in to the meeting, then we walked back. He had seen Bill Quinn at 4:30 p.m., and Dr. Shah at 5 p.m.'

May ninth. 'It was a cold day. Krishnaji gave his fourth Ojai talk. Beforehand, he had said in the car, "What will I talk about?" And it turned out to be a very fine one.**[1]** Brij Khare and wife and daughter were at lunch at Arya Vihara, as was Lou Blau. At 4 p.m., Peter Hewitt gave a piano recital in Libbey Park to benefit the matching fund drive. Krishnaji and I attended the first half. When we came back, he went to bed, where he had supper. Krishnaji said he "did something" to protect the house as we leave it at night.' What does that mean?

S: Maybe it was for that concert at Libbey Park.

M: It was in May. Well, anyway, that's what he said.

The tenth 'was a cold day. Various people to lunch at Arya Vihara. There was a meeting after lunch of a few trustees, plus Mark and David about the school buildings. Krishnaji spoke to Max. We walked to the Lilliefelts'.'

May eleventh. 'It is still cold. Krishnaji held the third question-and-answer session in the Oak Grove, after which we went to the cobbler.' Oh, yes. There was a good cobbler in Meiners Oaks, where I got some shoes.' We lunched at Arya Vihara, where there was Reeta Sanatani who had been principal of the Canadian school, but the school is now canceled. Krishnaji has resigned from the Educational Center of Canada.' He did resign, but the Siddoo sisters never said he resigned. 'Krishnaji and Booth Harris washed and waxed the green car. We walked with the Meralis to the Lilliefelts' and back.'

May twelfth. 'Today is Krishnaji's eighty-seventh birthday. We went to Beverly Hills, with Krishnaji driving the green Mercedes along the coast road. He said, "Every night meditation wakes me." We reached Dr. Fox's office at 11 a.m. Krishnaji had a glaucoma test. It's now fourteen after taking Timoptic for two weeks. My pressure was the same and I had a general eye exam. We fetched the rest of the things from the dressmaker Gisèle's, then had a picnic lunch on a shady street in Beverly Hills. We went to Bullock's for eight-hour cream.' Do you know about eight-hour cream? [*chuckles*] It's by Elizabeth Arden.

S: Oh, that. Yes, I do. It's orange, but it's in a pink jar.

M: Yes, it's orange, and it's in a typical pink Elizabeth Arden jar which was pink. And I still have *the* jar in the table by my bed. [*laughs*]

S: Krishnaji's jar?

M: It's his jar. Yes.

S: And I have his Brockwood jar of that. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Well, you know what I mean, in that case.

S: Yes. But it hasn't lasted eight hours; it's lasted more than twenty years. [*Laughs*.]

M: It's lasted several decades for me, too. This is 1982 and we are now in 2005 and it's still in my drawer. Occasionally I take a little bit. It doesn't seem to go funny.

S: Yes, I have Krishnaji's jar from Brockwood, and I don't know what I'm carrying it around the world for. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Because it's Krishnaji's jar from Brockwood.

S: Exactly. Exactly. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Oh, dear. Now wait a minute, where was I? Yes. Yes. 'We went to Bullock's for eight-hour cream, and came back to Ojai, Krishnaji again driving along the coast. Patrick Lashley had put new shelves in the garden storage.' He was a nice carpenter. 'Krishnaji was tired, but marvelously well on this birthday.'

The thirteenth. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held his fourth question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove. We, again, went to the cobbler, and then the chemist on the way back. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Bill Quinn was a guest. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji and I went to a tea at Oak Grove School for the helpers and guests.'

May fourteenth. 'Erna called me to say Rajagopal is trying to reach me. I telephoned him. He wants to send five boxes'—oh, this is the five-box day—'of material to Krishnaji to be delivered personally in my presence. At around 10 a.m., Austin Bee came with five file boxes. Krishnaji came to the front door and received them. Krishnaji had Erna and Theo come over and the contents of all five boxes were examined. There were manuscripts of Krishnaji's; letters from Nitya, Annie Besant, and Emily Lutyens; original accounts of the pepper tree event; and much else. Erna, Theo, and I made an inventory. Later, Krishnaji had me call Rajagopal and thank him deeply, and say that Krishnaji hoped that more material will come, and we can avoid going to court. We lunched at Arya Vihara, after which I went to the bank about travelers' checks, etcetera and to get tea roses for Krishnaji to plant near the *nandis*. Krishnaji walked with the Meralis and the Lilliefelts while I did this.'

May fifteenth. 'Krishnaji had leg cramps in the night. At 11:30 a.m., he gave the fifth Ojai talk, which moved me to tears.**[2]** We again stopped at the cobblers in Meiners Oaks and came back to Arya Vihara for lunch. It's a warm day, too hot to walk, and Krishnaji

was tired. Appraisers came at 4 p.m., and I showed them all three houses. I bicycled eight miles.' How could I do that?

S: On your stationary bicycle.

M: Oh, yes. [*Chuckles.*] 'Alasdair and Eloise got married.' Eloise is the daughter of Evelyne.

The sixteenth. 'It is a warm day. The crowd for the sixth talk was huge. Austin Bee handed Krishnaji a note from Rajagopal as he arrived. Krishnaji read it only after the talk on his return home. Rajagopal wanted Krishnaji to announce at the talk that they were friends. Later Krishnaji had me telephone and read a message Krishnaji wrote to Rajagopal, thanking him, and asking him if it meant he was turning over the rest of the things. Rajagopal said it has nothing to do with turning anything over or with the lawsuit. The Blaus were both at lunch. It was again too hot to walk. Erna had announced at the talk that the goal of the matching fund had been reached.'

May the seventeenth. 'It was a hot day. The Meralis left after lunch. Krishnaji was tired and worried about who carries on after he, I, and the Lilliefelts are gone. He talked all morning to us about it, and at 5 p.m., he had a meeting of the Lilliefelts, Evelyne, Hooker, Moody, Mark, Krause, and Booth Harris and talked about it. Are they committed to all this? Alasdair planted four tea roses near the West *nandi*.'

The eighteenth. 'It was a day of desk work and packing for me. Krishnaji's new will arrived from Cohen, and he signed it after lunch with Evelyne and Willa as witnesses. At 4 p.m., he talked to Aliana Scurlock, and then to Bill Quinn. Balasundaram came to say goodbye. There was a walk with the Lilliefelts.'

May nineteenth. 'I went to Beverly Hills, had my hair cut, and fetched protein powder for Krishnaji. On my way home, I stopped at the Dunnes' at 2 p.m. Amanda had friends of both of us to lunch: Tally Wyler, Joyce Buch, Ruth Carter, Hilda Marton, and Evelyne Keyes. They left, and then Phil came home. After our goodbyes, I returned to Ojai, where at 5:30, Person AX and her mother came.' Oh, that's that awful woman. At least, I think she's awful because of what she did. She's now a columnist. Her name is now AY. She married a man called Y. But, at this time, she was not married. Anyway, 'she and her mother with a Mrs. Peter Bevan, the wife of a producer, came to ask Krishnaji to do a TV interview for the BBC in August, which Krishnaji agreed to. Krishnaji had planted a yellow tea rose with Alasdair.'

S: Tell me about AY.

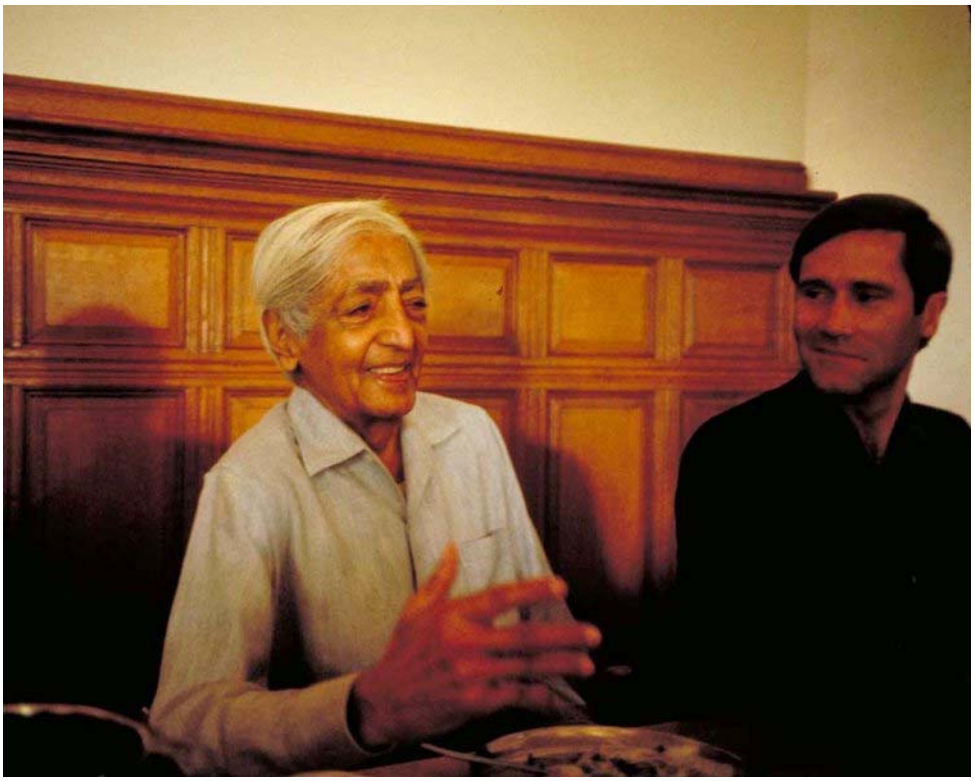
M: Well. The reason I don't like her is because at that meeting, she asked if he would appear for an interview with her on the air in August. Well, in August, we were apt to be in Saanen. But she was so definite about it that we left Saanen early in order to do this, but we never heard from her again. And I took offense.

S: But she was interested in Krishnaji's work?

M: She was interested in famous people. The mother was sort of vaguely interested. The mother was nicer. But AY—she was…she's my idea of what used to be known as "an adventuress." She came over to the US at this period, and then she married a very rich man called Y, she produced some children to cement the whole thing, and then divorced him with a large settlement, apparently. She is now independently wealthy, but she's now a columnist. [*chuckles*] Anyway, I didn't like her, as you can tell. I didn't dislike her spontaneously, not until she invited Krishnaji formally, and he said he would be there, and then, nothing. Anyway.

Just more packing and getting things in order the next day. And then May twenty-first:

'I finished packing by 12:30 p.m. We lunched at Arya Vihara, and at 2:30 p.m. left in the school van with Mark and David Moody for the Los Angeles airport, where Krishnaji and I took the 5:55 p.m. TWA to London. We had our usual two forward seats in the nose of the plane. Krishnaji slept fairly well.'



Krishnaji with Scott Forbes in Brockwood dining room (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The twenty-second: 'We arrived at Heathrow at noon. One of Krishnaji's two new bags was missing, but was eventually found. The waiting and crowds and uncertainty shocked his body. Dorothy, Doris, and Ingrid met us. We reached Brockwood before 3 p.m. Everyone was out to meet Krishnaji, including Dr. Parchure and Narayan. We had lunch upstairs in the kitchen, and walked in the grove at 5 p.m. Everything is in lovely full bloom. Brockwood is beautiful. I spoke to Mary Links.'

May twenty-third. ‘Krishnaji slept poorly and spent the day in bed. He had a massage by Dr. Parchure, which relaxed him. All unpacking was accomplished. I slept well in the afternoon.’

The twenty-fourth. ‘The Links, the Digbys, Jane Hammond, David Bohm, and Mary Cadogan all came to a trustee meeting at noon. It was decided to buy the Woodland cottage. The meeting continued after lunch. Krishnaji was concerned to hold the three Foundations together. He and I took Whisper for a walk.’

May twenty-fifth: ‘Krishnaji again slept poorly, so, again, he stayed in bed all day. I felt sleepy most of the day as well. I spoke to Fleur, and put all Krishnaji’s sweaters and shirts in order, read, and took a nap. The school is on half-term holiday, so I made supper upstairs. I spoke to Vanda.’

The next day. ‘It was a quiet day. Krishnaji got up for a fitting by a Winchester tailor, Mr. Thornton.’

S: Oh, Mr. Thornton, yes. That was a tailor I found and initially went to. He made some things for my dad, as well.

M: Oh, good. ‘He told Krishnaji that Mr. Lintott just died.’ Oh, Mr. Lintott was the nice man at Huntsman who always looked after Krishnaji, and he sort of ran things at Huntsman. Anyway, ‘Krishnaji lunched downstairs, and after naps, we walked. Krishnaji, Dorothy, the dogs, and I crossed the fields.’

The next day. ‘We both slept better. After lunch, I went with Scott and some of his students to visit Petworth.’ Remember that? ‘Krishnaji walked with Dorothy.’

May twenty-eighth. ‘Krishnaji spent the morning mostly sleeping. He got up for lunch. I went to a staff meeting at 4:45 p.m. We had planned to go to London that day, but Mary and Joe telephoned to tell us that the bridges across the Thames were closed because of the visit of the Pope.’

The twenty-ninth. ‘It was a warm and lovely day. Marie-Bertrande and Jean-Michel Maroger arrived with Diane for the weekend. Diane wants to be a Brockwood student next September. I talked all morning with them, and they came on the walk with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me. Kip bit Marie-Bertrande.’ That wasn’t nice of him.

S: Kip wasn’t a nice dog.

M: May thirtieth: ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school. Peter Brook and his wife were there, and stayed to lunch. The Bohms came. I talked at length to Marie-Bertrande, and then Krishnaji spoke to her for over an hour. At 4 p.m., we took a short walk. It was Natasha’s birthday, and I gave her coral earrings.’

The thirty-first of May: ‘It was another warm day. Krishnaji walked with Jean-Michel while I went to a school meeting. At lunch, Krishnaji talked of what a school could do to bring about a religious person, to help one to see the false from the real. The Marogers left for France after supper.’

June first. ‘I went to Alresford on errands while Krishnaji spoke to the students alone. After lunch, I went to fetch two monks from Chithurst Buddhist monastery. One was Sumedho, who’d written asking to see Krishnaji. I brought them here to see Krishnaji at 4:30 p.m., and drove them back afterward.’

The second of June: ‘It is a hot day. I was packing for our stay in London, then I went to pay for our air tickets to Geneva. Krishnaji decided against going to Paris this summer. Erna telephoned that Rajagopal’s lawyer wants the five boxes back that Rajagopal sent to Krishnaji.’ They claimed—it isn’t written here—but, when Austin Bee brought the five boxes, and Krishnaji received them which I was to witness and all that, I think that was on a Friday or Saturday. By Monday, Rajagopal’s lawyer called to say that we had stolen them, and that we must return them immediately, because it was stolen property. Can you imagine? [*Chuckles*.] Anyway, the end of June second is ‘we walked in the shade of the grove.’

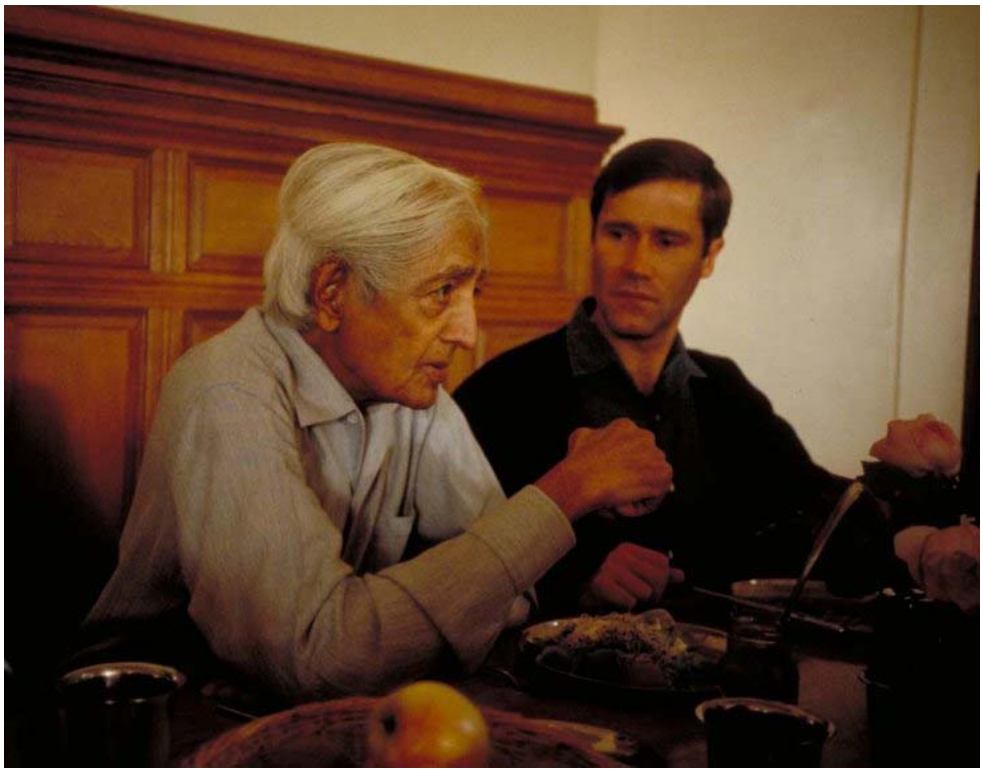
The third. ‘Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I went by train to London. Mary and Joe met us and took Krishnaji and me to the Savoy Hotel, where we left our two bags. Then Joe dropped us at Huntsman. It was sad there because of Mr. Lintott’s death. Krishnaji ordered a dark blue suit with a bit of white in it. We lunched with Mary at Fortnum. At 3:30 p.m., Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt. It was a very hot day. We bought books at Hatchards and went back to the Savoy, where we had two suites for the price of two rooms. We had our supper in the rooms.’

June fourth. ‘Krishnaji slept well. He rested in the morning while I went to the Indian exhibit at the Hayward Gallery; partly organized by Pupul for Britain’s Festival of India. I came back to the Savoy and Joe came for Krishnaji and me. We went to join Mary at their flat, and then we walked to a nearby Italian restaurant for lunch. Joe took Krishnaji back to the Savoy while I got Krishnaji’s Swiss visa. It was a hot, very hot day. We rested and didn’t walk. Scott came by with Krishnaji’s pink pills.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘Hay fever is bothering him a bit. We had supper again in the rooms.’

The fifth. ‘It was another hot day. Joe drove Krishnaji and me to the Barbican Center where, at 10:45 a.m., Krishnaji gave his first London talk. The hall was full and overflowed into an adjacent cinema where a large screen showed the talk Krishnaji was giving. Joe brought us back to the Savoy, where at 1:30 p.m., he, Mary, and Mary’s granddaughter, Anna Pallant, had a leisurely lunch with us. Mary and Anna had sold books at the Barbican. It was too hot to walk, so we rested and had supper in the rooms.’

The next day. ‘It is still very hot. Joe again drove us to the Barbican for Krishnaji’s second London talk there. A very fine one. Mary, Joe, and Nicky Pallant, Mary’s grandson, lunched with Krishnaji and me at the Savoy; and then Joe drove us to

Waterloo, where we returned by train to Petersfield. Dorothy met us. We had supper in the West Wing kitchen. It was good to be back.'



Krishnaji with Scott Forbes in Brockwood dining room (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

June seventh. 'I received from Cohen's office an affidavit about Krishnaji receiving the files May fourteenth from Rajagopal, and my telephone conversation with Rajagopal. I went to London by train and to the U.S. embassy to have my signature notarized, and posted the now-signed affidavit back to Oxnard. I did some shopping, then took the tube back to Waterloo and the train to Petersfield. On the way home, I picked up the Hoover, which was serviced in Alresford, and was back at Brockwood by 5 p.m. Krishnaji had walked with Dorothy, though it was another hot day. I telephoned Willa to say I had sent the affidavit.'

S: Wait. Before we go on to the eighth, wasn't this—just to continue this silly story of the material from Rajagopal—didn't Erna photocopy for twenty-four hours, or something like that, the content of all five boxes? Because there was no way of knowing whether you'd ever see any of those things again.

M: Yes. Rajagopal was really crazy; but not crazy enough to be innocent.

S: Crazy like a fox.

M: Yes, it was in a deliberate way. Anything he thought up, he would do. And his mood was usually hostile, although he sometimes called up to say how much he loved

Krishnaji, and loved me, but he was not nutty enough to be excused of *anything*. He engaged in a lifetime of abuse of Krishnaji.

There was nothing of much significance until June tenth, when Krishnaji spoke to the students alone, and the next day, when he talked with the staff at 5 p.m.

June twelfth. 'The Bohms came for the night. Krishnaji took a small walk with Dorothy and me. In the evening, the Bohms and Scott came to watch on TV Bernard Levin interviewing Dr. Salk.' I think that was because we were judging the Levin interview technique.

On the thirteenth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school at 11:45 a.m., after which the Bohms left. I spoke to Ginny Travers, who opened in a play called *A Personal Affair* in London last week. She says the reviews were not good.'

There is nothing much the next day.

June fifteenth: 'The Falkland war ends. We were going to London but canceled because of Krishnaji's hay fever and his feeling tired. I went in the afternoon to Petersfield, taking Frances, and got Phenargan antihistamine pills for Krishnaji. Also plants for the house. In the evening, I watched TV programs about the Argentine surrender to Britain. I talked to Phyllis Fry. Krishnaji took the Phenargan 25 mg pills for hay fever, and it made him sleep deeply.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji didn't awaken until after 8 a.m., and spent the whole day in bed resting. I went to London for an appointment with Mary's dermatologist, then walked to Selfridges for miscellaneous things, then to Claridge's and lunch with Fleur, then to a matinee of Ginny Travers's play, *A Personal Affair*, at the Globe Theatre. I went back to see her afterward. I went by underground to Waterloo, and was back at Brockwood by 7:30 p.m.'

On the seventeenth, 'Krishnaji spoke with the students, and the next day talked to staff.'

June nineteenth. 'Pupul arrived to stay until the twenty-fourth. And on the twentieth, 'Krishnaji had a walk with Dr. Parchure at 7 a.m. instead of his normal exercises. He had breakfast with Pupul and me in the kitchen. Later, he talked to the whole school at noon. In the afternoon, there was a mime play in the old rose garden, to which we all went.'

The next day. 'I spent most of the day doing desk work. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji and Pupul had a videotaped discussion with the school as the audience. Krishnaji spoke on reading the origin of things, and the path of diligence. And then Krishnaji said diligence remains part of action of the self and time, and going directly upon seeing was possible, possible for everyone.'

June twenty-second. ‘Pupul gave a talk to the school at noon on Indian craft, which Krishnaji attended. At 4:30 p.m., there was a meeting of Krishnaji, Pupul, Scott, Kathy, Harsh, and Ray McCoy about video and audiotapes in India.’

The next day. ‘I took the 9:03 a.m. train to London. The underground was on strike, so I waited in a queue for a taxi, which took me to my haircut. I walked in the rain to Bruton Street and my appointment with Judith.’ Who was Judith? ‘Then to the French tourist office on Piccadilly for pamphlets on French inns. Then I went to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where Betsy and I saw an exhibition, “This Indian Heritage.” I was lucky to catch a taxi back to Waterloo, and so back to Brockwood. Krishnaji was just going out in the rain with Dorothy and the dogs for a walk. There was a letter from Erna saying that Booth Harris has resigned from the Oak Grove School. Aditi, Nandini’s granddaughter, arrived.’

S: We’re going to have to call it quits there, as we’re running out of tape.

M: Okay.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For the video of the Fourth Ojai Talk of 1982.

[2] For the video of the Fifth Ojai talk of 1982.

Issue 72: June 24, 1982 to September 19, 1982

Krishnaji's health continues to seem precarious, and his reserves of energy, limited. With this as a background, Krishnaji questions whether it is worth the time and energy to continue the legal conflict especially as it keeps all of Mary and him in touch with people he feels are dirty and evil.

Krishnaji gives superb talks in Saanen and Brockwood, and has a rest in France before the rigors of India.

Mary: We start today with June twenty-fourth, 1982, and we are at Brockwood. 'Pupul left for London. Asit and his wife Minakshi and daughters Clea and Sunali came to lunch. Krishnaji talked to Asit afterward about computer research on thinking and intelligence, and I taped it on a cassette. Erna telephoned. The judge in California is unable to decide between Rajagopal's and my affidavit about the five boxes of archives that Rajagopal had sent to Krishnaji and then claimed that they were stolen, so he ruled that they should be returned pending the case. Erna is to discuss what to do with Cohen on Tuesday. She suggested I call Rajagopal. Krishnaji talked to Harsh and Claire and another couple about a school for Anand and other small children. Krishnaji came to the school meeting.'

The twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji and I went to London in the rain, where Joe and Mary met us. Krishnaji had his first fitting on a new Huntsman suit. Mary had Pupul, Krishnaji, and me to lunch at Fortnum's. Krishnaji and I went to Hatchards, then to Floris for a shaving brush and soap. Krishnaji is changing from an electric razor.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Then we went to Paxton for cheese and butter.'

S: Floris is a nice place on Jermyn Street, but I never knew Krishnaji to wet-shave.

M: Well, he did for a while. Paxton is just two doors down from Floris, so that was pleasant shopping. 'We then met Mary and Joe at London library'—which is also right near there—'and they drove us to Waterloo. The Underground strike makes taxis few. Krishnaji was laughing in the train at *The Spectator* review of a book about Leadbeater.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: I wonder what book that was.

M: I can't remember.

S: Before we go on, isn't there also that little tidbit that came up in our conversation last night? Since there is nothing too trivial for us. [*Laughs.*]

M: Don't push me too hard. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Well, it appeared in our conversation last night that the eight-hour cream you mentioned before is not something that *you* introduced Krishnaji to.

M: No.

S: Which I always thought was the case.

M: Oh, no, no, no. I never used it. I don't like Elizabeth Arden.

S: Right, and so you said last night that you thought it was Vanda who introduced him to that.

M: Well, it must've been. I mean, I'm deducing that—nobody told me.

S: I'm just trying to get all the details. [*Both laugh*.] Alright, we can continue now.

M: You brought the eight-hour cream into the conversation.

S: I know, I know. I plead guilty.

M: So the twenty-sixth of June 'was a quiet day for Krishnaji. No exercises. He spoke very briefly to a Greek girl called Erieta Kokido.'

S: Oh, yes, I remember her.

M: Yes. We know her, but this is her first appearance in these diaries. 'He spoke briefly to Erieta after lunch and to Shakuntala later, then walked with Dorothy and me. In the evening, I telephoned Rajagopal with Krishnaji beside me. I asked why he was claiming the files he sent should be returned. He said he never gave them, and that he couldn't discuss it. He was "doing what I think is right"'—that's Rajagopal. 'Krishnaji had me say that he and Rajagopal could settle it. Rajagopal said to have Krishnaji write that in a letter. Krishnaji questioned me about whether it is worth it going on with all this.' Krishnaji got fed up with it.

June twenty-seven. 'Krishnaji spoke to school, and he talked to Kathy Forbes at 4:15 p.m. There was a small walk and some rhododendron work in the grove with him, Dorothy, and me.' We used to deadhead the rhododendrons. I liked doing that. 'I telephoned Erna about the conversation yesterday with Rajagopal. Krishnaji dictated letters during supper. The school had a dance in the evening.'

The twenty-eighth of June. 'It rained. I took bedspreads to be laundered.' I'm sure posterity wants to know that.

S: [*laughs*] We do, we do.

M: [*Chuckles*.] 'Lady Dufferin came to lunch. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I cleaned rhododendrons and took a small walk.'

S: Who is Lady Dufferin?

M: Lady Dufferin is a Lady called Eva Dufferin. I don't know how she came to know of Brockwood. I knew her through other people.

S: So, she was a friend or an acquaintance of yours?

M: Well, not really. She was a friend of friends of mine. And I knew her. I mean, I'd met her. She wouldn't have come for me, and I wouldn't have asked her, so. I guess she must have had an interest in Krishnaji. 'We cleaned rhododendrons, and took a small walk. A British rail strike tied up everything, but was called off in the evening.'

The twenty-ninth. 'I went to Alresford on errands and then to lunch with Jane and Ian Hammond at their home in Camberley, where I saw Ian's clocks.' Have you ever seen Ian's clocks?

S: I haven't.

M: Well, they are quite something.

S: I know that he's a clockmaker as a hobby.

M: Yes, and he makes copies of ancient clocks, and makes them the way they were made in past centuries. The house is filled with clocks. They're beautiful and exquisitely made. 'I came back and stopped at Cheriton to see the Jane Austen house. I picked up the now-cleaned bedspreads in Petersfield, and came back to walk with Krishnaji and Dorothy.'

The next day, 'the school term ends today. I worked at my desk. In the afternoon, Erna telephoned about Rajagopal's lawyer, Avsham, who rang our lawyer, Cohen, on Monday. He apologized for a rude letter, and said he was seeing Rajagopal Thursday and would advise him to settle the case. He will ring Cohen Friday. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I deadheaded rhododendrons in the grove and walked back across the fields. There were few at dinner. Krishnaji has hay fever symptoms, or is it a possible cold? I talked to Mary L. She and Joe come here on the fifteenth.'

July first. 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed sleeping on and off. Dorothy and Montague left in the Land Rover for Saanen, and I packed all day while watching Wimbledon on television. Krishnaji is much better from resting indoors.'

The second of July. 'We finished packing and had an early lunch at twelve. Ingrid drove us to Heathrow, where Rita Zampese met us and escorted Krishnaji and me onboard our Swiss Air flight, on which we left at 3:20 p.m. for Geneva. We arrived at the Hotel des Bergues just as Mar de Manziarly was also arriving there from Paris. She has come to lunch with Krishnaji tomorrow. It is hot in Geneva. Krishnaji and I dined in the Amphitryon Restaurant, and took a stroll across the river, and so back to bed.'

The third. 'We went to Jacquet to order ties for Joe and Krishnaji, and to the Pharmacie Principal for two more towel bathrobes for Krishnaji. Then to Grand Passage, and back to

the hotel, where Mar lunched with us. She rested in my room until she left for the airport and returned to Paris. We spoke on the phone to Vanda, who had arrived this morning in Gstaad with Fosca. Krishnaji and I took a stroll, and at 7 p.m., had dinner, as at lunch time, in the Pavillon because the Amphitryon is closed today. We went early to bed for a good night's sleep.'

July fourth. 'I slept ten hours, and then had a lovely, lazy morning in bed. Krishnaji and I had lunch in the Amphitryon. I went to fetch a Ford Fiesta from Hertz, and then we drove slowly along the Route du Lac and up through Bulle to Gstaad, reaching Tannegg at 6:15 p.m. We haven't got the downstairs apartment this year, so Parchure has to use the small one that Vanda usually takes for the few days she is here, and Vanda has taken a room nearby.' We had the ground floor, and sometimes we had the lower floor, but not this year.

The next day. 'I put things in order, and Krishnaji stayed in bed. In the afternoon, I went to the village on errands. Dr. Parchure arrived from Brockwood, having flown to Geneva, and been picked up and driven here by Gisèle Balleys.'

The sixth of July. 'I did errands, and brought Frances and Nikki and David Mustart up for lunch. Vanda brought a letter to Krishnaji she had received from Rosalind and Rajagopal.' I don't go on about that, but he wouldn't touch it, as if it was diseased.' I had to tell him what was in it—when I tried to read it to him, he didn't want to hear the words; he wanted to be told what was in it. He had a revulsion from everything about it. 'I took Krishnaji to the barber for his haircut, and then we took a little drive to Gsteig.'

The seventh of July, and I finally am writing in the big diary again, so we'll have longer entries. 'Krishnaji and I came back here once again'—I sort of reprise what had happened—'Krishnaji and I came back here once again to Chalet Tannegg last Sunday after flying on Friday afternoon to Geneva. It had seemed time to leave England. The Falklands War, which seemed to shock Krishnaji at every news bulletin, was replaced by the horror of fighting in Lebanon, and close by was the continuation of the railway and underground strikes in England. The fuss over the birth of a first baby son to the Prince and Princess of Wales only made Krishnaji spurn all the news as mad.' [*Both laugh*.] 'Our own contentions, the unending Rajagopal saga, reignited the week after we left Ojai with the demand by Rajagopal's lawyer that the five cartons of papers and other material Rajagopal had sent via Austin Bee to Krishnaji on May fourteenth be returned immediately. Otherwise he would start proceedings "for the recovery of stolen property."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I had left in Ojai a memorandum of my telephone conversation with Rajagopal, and based on this, Cohen's office composed an affidavit, which I signed at the U.S. consulate in London and posted back. It arrived in time for a hearing in Ventura courts in which it was opposed by a statement of Rajagopal's that he never gave the material but merely sent it for Krishnaji's eyes as "production" of material called for by the court. The judge decided he could not decide between the two.' [*Chuckles.*] He was a very fed-up judge, I think. 'The judge was giving, this once, the benefit of the doubt to Rajagopal that he had sent the cartons as part of "producing" and, therefore, until a definitive court hearing and ruling, we should return them to Rajagopal.

Cohen asked for thirty days to decide whether to appeal this to a higher court. Meanwhile, Rajagopal is to continue to "produce" further material for us to see at stated intervals. What he is supposed to "produce" is everything he claims is his property and we claim are Krishnaji's archives. It is quite a list. Cohen told Erna that appealing to a higher court is usually as a result of a trial and a judgment, not a minor ruling like this one. He was to think it over and meet Erna a week ago. Erna asked me if I thought it would do any good to speak to Rajagopal. I was pessimistic, but said I would.' We were still at Brockwood at this point. 'I telephoned him in the evening, English time, on June twenty-sixth; as I have had to make sworn affidavits about my conversations with him, I asked Scott Forbes if there was some way to record the conversation. Scott rigged a small mic to the telephone earpiece and a cassette recording resulted.' Do you remember any of that?

S: No. I don't remember it at all.

M: 'Rajagopal, as usual, began by saying he must go to another phone, which means to us, that he is recording it. For once he was not the only one.' [*Both laugh*.] 'I said how surprised…'

S: What date was this?

M: Well, I'm writing this on July seventh.

S: So you're just recounting this.

M: Yes, I'm recounting as I'm trying to make up for the fact that I haven't written in my big diary all this time. So, it's a review of recent news. 'I said how surprised Krishnaji and I were that after he had made what seemed like a friendly gesture and sent over the cartons, and when he sent them, there was never any mention of our returning them to him—and his lawyer now talks about stolen property? I said one wondered if he hadn't intended to do something right and friendly, and now his lawyer was trying to undo it.' [*Both chuckle.*] I was blaming the lawyer. 'He said I could interpret it as I liked. I asked why he hadn't mentioned sending it all back at the beginning. I went on to say that the thanks that Krishnaji had expressed via me twice on the telephone were obviously made for something sent to him to keep, and that I had asked him then if they were for Krishnaji, and he had said yes. I reminded him that Krishnaji had, in thanking him, said that if he would continue to send material there would be no need for a court action. Krishnaji was sitting beside me through all this, and wrote on a piece of paper for me to say that he and Rajagopal could settle the whole thing if all the archives material was turned over. Rajagopal said, "have him write that in a letter." Rajagopal went on to say that he couldn't do anything. I said his lawyers obviously had to follow his decisions, and it was sad if he could do nothing. He said that was my interpretation, and to tell Krishnaji that he had always done "what I think is the right thing." He repeated this in a vociferous voice. I later telephoned Erna about this and she was not surprised. She is photocopying as much of the material as she can. She was still to see Cohen on the twenty-ninth to discuss where we are. Krishnaji wondered if all this was worth it, "for a lot of papers." I

reminded him that part of the agreement Rajagopal has broken has to do with republishing Krishnaji's books incorrectly, as he tried to do with the first collected edition volume of the poems. "We mustn't let him do that," said Krishnaji. Erna then telephoned us on the thirtieth about what was then a new development. On Monday, the twenty-eighth, Avsham, Rajagopal's lawyer who had written the insulting letter to Cohen about the stolen property after which Cohen informed Rajagopal's Ventura lawyer'—he had two lawyers, one in Los Angeles and one in Ventura—'that he would henceforth deal only with him.' I'm reading this badly because Avsham rang Cohen and apologized, and was very polite, and asked Cohen if he would discuss with him a basis for a settlement of the case. 'He said he was seeing Rajagopal on Thursday, July the first, and though Rajagopal didn't know it, he was going to recommend settlement. Avsham said he would telephone Cohen Friday. Erna is to telephone Krishnaji and me as soon as she hears what happened. That is where we are right now.'

'In allied matters, Vanda yesterday gave Krishnaji a letter from Rosalind and Rajagopal, which was to be read by Krishnaji in front of Vanda and then destroyed. Krishnaji refused to touch it. He had me open and tell him what it was. It was a six-page handwritten account entitled "A Sad, Sad Story" of Rosalind's life in relation to Krishnaji, Nitya, and Rajagopal. The point of it—if there was one—was the justification of anything Rajagopal may be "driven in his desperation to do in court."' Those are her words. 'It was defamatory of Krishnaji and utterly self-serving. The clear implication is of her aiding Rajagopal. Krishnaji felt a revulsion at listening to any part of it.'

'We drove to Gsteig in the rain and spoke of it. Rosalind had called Krishnaji a congenital liar. And he asked, "Do you consider me that?" He said, "I have lied when they attacked me, brutalized me. I'm not a violent man, and they were. I tried to avoid that." He appeared shocked by the letter, but more concerned that I might be upset by it. I said I wasn't. But one thing was firm: That when all this is over, the case or whatever happens, I will never have anything to do with either of those two people. Krishnaji said he felt the same. But I pointed out that he was forgiving, capable of forgetting. My feelings would not alter. This morning, he again asked if the letter had upset me. I didn't tell him that it sickened me, for him, that he should have fallen into the hands of such people. But that is an old feeling of mine, an old question. He said that he had awakened thinking of the meaning of humility, to examine what one is or has done without a center.'

S: That's extraordinary, Krishnaji's response. My response to this would have been homicidal, and his response was humility.

M: Yes. Well, mine was iron…I would never, never have countenanced…because it was done to him. He was defenseless.

S: I know. I know. I know.

M: These awful, exploiting, vulgar people. 'The Siddoo sisters came at 4 p.m. to see Krishnaji and recount what happened with Reeta Sanatani and the events that led up to the decision not to have a school at Wolf Lake.'

The eighth of July. 'We have heard nothing yet from Erna. The weather is beautiful. The mountains sleep in their shawls of snow with a summer languor that fills me as well. Krishnaji does breathing exercises with Dr. Parchure in the early mornings, and has a massage before lunch. Dr. Parchure has given both Krishnaji and me some good exercises to strengthen the back muscles, good especially for perennial lower back aches. Krishnaji gave a half hour interview at 4 p.m. to Al Blackburn, who left the text of a book he has written. Krishnaji will not read it and neither, I think, will I. Blackburn is here with his wife, Gaby, but she didn't come. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji also gave a few minutes to a Brockwood student, Jean-Marie Baud. It was too hot to walk up the hill, so Krishnaji and I did twenty laps in the shade on the driveway.' [*Both chuckle*.]

July ninth, 'It is another hot day. Krishnaji dictated letters. I went to the village in the afternoon and met Krishnaji at the station. He had walked down with Dr. Parchure. The heat had affected him. Erna finally telephoned in the evening. Cohen has written her a letter so that she can send it on to us. His conversation with Avsham has been cool and unproductive. No answers on what happens to the archives material after Rajagopal's death. Avsham said he believes a settlement is possible if an apology is made. Erna asked what I thought. I said that if a proper settlement is arrived at, it should be possible to make some sort of statement of regret that litigation had been necessary, but what is meant by an apology? I suspect Rajagopal wants some sort of groveling admission that he was right all along. A lot of lies. The "production of documents" and miscellaneous that took place at Rajagopal's Ventura lawyer's office was meaningless; it was only a carton of miscellaneous, meaningless letters to Krishnaji and to Rajagopal, i.e., nothing from our list of documents. When Rajagopal was asked for the date of his next operation—his excuse for stalling—there was no response. Cohen is considering taking Mrs. Vigeveno's deposition. Erna feels we should continue to demand further production of documents. The present pressure on Rajagopal is positive and she says that he will, at all costs, avoid going personally to court.' Erna felt that he couldn't stand up in court and behave in this ridiculous way; and that he would, if forced to go to court, cave in. I sort of agreed with her. 'The return of the five cartons is due on the twenty-first. We have until then to decide. I reported all this to Krishnaji, who listened normally, and we didn't discuss it further.'

July tenth. 'Krishnaji slept poorly. He said that the walk in the heat affected him, and he must not go out in the sun anymore. This morning, Krishnaji asked me what actually are we fighting Rajagopal for. I replied, the access to the archives and the prevention of their being given away, and the protection against Rajagopal's publishing anything hitherto unpublished, and the republication of anything already published only in its original form. Krishnaji asked, "Are we to go on fighting for years?" He says Rajagopal will never give in. "Are we to spend all this energy, time, and money on this? It keeps us in constant contact with these dirty people. They are dirty. That's why I didn't want to read or touch that letter from Rosalind. I never want to see or speak to those people ever. They

are evil, dirty." I asked if we then let them do what they want. Krishnaji replied, "No. Rajagopal won't publish anything. He's too far gone." I said we had no protection if he did, unless it is in an agreement. That, *to me*, the first responsibility is to protect the teachings, their record. Krishnaji asked, "Is it worth all this? Think of it afresh." He puts aside my pointing to the possible consequences of giving up the legal rein. "Don't keep looking ahead," he said. But isn't that essential? If this thing is a burden to Krishnaji, then it can be said that it should be abandoned. His saying that this keeps us in contact with evil is so; but then it has been so through all of this. Why did we do it? Krishnaji dismissed that as the past. Am I too stuck in revulsion at wrongdoing to Krishnaji, in a deep indignation that says no such behavior should happen? And would it really wipe these dirty people out of our lives? Rajagopal wants contact with Krishnaji, by foul means, if necessary. What next? Or would it fade away to be obscured by, "Oh, poor Rajagopal, he is getting old and is unwell," and he will regain his status as a decent human being in the fog of a cover-up. Villainy successful?' That's me talking to myself.

S: Yes.

M: 'Late in midmorning, Krishnaji came in to talk to me and to make me see, and therefore feel, as he does, that our going on further in this is to touch dirt. He is revolted by them and wants to have nothing further or ever to do with them. What are we fighting for? Are we to go on and on until Rajagopal dies with this? He said, "I am disgusted. Like that tennis court yesterday." The Gstaad tennis tournament is on in the village, and was crowded with "meat-eating, vulgar people."' [*Both chuckle*.] '"I would do anything to get away from them"'—the two Rajagopals. '"I cannot be with having anything to do with them, and we are connected through this case. We were right in the beginning. I felt responsible to those who had given money, and it was right that we get the land and all that. But now it goes on and on. Don't you want to be free of it?" I said I had one motive from the very beginning: to protect him and his teachings. To see that what he wants is done, that it occurs. He said that wasn't enough. "You are part of me. You must see and feel this in the same way. You must feel it is right." He was making it clear that he wants to end the dispute, and that in itself counts totally for me, but I said I hope that he was also looking at the implications of the next actions. What if Rajagopal publishes without permission? Krishnaji said he couldn't do that under the old agreement. I reminded him of Cohen's statement that began the present litigation: that unless we defend our rights under an agreement, they go by default. I said it was far less important, perhaps, but would apply also for the events required in the agreement at Rajagopal's death. Krishnaji assumes they were all binding, which they may not be. Cohen must be asked what protection those rights have. Krishnaji agreed to ask Cohen and also have him settle the case on the best terms, and wants to protect the latter rights. I suggested Rajagopal might demand a whitewash. "He won't do that," said Krishnaji. I pointed out that he already had, in the note that Austin Bee handed Krishnaji before the last Ojai talk, and in a message this week via Cohen that Rajagopal wanted an apology. At one point, Krishnaji said, "I would grovel to end this." I said I could not. It would be a falsehood, and he agreed that he would not say something false. I said something of which I wrote earlier this morning—my revulsion at evil getting its ends; that one day, Krishnaji would forget

what had happened and obscure what those people are. He said he wanted never to have anything to do with either of them again.'

'Later in the afternoon, I telephoned Erna. It was early morning in Ojai. I tried to put in words Krishnaji's feelings and wish to settle the case quickly. Erna sounded disturbed. She warned that if we dropped the case, Rajagopal can countersue for false accusations and for his expenses. I did find out that Cohen says our rights over publications and eventual succession to the K and R Foundation remain in effect under the old agreement. Krishnaji is intent on saying that it was not the effect of the ugly Rosalind and Rajagopal letters that impels him now, but simply wanting to be free of any contact, or "anything to do with them." Erna pointed out that Rajagopal will find new ways of harassment. She is to see Cohen at 9 a.m. on Monday, and will explore the possibilities of a settlement. Afterward, Krishnaji felt I had not put it vividly. He sat beside me as I talked, and finally was willing to speak directly to her.'

July eleventh. 'Krishnaji again asked me if I'd been upset by Rosalind's letter. He said he felt I was, and that I had not put things clearly enough to Erna. I told him nothing about the letter surprised me, but it was uglier than he realized. The hate, both large and petty, filled it. He said, "That is why I didn't want to touch it."…"I wish I had never met those two people." I said again that all I care about is what is my responsibility, as it is Erna's, too, to protect and care for him; and that one has to look at what can happen as a result of decisions made now. He seemed worried that it was all a shock to me. But nothing shocks me about those wretched people. I said that, for the moment, the only important thing was that he was speaking this morning, and so it was. I had gone up the mountain and walked to the end of the wood before the sun touched it. It was cool and beautiful. The earth smelled of grasses and flowers, and the brook was still rushing down in the woods. I came back feeling full of cleanness and the morning mountain.'

'We arrived a little early at the tent, which was full, for the first Saanen talk of the year, which was to start at 10:30 a.m. It was very hot in the tent. Old faces. New faces. Krishnaji spoke strongly. Something new. "Living without a cause." Toward the end, a tall, drugged-looking young man came into the tent, climbed over people until, grimacing, he reached the edge of the platform. Various people came quietly to prevent his climbing up, but Krishnaji said, "Don't touch him." The man echoed those words in a loud voice, and began an incoherent speech in German. A few in the audience yelled, "Be quiet!" but Krishnaji sat quietly. Then he said, "Shall we end the meeting?" But when the man ran out of words, he wandered out, and Krishnaji picked up exactly where he left off and spoke another eight to ten minutes. The heat in the tent had been considerable. Both Krishnaji and I slept all afternoon. A bottomless sleep for me. Krishnaji walked in the shadow of the chalet, and went without supper. At 7:30 p.m., I took Dr. Parchure to the tent to see the first video of *The Nature of the Mind*, the Krishnaji-Bohm-Sheldrake-Hidley series. It looked good.'

There's little the next day. And on the thirteenth, 'I had another early walk. I took Dr. Parchure to the tent, then came back for Krishnaji, who gave the second Saanen talk. He slept afterward, but came to the lunch table with Vanda and me. At 3 p.m., Mary

Cadogan and Dorothy came to discuss various things. Krishnaji joined us later, and looked at the biography of Leadbeater, *The Elder Brother*, which we had.'

S: That must've been the book that he had read the review of.

M: Yes [*chuckles*]. 'In the evening, I took Vanda and Dr. Parchure to the video showing in the tent.'

July fourteenth. 'Again, I had an early walk. I purchased and put food and supplies in the Saanen apartment for Pupul, Radhika, and her children. They arrived by car around five. They came first to see Krishnaji, then I guided them to their place.' It was a rented apartment in the village of Saanen somewhere. 'I came back to bring them up to supper. Dr. Parchure learned that his eldest son, Vikram, had a baby girl; Parchure's first grandchild. Erna telephoned to report the meeting with Cohen. She will continue to press, but listened to settlement suggestions from the other side.'

The fifteenth. 'I took an early walk again, and it was another hot day. Krishnaji gave his third Saanen talk; a very deep one.**[1]** Lunch was with Krishnaji, Vanda, Pupul, Radhika, and her children, and David and Nikki Mustart. I took Parchure back to Saanen and went looking for a place to buy towels for Pupul. Vanda and I signed the lease for Tannegg for next year. Krishnaji in the talk said, "Movement from cause to effect is time and thought."



Krishnaji at the Marogers' (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

July sixteenth. 'Eleven international Krishnaji committees met here with Krishnaji in the morning. Then all but he, Vanda, and Pupul went down to Chalet Firo for lunch, and a further meeting all afternoon. A letter from Erna came about the meeting with Cohen. I

had supper with Jean-Michel, Marie-Bertrande, and Diane Maroger at the Hotel Saanerhof. A rain came and it cooled the air.'

The seventeenth of July. 'The weather is slightly cooler. I fetched Pupul to Tannegg at 11 a.m. She and Vanda talked about Pupul's book. Simonetta di Cesaro, Frances, and a friend of Vanda's, Tom Carini, here from Rome to hear Krishnaji for the first time, were at lunch. I took Pupul home later, and did errands. Vanda was to have left, but is staying on until Monday. The rain came again in the late afternoon. Marie-Bertrande and Diane came to see Krishnaji at 6 p.m. They leave tomorrow.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji gave the fourth Saanen talk. At lunch with Krishnaji were Vanda, Topazia, Carini, and me. Pupul and Radhika came to tea. Asit and his family arrived at the Palace Hotel.'

July nineteenth. 'Vanda left for Florence. Krishnaji and I lunched with Pupul, Radhika, and her children. Then he and I went for a short drive to Saanenmöser and arrived back in Gstaad for a 4 o'clock appointment with Dr. Steiger, who did a blood sugar test. I telephoned Filomena in Rome.'

July twentieth. 'Krishnaji's fifth Saanen talk. Dr. Lichti came after the talk to Tannegg and discussed Krishnaji's blood sugar with Dr. Parchure and me. She suggested herbal teas to lower it and diet. She lunched here and said she will come to Brockwood for the gathering. Asit and Pupul came to tea after which Asit walked with Krishnaji. I dined with Suzanne and Hugues van der Straten.'

July twenty-first. 'Jean-Michel Maroger came to lunch with Krishnaji and me. We discussed where Krishnaji might go in September for a holiday in the Dordogne. I had a haircut. Pupul and Asit came to tea, and I taped a discussion they had with Krishnaji. Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, Kathy, and Scott came to fetch me at 7 p.m. and we went up the Hornberg for a dinner of raclette.' I remember that.

The next day, 'Krishnaji gave the sixth talk in Saanen. Afterwards, we had a quiet lunch with just Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw Mr. Mirabet and at 4:30 p.m., Marie-Bertrande had an interview with Krishnaji.'

July twenty-third. 'There was the second meeting of the foreign committees here at Tannegg. Krishnaji spoke most eloquently to them. Krishnaji and I lunched with Asit, Minakshi and Pupul at the Palace Hotel. Scott and Kathy came to supper and then the three of us went to the film *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.' Do you remember that movie?

S: I don't, but it sounds like the kind of movie I probably wouldn't remember.

M: Kathy and I liked it.

S: I'm sure you both did. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Anyway, it was a very good movie, according to Kathy and me. You have an overly male point of view. [*Chuckles*.]

The twenty-fourth of July. 'I fetched Pupul at 10 a.m. to talk about her book to Krishnaji. She stayed to lunch. Asit came in to say goodbye before driving to Lugano with his family. At 4 p.m., I fetched the Fouérés. Do you remember the Fouérés, the Frenchman and his wife? They came every year and lived down in the village. He was tiresome.

S: Yes, I think I can remember Fouérés.

M: He was always writing pompous things about Krishnaji and the teachings.

S: Oh yes, now I remember. [*Both laugh*.] That describes him.

M: Anyway, they 'came to see Krishnaji briefly, and at 4:30 p.m., an elderly Spanish couple brought a donation. I worked on preparing questions for tomorrow's question-and-answer meeting.'

Sunday, the twenty-fifth. 'I have been walking early every morning, but today's walk was in the rain. Krishnaji held this year's first question-and-answer session in the tent. I gave him five written questions, of which he answered only two, but marvelously.'**[2]** I have that underlined. 'He and I lunched alone. I drove Radhika and children up to Tannegg for tea. Scott came by. I walked with Krishnaji and the children and then drove all of them back to Saanen.'

The next day was the second question-and-answer meeting, then on July twenty-seventh, 'Krishnaji held his third question-and-answer meeting for the year, and the last event for this summer in Saanen. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched alone. Krishnaji gave an interview to a former Rajneesh follower, Mrs. Morris. I fetched Pupul, Radhika, and children to tea. They leave tomorrow. I spoke to Filomena. Dorothy came by.'

July twenty-eighth. 'Pupul, Radhika, and children came to say goodbye. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched quietly. Krishnaji saw a German woman at 4 p.m. I had Nicole Philippeau and children to tea. Krishnaji was tired and slept poorly. Dorothy came by after seeing an eye doctor in Thun.'

July twenty-ninth. 'I had a long talk with Dr. Parchure about Krishnaji's health. It worries both of us. I fetched Dorothy and Montague to lunch, and I suggested to them that we cancel the Brockwood seminar this year. They agreed and so did Krishnaji. For his sake, we need to space Krishnaji's activities better. They leave for Brockwood tomorrow. In the evening, I went to the movie with Scott, *Evil Under the Sun*.' You don't remember that?

S: I don't remember that one, either.

M: It wasn't a woman's picture, I don't think. [*S laughs*.] Peter Ustinov was in it.

S: Oh, that's right. It was an Agatha Christie thing. He was Poirot.

M: Poirot. Yes. Oh, well, then I put, 'Not very good.' [*Both chuckle*.]

There is nothing of significance for the next two days, but on August first, 'Krishnaji began a new series of *Letters to the Schools* in the morning. I typed it by lunchtime. We both read all afternoon. Asit rang from New York. He is arriving in Geneva tomorrow en route to Singapore, and may drive here to lunch. Lou and Evelyne Blau telephoned from California. Lou is not very clear about my donating the McAndrew Road property to the Foundation. I said we will go into it on my return.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji dictated another *Letters to the Schools*. Asit rang from Geneva. His flight was late, so he's not coming here. Jackie Siddoo came with mangoes and to say goodbye to Krishnaji. Krishnaji and I walked to the river.'

August third. 'For the first time in weeks, I didn't go for an early walk. Krishnaji dictated another *Letters to the Schools*. Frances came to lunch with Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me. Bruno Ortolani came at 4 p.m. to tell me about a book he has put together reporting Krishnaji's talks. Krishnaji saw him afterward and declined to write a brief foreword. The Marogers rang.'

The fourth of August. 'Krishnaji dictated another *Letters to the Schools*. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I gave Fosca a Tissot wristwatch. She went with Ortolani in the afternoon for a ride.' Fosca was indomitable. She cooked away and did the laundry, ironed. She liked it—she always said, "I'm not a cook, I'm a laundress." She cooked beautifully, but she took pride in her skill as a laundress, and she ironed to perfection. She liked to iron Krishnaji's shirts and they were beautiful. 'Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched at the Hotel Bel Air. Not bad.' [*Chuckles.*] 'After naps, Krishnaji and I walked to the river. He said he had felt something threatening in the wood when he walked there alone, but didn't feel it with me there.' He had a very strange thing about…

S: Yes. Sensing the woods at night.

M: Yes. He said that he would never walk in a wood at night because of something threatening.

S: Yes. I remember that.

M: And he also said how he wouldn't go out at night alone. And I said, well, if I were with him, "Would you go?" Yes, he would. It was his being alone that…I don't know. Don't ask me to explain.

S: Yes, I understand. We don't have to understand, we just have to record.

M: That's right. Thank god. [*S chuckles*.]

On the next three days, Krishnaji dictated three more *Letters to the Schools*. Also on August seventh, 'at lunch, Krishnaji began to speak of places where adults could come and study the teachings—maybe one at Rajghat and one at Ojai. There was an implication that I should bring about the Ojai one. At 4:30, he had his hair cut and then we walked to the river.'

The eighth of August. 'Krishnaji dictated the eighth *Letters to the Schools*, and I typed it before lunch. Krishnaji and I walked to the river and up a bit, talking more of what he was calling "an ashram" in Ojai. I spoke to Dorothy at Brockwood by telephone. She and Montague reached there yesterday.'

August ninth. 'It was foggy in the early morning, so I didn't have an early walk. Krishnaji dictated the ninth *Letters to the Schools*. I marketed. Nadia Kossiakof came to tea. Krishnaji and I walked to the river. I telephoned the Marogers about the dates of a stay in France.'

The tenth of August. 'Krishnaji and I went at 8:15 a.m. to Dr. Steiger, where Krishnaji had a fasting blood sugar test. It was 100. We came back to breakfast, and then Krishnaji dictated the tenth *Letters to the Schools*. At 4 p.m., we went back for a post-prandial blood sugar count, which was 140. In consulting with the doctor, we decided that, though readings were within the normal range, Krishnaji will stay on a low-sugar diet. We walked to the river. Vanda telephoned. She will arrive late in two days' time.'

The eleventh. 'Krishnaji dictated the eleventh *Letters to the Schools*. It was a warm day. At 4 p.m., I went to Bank Cantonal for the annual review of the Alzina account with Mr. Liechti, the bank manager. I came back and walked to the river with Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure.'

August twelfth. 'Krishnaji dictated the twelfth *Letters to the Schools*. I marketed, sent a wedding present to Ariane Maroger, the Marogers' eldest daughter, and then brought Nadia Kossiakof up to lunch. It was a hot day. Krishnaji and I walked in the woods, and he talked more of a study center. Coming back, we met Vanda, who has arrived from Florence with a young Canadian, Susan Howard.'

There isn't anything very notable for the next two days, but on August fifteenth, 'We said goodbye to Vanda and Fosca, and Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I drove via the Col de Pillon to Aigle, the autoroute, then getting off at Morges, went along the Route du Lac to the Geneva airport. Krishnaji and I took Swiss Air at 13:55 p.m. to Heathrow. Dr. Parchure was on a later flight. Dorothy brought us back to Brockwood. John King waited for Dr. Parchure. Brockwood is beautiful. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked with the dogs in the grove. I spoke to Mary Links.'

The sixteenth. 'I spent much of the day unpacking, and settling us back into Brockwood. Jean-Michel telephoned about a likely place for Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I to stay near Blois. We will go there on September twentieth. We had a good walk in the afternoon around the fields. We both slept well, and I feel very well here.'

The next few days are quiet—the Bohms come to lunch, on one of our walks we inspected the flourishing vegetable garden and on another, the marquee that was put up for the upcoming Brockwood talks. I'm also. As usual, doing errands and Krishnaji is resting.

The twentieth of August. 'Another day of rest for Krishnaji, but a day of desk work for me. Krishnaji is reading *The Elder Brother*, the biography of Leadbeater, and is appalled at what went on.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Anneke, Frances arrived in the afternoon.'

Again, it is quiet for several days, but on the twenty-fourth, **'**Krishnaji and I took the 9:46 a.m. train to London. Joe met us and drove us to the eye doctor, Mr. P.D. Trevor Roper, where Krishnaji had a glaucoma and field of vision test. There is no glaucoma, but there is the beginning of cataracts. Joe had fetched Mary, and then they came for us and Mary lunched with Krishnaji and me at Fortnum's. We talked about the Leadbeater book. After lunch, Krishnaji and I went to Hatchards, then to Huntsman, where Krishnaji had a fitting and ordered material for Dorothy. We caught a taxi and got to Waterloo and back to Brockwood by 6:30 p.m.'

The next day, 'I took the 9:03 a.m. back to London, went to Harrods for a duvet, and then to Hermès, and to the hairdresser for a haircut. I took the 3:18 p.m. back.'

The next day, I seem to mostly be getting the guest rooms ready, then, on the twenty-seventh, 'I went to meet the Herzbergers at the Petersfield bus stop. Hans is here for a day before going to Canada. Radhika, and their two daughters, Sunanda and Maya, are to stay here till September ninth. They are all four in the West Wing dining room. People are arriving for the talks, including Dr. Lichti, who came in the evening and is in the West Wing guest room.'

August twenty-eighth. 'It was a clear, lovely day. Krishnaji gave his first Brockwood talk at 11:30 a.m. in the tent. It was a very fine one.**[3]** We had fruit and salad in our kitchen, and then finished lunch in the food tent. I sat with Pascaline, and Madrisa Samuel, and Magdalina, the Polish woman who arrived in the night from Poland after getting a permit to come.'

S: She was an academic, wasn't she?

M: Yes.

S: Which is how she could get permits to leave the country. She would say there was a conference, she needed to attend, yes.

M: Yes. That's right. 'After a nap. Krishnaji, Dorothy and I walked.'

August twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji slept well, nine hours. He gave his second Brockwood talk. Mary and Joe were there and came up afterward for food and salad in the West Wing kitchen. Then we all went to the tent to eat the next course. While Krishnaji took a

nap, Mary, Joe, Scott, and I ran a videotape of old films that were found in the Pine Cottage go-down cellar.'

S: Oh, yes, I remember those.

M: 'They were from the 1924 and 1926 Ommen and Adyar meetings. Mary's mother was in them and Mary herself as a young girl. We had tea back in the kitchen. Then the Linkses left and Krishnaji, Dorothy, Radhika, and I went for a walk.'

S: Before you go on, it's worth mentioning these if you don't remember them. In the go-down, under here where we're now sitting, when the Foundation got possession of Pine Cottage, someone discovered these old canisters of film, and it was that terribly combustible film. What was that film called?

M: Yes. You're not allowed to keep them anymore.

S: Exactly!

M: Nitrate film.

S: Nitrate film. It's highly combustible; I mean, it spontaneously combusts.

M: It used to be the old way—all movies were made of that. And they are so dangerous that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts can't keep any of the early films they have in their Beverly Hills offices because Beverly Hills has an ordinance against keeping any nitrate films in Beverly Hills. It's that dangerous.

S: Yes, they're really explosive, and all these early films are now kept in some munitions place. So these fire bombs, really, had spent all those decades in the hot cellar underneath this wooden building. Why they didn't go up is a miracle. And when they were found, they were immediately transferred onto modern film stock and also onto video. But it's just a miracle that they didn't burst into flame. Included in that footage, there's the 1925 Jubilee of the Theosophical Society, and there is also Krishnaji reading the "Dissolution of the Order of the Star" in 1929.

M: Yes. And there are lots of pictures of people coming out of castle Eerde, crossing the moat.

S: Yes. Yes. And Mary Links was thrilled to see it again because she had been there. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: The next day. 'I typed questions for Krishnaji's question-and-answer meeting tomorrow. There were heavy showers, but Krishnaji, Dr. Lichti, Dorothy, and I walked anyway, pausing under trees when it was at its worst. Krishnaji put his hands on Felix Greene.' Felix Greene, has he appeared before?

S: Yes. He was the filmmaker who specialized in China.

M: Yes. He lived in China. And…

S: He was a great apologist for Mao. We have talked about him.

M: Yes. And his wife, Elena Greene, was at Brockwood for quite a while, do you remember? She worked in the garden and did things. But he had something awfully wrong with him, I've forgotten what.

August thirty-first. 'Krishnaji held the first question-and-answer session, and answered four questions. As usual, we had fruit and salad upstairs, and then went back to the tent for the hot food. We walked in the afternoon with Dorothy.'

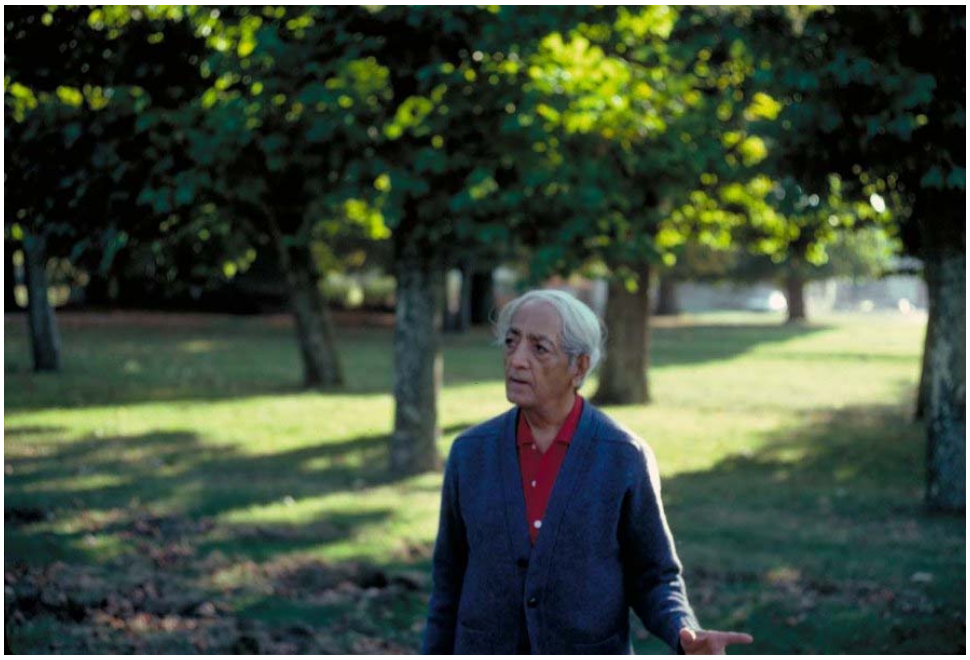
There wasn't much the next day, but on September second, 'Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer meeting, answering six of the questions handed to him. As usual, we had fruit and salad upstairs, then returned to the tent for the hot food. After lunch, Krishnaji told David Bohm about the study center plan, and I telephoned Erna in Ojai about it. She thinks we could start it at Arya Vihara. It was a lovely day. I spoke to Betsy in the evening. She is sad about Ingrid Bergman, who died last night.' They were friends, and she lived next door to Betsy.

Krishnaji rested on the third, but on the fourth, 'Krishnaji gave the third Brockwood talk; a deeply moving one.**[4]** At 4 p.m., I talked to Mr. and Mrs. Minke from Australia, who want to show Krishnaji tapes, but are not connected with the Australian committee. Krishnaji, as he has each day, put his hands on Felix Greene. We went with Dorothy for a short walk as Krishnaji was tired. I talked to Sofia Sanguinetti after supper, and went briefly to the campers' meeting in the food tent at which Felix Greene spoke on "What's to prevent war?" Krishnaji watched the *Jaws* film on television.'

The fifth of September. 'The weather stayed good. Krishnaji gave his fourth talk. He spoke in deep, quiet, remote, and immensely moving **[5]**way. It again gave me the feeling of "listening to the voice of God." When I told him that afterward in our kitchen where we have fruit and salad before returning to the tent, in answering why I was half in tears, he patted my shoulder and dismissed it.' [*Both chuckle*.] Oh goodness. 'Varajum brought Krishnaji's passport with the French visa.' He was an Indian who worked in the Indian embassy. And he nicely offered to get the French visa for me. 'Krishnaji put his hands on Felix Greene. He gave interviews to an Italian psychiatrist, Dr. Manfredini. I talked to Nicole Philippeau after supper. The gathering went well. Krishnaji's health was good throughout the talks, but he became hoarse afterward. Dr. Parchure thought it was fatigue and gave him Ayurvedic pills against throat symptoms. Dr. Lichti had been our guest in the West Wing and she and Parchure conferred medically and at length.'

The next day. 'People are leaving. Krishnaji is tired, slightly hoarse, but was up for lunch and talked briefly to an Egyptian couple. He didn't go for a walk. I cleaned the spare

room so Radhika could move in there until she and the children leave on Thursday. In the evening, I talked to Magdalina Jasciuska.'



Krishnaji in France (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The seventh. 'Krishnaji is a bit hoarse, but wanted to go to London anyway. Mary and Joe met us and took us to Huntsman, where Krishnaji had a fitting on the new suit and ordered a pair of beige corduroy trousers. I walked to fetch an Hermès skirt, then we walked to Fortnum, where we lunched with Mary. At 3 p.m., Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt and I bought two pair of shoes at Ferragamo and picked up a package from Rita Zampese at the Lufthansa office. Joe and Mary met us at Truefitt and drove us to Waterloo. Joe gave Krishnaji a copy of his book on Canaletto.' He was a big expert on Canaletto. 'We caught the 3:50 p.m. train, changed at Haslemere, and were back at Brockwood by 5:30 p.m. Krishnaji was none the worse from the trip.'

The next two days for me are errands, desk work, and packing; and for Krishnaji they are seeing people.

The tenth of September. 'Krishnaji, Dorothy, Anneke, and I went to Heathrow. Anneke waited for her flight to Holland. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I were flying to France for a holiday. Krishnaji, in the crowded waiting room, stood apart as much as he could, looking elegant, superb, everything rare and aristocratic. He sat between Dorothy and me, and we ate careful sandwiches from Brockwood. Then, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I flew on British Air to Paris, arriving at 2:30 p.m. Jean-Michel met us at Charles de Gaulle in his Citroën and drove us to where we were staying near Blois and not far from his home, La Mahaudière. He kindly found and negotiated this place for us after discovering that the Dordogne, our original objective, was booked in all the suggested places.' He chose this place for us. 'The proprietor here, a Monsieur Chevignè, normally gives only breakfast with the rooms, but agreed to give us all meals. Tina, who formerly worked for the

Marogers, and is used to vegetarians, has come to cook until the fifteenth. Krishnaji and I have rooms on the ground floor done in le style Ancien, and we share a rather dank bathroom. Dorothy is above us in a redone room with a better bath. After initial squeamishness, we decided to keep these rooms. The Marogers have gone to endless effort to arrange everything. Marie-Bertrande and Daphne came over while we were having supper. Marie-Bertrande looks under pressure from the wedding of Ariane, a week from today. Daphne is working in a hospital in Blois and looks blooming. Jean-Michel has kindly lent us his Citroën while we are here. The chateau looks not unlike a French version of Brockwood. A cedar stands on the lawn. But the parkland is straw-colored from a drought.'

So for September eleventh we have the big diary again. 'We slept well, and Krishnaji rested in bed until lunchtime. It is totally quiet, and the prospect that nothing has to be done is blissful. I hold to the hope that Krishnaji will like it, though it is not the Dordogne, his choice; and that this will give him a deep store of rest from this summer's talks and before the rigors of India.' Marie-Bertrande and Jean-Michel came over and we walked in the Forêt de Russy, which adjoins this property. It was hot and dry as there has been a long drought this summer. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I dined in the dining room. And so to bed after watching news on television.'

The twelfth of September. 'We have struck a dry year here, which has meant, so far, that the forest seems unalive. There is no blossoming smells of leaves, of forest earth, no moving from the coolness of shade to a mellow sun. It is all one day—hot and motionless. It was too hot in the sun for Krishnaji to reach the woods, and the shade was only a small improvement. Krishnaji walked ahead and took up a branch to clear spider webs, which were everywhere, but the walking was rather a chore instead of a pleasure. The Marogers are proud of the weather, "so warm and clear" and "good weather for guests and also for Ariane's wedding next weekend." Our more northern blood remembers the cool, damp aliveness of Brockwood walking. I seem to have lost all tolerance for heat. It exhausts me and makes me very uncomfortable. But Krishnaji is sleeping well here, and relaxes in a way he finds difficult at Brockwood. This place is almost very nice—our shared bathroom is rather dank and needs redoing, but the rooms are comfortable, and, so far, Tina has cooked excellent meals. The proprietors, Monsieur Chevignè and Madame Duflot, have taken on quite a task of running a large place without help. It must be a struggle, but so far, all is well for us. I can clean and launder, and get Krishnaji's breakfast tray, etcetera—i.e., function, which is my first concern. He said this morning, "What would I do without you? I couldn't," which made a warm glow in the middle of my chest, though I know it has small significance. Dorothy must be getting some much-needed rest. Krishnaji had slept well, and Dorothy and I had a leisurely breakfast in the dining room. There is one other table for guests, a young couple who murmur to each other so low that one cannot tell if it is in German or English. We didn't see the Marogers today as they are in wedding preparation, and it was too warm for more than a walk twice around the drive.'

September thirteenth. 'We had a quiet, lazy morning. Krishnaji spoke briefly to the paraplegic daughter of Madame Duflot, Valerie Lammouy. Jean-Michel came by in their

Opel and I asked him to exchange it for their fine and more complicated Citroën. We drove it to a part of the Forêt de Russy for a walk in a shady allèe. It is still very hot, but it cools at night and we sleep well.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji slept well. Me too. It is another warm day. After lunch, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I in the Marogers' Opel went to Blois for Dorothy's train ticket to Paris and Krishnaji's and my air reservations to London on October first. Dorothy telephoned Brockwood to see if all was well. I cashed travel checks. We did small errands in the heat, then came back, hot and tired. We didn't walk. Early to bed.'

The fifteenth. 'Krishnaji slept very well. Dorothy says she slept ten hours. I sleep and wake and sleep. I seem to have long hours of sleep, but I am not totally relaxed because there is a lurking "on guard" feeling, a sense of responsibility for the way things work out. In the late afternoon, Jean-Michel came and drove us to their home, La Mahaudière, where, with Marie-Bertrande, Daphne, Diane, and Saturday's bride, Ariane, we had sorbet made from homegrown strawberries, and then went for a walk in the shade of their woods. Dorothy and I saw Ariane's wedding dress, which is very pretty. Krishnaji had sat on the floor with his sorbet, quietly observing, aware of the characters of the family. Jean-Michel drove us back and we found Patrice Ferrand, Suzanne van der Straten's nephew and a former Brockwood Park student, with his young wife. They had just arrived to spend the night.'

September sixteenth. 'Krishnaji had indigestion in the night. Also, he had cramps in his feet around 6 a.m., got up, fainted, and somehow hit his left forehead, left shoulder and hip. There is a bump the size of a nickel an inch above his left eyebrow. At first he said he was quite alright and we should go ahead with the plan we had to take Dorothy to see châteaux, and that I mustn't tell her what had happened. I gave him arnica, but he eventually canceled our plans, and is staying in bed. He later admitted it was a good idea to rest. He is all right now, but what worries me is his fainting when all alone. Why? And the fact that he didn't call me. "Of course not," he said—his inevitable comment, which makes me uneasy. I was only about three yards away, but the door was closed and he made no sound. Now the door stays open and I must figure out a way at Brockwood to not be cut off. Anyway, he stayed in bed, reading, and it was just as well that we were not on the road to châteaux anyway, as it was *very* hot. I drove in to Blois to get him the *Herald Tribune*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*, and to locate the train station so I could get Dorothy there on Sunday morning. When I got back, she and I went over to the farmhouse to talk to Madame Duflot's paraplegic daughter, Valerie Lammouy. She has read Krishnaji books and would like to come to visit Brockwood. Krishnaji is better and looks all right.'

S: Do you remember how anxious you felt when Krishnaji would faint and not bother to tell you about it and not feel he had to…?

M: Yes. "Don't make a fuss about it," was his attitude.

S: Yes, and what did you feel about that?

M: It worried me.

S: I want you to remember this for when…

M: When what?

S: When you sometimes fall and don't bother telling anybody to call me and don't feel you need to tell me, until the next time we speak. I don't hear about it, sometimes for days.

M: Well, the only time I fell recently was on that—over there and you were in…I thought what can you do about it, and…

S: I know. But I can phone somebody, I can make sure things happen, that's what I do. Or when you faint out in front of the school and I don't hear about it till days afterwards.

M: Well, I fainted not near the school—well, yes, in front of the school. There were only, uh…it was a weekend of…

S: I know, but I didn't hear about it for days. [*Both chuckle*.] I'm just making a point.

M: I came to with about eight people around me who had sent for the, what do you call them?

S: …paramedics. Yes.

M: The paramedics, who came and took my blood pressure right away.

S: I know. I'm just making a point about how terrible it feels not to be contacted. [*Gently laughs.*]

M: I was there and in charge and it was my responsibility. You are in Portland, and though you are dear and a concerned friend…

S: I know, I know. But that doesn't make me feel any less badly—I'm just making a point. [*Both chuckle*.] Alright, we can go on with the seventeenth.

M: Alright. Now, the seventeenth of September. 'Krishnaji slept well, and was feeling well. He wanted to go on with our châteaux tour, and as it was a little cooler, we set off in the Maroger's Opel for Chaumont, which regrettably closed its gates at 11:30 a.m.,' [*both laugh*] 'so we had only a glance at its battlements from the road and went on to Amboise. An old Michelin guide suggested that the Auberge du Mail which has one star, and, though it was nothing remarkable, we lunched pleasantly and at leisure with a bottle of Pouilly-Fumè of which Krishnaji had a little in his Perrier.'

S: [*laughs*] I know.

M: 'I felt very relaxed and in France. There was the ease, too, of shepherding Krishnaji and Dorothy on a pleasant outing. We went up to Amboise and looked at the outside of the château. We had read the guidebook of the who and when of life in these houses, and we drove on to Chenonceau—which is the loveliest one. In spite of the warmth of the day and a fair number of tourists, Krishnaji not only wanted to walk to the Château but to go inside the ground floor. When we were here years ago, he had no interest in going in.' Oh, that's right. We had been there before. 'But whether to give Dorothy a look at it or because of all the reading out loud we have done getting here, he said, "Let's look," and we did. There were too many people to stay very long, so we drove back via Montrichard, Pont Levoy, etcetera and got back by 5 p.m, tired but relaxed. We were all glad we went, and Krishnaji is none the worse for it.'

September eighteen. 'It was a quiet day for us. The marriage of Ariane Maroger was today, but we didn't go. We had a quiet day of rest, and in late afternoon, walked in a shady allèe in the woods beside the house.'

The next day. 'I took Dorothy to the Blois train station, and persuaded a porter to carry her suitcase to the second quay. I stayed with her until her 12:45 p.m. train came, and she went off to Paris, where Gisela Elmenhorst was to meet her and get her to Roissy and her flight to Heathrow. I think these nine days of holiday and rest have done her good. Krishnaji wants her to trade in her Cortina and, with another car she got from her brother, and with our adding something, have Dorothy get a good new car. We said we would have further discussion of this when we get back to Brockwood. In the afternoon clouds formed. Thunder growled. There was lightning and then rain came at last. A heavy showering. After a while, it eased and we went for a walk around the large lawn and driveway. The air is clear and alive again.'

S: Alright. We've run out of tape, so this is a good time for us to end. But it's interesting to note that in 1982, Krishnaji was seriously thinking about an adult center, and that he didn't think of Brockwood as the first place for it. He thought of Ojai and Rajghat as the first places for it; but, in fact, it was Brockwood that first did it.

M: Yes. It was Brockwood.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For a link to the video of the third Saanen talk of 1982.

[2] For the video of the first question and answer meeting of Saanen 1982.

[3] For the video of the first Brockwood talk of 1982.

[4] For the video of the third Brockwood talk of 1982.

[5] For the video of the fourth Brockwood talk of 1982.

Issue 73: September 20, 1982 to December 31, 1982

This issue is short. Krishnaji and Mary are together for only about a month of the time covered by this issue, and since this memoir is meant to be about what it was like for Mary to be with Krishnaji, more than two months of this period have been edited out. Nevertheless, Mary continues to write in her diary every day, so we do know about her life when Krishnaji was in India.

Editing out the months when Mary was not with Krishnaji is not necessarily correct, because even when they were on different continents, it isn't completely true that "Mary was not with Krishnaji." She carefully tracks his movements, so we know when he traveled from one part of India to another. We know when he gives his talks and seminars in different venues. We get Krishnaji's news, which he writes to her in his daily letters to her and she relays in her diaries, or someone coming from India to America or Europe who has seen him, calls her at Krishnaji's request with his news.

Krishnaji and Mary send telegrams to each other about urgent matters, and Krishnaji even calls her once from Madras to resolve a matter in Australia. And, of course, whether she is in Europe or America, she is constantly working on behalf of the Foundations or on his behalf. She flies to New York to make arrangements for Krishnaji's talks there the following spring. She attends endless meetings of the schools and Foundations in England and America. She organizes videotaped dialogues to take place between Krishnaji and well-known intellectuals. She arranges to have things brought to Krishnaji that he requests by people visiting India. And every two weeks, Mary sends off to the schools one of the *Letters to the Schools* that Krishnaji had dictated earlier. Mary is also actively supporting Krishnaji's wish to create adult study centers with discussions at Brockwood and Ojai, but at Ojai, she is also looking for ways to transform Arya Vihara and to get donations. And, of course, there is the never-ending nonsense of the court case. It seems right to edit out all this, but it also seems right to mention it.

Mary: We begin today on September twentieth, 1982, and we're still in France on our vacation. 'It is a little cooler. Krishnaji had foot cramp in the night and was awake quite a time. I went to Blois for newspapers. Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande came at 5 p.m., and we walked in the woods. The wedding apparently went beautifully, and they seem happy. After they left, Krishnaji and I talked over our leaving before the first of October. Our earlier discussions about making an annual holiday in France with a group of six or eight faded when Krishnaji realized the costs of travel and hotels yesterday as I paid the bill for our first nine days here. It was not excessive by today's standards, but he now thinks we can do what he wanted at Brockwood instead. Nevertheless, as to here and now, we've had a good rest and both feel like leaving soon. The crummy bathroom adds to the impetus. I looked upstairs, but aside from the room that Dorothy had, none has a private bath. It is silly how such a small thing counts.' [*S chuckles.*]

September twenty-first. 'We made the decision to advance our departure from October first to next Monday, the twenty-seventh. So, I went to Blois to change the tickets to the

twenty-seventh. I telephoned Brockwood with a message about the change for Dorothy, and then rang the Marogers about the same. It also simplifies things as we can all go to Paris together on Monday. The Marogers will go from Paris to the ferry for England, as they are taking Diane to Brockwood to become a student, and we will go to the airport. I bought books in French for Krishnaji as he has decided he wants to do some reading in French, and some running shoes for him, which he likes, size thirty-nine.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'I also got some Porthault spray'—Porthault is a really wonderful linen shop, but they make a nice spray to spray in closets—'and some Roger et Gallet oeillet soap.' Oeillet is the French word for carnations. 'I bought it to subdue our smelly bath here.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I made it back for lunch, and we rested all the afternoon and walked in a light rain in the Forêt de Russy.' That was the one next door. 'The forest is awakening in the rain. We had a light supper and went to bed early.'

September the twenty-second. 'I gave Krishnaji a flu vaccine.' Did I, now? Well. 'We have had vitamin B shots with us, but he has put off taking them and I am relieved as I don't like doing it.' I was trained in a hospital how to do this during the war, so it isn't quite as awful as it sounds for anyone reading this. It's very easy to give shots to a stranger, but [*chuckles*] I never liked stabbing people who are close. I used to do the blood bank and I had to test people's hemoglobin, which meant sticking a thing into their finger. I did it all day long, but when a friend came by, I got squeamish. [*Chuckles.*]

Scott: I completely understand.

M: Well, you would, as you have a thing about it.

S: Yes, I have a thing about needles in any case, but [*laughs*] I'd much rather get a shot than see someone I care for get one.

M: Anyway, you understand.

S: I'm *very* sympathetic.

M: 'We had a quiet day and walked a long way down the dirt road in the forest. There was an odd atmosphere there, which both of us felt. The trees seem aloof, unfriendly. It is silent, without birds or the sounds of moving leaves. We are intruders. Krishnaji said, "I would be nervous to walk here alone." But the forest affected both of us differently from other landscapes. It is beautiful, but the mood can darken and something of a menace is somewhere there.'

The twenty-third. 'The weather is cooler. We drove to La Mahaudière and lunched with the Marogers, Mr. and Mrs. Salzman, Marie-Bertrande's stepmother, Madame Embericos, and Diane.' The Salzmans were an American couple who were friends of the Marogers; they had a house nearby, at least temporarily, but lived mostly in California.

S: Yes, I remember. He had something to do with television or something.

M: He was vaguely with movies, but retired. 'Mrs. Salzman had cooked what she called a "Jain Indian meal," which she learned how to do in New York.' [*Chuckles*.] 'We saw the videotape of Ariane's wedding, done by Mr. Salzman. Krishnaji's view that weddings are a lot of fuss over nothing was kept low-key.' [*Both laugh*.] 'He told Brahmin stories at lunch. We left at 4 p.m., both tired from lack of a rest after lunch, and as neither of us wanted to go into the dark woods, we walked around the front of the château. Both are glad to be returning to Brockwood.'

September twenty-fourth. 'I went to Blois to cash travel checks. Fetched *The Herald Tribune* and *Time* magazine, and some Roger et Gallet toilet soap for Krishnaji, and put petrol in the Marogers' Opel. It's a rather cold day. I couldn't sleep until two last night. Too much coffee at every breakfast here, perhaps. I slept after lunch. I have finished a book by Mary McCarthy called *Cannibals and Missionaries*, and am skimming through an autobiography of Jimmy Granger that I picked up at Heathrow.' That's Stewart Granger, but Jimmy to friends. 'We walked on the forest road. Krishnaji said, "We mustn't be afraid of it," and Krishnaji addressed the trees, saying, "We are friendly people. We mean you no harm. You mustn't mind our coming." The trees have an odd air of watching, like the cows and sheep at Brockwood, who stare at us intently.' [*Both laugh*.] Oh, goodness.

S: Now, again, with the view that no detail being too small—I remember Krishnaji had the Roger et Gallet soap. He would usually have sandalwood.

M: Yes, that soap was often from India. People gave…

S: But I remember he also had Roger et Gallet sandalwood soap.

M: Yes, well, he liked sandalwood.

S: Yes, and what else did he like? He liked another one.

M: Well, I always bought Carnation Roger et Gallet because I liked it, and it's not too feminine or too anything. It just smells of carnations, which is not a cloying smell.

S: Yes, yes.

M: It's a kind of clean smell, yes. Clean.

S: Geranium, did he have geranium?

M: Geranium would be acceptable. I wouldn't ever buy for anyone, except a woman, rose or something like lilac or lily of the valley. Those are more feminine soaps.

S: Yes, yes. Krishnaji also had powder that he would use that was geranium.

M: Powder? What for?

S: Just a body powder, an English make, in a white tin with green lettering.

M: That would be from me, um, oh, that herbal store on the corner of…

S: Culpeper's.

M: That's it.

September twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji says he now thinks he knows how he fell a week ago, that the rug slipped. But, when I asked him at the time if it were the rug, he had said no. At lunch, he reported that he had had threatening dreams every night here. "What kind?" I asked. He said that in the dreams, he has to speak and is late; he is walking and there is a body of water suddenly that gets wider. He wonders what it is. Are the two Rajagopals threatening him? "Those two would be the only ones," he said. He says he can close it off and not allow the dreams, but doesn't want to close it off. We spoke of the case and that it is probably a ploy by Rajagopal to speak now, via his lawyers, of a settlement in order to drag things out some more. Mrs. Vigeveno's deposition has been put off because of this, which has enabled him once more to avoid our motions. Krishnaji said, "Rajagopal is playing a dirty game"…"He thinks I've done something to him. What have I done to him? I've done nothing." At lunch, I said that Rajagopal responds only to being pushed. Krishnaji said, "We must push him." I asked what should guide us this winter when he is in India and communication is difficult, and Krishnaji replied, "Whatever you think should be done." We read most of the day and walked to the road and back.' And that finishes the big diary for the year.

S: Alright, so it's all the little diary now.

M: Yes. The twenty-sixth of September. 'There was rain in the morning, so we stayed in and read. It cleared in the afternoon and Jean-Michel took us to the other side of the Loire, where we had a nice walk. There were rainbows.'

September twenty-seven. 'We were packed and ready when the Marogers arrived at 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji and I drove with Jean-Michel, Diane, and Daphne to Paris. Marie-Bertrande went later on a train. We had picnic sandwiches in the Bois de Vincennes. Then they took us to Charles de Gaulle Airport, where Krishnaji and I took the Air France 3:30 p.m. flight to London. Dorothy met us in a car she has acquired from her brother and we came back to beautiful Brockwood a little after 6 p.m. It is good to be back.'

The next day, 'The Marogers arrive with Diane. Marie-Bertrande and Jean-Michel are in the West Wing, and Diane is in the student room she will have. I did much laundry and house things. It was a windy day. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Jean-Michel, and I went for a walk around the fields.'

September twenty-nine. 'In the morning, I telephoned Krishnaji's dentist, Mr. Thompson, about Krishnaji's bridge, and he suggested an appointment today, so we took the 11:45

a.m. train.' [*Chuckles.*] And then the standard: 'Mary and Joe met us at Waterloo. Krishnaji and I lunched with Mary at Fortnum's. Then Joe took us to Mr. Thompson, and then to Huntsman briefly, and then back to Waterloo.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: I can't remember whether we've mentioned it or not, we probably have. But the same thing was always ordered for lunch at Fortnum's, and you always had the same table.

M: Yes, it was. Yes, the corner table.

S: I know we described that, but I can't remember if we mentioned that the same thing was always ordered for lunch, which was the flan.

M: Yes. The flan. A cheese flan.

S: Yes, cheese and onion, wasn't it?

M: Well, there would be onion in a good cheese flan.

S: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: And salad and…

S: Potatoes.

M: Yes.

S: Boiled potatoes, usually.

M: Yes, I guess. I don't remember the potatoes, but there would be. [*Both chuckle*.] You have a memory for detail.

S: For food.

M: Oh, that's right, that too.

September thirtieth. 'I took the 9:46 a.m. train back to London, then went by underground for a haircut, then had salad and cheese with Mary and Joe at their flat. After lunch, I went to Marks & Spencer's for a cardigan for Krishnaji, then walked on to the new Louis Vuitton store on Bond Street for an all-purpose shoulder bag.' It's in the other room.

S: Aha, that's the one that you always use.

M: 'I bought cheese at Paxton and returned to Waterloo by tube, catching the 4:20 p.m. back to Petersfield.'

October first. ‘The school term began. Krishnaji dictated letters. I went to Alresford with Marie-Bertrande on errands. After a nap, Krishnaji, Marie-Bertrande, Dorothy, and I walked with the dogs.’

The second of October: ‘It rained. I typed the first of Krishnaji’s new series of *Letters to the Schools*, which is to go out twice a month to all of Krishnaji’s schools on the first and fifteenth of every month. I attended the 3 p.m. staff meeting. Krishnaji and I walked in the rain. Jackie Kornfeld telephoned me from New York. Merali arrived.’

October third. ‘Krishnaji spoke to the school the first time this school year. It was a lovely, still afternoon with no wind but some sun. We walked.’

There is nothing of significance the next day, but on the fifth of October, ‘Krishnaji spoke to the students again. David Shainberg arrived. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, David, Dorothy, Marie-Bertrande, Jean-Michel, and I walked, then looked at a Volvo car demonstrated to Dorothy.’ Oh, yes, Krishnaji wanted to help Dorothy get a new car. ‘After supper, at the table, I discussed with Shainberg, Merali, and others the idea for a Krishnamurti study center.’

The sixth of October. ‘Krishnaji and I went to London. Joe and Mary met us. While Krishnaji had a Huntsman fitting, Joe took me to his shop, where I tried on a silk raincoat. He dropped me at Fortnum’s, where Mary, who had met Krishnaji at Huntsman, lunched with Krishnaji and me. Krishnaji and I went to Hatchards for detective novels and I got Fleur Cowles’s new book. We walked to Burberry, where Krishnaji got a windbreaker. I looked at raincoats but decided on the one from Joe’s store.’

S: Which store is that?

M: Well, he had a furrier store, but he sold also a raincoat you could put over a fur.

S: Where was this store?

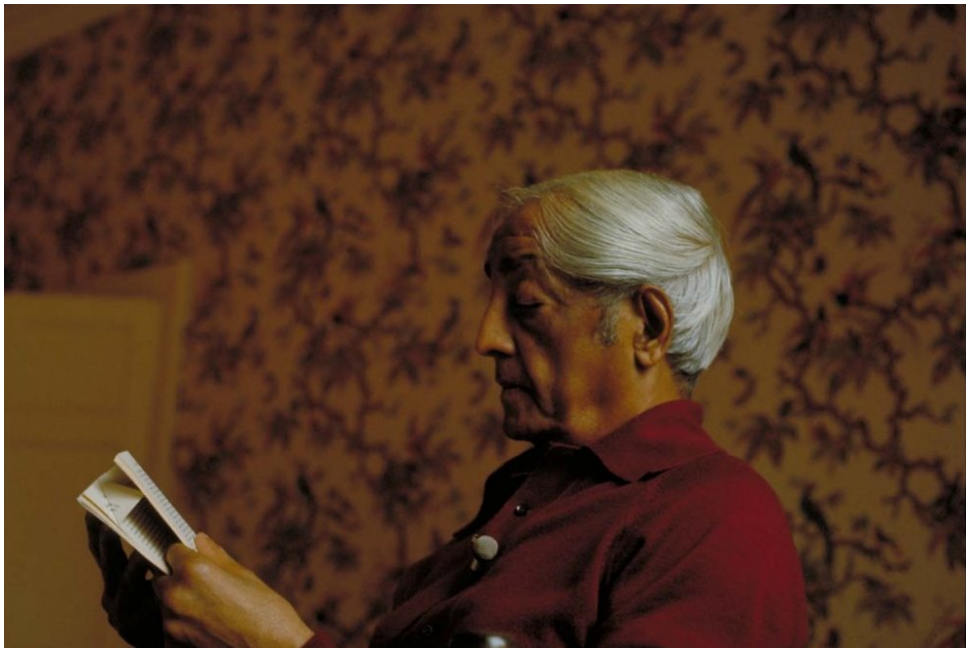
M: It was over near Harrods in Knightsbridge. ‘Joe and Mary met us there and drove us to Waterloo. Krishnaji suggested a three-to-five-minute deliberate quieting of my body each morning, to perhaps quiet my fidgety hands.’ I don’t remember that.

The seventh of October: ‘I went with Marie-Bertrande and Daphne to Winchester on shopping errands, where I found an antique dressing table mirror as a present for the Marogers to thank them for all they did to make our France vacation so pleasant. They all left for France in the afternoon. Diane now is on her own as a student here. Sarjit Siddoo and her husband were here for a brief visit. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Shainberg, and I walked around the fields.’

October eighth. ‘At noon, Krishnaji spoke to the staff. If one goes all the way in seeing one branch of conditioning, then one can see and be free of all the others.’ You see, this is what he said, and this is what none of these people in these discussions I attend can

understand. They think you have to do it and do it and do it and do it, and there's no wiping something free.

S: Yes, and if there's no end, then that's the perfect excuse for doing nothing.



Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: Well, it also means that what Krishnaji said is just understood on the top of your mind, you know. You're not *seeing* in the sense that Krishnaji was talking about. I try to say that in the discussions here. 'At 4 p.m., a Saab car was demonstrated to Dorothy and everybody. Dorothy likes it. David Shainberg is doing the bargaining with the car salesman for Dorothy.' [*S laughs.*] He said you don't know how to talk to salesmen, you have to bargain with them. [*Both chuckle*.] 'At 5:15 p.m., I went to a staff meeting.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji slept well but decided to spend the day in bed. David Shainberg finally succeeded in making a deal for the Saab for Dorothy. In the afternoon, the Bohms and Maurice Wilkins arrived to stay till tomorrow. The Bohms are in the West Wing.'

The tenth of October. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school at noon, after which the Bohms and Wilkins left. I telephoned Amanda after hearing a BBC report of a fire in the Santa Monica mountains. Phil is in Chicago till Tuesday, but George'—that's her brother—'and the gardener are there. The fire is in back of Pepperdine University'—that's across the street from their place—'but she thinks it is controlled. Krishnaji talked to a man from Oxford and later to Shainberg. We had a short walk. I discussed video matters with Merali, Shainberg, Scott, and Dorothy.'

October eleventh: 'Before he and Merali left, Shainberg gave Krishnaji a gamma globulin injection, two vials, to last six months.' Shainberg was a doctor, after all. You have to be a doctor before you get to be a psychiatrist, but he was so squeamish about giving the

shot. [*Both chuckle*.] He hadn't done it since medical school or something, I guess. I said, "You're a doctor, you've got to do it." [*Both laugh*.] 'We watched the raising of the Tudor warship *Mary Rose* from the Solent on television. Scott came up to talk to Krishnaji and me about his work on video and teaching. Dorothy joined the discussion. In the afternoon, Krishnaji talked to Harsh and Claire with Dorothy. At 5 p.m. there was a school meeting.' You can perhaps enlarge on this? Do you remember?

S: I don't remember it at all. [*Both chuckle*.] But one of the things I do remember was that the talks Krishnaji had, that you mentioned, with Harsh and Claire often were about their domestic squabbles, which somehow they kept expecting Krishnaji to resolve.

M: That's right. And I can't remember if they'd already had the child or not.

S: Oh yes, oh yes. They'd already had the child and that was partly why there was also occasional discussion of a school for small children.

M: And that was preceded by many discussions over whether staff should continue to be staff members if they had a child. The French couple—what was their name?—he taught yoga? Anyway, they had a child and went off to France, where he taught yoga.

S: Yes. Dorothy was dead set against staff having children, so when Joe and Carol had a child, they left. But Harsh and Claire stayed at Brockwood.

M: Yes, at least for a while.

October twelfth. 'Krishnaji talked to the students alone again, while I went to a staff meeting. After lunch, I went to Winchester on errands, but got back in time for a walk in the rain with Krishnaji and Dorothy.' I assume that whoever hears or reads these discussions realizes that if it rains, that didn't get you out of a walk.

S: [*chuckles*] Of course not.

M: Krishnaji would say, "Walk." [*Both chuckle*.] I would have stayed in, but that wasn't a choice.

October thirteenth: 'It was another rainy day. Krishnaji spent it in bed reading and sleeping. He had a good night's sleep, too. So, he was well rested. I worked at the desk all day and ate with him on trays.' That was the usual thing. We ate most of our meals on trays. Breakfast was always on trays.

S: Yes, in his room.

M: In his room.

S: He would sit in bed and you would sit in the red chair.

M: Yes, I would sit in the big red chair, yes. And we had the television convenient to both.

S: Yes, yes. Except in the morning, he would listen to the stereo.

M: Yes, well, I didn't eat breakfast with him in the morning, usually.

S: No, but the last couple of years, I did. Yes, yes. It was always music in the morning and the news in the evening on television.

M: News in the evening, that's right. Yes, he liked to listen to music in the morning. And always I'd ask him, "What would you like to hear?" "You choose," he would say. [*Both chuckle*.] Occasionally, he would specify: singing. He liked Joan Sutherland. He also liked Neapolitan songs sung by Pavarotti. [*Chuckles*.] They were exuberant.

October fourteenth. 'Jean-Michel arrived at 8 a.m. for an 11:30 a.m. trustee meeting. Mary and Joe came and brought the raincoat that I bought from Joe's store. Harsh and Stephen Smith attended as new temporary trustees.' Ah, so you and Ingrid were replaced as the temporary trustees. We were mistaken in saying before that you weren't. 'The meeting continued in the afternoon. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I took a short walk on the driveway and lane. The weather is cold.'

The fifteenth of October, 'was a cold, beautiful day. We took the 10:46 a.m. to London and got a taxi without waiting. Krishnaji had a fitting on a very handsome Huntsman suit. Rita Zampese met us at Huntsman and brought his Lufthansa ticket. Krishnaji and I lunched at Fortnum's and went to Hatchards. I dropped him at Mr. Thompson's at 3 p.m., then I went to the U.S. embassy to try to get an absentee ballot, but failed. I came back to the dentist. Krishnaji is getting a new bridge.' He had endless dentist appointments. 'We found a taxi quite easily and got the 4:20 p.m. back to Petersfield. We had also been to Asprey's for a new wallet for me.' I'm still using it. 'There was a plague of flies in Krishnaji's room in the evening. I had to spray poison, then vacuum and clean.' I think he had to sleep in the guest room. The ceiling was black with flies.

S: Yes, there was one very odd year with flies.

M: It doesn't happen anymore. Anyway, that was the fifteenth.

The sixteenth. 'Another rainy day. I drove Krishnaji and Dorothy to Winchester for Dorothy's fitting for two outfits. Krishnaji was overseeing the fitting. I parked the car with difficulty in the heavy traffic. I just briefly saw the outfits, then fetched the car, and came back for them. We got back to Brockwood in time for lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Salzman, who came from Pont Levoy with Jean-Michel, sat at Krishnaji's table. Krishnaji and I walked in the rain on the roads.'

October seventeenth. 'Krishnaji spoke to the whole school, and it was very good. Jean-Michel and the Salzmans left after lunch. There was a meeting without Krishnaji in the

drawing room between the trustees and a group who will start a Krishnamurti Information Center in London. There was a short walk with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me. It rained on and off all day.'

The eighteenth of October. 'I did housekeeping and typing of *Letters to the Schools*. Krishnaji spoke to Harsh. He and Claire are separating. After the walk with Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me, there was a school meeting followed by a viola recital by a guest.'

The next day. 'I went to Alresford on errands while Krishnaji spoke to students at noon. He also spoke to Harsh and Claire at 4:30 p.m. We had only a short walk before supper.'

October twentieth. 'Krishnaji and I took Scott with us to London. It was a rainy day, so I could wear my new raincoat. Joe met us and drove us all to Huntsman, which Scott wanted to see with Krishnaji.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Then Krishnaji and I took a taxi to Mary and Joe's, where we lunched pleasantly with them. Krishnaji went with Joe to Mr. Thompson, where he got his new upper bridge, and Joe brought him back to the flat, where Mary and I had stayed and talked. Then Joe drove Krishnaji and me to Truefitt, where Krishnaji had his hair cut. I went to Fortnum's for chocolate presents for Krishnaji to take to India. Scott met Krishnaji at Truefitt, and then Joe met the three of us and drove us to Waterloo, where we caught the 4:50 p.m.'

The twenty-first of October: 'The Bohms came to spend the night. Krishnaji packed his clothes and I packed his vitamins and food additives. The afternoon was consumed in the Harsh and Claire problems: Krishnaji talked to her alone, then both of them, plus Dorothy and me. Then Krishnaji saw a Dutchman, Fritz someone, and Brian Jenkins, and it was made clear by Dorothy and me that Brockwood will not have any connection with any school he may start.' This was some Dutchman who wanted to start a school, and he was somehow connected to Brian Jenkins. 'Then there was a meeting with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Scott, Steven, Harsh, Ingrid, the Bohms, and Shakuntala about a study center at Brockwood. There was a staff meeting after supper.'

October twenty-second. 'In the Mercedes, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I drove through Romsey and the New Forest to a Saab garage, where Dorothy received her new car. Krishnaji drove back with her and I came on ahead, stopping at Alresford for brandy' [*chuckles*] 'for him to take to India.' That was for the medicinal use of brandy.

S: Oh, yes, Dr. Parchure insisted on it. I can't remember exactly what it was supposed to do, but Krishnaji was supposed to have a teaspoon of brandy in an incredibly weak tea in the afternoons before his walk. Afterwards, Krishnaji, on his walk, would say things like, "By Jove, this tea is really something." [*Both laugh*.]

M: 'We had a late lunch at Brockwood and we took a short walk with the dogs along the lane and driveway. I went to a staff meeting at 5 p.m. In the evening, we telephoned Vanda in Florence.'

October twenty-third. ‘Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I had a sandwich lunch in the West Wing kitchen at noon. Then we left at 12:30 p.m. in the Mercedes for Heathrow. On Lufthansa at 3 p.m., Krishnaji flew to Frankfurt to connect with a direct flight to Delhi, leaving at 5:30 p.m., and due at Delhi tomorrow morning at 6:10 a.m. Rita Zampese accompanied him to Frankfurt to see him safely onto the connecting flight in her capacity as a Lufthansa official. Dorothy and I drove back to Brockwood. In the evening, I went from Brockwood to a Glyndebourne performance of *Don Giovanni* in Southampton. There was a message on my return to telephone Erna. Rajagopal wants an immediate trial.’ [*Both chuckle*.] And now, I don’t see Krishnaji until he returns from India in the new year, but you see him in India, because I see a note about your taking his old passport to him, which he wanted to use instead of the diplomatic one that Pupul got for him.

S: Yes, but I wasn’t wise enough to make notes on that trip, so it is lost to history.

Issue 74: February 9, 1983 to April 29, 1983

The same introduction used for Issue 73 could be used for this issue—Krishnaji doesn't rejoin Mary until February, but even then, Mary is so caught up in the events of starting Krishnaji's stay in America, and of her being responsible for him again, that she only has time for her little diary until April seventeenth. So, much of this issue is the staccato, rapid-fire presentation of the main facts in Krishnaji's life as Mary sees them; and there is nothing of her poetic, rich description until she restarts her big diary. Still, it feels like being spoiled to complain. We are lucky we can see what we can of Krishnaji's unique daily life.

Mary: Wednesday, the ninth of February. 'At 9:30 a.m., I drove along the coast to the Los Angeles airport, stopping for a car wash. I waited at TWA for Krishnaji's arrival on flight 761 from London. He left there at 11 a.m. English time, and landed here at 2:15 p.m. when I saw him disembark through the glass door, and he had a porter to help them with the luggage. Forty-five minutes later, he came out and we drove back to Ojai along the sea. He looks well. The Lilliefelts, the Hookers, the Moodys, Mark, Michael, Frances, and Lee Nichols were waiting to greet him. We had supper on trays, and he slept early.'

February tenth. 'Erna and Theo came at 11 a.m., and Krishnaji recounted the events of the winter.' [*Chuckles.*] 'We all lunched at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon after looking at the redecorated west bedroom at Arya Vihara and approving. It is the site for the library of the proposed Study Center building. He also went to see the new bath in the guest house.' This is that funny square bath I put in the guest house because Mary Links said she could only bathe in a tub and not a shower. So in hopes of getting them both here, I had installed the only tub that would fit in the space. 'In the morning, he had approved the settlement offer, so Cohen sent it today to Rajagopal's lawyers.'

The eleventh. 'Krishnaji slept only four hours. I unpacked all of his things while he rested. We lunched at Arya Vihara, and he slept all afternoon.'

The next day, there isn't anything, but on the thirteenth, my diary says, 'Today I am sixty-eight and feeling well.' That's because it was my birthday. [*S laughs.*] 'Krishnaji tried not taking naps to help him sleep more at night. Max came and put resin on the gray car. He and others lunched with us at Arya Vihara. We walked with Erna and Theo down McAndrew Road.'

Again, there is nothing of note on the fourteenth, but the day after, 'We left the house at 7 a.m. and drove by the sea to Krishnaji's appointment with Dr. Lailee Bakhtiar at 9 a.m. for his fasting blood test. His veins wouldn't give much. We had breakfast at Lindberg's, the health food store, then Krishnaji had a checkup by Lailee at 10:30 a.m. We went to Westwood for a Norelco shaver' [*S chuckles*] 'and a French dictionary. Again, we to Lailee's for a cardiogram, and this time his veins were alright, and he had his post-prandial blood test. Krishnaji is in good health. The results for his blood sugar count will come next week. His blood pressure was 130 over 70. We drove slowly home, stopping

for a picnic lunch in the car at Zuma Beach. Rajagopal's deposition for tomorrow is off, as he accepts discussing our settlement offer.' That was really only to avoid giving a deposition, and for no other reason.

Again, there isn't much on the sixteenth, but on the seventeenth, our lawyer, Mr. Cohen, and Rajagopal's lawyer, T. Avsham, conferred all afternoon on our settlement offer. Both of the lawyers agreed, and it's now up to Rajagopal to commit himself. I spoke in the morning with my New York lawyer, Mitchell Booth, about my transferring this place, Pine Cottage, to the KFA.'

February eighteen. 'Erna came in the morning to discuss with Krishnaji my donation of this property. Mitchell Booth had telephoned me earlier about a small change in the wording of the agreement, which Mr. Sczudlo is incorporating in the papers. We lunched at Arya Vihara, then I went to the village on errands. We took a small walk to the dip.'

The nineteenth. 'Krishnaji came on the early walk that Erna and I have been doing all winter. I telephoned my brother at his Vineyard property, as it is his birthday. The final papers for my donation of the McAndrew Road property arrived from Paul Sczudlo of Loeb and Loeb.'

February twentieth. 'There was a KFA board of trustees meeting at 10 a.m. Krishnaji attended and Lou Blau came to speak about my donation of this place to the KFA. The papers are drawn up by his law firm, Loeb and Loeb. I was absent during this meeting.' You know, I withdrew so they could talk uninhibitedly if they didn't like something about this. Part of the agreement was that Krishnaji and I can live here in Pine Cottage for life.' Apparently, legally, Krishnaji had to have that permission. 'The board accepted it, Lou left, and I rejoined. We met all day on various matters. We all lunched at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji and I took a short walk to the dip.'

Then there isn't anything of significance until February twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji started recording on a Sony Walkman instead of writing. The result was beautiful. Mary Links had suggested this, and he now wants to get a good cassette recorder so he can do it anywhere. He dictated some letters to me. Lunch at Arya Vihara was with Eve Siegel'—she was the daughter of Ruth Tettemer—'Maris Lindley, Lily Koffman, and Catherine Kiernan. Laurie Greenwood has left the organization. Krishnaji and I walked with Erna and Theo.'

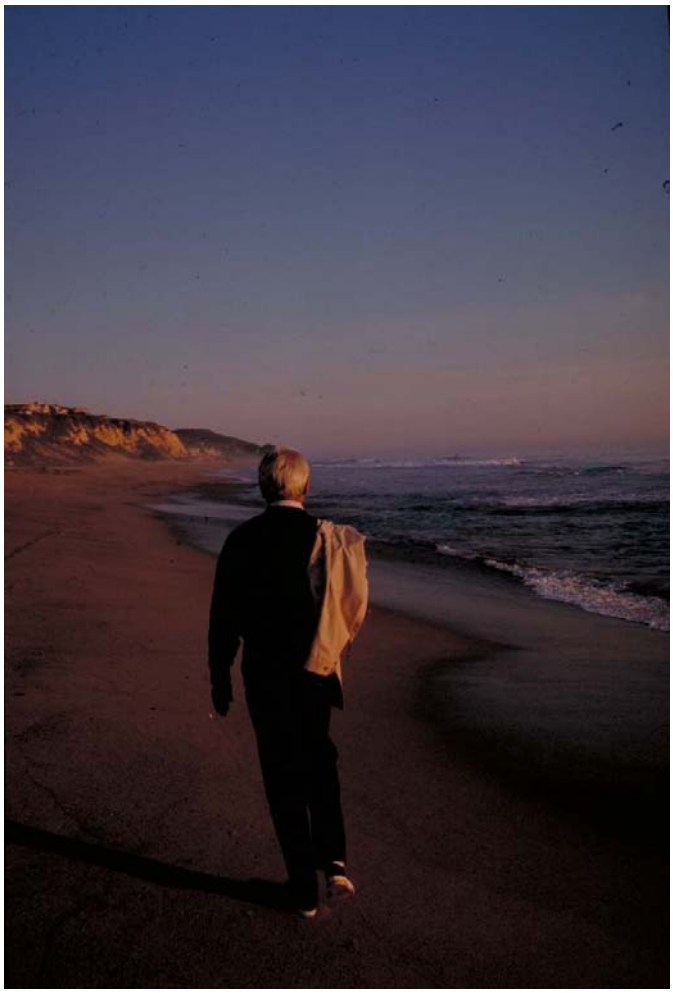
The twenty-sixth of February. 'Two inches of rain fell in the night. At 11 a.m., the school committee had a meeting with Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, and me, then we all lunched at Arya Vihara.'

The twenty-seventh. 'There was more rain. At 10 a.m., there was another meeting of the Oak Grove School committee and available trustees with Krishnaji. Lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji and I walked down to the dip, which is now a torrent of muddy water and the road is closed. It was astonishing. The water was up to the level of the banks around it, and huge boulders had crashed down. 'Four inches of rain fell last night.' That

in one night is a lot of water. This was the year of the big rain. I remember it now. 'The next day, after lunch, Krishnaji and I went with Erna and Theo to Stanley Cohen's office in Oxnard to discuss the case. Rain, again, came heavily.'

The first of March. 'Four inches of rain, again, in the night. I spent most of the day working at my desk. Krishnaji was disturbed after yesterday's meeting at Cohen's office with the realization of how people can abuse foundations. He questions how we can protect things in the future. We walked down and talked to Erna and Theo about it. Then went to see the raging river in the dip.'

March second. 'Three more inches of rain fell last night. We put off our trip to Los Angeles. I worked at my desk most of the day, and in the afternoon, we walked down to look at the astonishing water in the dip again. Four bulldozers were there, trying to move earth to prevent the road from washing out. I spoke to my brother and Lisa about her wanting Krishnaji to speak on change for a museum publication.'



Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The third. 'It rained on and off but tapered off. Frances McCann came to lunch at Arya Vihara, and Krishnaji talked about schools at the table until 3 o'clock. At 4 p.m.,

Krishnaji gave an interview to Renée Weber for *ReVision* journal. We walked again to the dip.'

March fourth. 'It was a clear morning. Erna and I walked early, then I did desk work and marketed. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji talked to David Moody, after which we walked to the dip. Krishnaji burned his right hand on steam from the kettle. I spoke to Lailee about it, who said to use a Telfa dressing. The burn was a shock to his body, so there was no afternoon walk.'

The next day. I'm not mentioning that every morning, early, Erna and I did our walk around the block, which was just over two and a half miles. 'At 11 a.m., Krishnaji talked to the teachers here. Krishnaji went to bed in the afternoon. He slept and read, and slept well last night.'

March sixth. 'At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held another meeting with the teachers here. At 4 p.m., he held a meeting with the Lilliefelts, Tom Krause, Mark, and David about the school committee. It went on till 7 p.m. Krishnaji's voice was hoarse.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed. Alasdair planted two cypresses at the end of the hedge by the garage.' That was Krishnaji's idea. I wasn't sure about it because I think a cypress is rather formal. You know, in Europe, they're formal.

Scott: Yes, yes.

M: I thought it didn't go with the little cottage. I was dead wrong.

S: [*chuckles*] They're lovely.

M: Yes, they're lovely.

March eight. 'It was a warm, clear day. Krishnaji spent the day in bed again, but is better. Vivian brought, from a Los Angeles store, a new Sony cassette recorder for Krishnaji's use.'

The ninth of March. 'It was a warm day, and Krishnaji was well enough to do his morning exercises. After lunch at Arya Vihara, Erna, Theo, Mark, and I discussed a school committee mix-up. Earlier, Erna had talked to Krishnaji about it. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a teacher discussion.'

March tenth. 'Krishnaji talked into his new Sony cassette recorder. Dictation number three. A draft of a settlement came from Rajagopal's lawyer, Terry Avsham. He claims everything.' That was his idea of a settlement. [*Both chuckle*.] 'At Arya Vihara lunch, Krishnaji heard about the movie *E.T.* and that it was playing in Ventura, so he and I went with Erna and Theo for the 5:30 p.m. showing. Krishnaji liked it very much. "I like when there is something moral," he said.' [*S chuckles*.] Well, he also liked the little E.T. 'We got back by 8 p.m., and had supper by 8:30 p.m.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The next day. Erna and I went over the Avsham settlement draft, which was totally unacceptable. Krishnaji discussed it with us. There was a meeting of Erna, Theo, Mark, and David Moody about the school board.' I don't think I attended that. 'Krishnaji and I walked to the Lilliefelts' and to the dip and back.'

March twelve. 'There was fog during the early morning walk. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with teachers here. Lunch at Arya Vihara. We walked to the Lilliefelts' and back at 5 p.m. Krishnaji's hand is painful where the skin has come off the burn blister. I dressed it twice and he wears a cotton glove over the dressing.'

The thirteenth. 'There was a trustee meeting here, during which there was a school report by Tom Krause and John Hidley. We all lunched at Arya Vihara, then resumed the meeting. There was a decision to enlarge the Oak Grove School board to include Erna, the Hookers, Krause, John Hidley, and Monica Ross. We will keep, for another year, the present school committee.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated into his cassette recorder, and in the afternoon, he held a teacher discussion here until 6 p.m.'

Fifteenth March. There is just the usual, but after the walk, 'Krishnaji saw a video cassette made from the Movietown News of a film of himself in 1928 in New York and 1930 in Ojai. He said, "I felt no relationship between that chap and this chap."' [*Both chuckle*.]

Nothing important the next day except, 'Krishnaji had another discussion with teachers at 4 p.m.'

Seventeenth March. 'Krishnaji dictated on his Sony again, and at 4 p.m., Krishnaji was interviewed on audiotape for KPFK Radio by Roy Tuckman. "Superficial questions,"' said either Krishnaji or me. It isn't clear.

March eighteenth. 'There is more rain, so there was no walk. Krishnaji dictated into his Sony again. From 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., Krishnaji held another discussion with teachers.'

There's nothing the next day except that Krishnaji keeps dictating into his recorder, and then on the twentieth, 'At 11 a.m., we went to the Oak Grove School Pavilion, where Krishnaji spoke to parents and teachers till 1 p.m.'

Then there's nothing of significance until the twenty-second, when, 'at 10:30 a.m., there was a meeting about video with Mendizza, Evelyne, Erna, Theo, and Mark. We lunched at Arya Vihara after Krishnaji had dictated to his Sony. From 4 p.m. to 6:15 p.m., Krishnaji held another discussion with teachers. It rained again.'

The twenty-third of March. 'We drove by the sea to Beverly Hills, where Krishnaji had his eyes examined by Dr. Fox. His eyes are the same as last year. Then we went to Helen Saginaw, who cut Krishnaji's hair beautifully for the first time.' She's the woman who

cut my hair and I took him there. 'We had a picnic lunch in the car and drove home via route 405 in Santa Paula. It rained and it was much too long. Erna had been to our lawyer, Cohen. Rajagopal's lawyer served papers for Krishnaji to give a deposition next Monday. Cohen expects they will settle first. Krishnaji is prepared to go ahead.'

The next day. 'The earth slid in Malibu, blocking the road, so I went on the Ventura freeway to Los Angeles. I got a pair of New Balance shoes for Krishnaji and vitamins, had my hair cut, did miscellaneous errands, and came home. Krishnaji was having a discussion with the teachers when I arrived. Erna came and said that a settlement discussion between Cohen and Avsham went on, and we will have a draft tomorrow. I received photos of Krishnaji left to me by Blanche Mathias.' I got several—well, you've seen them. They were taken years ago by Edward Weston, and she left them to me in her will.

S: Yes, I know them.

M: The twenty-fifth of March. 'Krishnaji dictated into his Sony. I marketed and put the guest room in order for the arrival of Dr. Jonas Salk. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Afterward, Erna brought the settlement draft just received and we went over it. I couldn't agree to a sentence about the material that went to the Huntington Library, saying it "belonged" to Rajagopal. Erna conferred with Stuart Comis, and the sentence is rewritten acceptably to us. We should hear Rajagopal's reactions on this draft tomorrow. Krishnaji and I had to hurry off to the foot doctor, Hara, in Santa Paula.'

The next day. 'Rajagopal and his board will not look at the settlement unless we first agree never to sue them again for any reason,' [*both chuckle*] 'so we go ahead with the case, which means Krishnaji's deposition on Monday. I drove to the Santa Barbara airport and met Dr. Jonas Salk at 2 p.m. Krishnaji greeted him when we got back to Ojai, and then they had tea and talked at some length. The three of us walked way down Thacher Road. At 7 p.m., we dined at Arya Vihara with Erna, Theo, Evelyne, the Moodys, and Michael. Earlier, the Mendizzas had set up lights for tomorrow's videotaping.'

March twenty-seven. 'Krishnaji and Dr. Salk talked for one hour and five minutes and it was videotaped on three-color cameras by Mendizza and crew. We lunched at Arya Vihara, then Dr. Salk went for a tour of the school before he returned to San Diego. Krishnaji did a silent close-up for the biography film, then rested. We walked in the rain with the Lilliefelts, had an early supper, and early to bed.'

March twenty-eight. 'We had an early breakfast at 7 a.m., then Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to Mr. Cohen's office at 10 a.m. He talked with Krishnaji. At 10:30, Rajagopal's lawyer, Terry Avsham, took Krishnaji's deposition. Present were Annie Vigeveno and Austin Bee.' They just came. Because they were involved in the case, they had a right to come, but it was just irritating to all of us. 'It stopped at 12:48 p.m. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I had a picnic lunch in the car. The deposition resumed from 1 p.m. to 4:30 p.m. It was exhausting. We came back and went for a walk. Krishnaji's energy will revive.

Radha Burnier just arrived from Australia, and came at 6:30 p.m. We dined with her, the Lilliefelts, and Michael at Arya Vihara.'

The next day, 'At 10 a.m., Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to Cohen's office and Krishnaji continued the deposition of yesterday. We again had a picnic lunch in the car, then resumed the deposition, which became wicked. We talked to Cohen afterward. We had our supper at Arya Vihara.' Cohen had intervened in the deposition.

S: Because Rajagopal's lawyer was being so terrible?

M: Yes, aggressive.

March thirtieth. 'Krishnaji joined in the early walk with Erna and me. It was a hot day. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to Cohen's office to discuss matters. We returned for lunch at Arya Vihara, and slept in the afternoon. Saral and David Bohm arrived from London.'

March thirty-one. 'Early walk with Erna. Krishnaji dictated into Sony. We lunched at Arya Vihara with the Bohms, etcetera. It was a hot day. Stuart Comis asked us to see Cohen tomorrow about the settlement offer from Avsham.'

April first. 'Erna, Theo, and I went to see Cohen at 9 a.m. We read Rajagopal's settlement draft, which was unacceptable. We talked at length, and decided to reject the offer but withdraw the lawsuit. Came back and reported to Krishnaji, who had approved, in advance, our withdrawing the lawsuit, and felt this was the thing to do.'

S: Sorry—you're going to have to explain this.

M: Well, it's hard to explain, but what happened was that we wanted to get rid of the lawsuit, obviously, but with a settlement. But Rajagopal would only agree to settlements that were impossible to accept. And, as we were suing him at that point, because he had broken the original settlement agreement by trying to change the books and…

S: Right. And not handing over the material he was supposed to hand over.

M: And not handing over the material—all these things; we had to resume a suit against him for violation of the previous agreement. So this was during the period where we were suing him again, and he kept—well, you heard what he did. And so, as we couldn't accept what he was suggesting, we just decided to withdraw the lawsuit.

S: Right. Right. Just to drop the lawsuit.

M: Whereupon you'll see what he does next, but that is what *we* did. 'Afterward, at Arya Vihara, Erna, the Bohms, the Hookers, Theo, and I ran the video of Krishnaji's discussion with Jonas Salk. I went to the village for our air tickets. When it was cool, Krishnaji and I walked with Erna and Theo down McAndrew.'



Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

April second. ‘At 11 a.m., Krishnaji talked to parents and teachers at the Oak Grove School Pavilion. We returned for lunch at Arya Vihara. Merali arrived and is staying there. Krishnaji rested in the afternoon.’

April third. ‘At 11 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to parents and teachers again at the Oak Grove School. We lunched there. In the afternoon, I worked at the desk until it was time for our walk, which we did with Erna and Theo. It was cold and windy.’

The next two days have nothing significant, but on the sixth of April, ‘I was up at 4 a.m. At 6:30 a.m., Mark came with the van and drove Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, and me to the Los Angeles airport. Krishnaji and I went on TWA to New York. The Lilliefelts went on another airline.’ It was thought we shouldn’t all four be on one plane. [*Both chuckle*.] ‘My brother sent Les Lewis with the car to meet us, and my brother was waiting at the Hotel Dorset on 54th Street. We had a nice suite—a sitting room and two bedrooms.’ That hotel doesn’t exist anymore. ‘We had our supper in the rooms.’

April seventh. ‘David Shainberg came by in the morning. My brother came at 1 p.m. and he, Krishnaji, and I lunched at Orsini. Then Krishnaji rested. I went with Erna and Theo to the Felt Forum.’ That’s where he was going to speak in Madison Square Garden. ‘Krishnaji and I had supper in the rooms.’

April eighth. ‘We went out to the health food store, and to the Belgian shoe store.’ That’s where both Krishnaji and I get these funny shoes—actually these are his shoes I’ve got on now. [*Both chuckle.*] ‘Then we went to Doubleday’s for books. David Shainberg came at 1 p.m., and we all three walked to the Italian restaurant on 53rd Street, Il Nido.’ It was good food. ‘It rained, so we came back in a taxi to the hotel, but then Krishnaji and I walked around a little. We had supper again in our rooms.’

The ninth of April. 'We went by limousine to Felt Forum, where at 10 a.m., Krishnaji gave his first New York talk of this year. The audience was late coming in and Krishnaji sat watching them and then gave a fine talk to an attentive audience. The hall was only two-thirds full, but there were over 3,000 people. We lunched at the hotel, walked, and bought some apples. Krishnaji looked at the new IBM building.' Which is quite beautiful, I think. 'Pupul arrived from Europe, and came to supper in our rooms with us.'

The tenth. 'There was heavy rain. We went to Krishnaji's second New York talk at 10 a.m., at Felt Forum. There was a large, serious, attentive audience. The end of talk was very moving. Krishnaji was almost in tears. Monsoon-like rains began as we came back to the hotel where Erna and Theo joined us. Pupul came, and in her car, we all went to lunch at the Shainbergs'. We had supper again in the rooms. Krishnaji spoke of turning Vasanta Vihar over to the schools.'

April eleventh. 'We walked to thirty Rockefeller Plaza where, in the Carnegie Endowment conference room, on the fifty-fourth floor, at 11 a.m., Krishnaji held a seminar arranged by Shainberg. It was on seeing that there is only thinking, not a separate thinker, and it was slow going. Shainberg lunched with us at Il Nido restaurant. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview to Barbara Seaman about Dr. Besant until 6 p.m., when Pupul came to see him. She left at 7 p.m. Krishnaji talked of Vasanta Vihar becoming part of the schools after his death. Perhaps the same for Pine Cottage? We had supper and I watched the Academy Awards. Phil Dunne presented the writing awards.'

S: What was Barbara Seaman doing this interview for?

M: I don't know, I think she was writing a book about Dr. Besant, but I don't remember.

Twelfth April. 'We went to the second session of the Shainberg seminar. Then Shainberg, Merali, Krishnaji, and I took a taxi. As Krishnaji got in, his right hand was caught in the door. His wool-padded glove saved his finger from severe injury. At Il Nido, we got ice for it, and he said it was alright. All four had lunch and Merali was the host. Krishnaji and I stopped to buy Mary's second biography for Bud and Lisa. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave a half-hour interview for *East-West Journal* to Catherine Ingram and publisher Leonard Jacobs. Many photos were taken. We went for a walk and had supper and early to bed.'

S: *East-West Journal* and many photographs were taken?

M: Yes, I wonder what happened to them. They were supposed to send them. But I don't know if they did.

The next day. 'There was the third seminar meeting. Krishnaji and I lunched with Bud, Lisa, and Toodie at Bud's apartment. Lisa interviewed Krishnaji on change for the museum publication. We walked a bit. Pupul came at 6 p.m. for an early supper in the hotel rooms. In conversation about how Krishnaji came to be what he is, a strange

something was felt in the room. Krishnaji said it always comes when this subject is discussed seriously. And it always comes from the left.'

S: Mm, hm. Yes, he mentioned that many times.

M: Yes. The fourteenth of April. 'Shainberg came and we went to where Krishnaji and he did a video-recorded discussion. There were two cameras that recorded this fifty-eight-minute conversation. Then Shainberg, Philippa, and David lunched with Krishnaji and me at Il Nido. Philippa and David talked with me at the hotel while Krishnaji rested. At 5 p.m., Mr. and Mrs. James George and their daughter, who are friends of Mrs. Siegel, came to tea. Mr. George is a former Canadian high commissioner to India.'

April fifteenth. 'Pupul came at 9 a.m. to see Krishnaji. At 10 a.m. my brother came in the Rolls to drive us to JFK airport, where Krishnaji and I took the American Airlines noon flight to Los Angeles. Vivian and David Moody met us and drove us via the coast to Ojai.'

The sixteenth. 'I had much laundry. Krishnaji spent the day in bed dozing and reading and resting. The Lilliefelts returned to Ojai in the evening.'

April seventeenth. We finally have the big diary restarting, so it begins with a little reprise. 'Krishnaji was up and full of energy. He exercised, and talked in the morning with the Lilliefelts about Vasanta Vihar becoming part of the Indian schools and what should Pine Cottage be. This year begins late in my big diary because after various events, which seemed to pass like a flash flood, today, moments ago, after coming back to the cottage from lunch at Arya Vihara, Krishnaji sat down beside me, and scolded me for being upset because, after ten days of concentrated work in New York and being too tired to get up yesterday, this, our first day at home, he said he would hold a discussion meeting with the Oak Grove staff tomorrow afternoon. Then he jumped to Mary's book, the second volume of the biography, *The Years of Fulfilment*, which has just come out, and which the Indian Foundation members have criticized severely. He said, Mary does not deeply enough know about "all this," as she had not been around with him in years. He has been thinking about it, and he wants me to write every day so that at some point, and it may be years from now, I will write a biography, which will be right. He said it must start with something about myself, that I am not some devotee. Then he jumped to the subject of memory; of how it had come up in discussions in New York this past week, and how he asked me the question, "Is there something in the brain that is not touched by memory?" He examined it Thursday night, and Friday morning when Bud drove us to the airport, and on the plane to LA; and last night, he saw it—there is such a thing. Then he examined it—is it imaginary? Is it a projection, etcetera—rigorously, until he was sure. "From doubt to certainty, there is such a thing, and from that there is energy. When I got up this morning and did my exercises, I could have walked for miles. That is why I want to talk tomorrow. Now do you understand?"'

S: [*chuckles*] So he was scolding you because you were upset that he'd offered to talk when he was so tired after this New York trip, and he's explaining to you that, no—he was energized from this insight that he had. Right.

M: Yes. That's right. [*Both chuckle.*]

The eighteenth. 'Krishnaji said last night he had felt something evil in the front hall that he had never felt in this house before. He stayed behind when I went to my room and "dealt" with it. It is gone, but he is doing whatever it is he does, again. "I understand what it is," he said, but he does not tell me. He dictated into his Sony this morning, a description of dawn in the valley, then on the mind's adherence to continuity. He was full of energy at lunch, discussing with David Bohm the psyche as being memory, accumulated thought, and therefore limited, and unable to go beyond. And after lunch, some of us, not Krishnaji, looked at the video done last Thursday in New York of Krishnaji and David Shainberg discussing. It is only fair, the image is in color, but they are slow in getting into things. David Shainberg's questions are not clear to Krishnaji, and do not arouse a response at first. It is not good enough for TV. From 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., Krishnaji held an Oak Grove teacher discussion.'

April nineteenth. 'Krishnaji dictated again into the Sony. At 10:30 a.m., he wanted to discuss a study center with Erna and me. He wanted, and we agreed, that it is to be for study and not a place of programs, events, etcetera, and it must be kept separate from the school. He asked if Erna and I feel it is something important. We do. "Who is responsible for the study center?" He asked me, but obviously I am away six months of the year. Will Erna share it? Erna is overburdened. How do we find new responsible people?' This is me—just what we talked about. 'The eternal query. He asked if it would be a good thing if he were to spend most of his time here, holding seminars, and not traveling, but he felt the audience in New York had been very good. He wants to give four talks there next year. I stressed the need for each talk to be complete, not the exposition of problems one day and the resolution of it in the next talk. At lunch, he wore his new Navy fatigue shirt from L.L.Bean.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Very becoming. He looks very smart and very young. We lunched at Arya Vihara. "David Bohm is picking my brains," he said. Krishnaji slept deeply in the afternoon, and when he woke up it was raining, but at 5 p.m., we walked all the same down to the Lilliefelts'. We saw there a just-installed enamel stovetop. He said of the Lilliefelts, "They are very fine people."'

S: [*chuckles*] Good.

M: The twentieth of April. 'I went for an early walk with Erna before the rain began again, at times in deluges. In the morning, Zelma Wilson and her partner, Richard Conrad, brought for Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and me to see the first schematic for the study center buildings and small cottages to be built south of Arya Vihara in the orange grove.' Oh, interesting. 'All liked it immediately. It will have to have its own entrance, driveway off McAndrew, and parking lot.' We never did that.

S: I've never seen those drawings.

M: We never used them. There were cottages to be built, but we never built any cottages.

S: Yes, but I've never even seen the drawings. Do you know where those drawings are?

M: I don't think we have them. They weren't acted on, you see, so they wouldn't have given us a copy of the drawings.

S: Right. Right.

M: It says, 'I liked it very much and there's not a thing I would change. She said it would take about six months to get county permission, and until we know we can go ahead, I cannot try to raise funds.' We never would've gotten county permission for that, because it meant more density, which they don't like. We were able to get the archives because nobody lives there. There isn't a real kitchen in the place, there isn't a bathtub; things like that. There are two toilets, but there isn't—

S: Yes, it's a day facility.

M: You couldn't live there, obviously. 'Until we know we can go ahead, I cannot try to raise funds. That will be a mountain to climb. Probably $700,000 is the estimated cost. All this may mean I won't go to India this year, but will need to return in the autumn to start work on funds. But these drawings should be an incentive. Krishnaji has trouble visualizing from blueprints, but they will build a simple maquette for him. He listened with apparent approval. We asked only that they proceed making it a little smaller. Krishnaji had done a Sony dictation after breakfast. We lunched at Arya Vihara. He and David Bohm discussed at the table. Krishnaji held a teacher discussion at 4 p.m. I stayed with my desk.'

April twenty-first. 'I went to Los Angeles on errands and for a haircut. Coming back, I stopped for tea with Amanda. Krishnaji had done a Sony dictation in the morning. I met him and Theo on the road as I drove home. The Bohms went to Berkeley for a week.'

The twenty-second. 'Krishnaji did a Sony dictation. A letter came from Mary Links saying that her sister Betty had died suddenly of a heart attack. Krishnaji said, "Thank god."' [*Both chuckle*.] '"Poor Betty. She had an unhappy life."'

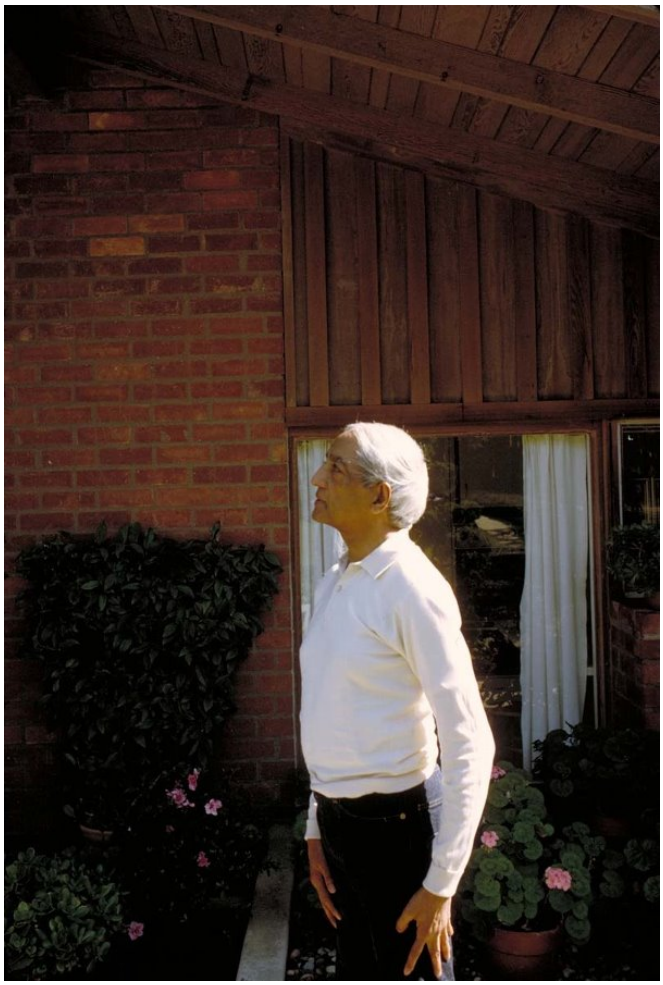
S: Meaning, "Thank god" it's over because she'd had an unhappy life.

M: Yes. 'Krishnaji spoke to teachers between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. Bud telephoned with news about his health.'

Then there's nothing the next day. Krishnaji keeps dictating into his Sony, but he is doing that every day at this time. Then on the twenty-fourth, 'Krishnaji talked to the teachers here from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m.'

Again, there's nothing of significance on the next day (except that I confirmed Felt Forum for next year), but on the twenty-sixth, 'I telephoned Patricia Hunt-Perry that Krishnaji accepts speaking to the United Nations Pacem in Terris meeting next April, as suggested by Undersecretary Robert Muller. I also telephoned twice to Mary Cadogan in London about the Australian difficulties. Alan Kishbaugh just returned from there, and was at lunch. He had talked to Mavis Bennett and to Donald Ingram Smith and reported on this. Krishnaji read the report in the evening and said he wanted to invite Mavis and Ingram Smith to the Brockwood Foundations' meeting in September. He said, "I made a mistake with that letter I sent from India. It was the Indians' fault, but I take the responsibility." He dictated a letter to Mavis and to Ingram Smith, inviting them to Brockwood. He had me read the letters to the Lilliefelts, who concurred.'

S: Mavis and Reg Bennett, of course, had always run the Foundation there, but Donald Ingram Smith tried to take over.



Krishnaji (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: …tried to take over. Yes, that's right.

S: And I think, eventually, he did because Mavis and Reg—

M: Well, they died.

S: Yes. Reg died first and then Mavis died. But it wasn't pretty.

M: No, it wasn't nice. Mavis and Reg were very nice.

S: Yes, they were very nice.

M: 'Earlier, while walking to lunch through the Grove, he said suddenly about Rajagopal, "If we have to speak of ugly things, we must do it outside. That is what was wrong in the house the other day."' Do you remember this?

S: Aha, aha. Yes, yes.

M: 'And later, as we left the kitchen, he had me stop in the hall and look into the living room northeast corner. "You asked what you can do when you are alone here. You must look quietly at that, not hastily.' It is where the jewels are. 'It has been neglected. It is a shrine and one must pay attention to it or it will fade."' Hm.

April twenty-seventh. 'I did the usual early walk with Erna, and then packed when I got back. I typed Krishnaji's letters to Mavis Bennett and Ingram Smith, but was unable to reach Mary Cadogan by telephone to let her know about the letters and Krishnaji's invitation, so I took letters with me. Krishnaji and I, after an early lunch and drive with the Moodys to the Santa Barbara airport where Krishnaji commented on the nice, un-harried airport. We took a plane to San Francisco, where we landed in less than an hour, and took a taxi to the Huntington Hotel, where we have a nice suite—the same, or similar to the one we had in 1974. This one is numbers 514 and 512. Krishnaji remembered snatches of it. We unpacked and then walked six times around the little park opposite the hotel, and came back to supper in the sitting room. Our TV with supper habits continue. Krishnaji began to get lost in a movie called *Muggable Mary*.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Dorothy rang earlier about the Inwoods cottage being for sale for 60,000 pounds sterling and Donald Dennis providing the funds.' That was a lot of money.

S: It *was* a lot of money.

M: Yes. Oh, a continuation about the movie *Muggable Mary*. 'When it got to be 9:30, this Mary interfered.' [*Both chuckle.*]

April twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji slept "fairly well." A new place, as always, took getting used to. He didn't do any exercises. At 11 a.m., Mrs. Justine Toms and her son Robert came and drove us to their place, where her husband interviewed Krishnaji for an hour for their *New Dimension* radio program, which they send out to fifty similar radio stations across the country. It went very well. Krishnaji was asked about meditation and spoke eloquently, wonderfully.' They were nice people, and this was, I thought, awfully good.' They had a little audio studio in their house and it was set up like a recording place. 'We came back and lunched in The Big Four'—that's the name of the restaurant in the hotel—

‘where the waiter asked if he were Krishnamurti, and said what an honor it was to meet him. He had heard Krishnaji speak in Bombay and Madras and was one of ten of today’s waiters who have PhDs. As I write this, it is after 3 p.m., and Krishnaji is being interviewed by a Donald Latten, religious editor of San Francisco’s *The Examiner*. Latten began with rapid-fire superficial questions. Now he is listening and Krishnaji is giving him an education and fielding questions with humor and charm. The reporter had files and *Examiner* interviews from fifty-five years ago with Krishnaji and Dr. Besant. He quoted Krishnaji as saying that he was Christ. “Did you mean that then?” he asked Krishnaji. “God knows,” said Krishnaji with amusement.’ [*Both chuckle.*] And then, ‘At 4 p.m., a serious young woman with a direct manner, Patricia Holt, book editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, interviewed Krishnaji. It was quieter and she is more thoughtful. Krishnaji said she was a nice, intelligent woman and we have asked her to lunch with us after the Saturday talk. We went out for a walk and groceries, going down California Street to a large market. Krishnaji pushed the cart with a determined look, and we got the yogurt, fruit, etcetera we need and climbed back up the hill. People recognized him. We stopped at the Masonic Hall, where he will speak, and went in. Krishnaji was shy about looking at it. It is a graceful, handsome hall. The best for his talks of any I’ve seen so far.’ It’s a very, very nice hall, a big hall, with a kind of long, raised platform and the audience is U-shaped around. The acoustics are very good. It is dignified, and has a nice big lobby. Very, very good. It’s the best hall he’s talked in that I’ve seen. Carnegie Hall was the most meaningful one to me, but only because I revere Carnegie Hall.

S: Yes, yes.

M: ‘He looked around. He remembered little about it.’ He’d talked there before. ‘There were some nice leather and other chairs and he tried one out, climbing up on the stage, and said it would do very well. We returned to the hotel in time to see Miranda on KPIX six o’clock news. We had supper in our rooms. The Lilliefelts and others have arrived and are staying on Sutter Street at the Hotel Cartwright.’

April twenty-ninth. ‘During breakfast, a telephone call came from Dorothy almost in tears. At two p.m. English time, sparks from a blowtorch used on the outside of the West Wing somehow got under the floorboards above Krishnaji’s bedroom and destroyed most of his bedroom, but not the closets where his suits hung. The guest room, next to his, and Shakuntala’s nice new room above, and the students’ room next to hers up there were also burned. She said Shakuntala discovered the fire, rang the alarm. Everyone got out. No one was hurt. The fire engines were slow to get there, but ten came. Police helicopters were circling.’ Do you remember all this?

S: Oh, I can’t even begin to tell you how well I remember it.

M: Yes. ‘There were still no lights on or water yet, but the telephone is working. She was afraid it might reach the U.S. news. She wanted me to know, therefore, but not tell Krishnaji until after his talks. I told her he was sitting right there. She doubts she will come to Ojai on the eleventh as planned. I urged her to wait and think it over. I said I would telephone her after we got back to Ojai. Krishnaji says he had a premonition a

couple of days ago that something was going to happen at Brockwood. "I see it was a definite premonition, now." He thought at first, when Dorothy rang, that it might be about Montague. He said, "I have no reaction." We will know more what the situation is after speaking to Dorothy again, and we will see if Krishnaji wants to go there as planned on the twenty-seventh. He says he will sleep on the floor. I pointed out that that would not be necessary, and we argued at once over his using my room, which seems to be undamaged'—in other words, it wasn't burned—'and he fiercely refused.' [*Chuckles.*] He could've been in the room across the hall, also.

S: Yes.

M: A photographer came from the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Then we went to a restaurant called Greens at Fort Mason, a vegetarian restaurant run by Tassajara Zen monastery. We had a nice simple lunch, which Krishnaji liked. He was recognized—given books and a cassette. It was raining when we were ready to leave, and there were no taxis. But a man gave us a lift to the hotel. Krishnaji rested and later we took a small walk around the little park. We came back to see Miranda on the television news. We had supper in our sitting room, and talked of Brockwood. Krishnaji wants to call Dorothy tomorrow and urge her to come to Ojai as planned. He rejects our staying on at Ojai later than our plans to leave on the twenty-seventh.'

S: I'll tell what happened with this fire, just for the record, because otherwise there probably isn't a record. There was a man scraping paint off from the outside of Shakuntala's window and the…

M: That's right. With a blowtorch.

S: Yes, and using a blowtorch, and a spark got underneath the windowsill and it started in her… in her—

M: Ceiling.

S: —room. Right, which is just above Krishnaji's. I can't remember how I got there. Maybe she set off the alarm, but in my memory, Shakuntala smelt the smoke, ran down to tell Dorothy, ran into me halfway, and I ran up, saw the fire, and set off the alarm. Anyway, I tried everything to put that fire out, but couldn't get at it because it was inside the wall.

M: That's right.

S: And, eventually, the fire trucks did show up, but they were *very* slow in coming. In the meantime, we had formed a bucket brigade of students and staff, and I was up on the parapet at the fire end, throwing water on the fire.

M: Yes. I remember hearing that.

S: The bucket brigade was coming up from the ground, you know, and that is the only reason we didn't lose a lot more of the house. It was dangerous, because people were up on the roof of a burning building, but that was the only way. The firemen said that the bucket brigade kept that fire down.

M: Yes, yes.

S: But it was very strange, because the fire came down and…

M: And the drawing room underneath Krishnaji's bedroom was affected, too, but that was from the water.

S: Yes, the drawing room was affected from the water. The fire had slightly burned Krishnaji's desk in his bedroom, but his clothes and shoes were *not touched*. And the desk and clothes and shoe cupboard are on that same southern side of the room.

M: Yes, yes. But the desk was on the southwest side of the room and his clothes and shoes are on the southeast side of the room.

S: Yes, they were, but they weren't that far away.

M: Yes, I remember Dorothy saying that she opened the cupboard and his shoes were all gleaming still.

S: Yes, that's right.

M: So, even the smoke hadn't gotten in there. Although it did take a lot of other things. I think there was smoke in the cupboard. I think at Huntsman—we took them to Huntsman.

S: You took all of Krishnaji's suits to Huntsman to be dry-cleaned? Really. I don't remember that. I suppose we'll get to that.

M: It was something about Huntsman can dry clean better than cleaners, supposedly.

S: We'll get to that, probably. But for today, we've run out of tape. So that's it.

M: Alright. We stop here.

Issue 75: April 30, 1983 to June 10, 1983

In the last issue, we saw that Krishnaji and the other trustees of the Krishnamurti Foundation of America wanted to end the "ugliness" of being involved in legal actions, though justified, against the K & R Foundation. In this issue, we see that no sooner had the suit been dropped, than the K & R Foundation sued Krishnaji and the Krishnamurti Foundation of America. So, the ugliness does not end.

While we have always seen Mary's "guardianship" or protection of Krishnaji, in this issue, it feels more moving, more encompassing.

In this issue, we also see the end of an era at Brockwood. Dorothy has a heart attack, and must make room for others to be in charge of the school. This is a two year process, but it begins in this issue.

Mary: We begin our discussion today with April thirtieth, 1983.

Scott: Yes, but before we do I think there is something we need to discuss a little, because I think in our last discussion, I was hurrying and so I didn't stop and discuss something that I feel is important to put on the record. Also, I know what happened, because you discussed it with me at the time—I didn't know everything but I knew a lot at that time. We have already recorded that it was very, very important, although it was unpleasant and it was expensive, to have this lawsuit against Rajagopal because he was violating the terms of the previous agreement by not handing over archive material, and by reprinting Krishnaji's material but distorting it—changing it. And we've recorded that it was terribly important to have this lawsuit just to protect the integrity of the teachings.

M: I may have said it before, I don't remember; but an important point was made by our lawyer that if you have a settlement agreement—which we had with the first lawsuit—and if the other party doesn't abide by the settlement—which Rajagopal wasn't—if you don't enforce it, you lose it. You have to protect your own rights under a settlement or it is nullified.

S: Right. So this is why it was terribly important to have this second suit. And then in our last discussion we mentioned—but I think just too briefly, and it needs to be spelled out a little bit—Krishnaji gave his deposition. Rajagopal continued to refuse to give a deposition on the basis of ill health or one shenanigan or another, but Krishnaji gave his deposition and Rajagopal's lawyer was so aggressive and so wrong that your lawyer had to intervene to protect Krishnaji. And the whole lawsuit was so unpleasant that it was decided by Krishnaji and the trustees of the KFA to stop the lawsuit. Now, here we have something that needs, I think, a bit more explanation. And I feel *at least* one of the things that needs to be said is that here was Rajagopal, abusing Krishnaji through his lawyer to get his way, yet again. And this abuse of Krishnaji, which Krishnaji had always accepted or tolerated not knowing what else could he do. In a way, this was the character of the relationship. This may just be my interpretation, but I think more from you needs to be

said just to give the history, the details of just what happened, and why it was decided to stop this really terribly important lawsuit.

M: Well, the impulse was to stop it because Krishnaji was…He wasn't affected in one sense, but it was insulting to him and it was an assault. Rajagopal's lawyer was aggressive and a really kind of—I don't know how to characterize it—indecent in the sense of antagonism, in a sort of sneering way. It was unpleasant that he should have to be talked to this way.

S: Alright—but it was…

M: We were protective of Krishnaji—the whole lawsuit was that. The first lawsuit was to free Krishnaji from this *evil* domination by this dreadful man. And to protect him.

S: Yes. Yes. Alright, so Rajagopal's lawyer might have been sneering at Krishnaji, but what was the deciding…?

M: Well, the implication that Krishnaji was lying with asking the same question again and again and again.

S: So, was there the feeling that this would be made public and somehow become a public ridicule of Krishnaji?

M: Well, no. I mean, you don't think that far ahead. It was just—it seemed outrageous at the time, the way he did it. And it was badgering Krishnaji.

S: Yes, I understand. So, it was decided that enough was enough, and you were going to stop the lawsuit.

M: Yes, I think you're right. It was just putting Krishnaji through demeaning and badgering…

S: So it was putting Krishnaji through demeaning, badgering behavior, and that there would probably be more of that? Was that the feeling, that there would be more of that if the suit continued? Because, in a way, it had already been done; Krishnaji had been put through that.

M: Well, that would be supposition. Obviously, it had been unpleasant and we just felt he shouldn't be subjected to this.

S: Okay. But that's not what Krishnaji himself felt?

M: No. He was willing to go through with it, but he didn't insist. It was more or less…we discussed it with him, obviously, he was in on every discussion we ever had. He was aware of all that.



Krishnaji by the sea (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Of course, right. But it was more of *your* feeling bad on his behalf than his saying, "Look, I can't do this anymore"?

M: Oh no, he never said that. Never.

S: Exactly. See, I think this is important, and he didn't feel he needed to defend himself, because all kinds of accusations were made against him in this deposition of being a charlatan or being…I don't know immoral or being…

M: Don't characterize it too much—I don't remember.

S: Alright. As I remember, from what you told me, Krishnaji was accused by this lawyer of all kinds of really monstrous and dishonest things.

M: Well, don't use too exaggerated language. It was a very unpleasant badgering cross-examination and asking the same question again and again and again kind of thing.

S: Alright. So, if Krishnaji had been through that, and if there wasn't a fear of more of this happening or this being increased somehow, in a way, the penalty had been paid. Krishnaji had already been badgered.

M: Yes, but I mean, he would have gone on with it. I mean, to go on with the suit would mean…

S: Right, going on with this treatment of Krishnaji.

M: Yes, subjecting Krishnaji to this kind of treatment, and as we wanted to protect him, we thought, well, maybe it's not worth it. All the original suit was to free Krishnaji from the appalling treatment that he had been subjected to *for years*.

S: Okay. Alright. Alright.

M: Also, we had a responsibility. Rajagopal had just stolen—people gave money to a charity they thought was for Krishnaji's work, and he stole it. And we had the proof of it.

So, we felt Rajagopal should be called to account for what he did, and he could have gone, as his daughter said at one point, that he could go to jail. And he could have gone to jail if we had gone ahead on and on and on. He'd taken funds that he'd stolen.

S: Yes. Yes. For his own purposes.

M: And, true to the way he behaved, when we stopped the second suit, Rajagopal immediately countersued. Which brought us back into the thing. And that's when—we haven't come to that…

S: We haven't come to that yet, so we can wait on that. It's just that I didn't want to just brush over something which I thought most historians would feel was really strange. Here was this terribly important suit, and they decided just to stop it.

M: Well, the whole spirit of it—I don't know what the word is—but what we were trying to do…I was so appalled when I found out what had happened—I told you all that ages ago—to Krishnaji and abuse of Krishnaji by both of them.

S: Yes, yes. Both meaning Rosalind and Rajagopal. Yes.

M: Yes, both of them. They were in cahoots. They made their position in the world and they made money, made everything by manipulating it. And Krishnaji, you know, he didn't fight back. He would put up with it. And so, it was to stop all that, and also this man had stolen money that was given for Krishnaji's work and to him personally. And he'd stolen it. And so, it was to call him to account for what he'd done and we brought a suit. Also, we had to get back to Krishnaji his copyright, and Rajagopal could have gone on flouting that. So, I mean all kinds of things were at stake, but it was all to protect Krishnaji. Yes, and to make justice prevail.

S: Yes. Alright. Alright, so, April thirtieth, 1983.

M: April thirtieth, 1983. There had been a fire at Brockwood, as you may recall.

S: Yes, I do. [*Chuckles*.]

M: Krishnaji was in San Francisco for talks and we learned of it when we were there, so on the thirtieth, 'I rang Dorothy to learn more about Brockwood's fire. Krishnaji spoke to her and insisted she come to Ojai on the eleventh as planned. His desk in his bedroom is burned and so was the bed, and the hi-fi, etc., but his clothes are safe. At 11 a.m., we walked across the street to the Masonic Hall where Krishnaji gave his first San Francisco talk. The hall was almost full. It was a good talk. After the talk, we came back to the hotel, where Patricia Holt joined us, and we took her to lunch at Green's. She is nice and bright. We sat in a small room off the main ones, so there was some privacy, and Krishnaji was less on view.' I remember that when we went there, we stood in line for a table, and the mâitre d'hôtel was turning people away, and I asked him for a table for three and he started to say no, but he looked up, saw Krishnaji behind me, and instantly ushered us in and gave us [*both chuckle*] the best table in the place.

S: Of course, of course.

M: 'She drove us'—that's Patricia Holt—'in her car across the Golden Gate Bridge at Krishnaji's request and back. We invited her to Brockwood. We rested and had supper in the sitting room.' We were staying at the Huntington Hotel—a nice hotel with nice suites with a kitchen and a sitting room and a bedroom, and then I had one bedroom down the hall. It was very nice. I could cook and things.

The first of May. 'Mary Links rang from London. She and Joe had gone down to Brockwood, and said the fire damage is not as bad as expected. Krishnaji gave a second very fine talk in the Masonic Hall. Miranda and John were at the talk and came to the hotel afterward, and we all went to lunch at a place called Maggie's. We had a little room to ourselves, but piped-in music made it noisy. Miranda and John dropped Krishnaji and me back at the Huntington. Then came a moment of decision. Alain Naudé has not telephoned us as Krishnaji thinks he should. He knows we are here, but was not seen at the talks. If we do not make a gesture, it escalates the estrangement.' I don't like talking about all such stuff.

S: Mary, it doesn't make any difference. It's all history, and it's just…

M: It's nobody's business. And, you know, it was a temporary estrangement.

S: Yes, that's right. It was just temporary—and it's the kind of thing that happened in Krishnaji's life. And people…

M: Well, not everything in Krishnaji's life has to be discussed.

S: No. No, not everything, but it's just the kind of people that he was surrounded with, and, as I've often said, Krishnaji didn't have the quality of people around him that he should have had, including myself.

M: Well, that doesn't have anything to do with my recording things about other people. For instance, the next sentence says, 'if we do not make the gesture, it escalates the

estrangement. I do not feel anything one way or the other. But was equally willing to call or not call. Krishnaji said it was "Naudé's part" to telephone us but I should decide. So I rang him. He had an amiable voice. He had hoped we would ring. He had given up something to be home in case we did. I said we expected him to call. We went on talking chatter and when the conversation wound down, I asked him if he'd like to come over. He said he did. When he came, he hadn't changed any visibly. Krishnaji came in in a friendly, charming way. We talked till it got near to 7 p.m., and I ordered supper for three. It was brought up. There was far less tension in Alain than when we last saw him. Perhaps my stopping helping him financially removed the aggravation. Everything went lightly. Krishnaji and I packed after he left.'

S: Now, I just want to stop here and emphasize my point. This is important in the sense that we see Krishnaji telling you—you're indifferent whether Alain has called or not—Krishnaji feels that Alain should have called, but he gives *all* of the freedom to you, to do as you think is right. You, out of the goodness of your heart, do call him; and everything is kind of healed and made better. So, this is terribly important to see. This is not something that should be left out, because we see Krishnaji, and we see you working with Krishnaji, and it's terribly important. I know I'm a fanatic about all of these things, but there we are.

M: Alright. Alright.

May second. 'We left the Huntington at 8:30 a.m. by taxi for the airport, and flew to Santa Barbara, which Krishnaji feels is a nice, unhurried, tiny airport with a bookshop that carries Zen and Copernicus,' [*both chuckle*] 'and where David Moody and Max Falk met us. It was shining Southern California weather. The house was beautiful and peaceful. It has "the right atmosphere," said Krishnaji with a smile. We lunched at Arya Vihara. The Bohms are here again. In the late afternoon, while I was marketing in the village, there was an earthquake centered in Coalinga near Fresno. I didn't feel it and neither did Krishnaji, who was walking down Thacher Road at that point. I met him with the car. In the morning, at the Huntington, he had come to my room, I thought to wake me up as we were leaving early. But he had stayed with me a little, and later he said he had awakened "with something different" in his head, pointing to his forehead, "which frightened the body, so I came to you." The feeling has continued, to a lesser degree, all day, but the fright is gone.' The body, in Krishnaji's terminology, is almost as though it's another entity sometimes.

S: Yes, yes. I was thinking that. And I was thinking also how meticulously he looked after the body, but it *was not* him, the body.

M: No, but it was his responsibility.

S: It was his responsibility. But when things would happen to the body, he would notice them as you would notice something which happened to your car.

M: That's right.

S: And even when he went to the dentist—you've told me many times—you could see the dentist doing things, but Krishnaji's hands would just be relaxed. It's almost as if he would watch the pain of the body or something.

M: Well, I think I've mentioned it somewhere, but if not, I'll say it now. With this endless dentist going in London, in the taxi once he said to me—we'd been there two hours and I was sitting outside in the waiting room and I knew, because I could hear, it was drilling, drilling, drilling—and he said, "You know, I didn't have a single thought in all that time." It's an odd dissociation between what happens to the body and where his consciousness was.

S: Yes, and so here's something that Krishnaji noticed. Something that happened in his head.

M: Yes, and it frightened the body.

S: It frightened the body. But also, I think what's worth noting here is that he thought the right thing to do was to come and be with you. Because you were protecting him.

M: Yes, I was protecting him. I had a protective symbolism or something.

S: Yes. I think you protected him. It wasn't a symbol.

M: Well, I was. That was my…

S: That was your role, that's what you did.

M: That's what I got involved in all this—doing that, somehow.

S: But somehow, it ran beyond just material protection against the whims of Rajagopal and company—it went into a very profound kind of protection.

M: Mm, hm. And when he used to say to me, "You must outlive me." And I would say, "Why should I outlive you?" He would reply, "To look after me."

S: Yes. Yes.

M: And it wasn't said sentimentally at all.

S: Oh no, no. Or selfishly, I'm sure.

M: No. No.

S: No, it was just that this is an important function. Yes.

M: It was like when Mary said he looked after his body the way a cavalryman would look after his horse [*both chuckle*]. I've always liked that description. And I was sort of a chain of that.

So, we go on to May third. 'Laundry, etcetera. Krishnaji slept in the morning. He is tired but feeling well. The "different" feeling is still in his head. We had lunch at Arya Vihara. The Lilliefelts got back from San Francisco in the afternoon and walked with us down McAndrew Road. I received, from David Shainberg, a donation of stock for a study center worth about $9,000.'

The next day is just 'I went on an early walk with Erna. Krishnaji did a Sony dictation, Kannan from Madras was at lunch.' Do you remember him?

S: Ah, yes. I remember him well.

M: 'Also at lunch was Frances McCann. I spent most of the day working at my desk. Krishnaji walked with Theo. I telephoned Dorothy. She says the repairs at Brockwood after the fire will take six to nine months. She is coming with Mary Cadogan on the eleventh.' Krishnaji told her she must come.

May fifth. 'Krishnaji and I left the house at 10:30 a.m., and drove along the coast road to Beverly Hills. Krishnaji drove from the poplar trees.' The poplar trees is where he would take the car. It's after you've gone past Oxnard—there are poplar trees and then it's all along the coast and down. 'So he drove from the poplar trees until we had to stop for earth-moving trucks by the sea. We reached Beverly Hills, parked, and walked to Magnin's, where he wanted a belt like one I found for him weeks ago. Then we went to have his hair cut, where it was mercifully quiet, and she gave Krishnaji his second haircut, teaching me how to do it as she went along.' She was my hairdresser. 'Krishnaji sat with an amused quizzical look' [*both chuckle*]. 'He thanked her and bowed and walked out onto Rodeo Drive looking handsome and elegant in his navy blazer and gray trousers and superb haircut.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'It was bright sunshine and the increasing opulence of Beverly Hills made Krishnaji say, "Don't lose me…What would I do if I were alone? I am lost," he laughed, and walked with the energy and shyness that he wears in public places. We bought an eight months' supply of vitamins and protein powder to take to Brockwood, and he wanted croissants as we passed a croissant shop. Then he wanted to go to the cutlery shop for a showerhead that would control the temperature but, of course, they didn't have that. So he bought a special nail file. We went back to the car, drove to a shady side street, and ate our sandwich lunch, then drove back to Ojai along the coast road. It is one of those happy days, wrapped in sunlight and the fun of doing errands with him. Ordinary things, which are somehow an adventure because he is there, sitting beside me in the car, walking the streets, seeing his face noticing things, lighting up. And always that astonishing beauty.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Yes, yes. May I ask…I know this is probably a new depth of trivia to which I'm about to sink. [*Laughs.*]

M: What are you going to say?

S: I can't remember Krishnaji's blazer. What kind of buttons did it have?

M: Oh yes. It had, um—that's a good question.

S: It didn't have gold buttons, did it?

M: No, it didn't have gold buttons.

S: It didn't even have silver buttons, right?

M: No. It had simple buttons.

S: Did it have just blue buttons and not brass blazer buttons?

M: Black comes to my mind, but maybe that's not correct.

S: But they were just normal buttons, they weren't blazer buttons.

M: No, don't think so. Well, you inherited all his clothes. Is there a blazer that you can—it made no impression on you, the blazer.

S: It made no impression on me.

M: Or it doesn't fit you anymore.

S: None of Krishnaji's clothes fit me anymore, that's certain. [*Both chuckle*.] Okay, well, I just—somehow the picture I have is more like a blue sports coat then a blazer. But I think it was cut like a blazer.

M: It was a blazer.

S: It was a blazer, but it didn't have blazer buttons?

M: Hmm. I don't remember.

S: Well, as I said, I'm plumbing new depths of trivia. [*Laughs.*]

M: I don't see him with gold buttons. It's not in character.

S: No, I don't see that either—no, no, it's not his character. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Well, we've settled that. We dealt with it. We faced it. [*Both chuckle*.] Anyway…

May sixth. ‘Krishnaji dictated more into his Sony. Rupert Sheldrake came to lunch. Sheldrake gave a seminar yesterday and gives another one tomorrow at the Ojai Foundation on the Happy Valley land.’ That’s up the hill, you know. ‘He had written, saying he was coming to Ojai, and I replied asking him to lunch. The Bohms are still here, which made for general conversation. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with Oak Grove teachers.’

The next day, ‘I telephoned Filomena on her birthday. It was a clear day, and Krishnaji slept a little in the morning. With Erna and Theo, I went to Oak Grove to see if the ground is drying out for the coming talks. It looks hopeful.’ It must have rained a lot before this. ‘Then we went to look at a guest house that Max is building in Krotona. Krishnaji didn’t come as he said going there tired him. It’s a dead place. We came back to lunch at Arya Vihara.’

The eighth: ‘It was a warm day. The Bohms left for Ottawa. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held a teacher meeting here at the cottage. Alfonso Colón came to lunch at Arya Vihara.’

May ninth. ‘Amanda telephoned to say that Miranda and John Perry are planning to marry this summer.’ They did. ‘Krishnaji made another Sony dictation. I did laundry and worked at my desk all day. Dennis cleaned the flat after the Bohms left, and before Dorothy arrives. Erna and I spoke to Jackie Wilde about working on the study center. I walked with Krishnaji down McAndrew.’

There was nothing of significance the next day, but on May eleventh, ‘I left at 7:30 a.m. for Malibu. Spent an hour with Amanda and Phil before going on to Beverly Hills for a haircut. Then, I went to the airport, where I met Mary Cadogan and Dorothy Simmons arriving on TWA from London. It was a beautiful warm day. We drove back to Ojai along the sea. Krishnaji and the Lilliefelts were waiting to greet them. Dorothy is in the guest flat here and Mary is at the Lilliefelts’. Dorothy, Krishnaji, and I had supper in our dining room, and we heard about the Brockwood fire. Dorothy’s looks show the strain it has been on her. I reached Miranda and John after several tries on the telephone to wish them well. Earlier, Krishnaji had done a Sony dictation.’

May twelfth. ‘It is Krishnaji’s eighty-eighth birthday, which he again ignored and brushed away with impatience. Everybody looks smilingly, but doesn’t say a word. He is, if possible, more beautiful, more endearing, and has that spring of energy that seems to keep his body going. I went for the usual 6:45 a.m. walk with Erna.’ I don’t always report that, but I was doing that every day at this period. ‘The weather seems to have turned from the restless rains of this winter, and come back to sunlight. Krishnaji dictated on his Sony. We all lunched at Arya Vihara, then Dorothy and Mary came back here for coffee. We talked most of the afternoon.’

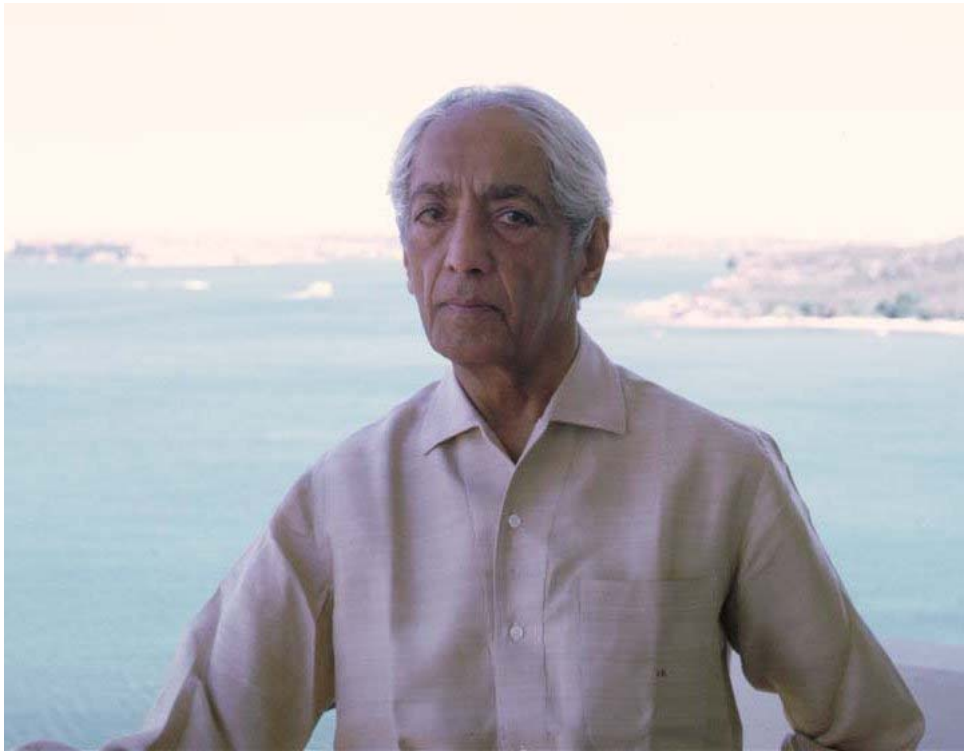
There isn’t much the next day, but on May fourteenth, ‘It was a beautiful day. Krishnaji and I left the house at 11:10 a.m. for the Oak Grove and found there an enormous crowd. It took twenty minutes for Krishnaji to get in and then give his first Ojai talk. Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, Alan Kishbaugh, and Stella Resnick were at lunch afterwards at Arya

Vihara. In the afternoon, I went to reconnoiter another way to get Krishnaji into the Grove from the west side. In the late afternoon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and I walked.'

May fifteenth, 'It was another beautiful day. I drove Krishnaji to the west gate of the Grove, then brought the car around to the usual parking place on Besant Road. There was a big crowd, and Krishnaji gave a very fine second talk.**[1]** At the Arya Vihara lunch were Narayan's brother, G. Krishnamurti, Dorothy, Mary, Alan Kishbaugh, and Stella Resnick. We talked at the table about who would be good to interview Krishnaji on TV. Jonathan Miller, Alasdair Cook, Robert MacNeil, etcetera, were discussed until I jokingly said Dave Allen' [*both laugh*] 'and Krishnaji's face lit up. "Oh yes," he said.' [*Both laugh.*] You'd better explain who Dave Allen is.

S: He was a *very* funny Irish comedian who had a television program in England, and he used to sit on the stage smoking and drinking whiskey and telling lots of anti-religion jokes [*both laugh*]. Which Krishnaji loved.

M: Yes, I'd forgotten about Dave Allen. [*Both chuckle.*] 'We both rested till 6 p.m., and then walked down McAndrew Road, Theo joining us. I spoke to Bud this morning about his health.'



Krishnaji by the sea (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The sixteenth. 'At 10 a.m., I went for a massage. Had early walk, too. Krishnaji was tired and didn't exercise, but rested. His head is paining him; the regular bad of the head pain.' He got head pain a lot of the time. 'It was too hot to walk. We were told that the

Chronicle article by Patricia Holt came out yesterday and is good.' Her name is familiar, and I can vaguely see what she looked like. 'I posted the protein powder to Brockwood so we wouldn't have to carry it. We lunched at Arya Vihara.'

May seventeenth. 'Krishnaji held the first question-and-answer meeting of the year in the Grove. Krishnaji came out accompanied by Kishbaugh, and as Krishnaji reached the car, Avsham, Rajagopal's lawyer, appeared and handed him a large envelope. We both guessed what it must be. I asked Alan to find Erna and tell her to come to the cottage. We drove off. I stopped along the road to open the envelope. Rajagopal, the Vigevenos, Porter, and Bee are bringing suit against Krishnaji and the rest of us for breach of settlement, slander, interference with their business, etcetera, and they want $9 million. Krishnaji sought to keep me from being nervous. I wasn't nervous, only angry, but unsurprised. I read it through thoroughly when we reached the house. Erna and Theo arrived. Together we telephoned Cohen, who said, "I didn't think they'd be that stupid." We went to lunch and said no more about it except to Alan Kishbaugh, who had seen Avsham hand Krishnaji the envelope as he was taking Krishnaji to the car. We all came back here after lunch, and all, except Krishnaji, went through it. I said privately to Erna that I feel we must tell the other trustees of the details of our last suit, as they are all now defendants.

S: Of course.

M: Mm. So that was the seventeenth.

S: Now, why hadn't you told them the details before of the last suit?

M: Because it involved—it was personal to Krishnaji. They didn't have to know.

S: Alright. So, they knew the details of the suit legally, but they didn't know the kinds of personal accusations that were made.

M: No, I don't think they did.

S: Erna and Theo did, but not the others.

M: Not the others, I don't think. But at some point—and I forget when it was—Krishnaji told them himself all about it.

S: Mm, hm. Do you want to say what we are referring to here?

M: We're referring to the Rosalind story**[2]**.

S: Right. Okay.

M: Krishnaji told the American trustees himself. I don't remember exactly when it was. It may surface somewhere.

S: Yes. It will probably say here. Yes.

M: May eighteenth. 'Erna and I discussed on our early walk, and we both agreed that we have an obligation to fill in the other defendants on the background to the suits. I came back to the cottage and talked to Krishnaji, who agreed. At 10 a.m., there was a trustee meeting, which had already been called. We were Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Alan Kishbaugh, Alan Hooker, Tom Krause, plus Mary Cadogan, and Dorothy. Erna and I reviewed the past suits and Krishnaji gave the background to the Rajagopal situation. Mary Cadogan's reaction was most forthcoming—sympathy and admiration for all we had to contend with. Krishnaji stayed for all discussions of the day, which moved on to complicated publication difficulties with India. After lunch, at Arya Vihara, we continued discussing the agenda for the September international trustees' meetings of all the Foundations. Krishnaji's head hurt him all day. He walked with Dorothy and Theo while I fixed supper. The pain, which is in the back of the head, let up when he walked, but returned. At 6:30 p.m., a man came to the door and served me with a summons in the Rajagopal case.'

May nineteenth. 'Krishnaji said he slept surprisingly well. But the pain resumed in his head. Usually, these pains are not there when the talks are on. "I haven't had it this bad in a long time…Well, there it is. Grin and bear it," he said. I sorted, chose, and typed questions for Krishnaji to use in the question-and-answer meeting. He dictated three of the questions at breakfast. It was a hot day. He answered all six and spoke for one-and-three-quarter hours. Theo, on the way in, had told him that Vigeveno, Austin Bee, and Annalisa**[3]** Rajagopal were in the audience, so he made several references to blackmail, and people who wish to harm him.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'It was a bit edgy, and some may have wondered what he was talking about. "What makes these people follow Rajagopal?" he asked me later. And in the car coming back, he said, "Even now, if Rajagopal had been there, I would have said to him, "Let's wipe the slate clean." Part of the problem is that Krishnaji holds no rancor, and, therefore, he never stood up to Rajagopal and Rosalind. But they never let go of the least crumb of rancor. Krishnaji's head, of course, was all right as soon as he reached the platform. It began again on his return, but less. We lunched at Arya Vihara with Bill Quinn, Max, Mary Cadogan, and Dorothy. It was a hot day. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon. I took Dorothy to a tea for foreign visitors at the Oak Grove School, and we marketed on the way home. We met Krishnaji and Theo walking on McAndrew. I felt exhausted at supper, but revived. Krishnaji got the yellow dishwashing gloves'—they were yellow here and they were blue at Brockwood—'and said, "The Mahatma is doing the washing up."' [*Both chuckle*.] The article by Patricia Holt in the *San Francisco Chronicle* came. It was on Krishnaji and a review of Mary's *Years of Fulfilment* book. It was a nice article.'

There is nothing of significance the next day, but on the twenty-first, 'I was up early to bring cold air via fans into the house. I watered the houseplants and flowers, and Max came to wash the gray car. I drove Krishnaji to the west gate of the Grove, then went around and parked on Besant Road in the usual place. Krishnaji gave a talk that had me in tears**[4]** at the end. I wanted to kneel, to make that gesture of deepest gratitude for him. An eighty-one-year-old Dutch woman, who came here for the talks, fell, and broke her

hip, and is in hospital; so Krishnaji wanted to stop to see her briefly. It is so easy and so un-hospital-like here, that he didn't mind going.' He didn't like going in hospitals.

S: Yes, I remember that.

M: 'The old lady was asleep. I went in first, spoke her name, and said mine, which she recognized. I told her that Krishnaji had come to see her, and her face lit up with surprise. He shook her hand and stayed a few minutes. At lunch were Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, Michael, and Bill Quinn. At 3:30 p.m., I went to the Lilliefelts' for a meeting of the Krishnamurti Information Center people. I met Krishnaji walking down; so he, the Lilliefelts, Kishbaugh, and I walked down McAndrew. I am so sleepy now that the pen is wandering.' [*Chuckles*.]

May twenty-second: 'Krishnaji was up before me. I warned him the red alarm light was on, but he forgot, and within seconds opened the garden door and the burglar alarm shot me out of bed' [*chuckles*] 'to turn it off. We went to the west gate of the Grove again to let Krishnaji out, and I drove around to park on Besant Road. There was a larger crowd than ever. His talk was one of those that reached into the deepest core of the mind and, like yesterday, there was in him an embodiment of something sacred.**[5]** The day was warm and beautiful. The brilliance of the yellow bloom flower along the road seemed to be there to honor him. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Merali, who arrived last night, was there, as was Lou Blau, Dorothy, Mary C., The Moodys, Alan Kishbaugh, Stella Resnick, and Narayan's nephew G. Krishnamurti. At 3 p.m., Krishnaji and I drove with Merali to the Arts Center on Montgomery Street, where, for the first time, Krishnaji and the other trustees saw *Krishnamurti: The Challenge of Change*, the film that Evelyne Blau and Michael Mendizza have worked on these last five years. I had rather dreaded seeing it, but liked it very much. It runs one-and-a-half hours. It could be tightened, but I wouldn't want to change much. Only the readings by Richard Chamberlain, who reads Krishnaji's statements from the early days, were poor. He emphasizes adjectives and adverbs, an amateur sentimental reading of Krishnaji's austere eloquence. The first half hour of the film is the background biography of his childhood and years up to the 1929 "Truth Is a Pathless Land" speech and "The Dissolution of the Order" speech. Then it is all Krishnaji himself today in India, Brockwood, Saanen, and Ojai. Everyone except Theo seemed to like it. Lou came back to the house and talked with Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and me about the Rajagopal suit against us. He advises us to go after him on all scores. It has been quite a day. I am writing now in the evening and I can see Krishnaji this morning in the Grove, in the pink shirt, sitting with his extraordinary grace and dignity, and in a quiet version of that "Other" voice, being the towering teacher, being everything. Then this afternoon, as the film unrolled, he watched with interest the early days, and was very moved, he said, by the film of Nitya. So was I. Somehow I am moved to tears by Nitya.' It's true. I've always…It seems so tragic that he died.

S: It is. Yes, yes.

M: 'Yesterday, Krishnaji went into the west bedroom at Arya Vihara and said, "This is where I last saw my brother. This is where he died." I felt that tug of something touching

me from those days. Krishnaji said he felt no connection with the photos of his young self. It was like watching someone else. And he closed his eyes to the images of himself talking today and listening to the voice.' But Nitya was…

S: I know. And there was such an extraordinarily close relationship with Krishnaji and Nitya. And really—

M: Yes. And Krishnaji always felt it in Arya Vihara.

S: Yes, and Nitya really gave his life to Krishnaji, in a sense.

M: Yes.

S: Can you describe for the eventual listener to this: Which one is the west bedroom? If you come in the front door.

M: You walk in the front door, and you turn right, and you go through the living room. It's the one on the right. It isn't the one in the back. It's in the front of the house.

S: So it's the one on the right in the front of the house.

M: Yes, on the McAndrew Road side of the house. That's the west room. They called that sometimes Mrs. Besant's Room. Some people call it that. Well, both east and west each have a room with a little enclosed porch and a bath. And it's the one on the street side, that's west. Sunsets in the last.

S: Yes [*chuckles*], okay. But it's not what is now the little porch bedroom.

M: It's looked on as one room because there's no division. I mean, there's a bed in each one because they're single beds but they're not two rooms.

S: Right, but in Nitya's day, the porch would have just been a porch, presumably.

M: I don't know, I wasn't there. But, you may have hit on something, because I think the upstairs thing was built later as Rosalind lived up in the upstairs flat. I don't think the upstairs existed when Nitya was there, so maybe, maybe it was a porch, I don't know. I never thought about it.

May twenty-third: 'I went for a last massage. It gives such a depth of relaxation that I fell asleep. At lunch at Arya Vihara, there were twenty people. Evelyne and Michael Mendizza were there, and details of the film were discussed. Krishnaji, Erna, and I talked afterward back at the cottage. She had talked to Cohen, who will proceed to answer the charges against Krishnaji and me, primarily, and so far none of the others have been served. Krishnaji and I, in the green Mercedes, went to Santa Paula and had our feet seen to by Dr. Hara. The car curved skillfully along the winding road and Krishnaji was pleased and said, "You are driving like a professional."' [*Both chuckle.*] Tell that to the

DMV.**[6]** [*S laughs.*] 'The movement of the car seemed a physical pleasure to him. For me, there was the beauty of the day and of driving with him, as we have so many miles through the years. Being alone with him, moving through sunlight, on a country road, is a simple happiness and a world still intact. Passing through upper Ojai, he said, "Those two crooks," of the two Rs, but he was relaxed and the brightness of the broom…' That's the flower, you know.

S: Yes, the yellow.

M: '…and sight of the yucca in bloom seemed of greater moment than anything else.'

The twenty-fourth of May. 'On May ninth'—that was two weeks before this—'I spoke into a cassette I planned to use for verbal memoranda to write up in this journal. I didn't transfer the material to writing on that date, so here is what it was: That morning'—May ninth—'Krishnaji told me that he had been awake that night on and off, and that Rajagopal had been in communication with him, when he was in Ojai, after the case. It didn't reach to New York or San Francisco. Here in Ojai, there was some kind of communication. And when I asked what was its form, he said, "Oh, you know, when you feel that someone is thinking about you." He said that two days ago it abruptly stopped. "This could mean," said he, "that either Rajagopal has done something like sent the rest of the archives to the Huntington Library, or some other thing. Or it means that Rajagopal is dying." But Krishnaji thinks it's more likely the former. I asked if this had anything to do with the strange sensation in his head, and he said it had nothing to do with that. As I am writing this today, the twenty-fourth, he just has come in and said that his head began hurting this morning in the kitchen. It has not hurt since Sunday's talk. It's another hot day. I had an early walk and then worked all day clearing my desk. Krishnaji made this easier by telling me to throw away most of the unanswered letters.' [*Both laugh.*] Oh, dear. 'Krishnaji started packing. After lunch at Arya Vihara, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Mary C., Mark Lee, David Moody, and I met over the idea for an interschool journal. It seems a side issue to me. Getting on with the actual business of the schools is more important. Krishnaji saw Bill Quinn at 4:30 p.m., and walked later with Theo.'

The twenty-fifth. 'We said goodbye to Dorothy, who flew this afternoon early with Mary Cadogan to London. I telephoned my brother in New York and Philippa in Connecticut. Krishnaji and I left at 8:25 a.m., and drove via Malibu to Los Angeles. We stopped at Renee Frumkin's to give her back her ring, which Krishnaji has kept for her since Sunday. She has felt somewhat endangered, and asked me to ask Krishnaji what she could do to protect herself.' This is a woman who used to live in Santa Monica and showed Krishnaji videotapes. I didn't know her very well, but she was a nice woman. 'Krishnaji gave the message for her, "Don't think about it—you invite it then." But also said that if that was not enough, to send him something of hers for him to have with him for a bit.' He would do this with jewelry or something. 'Krishnaji didn't get out of the car, and we hurried on to Lailee's'—that's our doctor—'where she was able to get enough blood out of his narrow vein to do a blood sugar test. I had sent her *The Years of Fulfilment* and she asked him to write in it, which he never does, but he did. We then went to Dr. Laura Fox for Krishnaji's glaucoma test, and Fox said the pressure in

Krishnaji's eyes is the same, 14. His cataract shows no change from last year, and then when I telephoned Lailee for the results of his test, his blood sugar was 114! It was 150 after eating in February. I felt I was flying, and we came home along the beach in a sort of mist of happiness for me. We stopped in Malibu and bought croissants, including spinach and cheese ones, which we ate with the rest of our picnic in the car at Zuma Beach. How marvelously precious and to be cherished is good news. I asked Krishnaji about the pain in his head. "It is there," he said. Yesterday morning, while he was packing, it was bad. I asked him if he understood it, really knows what causes it. He never mentions it to doctors. He implied it was because he doesn't go to doctors of his own accord.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'He wouldn't have gone today if I hadn't arranged it. He has forgotten that he said last week that he should have his eyes tested again. But the head business began here in Ojai with the events of the pepper tree.'**[7]**

The twenty-sixth of May. 'It is a warm day. There are endless house things to do before leaving. I began to pack, but after lunch, Krishnaji began to talk about the past and the ordeal he was subjected to by the two Rs. "Why did I put up with it?" he asked over and over. He has a way of asking others these unanswerable questions, the questions we would put to him. It is an ordeal to listen to what he went through. It was time to make supper when he finished, so I packed my bags in the evening, finishing at midnight. Krishnaji went to sleep early. The house was quiet and beautiful. This week has made a luxuriance of flowers. I am glad to be going to Brockwood, but this house is a blessed place.'

The next day. 'As usual, I went on an early walk with Erna, which is good for me as there are many hours of sitting ahead. I had one last morning talk to Amanda, then finished the house things and packing. Erna brought papers from Cohen's office for me to sign in reply to the Rajagopal suit. We lunched at Arya Vihara at 12:30 p.m. It was a hot day, ninety-one degrees. Krishnaji and I left at 2 p.m. with Mark and David, stopping briefly at the school for the children to wave goodbye to Krishnaji, then drove via the valley to the LA airport because of heavy Memorial Day traffic along the coast. Alan Kishbaugh came to the airport to see Krishnaji off. The TWA flight due to leave at 6 p.m. was delayed. We sat in the lounge, and eventually boarded the plane, but it didn't take off till 8:30. "At last," said Krishnaji and then, "Rajagopal can't get us now."' [*Both chuckle*.] Oh, dear.

May twenty-eighth. 'We had our preferred two forward seats on either side of the aisle. I slept fitfully, contorted in my seat. Krishnaji sat upright like a statue. His sleeping face in the dim light was austere, majestic; an extraordinary carving. Then he awakened and his face became eager, alive as a child. He said he'd had a good meditation. We landed at 2:30 p.m., went through immigration quickly, found a porter, and our bags were soon out to where Dorothy and Ingrid were waiting with two cars. Krishnaji and I went with Dorothy in her Saab to Brockwood, where everyone was waiting on the driveway. We went into the West Wing hall, which is a charming sitting room now with all the drawing room furniture nicely arranged in it. Upstairs, the dining room is transformed into a bedroom for Krishnaji. My file cabinet, typewriter, etc. is moved from my office so my bedroom becomes my office with a single bed. The damage to Krishnaji's room and

guest room is ugly, but I'm surprised that it is not worse. It can all be made better than ever. There was only a faint smell of scorch, mostly in the hall outside my room. They have done enormous work to tidy it up and make things acceptable for Krishnaji's arrival. Krishnaji had supper in bed. I slept in what was my office, now my bedroom, to be nearby if Krishnaji was disturbed by the changes in the place.'

May twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji slept well, and rested most of the day, except for going to lunch downstairs. I still feel woolly from the flight, but began straightening things. I went to a staff meeting, but could scarcely keep awake. I told Parchure, who is here, the results of Krishnaji's medical exams.'

The next day. 'Mary and Joe came in the morning, lunched here, and the four of us sat most of the afternoon in the West Wing kitchen talking at length. Krishnaji recounted his deposition, etc. I felt physically beaten going over all of that again, but Krishnaji, with limitless energy, after that even did a cassette dictation in the evening. It was good to see Mary and Joe. Mary is a little pale. At 5 p.m., I went to a school meeting.' There was a staff meeting.

S: I should just say for…

M: History.

S: Well, for history and for people who won't know what the West Wing was like when you and Krishnaji lived there. When Kathy and I moved up to the West Wing, which we did after Krishnaji, at his or your request—I can't remember which—we converted half of what your kitchen was into a bathroom for the bird room (which had been the dining room), which then became the guest room, and the other half of your previous kitchen became a laundry room. So what is today the bathroom for the guest room and the laundry room is the kitchen that is being referred to here. [*Both laugh*.]

M: That's true. I forgot that, but I see it in my mind's eye.

S: And the little office that you were referring to, and which became your bedroom during the fire damage restoration, was made into a dining room.

M: Yes, for you and Kathy.

S: Right, and we cut that hole in the wall…

M: Between that and the old bathroom…

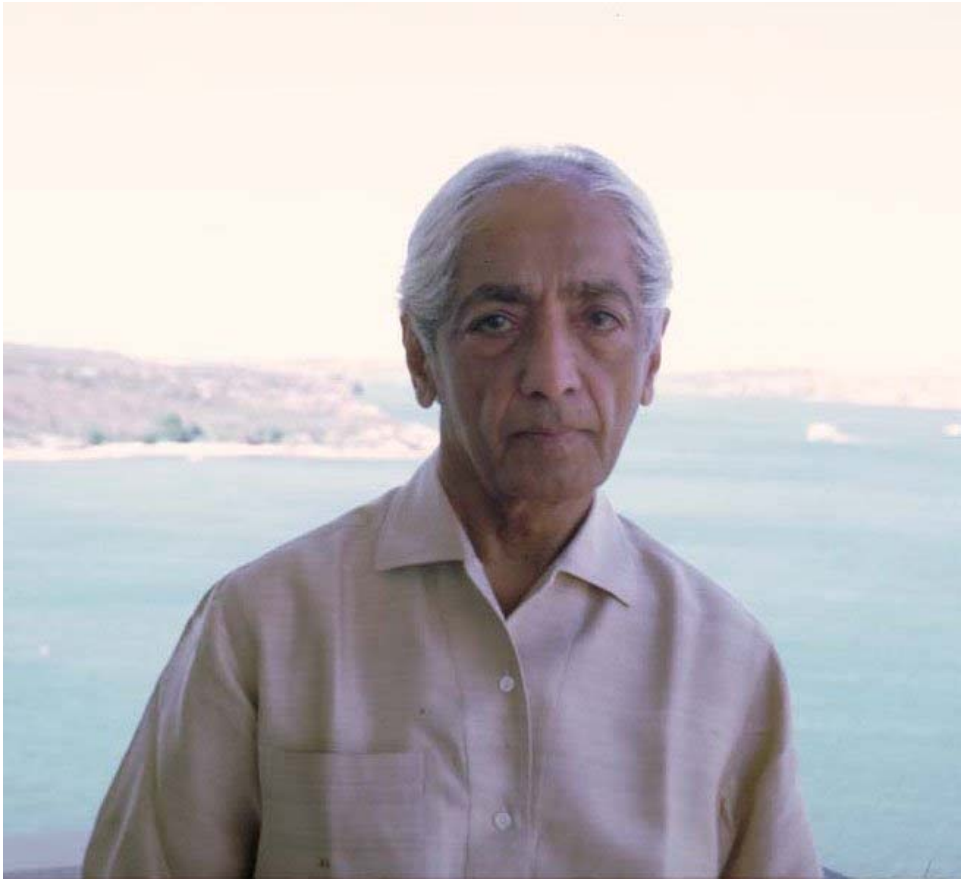
S: Right, the old bathroom on the landing, which became Kathy's and my kitchen.

M: In the house originally, when we got it—the room that became the guest room—the guests had to walk across the landing to an isolated bathroom, which became your kitchen.

S: Yes, exactly. Right.

M: If anyone can figure all this out from our descriptions, they're *very* smart. [*S laughs*.]

S: It was just, otherwise people will walk through Brockwood and say, "What are they talking about?" [*Both chuckle.*] So, there we are.



Krishnaji by the sea (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: Well, if they care enough they can figure it out from this description, and if not, tant pis.

May thirty-first. 'The sun came out. In Doris's car—mine is being fitted with a new exhaust—I went to Petersfield to get Apex flights for Krishnaji and me to Geneva on first of July. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked; the grove is in full flower. The pink azaleas are blinding, and the handkerchief tree, late this year, is unfurling. I spoke to Betsy in London. There was heavy lightning and thunder and rain in the night, but I was too deep in sleep to be more than faintly aware of it.'

There isn't much for the next three days. I'm unpacking, straightening things out, doing errands, etcetera, except that Krishnaji spoke to the school on June third.

June fourth. ‘The Bohms came to lunch. There was a discussion between Krishnaji and David about doing two videotaped dialogues to be played in August, in Davos at the International Transpersonal Association Conference.’

S: Oh, I remember that. I remember that.

M: I can’t say I do, but speak up.

S: Krishnaji had been invited to go to this Transpersonal Psychology Conference and Krishnaji wasn’t going to go as he didn’t attend such things. But I had suggested to Krishnaji that he make a videotape for the conference instead. He wasn’t sure about that, and then I suggested he do the videotape with David.

M: Oh. Very good idea. And they did it?

S: And they did it.

M: And what happened?

S: I think David might have gone to the conference, and they showed the tapes as a substitute for Krishnaji going. We have the tapes.

M: Well, I must have been there during the recording, because I sat in on those things, but I don’t remember it. Anyway, they did that, ‘and then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked across the fields and back through the lane. Dorothy is disturbed by the apathy and antagonism of some of the students and staff.’ Any comment from you?

S: We’ll get to it, no doubt. It was just more of the rot that had set in and that continued for the next couple of years.

M: Well, in that case, will go to the fifth. ‘At 1:30 p.m., Krishnaji spoke to the school. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I, and Kip set off around the lanes for a walk. We were caught in the thunder and rain and came back very wet. Dorothy went upstairs and Kip didn’t appear at supper. A staff meeting set for 7 p.m. was canceled. At 8 p.m., Scott rang me and said that Dorothy was ill. Dr. Clark was with her, and an ambulance was coming to take her to the Winchester Hospital.’ Heavens, I don’t remember that. ‘Krishnaji and I went up to her room. She had had a shot from Dr. Clark who had just left, and she looked a little disoriented. Montague was fumbling confusedly with some clothing. Krishnaji sat on the edge of her bed, and put his hand over her heart. I packed a bag for her. The ambulance came and two men lifted her into a chair and carried her down the fire exit. Montague and Gisèle Balleys went with her in the ambulance. Guy, her son, who had been there, had ill chosen this time to go for a walk.’ Was this the heart attack?

S: Yes.

M: Yes. Yes. It hadn't done her any good to walk in the rain. But I guess…

S: It hadn't happened then.

M: No. June sixth. 'Beyond her having tests in the hospital, nothing is known yet about Dorothy except that she "rested comfortably" last night. Krishnaji talked to the students in the morning. I went to the staff meeting. I find these meetings wearyingly dull. In the afternoon, Krishnaji and I walked around the lanes. It was a warm and sunny day. We met Montague and Guy on their way to the hospital. Around 8 p.m., Ingrid rang and said that Montague had been told that Dorothy had had a heart attack. She will need to stay in the hospital for ten days, then rest at home for six weeks, and then be quiet and without effort for three months. I relayed this to Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure. We talked about it for a while in Krishnaji's room. Then Scott came by, and we discussed what should be done about running the school while Dorothy is recovering. Krishnaji suggested a committee of Scott, Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen Smith to be in charge. Then he asked Scott how he would feel if Ingrid were put in nominal charge with the three others working with her. Scott agreed readily. Krishnaji had him bring Ingrid up and Krishnaji told her what had been said. She was startled, but agreed if the other three thought it was right. Krishnaji then sent for Harsh and Stephen, and told them. All of us were sitting on the floor of Krishnaji's bedroom. Harsh was in immediate agreement, but Stephen looked corked with other feelings. Krishnaji urged him to speak it out. He demurred for a bit, but finally said he would have proposed Scott. He said it would be better to have an educator in the job. It appeared he thought this was a decision on what a permanent setup would be, but once he was shown that this was only to be a temporary arrangement, pending Dorothy's recovery and return to full function, he accepted it.'

June seventh. 'Krishnaji slept insufficiently. He held a meeting with Montague and his and Dorothy's daughter, Marsha. She had arrived to visit her mother. In their talk with the doctors, it was learned that Dorothy also had a small brain clot, which was dissolved with an anticoagulant. Krishnaji spoke to the staff and announced Ingrid as coordinator, but forgot to mention the committee of Scott, Harsh, and Stephen.' [*S chuckles.*] That wasn't very good. 'We walked around the lanes. Bud telephoned from New York.'

June eighth. 'We went to London on the 10:46 a.m. train. Krishnaji, who buys the tickets while I park the car, bought second-class tickets when he was told that first-class now costs 16 pounds sterling for a round trip.' [*Both laugh*.]

S: [*laughing*] He was economizing before going to Huntsman and Fortnum's.

M: Yes, behind my back, while I parked the car. [*Laughs.*] 'It wasn't crowded going in, so he saw nothing wrong. Mary and Joe met us at Waterloo. I had my usual sense of pleasure at being in London and the charm of the familiar. It seems there is a feeling of affection in re-encountering accustomed things: the haze of past enjoyment surrounds them. So we went, of course, to Huntsman, and Krishnaji thanked them for cleaning his entire collection of suits after the fire.' [*Laughs*.] 'We went down to the basement where Maxwell is, and Krishnaji wore down my misgivings, and I ordered a pair of shoes made

to order.' I never could wear them—they were terrible. I tell you now. 'I ordered a pair of shoes made to order at a dreadful price. The first fitting will be in September.' This was in June. 'Mary, of course, lunched with us at Fortnum's, where we had our same table, same menu, and, as always, a very pleasant time together. We went to Hatchards, but Krishnaji is off detective stories, is not inclined to novels or biographies, and has enough poetry. So what to get? We looked in vain for stories about animals, and then caught the 4:50 p.m. back to Petersfield.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I spoke to Paul Anstee about what to do to get new curtains for the rooms damaged in the fire.'

The next day, 'I went to Winchester for an armoire to put some of Krishnaji's suits in.' That's all it says.

June tenth. 'Years ago, Krishnaji had a letter from Svetlana Peters and she was to have come to Malibu to meet him but called it off at the last minute. She now lives in Cambridge with her twelve-year-old daughter, Olga Peters. She read *The Years of Fulfilment*, wrote to Mary Links and subsequently to Dorothy about coming to Brockwood. She has also just written me a long, curiously personal letter about herself, to which I replied; and today I met her at the bus stop in Petersfield. A short, smiling, rather round woman with reddish hair and light blue eyes got off. We both smiled in recognition, as if we had met before, and talked easily on the way back. On seeing the Mercedes, she said, "Oh, I haven't been in a good car in some time."' Should we explain?

S: Yes, we should say Svetlana Peters is Stalin's daughter.

M: Stalin's daughter, yes. She married a Mr. Peters, who was an American architect. That's how she came to be called Svetlana Peters. I wonder what—I have a feeling that I am remiss about that woman. Anyway, 'She is staying in a cloisters guest room, and after half an hour of her settling in, I came back to bring her to meet Krishnaji in the West Wing. He came toward her in his warm, eager, welcoming way, and we immediately went off for a walk through the grove where the azaleas are still blazingly beautiful and the handkerchief tree flutters. We went the long way around the fields and came back by the lanes. She seemed in awe and also very happy to meet Krishnaji, to talk and walk with him. I invited her to tea afterward, but she seemed to need to return to her room. I talked to Dr. Reilly, who said Dorothy had a "severe coronary" and will have to remain in the hospital for some more days.' Gosh.

S: Okay, I think we should end it there as we don't have enough tape for another day.

M: Okay.

S: But, we have a little bit of time, so just to say a little bit about this dissent into difficulty at Brockwood. Krishnaji had been talking to Dorothy for more than a year about the fact that she was not handling all this well, was not dealing with it.

M: She thought that brought on her heart attack.

S: Yes, and she subsequently, after I had become principal, and really she had wanted to remain principal, she blamed that coronary on Krishnaji and his saying, "You can't keep doing this—you're not handling the situation well, etcetera, etcetera."

M: She turned against Krishnaji, unfortunately.

S: Yes, she did, which is remarkable.

M: Yes, it's really shocking.

S: Yes, it's absolutely shocking, but she clearly couldn't handle the situation. Anyway, okay—that's all we have time for today.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For a video of the talk of May 15, 1983.

[2] Rosalind claimed she had had sexual relationship with Krishnaji, but the exact nature and duration of this purported relationship are unknown as so many of the claims she made about it have subsequently been disproved.

[3] Rajagopal's second wife.

[4] For the video tape of the Ojai talk of May 21, 1983.

[5] For the video tape of the Ojai talk of May 22, 1983.

[6] At the time of this discussion in 2005, Mary's driving license had been revoked as she was felt to be too old to drive. She was ninety.

[7] That was the start of "the process," which began in late August 1922.

Issue 76: June 11, 1983 to August 5, 1983

Krishnaji's health is increasingly frail, but there is no let-up in the demands placed on him: he continues with his usual speaking schedule and interviews, he must make an extra round trip from Europe to California for the court case, he must respond to people playing politics at Brockwood, and he must resolve a conflict in India. All this brings Krishnaji to feel that this is an extra-dangerous period; when something antagonistic to "good" is trying to penetrate his world, and people close to him must take extra precautions.

M: Today we begin our recounting on June tenth, 1983. 'The Bohms came to lunch. Svetlana Peters sat next to Krishnaji and Dave was opposite.' A few people are aware of who she is, though not many, but they give no sign of it, which is as it should be, as one of the burdens of her life is the Stalin's daughter image. Krishnaji and Dave talked a bit about international relations at lunch, and she kept silent on that subject. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji and Dave did a dialogue recorded on the three new color video cameras Scott has just acquired. This dialogue is to be sent as a substitute for Krishnaji at an August Conference of Transpersonal Psychology to be held in Davos, Switzerland. The Dalai Lama is one of the participants, and there's a long, varied list of others. Dr. Lichti is on the committee, and so Krishnaji agreed to tape a dialogue with Bohm instead of appearing there. I put Svetlana Peters in the assembly hall, where she watched the recording, but Saral and I watched with the school on the monitor in the dining room. I have a rather heavy cough, as has much of the school, so it was better for me not to be in the room where the recording is made. The video looks superb. The color makes a huge difference and Krishnaji was glowingly beautiful.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'After lunch, Krishnaji and I took Svetlana on a short walk around the lanes. She asked me to use her first name, which seems to be variously Svetlana or Lana. She leans toward the latter, as sounding less Russian. It sounds, of course, Lana Turner-ish to me' [*both chuckle*] 'and Svetlana is a nice name, but it's for her to decide.' [*Both chuckle*.]

June twelfth. 'Krishnaji spoke to everyone in the morning. In the afternoon, I commenced a chill, and I lay on my bedroom floor by the radiator. Fever ensued and rose to 104 degrees. Dr. Parchure gave me Septrim, an antibacterial drug. I have a heavy cough and congestion in the lungs.'

The next day. 'I feel rotten. The fever persists, though it is less. Dr. Parchure says I have viral pneumonitis. Svetlana Peters came to say goodbye as she returns to Cambridge by bus. The side effect of Septrim is nausea.' I remember Svetlana came in and I was huddled on the floor by the radiator from my chill, and I felt she got some image of me as a very unhealthy person. Or so she somehow evinced later—I forget how.

S: [*chuckles*] As you were ill, I was the one who was asked to drive her to Petersfield, I remember. And contrary to not wanting to talk about her father—she just talked a blue streak about Stalin.

M: [*laughs*] That's interesting. But did she bring it up?

S: I can't remember, but she just talked a blue streak, and she told me the very funny story about her father's death.

M: What was that, please? We'll record it for history.

S: Oh—I'm sure it must be written someplace. Anyway, as she told it, it seemed humorous and also like justice unfolding. So, he had what might have been a heart attack or something; anyway, it left him helpless on the floor. The servants found him, but they didn't dare touch him, because getting something wrong with Stalin would have been death, or worse. So they called the head of the house. The head of the house came, but would not touch him. The head of the house called the KGB. KGB agents assigned to Stalin's protection came, but the agents would not do anything. They called the head of the KGB. Meanwhile, Stalin is in urgent need of medical attention. The head of the KGB came and he called Stalin's doctor. The doctor came, but the doctor would do nothing decisive, but insisted instead on calling the head of the hospital or the medical university, or whatever; so all this time, all these people were called and came but nobody dared do anything, so, meanwhile, he died.

M: [*both chuckle*] They probably did the right thing.

S: I think they did do the right thing; but it was just, you know, listening to her tell the story of all these people who were called, who rushed over and who wouldn't do anything, but deciding that there was someone above them that they had to call. [*Laughs*.] And as I remember the story, it was comic, and it was tragic, and it seemed just. Here was this man lying for hours, dying, needing medical attention, and nobody dared give it to him [*laughs*] for fear of getting into trouble; the fear he generated.

M: Yes, that's very interesting.

S: And she told all kinds of other stories that made me think, "My god, what a strange reality to grow up in."

M: Between Brockwood, eight miles to Petersfield? She must've talked a blue streak.

S: She did talk a blue streak, but then I didn't just drop her off. We sat in the car and waited for the bus to show up, which was probably late, given it was an English bus. And so we talked for quite a while.

M: Oh well, that's fascinating. [*Both laugh*.] You never told me all this. Well, it's now part of the record.

I don't record anything for the next day except that I'm still ill, and I was still ill on June fifteenth, so 'Scott accompanied Krishnaji to London. Mary and Joe met Krishnaji, took him to his dentist, Mr. Thompson, after which Krishnaji lunched at their flat. Then Joe

took Krishnaji to Truefitt for a haircut, where Scott rejoined him, and they came home. Scott went to the Swiss consulate for Krishnaji's visa. I stayed in bed all day.'

The sixteenth. 'My fever has subsided. I feel weak but better. Krishnaji spoke to the whole school. I got up in the afternoon for the return of Dorothy from the hospital. She looked tired and ravaged, but was able to climb very slowly, with Krishnaji's help, up the fire escape stairwell to her room. The room next to the one she shared with Montague has been arranged for her as a bedroom. Montague was against it. He doesn't seem to realize that he has saturated their bedroom with his pipe smoking. The lack of sensitivity is amazing. He was puffing on the pipe while Dorothy was having a heart attack, and son Guy is even worse. While she was having the attack and waiting for the doctor to come, he went for a walk. Today, knowing his mother was arriving from the hospital, he also went for a walk, and wasn't there to help.'

S: Yes, that was typical of him. Really extraordinary.

M: Well, that's what happened.

The next day, I don't record anything of significance, and on June eighteenth, it only says, 'I coughed most of the night, paroxysms of coughing, and felt as if my ribs would break. Krishnaji dictated letters in the morning. I saw Dorothy briefly. She looks much better. I took a nap, and had supper upstairs.'

For the nineteenth, it only says: 'Krishnaji spoke to the school. Mr. Santhanam came by car from London, attended the meeting, and lunched with us.'

The twentieth of June. 'I discovered Frances has slipped back into her delusions. She was lying rigidly in bed unable, she said, to get up. She had locked herself in. It took me twenty minutes to persuade her to get up and let me in. She hasn't taken her medicine since before leaving Ojai. Hidley consented to her coming, but she lacks the insight to take her medication when her symptoms begin. I found the pills and Hidley's instructions and gave her some. Dave and Saral came to lunch and in afternoon, Krishnaji and Dave did a continuation of the video dialogue on *The Future of Man* for the Davos Conference.'

S: Which, I've been told, to be more politically correct, is now called *The Future of Humanity*.

M: Oh. You mean, the tape series. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes, both those tapes.

M: June twenty-first. 'Frances is again in bed. More delusionary talk. Dr. Parchure and I persuaded her to take her pills and a little liquid. What should we do? She is supposed to go visit her sister on Friday and then go to Gstaad. Krishnaji spoke to the students and I went to the staff meeting. In afternoon, Krishnaji talked to the four—Ingrid, Scott, Harsh,

and Stephen—and gave them full authority from the Foundation to act. I had previously spoken with the other trustees to get their agreement to it.'

The twenty-second. 'Frances got up. The pills are working. I spoke to Hidley, who says she must have supervision. Krishnaji, in the afternoon, asked her what she would prefer, to return to Ojai and Hidley's care, or find a psychiatrist in Switzerland. She chose Ojai. Dr. Clark saw Dorothy and is satisfied with her condition.'

June twenty-third. 'Frances's sister, Helen, rang from Switzerland in indignant alarm at Frances not going there. She demanded to talk to Krishnaji. I explained the situation as well as I could.' Her sister blamed Krishnamurti for everything.

S: Yes.

M: 'Krishnaji talked to the school in the morning and to the staff at 4 p.m. I went on errands to Alresford. Pupul arrived at 5:30 p.m. to stay for two days. Krishnaji had me recount briefly the outline of the legal troubles with Rajagopal. I didn't go into details. She listened with a very long upper lip and said little. She is staying two nights in what was my office and now is a single guest room.' She, of course, thought Rajagopal Indian, and he was business-like, and so…

S: Yes, so Rajagopal had to be fine because he was Indian.

M: That's right.

June twenty-fourth. 'There was another angry call from Frances's sister demanding that Krishnaji call "a conference of the leading psychiatrists in London for next Monday." I said it was not possible. Krishnaji cannot do that. He knows no psychiatrist in this country, and cannot take that responsibility. If she wishes to do that, it is up to her. She spluttered something about Krishnaji had taken responsibility when Frances gave a lot of money. I said it is unfortunate she should think in such terms, that Krishnaji had brought Hidley into the picture as someone he had confidence in and could recommend when Frances is in Ojai and needed help, but could not be expected to take full care of Frances. I said, in any case, she's now up and better and has changed her plans and is to go to Ojai. I had already changed Frances's ticket to the thirtieth, so she will be on the same flight as Katie Hidley.' That was John Hidley's daughter, who is a student at Brockwood. 'Hidley rang me later and said the McCann cousin in New York had rung him, and sounded reasonable, though under pressure from the sister.' That was the cousin who looked after Frances's finances. 'I rang Erna about Frances's arrival. Krishnaji and Pupul, in the afternoon, did a videotaped dialogue. Krishnaji and I walked around the block after supper. I'm still coughing.'

The twenty-fifth of June. 'Krishnaji and Pupul did a second videotaped dialogue in the morning. She left after lunch and returns to Delhi tomorrow. There was a staff meeting at 4:45 p.m., and Krishnaji came to it unannounced. Brian Nicholson read a statement on

why he had decided to leave. It was unclear, and Krishnaji went into it. Also, a similar decision was made by Matthew. It was an intense meeting.' Who was Matthew?

S: Matthew was an American who taught, I think, math, and he was one of Nicholson's cohorts in the grab for power that didn't work. [*M chuckles*.] He had been a student at Brockwood. Matthew—what was his name? Anyway, this was all part of the mess that had gotten out of hand at Brockwood. They were all vying for power and influence—they saw themselves as the inheritors of the mantle of Brockwood—and when things didn't go to them (they clearly weren't in this committee running Brockwood in Dorothy's convalescence), they were very unhappy. So, those two decided to leave, thankfully.

M: Well, that was good.

S: There must have been some preview that this "statement" was going to happen, because Krishnaji didn't normally come to staff meetings. In fact, I can't remember him ever coming to staff meetings.

M: No, he didn't. No—I can't even remember this staff meeting. [*Both chuckle*.]

The twenty-sixth of June. 'At 11:30 a.m., instead of speaking to the whole school and visitors, as he would normally do on a Sunday, Krishnaji spoke only to the staff. Most intensely, most irresistibly, and probingly. It seemed to have a shaking effect.'

S: Good. This was Krishnaji undoing any "shaking up" those two thought they would do with their leaving and statements.

M: Good. [*Chuckles*.]

June twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji and I took the 9:45 a.m. train to London. Joe met us and dropped me, and I took slacks to Hilliard's to be copied. I then got a present for Vanda, had a haircut, etc. and joined Krishnaji at Mary and Joe's, where we lunched very pleasantly indeed. Joe took us back to Waterloo. Meanwhile, Frances's sister had come from Switzerland. Frances met her in Petersfield, took her to lunch at the little Donkey Cart restaurant, and put her back on the train.'

S: Extraordinary. She came all that way and didn't even see Brockwood.

M: Well, she didn't want to. I mean, you know—enemy territory. [*Both chuckle*.]

The twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji spoke to students. I went to Dr. Reilly about my continuing heavy cough. He gave me a prescription and sent me for a chest X-ray to the Winchester Hospital. On, my return, I talked before lunch with Marie-Bertrande and Jean-Michel Maroger, who are here to take Diane home tomorrow at the end of term. In the afternoon, I spoke for an hour with the Hans Vincents from the Holland Stichting about starting a school there.' They were thinking that they should have a school. 'At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held another staff meeting and is lighting fires under them.' [*Both chuckle*.]

June twenty-ninth. ‘It is the end of the term. I spent most of the day at the typewriter, but saw Dorothy briefly. She wasn’t feeling well. Doctor Reilly says there is an “old fibrosis” in the lung left-middle zone.’ That must have been a description of what was ailing her. ‘Jean-Michel was at lunch and then he took Diane back to France.’

The thirtieth. ‘Frances left for Ojai with Katie Hidley. It was packing and putting things in order all day for me. I had a good visit with Dorothy, who seemed well. Krishnaji and I spoke to Erna in Ojai. Krishnaji wants “to end it.” How can we? Erna says we have to defend the suit.’

The first of July. ‘I was packed and ready to go by 7:30 a.m. Krishnaji and I left Brockwood at 8:30 a.m. in a school car driven by Kathy Forbes. At Heathrow, Rita Zampese was there to smooth Krishnaji’s departure, and her pull as the head Lufthansa public relations persuaded Swiss Air not to charge us for our excess baggage weight.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘We took the 10:30 a.m. Swiss Air to Geneva, and reached Geneva a bit after 1 p.m., where we took a taxi to the Hotel des Bergues. Lunched. In the afternoon, we walked across to do our usual errands: ties *chez* Jacquet for Joe Links and Krishnaji—the choice was less good this year. Then to Patek *pour régler les montres*’—the annual adjustment to his pocket watches. ‘Then to the Pharmacie Principal and Grand Passage, where we got long toweling bathrobes for Krishnaji and chose an alarm clock for Dr. Parchure. That seemed enough walking for us both, so we returned to rest before dinner. We dined very pleasantly at the Amphitryon. Krishnaji ate very well and seemed to enjoy it.’

The next day, ‘We spent the morning in beds, the luxury of time and breakfast in bed.’ It is lovely to have breakfast in bed.

S: I know. [*Chuckles*.]

M: ‘I coughed my current earthquakes in the night, but the quiet morning was a rest. These pauses in Geneva each year are small luxuries to me. Krishnaji has come safely from wherever we were, and we are again in the tidy order of Switzerland. Today, we lunched in the Pavillon, as the Amphitryon was closed. And at 2:30 p.m., Hertz delivered a nice little white Ford Fiesta. The enjoyment of the familiar was there again. We drove *doucement au bord du lac* until Morges and then the autoroute to the turn-off to Oron, then via Bulle, etcetera, and came to Tannegg by 5:40 p.m. Vanda and Fosca arrived yesterday. Fosca took some persuading to come, says Vanda. She doesn’t like to leave her ailing sister, and Fosca will be ninety next December, though she looks no different. We unpacked before supper. Krishnaji came to the table. Though he is beginning to cough, he says he still feels full of energy.’

July third. ‘Krishnaji stayed in bed. He had a 99.2 fever in the afternoon. I rang Dr. Parchure at Brockwood for advice. He said that Dorothy had come downstairs at Brockwood for lunch and a walk outside with Whisper. I slept all afternoon. Krishnaji said at lunch that he would live to be 100, “To see what it is like.” He later told me, “Rajagopal is getting it. I have sent two angels to tell him.”’ [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Those angels didn't do a good job.

M: No, they were not persuasive. They, being angels, aren't the best thing to be to deal with Rajagopal. [*S laughs*.] He should've sent something from downstairs with a pitchfork.

S: [*Both laugh*.] Yes, exactly.

M: Oh, dear.

The fourth of July. 'I went down into Gstaad on errands. Krishnaji stayed in bed. I slept in the afternoon. Yen Yang, Raman, Scott, and Harsh all came by with things from Dr. Parchure.' Thank you. That was quick.

S: No, I think we would have left before you call to Parchure.

M: Yes. I see.

The fifth. 'Krishnaji remained in bed. His temperature was 99.4 in the afternoon. Vanda and I did shopping errands in the morning. Dr. Parchure arrived just before supper, having flown to Geneva and found his way by train to Gstaad. I am very cheered to have him at the medical helm. Krishnaji is glad of his presence, too.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji remained in bed. His temperature was ninety-eight in the afternoon. Dr. Parchure and I went shopping for all kinds of remedies, a steamer, etcetera. I worked at the desk, but also took a nap. Vanda signed the lease for Tannegg for next year.'

July seventh. 'Krishnaji remained in bed all day, but has no fever today. I did desk work and ran errands. I dined with Henry and Margot Bamberger'—that's my accountant from Los Angeles—'and the Lazar Bernhardts, who are traveling with them.' That's a Los Angeles lawyer who handled things for me and Sam.

There's really nothing the next day, but on the ninth of July, 'I got a letter from Mary L. suggesting novelist, philosopher, and don at Oxford Iris Murdoch as someone for a videotaped dialogue with Krishnaji. He agreed, so I wrote to Mary to pursue it. As Vanda and I were leaving Tannegg to do our errands, a taxi disgorged a woman with four bags. It was this year's crazy lady. A Ruth Jacov of Zürich, who thinks she is married to Krishnaji, and writes amorous letters about their life on the astral plane.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'She had arrived to join him at Tannegg. I took the firm line of reality, having learned from all past summers that endless understanding conversations only let the fantasies bloom. We offered to drive her to a hotel, but she refused that, so we took her back to the train station from which she had just come, and somehow got our errands done before everything closed for the noon hour.' [*Both chuckle.*] This is a representative Gstaad summer day event. [*Both laugh*.] 'After lunch, we telephoned Dorothy at Brockwood. Her voice sounded well. Dr. Reilly prescribed a two-mile walk each day. She says she

feels feeble. We also telephoned Erna. Rajagopal refused to come to Oxnard for a deposition, insisting it be done in Ojai. Stuart Comis'—that's our lawyer—'goes to court on Monday about this.' He wanted it done in his house. In other words, he didn't want to do it, but anyway.

The tenth of July. 'Krishnaji, who got up yesterday with his voice was heavy and was still coughing—his voice was clear this morning, in spite of a bad night and not enough sleep.' He had this—usually, something was wrong with him, he would have some illness before the talks. And on the morning of the talk, it would be gone. It was remarkable, and it happened over and over. Anyway, 'Dr. Parchure had me give him, just before leaving for the tent, a spoon of warmed onion juice and honey.' [*Chuckles*.] 'He gave the talk almost without coughing. The summoning of energy that his body is able to do when needed, that is, for his work, is extraordinary. And it happened again this morning. He spoke one hour and five minutes to an overflowing tent. He slept when he got back to the chalet, and lunched in bed. After some coughing, he slept all afternoon. So did I. Though he is tired, he is reading a Graham Greene. He has nothing else. All the shelves of thrillers are out of favor, and there are no nature books at Cadoneau's store.' Do you remember Madame Cadoneau?

S: I do, indeed.

M: [*chuckles*] 'He doesn't want novels, least of all, what I have, which is Proust.' [*Both laugh*.] 'I will go back to hunt again tomorrow.'

July eleventh. 'Krishnaji is still coughing. He dictated four letters to India. There is trouble there, as usual, with Bangalore Valley School. The principal, Dr. Shankar, and Krishnakutti have started advertising for religious people and are starting religious centers here and there without consulting KFI. The Patwardhans are very upset. Dictating letters and expending his energy did no good for his cough. Dr. Parchure feared he was heading for fever and, with the talk tomorrow, it was worrisome. Dr. Lichti was due to arrive in Saanen tonight for the talks. I rang her at lunchtime in Zürich and explained the situation. She telephoned the Gstaad pharmacy with a prescription, which I fetched: an antibiotic, Fibromyacin. Dr. Parchure delayed giving it until Dagmar Lichti arrived. But, meanwhile, he did Krishnaji's fasting blood sugar test, and another one, one-and-a-half hours after lunch, and it went to the top of the color chart. Parchure estimated it at 280. Dagmar arrived at 7 p.m. She brought various medical things with her. She examined Krishnaji, and decided he did not need Fibromyacin as the fever has not developed. Krishnaji's blood sugar is the problem. Dagmar telephoned one of Gstaad's pharmacies for Rastinon, an anti-diabetic pill Krishnaji took in India, which agreed with him. The pharmacist opened his place at 7:30 p.m., and I fetched the tablets. Dagmar also gave Krishnaji a Vitamin B shot very skillfully in the vein in his left forearm. She stayed to supper with Vanda, Dr. Parchure, and me. She also prescribed for my cough.' She was a wonderful woman.

S: Yes, she was.

M: July twelfth. 'Krishnaji didn't sleep well. There were too many things done with his body last evening. But he coughed less. He looked tired when he got on the platform, but that extraordinary flow of strength came; his face changing, and a remarkable talk**[1]** ensued for just over an hour. He spoke of zero containing all the numbers, and then said the present contains all of time. Peace cannot come about through thought. If you see division in relationship, what do you do? To not try to answer with thought is the beginning of intelligence. When we got back to the chalet, Al Blackburn rang. He called earlier about something *very important* that he must see Krishnaji about right away. So Krishnaji said, "Get it over, have him come now." He took time to get there when Krishnaji could have been sleeping. Then it turned out, the thing of importance was a book Blackburn wrote that is being published. For this, he took over half an hour of Krishnaji's energy. Wretched idiot,' I write. [*Both chuckle*.] I was irritable because, you know, he said he had to see Krishnaji about something important, and it was only about a book he'd written. 'During that time, Parchure gave me a Vitamin B shot. Dagmar came to lunch. Krishnaji ate in bed. Dr. Parchure and Dagmar made lists of foods Krishnaji can and cannot eat. Dr. Parchure took his blood sugar fasting this morning and it was 180. He has a strict diet now. Scott came by at 5:30 p.m. The videos are now on sale in English at the very end of the talk, minutes after Krishnaji stopped speaking, and they are on sale at the next meeting in five languages—French, German, Italian, Spanish and Dutch.' That was really extraordinary, wonderful.

S: It was extraordinary. Audience members could get up from their seats and buy a videotape of the talk they had just heard. And the next talk day, they could get the talk dubbed in all these languages.

M: It reminds me of a woman later that year, I think it was that year, during the talks at Brockwood: She bought a videotape of a previous talk before the talk of that day began, and said 'But, can I buy the one for today?'—Krishnaji hadn't given the talk yet. [*Both laugh*.]

S: No, we weren't *that* good! [*Both laugh*.]

M: I luckily was at the videotape sales table when this happened. [*Chuckles*.] Anyway…

The thirteenth of July. 'Dr. Lichti gave Krishnaji an intravenous shot in the early morning. Dr. Parchure and I discussed Krishnaji's expenditure of energy, and Dr. Parchure talked to Krishnaji, telling him how unhappy he is at having to give Krishnaji shots and remedies to pick him up when the overall care of his health is neglected, that is, giving the body a chance to rebuild its own energies. He suggested, and Krishnaji agreed, that he henceforth deal only with questions of the teachings; not personal relations, the workings of schools, the organizations, etcetera. So, based on this, he only greeted those who came to attend the trustee meeting of the English Foundation here at 11 a.m.: Cadogan, Maroger, Van der Straten, Hammond, Porter, Forbes, Harsh, and Stephen Smith. Krishnaji remained in bed all day. In the afternoon, Marie-Bertrande, Daphne, and Diane came to tea. About 8:30 p.m., the telephone rang. It was Stanley Cohen, Erna, and Theo, who had met for four hours at his office and were calling from there. Rajagopal's

lawyers demand Krishnaji give a deposition before October first. I said it was impossible to expect a man of eighty-eight, in fragile health, with a heavy schedule, to fly halfway around the world in a week's time, etcetera. Cohen said the consequences could be Krishnaji being found in default in the suit, his testimony no longer usable, and a possible loss to the Foundation and the rest of us. We talked at length. Finally, I said I would report it all to Krishnaji and telephone tomorrow. I did this, and Krishnaji said we must go. As he speaks tomorrow, he went to bed and slept well. I didn't.'

The fourteenth of July: 'I talked to Krishnaji early about the legal situation. He suggested canceling the international trustee meetings to have been held at Brockwood from September seven to fourteen, and that he and I fly to California on the seventh. I agreed, providing we take Parchure along to care for his health. He agreed. I telephoned Mary Cadogan and Jane Hammond here about this plan, and then rang Pupul in Delhi, who immediately said Krishnaji mustn't go; then, that we must get another lawyer; then that Krishnaji must go on a diplomatic passport. I dealt with all that and asked her to let Sunanda know that the international trustee meetings were off. Krishnaji and I talked it over and decided we'd go on the seventh as above, and remain in Ojai until just before he has to go to India, then all three of us would return to Brockwood. Krishnaji would go to Delhi, accompanied by Parchure, and I would remain at Brockwood to complete my chores about the fire damage insurance, choosing fabrics, etcetera, then I would return to the U.S. Krishnaji gave his third Saanen talk with vigor.**[2]** Dagmar Lichti came to lunch. I rang Erna and told her what we were doing. She sounded very relieved. Krishnaji and I went for the first walk we have taken this year, up the hill and through the woods.**[3]** Scott joined us.'

July fifteenth. 'I seem to have a cold, though I'm still coughing convulsively from the infection at Brockwood. I stayed in and did letters all day. Krishnaji remained in bed. Vanda went to Lausanne. Dagmar Lichti brought special butter, breads, and things from Zürich for Krishnaji.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji got up and went for a walk with Dr. Parchure after supper, really too late. It was after 9 p.m. when they returned.' Goodness.

The sixteenth. 'Mary Links rang from London. She saw Dorothy at Brockwood yesterday, and said she looked fairly well. She also had a telephone call from Rajagopal about two letters he had sent her. He asked if she had she received them, and why hadn't she acknowledged them? Because there was no note from him, she replied. He asked, had she shown them to anyone? She replied, "To Joe." Who? he asked. "My husband," she said. "Oh, that's alright," he said. Then he asked, "To anyone else? To Mary Zimbalist?" Then Mary changed the subject and the conversation ended.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I told her we were going to Ojai in September. Dagmar Lichti gave Krishnaji a second intravenous shot in the delicate vein in his arm.' He was very hard to give intravenous shots to, as his veins were small. 'I fetched Mr. and Mrs. Rex Henry at the Saanerhof and brought them to lunch at Tannegg. He wrote that they had come to hear Krishnaji one last time as they are eighty-six and getting infirm. They live now in southern Spain. I drove them back. I took a nap. Scott came by and walked with Krishnaji. David Shainberg rang. He has just arrived in Gstaad. He has a friend with him. I invited them to lunch tomorrow.'

The seventeenth of July. ‘It is another clear, warm day, and it was very hot in the tent, which was crammed with people. Krishnaji gave his fourth Saanen talk on what is intelligence. After resting, he came to the lunch table. We were eight: Vanda, Dagmar, Rita Zampese, Shainberg and his friend Catherine Segonzac, Parchure, and me. The friend is a French psychologist who lives in New York and does waking dream therapy—?’ I have a dash and a question mark. [*S chuckles*.] ‘I took a nap after they all left. Mary C. and Jane Hammond came by at 6 p.m., and I went with them up the Hornberg for dinner. The air was cooler, and had a lovely mountain feeling: cowbells, buttercups, and the silent snow-topped peaks. We had fondue and talked, and my raspy throat was soothed with the cold descent of ice cream. This summer has been one perfect sunny day after another, but almost too hot. Mary Links said it was ninety-four degrees in London. To be hot is increasingly unpleasant for me. It seems to unbalance the body.’

July eighteenth. ‘Vanda left at 9:30 a.m. for Florence. She will return August ninth, so I can go to Rome to see Filomena on the tenth. The telephone rang, and it was Asit at the Palace Hotel, having arrived from Greece last midnight. He came to see Krishnaji midmorning and the three of us talked till lunchtime. Computer talk at first—the enormous developments. His company specializes in a computer larger than any made by IBM. The Japanese have set national goals to cure cancer, to duplicate the human brain.’

‘Krishnaji: “Where will all this lead?”’

‘Asit: “Perhaps to a wider gap between the technical elite and the masses who will have almost no opportunities in the world as it will be.”’

‘I asked what is happening along these lines in Russia, and Asit said they are concentrating on biochemistry, research into parapsychology, especially mind reading and control. Asit asked Krishnaji if this is possible. Krishnaji said, “Of course, mind reading is obviously possible.” Asit asked if Krishnaji could do it, and Krishnaji replied that he could, but that he refuses to. Then as Asit is an Indian trustee, he was told of the Rajagopal suit. Krishnaji went on to say a person can block someone else reading one’s mind, reaching it. Rajagopal’s aggression is directed at him, but Krishnaji forms a wall it cannot penetrate. On Krishnaji’s side, there is emptiness, which forms the wall, and within this, Krishnaji can function.’ This emptiness business is something fascinating and deeply part of Krishnaji.

S: Yes, it is extraordinary.

M: ‘Krishnaji went on to say that because Rajagopal’s sendings cannot penetrate, “It is like coming up against a rock,” and it returns to Rajagopal. “I do not want to hurt him. I am not doing anything to him,” but something may change, that stillness may reach him, or perhaps he is too full of hatred, it may not. “It will be interesting to see. That is one reason I want to go to California.” Krishnaji spoke in that way that may be serious or not, of those being high in Masonry, and to whom two angels are given.’ [*Chuckles.*] I didn’t know angels had anything to do with Masonry, did you?

S: The Masonic order? I have no idea what they had to do with…[*chuckles*].

M: Why don't we know these things? Why weren't we told? [*Said jokingly.*]

S: Yes, and why don't we have our own angels?

M: Well, if we were clever and sensitive, we would have known. They watch—oh, wait a minute…'Krishnaji spoke in that way that may be serious or may not of those very high in Masonry to whom two angels are given. They watch over the welfare of a person or persons, though he may not ask for himself and may rarely ask an action from them. Krishnaji has never asked his until now. But he has "sent two angels to talk to Rajagopal" to make him turn from this ugliness.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Asit translated this into a force of goodness and Krishnaji smiled. He spoke of sensing an atmosphere when serious things are being discussed, which is different from the atmosphere when discussing computers.' There was that. 'Though interest generates its own atmosphere. Asit asked if Krishnaji could convey to a friendly person instead of Rajagopal in ways that would change them. Krishnaji said that is what is happening in the tent, but the other person must be willing to listen. I understand this to be listening with emptiness, without the filter and chatter of thought. Krishnaji's turning away Rajagopal's aggressive projections seem to be empty and that emptiness creates the wall of privacy, which is impenetrable. His mind cannot be read if this happens. Krishnaji said he thinks the ancient Hindus knew about this. This is part of meditation.'

'Dr. Parchure joined us at lunch. Asit left at 3 p.m. to go to Geneva, then onto Paris, New York, etcetera. Dr. Parchure took Krishnaji's blood sugar this morning before eating, and it was 120, and postprandial this afternoon was 200. I walked with Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure. Krishnaji was tired, but he wants to be well, and it is said that exercise reduces blood sugar, and so off we went. He approved my setting a good pace and when we came to the river, he wanted to go on. His soldier walk.' You know that walk. 'He is so very much the good child at such moments that it wrenches my heart. His spirit is so eager. We came back to find Asit still here, postponing his future trips because he has never heard Krishnaji speak in Saanen. Krishnaji wants to give Fosca a rest tomorrow, so we will lunch with Asit at the Palace Hotel.'

The nineteenth of July. 'Krishnaji gave talk number five. Krishnaji, Dagmar, Rita Zampese, and I lunched with Asit and Minakshi, Asit's wife, at the Palace Hotel. Asit had ordered the meal, which was very splendid. Alone in the large dining room, served by two waiters and a mâitre d'hôtel: huge cheese soufflés and other goodies. We took naps later. Krishnaji and I walked to the river, joined by Scott. Dorothy telephoned. Her checkup and cardiogram went well and she sounded cheerful.'

The twentieth. 'Krishnaji slept well. In the morning, Asit came and there was a taped discussion with Krishnaji. Scott, Dr. Parchure, and I participating slightly. Asit left Gstaad. Scott lunched with us. Mr. Sendra saw Krishnaji at 5 p.m., David Shainberg came by and walked with Krishnaji. I picked up Mary Cadogan and we went to supper with Harsh and the audio crew at their chalet. Shainberg had said previously to Dagmar

and Rita that Krishnaji should stop talking as there is nothing new; he was repeating himself. They were indignant and told me.' Shainberg was a really…I won't use the word… Eventually, when I heard of some slanderous lies about Krishnaji that he was circulating, I told him what I thought of him.

S: Yes. Just for the record, many of these things you mention, like when you just mentioned this, and when you mentioned Pupul a little while ago, I wish we could record your facial expressions, because you don't say anything. So people in the future will hear this, and all they will know is that you say, "Shainberg was a really…I won't use the word…" and they might think, "So, what was the word, 'prince'? Was it 'genius'? Was it 'friend'?" It's only from seeing your facial expression. [*Laughs.*]

M: They'll have to make their own conclusions.

S: Alright, alright, but you are too nice of a person.

M: 'I told Krishnaji that Shainberg said he should stop talking and Krishnaji brought it up with him on the walk. Shainberg replied that he had said that just to see what they would say.' Oh, weasel! [*S laughs*.] 'A not-quite-believable excuse, as he had said this before, and earned the Lilliefelts' distrust.' I'm glad Krishnaji brought it out, I'd forgotten that. [*Chuckles*.]

The twenty-first of July. 'Krishnaji gave his sixth Saanen talk in the very hot tent. At 3 p.m., Mary C., Gisèle Balleys, and I held a Saanen Gathering committee meeting. At 4 p.m., Dagmar Lichti came and had a conference with Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure on his program of activity, diet, exercise, medicines, etcetera. She will send Krishnaji a summary. Then she said goodbye and left for Zürich.' What a nice person. 'Krishnaji and I telephoned Erna not to cancel the New York and San Francisco talks for next year. She had written asking about them as announcements have to go in the next *Bulletin*.'

July twenty-second. 'We are starting a new program: We walk early and briskly at 6:45 a.m., Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I stride to the river and back. Then we do our exercises, have breakfast, etcetera. The early morning is clean, new, full of forest smells and mown hay. At 11 a.m., there was the annual International Committees meeting of all the foreign Krishnamurti committees, with Krishnaji attending. He spoke rather indiscreetly about the points of contention between KF India and the English Foundation and the American Foundation, saying no difficulties ever arose between England and the U.S., but India is difficult.' [*S laughs*.] 'It all went on the tape, and it was felt later that the tape should be edited to avoid Indian hurt feelings or indignation.' [*S chuckles.*] I don't know whether that happened.

S: I don't know, either.

M: Krishnaji also started a discussion on brain cells at 12:50 p.m., when he knew everyone was going to lunch at the Saanerhof, which we did, not Krishnaji, rather late,

and there was further talk about various things. I left at 4 p.m. and took Krishnaji to buy track shoes. It was too hot for the scheduled second late afternoon walk.'

July twenty-third. 'Early walk to the river, then I did errands. I sorted the handed-in questions for the question-and-answer meeting tomorrow, then fetched to lunch Magdalina Jasciuska, our Polish friend, who is here with her professor husband, George. She was able to come from Poland to escort him home after his double bypass operation in Germany.' So they couldn't otherwise have left Poland at that point in 1983. 'Their eldest son Henry was imprisoned in Poland for circulating Solidarity leaflets. They expect him to be released under the amnesty announced yesterday. We had not met her husband before. A nice, very fluent man. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji saw a blind Sri Lankan man who came here for the talks. Shainberg came by to say goodbye. Krishnaji, he, Scott, and I discussed some of the questions for tomorrow. Then the three of them went for a walk.'

The twenty-fourth of July. 'There was another early walk with Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure. Krishnaji held the first question-and-answer meeting at 10:30 a.m. in the tent. He spent one hour on the first question, and answered only two. At 4:30 p.m., I took things to Jane Hammond for her to bring them back to England as she leaves by car and had room to carry things. Then I fetched Magdalina to Tannegg for Krishnaji's touch, as she has trouble with her foot. Harsh came up to talk to me about Brockwood. He was nervous about how Dorothy will take the position of the four. Probably Dorothy worries about it, too.'

July twenty-fifth. 'Early walk with Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me. Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer meeting, and he answered three questions. Magdalina and her husband came to lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji saw a swami Yogamudrananda Saraswati, who turned out to be a youngish, rather brash woman who rather called Krishnaji to account for not following traditional guru lines.' [*S chuckles*.] 'She knew nothing about his teachings, and wasted his time. He then saw the Siddoo sisters and meanwhile I brought Nadia Kossiakof up to tea with me, and she saw Krishnaji too when he finished with the others. Mar de Manziarly can no longer live alone in Paris and is going to California to live with her sister, Yo. It was a very hot day.'

The twenty-sixth of July. 'Early walk. Krishnaji held the third question-and-answer meeting, thereby ending this summer's series. He covered six questions. It was a very hot day. We lunched quietly. He saw Magdalina at 5 p.m. for touch. It was too hot for the late walk.'

The twenty-seventh. 'We both slept late, and didn't walk. "Whole body is tired," he said. I took Dr. Parchure to see the ailing Donald Dennis and did errands. We lunched quietly. Krishnaji slept most of the morning and afternoon. It was very, very hot. Nicole Philippeau and her children came to tea with me, bringing a little bird carving. She was a French woman who had two children, a little boy and a little girl, and she eventually married, though it was much after this time…

S: Alain Maroger, Jean-Michel's brother.

M: Alain Maroger, yes. Her name at this time, however, was Philippeau. 'It was too hot for the afternoon walk. I telephoned to Dorothy and Filomena.'

July twenty-eighth. 'Harsh came to lunch. In the afternoon, Krishnaji gave an interview to a Swiss German radio network, and a Jeanne Chevalier took photographs. I went to tea with Rita Zampese at the chalet where she stays.'

July twenty-ninth. 'Dr. Parchure, having treated everyone else, is finally down with the virus, but got up to come with Krishnaji for a fasting blood sugar test by Dr. Rolf Steiger's at 8:15 a.m. which read 110, and again after lunch, when it suddenly, surprisingly, was 86. Based on this, he reduced Krishnaji's dose of Rastinon to half a tablet.'

The thirtieth. 'Krishnaji and I went for the 6:45 a.m. walk. It was a radiant morning. It is a sense of blessing to walk with him on our familiar path. We walked quite fast, his asking me to set the pace, and it is outwardly a march, but then it is the marvelous continuing joy of summer mornings with him. Dr. Parchure has fever and the standard cough, so he remained in bed. I marketed and then met Scott in Saanen to bring him up to stay for a few days in Tannegg in the little room. Kathy left for England yesterday. Krishnaji, Scott, and I lunched. Gisèle Balleys came for coffee and talked about a possible Swiss school. A Mr. Grohe wants to back it. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji saw Bobby de Pomereaux who has become disabled.' I don't remember much about him. 'It was too hot to walk in the afternoon. Europe is baking in a heat wave everywhere. It is stifling.'

July thirty-first. 'Krishnaji, Scott, and I went for the early walk at 6:45 a.m. It is cool then, but the heat in the afternoon is stifling, and dominates everything. We had a quiet day. Dr. Parchure is better. He got up.'

August first. 'We had walked in the morning again, and also did so in the late afternoon in the beginning of a light, welcome rain. The weather is breaking at last. In spite of it being a national holiday, the shops were open, and Scott helped me market. Dr. Parchure is better. In the morning, Krishnaji saw Mr. Grohe, the man who is interested in starting a Swiss school. Nice man,' [*chuckles*] 'says Krishnaji, who invited him to visit Brockwood. Krishnaji, Parchure, Scott, and I lunched.'

S: There were very funny little things here that should be recorded. Of course, I wanted money for Brockwood, and I was always looking for money for the video, and for all different things. And Gisèle wanted to start another school, but Krishnaji wasn't keen on starting other schools.

M: No, he wasn't. No.

S: Not at all. And I can remember there was a little bathroom that looked out onto the driveway, wasn't there?

M: At Tannegg? Yes, that was Krishnaji's bathroom.

S: That's right, that was Krishnaji's bathroom. So, I can remember Krishnaji looking out of that window at Grohe as Grohe had just come up to have this first meeting with Krishnaji. And there was very much the sense that yes, Krishnaji was going to talk to this potential donor, but that he wasn't going to encourage the donor to give money to a Swiss school.

M: Krishnaji siphoned the whole thing to Brockwood.

S: I know, [*laughing*] and it was very funny, because I remember that Krishnaji was pleased with this first meeting they had. And, of course, there was no mention of not giving the money to the Swiss school, so there was just a very nice meeting, and I think there was looking at plans for a building that Gisèle and he had found, etcetera. But you could just tell that Krishnaji had already planted the seeds for this Swiss school project not going ahead. And Krishnaji never said anything about it, but you could tell afterward that Krishnaji was pleased. [*Both laugh*.]

M: And Krishnaji invited him to visit Brockwood.

S: Yes. But I can remember, for some reason I was standing in Krishnaji's bathroom with him, because I could see he was looking out the window at Grohe and sizing him up. [*Laughs.*]

M: That bathroom was…one of the mad ladies who was after him tried to grab him through that window. [*Both laugh*.]

August second. 'Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked at 6:45 a.m. in rain!' I put an exclamation point after that. 'The weather has broken at last. We are deliciously cool.'

August third. 'I woke up to snow on all the high mountains and the Wasserngrat, too. It was too wet for an early morning walk. Krishnaji dictated letters to Sunanda and Pama. He is uneasy about them, and has lost confidence in them. I did errands in the village with Scott. I made risotto milanese for lunch. Krishnaji treated Robert de Pomereaux. Then he, Scott, and I drove to Lauenensee. It was wonderfully cool—cold, really. We walked the short distance to the lake, but it was too cold for Krishnaji. His body does not generate warmth enough. We came back into rain, but I felt I had touched the mountains. Pupul telephoned from Madras. They are to have a KFI meeting Saturday about the Shankar and Krishnakutti mess at Bangalore. Krishnaji gave them authority to fire both of them and later had me call Pupul back to say that Krishnakutti should be asked to resign from the Krishnamurti Foundation. Krishnaji is disturbed that the Foundation has let this situation grow. They should have stopped it in the very beginning.'

August fourth. 'It is clear and cold. Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked at 6:45 a.m. Krishnaji refused my gloves as his hands were chilled. I did errands afterwards, and got him long

wool underpants and wool gloves. Krishnaji is against Scott's plan to go mountain climbing tomorrow. He should not for pleasure do dangerous things.'

S: I know.

M: You didn't go, I assume.

S: [*laughs*] Well, Krishnaji kept me there. [*Both laugh*.] I wasn't supposed to come to stay at Tannegg at all. As soon as the talks were over, Kathy was supposed to go back to Brockwood, and I was supposed to go off climbing. But I was invited by you two to stay at Chalet Tannegg, [*chuckles*] and so, of course, how would anything prevent me from doing that?

M: But you were thinking of coming to Tannegg for just one day.

S: Yes, I was just going to come to Tannegg for a day or two. And then it just dragged on, and it dragged on, and eventually I said to Krishnaji—because he didn't say anything to me about not climbing.

M: Oh? Did he know you were mountain climbing-inclined?

S: Oh, yes, and he knew that was my plan. Yes, and he knew I climbed every summer. So, it was after he kept extending my stay, inviting me to say longer, I said to him, "Krishnaji, you're just keeping me from climbing, aren't you?" And he said, "Yes." [*Both chuckle*.] And that's when he told me that I mustn't do something that's dangerous, and especially not just for fun. "Your life no longer belongs to you," he said.

M: …belongs to you. Yes, yes. We both got those instructions. Mine were less dramatic. I wasn't supposed to fly around unnecessarily. Not that I did much flying around unnecessarily, but even so.

S: Yes, and I can remember that that summer also was the first time he was reluctant for you to fly to…

M: Rome.

S: To Rome. And I can remember exactly, we were on the usual walk, and that was the first time Krishnaji talked to me about how when there is something very good, that that which isn't good tries to attack it; and when it can't get to that which is very good, it gets to those who are close to that which is good. Which put you and me in danger.

M: That's right.

S: Krishnaji had never talked about that with me before. And, at some point, and I can't remember if it was at this time or some other time, but Krishnaji felt it was an especially dangerous period.

M: Yes. The bad can't reach him, so we mustn't give the bad an opportunity to do harm to him through you or me. And, therefore, we mustn't do anything dangerous. And I wasn't supposed to fly, and years earlier, I said, 'But, Krishnaji, I should go to see my mother in Martha's Vineyard. I have to fly to get there.' He said, oh, no, that's alright. But if it was unnecessary flying I had to avoid it. For instance, if I were to fly up for lunch in San Francisco for no reason, which I wasn't doing anyway, but that kind of thing was unnecessary flying. If you have to go…

S: Yes. And, unfortunately, Krishnaji saw mountain climbing as unnecessary. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: That was your bad karma. [*S laughs*.] Yes.

S: You see, I never had much time in between the end of the Saanen talks and having to get back to set up for the Brockwood talks. So it was…[*both chuckle*].

M: Of course. You sound a little wistful.

S: Yes, and if I remember correctly, and it might be in your diaries, but once it was getting late and I didn't have much time left and also bad weather had set in, Krishnaji said that I could go now if I wanted.

M: [*chuckles*] He did?

S: [*laughs*] Yes. It's not like he was kicking me out, but it was, you know, he wasn't pressing me to stay anymore. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Anyway, to continue. Yes. 'Krishnaji is against Scott's plan to go mountain climbing tomorrow. He should not for pleasure do dangerous things. It is irresponsible. Then in afternoon, he said, "And you"'—underlined—'"you are going to Rome." He feels this is outside the line of what I need to do, and this gives an opportunity of something antagonistic to him at strike. "As long as you are with me, I feel you are safe. And you are safe at Ojai, going there, etcetera. But anything unnecessary is taking a chance." He feels that something has always been there, but lately there has been more of things antagonistic. The fire. Rajagopal's attack. Dorothy's illness. He said, "I am very watchful. When we went on that ride to Lauenensee, Scott is a good driver, but I was watchful. When we go in an airplane, I do something to protect. When we walk in the wood, I say, 'May we come in?' I am careful." I listened and felt what the visit means to Filomena, my not going last year, my promise to see her this year, the hurting of a dear sick person who may not live much longer. He is asking me to hurt her, not asking it, but it comes to that. But beyond anything, I must put his protection first. Krishnaji treated Robert de Pomereaux at 4:30 p.m., and then we walked again through the woods. I slept little.'

August fifth. 'I awoke knowing I could not go to Rome. Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked at 6:45 a.m. Krishnaji wore a beret, his new long underpants, and wool gloves, but the latter

were not enough to keep his hands warm. After breakfast, I told him I was not going to Rome next week, but need to know what I can tell Filomena. Am I never to go? What is the degree of danger? By air is a greater danger, next by car, and train is less. He had thought of sending Parchure with me as far as Geneva. He said for the remainder of this year, I shouldn't go to Rome. If something happened to me now, "What would I do?" "I care for you. That is the basis of all this. Nothing must happen to you." Whatever the danger is, it is aimed at him, not me. But if I'm too far from his orbit, it could strike at him through me. Rajagopal is part of the menace, but it does not emanate from him. He is filled with it, but not the source. At present, there is a rise in it. The case. The present trouble in Bangalore and the Indian Foundation, etcetera. So, for this time, extra precaution. I telephoned Filomena, who seemed to understand. I put it that it was a time of difficulty, and she took it with her own dear and rare generosity, saying I must do what is best for Mr. Krishnamurti. I said I would ring her tomorrow after talking to Miranda on her wedding day. I went to undo my air ticket, change Hertz arrangements, etcetera. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Scott, and I lunched at Chlösterli. It was the first time Krishnaji had ever been there. The very fresh vegetables from their garden pleased him, and he said, "Let's come again tomorrow." What began as giving Fosca a day's rest turned into a nice outing. On the way back, we went to a ski shop and got him mittens to wear on a glacier.' [*Chuckles*.] Very warm mittens. 'Krishnaji was tired, so no second walk. Only nice naps. I typed his letter to Pupul about Bangalore, and Krishnakutti and Shankar troubles.'

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Hyperlink for a video of July 12, 1983.

[2] Hyperlink for talk of July 14, 1983.

[3] Hyperlink for a video of Krishnaji and Mary on this, their typical walk, in Gstaad, made by students.

Issue 77: August 6, 1983 to November 17, 1983

This issue starts with Krishnaji and Mary in Gstaad from where they make the traditional move to Brockwood; but they then have to fly to California for a just over a month to deal with the court case, then back to Brockwood and Krishnaji goes on to India. This added travel worries Mary and Dr. Parchure because of its impact on Krishnaji's increasingly frail health. There seems to be some acknowledgement by Krishnaji of his precarious health in his wanting Mary to start living as though he were gone (although he says he'll live another ten years) and his wanting her to have a more prominent voice in the KFA and the KFT, which never came to pass. Krishnaji also wants Dr. Parchure to have a greater role in the Far East, which also never came to pass. Perhaps most striking is the increased appreciation Mary expresses for the time she has with Krishnaji, as though she unconsciously knows it is disappearing—Krishnaji lives for just over two more years. In the editing process of these memoirs, I have Mary's diaries open in front of me as I proof the raw transcript; and it is true that, in the early years of our discussions, Mary sometimes didn't read out some of the more "flowery" (as she puts it) descriptions of her thoughts and feelings. But at this point in her diaries, there are simply more of them—she is taking the time to savor the extraordinary preciousness of being in Krishnaji's presence, and with remarkable poetry and delicacy, she shares those with us.

M: We begin today's discussion with the sixth of August, 1983, and we're still in Gstaad. My diary says, 'The early walk was with Krishnaji, Scott, me. It was cloudy on the mountains so that Scott, who would have been climbing today had Krishnaji not intervened, saw that the weather would not allow it now.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Erna telephoned about a decision on where Rajagopal's deposition will be taken. These matters will be brought before the judge in Ventura on Monday. Cohen'—that's our lawyer—'wanted Rajagopal to come to the Oxnard office for psychological reasons, to get him out of his lair. But it seems more important to me to ensure that Krishnaji has his taken at a place that is convenient for him—not Los Angeles, for instance. So, quid pro quo. Rajagopal can have it at the K&R office providing we choose the lieu for all of ours. Both Erna and Cohen are disturbed by a copy of the Litchi letter, which I sent concerning Krishnaji's health. We again lunched at Chlösterli. The Mulleners have a big Bernese Mountain Dog, which Krishnaji liked very much. A similar one for Brockwood, perhaps?' [*S chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji gave a "treatment" to Robert de Pomereaux, who gave me a donation for Brockwood. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon, and so did I. He looked fragile today, which twists my heart. But he went on the early walk in his new mittens, and called out to me to "Keep up the pace."' [*Both chuckle*]. 'We had raclette at lunch, which Krishnaji had never had, and a fine ratatouille, and fruit tart. So we went for the afternoon walk to walk off the feast. On our return, I telephoned Malibu. Amanda answered. It is Miranda's wedding day. At 2 p.m., the ceremony will take place on the lawn, but it was raining when I called—on August sixth?' I have a big question mark. 'She said that Miranda's sisters had her running on the beach earlier. She and John will go to Hawaii for a week. It is a happy day in Puerco Canyon.' Puerco Canyon is the little canyon between the Dunnes' house and my former house, and that's what we called out joint property. 'I gave Filomena's message for Miranda, and rang Filomena right

afterward with messages from the Dunnes.' That was because I wasn't going to Rome, and I wanted to…

S: Of course. Of course. Alright, if I may, there's two things that need to be filled in here. One is just a story that you and I were telling each other after we turned off the recorder yesterday, about the Bernese Mountain Dog. But before that, the Mulleners, who you just mentioned, were the people who owned the nice fruit and vegetable store in Gstaad, and then they started this restaurant called Chlösterli in Gsteig. They had a big Bernese Mountain Dog, and it came and sat underneath Krishnaji's chair, and the owner was amazed because the dog had never done that before, and Krishnaji reached down and petted him during the meal. I also remember that, as Krishnaji was doing that, he said, "he's letting me touch his eyes." So Krishnaji stroked his head, and then touched his eyes. It was a whole…

M: Yes, it's just as I can see it still: I was seated to Krishnaji's left. Krishnaji was on a sort of bench against the wall, so it was big enough for this huge dog to get underneath. They can be very big, for those who don't know these dogs.

S: Yes, yes [*chuckles*].

M: And I could see his head come out from under the bench, because I was just to Krishnaji's left, but at a right angle, and I could see the head of the dog down there, and Krishnaji put his hand down and petted him.

S: Yes. And indeed we, at Brockwood, did get a big Bernese Mountain Dog of our own…

M: With the name of Badger. [*Laughs.*]

S: Yes. And the other thing that is worth mentioning, if we haven't talked about this before, has to do with Krishnaji calling out to you to keep up the pace on the walk.

M: Yes, I was supposed to set the pace.

S: Yes, and Krishnaji never liked walking in front or rarely liked walking in front. He did that a little bit in India, but in other places, he liked other people to walk in front, and I often, out of courtesy or something, would hang back, but no—he didn't want that. He wanted everybody to walk ahead. I remember thinking that perhaps he could feel people looking at him or something, I don't know what.

M: Yes. I don't know what it was. Well, but there was also, for instance, when we would all eat at Arya Vihara, which was buffet-style, he would always insist on being the last to serve himself, and you know, there could be more than twenty people for lunch sometimes, and everybody wanted him to go first, but no, he wouldn't. He would wait way back in the room until everybody had gone, and then he'd get his plate. That was typical of him.

S: Yes. I don't think we've mentioned that, so I just thought it would be worth bringing up.

M: Yes.

S: But, also, just because he was walking in the back didn't mean he couldn't shout orders to the front…[*Both chuckle*.]

M: No. He was still in charge.

S: …to keep up the pace. [*Laughs*.]

M: And, well, he had also that feeling of "ladies first," you know. It was, whether that was the unconscious thing but…I suppose I always walked ahead. I mean, I didn't pay attention.

S: Yes. But I did pay attention because, by all rights, he should have walked ahead of me.

M: Yes.

S: But he wouldn't allow it, and he wouldn't allow it with anyone else either, like with Shainberg when we went for a walk, you know—it didn't have anything to do with me, it had to do with Krishnaji.

M: Yes. I think it's part of the innate courtesy he had. "No, you go ahead." We all have unconscious things when we both get to a door at the same moment, and you react instinctively, and he was of a generation where, and you are, too, ladies were first.

S: Yes, yes, but Krishnaji should have gone ahead of me. But he wouldn't.

M: Well yes, but that would have offended that courtesy in him. He wouldn't put himself first.

S: Yes, yes. Well, he didn't put himself first in anything.

M: Anything.

S: Unfortunately. And then also on the walk—and I don't know if we've mentioned this before, we might have—but on the going-through-the-woods part of that walk, where there's a steep ravine, and there's water running down through the bottom of it, a little stream, he would often pick up a rock, not a big one—do you remember?

M: And throw it in.

S: Yes, and throw it down, to see if it got…

M: All the way to the water.

S: Yes, and if it rolled all the way down into the stream, he'd say with jubilation, "Ah! Got it!" or something like that. [*Laughs.*]

M: Yes, I do remember that.

S: It was charming because it was so childlike, innocent. It's what a young boy—

M: It's what a young boy would do.

S: Exactly, and he took delight in it every time. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Yes. I can see all those places, and when we went through the woods to the Turbach Road, and then we walked up along the river a ways, and well, depending on the snow melting up in the mountains, sometimes it would be quite turbulent, and the rocks would—there would be a great noise, rocks being…

S: Yes, yes. Knocked against one another.

M: …knocked against each other—because it's full of big boulders, and that was always interesting.

S: Yes, the noise that they could make, and the color of the water.

M: Yes. And the Saanen River, which it flows into, was always gray because of the sediment coming down.

August seventh. 'Again, the three of us went on the early walk. Krishnaji saw de Pomereaux, who is leaving Gstaad. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave Scott an interview. Pupul telephoned from Madras, rather inaudibly, but it seems that the KFI met yesterday and fired Shankar from the principalship of the Bangalore School. Details are to follow in a letter; and Krishnakutti, who had gone to Punjab, is to get a letter asking for his resignation from the Foundation.' I don't remember what they were fighting over, but anyway.

S: They'd been starting Krishnamurti study centers on their own without involvement of the KFI.

M: Something like that. 'We went for the late walk.'

August eighth. 'We again did the early walk, and then I took Scott to the train station. He takes the train to Paris, where he'll stay a little bit and then he'll go on to Brockwood. I did errands. It was a warm beautiful day. I walked with Krishnaji to the river in the late afternoon. Krishnaji has a new plan. He is disturbed by the failure of the KFI to deal with the Shankar and Krishnakutti situation. He feels it should have never have come about,

and that there's no one there to talk to younger people. He is thinking of Dr. Parchure for this, to have him accompany him to India, and come in May and June to Brockwood and possibly Ojai. But the rest of the time he would be at Vasanta Vihar, partly organizing studies of the teachings there, and meeting people, but also traveling all over the Far East, finding people, spreading interest in Krishnaji's teachings. Dr. Parchure is fired up by this and eager. My first thought is for Krishnaji's health. Parchure would still be in charge in India and Brockwood in the spring. I think I could count on Dagmar Lichti here, and Ojai has always been without Parchure. Krishnaji is continuing to discuss it, and will put it to Pupul when she comes to Ojai in September.'

August ninth. 'The early walk was with Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure, who has observed my puffing going uphill. He thinks I need strengthening, and has come up with a plan to both strengthen me and continue Krishnaji's massage, which Parchure now does. He will teach me to do it. He has persuaded Krishnaji, who says, laughing, "We will start at Brockwood, but *no one* must know about it!"' (exclamation point, unquote). [*Chuckles*.]

S: No one must know about what?

M: About my giving Krishnaji massage. [*Both chuckle*.] It never happened, really, as I can recall. 'I went to the bank for a conference with Mr. Hans Liechti—no relation to Dagmar—about the Alzina account, which is doing satisfactorily. When I got back, I telephoned John Hidley in Ojai about Frances's condition. Krishnaji feels she should stay there and not come to Brockwood. Hidley says she will need supervision. Vanda arrived at 4:30 p.m. from Florence. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I walked to the river. I lay in bed at night, conscious of the preciousness of a quiet bed, and room, and house with Krishnaji in it, alive, and full of his plans. Life glows, and I know how rare, how extraordinary this is; this being near him, the simple joy of walking with him, being able to look at that face, and see it light up at some small thing, a bird, or a kitten on the road. It is the *enormous* luxury of small things, the quiet to feel them in a world that seems in a flood with cataclysms. How fragile, how infinitely precious are these times.' So they were.

The tenth. 'The early walk was with Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, me. Krishnaji did some exercises but felt "low." After breakfast he dictated four letters to India and to Dr. Adikaram about the Sri Lanka situation, which is in upheaval with conflict between the Sinhalese and the Tamils.' Adikaram was head of the Krishnamurti things in Sri Lanka. 'Krishnaji's face was drawn, and he leaned against the pillow with closed eyes during part of the dictating, which worried me. I told Parchure. Krishnaji stayed in bed, and there was no afternoon walk. I did errands in the afternoon, and brought Vanda up the hill.' She would walk down, and then I'd bring her back. 'Erna hadn't telephoned about the Monday court hearing on times and places of deposition, so in the afternoon I rang her. She hadn't heard from Cohen, but called me back after speaking to him, and I learned that in return for letting Rajagopal have his deposition at the K&R office on November first, we can have ours in Ojai or at Cohen's office, whichever we choose. Also, we got to see papers he will use in the case prior to his deposition. I told Krishnaji all of this, and he said we must go all the way in this so that Rajagopal cannot start it all again. "What I am doing may not be working," he said.' I think that he was referring to…

S: His angels to Rajagopal?

M: I think so, which we talked about yesterday.

S: Right.

M: '"Can you tell?" I asked. He replied, "Oh yes, I can feel it. I will continue. I do it each day, but he may not give in." And then, "We will see when we get there." He again said that he wants to go to Ojai. "Why?" I asked. Krishnaji replied, "To solve this Rajagopal thing. He has nothing to do, and has done nothing these past years but plot." I went to bed trying to deal sensibly with worries.' [*Laughs gently.*]

The eleventh. 'Krishnaji still feels "low" and stayed in bed all day. I walked in the early morning, which does seem to make me stronger, then worked at my desk all morning. I am almost at the end of the pile of letters. I went with Vanda and Dr. Parchure on errands in the afternoon. Krishnaji felt better in the evening, looked better, and said he might walk in the morning.'

August twelfth. 'Krishnaji didn't feel up to walking, and remained in bed all morning. I walked with Dr. Parchure, and later in the morning did errands. Krishnaji got up for lunch as Vanda's friend, Mr. Carini, had come to Gstaad to see him. They talked before and after lunch, and Krishnaji was his normal self, telling some of his astronaut-Brezhnev-Pope stories.' [*S chuckles.*] 'For instance, the one about "the boss's son" in heaven.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I took a nap to which I seem to be becoming addicted.'

August thirteenth. 'I talked on the early walk with Dr. Parchure about what pulled Krishnaji down this week. Possibilities: One, it could be the shot for hand tremors that Dr. Lichti prescribed. Parchure is not sure what is in them except that it is not a drug. It's something that acts slowly, and after having them for two weeks, the cumulative effect may not agree with Krishnaji. They have been discontinued. Two, stress. The only stress this week has been Krishnaji's concern about the Bangalore school Shankar matter and KFI not handling it. Also, Sunanda's refusal to join in the interschool journal which Mary Cadogan wrote to her about. He feels it is a "separative" reaction, which Krishnaji deplores.' Meaning separation of the Foundations, pulling away from shared work. 'Other forms of stress lie ahead. Whatever tensions come up at Brockwood between Dorothy and the four, the stress of travel, the stress of the court case in Ojai, etcetera. We will have to see. But for today, the mountains looked benign because Krishnaji looks well, and I have finished all'—underlined—'the wretched letters, and have begun editing some *Letters to the Schools*, which I will type on the IBM typewriter back at Brockwood. I telephoned Filomena in Rome. Erna rang. Her deposition is postponed to September thirteenth.'

There is nothing of significance on the fourteenth, but on August fifteenth, 'Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I left Vanda, Fosca, and Tannegg at 9:45 a.m., drove to Bulle where we got on a new-to-us autoroute to join the lake one near Vevey. We stopped at 11:30 a.m. at Mr. Grohe's in Buchillon for a slight visit and continued to Cointrin.' That was the

Geneva airport. 'Krishnaji agreed to a wheelchair, which worked splendidly.' [*Chuckles.*] I had to trick him into that.' [*Both chuckle*.] I will digress for a moment to explain this satisfactory effort. I always had, even when there were three of us like now with Parchure, Krishnaji and me, all passports, tickets, etcetera, and on this occasion, I went up to the young woman behind the counter to check us in. I had previously suggested using a wheelchair to Krishnaji, who said, 'No, no, no, no, everybody will think I'm sick.' So, I said no more, but when I got up to the check-in counter this time, I asked in French to the lady behind the counter if they had a "chaise roulante pour monsieur?" and "Oh, oui madame," she said. Krishnaji heard this, but before he could say anything, she was sending for it. [*S laughs*.] And then, it will probably be in here, but what happened was extraordinary: A sort of middle-aged man pushing a wheelchair arrived shortly, and when he looked at Krishnaji, he almost fainted, because it seemed he had been going every week to watch videos of Krishnaji's talks, I think at Grohe's place. So, this man was driving from where he lived, presumably in Geneva to Buchillon, where Grohe lived, to watch videos, and here he was to push him. [*Both chuckle*.] I don't know if that's described in this but…

S: It's good to have it. Yes.

M: It was wonderful. 'Krishnaji agreed to a wheelchair'—so, I don't put in here all the drama—'which worked splendidly. [*S laughs.*] 'Swissair landed us in Heathrow at 2:30 p.m.' Part of my wanting a wheelchair was because when we get to Heathrow, there is always a long line for immigration and customs.

S: Yes, I know. It can be terrible.

M: And one has to stand, and then move two feet, stand, move two more feet…

S: Yes, it can take hours. I know.

M: And I was trying to avoid this, and it worked beautifully.

S: Yes. You were quite right. One of the small victories in life. [*Both chuckle*.] There's few enough as it is, yes.

M: 'Rita Zampese was there, and so were Ingrid and Harsh. The wheelchair got Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me past an enormous queue, and we were back at Brockwood soon. The country is in drought. Dorothy and others were there to greet Krishnaji. We are glad to be back. Builders have started today on the house.'

S: It was probably the builders starting that day on repairing the fire damage.

M: Probably. August sixteenth. 'Dr. Parchure and I walked at 6:45 a.m. I asked Dr. Reilly to come and examine Krishnaji as he still has bronchial symptoms. He prescribed Ethromycin and will do blood samples tomorrow. I went to Alresford to fill the

prescription and also got a Magimix to make carrot juice. Krishnaji remained in bed. It was a warm day. It was good to see Dorothy looking well. I telephoned to Mary Links.'

The seventeenth of August. 'I walked alone in the early morning. Krishnaji is feeling better but staying in. Dr. Reilly came at noon and took blood samples, which I then took to the Winchester Hospital lab in the afternoon. It was a hot day again. I got *Brothers Karamazov* and Tergenev's *Hunting Sketches* for Krishnaji.' I did? I can't imagine Krishnaji reading those books.

S: *Brothers Karamazov*, no. I can't either.

M: No, and what they call *Hunting Sketches*, according to writer friends I used to have, is really valued because of its beautiful style, not the stories.

There's nothing the next day but more unpacking. On the nineteenth, 'I went to London with Dr. Parchure to get him a visa for the U.S. at the U.S. embassy, and then to TWA about our tickets. Also, we got Krishnaji a pair of New Balance track shoes. It was hot in London. We got back at 6 p.m. Krishnaji had seen Dr. Reilly, and the blood tests are "normal." The Bohms are here.'

The next day is just 'early walk for me around the lanes. Betsy came down at 1:30 p.m., and spent the afternoon. I talked at length with Dorothy in the morning.'

August twenty-first. 'Another early walk for me, this time across the fields and back on the lane. Krishnaji did the same walk in the afternoon with Scott. I helped put chairs in the marquee.'

August twenty-second. 'Krishnaji and I went by train to London. Joe and Mary met us and dropped us at Huntsman, where they agreed to make two pair of light linen and terylene trousers for Krishnaji to take to Ojai on the seventh. We walked to Hilliard's, where I tried on new trousers.' Hilliard's was another tailor down on Cork Street that I used. 'Then we went to the Linkses, where we both had lunch with both of them. They drove us back to Waterloo. We had to change at Gilford, which entailed a wait. We got back by 6 p.m. Krishnaji has now finished his course of Ethromycin.'

The twenty-third. 'We both went on an early walk across the fields. Krishnaji's voice is hoarse. He rested most of the day. Pupul telephoned, saying that she is not coming to the U.S. in September. She said Krishnaji must not go to Sri Lanka as it is now too dangerous with the conflict there. Krishnaji told her he would like more time to rest before India, so the Delhi talks must be postponed a little, and he will leave for India at the end of October.'

August twenty-fourth. 'We did the early walk. Mary and Joe came to lunch, and Mary stayed the night in the little room in the West Wing. Mary Cadogan was also here during the day. She and Mary Links talked to Krishnaji about the Indian book. Mary C. and Dr. Parchure and I discussed Krishnamurti people in the Asian countries. In the evening,

Krishnaji, Mary Links, Dorothy, and I looked at a video cassette of the Paul Newman film called *Answering Malice*.' I don't remember that.

The twenty-fifth. 'I took an early walk, then talked to Mary most of the morning. Krishnaji slept. Anneke arrived. Joe came for Mary, bringing his sister, and they left. Krishnaji gave an interview to Mr. Vallère-Gille for broadcast on Belgian Radio. Krishnaji watched a videocassette film in the evening.' I write this as though there's only one Belgian radio station [*S laughs*], but I may be being dismissive of the Belgian possibilities, but that's what it says. [*Chuckles.*] It never occurred to me…

S: That they would have two.

M: Or more. [*Both chuckle*.]

August twenty-sixth. 'Didn't walk early, but did exercises. People arrived all day for the Brockwood Gathering. Krishnaji dictated letters. At 4 p.m., he saw the Fundación trustees. Then he, Scott, and I walked. I telephoned Erna about the cancellation of Sri Lanka.' She wanted to put it in the Bulletin.

The next day, 'It was a warm, clear day. Krishnaji has a bit of laryngitis, but gave a fine first Brockwood talk**[1]**to a large crowd. Afterward, we had salad in our kitchen, and then he went down to the tent for a short while. Dorothy was in the tent before and during the talk. Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked in the late afternoon.'

August twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji gave the second Brockwood talk. His voice was throaty at first but improved as he spoke. There was a huge crowd. Again, after the talk, he had salad upstairs, and then went to the food tent for the hot food. The walk at 5:30 p.m. was with Krishnaji and Scott.'

The next day. 'I sorted questions for tomorrow. Krishnaji saw Felix Greene in afternoon.'

August thirtieth. 'Krishnaji held the first question-and-answer meeting. He answered four questions. Krishnaji, Mary C., and I talked to Donald Ingram Smith about Australia at 4:30 p.m. The afternoon walk was with Krishnaji and Scott.'

The thirty-first of August. 'Krishnaji and I went to London. Mary and Joe met us. Krishnaji fitted his two thin trousers at Huntsman. I fetched mine from Hilliard's. Mary lunched with us at Fortnum's. Krishnaji and I bought cheese, a new one, Lymeswold, and went to Hatchards for books. We caught a taxi to Waterloo and reached Petersfield by 5 p.m. Robert de Pomereaux came at 6:30 p.m. for Krishnaji's treatment.'

September first. 'Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer meeting. Too many young people spoke up.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji went to bed and had lunch on a tray, but he got up later to treat de Pomereaux and Alfonso Colón. Then Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked around the lanes. I talked after supper with Nicole Philippeau.'

September second. ‘I took the car for its required annual inspection. In the afternoon, I met Alan Kishbaugh and Stella Resnick at Petersfield. They are here for the weekend. Krishnaji talked after lunch to Elena Greene.’ That’s Felix’s wife. ‘I went on the walk with Krishnaji and Scott. Krishnaji treated de Pomereaux, and there were gale winds in the night.’

The third of September. ‘Krishnaji gave a very fine third talk**[2]**at 11:30 a.m. Mary and Joe came. Joe had salad with us after the talk, and then Krishnaji went to the tent for hot food. Mark Edwards photographed Krishnaji and David Bohm. He treated de Pomereaux. I walked with Krishnaji and Scott. It was windy.’

September fourth. ‘It rained. Krishnaji gave the fourth Brockwood talk—one of the greatest ever.**[3]** We had salad upstairs, and then went back to the tent for the rest of the food. Krishnaji was interviewed by Tim McGrath for the *Irish Times*. Kishbaugh and Stella left, and so did many others as the talks are over.’

The fifth of September. ‘People are leaving. It is a beautiful day. Krishnaji treated de Pomereaux, then walked with Scott and me. In evening, Krishnaji and I watched a videocassette movie.’

September sixth. ‘I worked to finish up the things on my desk. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji met with Dorothy, the committee of four running the school, and me. Then I walked with him and Scott. Though we are taking only hand luggage tomorrow, I was up until midnight finishing things.’

September seven. ‘Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I left Brockwood; Krishnaji and I going in one car with Stephen, and Dr. Parchure with Scott in another. Those at Brockwood were out on the driveway to see Krishnaji off. Dorothy looked on the edge of tears. She is disturbed and unhappy. I think I understand, as though I could see into her head, and I want to write her. I talked to Stephen on the way to Heathrow—how difficult it is for people, so close to working well together and yet tripping over the quirks in their own natures. Scott was in the backup car in case of a puncture. Krishnaji had said it was necessary. Rita Zampese met us at Heathrow, and helped very much with the ticket counter man as the return portion of Dr. Parchure’s ticket had been lost. Rita brought Krishnaji from London his new, thin Huntsman trousers, which they made for him in ten days. A special favor. Krishnaji used a wheelchair, and it whizzed us through the formalities. We flew to Los Angeles on TWA 761 at 11 a.m. What is ahead in California? We go there forcibly because of Rajagopal’s demand that our depositions be taken in his lawsuit against us by October first. I feel waves of wanting to protect Krishnaji, wanting him to smile, to be well, able as he was on Sunday in the tent at Brockwood to soar in his words, opening the heavens.’ Goodness, I was flowery.

S: Good, yes.

M: [*chuckles*] ‘He has just come by where I am sitting in this airplane, moving with a spring; stopping intensely, and asking, “You are alright?” and going forward to his single

seat, the one he always has…' We were lucky in that TWA had, in first class, two single seats opposite each other…

S: Yes, in the very front.

M: And in the bulkhead, so you could close off the rest of the world, and put your feet up on the bulkhead. At least I did. He didn't. [*Both chuckle*.] '…the one he always has was possible on these flights. I could not get the one next to him this time. A little boy has it, and he is reading music instead of comic books. I asked if we could trade, but his large mother in the row behind spoke up protectively, like the cow and the little calf we passed at Brockwood yesterday on the afternoon walk.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: That's not very complimentary! [*Laughter.*]

M: No, but I think you have the flavor of what I was feeling. [*Laughs.*]

S: Yes, that's right, and that's what we want.

M: 'This morning I felt the surprise of my feet on English soil, knowing that this afternoon I would be in California. Krishnaji, who wanted to give me his forward seat, is pleased because the one I have is the next best: a single seat, in the middle, three rows back, an aisle on either side of it. To have space from one's fellows is the luxury.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes. Now, only because there's nothing too trivial for me, when you two had the two front seats—who would sit on the left, and who would sit on the right?

M: Oh, Krishnaji on the left, and I on the right. He always instinctively…

S: Wanted the left, yes. The left-hand side. I know.

M: Yes. Well, when we were together, it was that way. But I think when he was alone on these flights, I think he sat on the right because—and I found this hard to believe, but I will tell you—passing over Greenland, there's a place he recognized from previous trips that is on the right. How anyone could…over the expanse of Greenland…

S: Which is all white.

M: Yes. Which is all snowy. [*S chuckles*.] But he would not only recognize this place, but he could tell it was just ahead—he would say, "We're coming to it." I don't know. You can interpret it as you like. [*S chuckles*.] 'I see his blessed head there, and all is well. We are moving toward who knows what in California, but this is all that fills life for me. He is there. Later we reached Los Angeles at 2 p.m. Again, a wheelchair made it less tiring. Mark Lee and Michael Krohnen were there with a school van, and we drove in the van to Ojai. The garden and house are beautiful. Dennis had opened the house.' Dennis Gottschalk was doing wonderful cleaning in those days. 'Dr. Parchure has never been in

the U.S. before. He is over at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji is pleased to be here. In spite of the reason for this trip, I am, too.'

September eighth. 'It is a marvelous morning. Krishnaji and I walked about the garden looking at every flourishing plant; everything looking beautiful. Alasdair has it freshly and beautifully planted. I talked at length to Amanda, then took Dr. Parchure to the village on errands. We all lunched at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji and I talked over everything with Erna and Theo.'

The ninth. 'I spoke to my brother at the Vineyard, and to one of his daughters in New York. At 10 a.m., Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I went over to the Oak Grove School, and saw the upper school buildings going up. They are quite large. I took the green Mercedes to Dieter, the garage man, and brought back the gray one, which had been serviced.'

September tenth. 'I woke up early, and so did Krishnaji, but he is getting adjusted to the time change and said he had a good meditation. I left at 8 a.m., and drove to Malibu, where I spent the morning with Amanda and Phil. I then went to have my hair cut, bought cheese, etcetera, and came back. It is very hot. I got back by 5:15 p.m., made our supper, and slept early.'

We can skip the next couple of days as there is nothing much. But on September thirteenth, 'I went in the morning with Erna and Theo to our lawyer Cohen's office, where Erna's deposition was taken by Rajagopal's lawyer, Avsham. Annie Vigeveno and Austin Bee were present. Another of our lawyers, Stuart Comis, was with us. We broke for lunch, which we had in a coffee shop. Erna resumed her deposition by Avsham, but he called it off after an hour, reserving the right to have a court hearing later on whether Erna must answer certain questions. I came back and reported everything to Krishnaji.'

September fourteenth: 'There was an early walk with Krishnaji, Erna, and Dr. Parchure to McNell Road and back. Erna and I continued around the block. There was a meeting at 10 a.m. at Zelma Wilson's office about a study center.' She was an architect. 'It was another hot day.'

The fifteenth of September: 'Erna and I had an early walk. At 11 a.m. in the gray car, Krishnaji and I drove to Dieter's, exchanged it for the green one, and drove on via Malibu to Beverly Hills for an appointment with Helen for Krishnaji to have a haircut. The air conditioning in the car made it more comfortable, but it is slightly less hot today anyway. We had a picnic lunch on a shady Beverly Hills street, and drove home.'

September sixteenth: 'The early walk was with Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Erna, and me. She and I went around the block, but Krishnaji and Parchure only to McNell and back. At 10 a.m., there was a tea at the Oak Grove School for the staff. We lunched at Arya Vihara, and slept in the afternoon. It is still hot weather.' I'm surprised that I took all these naps because I'm not good at naps.

S: Well, maybe you were better then.

M: I was better then.

S: [*chuckles*] I think it's a skill you should re-acquire.

M: Yes, I really would rather like to have it. My brother keeps telling me how he had a nap, but I don't seem to be able to do that.

Then there's really nothing until September twentieth. 'At 8 a.m., Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to Mr. Cohen's office in Oxnard. We talked to him from 9 a.m. for an hour, and then Mr. Avsham, Rajagopal's lawyer, began the taking of Krishnaji's deposition. Mima Porter, Annie Vigeveno, and Austin Bee were present. We stopped at noon for lunch, which we had in the office, then resumed the deposition at 1:10 p.m. and continued till 2:30 p.m. when Krishnaji was tired, and it was ended for the day.'

September twenty-first. 'Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to Cohen's office for a 10 o'clock continuation of Krishnaji's deposition by Avsham. Vigeveno and Bee were present. We had a sandwich lunch between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m., and continued afterward until 4 p.m. Dorothy rang in the morning from Brockwood, and Pupul from Delhi.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I were at Cohen's office for a 10 a.m. continuation of Krishnaji's deposition. Porter, Vigeveno, and Bee were present. Krishnaji met nastiness head-on and dealt with it very well. Questions ended suddenly at 11:20 a.m., and we were out of there. We came back and had our sandwich lunches at the Lilliefelts'.'

September twenty-third. 'I went with Erna and Theo to Cohen's office for my deposition. Stuart Comis was with me, though Cohen came in briefly. I testified till noon when Avsham broke it off for his own schedule elsewhere. We came back to lunch at Arya Vihara. My deposition is to continue Monday.' That was a Friday.

September twenty-fourth: 'It is the first day of autumn, and the weather has cooled. I went on the early walk with Erna. Krishnaji spent the day in bed resting, except at 11 a.m., when he and Dr. Parchure discussed Indian matters with Erna, Theo, and me. He had lunch in bed. I ate with the others at Arya Vihara, had a nap, did marketing, and a quiet rest of day.'

The next day is uneventful, but on September twenty-sixth, 'I went with Erna and Theo to Cohen's office. My deposition continued from 9:30 a.m. until about 10:45 a.m., when Avsham had no more questions. Vigeveno and Bee were there. I came back to lunch at Arya Vihara, then did errands in the village in the afternoon. Philippa called from Connecticut.'

The twenty-seventh: 'Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I left at 7 a.m. for Lailee's office, where Krishnaji had a fasting blood sugar test, 117. Then we breakfasted at Lindberg's.' That was the health food place. He liked going there. 'We returned at 11 a.m. for an exam by Lailee, and the postprandial blood sugar test. On the way back, we stopped in Malibu

at Winky's new bookshop'—she'd moved from her previous location in Westwood—'for some thrillers; then drove on to Sycamore Park where we ate our picnic lunch quite late.' Sycamore Park is a little park on the coast highway. 'Krishnaji had driven the green car on the way down very happily. "I didn't think I could anymore, that I would be too old," he said.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'We got back at 5 p.m. Took a bit of a nap, as we were both tired.'

September twenty-eighth: 'I went on the early walk, but spent most of the day being quiet. In the afternoon, Krishnaji and I walked in light rain to the dip and back. Doctors think he must exercise each day.'

The next day there isn't much except that Krishnaji was invited to speak at Los Angeles.

September thirtieth. 'It rained quite heavily. There was a trustees meeting at 10 a.m. All were present, and Dr. Parchure joined later. Everyone lunched at Arya Vihara and continued with Mark, and David Moody in the afternoon. Krishnaji and I walked in the rain to the dip and back.'

The first of October. 'Ojai had three-and-a-half inches of rain, but it cleared today.' That's remarkable for September, it doesn't usually rain. 'Krishnaji dictated letters, and I typed them. I walked down McAndrew Road with Krishnaji at 5 p.m.'

There's nothing much the next day, but on October third, 'I went on the early walk with Erna, and Krishnaji began his jumping exercises in the morning. It was a warm day. After lunch, Krishnaji and I went to foot treatments by Dr. Hara in Santa Paula, stopping on the way to pick up Mar de Manziarly, who is living with her sister Yo. We dropped her off on the way back. Krishnaji walked down McAndrew with Dr. Parchure, and ate very well for supper. He says the exercise is doing him good.' I presume that's Krishnaji who says that.

The next day, 'I went for the early walk with Erna. It was a hot day, and I spent most of it working at my desk. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I, with Alan Hooker, went to look at the former Zalk house, which is now being offered for sale. It is a mess, and not suitable for a study center.' It's above the Oak Grove, up on that ridge.

Then there's nothing until October sixth. 'I went on the early walk with Erna, and made picnic lunches when I got back. At 10 a.m., Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I left for Beverly Hills. They bought books, walked, and ate their picnics in the car while I had my hair cut. Then we went to the UCLA Medical Center, where Dr. Paul Ward examined Krishnaji's larynx. There's nothing wrong, he said, but there is the normal diminishment of the vocal cords by age and usage, common in opera singers.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'We were out of there by 4 p.m., and drove back along the beach.'

Again, nothing much on the seventh, but on October eighth, 'At 5 p.m., Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Theo, Erna, and I met Evelyne and we all went to Burbank.' We must have had at least two cars. 'On a side street, we ate a picnic dinner, then went to the NBC studio

where, at 8 p.m., a fifty-two minute interview of Krishnaji was done by Keith Berwick for broadcast. Krishnaji was splendid. We got back to Ojai by 11 p.m. Patricia Hunt-Perry says Krishnaji is invited to speak at the UN on April seventeenth.'

October ninth. 'I spent most of the day working at my desk and doing house things. Krishnaji slept poorly last night because last night's upset in the house put him off, but he slept most of morning.' What was the upset in the house? And, of course, I've nothing for that date in the big diary. I don't know. We'll have to go on.

The tenth of October: 'I did the early walk with Erna. It is a lovely day. I came back, did laundry, and tidied the house. We had a slightly earlier lunch, then Alan Kishbaugh drove Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and me to the Los Angeles airport. Evelyne came there too to see Krishnaji off. He, Dr. Parchure, and I left at six on TWA 760 for London. Krishnaji and I had the good seats, one and nine in first class, and were able to sleep a bit. Krishnaji was quite exhausted when we got on board, but the flight was less tiring than at other times.'

The eleventh: 'We landed at Heathrow just before noon. Rita Zampese met us, and Krishnaji had a wheelchair, so we went quickly through everything. Hugues van der Straten, Mary Cadogan, and Ingrid were there, and Dorothy was waiting in the Saab. Krishnaji and I drove with her to Brockwood. Mary Cadogan and Hugues came in his car, and Ingrid brought Dr. Parchure. We all arrived in time for lunch. We talked after lunch with Hugues and Mary C., and to Mary L. by phone. I had a short nap, and then walked with Krishnaji and Scott.'

There's nothing much the next day except that Jean-Michel Maroger arrived.

October thirteenth: 'It rained most of the day. Krishnaji talked to the students at 11:45 a.m., and I went to a staff meeting occurring at that time. After lunch, I went in a school car to Alresford to get the Mercedes license renewed. Dr. Parchure talked at length with Dorothy. Krishnaji was tired and didn't feel like a walk. I walked around the lanes with Scott.'

The fourteenth: 'Krishnaji slept nine hours after Dr. Parchure gave him a Compoz tablet. Krishnaji saw de Pomereaux. Mary and Joe came at noon, and stayed till 4 p.m. A Mercedes van was brought and looked at for video.' I see your hand in that. [*S chuckles.*]

October fifteenth: 'There was wind and rain much of the day. Krishnaji spoke to the Brockwood staff at 11:45 a.m. Jane and Ian Hammond came to lunch, and it was decided to wall up the West Wing, instead of putting doors to separate the West Wing hall from the blue room area, which becomes part of the school library. After coffee in Dorothy's office, others left, and I had a long talk with her about her present situation, and later she walked with Krishnaji and me around the lanes. It's the first time she's been on the walk with Krishnaji and me since her heart attack. In the evening, Krishnaji spoke of what he saw he can do with the staff discussions when they still hold to opinions.'

The sixteenth. ‘Krishnaji didn’t sleep well. At 11:45 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to the school and guests. There is a good group of new students. The Bohms were there, and David spoke with Krishnaji after lunch. Mr. Grohe and his son from Switzerland sat with Krishnaji at lunch and discussed with him and Gisèle Balleys their interest in a Swiss school. At 4:30 p.m. Krishnaji met the five: Dorothy, Ingrid, Scott, Harsh, and Stephen, and me. He clarified Dorothy’s activities, etcetera. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked.’

Monday, the seventeenth: ‘It is a clear day. Krishnaji slept well on half a tablet of Compoz. He rested all morning. Mr. Grohe left after donating 50,000 Swiss francs to Brockwood. Tungki gave 8,000 pounds sterling.’ Do you remember Tungki?

S: I remember him well.

M: Yes. ‘I took the car out to encourage the battery. At 3 p.m., as world teacher not only personal, do nothing unnecessary. If anything happened to you, it would be a blow physically and psychically.’ What in the world am I talking about? ‘Walked in the afternoon with Krishnaji and Dorothy.’

S: That sounds like a quote from Krishnaji.

M: It does, but it isn’t in quotes. It sounds like he’s admonishing me not to do dangerous things, but it isn’t explained. But we’ll soon get back to the big diary. I’m sorry this is so incomplete.

S: We’re grateful we have what we have.

M: October eighteenth. ‘Krishnaji slept moderately well, but was tired. He spoke to the staff at 11:45 a.m. I talked to somebody about future insurance at 10 a.m. At 11 a.m., Ms. Adrian Spanier’—she was the decorator woman who got me things—‘came with samples for curtains, etcetera. Krishnaji liked, for his bedroom, the red and white version of fabric I have in my bedroom in Ojai. Ms. Spanier stayed for lunch.’ They’re still there, the red and white curtains. ‘Krishnaji was tired and went only for a short walk. Dorothy and I went further.’

Wednesday the nineteenth. Now we have the big diary. ‘Krishnaji took half a Compoz pill at 11:30 p.m. last night, and slept until 6:30 a.m. but looked very tired. He has looked this way the last three days, increasingly. I met Mary Cadogan at the 10:30 a.m. Petersfield train. We talked at some length about the situation here at Brockwood, and she talked with Dr. Parchure before lunch. After lunch, Krishnaji spoke with her and me in the little blue room about events in California, what has happened here, and some of his plans and problems in India. He reached out in his imagination to what he wants at Brockwood: the place is in a rut. Now it must grow, change, move, be alive. It is the only center in Europe, and must draw people. His ideas were vivid, but his manner of speech was slow and almost difficult, as though it were an effort.’

‘He slept for an hour, and then came to tell me that we must go for a walk. I called Dorothy, and we started off down the drive along the lane to West Meon, but Krishnaji then said he had pulled a muscle when he walked fast Saturday, and it was hurting him, so he turned back. It must’ve been hurting him yesterday when he also turned back, but he didn’t tell me or Dr. Parchure about the pain. His face these past days has looked gaunt. His posture is round-shouldered, older, and unlike his usual, almost boy’s vitality. It turns a knife in me.’

‘I talked to Parchure in the evening. He gave Krishnaji a vitamin B12 shot last night, but it and sleep have not given him strength. I said Krishnaji must rest, not speak for the remaining week here before India. Parchure has given up on trying to persuade him to rest, but I said we should try again together. Krishnaji was watching TV with Scott. I waited until it was over, and said my piece. Dr. Parchure joined, and said he didn’t know what else to suggest medically. Did Krishnaji know what was making him so tired? Krishnaji thought and said it was Rajagopal’s attack, which he was feeling now. “It wasn’t the trip. I slept on the plane. I liked being in Ojai, I felt well there.” Reluctantly, he was persuaded by Dr. Parchure, and me, and Scott that though he will talk to the students tomorrow, he will rest after that, and not’—underlined not—‘talk to the school Sunday or have the two discussions he was planning next week to the staff and students. Also, he very reluctantly agreed not to go to London on Monday as we had planned to lunch with Mary and Joe, and to have his hair cut. When the other two left, Krishnaji said he felt better already because he had talked about it. I put a hot pad on his leg. “I’ll be all right tomorrow, you’ll see, ” he said.’ [*S chuckles.*]

October twentieth. ‘Krishnaji slept well without pills. “Like a log,” he said, until 7:15 a.m. He looks much better. He said wistfully, “Couldn’t I go to London Monday?” He wants to see the fitting of Maxwell shoes he had urged me to order in June, but he took it with equanimity when I pointed out the waste of his precious energy, and so, Mary L. will come down here on Monday. He spoke for one and three-quarter hours to the students, but will omit further talks until he leaves for India. He came out of this talk with the students looking fresh, and we lunched. He rested all afternoon. No walk. I went to the staff meeting. After supper, we watched a TV program about tigers, gorillas, and other wild animals kept by a man named Aspinall here in Britain. Before going to sleep, Krishnaji said to me, “They are immature here. This place must become something marvelous. You must be careful. Look after yourself. Do you understand? I might die, and you must see that this place is marvelous. You must live as if I were already dead. Do you understand what I’m telling you? When I leave Ojai, it is out of my mind. The house, the roses, Rajagopal, and all that, and when I leave here, it will be out of my mind, and when I leave India, that too.” I asked him, “Are you telling me something more?” Krishnaji replied, “No, I’m not going to die. I will live a long time more, I hope. But you must understand how to live.”’

October twenty-first. ‘Krishnaji slept well. I took the 9:46 a.m. to London. Joe kindly met me in Waterloo and drove me to Peter Jones, where I shopped for Viyella for Krishnaji to have made into shirts in India. He says he needs to wear warmer things. I walked to the General Trading Company for tableware he wants for Vasanta Vihar, and then I went on

to Harrods, where I got him warm gloves, etcetera. Also, he wants some things from Floris for Vatsala'—that's Parchure's wife. 'There was no suitable Viyella at Peter Jones, so I went to Liberty's and wound up with seven pieces for shirts. I was tired by 3:30 p.m., so went to Waterloo and back. Krishnaji had rested in bed all day and looked well. Dr. Parchure has taken his blood sugar levels. Fasting 105. Postprandial 130. Blood pressure was 108 over 80.'

The twenty-second. 'Krishnaji remained in bed all day. He dictated a piece on the future of Brockwood, what it must become. More than a school, a place where people seriously interested in the teachings can come to study. A place for the awakening of intelligence without a leader for, "The teachings themselves are the expression of truth which serious people must find for themselves." Hugues van der Straten and his daughter, Fabienne, arrived, and Krishnaji spoke to her in the morning, and again in the afternoon. I talked to him at some length about Brockwood, and joined him, Dorothy, Christina, and two students in the vegetable garden in the afternoon, where we sorted potatoes in the sharp autumn air and sunlight. In the evening, Krishnaji had me read the dictation to him, Scott, and Dr. Parchure; and he put in additions that put responsibility on me for bringing things about at Brockwood, as if he was out of it, but repeated that he would live another ten years. Krishnaji's voice was hoarse in the evening. The two days in bed have given him rest but no surge of energy.'

October twenty-third. 'Krishnaji saw Fabienne in the morning and then talked to Hugues. I read Krishnaji's dictation on Brockwood to Hugues, and discussed the future at length with him. I did the same to Mary Cadogan by telephone. Krishnaji got up for lunch and talked a lot with Dorothy at the table. The Bohms were there. Hugues and Fabienne left. I barely had time to lie down before Krishnaji came in to say we should go for a walk. Summertime ended this morning. The clocks are turned back, and it was darkening as we walked around the lanes. Krishnaji's pulled muscle is healed, and he walked well, firmly, and without apparent fatigue. The air was bracing. I told him of the conversations with Hugues and Mary Cadogan. We need to build up money reserves for the future of Brockwood. He spoke of doing more tapes as they bring income, and we will try to build a reserve financially. "We mustn't buy any more houses," he said. But, when we passed the Dell cottages, he said we must get the two we don't own when they become available. He said India has enough property and funds, and when we someday sell Saanen, the proceeds shouldn't be divided three ways with India. His will divides anything he owns between KFA, KFT, and KFI. But, he said he might change that. As to anything in the teaching trust, I must give half of it'—well, the teaching trust was the Alzina thing…It became teaching trust.

S: Right. Yes.

M: '…as to anything in the teaching trust, I must give half to KFT and half to KFA. He earlier spoke of my responsibility to Brockwood. I must act as if he were gone. But he repeated he would live another ten years. He was again beautiful and strong on the walk. My heart beats in response to his. He said to me, "there is no separation between us. I care deeply for you. I'm closer to you than I've ever been to anyone, do you understand?

You must never feel isolated; that would be terrible. You must be strong here; you must help them here—not the details. You sometimes start with details. It is the whole. You must see to it here and at Ojai, if I die now or in ten years, you must take charge, with others. Something else is looking after me. My health is all right. When you write, be careful. No one knows who opens letters.' This is all going-to-India advice. 'I talked at length after supper with Dorothy about Brockwood's future, the study center, etcetera.'

The twenty-fourth. 'I went to Alresford for chocolates for Krishnaji to take to India. Christopher Titmus came to lunch. He wants to talk to Krishnaji in the spring. Krishnaji spoke to Gisèle Balleys, and a student named Per Dalgren.' Does that mean anything to you?

S: Yes, he was a nice student. I remember him.

M: Yes. 'Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked around the lanes. Krishnaji dictated a subject for exploration in the possible brain seminar in June which Juan Hancke is suggesting.' Who was Juan?

S: He was a biology teacher at Brockwood. He was from Chile, I think, and had a PhD on something about the brain.

October twenty-fifth. 'Mary and Joe came at noon. Mary lunched with us, and Joe, who has had a cold, went to the pub, and came back for her. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked around the lanes. I helped Krishnaji pack.'

The twenty-sixth. 'I met Mary C. at Petersfield. She talked with Krishnaji and me about India. I spoke to Vanda in Florence. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked in the lanes, and saw a scarlet maple. Krishnaji went early to bed. The Mercedes was washed and resined.'

October twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji came and woke me up 4:30 a.m. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I left at 7:30 in the Mercedes, and Dr. Parchure went in another car with Scott and Kathy. It was very foggy, but we reached Heathrow before 9 a.m. Rita Zampese met us there, and was able to accompany Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure right onto the British Air airplane. Krishnaji and Dr. Parchure flew at 10:15 a.m. to Delhi. Dorothy and I drove back to Brockwood. Krishnaji is due in Delhi tonight, British time, but 4:20 a.m. in India. He stays with Pupul in Delhi.'

Then there isn't much about Krishnaji because he isn't with me. Oh, I see that on October twenty-ninth, you and Kathy moved into the West Wing while renovations were being done on your cottage.

S: I remember that.

M: On October thirty-first, 'Krishnaji telephoned me from Delhi, but I was in London. He called back on the next day, November first. He says he is well, and asked me to send

the file of letters about India of the last months. I spoke briefly to Pupul, and posted the file in the afternoon.'

Editor's Note: ***The rest of the entries, while interesting for the history of the rebuilding of Brockwood after the fire, and for the history of Mary's life, have little to do with Krishnaji, and so have been edited out. Mary does track Krishnaji's movements in India, announce when various talks occurred, and relate Dr. Parchure's letters to her about Krishnaji's health; these have value for the archives, but probably hold little interest to the readers of these memoirs.***

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For the video of the first Brockwood talk of 1983.

[2] For the video of the third Brockwood talk of 1983.

[3] For a video of the fourth Brockwood talk of 1983.

Issue 78: November 18, 1983 to April 19, 1984

This issue is titled as beginning on November eighteenth, 1983, but the first entry we get from Mary's diaries is February fifteenth, 1984; and the discrepancy is, as before, because Mary was not with Krishnaji in India during this period, so this period has been edited out. Of course, Mary was very busy during this time with a great many things for Krishnaji and for the Foundations, and a couple of these are worth noting as they affect what appears later in this issue and in following issues. On January sixteenth, Mary went to a meeting of teachers and the school board about an issue that had many of them and many parents in an uproar. When Mary reads this out to me from her diaries, she and I discuss it as I remembered what I had heard about this issue at the time even though I was at Brockwood. The issue was that the administration of the Oak Grove School decided its authority would be bolstered if the school staff were called not by their first names—which had always been the case, and which was the case at Brockwood—but Mr. or Mrs. or Ms., and then their surname. This created such a furor and ongoing conflict that it only served to further erode the authority of the administration. A meeting after this one on the sixteenth that included parents went on past midnight. Of course, the origins of this contention were, as we have seen, long-standing, and the consequences of it would continue until well past the end of Krishnaji's life.

Something else that has been edited out of this issue—but that needs mentioning—is all the work Mary was involved with to finish the restoration of the West Wing at Brockwood from the fire damage. In fact, when we rejoin Mary's diaries in this issue, it is February and she is, most unusually, at Brockwood. Krishnaji's typical schedule had him go from the Indian part of his annual program to Ojai; but to get to California, he would usually stop by Brockwood for about a week on the way. Only twice, of which I am aware, did he fly from India to California across the Pacific. So Mary went to Brockwood, before his intended arrival to move all of Krishnaji's things back into his restored room, and do whatever else was necessary to bring the restored West Wing to her standards.

Mary: February fifteenth: 'Krishnaji arrived from Bombay at Heathrow at 9:10 a.m. Rita Zampese, who had met him in Bombay, accompanied him. Dorothy and I met him as well as Ingrid and Mary C. He looks wonderfully well. When we got back to Brockwood, Krishnaji looked at all the fire reconstruction in the West Wing, then lunched with the school. After a talk to Dorothy, Mary C., Scott, and me about India, he took a nap. Mary C. and Dorothy met with Mr. Grohe, who is here for several days. Whisper died early this morning.' She just died of old age. 'Krishnaji slept well and so did I.'

The sixteenth: 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji talked to Dorothy, Ingrid, Mary Cadogan, Scott, and me about a possible study center, which he would like to call something different. Then at 11 a.m. Mr. Grohe joined in. Jane and Ian came to lunch. Ian had figures on the cost of building a study center and, after lunch, we went down to look at where it might be built. Krishnaji favors the old apple orchard. He had a nap and then walked around the

lanes with Mr. Grohe, Dorothy, and me. In the evening he watched *The Living Planet*, the Attenborough video.'

February seventeenth. 'Krishnaji talked to Dorothy and then Anneke in the morning, while I settled the insurance matters. The BBC's Terry Anderson spoke with Krishnaji at lunch about doing a program on Brockwood, including an interview with Krishnaji for both the BBC television and radio. It's too short for Krishnaji. The walk with Krishnaji included Mr. Grohe, Dorothy, and me. Krishnaji put his hands (also yesterday) on Peter Jenkins's little boy, Richard, age 7, who has cancer. It's the brother of the little girl with leukemia that Krishnaji cured.'

Scott: Oh god.

M: Poor Peter Jenkins. He'd been through leukemia with his little girl and now cancer with his little boy. 'In the evening we watched another *Living Planet* video.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school at 11 a.m. Mary and Joe came to lunch. The estimate for the cost of the proposed study center came from Ian, and it was prohibitively high. Krishnaji felt it was too expensive. We need to build up endowment funds, not spend on buildings. Krishnaji walked with Mr. Grohe, Dorothy, and me. I talked to Nicole Philippeau, who is here for a weekend.'

S: This is when I decided to take on the…

M: The building of the Study Center.

S: Right, because Krishnaji had wanted one for so long, and I thought it had to be possible. But this was just an individual project I took on. I wasn't asked, at that time, to do it.

M: This was before Grohe gave money for the project.

S: Oh, yes. He hadn't given a thing for this project at that time. I did some investigation of the cheapest kind of construction possible, which turned out to be an A-frame construction, but we'll come to what happened with that…

M: Yes, we'll come to that.

S: But it was from here, really, that I started putting time and energy into creating a study center—Krishnaji going to look at the site he preferred, Ian Hammond coming up with a figure which was too expensive, and all the discussions.

M: Yes.

Well, there isn't much on the eighteenth or nineteenth of February, but on the twentieth, 'I was up at 5:30 a.m. At 9 a.m., Krishnaji and I left with Dorothy for Heathrow. The

Bohms, who were on the same flight, met us there, as did Rita Zampese. Our TWA flight was canceled due to some mechanical problem, so I booked us on the British Air flight for tomorrow, then we went back to Brockwood, and rested all afternoon.'

February twenty-first: 'Again, Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to Heathrow, where we took the 10 a.m. British Air flight to Los Angeles. Mark and David met us. The wheelchair got us quickly through the formalities. The Bohms, who were on the same flight, went with Mark, while Krishnaji and I went with David, and we arrived at Ojai at 4 p.m. We are both tired. I have a cold. I spoke to Amanda. They have a new Airedale named Heathcliff.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The twenty-second: 'We both slept a lot. Erna and Theo came in the morning. Krishnaji had lunch in bed, slept all afternoon, and had to be awakened for supper. Then he slept till 2 a.m., but he was awake from then on.' [*Chuckles*.]

February twenty-third: 'Krishnaji got up to lunch at Arya Vihara. Merali arrived, and I talked to him after lunch about selling his property in San Diego for payment of the promised matching fund, now almost two years late. He is not going to make up the interest KFA has lost because of delay.' I can't remember what all that was about.

S: I do. There was a matching fund, I think for payment for the construction of the high school, which Baboo had promised…

M: Yes, and he didn't…

S: …but his money was tied up in a shopping center in San Diego, and the shopping center didn't sell, didn't sell, didn't sell, didn't sell.

M: Yes, I see. I see. How can you remember all this stuff? I can't.

S: Well, I remember it because [*chuckles*] this was one of many sore points that I had with Erna. Erna had always insisted that I could not seek donations for the video from Americans.

M: But Merali was not American.

S: Exactly; he was a European, which was supposed to be the KFT's domain, and I had the original contact with Baboo Merali in Saanen, and Erna pinched him. [*Both chuckle*.] Here was a generous donor, and I was dying to have funds for the video, and Erna got the funds for Ojai. And she saw no contradiction with all this. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Oh, dear.

S: She and I locked horns many times.

M: Yes, I know. I was aware of it. [*S chuckles*.] 'I went to the school meeting of the board and staff. Krishnaji walked with Theo.'



This is a photo of the first temporary structure put up for Krishnaji's talks in Saanen, Switzerland

The next day, 'Krishnaji saw David Bohm at 10 a.m., after which we lunched at Arya Vihara and talked at table till almost 4 p.m. The table conversation was on perception, and it was taped. Krishnaji slept till supper time.'

February twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji slept well. He saw Dave again at 10 a.m., and we taped another conversation at lunch, this time about honesty.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Krishnaji talked to Merali after lunch. In the late afternoon, Krishnaji and I walked down McAndrew Road.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji again saw Dave at 10 a.m., and there was another taped discussion over lunch at Arya Vihara, this time on "The Ebb and Flow of Life." A letter came from Madame Matti saying that Chalet Tannegg had been sold, so we cannot rent it for the following summer. I telephoned Vanda in Florence with the news. Krishnaji was quite tired in the late afternoon and evening.'

The next several days are really the same. This was the period when David Bohm was having great difficulties, so Krishnaji saw him every morning, and then there was a recorded discussion over lunch. Krishnaji would also occasionally see Saral. There isn't much more about this that can be said.'

The third of March: 'At 10 a.m., I went with Erna and Theo to a meeting at the school of staff, parents, school board, and trustees. There was another uproar.' [*Both chuckle*] 'After lunch at Arya Vihara, the Lilliefelts, Kishbaugh, Krishnaji, and I talked about it all.'

March fourth: 'The Bohms left for Claremont. At 11 a.m., Krishnaji held a discussion at the school with the parents and everyone. After lunch at Arya Vihara, Krishnaji, John Hidley, Tom Krause, Erna, Theo, and I talked. They then called in Mark Lee and David Moody. The school committee is to be abolished. Two parents and two staff advisors will be added to the school board, and Mark and David *must* work as a team, as co-directors. We talked until 5:30 p.m., when Krishnaji and I went for a short walk. Krishnaji is tired but feels something was accomplished.'

Again, there isn't much except that Krishnaji kept seeing Mark and David about the school troubles, and he also saw some teachers who wanted to talk about the school. On March tenth, there was a trustee meeting that lasted all day, obviously about the school troubles.

On the eleventh of March: 'At 11 a.m., the school board and trustees met here with Krishnaji. After lunch, trustees met again to consider the school board appointments. John Hidley was invited. There was a long talk by Krishnaji about right action, at the end of which it was finally agreed on what to do. It was exhausting.'

Again, there is nothing significant until March thirteenth when Dorothy rang. She had received a long letter of complaint sent two weeks ago by the Oak Grove parents and staff, and which was addressed to the Krishnamurti Foundation of America.' I don't know why Dorothy got it, or maybe it was just a copy that was sent to her.

On March fifteenth, 'Krishnaji talked alone with teaching staff,' and the next day, 'Krishnaji talked to Mark Lee.'

March nineteenth. 'Krishnaji and I took a picnic lunch and ate it with Amanda and Phil on their terrace. Then Krishnaji, I, and Alan Kishbaugh took British Air 2:05 flight to Albuquerque. We hired an Avis car and drove to the Los Alamos Inn, where Dr. Raju and Mrs. Phyllis Barnes received Krishnaji and showed us to our rooms. Dr. Raju brought hot food, which Krishnaji ate in bed. Alan and I ate in the restaurant.'

The next day, 'Dr. Raju and Mrs. Phyllis Barnes came for us in a van and drove us to the auditorium of the Los Alamos National Laboratory, where Krishnaji spoke to an overflowing crowd of 700 scientists from 8:10 a.m. to 9 a.m. Then, he answered questions for thirty-five minutes. We returned to the Inn, where Krishnaji had breakfast in his room. Dr. Raju had brought food. At noon, we went with Mr. Raju to lunch in a restaurant with ten scientists. After that, we bought an electric razor as Krishnaji's had malfunctioned. Then Krishnaji slept. At 4:30 p.m., we drove to Bandelier Park, walked up the canyon, and saw the cliff caves. Krishnaji had supper in bed. Alan and I ate in the dining room.'

March twenty-first: 'Dr. Raju brought idlis for Krishnaji's breakfast at 7:30 a.m. At 8:45 a.m., we went to the discussion hall, where about sixty scientists presented fifteen typed questions to Krishnaji. He read them and chose the first, "What is meditation, what is creativity?" and answered it for over an hour with supreme eloquence. He then took the

last one on what he would direct if he were director of the laboratory.' [*Chuckles*.] 'He had almost tears in his voice at the end and I wept. A young man, Kurt Beacheart, who wrote an interesting letter, was there, and I introduced him to Krishnaji. Dr. and Mrs. Raju gave a lunch for Krishnaji at their house. Then we left Los Alamos. Alan showed us an interesting Pueblo reservation. We walked around Santa Fe, and then from Albuquerque we flew back to Los Angeles. The Moodys met us and drove us back to Ojai, arriving at 9:30 p.m.'

Krishnaji rested on the next couple of days, but there continue to be difficult meetings between parents, teachers, the school board, and Mark and David, which resulted in changes to the school board and to the trustees.

On March twenty-seventh, Krishnaji resumed doing his dictations of his portable Sony recorder.

And on March twenty-ninth, 'at 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a discussion with the Oak Grove School teachers.'

The next day, 'Erna and Theo met the plane in Santa Barbara on which Asit arrived from San Francisco to stay here until we go to New York. On the same flight arrived Terry Doyle, who came to meet us all with regard to his being the headmaster of the upper school or high school of the Oak Grove School. We met him at lunch. Asit had supper with Krishnaji and me.' It didn't work out with Terry Doyle.

On the thirty-first, 'At 3:30 p.m., Senator Claiborne Pell and Carole Taylor came to see Krishnaji. The senator's initial question was, "Does individual consciousness survive death?"' I don't seem to have Krishnaji's answer to this. [*Both chuckle*] 'I had tea for them at 5 p.m. and they left later. Asit had supper with us.' I don't know what Krishnaji said to them. I don't think it was very…

S: Un-reassuring, probably. Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: April first: 'Asit showed us the dummy of his book of photos of Krishnaji, *A Thousand Moons*. He showed them later to Erna and Theo. I had a talk with Terry Doyle on his being part of the Oak Grove School. The newly appointed school board came to lunch at Arya Vihara. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji met parents of the Oak Grove School at the Pavilion, which was another waste of his time. We looked at the upper school Max is building and then dined with the Hookers at the Ranch House Restaurant; Evelyne, Asit, Doyle, the Lilliefelts, Krishnaji, and me.'

I am having early walks with Erna on all these days, but I'm not mentioning it. On the second of April: 'After breakfast, Krishnaji, Asit, and I discussed on tape Asit's question, "What is a worthwhile life?"' Is that in the archives list?

S: [*sighs*] It's hard to tell.

M: The next day, 'In the morning, Krishnaji, Asit, and I did another taped discussion.'

Then again, there are just the usual Ojai things until April eighth, when Krishnaji held another discussion with the Oak Grove School teaching staff.

April twelve. 'Yesterday I was up at 4:30 a.m., and at 7 a.m., Krishnaji, Asit (who has been staying with us for a fortnight), and Erna and Theo left Ojai for the Los Angeles airport with David Moody driving us in the school van. The quiet of the house, wrapped in sunlight, flowers, and breathing orange blossoms, was left for ten days. We went by the sea and, not driving, I could watch the waves washing across the sand, breaking on rocks, and saw the dark backs of three whales and their extraordinary plumes of breath. I felt floating in the extraordinary gift of being able to turn and see Krishnaji sitting there, looking immaculate in elegant ease. He was a little far-off, but nodding with his eyes when I turned, knowing what was in my mind.' I always felt he could read my mind. Did he read yours?

S: Yes. Absolutely. Absolutely. [*Chuckles.*]

M: 'Here we go off again to airports and places and talks and he looked younger than when I first went with him almost twenty years ago. We all five went on American Airlines flight number 4 at 10 a.m. This time Krishnaji and I had first-row seats up in the top section of the 747, and we liked it because it was all nonsmoking and we had space in front of the seats. The food wasn't good, but no matter. We arrived at 6 p.m., and went by taxi to the Hotel Dorset, as Bud's car is being fixed. There we have the same suite, number 1507, as last year. Asit is downstairs, and the Lilliefelts are at the Wyndham, a hotel nearby. Asit had supper with us in our sitting room, and then he and I put through a telephone call for Krishnaji to Mrs. Gandhi in New Delhi. This was requested by Pupul who sent word via Asit that Mrs. Gandhi's son, Rajiv, had been threatened by the rebelling Sikhs in the Punjab; he was to be killed this Friday the thirteenth. Pupul's thought is that if her friend knows the son is in Krishnaji's consciousness, it will comfort her anxiety. So Krishnaji agreed, and with a private number we finally got through and Krishnaji spoke briefly. He couldn't hear her very well, but she evidently heard him. He was not too tired from the flight, and we went to bed right after supper.'

'Today we had a quiet morning. Bud came by. Lisa is in bed with a cold. It was lovely to see him. He, Krishnaji, Asit, and I went to Il Nido at 1 p.m., the Italian restaurant that Krishnaji likes, where I gave lunch to the four of us, plus David Shainberg and Cathryn de Segonzac. Festive it was. Krishnaji liked the porcini and small spinach ravioli with two kinds of spaghettini.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Afterward, he had fresh raspberries, and he liked the San Pellegrino sparkling water while the rest of us had white wine.' [*Chuckles.*] 'There was much laughter, with Krishnaji taking off in the high infectious laugh he has in him when something strikes him as very funny. This time it was my remembering the old Whitney Darrow cartoon in the *New Yorker* about the fat, middle-aged woman being carried off into the jungle by a gorilla with her friends looking on, and one saying, "I never could see what he sees in her."' [*Both laugh.*] It was a funny cartoon. I can see it in my memory. [*Chuckles.*] 'Today was sunny and warm in New York, and we walked back

to the hotel. Krishnaji stepped out into the traffic of Third Avenue as though it was a country lane.' [*Chuckles.*] He used to terrorize me by doing that. He did it crossing Piccadilly. Traffic was pouring down, and he wanted to cross to Fortnum's. I had to grab him. It was the first time that happened, and I realized that part of my responsibility—which we've described—was seeing that he wasn't killed in traffic. [*Chuckles.*] Because he would just walk across. He once went from Huntsman—instead of waiting for me at Huntsman—he went to Fortnum's, walking across Piccadilly traffic and all that, and then he realized that I was supposed to meet him back at Huntsman, so he did the same thing in reverse and came back to Huntsman. When I found out what he'd done, my blood froze. [*S laughs.*] Anyway, 'At 4 p.m., he gave an interview to three people from the magazine *Parabola*; a dominant, gray-haired woman with a lemoned expression seemed to be the leader. It was not a perceptive group.' [*Chuckles.*] 'At 5 p.m., he and I went out for a walk and errands; orange skin cream was at last found in Elizabeth Arden, yogurt, lecithin, etcetera, on 57th Street, a le Carré thriller at Doubleday, and some shepherd's lotion at a chemist's. We had supper in the rooms.'

April thirteenth. 'Pupul arrived from Washington and came to see Krishnaji after breakfast. She is in this country for the Festival of India, which will take place in 1985 and which will involve various museums, including the Cooper Hewitt.' That's the one that Lisa was the head of. 'She had talked with Mrs. Gandhi, who thanked her copiously for asking Krishnaji to telephone. Later Krishnaji, Pupul, Asit, and I went to lunch with David Shainberg and Cathryn de Segonzac at Il Nido. It was a late lunch. Asit took pictures of Krishnaji with my Minolta. Another documenting of Krishnaji's life, which Asit is doing. We again ate very well at Il Nido, and Krishnaji tasted a small bit of zabaglione, which he liked, but which his sugarless diet precludes. He wants to do a discussion on Monday with those at lunch on what prevents people who have begun to see what he's talking about, but do not follow through in arduous self-awareness. Jimmy Granger was in the restaurant, recognized me, and stopped to greet me.' Jimmy Granger is Stewart Granger, the actor, who was a good friend of Sam's and mine. I hadn't seen him in a long time. 'Krishnaji was pleased at this because he said it showed I hadn't changed in appearance in the many years since Jimmy had last seen me.' [*Both laugh.*] 'At 4 p.m., all of us, minus Pupul, went to the movie *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan*, which Krishnaji liked. It was well done, and had in it Ralph Richardson's last performance. We came back to the hotel and had supper in our rooms. Because of something Krishnaji had said, I asked him, "What do you mean by a first-class mind?" "One that is free of conditioning, that inquires," he replied.'

Until the fire at Brockwood, Krishnaji had a black and white photo of this statue, the Winged Victory, which he kept next to his bed. The original photo was damaged by the fire, and it was replaced by this post card, which remained next to his bed for the rest of his life.

The fourteenth, April. 'Krishnaji had slept well. Asit came up at 10:30 a.m., and, in a hired car, we went to Felt Forum for Krishnaji's 11 a.m. first New York talk. The hall was about two-thirds full. Krishnaji spoke for an hour and twenty-five minutes, and put very much into it. We lunched quietly and alone at Il Nido. "Very good food," said

Krishnaji. It was raining faintly when we walked back to the hotel. Hugues van der Straten rang that they were leaving and couldn't come by, which was just as well as Krishnaji slept until 5 p.m. when Pupul arrived and soon Asit, too. Her book on Krishnaji is running 600 pages. The first draft is almost done. She asked Krishnaji what she called "an impossible question": What should be done in the Punjab where Sikhs are demanding a separate nation, including the territory in adjoining states? This is a dilemma facing Mrs. Gandhi. Pupul wanted Krishnaji "to put it in his consciousness." He said it was a question that must be answered. Asit showed Pupul the dummy of his book of photos of Krishnaji. She liked it, but wants to help him choose other photos. Watching them, Asit looks almost *exactly* like Pupul.' [*Chuckles*.] 'We had a discussion of what Krishnaji means by "mutation of mind." Science says mutation means a change that is carried by inheritance to the next generation. Does he mean that, or does he mean a change in consciousness that affects the total human species not necessarily via genetic change? Krishnaji has said not the latter when this point was raised at Brockwood last fall. Now he seems to go further, and wants to go into it. Pupul and Asit went off to a movie. Krishnaji and I had supper and went to bed.'



The fifteenth. ‘There was lightning and thunder in the night. Krishnaji, at breakfast, saw a flute player on TV. His face lit up and he said, “I wish I had continued playing the flute. I was good at it. But all of those things were wiped out so I could do this.”’ By which he meant to talk. ‘“And that was right.” I asked him, “Did you decide that or did Mrs. Besant point it out?” Krishnaji replied, “They probably said something, but I think I decided it.” He mentioned the length of Pupul’s book and said, “You should write about all this.” Asit came with us in the car to Felt Forum again. The crowd was bigger. Krishnaji plunged right into an intense, marvelous talk, his voice charged with energy. Sparks seemed to fly. He was at his most powerful and vital. We went afterward straight to Shainberg’s apartment, where there was another of those crowded buffet lunches. Pupul and Asit were there. Renée Weber, whom I began to introduce as Patricia Hunt-Perry by mistake.’ [*S chuckles.*] ‘Blockhead me,’ it says. ‘Patricia came soon after and handed out the UN invitations for those on our list. Krishnaji and I were dropped back at the hotel by Pupul and Asit, who went off to a cinema. At 3:30 p.m., Philippa and David came to see me. They had been at the talk. A John White, author and friend of Patricia Hunt-Perry, who is doing a book on enlightenment, saw Krishnaji from 4:30 p.m. until almost 6 p.m. “He asked a lot of questions,” said Krishnaji.’ I wonder what happened to that. I’ve never heard of the book. ‘We had a quiet supper in our sitting room after everyone left. In spite of this activity, Krishnaji’s energies remain high.’

The sixteenth. ‘It was supposed to be a day of rest, and that is what Krishnaji did all morning. I went out in the rain to get our boarding passes on American Airlines on Friday and some health foods, and I made a table reservation at a Chinese restaurant, Mr. Chow, on East 57th Street. Asit came with us to the restaurant. It turned out to be airy, quiet, and rather elegant. There was not a Chinese face in the place, but the food was Chinese, and delicious. They were nonplussed at vegetarians and brought a succession of nine different dishes, all very good. Krishnaji was pleased. So was I, until we started up 57th Street and my stomach began to ache. But I kept walking to 65th and Madison, where there was a Coach store, and Krishnaji carefully chose two brown belts, which he has wanted. We came back to the hotel where at 4:30 p.m., there was a Krishnaji, Pupul, Asit, David Shainberg, and me discussion on why people come to a block after years of studying the teachings. Pupul left, and we went on into what is the most basic fear, death, or what? We didn’t resolve it. Krishnaji and I had supper in the sitting room.’

The seventeenth of April. ‘Bud’s daughter Daisy came by after breakfast to talk to me and brought me a short story she’s written. She is good. Asit came with Krishnaji, me, and Patricia Hunt-Perry to the UN, where Narasimhan received Krishnaji at the entrance, and escorted him to the Dag Hammarskjold Auditorium where, at 1:15 p.m., Krishnaji spoke to delegates and personnel of the UN. The invitation to speak was from Dr. Muller for the Pacem in Terris organization within the UN, and Krishnaji was asked to speak on peace. Dr. Muller had asked Narasimhan, who had come from Houston where he is lecturing, to preside in his absence. And this is what was done, though at the last minute, Muller’s trip was postponed and he was there. It was a small auditorium, perhaps two hundred seats. Bud came, Pupul, Shainberg, etcetera, with special invitations since it was not open to the public. Krishnaji sat behind a table on the stage and after a rather bureaucratic introduction by Narasimhan, he began to talk in a relaxed, utterly clear way

about peace coming about only through a change of consciousness in each human being; and the impossibility of peace among people divided by nationalities, politics, religions, or ideology, and it not coming externally through organizations. Many heads were nodding in agreement, but who knows what it meant to them. "They have probably forgotten it already," said Krishnaji later. He said, when I asked him, that he didn't know what he was going to say until he began. "It is better that way." Some questions were asked at the end, and Krishnaji invited an elderly man to come up and sit with him on the stage. It turned out to be a newspaperman who had been reporting on the UN for years. They sat back and talked for a bit in a relaxed way. Pupul's car had diplomatic plates, and the one from Bud's garage didn't so it couldn't enter, so she dropped us back at the hotel. It was, by then, 3:30 p.m., too late for a restaurant and Krishnaji didn't want room service. "Let's go out," he said. So we walked over to the St. Regis Hotel, but Krishnaji didn't like it, so we walked on. Finally, in Radio City, we went into something new for Krishnaji, a coffee shop. "I don't know where I am," he said.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I felt like a shepherd. On the way back, I suggested we get the handbag we have long talked about for Erna, and went in, not to Gucci, but to Mark Cross, where we found a nice black one. A present from Krishnaji to her. Then to the refuge of the hotel and later supper in the rooms.'

April eighteenth. 'Krishnaji, Asit, and I went to an 11 a.m. seminar organized by David Shainberg and held at the B'nai B'rith building near the UN, where security demanded identification to get in. There were about fifty people. Somehow these Shainberg seminars go in too many directions to be good; too many opinions are voiced. Afterward, I had the Lilliefelts, Pupul, and Asit to lunch with Krishnaji at Il Nido. Pupul wasn't feeling well and left, and Asit had an appointment of his own; so Erna, Theo, Krishnaji, and I wound up pleasantly talking, and Krishnaji had Erna open her present, the bag we bought yesterday. We went back to the hotel for a 4 p.m. interview of Krishnaji by Douglas Aaronson of *New Age Book Review*. He had been at the seminar in the morning. At the same time, another of Bud's daughters, Toodie, came in from East Hampton to see me. Later, Krishnaji and I had supper in the rooms. Asit, who rented a dinner jacket, went with Pupul last night to a dinner party and met Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. He talked to her about Krishnaji, and she said she would like to meet him. Krishnaji agreed to invite her tomorrow.'

April nineteenth. 'Pupul came by with her Indian government car and took Krishnaji, Asit, and me to the second session of the Shainberg seminar. Asit is in a whirl as publisher Abrams wants to publish his book of photos of Krishnaji. Asit is still using my Minolta here in New York, but had just bought a Nikon AF camera, which is so simple that I will get one as a backup. He took pictures during the seminar, which went better today as Krishnaji took charge of the discussion and kept one subject in focus. Senator Claiborne Pell and a Ms. Carole Taylor were there. All these people seem like not very bright high-schoolers alongside Krishnaji. He brought it all to a halt a little before 1 p.m. so that we could get to Bud's for lunch. Pupul dropped us at Bud's apartment. Lisa couldn't be there, but Bud, Daisy, and Laurie were, and Khen'—that's Bud's cook—'gave what Krishnaji said was the best food he'd had in New York. "Simple and clean." Wild rice, string beans, salad, cheeses, and papaya. Daisy took some photos of Krishnaji.

We then went to the Metropolitan Museum, where Krishnaji wanted to see the Egyptian Temple of Dendur.' It's a very little temple, and they had the whole thing on exhibit. '"You must walk around it from left to right," said Krishnaji, so we did. "This is what we did with the mother prostrating before the entrance," said Krishnaji. "Seven times around, and three times a day." Does he remember this, or was he told this? I forgot to ask. There were too many people at the exhibit for Krishnaji. He would have liked to see it in the empty large hall, but we pressed on with our timing and got back to the hotel by 3:30 p.m., in time for him to have a short rest before the arrival of Asit at 4:15 p.m. with Mrs. Onassis. She wore a long gray coat over a tunic and trousers and boots.' [*S laughs.*] Yes, this is a note from me to me.

S: Yes, I could tell. [*S laughs*.]

M: 'The large eyes and breathy voice matched all distant remembrances. Krishnaji came in and she…'

S: Had you met her before?

M: I hadn't met her, no. But you'd seen her on television, you know. [*Mimicking a breathless voice*:] She had a kind of breathless voice. A little girl voice. I'm not criticizing.

S: No.

M: She was effective. 'Krishnaji came in and shook hands in his courtly way and then a Mr. Edward Plunkett arrived. I never found out who he is other than that he was the man on the other side of her at the dinner party where Asit talked to her about Krishnaji and he knew a lot about Krishnaji. She had suggested he be invited in case it was hard to talk to Krishnaji.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Small talk was about nil, and Krishnaji soon asked, "Do you want to talk seriously?" A breathless, "Yes." So, he did until almost six o'clock, giving her a tidal wave of Krishnaji basics.' [*Both laugh*.] 'He kept asking, "Do you understand?" "I think so," she kept saying. Then he put her rather on the spot with questions, "What is thought?" Silence, while he waited and she pondered an answer in front of three strangers.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'She said it had something to do with planning. "Yes," said Krishnaji, and then "And what else?" I found myself wanting to help her, like a child in school, and also would have liked to leave her alone with Krishnaji, as at times he came rather close to personal things, speaking of sorrow, loneliness, etcetera. But, with Asit there, watching her carefully, and Mr. Plunkett, my leaving would have been pointless. Pupul's arrival ended the conversation after Krishnaji had invited Mrs. Onassis to visit if she ever comes to India. Asit escorted her downstairs, and then left for his flight to Paris, which he has twice postponed so he could be present when Mrs. Onassis met Krishnaji.'

'P.S.: When Krishnaji asked her questions, she said, "I think of myself as a very articulate person. But I don't know what to say."' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Alright, well, we should end it there because we don't have enough tape for the next day.

M: Okay, well, we got through quite a bit. We'll start next time on the twentieth.

S: Alright.

Issue 79: April 20, 1984 to June 30, 1984

The two months covered in this issue are full of travel for Krishnaji and Mary—New York, Ojai, San Francisco, England, and Switzerland—and difficult changes in his organizations. The Oak Grove School changes leadership, and Brockwood's administration continues to be unsettled. But more significantly, after years of Krishnaji wanting an adult study center, a generous donation allows a start on that to be made.

Mary: Alright, we start our discussion today on April twentieth, 1984, and Krishnaji and I are in New York, and he had just finished that year's public talks there. 'We left our hotel by taxi and went to the airport, and took a noon flight on American Airlines to Los Angeles, arriving at 2:40 p.m. The Moodys were late meeting us as they were caught in traffic. David finally appeared *just* as I was renting a car. We drove along the beach to Ojai on a lovely afternoon, and Krishnaji saw Topa Topa "more clearly than ever," he said.' Whenever we came back to Ojai, he always waited to see Topa Topa. You come up the coast and then there's a big rock, and just after you pass the big rock, the Oxnard Valley opens out and you can see Topa Topa.

Scott: Ah, I didn't know you could see Topa Topa from there.

M: Yes. He had climbed Topa Topa all by himself when he was young.

S: Yes.

M: 'The lovely quiet house, the glowing flowers were a joy. Michael had put food for supper in the kitchen. We unpacked. I went to bed after watching *Washington Week in Review*.' We always like to look at that.

S: Yes, that's a very good program. Now, before we go on to the twenty-first, I just want to talk about something that you and I talked about yesterday that you didn't elaborate—and that you neglected to put in the previous discussions—which is, and I heard this in a tape that you made at some point, that you began to feel a real sense of protecting Krishnaji, or that sense that you had quickened or solidified or something, when you were crossing Piccadilly with Krishnaji. We mentioned this incident in our last discussion but didn't go into it. But what was also important that you say in this tape is that you grabbed Krishnaji's elbow as he was about to step into traffic—

M: I didn't grasp his elbow, I grasped his arm because he was already in motion.

S: His arm. Right. Right. And that he said that you had saved his life.

M: Well, so he did.

S: Okay, so I'm just putting this on the record, because you didn't talk about this. I think you're too self-effacing, so you didn't talk about this.

M: No, I didn't think of it. I mean, I don't know how much he meant it, but I mean that's what he said. But he didn't say it with great drama: "You *saved* my life." He just said casually, "Oh, you saved my life," in a very offhand way.

S: Which I expect is how he would say it if you did really save his life, so. [*Both chuckle*.] Alright…

M: But I must say it did make me realize how careful I had to be, and that I had to think of things like crossing roads. [*Both chuckle*.]

The twenty-first of April. 'It was a warm, beautiful day. I did laundry and relaxed, puttering around. Dorothy telephoned from Mudiford'—that's where she and Doris and Montague used to go on vacation together. 'She was worried that there had been no answer here when she called last week. She had forgotten the New York talks.' She didn't know why we weren't there.

S: Mm, hm. Right.

M: There was a letter from Vanda and one from Gisèle. They have rented a chalet in Schönried for this summer.' Remember that was because we can't go back to Tannegg as it had been sold.

There wasn't much the next day, but on the twenty-third, 'It was a hot, beautiful day. Patricia Hunt-Perry arrived for three days, and is staying at Arya Vihara, as is Ravi Ravindra, and a friend of hers, Milton Friedman. She had asked that Milton be invited. He is staying in Ojai for a month working on a book. He was a journalist and lately a speechwriter for the Reagan administration, but quit when asked to write the "positive" side of a conservation program. He spoke enthusiastically of Washington as a place for Krishnaji to speak. Krishnaji seems to think it a good idea.' He'd never spoken in Washington. He'd been in Washington, but he'd never spoken publicly there. 'Patricia Hunt-Perry came to interview Krishnaji for an article on death. Krishnaji had a nap in the afternoon while I bought a Nikon L35 AF camera.' I was all the time buying cameras to match Asit's and following his advice, and Krishnaji was always egging me on—"Oh, you must have one, you must have one. Just like his." So I'd buy it, and then when I'd try to point it at him and use it, "Not today," he'd say, "not today." [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Which was the only reason you bought the cameras, anyway…was to take pictures of him.

M: Exactly. So it went in the future when there were newer, better Nikon, or whatever, and he would say, "You must have it," I'd say "Well, if you let me photograph you. Otherwise, no." [*Both chuckle*.] He didn't commit himself, but…

S: [*laughing*] But you got the cameras nonetheless.

M: Yes. There is an unusual number of pictures by me of Krishnaji walking ahead of me with his back to me. [*S laughs*.] That was the only chance I had at times. But then, if other professional people were photographing him, like once in Bombay, I've got a lot of pictures I took in Bombay because there was a professional who had been called in to do it. So I thought, well, he's doing it, I'm going to do it, too, at the same time.

S: Exactly. Yes. Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: April twenty-fourth. 'I did desk work and laundry. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji gave Patricia Hunt-Perry another interview for the article she is writing on death. Erna and Theo returned from the East.' Oh, they had been in New York with us, of course. 'Rajagopal has sent Erna a $30,000 donation from K&R for scholarships. There was a letter from Vanda and Gisèle and a picture of Chalet Horner in Schönried where we will stay this summer.'

April twenty-fifth. 'At lunch there was a discussion about Krishnaji speaking in Washington next year, and Milton Friedman said he would arrange it there.' He did, too. 'At 4:30, Krishnaji, Patricia Hunt-Perry, Ravi Ravindra, and I did a taped discussion.'

There is nothing of significance for the next couple of days, but on April twenty-eighth, 'Pupul and Mr. Jose, her secretary, arrived by car from Beverly Hills to spend today and tonight. She has been in Los Angeles about the 1985 India Festival. We all lunched at Arya Vihara, and in the afternoon, Krishnaji and Pupul did a taped conversation. I made supper for the three of us. We ate on trays in Krishnaji's room.'

Again, not much except Pupul leaving for New York, people to lunch, I talked—at length—to Mark about his situation, and Krishnaji saw Frances and Milton Friedman. I was doing early walks with Erna on all these days, but I'm not mentioning it.

May second: 'In the morning, I finished my desk work, and packed. The Moodys drove Krishnaji and me to the Santa Barbara airport, from where we flew to San Francisco on United. A woman in the seat next to us nursed her baby but we soon landed in San Francisco.' Why did I mention she was nursing her baby? It must've been rather, uh…

S: Unusual in some way?

M: Yes, I guess she didn't do it subtly or discreetly. A person can do it quietly or stridently. Anyway, I noted it for some reason. 'We took a taxi to the Huntington Hotel, where we have the same suite as in past years, number 514 and 512. These are the best hotel rooms we have had anywhere so far.' So they were. 'We unpacked, then walked in the wind and rain on Nob Hill. We had supper in our rooms.' The suite had a little kitchen; it was very nice.

May third. 'Repeating last year, Krishnaji gave an hour's radio interview to Michael Toms of New Dimension radio. It is taped and will later be broadcast by satellite and picked up by about fifty nonprofit radio stations around the country who send it out on

their networks at whatever time they choose. Mrs. Justine Toms came to the hotel and drove us to their recording station, which is in their house.' They were both very nice people. 'The subject asked by Mr. Toms was about conflict, its causes, etc. Krishnaji answered thoroughly, occasionally tapping his palms on the table to emphasize his points.' [*Chuckles.*] That isn't good for a recording but that's what he did. [*S chuckles.*] 'I was given a cassette of it, and we were driven back to the Huntington, where we lunched quietly in its Big Four Restaurant. Evelyne came with her daughter Eloise. I asked Krishnaji if he thought it useful for me to question him on tape and he said we should do it. A rest after lunch and then we walked down California Street to Polk Street to buy another book by Paul Theroux, some cheese, and fruit. In the fruit and health food store, young people who worked there said, "It is an honor to have you here, sir."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'And a young woman on the street said, "How do you do, sir? Welcome to San Francisco. It is an honor to have you come to our city." Krishnaji looked away from the two very large photos of him outside the Masonic Hall. He wanted the Theroux book as he has taken a liking to his writing since Asit gave him Theroux's book about a trip around the coast of Britain, *The Kingdom by the Sea*. It is critical of the country as it is today and Krishnaji, surprisingly, read it through. He wants me to read it. "We don't really know what Britain is like. We only see part of it," he said, which is true of almost all the countries we visit. Coming up the steep Nob Hill, we took turns carrying our packages and felt we'd had enough exercise. We rested, read, and had supper in the rooms.'

'A few days ago, in Ojai, Krishnaji spoke again of his not liking to go out in the dark. He had stepped out on the front terrace after supper and came back in. He said it is a feeling he's always had. It is not fear as such, but he doesn't like it. It is all right if another person is with him, "or a dog," he said unexpectedly. I tried to find out what it was. "Something else" is more prevalent in the dark. "Evil?" I asked. It seems to be in a realm he doesn't want to discuss. It can't be accurately described. I asked him if the things he does to cleanse or make safe a room, etcetera, are things he was taught…?' You know, that's what he would do. Have we talked about that?

S: Yes, yes, I know. Yes, we have.

M: Okay. '…something occult by someone when he was young, Leadbeater, or someone? He said no, no one taught it. It is something he learned by himself. I asked would it take away its power or use if he were to tell what it is? He said yes, and that it can't be put into words.' Which shut me up. [*S laughs*.] Well, I wasn't surprised.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: May fourth. 'Krishnaji slept well. Naudé came at 12:30 p.m., looking smiling. Somewhat more portly.' [*Chuckles*.] 'We chatted as of yore until Krishnaji came in and greeted him so nicely, "Hello, sir," Krishnaji's face alive and friendly. Alain had first asked if he could bring "a very talented musician" to lunch, and, of course, I said yes. Then he rang to ask if he could also bring a very nice woman interested in Krishnaji, etcetera. I hesitated slightly at two strangers on a day before a talk, but Krishnaji said,

"Why not? It doesn't matter." So I told Alain this and he also wanted to switch the lunch to Greens instead of the Chinese place he had said we would like. The two friends were waiting downstairs in a car that the woman, Anna Silver, had rented. The musician, polite and smiling, was a pupil of Alain's, Ken Johansson, a pale young Dane with an unmarked face and careful, childlike hands. Greens was busy, but Krishnaji's presence got us a corner table by the window. The conversation flowed along the surface. Krishnaji told some stories and it all remained sociable. Alain outmaneuvered me and got the check, which was a bit irritating, as I had done the inviting. But I think it was the woman who really paid via Alain.' [*Chuckles.*] 'They drove us back to the Huntington and that was that. Krishnaji seemed pleased to see Alain, but later asked me what is wrong with him? Krishnaji felt Alain doesn't really want to be with us. At 4:30 p.m., Terry Doyle came and talked to Krishnaji. He is going to join the Oak Grove School. We walked four laps around Huntinton Park square and had supper in the rooms.'

May fifth. 'On awakening, Krishnaji said he had dreamt of Nitya—that they were walking where there were deep cement canals that had been built. The water hadn't been let in yet and he was afraid Nitya would fall in and he was shouting at him. We had breakfast at 8 a.m., and at 10:55 a.m., we met Theo downstairs and walked the few yards across Taylor Street to the Masonic auditorium stage door.' It was the best arrangement for talks. You just crossed the street and there it was. 'Krishnaji gave the first San Francisco talk to an almost filled house. Erna, Theo, and Alan Kishbaugh came right over to the hotel rooms afterward to meet briefly with Terry Doyle, who is here with his daughter Felicity. It is agreed that he will join Oak Grove School as a teacher of history and English initially, in place of Lee Nichols, who was leaving. He will also help with administration and be what he calls a "Mentor" between older students and staff, parents, etcetera. Erna and Theo lunched with Krishnaji and me downstairs in the Big Four Restaurant and discussed at length the difficulties of Mark and Asha. Asha flew up here and was with Mark at a table in the auditorium lobby, giving information on the school. Krishnaji has said firmly that director's wives have no place in the school and it was felt that her coming here and doing the same thing as Mark was a challenge to us. Krishnaji is going to talk to Mark and to her on Tuesday. We stayed in all afternoon, napped, and had supper in the rooms.'

May sixth: 'I invited Pat Holt to lunch but she couldn't come.' That was a woman who did journalism when we'd been there before. 'Krishnaji gave his second San Francisco talk. A very fine one. Afterward, we took Miranda and John to lunch at Greens, which was very pleasant. "I like them," said Krishnaji. I telephoned Filomena in Rome as it is tomorrow there, and her birthday.'

The seventh of May. 'Krishnaji and I had breakfast, then left the Huntington at 8:30 a.m. We took the 10 a.m. United flight to Santa Barbara where the Moodys met us and drove us to Ojai. It was very hot in the valley, and there was a forest fire towards Santa Paula in May.' I underlined May because to have a forest fire already in May is bad news. 'We lunched at Arya Vihara, then slept in the afternoon. It was too hot to walk. My brother telephoned from Phoenix, where he and Lisa went for a meeting.'

The eighth of May. 'Erna and Theo returned from San Francisco. I went to Ventura and voted an absentee ballot for the June fifth primary, as I won't be here. I then bought plants at Green Thumb Nursery, marketed, and got home at 6:30 p.m. Meanwhile, Krishnaji had talked to Mark, and then to both Mark and Asha. He said just about everything. It was a shock for Mark. Krishnaji and I walked down to see the Lilliefelts, and Krishnaji told them the gist of it.'

May ninth. 'Krishnaji and I drove to Oxnard and got his IRS clearance. Then to Beverly Hills and Dr. Laura Fox, where Krishnaji had a field of vision test. There was no change from his test last year. We ate picnics in the car on a shady street, and then bought another Remington razor, a new showerhead for his bath, things at Lindberg's, and came home along the beach. It was warm but not as hot as yesterday. Krishnaji had a letter from David Bohm. His anxiety attacks began again on his return to England. It is a touching, sad letter.' I don't know what that means.

S: David was terribly anxious about his health. He had real…

M: Yes he was.

S: He was almost a hypochondriac, but he also had real health issues with his heart.

M: That's true. Yes.

S: And I think he had panic attacks about his health.

M: The tenth. 'Mark came to talk to Krishnaji and me. He has decided to leave the school, but wants to remain for one year to transfer the directorship to someone else. Krishnaji told him, "I feel we must not lose you," and spoke of new things starting in India which Mark could be part of if it interests him. Rupert Sheldrake and Jill Purce came to lunch at Arya Vihara. They are part of a seminar on R. D. Laing, the English psychiatrist, and all sorts of other types at the Ojai Foundation up on the Happy Valley land. It seems to entertain Rupert.' [*Chuckles.*] 'I spoke to Shainberg in New York about David Bohm's condition. He has been in constant touch with him, and arranged for Dave to see a good therapist in London.' Good.

There isn't much the next day, just errands for me in Los Angeles.

The twelfth of May: 'Krishnaji's eighty-ninth birthday. He slept well and looked wonderfully. Birthday greetings as usual are waved away with a note of scorn, but I felt filled with a silent celebration' [*chuckles*] 'at the shine in his face when it lights up looking at his rose bushes, his lightness of movement, and the beauty that is without age and seems to increase with each year. He is well. He is strong in energy. His mind is more alive than ever. And he is dear beyond any human measure. It has been a hot day. I telephoned Dorothy, as it is her birthday, too. Erna's back is bothering her, so she remained at home. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw a Mrs. Barbara Gardner and husband because she is doing a book on Mrs. Besant. It was too hot to walk, so we just had our

usual supper. Television on Saturdays provides only *T.J. Hooker*, a cops and robber.' I don't remember that program.

The next day is only that, 'Terry Doyle returned to Ojai and Krishnaji talked to him in afternoon.'

May fourteenth. 'There was a 9:30 a.m. meeting of Krishnaji with Terry Doyle, Mark Lee, David Moody, the Lilliefelts, Alan Hooker, and me about the statement *The Intent of the Oak Grove School*, and we brought it up-to-date. At noon, Erna and I talked to Milton Friedman about Krishnaji speaking in Washington, D.C. April twentieth and twenty-first, 1985. We have booked The Kennedy Center Concert Hall. Alfonso Colón and Armando Riesco were at Arya Vihara for lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview for a career newspaper to a Mrs. Oku Kay Grosgean.'

The fifteenth. 'I went to leave a letter of welcome to Mr. Grohe, who is arriving today at the Ojai Valley Inn. Then I drove to Beverly Hills for a haircut and did small errands. Then to see Amanda and Phil. I'm not sure if I can see them again before we leave. I returned to Ojai by 6 p.m. Krishnaji had been having a meeting, which lasted almost three hours, with the teaching staff. He then walked to the dip with Theo. We had supper at 8 p.m. Too late.' We shouldn't have eaten so late. 'The Lilliefelts had met Grohe and his son at the Los Angeles airport.'

There isn't much from the next two days, but on May eighteenth, 'Krishnaji and I walked to the dip and back at 6:30 a.m., the beginning of a warm day, but the morning was cool and gentle. Krishnaji said that he dreamed that Rajagopal said to him, "Why didn't you tell me you would turn out like this?" and Krishnaji told him, "Because you behaved like such a bastard."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'There was a quiet lunch at Arya Vihara. Mr. Grohe was there. Krishnaji rechecked *The Intent of the Oak Grove School* text, and I retyped it. Later, we drove over to look at the new school building in the Oak Grove. Krishnaji kept saying, "What a beautiful place," and "Don't those teachers see it? How can they quarrel about things?"'

May nineteenth. 'It was a warm day. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave Ojai talk number one to a large audience in the Oak Grove. All went well. Grohe, Alan Kishbaugh and Stella R. were at lunch. We had a quiet afternoon.'

The next day Krishnaji gave the second Ojai talk to a large crowd and in perfect weather.

May twenty-first. 'A Lois Hobson was at lunch. She works at the State Department but could be a possible teacher here. I retyped *The Intent of the Oak Grove School*, and worked on questions handed in for Krishnaji.'

The twenty-second. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held a question-and-answer session in the Oak Grove. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji planted a peepul tree for the new school building. The crowd and the sun tired him.'

May twenty-third. ‘At 9:30 a.m., though Krishnaji was tired from yesterday, he had a meeting of Mark Lee, Erna, and me. Mark is to move out of the school’s main building and is already looking for a house. Terry Doyle is to join the school as head of the upper school; and he, Mark, and David Moody are to work out the administration. I left and went for a massage. When I returned, I found the meeting was still going on, and it was joined now by Terry Doyle and David Moody. By the time of my return to the meeting, Moody had suggested the school be run by the entire staff, which was rejected by Krishnaji, Erna, and Doyle. Doyle is to be the director of the entire school. Krishnaji had been very outspoken. Meanwhile, Amanda is in St. Johns Hospital and was operated on. What was removed was found to be malignant. Amanda is still in the recovery room. Krishnaji had asked me not to worry; that if he could help her, he had to do it through me, and it would be prevented if I became upset. At supper, on the TV came *Tribute to a Bad Man* and Krishnaji was touched by my smile when Sam’s name came on the screen. He said, “I’m so glad you smiled. I’m so glad you loved someone.” In the kitchen, as we did the supper dishes, he was smiling, too. When I asked him why, he said, “It made me feel such a rush of emotion toward you. I felt no difference with him. I couldn’t feel anything else, that would be dreadful.” His face, when he said all this, was alight and eager with surprise and discovery. He *is* that flower of the human spirit.’

S: So, what was this *Tribute to a Bad Man*?

M: It was a picture Sam did.

S: Oh.

M: Yes, sort of a Western—I’ve forgotten what it was…I think maybe James Cagney was in it. I don’t remember too much about it.

May twenty-fourth. ‘Krishnaji laughed suddenly in the kitchen at breakfast. “Why?” I asked. “I’m thinking of your smile. It made me feel very close to you.”’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer session in the Grove. In the car coming back along Grand Avenue, he said, “I may be going to faint,” but he didn’t. He just closed his eyes for a few minutes while I kept driving slowly. Then it passed. It is some time since he last fainted. As we stepped out of the garage, a green car rushed up behind us, and out jumped an aggressive, absurdly dressed German who had followed Krishnaji from the Grove, demanding to talk to him. Krishnaji had said no, and said it again here with the man shouting at him. I tried to stop the man and he turned on me, “Who are you? Mary Zimbalist?” “Yes,” I replied, but Krishnaji stopped me from saying all I wanted to say. He quietly told the man he couldn’t see him, and we went into the house. Later he told me that I mustn’t try to defend him.’

‘“Why not?” I asked.’

‘“Because they won’t attack me but they might take it out on you. I must defend *you*,” he replied.’

‘Me: “Isn’t it my job to protect you?”’

‘Krishnaji said, “Something else is doing that. And if you react…do you understand?”’

‘Me: “You mean that if I say something that it may jar that other thing?”’

‘Krishnaji: “Yes. I can tell by looking at their eyes how crazy people are. Of course, if they tried to break into the house, we would both act.”’

‘Me: “Am I supposed to just stand there if someone was physically attacking you?”’

‘Krishnaji: “No, that would be different.”’

May twenty-fifth. ‘Krishnaji saw Armando Riesco before lunch. He is ailing and Krishnaji put his hands on him. He has also done this for Mark Lee, whose back was so bad a doctor wanted to put him in traction for a week, but Krishnaji has totally removed the pain. Mark also reported that severe burns on Carl Talbot’s hands stopped hurting when Krishnaji barely touched his fingers at the peepul tree planting on Tuesday, and the hand is healing. Lois Hobson was at lunch. Krishnaji thinks we must get her for the school. Krishnaji saw Colón and the Fundación people at 3 p.m. I got supper ready after making a Spanish soup of chickpeas, spinach, and the saffron. And we took a short walk up toward Thacher in the slight cool of 6:45 p.m. Amanda telephoned from the hospital. She said she had “no complaints.” Dear god, she has had medical horrors and I have never heard a word or voice tone of complaint from her in all these years.’ She had awful things happen to her.

S: Oh dear.

M: The twenty-sixth: ‘Krishnaji’s third Ojai talk. A big crowd. Very warm day. He put his hands on Riesco afterward at the house, and Riesco says he is better.’

May twenty-seventh. ‘At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his fourth talk to a huge crowd. At 4 p.m. Mark Lee, Terry Doyle, and David Moody came and described to Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Alan Kishbaugh, and me the plan they have worked out for the administration of the school. Mark resigns as administrator and for one year becomes “Director of Development,” which means he will deal with the outside world, like the California accreditation board, and he will go about collecting students, money, and describe the school and its education to various groups including teachers in training. According to Doyle, universities, etcetera will pay considerable sums to people who come and hold seminars on unusual education. Mark will try it for a year. If he can do it, incoming students will be gained and it will also pay his salary, so nothing extra for Oak Grove School. If he is unable to do it, at the end of the year he said he would not want to continue. Meanwhile, David becomes director of the elementary school and Doyle of the upper school. Both of them plus two elected teachers plus an administrative officer will run the school. For the latter job, Doyle wants Lois Hobson, if she comes to us. All this will be put to the trustee meeting tomorrow. It all sounded pretty good until, on the way

out, both David and Mark handed Erna letters asking for a big hike in salary. Erna was shocked. Krishnaji was shocked. Much discussion of this ensued among Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Alan, and me. It was a very hot day.'

May the twenty-eighth. 'Alan Kishbaugh, who stayed in the guest flat last night, came to breakfast at 9:30. Erna and Theo also came. Then Evelyne and Alan Hooker came for a trustee meeting. Mark, Terry, and David Moody came once the meeting had started and explained the new school plan. Krishnaji expressed shock at the money letters. Moody became very emotional and sat with a bowed head. The trustees want a person to be responsible to them, which means, a principal, and Doyle was appointed. We went to Arya Vihara for lunch. Ingeborg von Massenbach and her daughter Helen were there, having arrived to stay until June 7. Lou Blau was also there. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a meeting with trustees, the school board, and the Oak Grove School staff; and the new setup was announced. Mark began by speaking very well about his change of responsibilities. Then David, who had pulled himself together, also spoke well, and so did Terry Doyle. There was a knee-jerk reaction from some of the staff: "We weren't consulted," and "*We* used to run the school." But Krishnaji wafted in eloquence about "You are the inner circle, we are the outer circle. You get on with teaching and let us provide what you need to teach, etcetera." It seemed to mollify them. While this was going on, the telephone rang and it was Amanda, blessedly home from the hospital. The thermometer was 100 all day.' Golly.

May twenty-ninth. 'On this day, when Krishnaji should have been resting, and the thermometer reached a 106 in the shade on my back porch…' How did we stand it? We had no air conditioning in those days.

S: Whew. I know.

M: '…Krishnaji saw Al Blackburn at noon. Evelyne brought the actor Richard Chamberlain to lunch, and Rupert Sheldrake and Jill Purce were there as well. She asked me at lunch if Krishnaji would help her sciatica, and so he did afterward. Then he talked to Lais Da Silva and later at 5 p.m. to Bill Quinn.'

The next two days have nothing of real significance—I'm doing errands, getting the house ready to leave, and packing.

June first: 'With all the sitting that lies ahead for me, I went for an early walk with Erna. Then intensive packing all morning, finishing everything by 12:30 p.m. We had lunch at Arya Vihara, and then at 2:10 p.m., Krishnaji and I and Mr. Grohe left in the school van for the Los Angeles airport with Mark and David Moody driving. We stopped in Malibu and, while they stayed outside, I went in to see Amanda and Phil. There was Amanda in an old bathrobe, looking unchanged, undiminished. We sat in the living room, all three of us, and it was as it has always been all these years. These moments of being together seem out of time, the present and the past and always. After about fifteen minutes, I left quickly with the sound of all our voices and amusement in my bones. Halfway past Santa Monica, I realized that the usual 5:55 p.m. departure time of the normal TWA flight was

now 5:15 p.m. Mark drove with haste and skill and we got there with thirty minutes to spare.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Alan Kishbaugh was there to see us off. Krishnaji and I had our usual seats in the bow, and Mr. Grohe got one just behind.'

June second. 'We arrived at Heathrow at 11:20 a.m. Rita Zampese met us and so did Dorothy, Scott, and Harsh. One of Krishnaji's bags was missing. The recent story of Brockwood was in Dorothy's face: tight, repressed, unhappy. Brockwood was physically beautiful. The new enclosed front hall was finished. The color of the newly finished drawing room walls was perfect again, and all was well upstairs. But the atmosphere in the school struck Krishnaji so forcibly that he felt like turning around and leaving. We reached Brockwood in time for a late lunch. Mr. Grohe is staying two nights in the West Wing. Dr. Parchure is here. I spoke to Mary Links. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon.'

June third. 'Krishnaji slept till 10 a.m. In the afternoon, ten of us, including Krishnaji, drove to the New Forest to look at a type of house we might be able to build as a study center at Brockwood. Krishnaji found it not suitable. Grohe has offered to pay for a normal building, keeping a room for himself. We got back after 6 p.m. Krishnaji, Mr. Grohe, and Scott went for a walk. Krishnaji's missing bag was delivered by TWA. I unpacked it for him, and then fell into bed and a heavy sleep.' Do you remember that walk, or do you want to add anything?

S: I remember not just the walk, but before that. When Krishnaji had last been at Brockwood, I had decided to see if we couldn't build a study center as he had wanted. He had given up on the idea because of the prohibitive costs presented by Ian Hammond. In my investigations, I found that A-frame buildings were the cheapest kind of building to build, and it was really the most we could afford, and maybe not even that. I had been in contact with a builder who specialized in A-frame buildings, and a special A-frame architect, and we had a tentative drawing made; but people, especially Krishnaji, wanted to see what a large A-frame building looked like. There happened to be one not so far away in the New Forest, so we went to see this. Krishnaji took one look at the building from the road and just shook his head. And everybody else there also didn't like it, at which point my heart sank, because even building that would have been a real stretch, and we certainly couldn't build anything for more money. So we got in the cars to come back. I can't remember what car Grohe drove in to get there, but as we were getting in the cars for the return to Brockwood, he said he wanted to ride back with me. I can remember I was sitting in the back of the car with him, and he said something to the effect that we must build a proper building, and that he would pay for it, or that's what I *thought* he said, but I didn't quite understand him. Of course, I was effusive in my thanks, etcetera, etcetera, and as soon as we got back, I went up to Krishnaji's room and I told him what I thought Grohe had said to me, but I just wasn't sure. Of course, I didn't feel I could ask Grohe the obvious questions like, "How much will you pay?" and "What exactly are you giving us?" etcetera. Krishnaji told me not to worry, and that he would talk to Grohe about it. So, Krishnaji then invited Grohe and me on the walk, and I believe I heard him confirm some amount with Krishnaji.

M: Do you remember what amount was mentioned?

S: No, I can't remember, but it was a large amount. Although Grohe didn't pay for all of it, but he did give us a huge portion. I think he gave us a million pounds.

M: That's what my recollection is.

S: I think—yes, he ended up giving us a million pounds, but it cost a lot more than that.

M: Did it?

S: Oh, yes, and we raised all the rest of it.

M: Yes.

S: But this was an extraordinary moment, because after that walk, which was after the collapse of my planning for an A-frame building, and then the miracle of a better plan being possible because of Grohe's generosity, that evening, at supper, my appendix burst.

M: Your what?

S: My appendix burst.

M: Was it then?

S: That very evening.

M: Good god. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: It will probably say something in your…

M: Well, it does. Now wait a minute…

S: [*laughs*] Anyway…

June fourth. 'Scott is in the Winchester Hospital with a possible gallstone attack.' That's when they couldn't diagnose…

S: Yes, they misdiagnosed it, yes.

M: [*chuckles*] 'Mr. Grohe left for Switzerland. Mary and Joe came at noon and stayed until 4 p.m. I spoke to Vanda in Florence.'

June fifth. 'Iris Murdoch came to meet Krishnaji, lunched with us, and she and Krishnaji talked some more until she went back to Oxford at 3 p.m. They plan to do a video dialogue in October. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked through the Grove and down across the fields. The tests on Scott in the hospital are inconclusive.'

S: To say also, just to add to the information here—I had made the contact with Iris Murdoch through a strange channel. Brian Jenkins's mother knew Iris Murdoch, and she was the initial contact. I then went to Oxford to talk with her about coming and having a discussion with Krishnaji.

M: You did?

S: Yes. And then she came and met him, and they eventually had the recorded discussion, but I felt terrible that I had initiated this and I wasn't there when she came because I was too ill. But it was originally from Brian Jenkins.

M: I know somewhere, in talking, I think with Mary L.—we had talked about possible people and Iris Murdoch's name was mentioned.

June sixth: 'In the morning, I went to Alresford and the bank on errands. At noon, the Links brought John Julius Norwich, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Taylor, Jack Gill, and his assistant came to talk to Krishnaji and me about a film for TV of Krishnaji's early life. We discussed it again after lunch. Krishnaji seems to agree to it. Harsh had a compact disc player installed in Krishnaji's room and he is pleased by it.'

The seventh. 'Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I took the 10:45 a.m. Petersfield train to London. Joe met us, drove Krishnaji and me to Huntsman, and then we went to lunch with him and Mary at Hyde Park Street.' That's where they lived. 'Joe drove Krishnaji to the dentist, Mr. Thompson. Mary and I sat and talked mostly about the pros and cons of the Norwich TV film project. Krishnaji had a tooth filled, and then we came back by train.'

The next day. 'The Marogers arrived. Also David Shainberg and Catherine de Segonzac. Krishnaji held the first brain seminar with Shainberg, Dr. David Pete, Professor Francisco Varela, and Professor Bergstrom. It was videotaped with four cameras, Kathy handling it instead of Scott, who is still in hospital. It was a warm day. We all rested in the afternoon, then I went on the walk with Krishnaji to the Grove, and then Dorothy and I went round the fields.'

June ninth. 'Dagmar Lichti and Rita Zampese came for the weekend. Dagmar is in the West Wing. Krishnaji has a sudden idea for Scott to mostly come out of the school and head the study center project here. I briefly mentioned it to Ingrid, Jean-Michel, and later Mary Cadogan by phone, and all are enthusiastic. Krishnaji held the second session of the brain seminar at 11:45 a.m. At 3:30 p.m. I went with Kathy and Dagmar to see Scott in the Winchester Hospital. Dagmar thinks he has an abscess on the appendix. While she discussed this with the floor doctor, I put Krishnaji's study center idea to Scott and Kathy. They are to talk it over, but seemed elated. I telephoned Amanda. She is well.'

The tenth. 'Krishnaji held the third brain seminar discussion. These haven't gone too well. The scientists are not responsive to Krishnaji. He, Shainberg, and I talked after lunch. At 5 p.m., I attended a boring staff meeting. After supper Dagmar Lichti left with

Rita. I cleaned the room so that Marie-Bertrande could move in. Parchure earlier tested Krishnaji's blood sugar. His fasting number was 105.'

June eleventh. 'I talked to Shainberg about critical things he has said about Krishnaji. He and Catherine de Segonzac left for Israel. Meanwhile, Krishnaji had a talk with Dorothy and told her he had asked Scott to head the study center. She is to be full principal of the school. Krishnaji spent the day in bed. I went to Alresford on errands, but got back in time for a school meeting. In the evening I talked with Marie-Bertrande.'

June twelfth. 'Merali left. I talked to Mary Cadogan on the phone about Scott and Mr. Grohe being made trustees. Krishnaji approves. Three men from Border Television came to talk to Krishnaji about an interview on Channel 4. He spoke to them before and after lunch. Lady Dufferin also was at lunch. At 4 p.m., he gave an interview to Mrs. Ann Toothe. And then put his hands on de Pomereaux again. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I had a short walk. After supper I went to the hospital with Kathy to ask for Scott's acceptance of the study center post and trusteeship.' It doesn't say you agreed. [*Both chuckle*.]

June thirteenth. 'I went to Alresford with Marie-Bertrande. Mr. Grohe returned. Mary C. came, and she and I talked to Dorothy about Scott's trusteeship and the idea we had of making Ingrid the school manager, and Harsh and Stephen co-directors of studies. Dorothy agreed. After Krishnaji had spoken alone with Mr. Grohe, we joined forces, and Mr. Grohe was invited to become a trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust, and Krishnamurti Educational Center at Brockwood Park. He accepted. Kathy brought Scott back from the hospital.' Did they take out your appendix?

S: No, they couldn't.

M: You still had it?

S: Yes, what had happened…well, let me first say that we all have what's called a peritoneum in the stomach whose job it is to encapsulate infections in the abdomen. I was lucky and healthy, and so my peritoneum had surrounded my appendix, and the appendix burst inside that. But that meant they didn't dare operate, because if they did, then I would get peritonitis. So they said that I had to wait for about six months, by which time my body would have slowly absorbed all the poisons, and then they could remove it. But, of course, at any time, it could open and then I would get peritonitis, so it was…

M: Well, did you eventually have it out?

S: Eventually I did. Six months later I had it out. But I…

M: That's terrible.

S: Yes, and that's why I wasn't supposed to go to Saanen that year and I wasn't supposed to do anything that wasn't very, very gentle and careful.

M: Gently move around.

S: Yes.

M: Heavens.

S: But I did go to Saanen that year and I did, you know, carry on, more or less, as normal.

M: You didn't climb in the mountains?

S: No, I didn't climb any mountains that year. [*Chuckles*.] I could barely climb stairs.

M: Goodness. 'After lunch Krishnaji, with Dorothy, Scott, Mr. Grohe, Ingrid, Harsh, Mary Cadogan, and me present, Krishnaji announced the new trustees and the new positions in the school. Stephen was absent but came for supper and afterward Dorothy, Mary C., Ingrid, Harsh, and I explained. At 8 p.m., we met Grohe and Gisèle about the activities of the study center. It was a busy day.'

June fourteenth. 'Krishnaji and I took the 9:45 a.m. train to London. We had Huntsman and Maxwell fittings, then Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt. We lunched with Mary and Joe at their flat. Joe took Krishnaji to the dentist while I talked to Mary. Then Joe went back to fetch Krishnaji with me and Joe dropped us at Waterloo.' That's almost becoming…

S: [*chuckles*] A ritual.

M: A ritual; an undeviating, excellent arrangement.

June fifteenth. 'In the morning Krishnaji talked to Scott and then to Ingrid. After lunch, at 4:15, Krishnaji talked to Dorothy and Ingrid. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji attended a staff meeting and announced the new setup of the school, that Scott and Kathy are going to create and run the adult center, and also that Mr. Grohe and Scott are becoming trustees. He felt no contact with the staff in talking with them, and was very disturbed by it all. He said it was my responsibility to do something.' Me. [*S chuckles.*]

June sixteenth. 'Krishnaji talked with students, who are very critical of the state of the school. A German woman architect arrived, but was quite unqualified. Krishnaji saw Brian Jenkins in the afternoon. Scott has had a relapse. Pain and fever. Doctor came to see him.' What happened?

S: I can't remember.

M: 'I talked to the Hammonds about recommending an architect for the study center.'

The seventeenth of June. 'My brother rang from the airport. He, Lisa, and their son, Lindsey, are on their way to Berlin and Paris. Krishnaji spoke witheringly to the staff and

guest helpers. David and Saral came to lunch with Krishnaji and he put his hands on Dave afterward.' Well, what about you?

S: I probably didn't ask. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Do you remember it?

S: No, I don't.

M: June eighteenth. 'It was a warm day. I was up at 4:30 a.m., and went to work at my desk. Then went to Alresford and Winchester for errands.' 4:30 a.m., I got up to the desk? That's ridiculous. Anyway, 'I got back at 1:45 p.m. At 2 p.m., Mary and Joe came and Krishnaji, Mary, and I did a taped conversation about there being no one representing Krishnaji in the past, present, or future.' Oh, yes, that silly woman, Vimala Thakar, had said that she would carry on Krishnaji's work, and, of course, it wasn't true, so it was felt that something should be put in the *Bulletin*. I think that's what we're talking about.

'At 5 p.m., Krishnaji came to a school meeting and talked for two and a half hours. He said he is joining Dorothy, Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen in running the school. He spoke intensely—close to tears at times.'

June nineteenth. 'Krishnaji attended the 9 a.m. meeting of the four: Dorothy, Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen.' Oh, yes. There was a meeting every morning of the four of them, but you must have been there, too…

S: No, I was probably still sick, and I think by then I had come out of school things to give my energy to the study center.

M: Oh, yes, it's awful you were so sick. 'Ian and Jane brought an architect, Mr. Jack, to look at the study center's site. Then talk with Krishnaji and Mr. Grohe, Scott, Kathy, and me about building. He made a good impression. All lunched and then Grohe left for France. Krishnaji saw David Bohm, who had come down, then he went to bed. I talked at length to Harsh, then went for a short evening walk, and then talked to Claire.' Oh, that was the Claire and Harsh drama.

S: Yes, yes, and which went on. Claire was Harsh's wife. But, just to say, I wasn't happy about this architect that Ian and Jane had brought.

M: No? Good.

S: This architect was someone from Ian's old office. Ian had been an architect, but he had retired by then. I had just been made a trustee, and as you know, Ian's wife, Jane, was a trustee, and at that time, I was terribly ill. So, when this architect was really, I felt, foisted on me, I felt I just couldn't resist. So we spent a lot of money and a lot of time…

M: Oh, really?

S: Oh, yes. Coming up with a building that was completely refused permission, and that Krishnaji didn't like.

M: I don't remember any of this.

S: Because Krishnaji couldn't visualize a building from drawings, a model was made of it, and Krishnaji said it looked like a country club, which it did. It was…

M: Oh, yes, I remember that model and that it looked like, I thought, a golf club.

S: Yes. But by that time, which was several months later, of course, I was healthier. When Krishnaji didn't like the design, Ian said that he would step in and take charge of the project, but I just said, no, that I wanted to get other people.

M: Well, you were the one who—

S: —was in charge of it, but it was still difficult to say this to the husband of a trustee. Anyway, I did, and went around seeing all the best architects in England and got them all…well, we'll come across it in your diaries.

M: Okay.

There's nothing much the next day.

June twenty-first. 'Krishnaji and I went to London. We met Asit at Huntsman, I picked up the first pair of Maxwell shoes I had ordered, and we walked to the Connaught, where Asit gave us lunch, joined by a friend of his. Krishnaji and I walked back and looked unsuccessfully for knitted shirts for him. We caught the 4:20 p.m. train back to Petersfield. It was another hot day. Krishnaji was all right in the city, but he has hay fever here.'

June twenty-second. 'At 8:45 a.m., Krishnaji was interviewed by Eric Robson of Border Television for a series on revelation starting in August. At 11 a.m., he and I came to the meeting of the four, Dorothy, Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen. It was decided not to have a garden helper, David Jinks, stay and join the staff. After lunch, I went to Petersfield and meanwhile three girl students went to Krishnaji with a letter about Jinks. He talked to them until the 5 o'clock staff meeting, which he attended, and gave the letter to the staff. Two and a half hours of contention and confusion followed, and produced a revocation of the morning decision, and Jinks was allowed to stay. Krishnaji is disgusted by the whole thing.' What had happened with this Jinks character? Or don't you remember?

S: I can't remember but it was typical of the contention and chaos at that time.

M: June twenty-third. Krishnaji and I talked with Ingrid and Harsh. At noon, Krishnaji talked to the students while, at a staff meeting, I said that the Foundation had decided that

ultimate decisions reside with Dorothy and the three, and cannot be overturned by others. In the afternoon, there was an open house in the school and garden.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji and I attended the 9 a.m. meeting of Dorothy, Harsh, Stephen, and Ingrid, and it was difficult. Dorothy was very hostile. At 11:45 a.m., Krishnaji did a videotaped conversation with Ronald Eyre.' Remember Ronald? He was nice.

S: I do. He was another one that I had made the contact with and got him to come to do the videotaped interview, and then I wasn't there for the interview. I was ill again.

M: Too ill again.

S: And Kathy pulled it all off. She really did a wonderful job with all that.

M: Yes, yes.

June twenty-fifth. 'I telephoned Filomena. It was difficult to know if she understood me. I took a 9:45 a.m. train to London. Adrian Spanier'—that's the interior decorator I used for the fire restoration work—'met me and we went to look at armoires. I bought a mahogany one and a chest of drawers for use in the wallpaper room to make it into an extra guest room. I looked at fabrics for my room but found nothing. I went alone to Habitat, then took the 2:48 p.m. train back. Krishnaji had stayed in bed. Mr. Santhanam had come to see him. I telephoned Amanda. All is well.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji met at 9 a.m. with the four. It went well. At noon, Mary and Joe came and stayed until 3 p.m. At 5 p.m., there was the last school meeting of the term, to which Krishnaji came.'

There's really nothing for the next few days except that the school term ended and the students left.

June twenty-ninth: 'Since we came to Brockwood this month, it has been a period of endless meetings and intense concern on Krishnaji's part. Krishnaji and I left Brockwood at 8:15 a.m. with Harsh driving us to Heathrow. We took a Swissair flight at 10:35 a.m. to Geneva, and went to the Hotel des Bergues. We lunched in the Amphitryon, went to Jacquet for ties, Krishnaji left both his watches and naviquartz at Patek for servicing, and we bought two bathrobes for him at the Pharmacie Principale. We came back to the hotel, rested, and slept. Dined pleasantly in the Amphitryon.'

June thirtieth. 'We had a quiet morning in the hotel. At noon Hertz delivered a red Fiesta and we drove to Grohe's house for lunch. Then, we went on up to the Chalet Horner in Schönried. Vanda and Fosca had arrived there last night.'

S: I think we should leave it here as there's a little bit of tape but probably not enough for another day, and this is a good ending place.

Issue 80: July 1, 1984 to September 15, 1984

Mary is so busy in the period covered by this issue, that she has little time to write her more lengthy thoughts in her big diary. Nonetheless, we see from her little daily diary this extraordinary period in her life with Krishnaji. The conflict at Brockwood escalates to what is probably Brockwood's darkest hour: Krishnaji threatening to leave Brockwood. But it was also a period that saw further change in the Brockwood staff to a new era, and progress in the creation of the adult study center.

This issue also includes a discussion of Mary's unique inclusiveness.

Mary: We're beginning our discussion today on July first, 1984, and my diary says, 'Yesterday we left Geneva in a Hertz Ford Fiesta, drove along the lake to Mr. Grohe's house in Buchillon, lunched with him, his son, and secretary, and then we continued on up the mountains to Schönried. Somehow, we found Chalet Horner, rented by Vanda and Gisèle in April when we learned that Chalet Tannegg had been sold. It is rather steeply up a small road and has the Tannegg view, but is higher up and taking in the whole valley. It belongs to an English woman. There are a lot of steep stairs, but all else is adequate. Krishnaji has the main room on the same floor as the living and dining rooms and kitchen. I am in the attic, and Vanda, Fosca, and Dr. Parchure, when he arrives tomorrow, share the ground floor. Fosca had her ninetieth birthday last December and is still her funny, dear self. Fosca is so pleased to see Krishnaji, to be with us all another summer. Vanda is looking well. I spent the day unpacking, and slept three hours in the afternoon.' I, who goes around saying that I don't know how to nap, am lying. I seem to take nothing but naps in these books.

Scott: [*chuckles*] No—you've just forgotten how to nap.

M: I've forgotten how to nap. I must resuscitate it.

The second of July. 'I went to Gstaad on various errands. Krishnaji remained in bed, resting. I fetched Dr. Parchure at the Schönried station in the evening.'

July third. 'I did errands in the morning, and at 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji and I drove to the road above Tannegg and took our accustomed path through the woods to the river. Everything is so dearly familiar. We are here another year. What a wondering luxury that is, to have come back again. Krishnaji is well, strong, and we are here once more. The familiar seems a space of sanity. Krishnaji likes this walk. There is nothing level for walking near Chalet Horner, but it is only a ten-minute drive to our Tannegg zone. The Tannegg was empty and mute as we drove past. We stopped by the tent on the way back. It is bigger and lengthwise, parallel to the river this year.'

There is not much on the next two days except that on the fifth, 'Krishnaji spoke to Harsh, Ray McCoy, and Raman about the school.'

July sixth. 'I met Friedrich Grohe at the station and brought him to the chalet. He is giving another large donation to the KFA and wants to buy the Zalk House in Ojai. I helped Grohe fill out bank forms, and we telephoned Erna in Ojai with the news. Krishnaji is moved by Grohe's generosity, and disturbed by the lack of responsibility at Brockwood. In the afternoon, I drove the car to the tent, walked to Saanen station, took the train back to Schönried, and walked up the hill to the chalet. Then Krishnaji and I walked down the mountain, across the fields where there was too much sun for Krishnaji, but there was nothing to do but keep going. It was too severe a walk for both of us, and the lack of shade for Krishnaji rules it out as well.'

S: There was a funny thing that happened, and it might have been this year or the following year, because I can remember that the tent was lengthwise, parallel to the river. Anyway, Krishnaji had come down to the tent as he usually did every year, just to see the preparations. He and I were standing at the entry to the tent, and a woman came up with one of Krishnaji's books in her hand and Krishnaji's picture on the back. She just looked briefly at Krishnaji, and then looked right at me and asked me is this the place where Krishnamurti speaks? She didn't recognize him. And, of course, Krishnaji just tried to be invisible. [*Both laugh*.] It was so funny, looking at him trying not to be there, [*laughs*] and so I just said yes, this is the place, etcetera. She was just turning and about to go when she recognized Krishnaji. [*Both laugh*.] I can still see him so clearly, though, trying to be invisible and not be there. [*Both laugh*.]

M: July seventh. 'I changed the red Fiesta for a more discreet gray-green Opel. Bought Adidas shoes, and brought Natasha up to see Vanda. We had her stay to lunch. She will stay with Vanda in Florence. Krishnaji came to the table, but otherwise slept most of the day.'

The eighth. 'Krishnaji gave his first Saanen talk, a strong talk, in the new expanded tent. It is much nicer than previous years. He now sits on the west side, and the tent is wider. A large crowd filled it. Grohe brought a friend from Austria to lunch, a Mr. Hammerli. I went with them and later with a friend of Vanda, Monica von Siebenthal, to see other walks for Krishnaji around Schönried, but they have too little shade, so it was back to Tannegg for the walk that he prefers when he woke up from his nap. It was a warm day. He was tired but after supper watched the film *Great Escape* in German on TV.'

July ninth. 'Vanda left for Florence, independent as always, refusing to let me drive her to the station.' [*Chuckles*.] 'I marketed and saw Harsh and Stephen in the afternoon. Later we tried a drive to Lauenen and Turbach, but the sun was too strong. Scott arrived in Saanen and came up to see Krishnaji. Grohe has lent Kathy and Scott his VW. Scott doesn't look healthy and had to take things slowly.'

S: I still had my burst appendix. So I guess my story of the woman was from the following year.

M: July tenth. ‘At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his second Saanen talk. At 4 p.m., Jane Hammond and Ingrid came to see Krishnaji and me.’ It doesn’t say what about. ‘Another hot day.’

The eleventh. ‘It was hot again. Scott brought the initial floor plans for the proposed Brockwood Study Center. I went down and invited Dorothy and Montague to lunch tomorrow. At 4 p.m., Christina, Gary, Harsh, Wendy, Scott, Ingrid, Raman, and Ray McCoy came to talk about Brockwood. They seem determined to make things right.’

S: I have to say that, at this point, I no longer had anything much to do with the school.

M: Oh?

S: Yes, when Krishnaji asked me to look after the creation of the study center—and I can remember—it was a great relief…

M: Because it sprang you out of the school.

S: Exactly, it sprang me from the school, which was in such turmoil. So, for some reason, I was asked to come to some of these meetings, but I wasn’t really involved in the school.

M: Yes, well, you are part of the Brockwood totality.

S: Yes, I was.

M: July twelfth. ‘It is a little cooler, and Krishnaji gave his third Saanen talk. I fetched Dorothy and Montague up to lunch. Dorothy is pleased to have driven her Land Rover once again to Saanen after not being able to come last year. To her it is an affirmation that she is well again. I met Guido Franco at the Ermitage Hotel, where I stayed my first summer in Saanen. He wishes to do an article on Krishnaji for a Swiss magazine *L’Illustré*. When I came back, Krishnaji and I went to the Tannegg hill for a walk in the woods. After supper, Scott and Kathy and Mary Cadogan (who had just arrived) came by.’

The next day was the meeting of the international committees, and on July fourteenth, ‘Princess Gabrielle of Liechtenstein came to lunch. She was at the committee meeting yesterday, lives in Geneva, but is staying now in Rougemont. She very tentatively spoke of Merali, who has tried to involve her in Palamaner.**[1]** But, as she saw I had reservations about him, her own began to come out. She said a man in Geneva “who should know” told her that the source of Merali’s money is from doing things for the dictatorship of Zaire. When she left, I went to see Mary Cadogan and Jane to discuss this.’

S: I don’t know. A great deal of his money came from his contact with Mobutu Sese Seko, who was forever the dictator of Zaire.

M: Oh.

S: And while it's not something I would want to do, what about someone who owns stock in Boeing? Which I also wouldn't want to do. I mean, I don't know, but it might be morally similar. I don't think Merali ever did anything like stealing or anything like that. But if a government like Zaire wants to buy things and there are businesses in other countries like the United States and Belgium—which actually put Seko in power—which want to sell them those things, and Merali acts as the middleman, again, it's not what I would want to do…but there's a lot of things I wouldn't do. [*Both chuckle.*]

M: I hope so. Well, anyway, after discussing this with Mary and Jane, I later picked them up as well as Dorothy, and drove up to the top of the Hornberg for a supper of fondue. All went pleasantly until Brockwood was broached, then Dorothy immediately cut in, saying she was leaving Brockwood. A long, difficult conversation ensued, trying to get her to see the need for cooperation. She is tight, angry, and suspicious.' That was her flaw. She remained that way, really.

S: Yes. There is something unrelated I want to talk about, just briefly, because I don't think we've mentioned it. It is just something I was thinking about after the last discussion we had, and it's something that I want to go on the record about you [*chuckles*]. Most of the people who were around Krishnaji were very jealous of contact with him, and wanted to restrict the access that other people had. Dorothy was *certainly* like that. Very strongly. No one was to go on a walk in the afternoon with Krishnaji but you and her and some other visiting dignitaries.

India was an absolute festering little cesspit of this kind of thing, where people were always keeping score of who Krishnaji asked to go on the walk, or whether he asked them to go in his car, or…It was just—it was just *awful*. It was *just awful*.

M: I felt that the Indians tolerated me because I didn't go there very much.

S: Perhaps, but it was also because you rose above it somehow, and Krishnaji kept you above it. You were in a different category altogether.

M: I knew when I started doing anything for him that this would happen.

S: Yes, absolutely.

M: And it would be… I thought, well, if I can't do it, well, you know, I just shouldn't get involved in it.

S: Exactly. So, one of the things that happened as a consequence of this, is that as I began to have increasing contact with Krishnaji, and I had more and more contact with him, was that this rankled Dorothy a great deal.

M: Yes. I'm sure.

S: Dorothy had said to both Krishnaji and to Mary Cadogan (and they both told me this) that when asked some years before, or at some point, who should look after Brockwood after her, she had said me. But when I began to have this increased contact with Krishnaji, my relationship with Dorothy began to be really difficult.

M: Yes, she was very pro your doing things, initially.

S: Yes, very pro, and very supportive of me, etcetera. But as my contact with Krishnaji increased, that went down. That previous summer—I guess it was 1983—when I stayed at Tannegg, that was just terrible. She seemed terribly afraid of losing power at Brockwood, and terribly afraid of losing the special contact she felt she had with Krishnaji, so that I would go out for walks with Krishnaji, or I would just go up to his room, was threatening. No one else would just go up to his room to listen to his music with him or watch television with him. Dorothy went up with trepidation.

What I really want to say is that you stand out in *absolute contrast* to all of that. And I remember being astonished at the time, and *grateful*—and I still am—that you always welcomed me. [*M chuckles*] Whatever Krishnaji wanted, you had no kind of egotism standing in the way, that you weren't thinking, "Oh, that other person is there, he's taking time away from me…"

M: No, I was delighted that you were there.

S: Yes, but that was yet another thing that made you *absolutely unique* in Krishnaji's circles. Because, well, as I mentioned, India was ridiculous, but Erna also was jealous of who had contact with him.

M: Yes.

S: So you see, it really made you unique in Krishnaji's entire circle that you didn't have that selfishness, or that possessiveness of wanting to keep other people away…You didn't have any of that. And I think that that needs to be put on the record somewhere, because…well, it was a gift to me; but it must also have been a gift to Krishnaji, not to have that terrible selfishness surrounding him.

M: Yes, yes. Yes. Well, I don't know I…I didn't want to do anything else…

S: Well, I know, but that [*chuckles*] was *very* unique.

M: Well…for instance, I was very aware that I was supplanting Vanda in a way, and in Gstaad…I didn't…I mean, I at first rented my own place and let Naudé stay down there. But gradually, as she always used to like to go back to Florence, because Paolo and Jon, her daughter and son-in-law, who lived in Canada, always came back to Florence, home—obviously, from Paolo's point of view—in July. So, Vanda would come and open the chalet, and put Fosca there or someone to cook for him, and then go back. Then she came back after.

S: Yes.

M: So she gradually—I forget when or how gradual it was—but anyway, she asked me to run the chalet while she was away. And then, eventually, we shared the rent. But when she was there, she was *maîtress de maison* and, when she wasn't there, I ran the place. It was all amicable.

S: Yes, it was. It was.

M: But, I was conscious that I was intruding on what had been her territory, as it were. I only did it when she asked me to.

S: Yes, yes. From the point of view of a visitor, like myself, it was always obvious that there was a balance, a give-and-take between the two of you, which was very nice.

M: Yes. I had a little bit of trouble getting her to let me share the cost of the rent. Because otherwise she was supporting me, and I said, well, you're kind enough to want me to be here, and let me stay here, but I must share the cost of it. I didn't interfere with Fosca…

S: Of course.

M: …because Fosca was her employee. But the rent of the place, I could be part of. She demurred a bit, but then finally it…anyway.

S: Well, it's just worth noting.

M: Yes, but I was quite aware that the less I went to India, the better.

S: India was terrible. And the final year in India, which—well, you weren't there, so we probably won't talk about it, but that final year especially…Because Krishnaji had me put in the upstairs bedroom next to him at Vasanta Vihar, and he said to me, "You must just come in *whenever* you want to. Just walk in no matter who's here," and I said, "Krishnaji I can't"—he said "No, you *must* do that, *no matter who's here*. And, if I want private time with that person, I'll just say it to you." Well, this was just terrible for the Indians, but I could tell that's what Krishnaji wanted. This was terrible for them. And there was only once that Krishnaji said that he was talking privately—and I can't remember who it was to, it might have been Nandini—but my doing this was terrible for the Indians. But, I guess, Krishnaji was saying something with all of this. But, of course, to them, I was just being brash and rude and awful and usurping of their rightful place.

M: Yes.

S: And it was just very difficult.

M: Yes, and of course you did the ultimate thing they hated by getting him out of there.

S: I know. That was also just terrible.

M: Mm. Yes. Thank god. Well, where were we?

S: We were about to begin the fifteenth.

M: Right, the fifteenth of July: 'It rained.Krishnaji gave his fourth Saanen talk. A strong, clear one. Grohe brought the same man to lunch as last Sunday and they both ran down the mountain to catch the train, faster than if I had driven them.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Having lent his car to the Forbeses, Grohe is content to go everywhere on foot, an impassioned walker. I walked with Krishnaji on the Tannegg walk. Mary Cadogan had a difficult talk with Dorothy, and Jane was there, too. Scott came by briefly in the evening.'

S: I should say that when I came by a lot of these times, it was because Krishnaji was putting his hands on me.

M: Oh, was he?

S: That's often what it was, yes, because I was still ill.

M: The sixteenth. 'At 9:30, Krishnaji spoke to Dorothy, Mary Cadogan, Jane, and me. Dorothy, half in tears, asked to retire. Krishnaji said she cannot' (underlined) 'retire. He spoke with tremendous force and then left the room. Dorothy and the rest of us agreed to start afresh at Brockwood without the record of the past troubles. Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen were waiting below, and they joined us and we all talked until 1 p.m. about a new organization of the school. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched alone. I rushed to do the marketing and got back by 4 p.m. for a KFT trustee meeting. It was an exhausting but accomplishing day.'

S: Krishnaji was right in preventing Dorothy from leaving at that time, because if Dorothy had left then, she would have left in a huff, and the staff were divided between the Dorothy supporters and those who saw the need for change; and it would have been so very hard for whoever was running the school, who at this point were Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen. It was important to try to avoid this. It just wasn't time.

M: Yes. Well, she never was her old self again.

S: And she was never reconciled with the fact that Krishnaji had for years been criticizing her because she saw herself as doing what he had talked about for education.

M: Yes, yes, he had.

July seventeenth. 'At 10:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen talk. Dagmar Lichti and Rita Zampese came to lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji was interviewed by Heinrich Jaenecke of the *Stern Magazine*.' I think that's a German magazine.

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'After that, we went for the Tannegg walk. Krishnaji went to sleep early and slept well.'

The eighteenth. 'I marketed, fetched Krishnaji's prescription from Dagmar Lichti, and did other errands. The Marogers came to lunch. At 2 p.m. Dr. Parchure and I went to the Brockwood meeting at which it was explained to all staff members present what had been agreed about a new start. Dorothy was there and agreed. Christine and Gary came back to the chalet and talked about their responsibilities given them by Krishnaji, which was to study the teachings and discuss them with students.' They never really did that.

S: Hm, I don't remember their doing it.

M: The nineteenth. 'Krishnaji gave talk number six. We had a quiet lunch with just Krishnaji, Parchure, and me. At 4 p.m., Guido Franco interviewed Krishnaji for *L'Illustré* the Swiss magazine. Then we went for the Tannegg walk.'

The next day, 'At 10 a.m. I went to the second meeting of the international Krishnamurti committees. At lunch were Krishnaji, Grohe and his older son, and Parchure. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji had a haircut by Mr. Nicolas. Mrs. Sherman and son David came about her son going to one of the schools. She had given us two earlier children, Isaac and Rachel.' Do you remember them?

S: Ah, yes.

M: 'Krishnaji and I walked above Tannegg.'

July twenty-first. 'Mary L. rang from England. I worked on questions handed in for Krishnaji's question-and-answer meetings. I dined with Mary Cadogan, Kathy, and Scott at Turbach. Krishnaji spent the whole day in bed.'

The next day, there is only that Krishnaji had the first question-and-answer meeting of the Saanen season, and there's even less for the day after.

On July twenty-fourth, 'Asit arrived in Gstaad last night from Paris. I fetched him at the Palace Hotel and drove him and Dr. Parchure to the tent for Krishnaji's second question-and-answer meeting. Krishnaji, Asit, and I were at lunch. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview to a Mr. Eiseury and six other psychotherapists. At 5:30 p.m., Krishnaji, Asit, and I walked above Tannegg. Dorothy and Montague came to say goodbye. They have to get back to Brockwood as their son Guy, for some reason, cannot keep his dog Kip any longer, and Dorothy wants to look after him.'

July twenty-fifth. 'I met Nicole Philippeau and her daughter Christelle at the Ermitage for coffee. Asit and Princess Gabrielle came to lunch with Krishnaji and me. At 4 p.m., I went with Scott and Catherine de Maurex to look at chalets for next year. There are all

too few, and the ones that are available are too large, ornate, expensive, and unappealing. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji talked with Stephen, then walked with Asit and me in the Tannegg woods. I dined at the chalet of the audio group.'

The twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji held his third question-and-answer meeting in the tent. I brought Asit back and fetched Mary Cadogan also to lunch. At 3 p.m., the Saanen Gathering Committee, consisting of Gisèle, Mary Cadogan, and me, met. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji held a meeting with Mary Cadogan, Ingrid, Scott, Kathy, Harsh, Steven, Wendy, Ray McCoy, and me. I dined with Jackie Siddoo. And I had letters from Amanda and Phil.'

There isn't anything of significance the next day, and on the twenty-eighth, 'At 7:30 a.m., I drove Dr. Parchure to the train to Geneva. He goes to Brockwood and then on Monday he flies to India. I brought Asit from the Palace Hotel to go over with him the text of his photo book. Asit, Krishnaji, and I lunched with Grohe in Rougemont. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji gave an interview to a Dutch man, Peter Rampschum, for the magazine *De Ronde Tafel*. Krishnaji, Asit, and I walked in the Tannegg wood.'

July twenty-ninth. 'It was a marvelous, clear day. I fetched Asit to the chalet to talk with Krishnaji. Scott and Kathy joined us for lunch, after which we watched the opening of the Olympics in Los Angeles on television. Krishnaji saw Donald Hoppen about a book he is writing on architecture in which he quotes Krishnaji. Krishnaji, Asit, and I to the Tannegg walk.'

July thirtieth. 'Krishnaji, Asit, and I did a taped conversation on meditation. Kathy and Scott came and we all five lunched at the Chlösterli restaurant. Krishnaji liked it, and the big, woolly Bernese Mountain Dog lay under his seat all through the meal again. It was too hot to walk. Radha Burnier rang from London. She will come here on August eleventh. Kathy and Scott left for Buchillon.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji dictated letters. Asit came to say goodbye, but stayed for lunch. I ran errands, and Krishnaji saw the Siddoo sisters at 4:30 p.m. They want to restart the school again in 1985, but it was understood that it should not use Krishnaji's name. Krishnaji and I went on the Tannegg walk. Guido Franco and his son Rafael photographed him for a Swiss magazine.'

August first. 'I worked at the desk all morning. We lunched quietly and took naps, then we went to the Tannegg wood for our walk. As we come to the trees, Krishnaji says, "May we come in? You don't mind?" He is also watching cars for the color of a possible 190 Mercedes he increasingly thinks we should have in place of my old gray diesel in Ojai.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Oh, yes. I remember that.

M: 'He said, "I will live at least another five years," but next year he wants to come here earlier and rest more before the talks.'

There's nothing much the next day except that, 'F. Grohe came to lunch and he suggested Rougemont as a place for us to stay next year.' And the next day I, indeed, went to look there for a chalet for next year.

August third. 'I spent most of the day working at my desk. It was a hot day and we lunched alone. Krishnaji made a dictation into the Sony on his responsibility to the schools, and his plans for a "nucleus" to study the teachings with him. We walked in the Tannegg wood.'

There is nothing much the next day, but on August fifth, 'I worked at the desk all morning, then Mr. Grohe came to lunch. Afterward, we went to look at his Rougemont flat and an adjoining larger one for next summer's rental. The larger one would be for Dr. Parchure, Vanda, whoever cooks, and me, and Mr. Grohe would lend his small one to Krishnaji. Krishnaji liked it. I telephoned Erna as she and Theo go on to Arosa after landing in England on the seventeenth, and come to Brockwood for the talks.' They had a friend in Arosa they went to visit.

The next day, 'I again spent all morning working at the desk. Patricia Hunt-Perry writes that the UN wants Krishnaji to speak again next year. We lunched quietly. I went to look at the Cabana Apartments, which were not suitable. Krishnaji had photos taken by Guido Franco, again. Krishnaji and I walked above Tannegg.'

August seventh. 'I went to the station to meet Friedrich Grohe and Scott, who has been staying with him in Buchillon. Krishnaji, they, and I did a taped discussion on The Study, as the adult study center is now called, all morning. I then took them to lunch at Chlösterli and continued the conversation all afternoon.' This was all about what The Study should be, what should occur in it, and all that.

S: Right. Yes. I remember those conversations.

M: Yes. Krishnaji and I dropped them at the Gstaad station and then went on our walk in the woods. I got a long telephone report from Mary Cadogan on her and Jane's meeting yesterday with Dorothy at Brockwood. Krishnaji talked to me about his ideas for a very special "quiet room" in The Study.' [*S chuckles*.] What are you chuckling about?

S: Well, I can remember that as Krishnaji refined his ideas about the quiet room, he first gave them to the architects I eventually fired, but by the time we had Keith Critchlow as our architect, these ideas of Krishnaji's had matured, and he gave them to Critchlow. And Krishnaji's wishes were essentially this**:** The quiet room wasn't to have anything above it, or beneath it, or next to it, but it mustn't be apart. [*Laughs*.]

M: I told him it had to be a balloon. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: And then, also, a person mustn't be able to walk directly…

M: Into it.

S: …into it, but had to walk around it to get into it, and also a person should have to step up to go into it. Also, it should have natural light, but it shouldn't have any windows that anyone can look out of. [*Both laugh*.] And this was just an impossible…

M: I know.

S: And it was really to Critchlow's credit and genius…

M: He did it, everything he did.

S: …that he did it! Yes.

M: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.] Was he rather staggered by it?

S: He was *absolutely stunned*. [*Both laugh*.]

M: And it had to be in the northeast corner of the building. But he did it!

S: Yes, he did, but part of the idea for the solution to this puzzle came from the previous architect, before we got Critchlow, but I can't remember how much. Anyway, I can remember thinking that the demands for this room were just impossible. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: August eighth. 'I ran errands, including to the Jérack's agent.' That's a real estate place. 'There are no suitable chalets available for next year. Vanda, who is due today, is coming Friday instead.' This was on a Wednesday. 'We lunched quietly. Krishnaji is intent on making Brockwood excellent. I telephoned Filomena and the Dunnes. Krishnaji and I walked in the rain.'

August ninth. 'I began organizing and packing things we will store during the winter for next summer, and will put them in the Rougemont chalet. Friedrich Grohe and his older son Christoph came and took us to lunch at Chlösterli. We came back and took a nap. We did the Tannegg walk at 6 p.m.' One of the luxuries of having rented Tannegg all those years was that we could store a lot of our things in the basement from one year to the next.

August tenth. 'There was rain and fog. At 10 a.m., I went to the Cantonal Bank about the Alzina investments, then marketed. We lunched quietly watching the LA Olympics on television. On the way to Krishnaji's haircut, we saw Vanda arriving on foot from the Schönried station.' [*Chuckles*.] 'We took her up the hill, and then went on to the haircut. We stopped for things ordered at a pharmacy, fetched laundry, then went in the rain for our usual Tannegg walk.' [*Chuckles.*] Rain never stopped Krishnaji walking.

S: Oh, no.

M: August eleventh. 'A rainy day, which I spent mostly at my desk. Mrs. Ratzberg, agent for Chalet Horner, came about the final bill, and took away two cartons of accumulated

books that had grown at Tannegg all these years.' I don't know what she was going to do with all those books. 'Krishnaji and I walked earlier than usual in the Tannegg wood and then met Radha Burnier at Schönried station. She stays here in the room that Dr. Parchure had until we leave on Tuesday.' This was written on a Saturday.

August twelfth. 'In the morning Krishnaji and Radha did a taped conversation beginning with the question, "What is silence?" In the afternoon, Vanda had a Scandinavian boy to see Krishnaji, and then Krishnaji, Radha, and I walked at Tannegg.'

The next day, 'I spent most of the day packing. I went to the Cantonal Bank again about the Alzina investments; and in the afternoon, and with the help of Ortolani, and the Scandinavian boy Vanda produced yesterday, Jeff, we took a trunk, and various things to store in the Rougemont basement for next summer. I signed the lease for the four-bedroom apartment. Krishnaji, Radha, and I walked in the Tannegg wood. "Au revoir. À l'année prochaine," said Krishnaji to the trees. Krishnaji watched the final Olympics broadcast, and I finished packing.'

August fourteenth. 'I finished the packing before breakfast. Ortolani came to help carry the bags to the car, and to take Radha to her train. It is understood that Fosca is now too old to come and be with us for another summer. The dear soul is as young as ever in her spirit, but it's physically too much for her. Krishnaji and I said goodbye to her and Vanda, and drove to Geneva airport. Krishnaji allowed me to get a wheelchair, and the Swiss man who brought it and pushed again was one who had been to the Saanen talks and Brockwood, and to Gisèle's video showings at Buchillon.' [*Chuckles*.] 'We flew on Swissair 832 to Heathrow. Rita met us, as did Dorothy and Scott. It was a warm day at Brockwood. The country is in drought. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked with Kip.'

August fifteenth. 'Krishnaji held a meeting with the staff at 11:30 a.m. Those who were not in Saanen apparently feel none of the starting afresh that had united us at Saanen. Brian Jenkins, who was there, is caught up in resentment over the Brockwood staff not wanting his marriage to the Dutch student to be held at Brockwood.' [*Chuckles*.] 'It was clear that there was division and anger again, and the resentful ones have coalesced around Dorothy, who permits, even encourages, it. Krishnaji, Mary Cadogan, Jane Hammond, Dorothy, Scott, Ingrid, Stephen, Harsh, Ray McCoy, and I met all afternoon. Krishnaji said he could not live with the discord. Unless agreement comes about, he will close the door between the school and the West Wing. It ended on that note. He and I walked around the fields alone.'

S: Yes. That was the worst moment at Brockwood that I can remember. "Closing the door" really meant that Krishnaji would have nothing more to do with the school. Because your living quarters were separate.

M: Separate, yes.

S: So he would just…

M: Just live there. I had always wanted a kitchen so that if for any reason—I didn't think of this—but I thought if somehow the school weren't there, and he had to stay there, I could function with my own kitchen.

S: Yes, he would just live there when he was in England, but have nothing more to do with the school. What could be more awful?

M: August sixteenth. 'The Mercedes battery is too low to start the car. The architects, Mr. Jack and his colleague, came in the afternoon with the latest plans for The Study. Krishnaji explained to them what is needed for a quiet room, and they seemed intrigued.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Dorothy and others have got all the marquee chairs and tables put up, and then she came on the walk with Krishnaji and me. She tripped going out of the grove and fell heavily on her chest, but said it was only a bruise. I fetched petrol after the Mercedes battery was recharged. I fixed flowers for the West Wing, and put things in order for the guest rooms.'

The next day. 'I got up at 4 a.m., and at 5 a.m., I drove with Scott to Gatwick to meet Erna and Theo on a charter flight from Los Angeles. They are staying in the West Wing double spare room. It is good to see them. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked with Kip in the late afternoon.'

August eighteenth. 'I took Erna and Theo to Alresford, where I bought two pillows for the sitting room. Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and I walked around the fields. At 7 p.m., there was a channel 4 broadcast of the Krishnaji interview done in June by Border Television for a series called *Revelation*.'

The nineteenth. 'It was a warm day. I went to Brian Jenkins's and the Dutch student's wedding in the Morton woods.' [*Chuckles.*] I did it to placate him. [*S chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji didn't go. I came back for lunch, and slept in the afternoon. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked down and looked at the tent.'

S: This was another very weird thing. When Dorothy found out the relationship between Brian Jenkins, a teacher, and this Dutch student, she didn't do anything to discourage it. She, in fact, encouraged it. Brian was one of her pet projects; and Dorothy herself had been a student of Montague's when their relationship started, and then they married. So, she didn't think there was anything wrong in such relationships. There were several cases where she should have acted about these unprofessional relationships, because they're just not correct, but she didn't.

M: No, they're not. They're really not correct at all.

S: This was always a problem when she was principal, and, of course, when Brian and this student finally got married, it was just the source of even more resentment because the group of four who were running the school, supposedly with Dorothy, at that time (Stephen, Harsh, Ingrid, and Ray) would not let the Dutch student remain part of the school. And, of course, she and Brian thought that she was just going to continue in the

school as both a student and the wife of a staff member, having a foot in both camps. Well, that's…

M: No.

S: And so, it was a source of tremendous resentment by Brian and by the student and her friends, and her parents, who also didn't take it well.

M: Her parents, I remember dimly that the parents…

S: The parents were part of the Dutch committee and they…

M: Did they want this marriage?

S: Well, it was there, and being Dutch, and therefore liberal and accepting, they just accepted it. But I thought it was very wrong and, of course, it ended badly, etcetera. But it was a point of real resentment that she couldn't continue in the school as a student married to a staff member and it was just all very…It was just a mess.

M: Exactly. Yes. Yes, I remember that. Yes.

S: And it increased resentment by Dorothy's coterie against the four who were running the school.

M: Yes. Yes, that's messy.

S: And, of course, the resentment spread more to the students because this Dutch girl had many friends—she was really a very nice person—so they also were against the four, thinking that this student was being treated badly when she had this wonderful fairytale marriage to a Brockwood staff member…and it was just, it was just a mess.

M: Yes, I remember it.

There is really nothing the next day, and on the twenty-first, my diary reads, 'I took Erna and Theo to the Petersfield train, then I went on to Chichester to have the Mercedes serviced. Kathy brought me back. In the afternoon, using the school car, I went to Alresford to the bank and to do other errands. When I came back, Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked only in the shade of the grove. It was very hot.'

August twenty-second. 'There was some rain. I took a school car to meet Sunanda and Pama Patwardhan at Petersfield. They talked with Krishnaji before and after lunch, then Kathy and I took them back to the train, and Kathy drove me to Chichester, where I retrieved the Mercedes.'

The twenty-third. 'Krishnaji and I took the 10:45 a.m. train to London. I went to the U.S. embassy for my absentee ballot form. Krishnaji went to the dentist, Mr. Thompson. Then

we had a late lunch at Fortnum's. We walked from there to Burberry and got a raincoat for Krishnaji, then got the 4:20 p.m. back to Petersfield. It was hot in London. Friedrich Grohe had arrived while we were in London and is in the little West Wing guest room, my ex-office. Scott brought a fresh version of the architects' floor plan for The Study.'

August twenty-fourth. 'I went to Alresford and bought two antique mirrors for the bird wallpaper West Wing guest room. It is no longer a dining room, and with the wardrobe and chest of drawers I bought in London in June, it is now a nice single guest room, reminiscent of such rooms in my East Coast youth.' [*Chuckles.*] I'm trying to remember what such a reminiscence was. I think perhaps it was the chest of drawers and the wardrobe because, as you know, old houses in the East didn't have closets.

S: Yes, yes. That's right.

M: I don't remember. Anyway, that's what it says. 'I wanted to get it ready for Pupul's use in September. People are arriving for the Brockwood Gathering. Krishnaji talked for two hours with Shakuntala, and later with Scott and me about getting those staff who are united to back the running of the school in a strong way.' Shakuntala was on Dorothy's side, and antagonistic to the other four.

S: Oh, absolutely.

M: With, what's his name?

S: Baruch.

M: Oh, yes.

August twenty-fifth. 'At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave the first Brockwood talk. Afterward, we had fruit and salad upstairs, and then returned to the marquee for the other food. Krishnaji was busy all afternoon meeting various people. After supper, at Krishnaji's urging, I held a meeting of the members of staff who are united, and Dorothy, who sat without participating.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji gave his second Brockwood talk. A very fine one. Again, we had fruit salad in our kitchen afterward, and then went back to the tent. Topazia is here for the talks. An unbalanced man attacked Krishnaji verbally.' Do you remember that?

S: No.

M: I don't either. 'At 3 p.m., Scott, Grohe, and I met Shakuntala and Baruch about their staying at the school. They are leaving.' Were we trying to encourage them to leave or to stay?

S: I can't remember. Baruch ended up going, and Shakuntala staying, and that created a big problem because…well, we'll come across it, because it was a huge incident.

M: Yes, I know what we're heading for. Anyway, on this date, they are leaving. 'Then, at Doris's request, she met Scott and me and protested "the treatment" of Shakuntala, Brian Jenkins, and Eleanor, but this was interrupted by the entrance into the West Wing of a mad woman brought by Montague who was insisting on seeing Krishnaji. Doris fled, and I somehow got through the woman's obsession by asking her name and telling her mine. She came to, as though from a fit, and was quiet.' Never a dull moment. [*Both chuckle*.] 'The walk with Krishnaji included Grohe, Dorothy, Erna, and Theo.' There's always a mad woman surfacing here and there.

The twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji saw Doris at length and then added Shakuntala, Baruch, and me to the meeting. Baruch is leaving, but now Shakuntala says that she wants to stay. All this lasted all morning and Krishnaji had no rest. He had lunch in bed and got up only to walk with Dorothy, Friedrich, Erna, Theo, and me. I worked on questions for tomorrow.'

August twenty-eighth. 'Krishnaji held a question-and-answer meeting in the marquee. Afterward, Krishnaji and I had fruit salad upstairs with Friedrich and Scott present, then back to the tent for food. At 4:30 p.m., in drawing room, Krishnaji spoke to all the staff who are staying, plus Jane Hammond, Friedrich, Erna, and Theo. Doris and Dorothy were aggressively critical. Krishnaji passionately was trying to get everyone together. He will close the door to the school if it does not happen. In spite of it being late, etcetera, he, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, Friedrich, and I went for a short walk. I ate upstairs,' it says.

The twenty-ninth. 'I went to Alresford for cheese. Erna spent the morning talking with Dorothy, and told Erna she wants to retire. I spent time after lunch with Princess Gabrielle of Liechtenstein and took her back to Mrs. Morton's where she is staying. Krishnaji, Theo, and I walked.'

August thirtieth. 'Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer meeting, and it was very fine. Erna got a letter from Cohen about Rajagopal saying he wants to make peace, settle differences with Krishnaji before he, Rajagopal, dies. Erna telephoned Cohen, who will make inquiries. Mary Cadogan and I spoke with Doris about her coming to the International Trustees Meetings, which she wants to attend, and we talked to her about not being aggressive. She wants intensely to be at them and agreed. Krishnaji talked alone with Dorothy at 3 p.m., which apparently went well, and was followed by a meeting of all staff who are staying. Dorothy is more relaxed and responsive. Only Brian Jenkins remains disgruntled. The walk later with Krishnaji included Dorothy, Erna, Theo, Friedrich, and Magda Sichitiu. Later Mary Cadogan, Scott, Ray McCoy, and I spoke with Brian Jenkins. Any memoirs of that?

S: No, no. I think I've just pushed it into my subconscious.

M: Yes, well…Leave it there. [*S chuckles*.]

August thirty-first. 'Krishnaji's voice is hoarse from fatigue and too much use. He stayed in bed. I met Sunanda and Pama in Petersfield. They are staying until the end of the

International Trustee Meetings. Krishnaji saw Dorothy in the morning, and she seems relaxed and her best self. Erna and Theo went with Friedrich and Magda to the Isle of Wight.'

September first. 'Krishnaji gave his third Brockwood talk. Mary and Joe with their granddaughter, Anna, were here, and had fruit and salad and later coffee with us in the kitchen. Krishnaji talked briefly with a Czech publisher of his books in Germany. The walk was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, Magda, and me. Krishnaji's voice was hoarse in the morning but better by evening.'

September second. 'Krishnaji gave his fourth Brockwood talk, which was very fine. His voice was still hoarse but improved as he went along. Dr. Chandnani gave both Krishnaji and me cholera shots for India. Grohe left for Switzerland. Mark Edwards took photos needed by KFA. The Gathering ended, and people began to leave. There was a short walk of Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, and Theo. In the evening Krishnaji, Scott, and I watched a movie on video. The weather stayed dry throughout the talks.'

The third. 'Krishnaji rested in bed till the afternoon. I spent the morning on laundry and arranging for guests. The Gathering people left, but Radhika Herzberger and her daughter, Maya, arrived. Krishnaji spoke to Polish Magdalina Jasciuska before she left. The walk was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, and Theo. The Mercedes battery was dead again, and had to be taken for recharging.'

September fourth. 'The Mercedes battery was returned early, and Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I caught the 10:45 a.m. train to London. Joe met us, and drove us to Huntsman where Krishnaji helped Theo buy a jacket. We walked to Fortnum's where Mary Links joined us for lunch. At Hatchards, I got the Oxford Book of English Verse and Golden Treasury.' That was for Krishnaji. 'Back at Brockwood, Evelyne Blau and Alan Kishbaugh had arrived for the International Trustee Meetings. Erna spoke to Merali in Belgium, who says the San Diego sale of his property fell through, so he can make no payment towards the donation he pledged KFA since 1982.'

September fifth. 'Mr. Grohe returned. Jean-Michel and the van der Stratens arrived. After lunch, all trustees met with Krishnaji in the assembly room for the first of our meetings. There was a walk with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and Alan Kishbaugh. Most met in the evening to talk.'

The sixth. 'The trustee meetings began at 10 a.m. Krishnaji joined in a bit later. After lunch he talked to Sarjit Siddoo with Erna and me there about their school, if they revive it in 1985. At 3 p.m., the meetings resumed till 5 p.m. On the walk was Krishnaji, Dorothy, Grohe, Erna, Theo, Radhika, and me. At 7:30 p.m., there was another meeting where Harsh showed how indexing can be done on computers. To bed wearily.'

September seventh. 'Most of the trustees went to lunch with the Digbys at their family castle in Sherborne, Dorset. Krishnaji, Radhika, Sunanda, Dorothy, and I stayed at Brockwood. Pupul arrived from New York in the morning. She chose to share the room

with Radhika instead of having the West Wing Bird Room, so Asit will have it and share the bath with Grohe.' [*Chuckles.*] 'It was a quieter day. I went to Alresford on errands.'

September eighth. 'Asit arrived from Singapore. At 10 a.m., the trustee meetings resumed, and dealt all day with publications matters. Mary and Joe came down, and Mary presided at the meeting as head of the publication committee. India again wants the copyright shared, this time between the three English-speaking Foundations. Agreement was made to form an international publication committee with two members from each of the English-speaking Foundations—Mary Links and Mary Cadogan for England, Sunanda and Asit for India, and Alan Kishbaugh and I were nominated for the U.S. Alfonso Colón and Riesco from the Fundación are included as "consultants." This committee of six met after lunch, and it went easily. At 3 p.m., the full trustee meetings resumed, and it was more difficult. We agreed to inquire about the legal implications of shared copyright. Mary Cadogan will consult our copyright lawyer, Rubinstein.'

The ninth. 'At 9 a.m., there was a meeting with the KF Trust members about the plans for The Study. At 10 a.m., the International Trustees Meetings resumed and continued all day till 6 p.m. Merali arrived. While Krishnaji finished his supper, Pupul, Asit, Scott, Sunanda, Grohe, and I sat with him and chatted. It was a looonnnng day,' it says.

September tenth: 'At 10 a.m., there was a meeting with Merali of Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Alan Kishbaugh, Pupul, Asit, Sunanda, Pama, Radhika, and me about his nonpayment of the pledged donation to the KFA—it had been the basis for a matching fund drive. He had asked that Indian members be present. Asit, as a businessman, asked many questions that were totally to the point, and Merali squirmed and got emotional. It broke up, and then there was a meeting of Mary Cadogan, Jane Hammond, Pupul, Radhika, Sunanda, Pama, Asit, and me. At 3 p.m., all the Foundations resumed the meetings, with Krishnaji speaking about the schools, a school journal, and since one of us (himself) had been free of conditioning, what could help other children to be that way? In evening we saw a shortened version (to fifty-eight minutes) of *The Challenge of Change* film.'

September eleventh. 'At 11 a.m., Krishnaji spoke in the Assembly Hall to all trustees and the Brockwood staff. In the afternoon, there was a meeting without Krishnaji of trustees to review what had been accomplished during the week. It was Pupul's sixty-ninth birthday. During Krishnaji's breakfast, she, Asit, Sunanda, and I taped Asit's questions of Krishnaji about what kept him untouched by all his surroundings when he was young. Eventually, there was a walk around the block of Krishnaji, Asit, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, Grohe, Merali, Kishbaugh, and me.'

September twelfth. 'At 10 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to Merali alone. Then he told Erna and me, Pupul, Radhika, and Asit what Merali had said. Pupul, Radhika, Mary, and Asit left by car for London. Alan Kishbaugh left. Krishnaji rested after lunch, but then spent two more hours with Merali, at first with Sunanda and Pama present, and then with Erna and Theo. Merali finally promised to pay the KFA half of what he had pledged by the end of

the year and the balance owing to be paid on the sale of his San Diego property. After his supper, Krishnaji watched a video of a Clint Eastwood movie and finally slept.'

The thirteenth. 'Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went by train to London where we met Asit at Huntsman so that Krishnaji could supervise Asit's fitting. The Lilliefelts went off shopping. I took my dear brown tweed coat to be copied at Hilliard's on Cork Street in a tweed I found at Huntsman. Krishnaji, Asit, Mary Links, and I lunched at Fortnum's. Mary spoke frankly about the reactions of KF India to the second volume of her biography of Krishnaji. Asit listened sympathetically. Krishnaji and I bought books at Hatchards and came home.'

The next day. 'The house is quieter. Krishnaji rested all morning but got up for lunch. I worked at the desk. The walk with Krishnaji included Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and me. I got Krishnaji's supper tray. Then Erna, Theo, Dorothy, Kathy, and Scott dined with me at the Old House in Wickham. We went in the school van.'

September fifteenth. 'I worked at the desk almost all day. I spoke to Ginny Travers in Stratford, and will go to see her on the twenty-seventh. Walk. Telephoned Filomena to say I will go to see her October second.'

S: Alright well, we should probably end it there.

M: Alright.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] A project of the Krishnamurti Foundation of India in rural India.

Issue 81: September 16, 1984 to November 18, 1984

The conflict at Brockwood continues in this issue, but that is as nothing when they get to India, and they are very nearby when Indira Gandhi is assassinated. There is so much about these two lives that just seems unbelievable.

Mary: We begin today with my diary entry for September sixteen, 1984, and we're at Brockwood. The Bohms came down for lunch, and I spoke to them and the Lilliefelts after lunch.' They were visiting from Ojai. 'There was a late afternoon walk with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and me across the fields and back along the lanes. I telephoned Vivian in Ojai—the Krishnamurti Library opened at Arya Vihara, and is going well. But, she said, Terry Doyle is resigning. He later telephoned and spoke to Erna. He doesn't want to be the principal. Erna and Theo fly back to Ojai tomorrow and they will deal with it on arrival.'

Scott: It is quite extraordinary that someone just begins the job of being principal, and then decides that he doesn't want to do it.

M: Well, I don't remember anything about him.

S: He just began.

M: I know. He just appeared and fairly quickly disappeared.

S: But just the idea that someone would begin that job, and then decide they don't want to do it, is…[*both chuckle*]. Anyway…

M: The next day just says, 'Erna and Theo left in a taxi for Gatwick and their flight to Los Angeles. Krishnaji stayed in bed all day. I did laundry, worked at my desk, and talked to Natasha.'

The eighteenth. 'I slept till 7 a.m., worked at my desk, and did laundry. Harsh again came to talk to me about the school. Krishnaji had lunch in bed, but spoke in the afternoon to Brian Jenkins. I went to Petersfield for compact discs for Krishnaji and for other errands.'

September nineteenth. 'I went to London to the General Trading Company and to Harrods'—they're both stores—'and came back on the 4:20 p.m. train. Krishnaji had talked to Dorothy, Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen. Erna had rung from Ojai, but the phones here are out of order so she couldn't get through properly.'

September twentieth. 'Rain. I attended the 9 a.m. staff meeting. Later, Krishnaji met with Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen. I met Betsy at Petersfield station and brought her here. We lunched in the West Wing kitchen. The telephone worked briefly, and Krishnaji and I were able to reach Erna in Ojai. Terry Doyle is resigning. Erna wants to accept it, and we agreed. I took Betsy back to the train.'

The next day. ‘I attended another staff meeting at 9 a.m. At 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji spoke to the staff about relationship. Erna telephoned. KFA has accepted Terry Doyle’s resignation from the Oak Grove School. David Moody becomes head of the upper school and perhaps Rupert Oysler will head the lower one. We will do without a principal for the moment. Krishnaji agreed to all this. Scott and I edited the announcement in the *Bulletin* of the Study Center. Krishnaji came on a short walk with Dorothy and me.’

The twenty-second of September: ‘Krishnaji didn’t sleep well, so he spent the day in bed. I worked most of the day at my desk, then walked alone. Erna telephoned and said that David Moody is in charge of both the upper and the lower school.’

The next day. ‘Krishnaji slept better. I went to another staff meeting at 9 a.m., and Krishnaji spoke to the staff at 11:30 a.m. On the walk was Krishnaji, Dorothy, and me. We telephoned David Moody at Arya Vihara.’ He and Vivian were living there.

September twenty-fourth: ‘At 9 a.m. there was again a staff meeting, and at 11:30 a.m., Krishnaji spoke again to the staff. I went with Scott to Alresford where I got the car road tax paid, and did other small errands. When we got back, Krishnaji had spoken to Dorothy, Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen after they had had a row.’ [*Chuckle.*] ‘I walked with Dorothy at 5 p.m.’

The twenty-fifth. ‘Krishnaji slept poorly. We canceled our trip to London, and he met Dorothy, Ingrid, Harsh, Stephen, and me about the row they had had yesterday. Krishnaji left, and we went on till one o’clock. I brought him lunch on a tray. At 5:30 p.m., the four came up to tell him they would work together. After supper, Krishnaji spoke to Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen, while Scott and I took on Gérard, whose refusal to change his room set off yesterday’s almighty row—he shouting, and Dorothy siding with him. All this is becoming unbearable. I’m *sick* of it.’ [*Both laugh.*] Oh, *really*! That *was* a *dreadful* time.

S: Oh, yes, it was.

M: September twenty-sixth. ‘Krishnaji slept well. He got up for lunch and spoke afterward to Alan Maroger. Scott and I talked again to Gérard, and Krishnaji spent an hour seeing Christopher Titmus. Scott, Ingrid, Harsh, Stephen, and I talked, and then went to see Dorothy about the person G. problem, and a miserable meeting ensued. Dorothy was tight, angry, violent, and bursting out. I couldn’t get through her rage. It is irrational. I finally left to get Krishnaji’s supper. Person G. then went and apologized to Stephen and Ingrid, so we didn’t ask him to leave.’ We should have, but anyway.

S: We did eventually.

M: Yes.

‘During all this fracas, a welcome to returning students was going on.’ [*S laughs*.] ‘Dorothy seems embedded in her anger.’ *Good heavens*.



Krishnaji riding in a car in India (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Yes. I think this was one of the ridiculous tests of strength that she had. Here were the four—Dorothy, Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen, who were supposed to be in charge of things, and they had—

M: I thought you were in the four.

S: I wasn't in the four since the previous spring. I'd come out. I was out doing the center…

M: Yes, you were doing the center.

S: …but, for some reason, I still got dragged into problems. Anyway, the four had decided that in the whole allocation of rooms for staff that person G. had to move his room, which was pretty normal. But he didn't want to. He wanted to stay where he was. And Dorothy sided with him. So, the test then became, who was the authority in the place? Was it Dorothy, or was it the group or those three? So it was…[*laughs*] an absolute mess and fracas over nothing, and, yes, Dorothy was pulling out all the stops of anger, yelling, etcetera.

M: 'The three and Scott sat and talked with Krishnaji.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji went to London for a haircut with Scott. I saw them off and came back into the house through Dorothy's office. We began to talk and she was nervous, upset, but quieter. Somehow, something was different, as if her violence yesterday had gone too far, and she was shocked by it. She was also afraid it had

damaged our friendship. She admitted, and I agreed, that it had been very bad yesterday. "What about them?" she asked, and I realized what she meant—herself and me. I said I loved her dearly and couldn't bear to go against her, but had to because of what is best for the school, that I hadn't been able to get through to her yesterday, couldn't she see that? She was quiet, and we were able to talk. I felt some sort of crisis had been broken through. I left at 1:30 p.m. and drove to Stratford, going via Broadway to have tea with Amanda Pallant in her new cottage. She is an herbalist and sees and treats patients there. It was a very nice visit. I went on to Stratford and found Ginny Travers's flat and the key under the flowerpot. I left my bag and the car there, and walked to the theater in time for the evening performance of *Hamlet*. Ginny is playing the mother, Gertrude, with Roger Rees as Hamlet. After the performance, Ginny and I had supper in the theater restaurant, and I stayed the night in her flat.'

The twenty-eighth. 'After breakfast, I went with Ginny to visit the Shakespeare houses in Stratford. She had to leave at 1 p.m., so I stopped to see the Anne Hathaway's Cottage by myself. Then I drove back to Brockwood, arriving about 4:30 p.m. Krishnaji was feeling rested, and we went with Ingrid and John Porter to see where the grove needs more azaleas. We had only a short walk before supper.'

September twenty-ninth: 'Pupul telephoned from Delhi. Krishnaji and the Dalai Lama are both to speak on the same platform, under no auspices, in Delhi on November fourth. She has invited the Dalai Lama to lunch with him the day before. She has booked a room for me at the Taj Hotel during Krishnaji's Delhi stay. I went to Petersfield on errands in the afternoon, then walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy. It was a beautiful, clear afternoon with golden light and sharp autumn air. Krishnaji is feeling well. This is a season dear to me.'

S: Yes, English autumns are really lovely.

M: Any autumn I love.

The next day just says, 'Krishnaji spoke to the school at 11:30 a.m., and we walked with Dorothy at 4:30.'

There's even less for the first of October: 'Krishnaji is tired, so he stayed in bed. I did desk work most of the day, but went to the staff meeting.'

October second. 'At 10:30 a.m., I left in Mrs. Thompkin's taxi to Heathrow and took the Alitalia flight at 1:30 p.m. to Rome. Mario met me, and then I saw Filomena, frail and bent over almost at a right angle. How dear she is. We drove to her apartment where I am staying. After greeting all the family, I sat and talked to her at length. I telephoned Krishnaji to let him know I was safely there. He had talked to the students earlier. Filomena and I had supper in her little kitchen; Mistica'—that's her niece—'and Vincenza'—the mother of Mistica, and Filomena's sister—'are bringing the food. Early to bed.'

The next day. ‘I went with Filomena’s son, Mario, to the bank to cash travel checks in the morning. In the afternoon, he drove me and Mistica into central Rome and we went on foot looking for Castel, the place where years ago I bought shirting for Sam and where I took Krishnaji for the same in the late 1960s. Krishnaji wanted material similar to some from there we got before, and the possibility of my getting it may—repeat, may—have softened his opposition to my going to Rome at all.’ [*Both laugh.*] The “may” is underlined. ‘I wasn’t sure the place existed after all these years, but it does, unchanged. They recognized the fabric in the old shirt I had brought with me, but it was no longer made. So, I looked and found four others that I hope he will like. All this was very satisfying, and it was nice to have a glimpse of Vecchia Roma again, past the Fontana delle Tartarughe.’ That’s the fountain of the turtles. It’s a charming little tiny piazza with the fountain with, I think it’s four, maybe more, statues of turtles around it.

S: Right. And the shirt shop is near there?

M: Yes, must have been. I forget. Yes, it is because that’s what brought me to the Tartarughe Fountain. ‘…past the Fontana delle Tartarughe. The trattoria where Jarmila and I used to lunch was gone.’ Jarmila is an old, old friend in California; she’s American, but her family was Czech. I think. ‘…the trattoria where we used to lunch was gone but little else seemed changed. I telephoned Vanda in Fiesole and also Fosca. Krishnaji at Brockwood had spent the day in bed.’

October fourth. ‘With Mario and Filomena, I returned to the Fiumicino airport. As always, these small visits with Filomena make the years fall away and we could just as well have been at Malibu. Her mind is a little vaguer. She misunderstood my letter about Amanda’s operation in May and thought it was one of her daughters, but seemed to take it in when I explained it carefully. I have an unease in Mario’s suggestion that Filomena’s U.S. bonds, which are her entire capital, be cashed in and sent to Rome. He would then control it. And my unease is that she seems worried about money. As her income with pension from me and Social Security checks and bond interest comes to a good sum every month, the dollar is high, and she pays no taxes, so that doesn’t sound worrisome. But it turned out she had spent quite a bit on repairing the other house.’ She owned—well I don’t know whether you don’t want to know, but there were two houses and her relatives all lived in the big one, and she lived in the other, little one. ‘I can’t describe them as greedy or grasping, exactly, but they live with little space between basic needs and what Mario earns, and Filomena has always been the fountain of funds in their lives. I do not like her worrying about money. She should have security of mind as well as her needs taken care of. We talked about all this and left it that when I saw my brother, I would discuss this, and then they and I would discuss the matter later. So it was shelved for the present. We said goodbye at the airport. Will I ever see her again?’ I flew back on Alitalia. Mrs. Thompkins met me and I was back at Brockwood by 2:45 p.m. Krishnaji was waiting for me. He seems to know when one will arrive.’ It’s true, he did that with other people, too. I am boundlessly glad to be back and he liked the Castel shirting. He said, “When you are away, it is much more work for me.”’ [*Both laugh.*] I don’t know what he meant.

S: All kinds of things, I'm sure. You did everything. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: The fifth of October: 'At noon we started a project of videotaping Krishnaji's answers to questions on a single subject, asked by me, and the answer was to last just twenty-eight minutes.' There was an idea to get them on television. They have to be that length.

S: Yes, I remember those.

M: 'Twenty-eight minutes was the right length for TV broadcasts and also for use in the information centers where newcomers are sometimes overwhelmed by a whole talk. Today I posed the questions, and then the cameras stay on Krishnaji. The first one was on "conditioning." Afterward, he said we should keep going, so we did a second one on "fear." My brother telephoned from New York. He and Lisa may have to go to India about the Cooper-Hewitt share of the 1985 Festival of India exhibitions, and they might be in Delhi while I'm there. We'll know more later.'

October sixth. 'I worked at my desk most of the day. Krishnaji rested in the morning, then spoke with Harsh and Claire after lunch. I spoke to Erna in Ojai about my giving the Senior Canyon Water shares to KFA.' If you want water in Ojai, you have to buy shares in the Senior Canyon Water, and as I had bought all of what became the KFA property in the east end of the valley, before giving it back to the KFA, I had the shares in the Senior Canyon Water company for Arya Vihara, and the office, and guest house. I gave those to the KFA, but kept two shares so that I had a right to water for this house.

The next day. 'Krishnaji spoke to the school in the morning, to a Greek boy, to Natasha, and then to the four. He had no nap. I went to the staff meeting where I could hear nothing as I'm getting so deaf. Krishnaji said, "You must hurry up to understand everything. I may live another ten years, but you must understand."'

October eighth. 'I got up early and began sample editing of some pieces Krishnaji dictated into his Sony in Ojai last spring. I will send them to Mary L. for her vetting. Krishnaji asked, "Haven't you got enough to do?" but this is something I would like to do. Editing is needed and I offered to do it at the International Trustee Meetings in September. The old Hoover washing machine broke down, and I'm negotiating for a new Miele washing machine. I went to Petersfield on errands in the afternoon but got back to attend the school meeting at 5 p.m. Krishnaji says the disturbance in the house is what has tired him.'

S: Did he mean the psychological dissonance that was in the school?

M: Yes, yes.

The ninth. 'Krishnaji slept poorly. Nevertheless he spoke to the students. Pandit Jasraj, a singer, came to lunch and sang beautifully at 5 p.m. for Krishnaji and the school.' He was a very good singer. I'd heard him in India. 'I did editing of the transcript of the Border

TV interview with Krishnaji for the *Revelation* series for publication by them. A new Miele washing machine was installed.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji remained in bed resting. Dr. Reilly came to see him and gave us both a flu vaccine. I worked at the desk and used the new washing machine most of day.' [*Chuckles.*]

The eleventh. 'Krishnaji spoke to staff at 11:30 a.m. He gave Doris an interview in the afternoon. He had previously told the students about his compact disc player and had said they should hear it, so they took him at his word. His room was stuffy with them when I came back from Alresford errands.' [*Chuckles.*]

October twelfth. 'Krishnaji slept well. He said that in the last two nights he had vague dreams of "the brother." He "couldn't see his face, but we were going somewhere, a doctor's. He went to the doctor, then he went somewhere and I didn't know where, and then there were a bunch of people saying, 'We're for Theosophy.'"' [*Both chuckle.*] Oh, dear. '"It was a dream, you know. A dream." Krishnaji felt it was funny. We went by train to London. Mary and Joe met us. Krishnaji had a Huntsman fitting, and then we lunched with Mary at Fortnum's, bought books at Hatchards, and came home.'

S: The ritual successfully performed.

M: Absolutely. A completely correct day in London. [*Both chuckle.*] 'I ate on a tray with Krishnaji and watched the TV news, which was mostly the aftermath of the IRA bombing of the Brighton Hotel aimed at Mrs. Thatcher and the conservative cabinet during the Conservative Conference meetings there.' Goodness.

The next day. 'I have a slight cold. Krishnaji spent the day in bed except for giving an interview to Esther Shakun. I worked at my desk all day.' I don't know who that was.

October fourteenth. 'Krishnaji recorded on video answers to questions posed by me and Ray McCoy on "What is religion?" and "What is a religious mind?" Each answer was twenty-eight minutes long. It went well. At 4:15 p.m., he joined a staff meeting discussion on conflict, and then he and I went for a walk in the fields.'

The fifteenth. 'My cold is fairly heavy. I finished editing Krishnaji's Sony dictations, and then did general desk work. I ate my lunch upstairs. In the afternoon, Krishnaji gave an interview for an article to Edwin Oostmejer, a Dutch journalist.'

Then for the next two days, there's nothing significant.

October eighteenth. 'Iris Murdoch came from Oxford to do a video dialogue with Krishnaji. Mary and Joe, and their friend, Harold Carlton, came too, and watched the dialogue with the school on a monitor in the dining room. Murdoch and Krishnaji continued the discussion after lunch.' That's true, there were two. 'Murdoch was interesting but never seemed to make the jump to seeing instantly what Krishnaji means.

She would say. “Ah yes, I see that. It is like Plato, etcetera,” lining it up or verifying it through intellectual knowledge already stored. Later I went to Alresford for a typhoid shot.’

The nineteenth. ‘I met a David Bradshaw, a young Oxford don, at the Winchester bus station. He’s doing a life of Aldous Huxley and Krishnaji said he would talk to him. Krishnaji saw him before and after lunch, then I took him back to Winchester and bought a small Sony shortwave radio in Alresford on the way home to take to India. Talked on the telephone to Phyl Fry. I will not be able to see them this trip, which is a sadness.’

On the twentieth. ‘Mary and Joe came at noon, lunched, and stayed till about 4 p.m. They brought me original photographs of Krishnaji at Ommen in 1926. I walked with Grohe around the block. Rita Zampese brought our Air India tickets, which she has been kind enough to get, as well as my Indian visa, and stayed the night in the West Wing double guest room. Krishnaji says he feels slight bronchitis.’

The next day. ‘Krishnaji says he is alright. “A pink pill did it.”’ Do you remember the pink pills?

S: Oh, yes. I remember the magic pink pills.

M: Mm. ‘So, he spoke to the staff at 11:30 a.m., and to a staff member after lunch. Saral and Dave lunched here. Dave is looking well. Krishnaji, Grohe, Rita Z., and I walked around the block. I spoke to Erna in Ojai.’

October twenty-second. ‘Krishnaji spoke to Claire about her son Anand at 9 a.m., after which he had breakfast. At noon, he gave an interview to the Swedish journalist for *Svenska Dagbladet*.’ It probably means the Swedish daily or something, but I don’t know. ‘I think his name is Lundstrom. After lunch, at 4:15 p.m., Scott, Kathy, Friedrich, and I met the architect, Mr. Jack, and his colleague in Winchester to look at flint and brick buildings. We came back to Brockwood and, with Krishnaji, looked at the model of the proposed study. It looks like a motel or golf club to me. Krishnaji didn’t like it. ’

The next day. ‘Krishnaji and I went to London where Mary and Joe met us. Krishnaji had a Huntsman fitting. Krishnaji, Mary, and I lunched at Fortnum’s, and Krishnaji had his hair cut at Truefitt while I bought film to take to India. Then we went to W. Bill to get him a navy pullover, and we caught the 4:50 p.m. train back. Back at Brockwood, Scott’s parents have arrived from Houston. They are here for Scott’s appendectomy.’ Whew. ‘A very nice couple. His father looks like Scott. Today Krishnaji had me write down, “Austerity of the mind is wholly different from the austerity of will.” In the evening, on television, he watched the whole of the old movie *To Sir, with Love*. He likes Sidney Poitier as an actor.’

October the twenty-fourth. ‘There was rain and wind. We both stayed in. Krishnaji remaining in bed while I packed. The Forbes family left for London. Tomorrow Scott will have an appendix operation.’ You had it in London? Why?

S: Yes. Because it was still a little tricky, for some reason which I can't remember.

M: Where did you have it in London?

S: At the Royal Free Hospital. I think the complication was because I had had hepatitis, but whatever reason it was, it allowed me to see a very famous lady who had been knighted for her work on livers, so because of whatever complication I had, I was given an appointment to see her.

M: Oh. [*Chuckles*.] That's a nice way to put it.

S: Yes. [*Both laugh.*] And when she saw me, she said, "Well, why don't you have your appendectomy here?" She had a surgeon at that hospital that she thought was very good and who she thought should do it—a very nice Indian man, actually.

M: And he did it well, probably. A satisfied customer?

S: I guess he did it well. I'm still here. [*Chuckles*.]

M: What about the liver?



Krishnaji riding in a car in India (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: It turned out to be a harmless syndrome I have, which wasn't well known at the time and was part of what confused the doctors in Winchester when I originally had the burst appendix that they misdiagnosed. It was this lady who identified this little known syndrome, which seems to have no consequences other than throwing off test results. Anyway, the end result was that I had my operation in a very good teaching hospital with a very good surgeon.

M: [*laughs*] Good. Good.

S: And, of course, the wonderful English thing in those days was that you just walked into a hospital, you didn't sign anything—no release or anything, and not a penny is charged. You just go in, they welcome you, you had your operation, and then…

M: …off you go. [*M chuckles*.] A better world. We know the world has gotten worse.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: October twenty-fifth. 'Scott had his operation in the London hospital today. Mary Cadogan and the Hammonds were at lunch. At Krishnaji's direction, Ray McCoy became an associate member of the KF Trust and a member with Dorothy, Ingrid, Harsh, and Stephen of the group running the school. Mary Cadogan had a long talk with Dorothy. Krishnaji invited Dorothy to come to India in December, and she will come with Rita Zampese to Rishi Valley.'

October twenty-sixth. 'I went to London, giving Friedrich a lift to Petersfield station. I fitted my new tweed copy of my brown coat at Hilliard's, did small errands, and lunched very pleasantly with Mary and Joe at their apartment on Hyde Park Street. I got back to Brockwood at 6 p.m. Krishnaji had talked to students, to Dorothy, and to Brian Jenkins and his new wife. After supper we telephoned Vanda in Florence, and then I spoke to my brother in New York. He and Lisa are not coming to Delhi next week. Maybe later. Then I had the familiar happiness of talking to Amanda and Phil in Malibu.'

The next day I am packing, and then the next two days rather run together. On the twenty-eighth, 'Krishnaji and I got up at 4 a.m., and had only nettle tea, our vitamins, and protein powder drink before leaving at 6:30 a.m. with Dorothy and Ingrid to Heathrow. Friedrich came too, but flew off to Switzerland. Much of the school was up standing in the dark rain to see Krishnaji off. Rita Zampese met us at Heathrow at 7:50 a.m., as did a Mr. Ramesh Sahini, chief protocol officer at the Indian High Commission, sent by Pupul to see that "His Eminence"' [*both chuckle*] 'etcetera.' *Really*…

S: Oh, god.

M: I don't bother to say what he had to see to, so it was obviously just show. 'We sat in Air India after buying a paperback book and the *New Yorker* at the bookstore. It is settled that Dorothy will fly with Rita, Friedrich, and Magda Sichitiu on December fifteenth and come to Rishi Valley. I have suggested Dorothy return with me after the Madras part of

Krishnaji's tour, which should be on January twenty-sixth, as she shouldn't travel alone. Rita and the protocol man saw us into our front row seats on the 747, and in the comfort, such as it is, we flew from Heathrow at 8:45 a.m. across Russia, Afghanistan, and Pakistan. We read, slept, and were plied with food. Pupul had specified what Air India should provide as food for us. Krishnaji and I both woke up to watch, without sound, the end of the film *Blue Thunder* with helicopters chasing each other over Los Angeles.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'We landed at 11:20 a.m. at Delhi. Pama and Mr. Murli Rao were at the foot of the plane steps with a car to drive us to the VIP lounge, where Pupul, in a white heavy cotton sari, was smiling. Mr. Jose, her secretary, and Murli Rao took our passports and tickets and went off to see to everything. After a short while, we could go, and so Krishnaji and I went with Pupul to her house on Safdarjung Road. Nandini and her daughter, Devi, were there, as was Dr. Parchure. Pupul's house is very nice, done with her good taste.' She did have good taste. We have to say that.

S: Yes. That's right. [*Laughs*]. We like to say nice things about people.

M: Yes, we do. We try to be fair.

S: We try, yes.

M: 'When the others and the baggage came, Devi and Mr. Jose took me to the Taj Hotel, where I have a comfortable room. Driving in the soft warm air, I felt again in India when I saw the calm cows in the road.' [*Chuckles.*] 'On these trips with Krishnaji, I am borne by the kindness of his friends, sheltered, protected, and instructed by Krishnaji to let it be that way. He is uneasy at my being in a hotel there for a few days, and imagines dangerous food, etcetera.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'They put fruit in the room and he said you mustn't eat it. I am to eat nothing, he says, but tea, toast, and maybe a boiled egg for breakfast.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'It is, in fact, a hotel more luxurious than the Dorset in New York, which he likes. The next day, Pupul's car came for me in the morning. Asit had arrived in the night from Singapore. Krishnaji was beautiful as ever in his Indian clothes, an apricot kurta and buff bandi'—that's the sleeveless sort of a waistcoat. 'Devi and I went shopping unsuccessfully and came back to Pupul's to a late lunch. It was family only with Krishnaji and me. Asit asked him why there has always been turmoil around Krishnaji, TS people, Rajagopal, etcetera. Krishnaji said it was not surprising, "In good soil the tree grows and so do the weeds."' [*Chuckles.*] 'There was talk too about the "quiet room" in The Study at Brockwood. There was rather a challenge from both Pupul and Asit. Krishnaji said it was "entirely different" from a meditation room or a temple. "It is a place to be quiet, not to bring problems, thoughts," said Krishnaji. He said he had found it very difficult to live at Brockwood, in a house full of "a hundred" people where there is turmoil. I went back to the hotel, afraid if I give in to sleep I wouldn't wake up in time for a walk. So, I read, the archive correspondence I had brought from KFA to KFI, copies of correspondence between Krishnaji and Annie Besant, also with letters to her from Nitya. It was interesting to read in his letters of February seven, 1924 that Krishnaji, during the process, had said, "In one of the messages Krishnaji repeated from the Master, it was said that this house'—Arya Vihara—'would become a center and that they will watch over it."' Make whatever you can of that.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: 'I came back to Pupul's and went for a walk in Lodi Gardens with Krishnaji, Nandini, and Devi. Supper was *en famille*. On the walk, Krishnaji told me that the night before we left Brockwood, i.e., early Sunday morning, around 3 a.m., he was awakened with an intense sense of something, a power that was with him, and that it had been going on as we flew. "Something happening."'

The thirtieth of October: 'I went with Devi to Cottage Industries shopping. Later I went with Krishnaji, Pupul, Sunanda, and Pama to lunch with the vice president and Mrs. Venkataraman. They live in a Lutyens house—stately, classical, and large. We sat on very long red sofas, far from each other in an otherwise empty room.'

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: 'So, conversation is not enhanced. The hostess, with a diamond nose ring, didn't know about Lutyens, so my compliment went for naught.' [*Both chuckle*]. 'Krishnaji sat on her right at lunch, and on her left was a minister, I think, for fertilizer (question mark)' [*Both laugh*] 'named Sathi.' I'm not kidding. [*Both chuckle*.] 'All went along until a luckless serving man somehow upset a bowl of very hot soup down the minister's back. He gave a strangled look and tore off his shirt and vest; and instead of leaving the room of this very formal lunch, or being lent another shirt, he just sat out the meal, naked from the waist up. Krishnaji was *very* disapproving.'

S: [*laughs*] I know. I remember Krishnaji telling me about it [*laughs*]. It was…

M: I've underlined the "very."

S: Yes, yes. This man just sat there with no top on.

M: Yes. [*Both laugh.*] 'I walked later with Krishnaji in Lodi Park. Nandini, Devi, and Mr. Kantilal Dalal were along. We had dinner at Pupul's. Krishnaji, Pupul, Nandini, Devi, Asit, and Rajiv Sethi, the designer with whom Lisa is working for the World of India Exhibition. Afterward, Pupul brought out the manuscript of her biography of Krishnaji, and she asked me to read aloud from the opening chapter, which begins with his birth and circumstances of his early life. Krishnaji listened attentively and asked if we felt something in the room. And at the end, he was so moved by the presence in the room that he seemed close to tears. "I could prostrate myself to that," he said. Back at the hotel I could hardly sleep.'

October thirty-first. 'Devi came to the hotel early and we went to two shops. We arrived back at Pupul's at 11:30 a.m. I saw Nandini standing in the hall, very still, as though arrested in something shocking. Behind her, in the living room I saw Krishnaji standing, and knew instantly that he was not whatever had happened. Sunanda was standing motionless too, and one of them, I think Nandini, said in a low voice, "Indira Gandhi has been shot." Pupul had been telephoned earlier, and had had Asit drive her the short

distance up Safdarjung Road to the Prime Minister's residence. It was already blocked, but Pupul said she was a minister, and got through. She told Asit to wait in the car, went in through the garden to the Prime Minister's house, came back walking deliberately, Asit said, and told him, "The Prime Minister has been shot by two of her guards. It is all over. Go and tell Krishnaji but no one else." She said it in Gujarati. She turned back to the house, and Asit returned to tell Krishnaji. We stayed in Pupul's house waiting for news. The television played interminable chants. Around 3 p.m., Krishnaji, Asit, Nandi, and I were in Pupul's sitting room, and Krishnaji said quietly, "I don't know if you believe in ghosts, but I've been seeing Mrs. Gandhi standing there." He indicated a spot about two feet from where I was sitting at the right end of the sofa. He said that she stood there, looking at him, for more than a minute, and then disappeared. As the afternoon continued with no word from Pupul, Asit, Nandini, and Rajiv Sethi went to the PM's house to look for her. Pupul had gone to the hospital and they waited at the house. Around 6 p.m., the news of the Prime Minister's death was announced. It had been withheld until her son and senior ministers could be notified and get back. They all happened to be out of Delhi. Also, they waited so that police and military could prepare for whatever came once the news was out. By the time Rajiv Gandhi got back in a military plane from Bengal, he was appointed Prime Minister and sworn into office. Pupul finally got home about 11 o'clock. She had been with Mrs. Sonia Gandhi all day in the hospital. There were enormous crowds at the hospital. She had helped dress Mrs. Gandhi's body, and accompanied its return, on a gun carriage, to her house before it will be taken to lie in state. Pupul looked drained and exhausted. I left her with Krishnaji, and Asit accompanied me back to the hotel. The streets in this part of the city are empty. A curfew in other sections has been declared. I have been looking out over the city, and violence against Sikhs has begun. There are fires in the outskirts.' The guards who shot her were Sikhs.

The first of November: 'Pupul went out before 5 a.m. to accompany Mrs. Gandhi's body to where it will lie in state until the funeral on Saturday. A car came and took me to Pupul's house at 10 a.m. All the taxis have disappeared at the hotel as most have Sikh drivers. There has been burning of houses and attacks on Sikhs throughout the night in Delhi and elsewhere in the country. Krishnaji's talks with the Dalai Lama have been canceled. There are curfews, but not in Delhi. The streets are almost empty here. We stayed in Pupul's house all morning. The TV showed, endlessly, the lying in state and the thousands filing past, many throwing fists in the air and chanting in Hindi "Blood for blood." It is felt safer for Krishnaji to get out of Delhi, and so our departure for Benares has been moved from Monday to Saturday.' This was written on Thursday. 'There were rumors all day of trouble and curfews all over India. Pupul's house remains a seeming spot of safety. It was a quiet morning, like any other in the garden. Birds wing about. The sunlight is pale and gentle. After lunch, I took a nap on a mat in the living room, and later Krishnaji wanted his walk, so he, Asit, Nandini, Devi, and I drove to an almost empty Lodi Park. We passed only one burned-out and toppled car. Pupul returned from the Prime Minister's house with news that it appears safe for Krishnaji to go to Benares. A television crew came and interviewed her about Mrs. Gandhi. After supper, Rajiv Sethi dropped me at my hotel. When I spoke to Krishnaji before dinner, he said that yesterday, before Mrs. Gandhi was killed, he thought of her in the morning while he was brushing

his teeth and said to himself, "I'll probably never see her again." He was to have seen her at lunch this Saturday at Pupul's house, a lunch that both Mrs. Gandhi and the Dalai Lama were to attend.'

November second. 'Our going to Benares is canceled as unsafe. Instead we go south tomorrow to Madras where it is quieter. A car came from Pupul's and took me to her house at 11 a.m. The disturbed atmosphere is affecting Krishnaji. We lunched and I stayed there until Krishnaji, Asit, and I walked in Lodi Park. I got Krishnaji packed. Scott got through by telephone from Brockwood. I asked him to spread the news that we are alright and going to Madras, including to tell Erna, and via her, the Dunnes and my brother. I came back to the hotel and packed. I had the TV on and heard that the flights to Madras are canceled. I telephoned Pupul's, and after flurries of inquiry, heard we will fly tomorrow, but at 11 a.m. instead of 6:30 a.m. This hotel continues to function normally except there are worried-looking turbaned guests.' The Sikhs are turbaned. 'The disorders have continued, and there are horrifying accounts of Sikhs being set afire. Nothing has been learned since Wednesday'—this is Friday already—'of the Sikh bodyguard who was captured after shooting Mrs. Gandhi. The one who shot first was killed by other guards, and he is said to have been on her guard duty for over ten years, and to have traveled abroad with her. How is it possible for a man, after all that, to shoot an elderly woman? Twenty-two bullets are said to have hit her, all in the body and lower torso. Only her face shows in the lying in state, untouched. And people continue to drag people out of houses and trains and kill them. What is the savagery that lies so near the surface? Her son spoke to the nation on television this evening. He was very dignified and well spoken.'

The third of November: 'Mr. Jose, Pupul's nice and so efficient secretary, and Mr. Murli Rao came for me at the hotel at 9 a.m. I went to Pupul's house. Aditi, Nandini's granddaughter, had arrived from Mexico where she was with her dance troupe. Krishnaji, Sunanda, Pama, Prema, Ahalya, Dr. Parchure, and I flew at 11 a.m. to Madras. Krishnaji and I were in first class, which was almost empty. He and I had a picnic lunch. A steam bath hit us as we stepped out of the plane at Madras. Radha Burnier, Jayalakshmi Amma…' Amma is not her name. It's like a title, I think, something to do with the Tamil word for mother. Anyway, 'Jayalakshmi Amma and others were waiting to greet Krishnaji at Vasanta Vihar. Sunanda has kindly given me her front room on the ground floor, which has a new tiled bath. Krishnaji wanted a walk, and so, with Pama, we went to Radha's house at the Theosophical Society and walked on the beach. It is quiet here, and there have been few disturbances. Mrs. Gandhi's funeral and cremation took place in Delhi.'

The fourth of November. 'It was a quiet day with discussions at the meals. We walked on Radha's beach again. Krishnaji wants to go to Benares on Friday. In spite of the difficulties and dangers of train travel, over a hundred people have already gone to Benares for the planned gathering, and Krishnaji feels he must go for that as well as Rajghat itself needing his presence. He hasn't been there in a few years. Achyut and Balasundaram arrived from Bangalore during the evening.'

The next day. ‘After much consultation, it is decided to go to Benares Friday. I worked on letters, had a nap after lunch, and we all walked on the beach in the late afternoon. Dr. Sudarshan came to dinner.’ That was a Tuesday.

The sixth. ‘With Prema Srinivasan, I went to see her daughter’s, Sheela Balaji’s, workshop where she makes designs of cloth done in vegetable dyes. Then we went to a boutique where Malini’—that’s her other daughter—‘sells it. I bought printed cotton for tunics. We came back and I had coffee with Prema at her house. In the afternoon, I dictated letters to a typist, then went on another beach walk with Krishnaji, Radha, and Pama. In the U.S., Reagan is reelected too overwhelmingly.’

There’s really nothing for the next two days, then on November ninth. ‘I was up at 3 a.m., and at 4 a.m. we left Vasanta Vihar. Krishnaji, Sunanda, Pama, Parchure, Ahalya, and I flew to Delhi. Pupul met us and took us to her house for breakfast. Mr. Murli Rao took me to the Taj Hotel, where again I had a room for the night. We lunched at Pupul’s, rested there in the afternoon, and then walked in Lodi Gardens. Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Jha came in while we were dining and afterward dropped me at the hotel.’ He was, I think, the Indian ambassador to Washington.

The tenth. ‘I was up at 4 a.m. and Mr. Jose came for me an hour later. From Pupul’s, Krishnaji, Nandini, Aditi, Sunanda, Pama, Parchure, Ahalya, and I went to the airport, and at 7 a.m. flew nonstop to Benares. The drive to Rajghat from the airport was even bumpier and dustier than in the past.’ [*S chuckles*.] ‘All the school was out to greet Krishnaji. I have the same room as before, below Krishnaji’s. The Sathayes have made it as comfortable as they could. He is now principal, and she is quiet and nice. We had breakfast and unpacked. I slept in the afternoon, and we walked around the playing fields.’

The next day. ‘At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave a talk to the campers who have been waiting for him, and later all of us lunched with them in the school dining room. The walk was again around the playing fields in late afternoon.’

November twelfth. ‘At 8:30 a.m., Krishnaji gave his second talk to the campers and other visitors. The twelve days of mourning for Mrs. Gandhi have ended. I went with Nandini and Aditi to Benares, where they bought saris at the Kissam Sari Emporium. Benares is its unchanging self: dusty, filthy, crowded, mad, and totally India. I came back to lunch, nap, and walk.’

S: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

November thirteenth. ‘Krishnaji came to the breakfast table and had sharp words for those present about the Anvekars, who are leaving. He then talked to them separately, and afterward held a KFI trustee meeting about it. It was difficult and rough going.’ I don’t know why I don’t explain what all that was about. ‘We walked again around the playing field in the afternoon.’

The next day. ‘I went shopping in the morning with Nandini, Sunanda, and Ahalya where I got tussar and raw silk for Krishnaji.’ For shirts, I guess, or some Indian something. ‘Back to lunch. The late afternoon walk with Krishnaji included a group and we walked across the Varuna’—that’s the little river that runs between the Rajghat buildings and the farmland. It’s the road to Sarnath, actually—‘as far as the pump on the east edge of the Rajghat land. Krishnaji has the beginnings of cold symptoms. The villagers are being difficult.’ They wanted…

S: They wanted the Rajghat land, essentially.

M: Yes. Yes. ‘The walk was one he shouldn’t have been taking as his cold symptoms increased in the evening.’

November fifteenth. ‘Krishnaji stayed in bed with a slight cold and slight fever. I did desk things in the morning. And in the afternoon I went with Nandini, Sunanda, and Ahalya into Benares to buy saris. The sari shop owner came for us in a car and then led us through winding narrow alleys in what had been a fortress where cell-like shops, selling anything and everything, line the narrow, rough cobblestone walk.’ Going through the kasbah-like alleys in this former fortress is really weird…well, you’ve been there.

S: I’ve been there, yes. It’s a throwback to…

M: It is. It is. ‘Bicycles, children, goats, noise, smells. We came to the sari shop, a cell, like the others, but lined with canvas. You drop sandals at the entrance, sit against bolsters on the floor, and then saris are flung out for inspection. These were mostly cotton ones, a specialty. Much talk. Much choosing. I bought nothing, as I do not intend to wear saris, and at the end, one has to politely evade proffered coffee. It was dark when we left, and the man guided us out. I concentrated on Sunanda’s feet right in front of me and kept walking. “My god,” she said “What a place. If any trouble starts here, we’d all be knifed.”’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘When we reached the street, there was, of course, no car, so we had to pick our way through people on the pavement selling fruit, vegetables, parrots in small cages. We waited in a jeweler’s shop, in the purple fluorescent light, and eventually someone came who knew where the car was. We found it, then drove back through the noise and dust to Rajghat and buckets of hot water. Head, nose, body, feet, and sandals have to be washed after an expedition to Kashi.’ Kashi is the name of Benares in ancient days. [*Chuckles.*] Benares has to be seen to be believed.

S: Yes, yes. And even after you’ve seen it, you can’t believe it. [*Laughs*.]

M: I hope it isn’t changing. It’s been that way for…centuries.

S: Yes. It’s been that way for so long now.

M: The sixteenth. ‘Krishnaji’s temperature was normal but he stayed in bed all day sleeping and reading. I dictated letters slowly, so my non-Indian English was understandable to the very willing man who took it in shorthand. I slept and read in the

afternoon.' [*Both chuckle.*] Well, it was nice of him. I'm not very good at dictating, although you wouldn't know it from this. [*Both laugh*.]



Krishnaji riding in a car in India (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Well, here you're reading your diaries.

M: People would say to me, "Why don't you have somebody type your letters?" And I'd say, "Because I can't dictate, I have to see the letter if I'm writing it. I can't just listen to myself."

The seventeenth. 'Krishnaji is better, but he stayed in bed. I spent most of the day doing letters. There was a cyclone in Madras with heavy rains and many trees downed.'

November eighteenth. 'Krishnaji spoke in the assembly hall to the teachers, and one, a man named Dennis, was rather aggressive. Then he rested for the remainder of the day. I walked around the campus and ended up at Vatsala's and Dr. Parchure's cottage, and talked with him about his working in the North. He gets on with the Upasani, Sathaye, and the two new ones, Dr. Hira Lal and Maheshji.' Mahesh was his name, but you put ji on the end of some names in India. This, according to Sunanda, is a term of both familiarity and respect. So, with Krishnaji, you wouldn't call him Krishna, that would be too intimate.

S: And also it doesn't show respect.

M: But putting the ji on the end of it makes it both friendly, affectionate, and respectful. And that applies to all the names with ji that you use in India. So, 'it is in the North that Parchure has collected a fair number of people interested in Krishnaji's teachings.' This is what Parchure has done. 'He does not seem to mind at all, all that repels me about this place. Vatsala seems happier in Rishi Valley than here, as she has her sons Vikram and Vishwas near enough there in Bangalore.' She likes it better to be in Rishi Valley for that reason.

S: Also, just to say, while we're on the ji subject, I can remember, now that you mentioned it, sometimes Indians would refer to you as Mariaji.

M: Yes, Sunanda always called me Mariaji. She never called me Maria or Mary.

S: Yes, and Krishnaji was the *only* person I ever heard call you Maria.

M: Oh yes, that's right. He was the only one who called me Maria.

S: It was nice, Mariaji, it was also nice.

M: Yes. [*Chuckles.*]

S: Alright, on that topic, I think we have to end this. We're running out of tape.

M: We have to end. Alright. We'll begin next time on November nineteenth, 1984.

Issue 82: November 19, 1984 to December 31, 1984

Mary discusses with herself, in her diaries, the value of the record she is keeping. She remains in awe and extremely grateful that she is able to be in Krishnaji's presence, and she sees the necessity and yet the impossibility of adequately describing that presence.

Krishnaji and Mary are in India throughout this issue, which covers less than a month and a half, and Mary's health suffers. She decides she must cut her visit short for her wellbeing, but before she leaves, she gives us word pictures of Krishnaji in India that are extraordinary.

Mary: Alright. We're beginning on November nineteenth, 1984, and we're in Rajghat.

'Krishnaji spoke to the students in the morning. It was difficult, as they have insufficient English and no notion of his teachings. Afterward he rested while I did letters. Last night I asked him where, other than Vasanta Vihar, was there difficulty in working together as between the Patwardhans and Parchure. A religious center, which Krishnaji wants, could be created. Today Nandini, Sunanda, and Ahalya went shopping, and I felt a fourth trip to Benares was pushing my luck.' [*Scott chuckles*.] 'So I stayed here, and was at lunch with Krishnaji, Upasani, Sathe, Parchure, Maheshji, and Dr. Hira Lal. On a sudden decision, Krishnaji told them to come back at 4 p.m. He wanted to tell them two things. When we reconvened, he said that one, someone should be responsible for Krishnaji's teachings among the students. Maheshji is to do this. Two, he spoke of a religious center for the north here at Rajghat: the five of them working together in the school is good, but it must also be for that. Parchure is to be based here during his time in India when he is not traveling with Krishnaji or in the West. He and the other four get on well and trust each other, and they pledged themselves to this. Krishnaji spoke at length and with eloquence about this working together. "If Sathe makes a mistake, it is my mistake because I let him make it." Afterward he dictated to me, "A religious brain has no shelter. It is not scattered. It is unshackled. It has no schedule. It is non-comparative, utterly free from all ritual, dogma, faith. It is capable of cooperation because it is wholly free in independence."'

'Later there was chanting in the assembly hall. Krishnaji sat on the floor among the students, and nine South Indian Brahmin priests chanted.' It was wonderful. 'It is a harsh, compelling, ancient sound that seemed to come from deep in the unconscious of centuries. The sound of Sanskrit has some indecipherable depth and meaning to my totally uncomprehending ears. It went on intensely for longer than my bones on a hard seat liked, but Krishnaji was euphoric when we walked back with a flashlight. "That sound, the depth of that sound," he kept saying.' It was wonderful. Were you in any of those chantings?

S: Not that particular one. But I've been to others with Indian Brahmin priests, yes.

M: Just extraordinary.

Now the twentieth. ‘Pupul arrived from Delhi while we were still at the breakfast table. Prema rang from Madras and said that six or seven trees at Vasanta Vihar were felled by a heavy cyclone there. Pupul still has her government car and seems still at the center of things in Delhi. If Rajiv Gandhi wins the elections at the end of December, the Festival of India in the U.S. in 1985 will go ahead. If he loses, “I am on my way out,” said Pupul.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘But she thinks he will win. Krishnaji asked her if she and Rajiv Gandhi were friendly, and Pupul smiled happily, “He is very fond of me.” At 10 a.m. Krishnaji held a KF India meeting and told them the two things he had discussed with the Rajghat group yesterday: his teachings have to be brought to the students in the school, and a religious center should be created here. He read them the paragraph on “A religious mind has no shelter,” etcetera. He said a similar center should come about at Rishi Valley and one at Vasanta Vihar. I dictated letters to Mr. Chandran in the afternoon, and walked with Krishnaji, Sathe, Nandini, and her friend, Bakul, three times around the playing field where boy students were playing cricket. The air pollution of Benares: dust, smoke, and who knows what, is beginning to grate in my nose and lungs.’

November twenty-first. ‘Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya’—it’s pronounced “Upadhya,” but it’s written Upadhyaya. Don’t ask me why there’s a difference, but that’s the way it is [*S chuckles*]—’came after breakfast. Krishnaji asked him what the Buddha said about time and this led to a discussion in which Krishnaji said, “Change implies time, and so is not change.” I have a cold. I went for a walk with Krishnaji in the afternoon, but had supper in bed. There was noise all night of broadcast music from across the river.’

The next day: ‘Sunanda, Pama, and others left for Madras and Rishi Valley. I have a slight fever so stayed in my room and began a course of erythromycin. Krishnaji spoke to the teachers.’

The twenty-third: ‘My fever is down but I spent the day in bed submerged in reading the only thing that is available as I’ve gone through what I brought. So I’m reading a novel from the school library.’

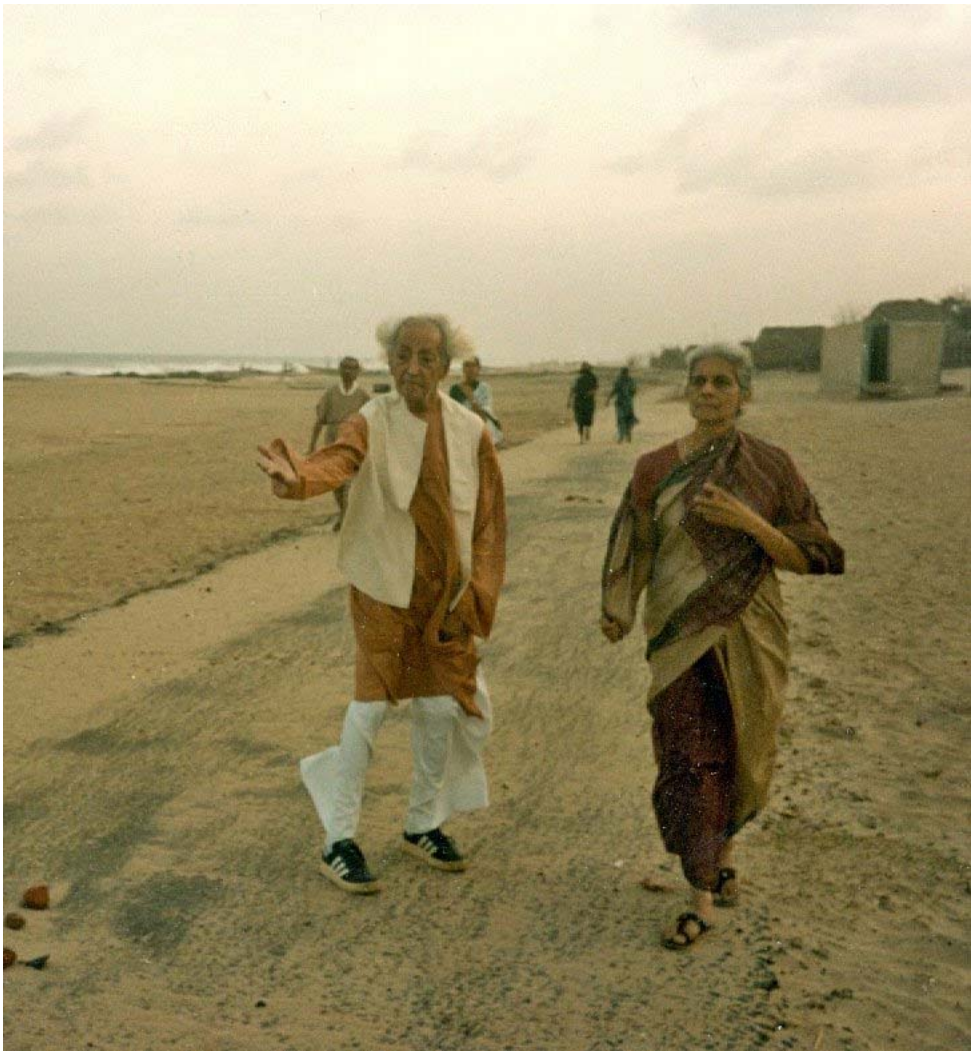
November the twenty-fourth. ‘I have had a cold and slight fever for two days and am taking no chances because this is India. I agreed with Dr. Parchure to start a course of erythromycin, which Lailee gave me for the trip. I have some weakness, but on the whole it was a bit of luxury to stay in bed. I got up this morning; I washed my hair and the rest of me with the one hot water bucket.’ [*Chuckles.*] You got very quickly used to using one bucket of hot water to wash your hair, your body, and do your laundry.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: Yes. ‘In the dark a muffled man at daybreak brings…’ He was always muffled and brings…

S: Yes, because he was cold.

M: …and came carrying up his heavy bucket, which he had heated on a little—



Krishnaji walking in Madras with Radha Burnier (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Brazier of charcoals. Yes, yes.

M: Something. And he staggered up the stairs with it in the early morning and that was your ration. 'Got up this morning, washed hair and the rest in a hot bucket that the dark muffled man brings at daybreak. Parameshwaran brought a breakfast tray, but I was dressed, and so ready to walk over to the assembly hall for Krishnaji's third talk here. He had come downstairs early to see how I was. I hope he was reassured by the lightness of my sickness, as his first reaction was that India is a perilous place for me. "You must outlive me, and it is not good for you here. I am used to it: the dirt, the noise, the food, the traveling." He thought I should come to Rishi Valley and then return to the West. He left it on a "We'll see" status. His talk this morning was mostly on time and thought. The past, present, and future are the same. The past creates the present and, slightly modified, becomes the future, so the future is now. He does not always insert "Unless you change" in the middle of this, and so to the newcomer it can sound rather hopeless. But he is now exploring change as being within time, and therefore not change. The key is attention. That total attention, at his depth, which he doesn't let thought creep into. This real

attention brings an energy, which is not thought. This energy, he said this morning, is love. It is intelligence and compassion. So, things are not changed into something else or better. If they are seen, they end, and that is instantaneous and not in time.' This is what nobody seems to understand. These discussions we have go on endlessly.

S: I know, I know.

M: Not seeing, you've got to see it and the seeing—his idea of seeing is change. But they just see the words.

'I walked back to my room, avoiding gravel in my sandals, Krishnaji ahead under his big Briggs sun umbrella, escorted by Upasani. Pupul and Nandini were at the talk. Pupul is not feeling too well. The shocks of the past weeks in Delhi are probably affecting her now.'

'What am I trying to do in this spasmodically kept account? For what and for whose eyes? If my own, what will it lead to? I am in a constant inhibition of feeling I am counting sunlight when I write of Krishnaji, and it is only because of Krishnaji that anything should be noted. I am not interested in my own reactions. It should be about him or it is pointless. Yet the enormity of trying to write about him is overwhelming. Too much of it results in listing events as in the little blue Smythson'—that's the little daily—'diary that I keep each day. Where is the "perfume" of all this, as he sometimes says? Something has let me be witness to this extraordinary man as few others are or have been. Have I not a human duty in this, as he at times has implied, to be able to convey to others what "this man" was like? The record of what he teaches is all there, well documented. Is it important that I try to record that sunlight of the man? How yesterday he came to see how I was, and sat quietly on a chair, looking so silently, gently, overwhelmingly beautiful. When I said something of that, it had no more weight than if a moth had alighted for an instant on his sleeve and gone.' [*Chuckles*.]

S: Mm, hm. Quite right.

M: That's the way it was.

November the twenty-fifth. 'At 9:30 a.m. Krishnaji gave his fourth Rajghat talk in the assembly hall. He asked which of the long list of subjects he should talk about. Different ones were called in in heavy accents, and he chose to begin with desire, and went on to death and meditation. He spoke of the senses being fully alive, not suppressed. Four red-robed Buddhist monks in the front of me listened impassively. Their smooth Tibetan faces were like wax. Nandini and her friend Bakul left for Bombay. I didn't walk but rested one more day.'

November twenty-sixth: 'At 9:30 six Benares Brahmin pandits came with Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya to discuss with Krishnaji. Upadhyaya speaks in Hindi, so there is an interpreter, but Pupul soon took over this job. Everyone sits on the floor in the upstairs room, including about twenty audience members, but Pupul sits in an armchair, cross-

legged, looking rather monumental, and the cause of it all.' [*Chuckles.*] Upadhyaya's opening question to Krishnaji was on the difference in Krishnaji's terms between brain and mind. By 11 a.m., it was still on brain. Tomorrow, perhaps, we will get to mind. The pandits were mostly middle-aged, wearing doti, kurta, and shawl; one, rather portly, had three rings. Men here tend to wear rings that women would in the West: a stone and band in gold. Upadhyaya has expressive, intelligent hands, the gray hair of a fox terrier, and the most unfortunate upper front teeth I have ever seen.' And so he did. Poor man. They stuck straight out of his mouth and Krishnaji persuaded him to have them fixed. I don't know if that will be in here because it happened after I'd left. Unfortunately, he didn't outlive Krishnaji by very much: he died soon afterward, about six months after Krishnaji died.

S: Yes, yes.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

M: 'His teeth are disguised by a mustache, but go straight out like a gopher. Krishnaji is trying to get something done about them as he thinks he cannot get properly nourished and is talking with him about having them fixed in Delhi. Pupul has a dentist in mind. It should have been seen to forty years ago. Otherwise, he has a nice, intelligent face, which lights up in speaking to Krishnaji. The pandits all stayed to lunch, their attention fastened on Krishnaji. I helped Ahalya pack Krishnaji's trunk for Madras.'

The twenty-seventh of November. 'Dr. Parchure left early by train for Madras. At 9:30 a.m. yesterday's discussion resumed with the addition of Rinpoche Samdhong.' That's our Tibetan Rinpoche. 'Krishnaji went into what he means by mind, which he says is "totally different" from brain. An absorbing exploration in which he came to stating that when the brain is still and the self is not, then there is mind, which is love, intelligence, compassion. Because of thought and self-centeredness, we live in disorder. Death must be the most marvelous thing because it ends disorder, and so it brings order. I queried this and he said there is order in the universe and my perception (can't say brain or mind) made the jump from the personal ending by death; so there remains the order of the

universe. How far ahead he goes. Rinpoche stayed for lunch and Krishnaji, who had spoken eloquently of the highest use of all the senses during the morning discussion, several times asked why celibacy is insisted upon in various religions. Rinpoche did not respond very much to this, but he did describe the steps of the Tibetan Buddhist monkhood. Seven years of probation and many vows, etcetera. Krishnaji asked him about the Dalai Lama and his view of him. Rinpoche said that the Dalai Lama is in a guru position to him, as the Dalai Lama was involved in his ordination. He said he would obey the Dalai Lama, and Krishnaji took this up as obedience "is a terrible thing." "Why should I obey? If I'm wrong, I'm wrong, and I will find out for myself." He maintained that help is harmful because it weakens people. We all pointed out that he spends his life helping people. "Then why do you talk so much?" asked Rinpoche. Krishnaji says he does not want to help people—time in this for enquiries about what the Buddha said on this. "But Buddha continued to talk," said Rinpoche after quoting the Buddha in similar lines to Krishnaji's. He maintained that there is only pointing the truth, not help. The truth is the only authority. We walked four rounds of the playing field with Krishnaji.'

The next two days there is really nothing. People left and we packed.

November the thirtieth. 'I felt normal on awakening, but was sick to my stomach shortly after. Krishnaji and I drove to the airport through dust and rough road to catch the noon plane. It was two hours late. We reached Delhi at 3:30 p.m. Pupul, who returned there two days ago, was at the airport with Mr. Jose and Murli Rao to meet Krishnaji. Krishnaji had a 4 o'clock lunch at Pupul's, but I couldn't look at food. Instead, I took a spoon of brandy in hot water, which quieted the stomach.' I don't know who prescribed that. I don't like brandy. 'Krishnaji kept glancing at me worriedly at the table, so I went and lay down until we had to return at 5 p.m. to the airport where Krishnaji and I took the 6:30 p.m. flight to Madras, due at 9:30 p.m. However, the weather made landing impossible, so the plane went on to Bangalore. I wondered how to look after Krishnaji if we had to get off there. But we were kept onboard for about forty-five minutes until the weather lifted and flew back to Madras. A cyclone is forecast for the coast. We circled before landing, but finally the pilot made a good landing. The plane was cramped and full. It was claustrophobic, but I had the sense to go throw up in the loo' [*chuckles*] 'and felt better. A car with Pama and others met Krishnaji when we landed, and it was a mercy to go right to bed at Vasanta Vihar; the nice clean bathroom, a welcome sight. The one at Rajghat was pretty bad. I would just as soon never go near Benares again.' [*Both chuckle*]. I was feeling a little under the weather when I wrote that.

S: Yes. But Benares is rough. Why don't you tell the rest of the story that you told me about maybe being stuck in Bangalore, as it's not on record?

M: Was that off the record?

S: Yes, it was.

M: Oh well, on the plane I thought—I was responsible for Krishnaji, so I had to take him to a hotel if we had to stay in Bangalore. But how? I didn't know Bangalore at all. So I

looked around in the crowded plane and saw a sort of elderly man of knowledge and property, and I thought he will know the best hotel in Bangalore. But I don't think I had asked him because we never left the plane, so it wasn't necessary, [*chuckling*] but that is what I was planning, and that is what it was like for me in all the weird circumstances we faced.

S: Right. [*Both chuckle.*]

M: So, the first of December. 'I felt weak but normal on awakening. Sunanda had a doctor come, but I had no fever as I seemed recovered. I had a quiet day getting cleaned of Benares dust, etcetera, but Krishnaji went in the afternoon to see the storm along the beach.'

The second of December. 'I feel better, though food is still repellent to me. I rested and repacked for Rishi Valley. I did manage to go with Krishnaji to the beach in the late afternoon and walked partially. Radha has had hepatitis but is up and around.'

December third. 'The last two days were quiet at Vasanta Vihar. I began to get over the stomach upsets but felt weak on Saturday.' This is written on a Monday. 'With a big wind still blowing from the fringes of a new cyclone, Krishnaji went to see the sea and came back exhilarated, hair flying.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Huge waves close in the sand, he said. He had walked alone as Pama still has an injured ankle and Radha has come down with hepatitis, though she is now recovering. I had stayed in, weakly reading, but yesterday I went with him and walked a little slowly behind him. It was getting dark but he said he hadn't minded. At Rajghat he had talked to me about his unease when it begins to darken. He has always felt this way, he said, "I feel like a skeleton wandering." If someone close to him is there, he feels more protected.'

'This morning I was up at 3 a.m., and at 4 a.m., in the Santhanam car, we left Vasanta Vihar for Rishi Valley and reached here at 8:40 a.m. In a drizzle with umbrellas, the school, Radhika, Narayan, Mrs. Thomas, etcetera were waiting to greet him outside the old guest house. Parameshwaran had breakfast ready. I settled into the same room I've had these latter years, next to the dining room and across from Krishnaji in the old guest house. I opened the accumulated mail. Krishnaji slept, and in the late afternoon he, Radhika, and I walked. There is great quiet in the valley; remoteness, and an ancient rhythm. There is also a drought as it is another dry year. The big old well is almost empty, and the streambeds are dry.'

S: Let's just say for the sake of history, that the Santhanam car was significant because there was only one, I think it was in those days, one make of Indian car; and that was built on old machinery used for making a car in England in the fifties. The engine was awful, it handled like a truck, rode like a tractor, [*M chuckles*] and it was *just awful*. But there were a few imported cars, *very few*, and a person had to be very wealthy to own an imported car, and Santhanam was such a man.

M: Mm, hm.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

S: So he would lend his good imported car and driver to Krishnaji for going to Rishi Valley and back, and even sometimes for going to the beach and back for the walks. But it was a great boon to have a decent car for Krishnaji to ride in because—

M: I wasn't aware of all the car situation.

S: Oh, yes. Well, this is why I'm putting it down. This is important because it, you know, otherwise Krishnaji would have had to go in that awful car.

M: I think I went in an auto rickshaw once when I was staying in Madras on my first trip many years previously.

S: Oh, yes, when you were staying in the house rented by Jayalakshmi.

M: Yes, she rented a house and rented all the furniture from that big department store in Madras, and lent us her Brahmin cook. I was staggered by such generosity, hospitality, and thoughtfulness. I know we've covered this. Anyway, I was sick, and Krishnaji, who knew about my condition, said that I was to come to him as soon as I didn't have a fever, and that's when I took the auto rickshaw.

December fourth. ‘I did Christmas letters and checks. The Parchure family came to see Krishnaji. At lunch, Krishnaji, Narayan, Narayan’s brother Krishna, a sister, Uma, Rajesh, Radhika, and me. We started for a walk in the afternoon, but showers caught us, and we came back.’

The next day. ‘Krishnaji rested. I continued to write Christmas notes and checks. At lunch, as yesterday, there was Radhika, Narayan with his brother, Krishna, and his sister, Uma, Rajesh, and me. Krishnaji pursued the question he put yesterday to Uma and others: “How do you regard K? Is he different from you? And if so, why?” He was asking the family members, but they had no answer to it any more than the rest of us. Krishnaji teases Uma about her sociologist point of view. She smiles and was restrained in her replies. In the afternoon, Krishnaji, Radhika, and I walked toward Tetu. One feels the valley most strongly there. The simplicity of the earth, the hills, sky, and a sort of stillness. “This would be a good place to die,” said Krishnaji. It was dark when we got back, but he didn’t mind because Radhika and I were with him. The valley is moist from yesterday’s rain.’

The sixth. ‘I worked almost all day at my desk. Krishnaji, Radhika, and I again walked on the Tetu Road as far as the little temple. Krishnaji is moved by the beauty of the country. “One could die out here.”’ He said it again.

The next day. ‘I spent almost all day doing desk work. I didn’t feel too well in the stomach but kept going. Dr. Parchure gave me pills for my stomach, and is also doing surprising therapy to the swelling in my bad leg, forcing me to move and break up the swelling.’

The eighth. ‘Krishnaji rested and so did I, most of the day. I had lunch and supper in the guest dining room where non-spiced food(?)’—*big* question mark in parentheses [*S chuckles*]—‘is provided.’

S: Yes, yes. Their vision of non-spiced food is uh…yes. [*Chuckles.*]

M: The ninth of December. ‘At 9:30 a.m. Krishnaji spoke to the teachers from the schools of Rishi Valley, Madras, Bangalore, and Rajghat. After his rest, I walked with Krishnaji, Radhika, and Mr. Naidu, seeing the silkworms in a new building for them.’ That was Mr. Naidu’s project. It was very interesting.

The tenth. ‘Krishnaji is feeling tired, so he rested. I wrote letters. We walked along the Tetu Road after seeing the dairy and the new bio-gas mechanism.’ They had an ingenious thing, maybe you can describe that better than I can.

S: It was then becoming current in India. It was called Gopi gas. [*M chuckles.*] Gopi after the cow herders. Well, they take all of the manure from the cows in a dairy, put it into a big tank—

M: That’s right.

S: And, of course, it gives off methane, which is then piped to different places, which burns like natural gas.

M: It's a very good idea.

S: It is. Then, after the methane has all been expended, they just spread the manure on the fields.

M: A very good idea. We should have it in Ojai.

S: Yes, except that you don't have any cows here.

M: No, we haven't a cow in sight [*S laughs*]. Not in the whole valley, as far as I know, there isn't a cow.

S: Yes, that's a drawback. [*Both chuckle.*]

M: The eleventh. 'Krishnaji held a second discussion with teachers from the different schools. Several of them were at lunch. Krishnaji walked with Radhika and me. My second suitcase finally arrived.' I don't know where it was lost, but anyway…

There's really nothing the next day, but on December thirteenth, 'At 9:30 a.m. Krishnaji held the third meeting with teachers. Nandini and Bakul arrived from Bombay. I did letters. I walked with Krishnaji, Radhika, and a teacher on the Tetu Road. Krishnaji, Radhika, Nandini, Bakul, and I had supper together in the old guest house.'

Again, nothing until December fifteenth. 'At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the fourth discussion with teachers, after which he saw a Spaniard, Tomás Fernández, who was unwell, and he treated him. In the afternoon an Indian government film person photographed Krishnaji on the walk. At 6 p.m., there was a dance recital by students in the assembly hall. Heaters were put in Krishnaji's room and mine.'

The next day, 'Krishnaji treated the Spaniard again. I talked to him at some length. In the afternoon, Krishnaji was filmed walking about by the Indian government film people. Dorothy, Rita Zampese, and Friedrich Grohe arrived at 11 p.m.'

December seventeenth: 'Mr. Naidu's wife died of heart attack in the evening. Dorothy, Rita, and Friedrich breakfasted and lunched with Krishnaji. Krishnaji rested in the morning, then did the usual walk in the afternoon. Krishnaji put hands on the Spaniard Tomás Fernández again. He also saw Kantilal Dalal.'

The eighteenth of December: 'On the afternoon walk with Krishnaji were Nandini, Bakul, Radhika, and me. We went on the Tetu Road where days ago Krishnaji had said that he was so moved by the beauty of the country that "One could die out here," but today, we went as far as the small temple, where the head and torso of a goddess is fashioned in clay on the base of a tree and where the villagers sacrifice goats. One other

day we walked there, and Krishnaji asked us if we felt something about the atmosphere. Radhika said she felt nothing. Nandini said she had once walked there with her son, Gansham, and they had not wanted to stop near that temple. There is something unpleasant about it. I have always been drawn toward the country there because it is beautiful, totally country, with fields, orchards, and a red sandy road and Rishi Konda at the end of the valley. But I've always tread carefully, feeling alien in the eyes of the land and the dark Telugu faces, even though the children offer a handful of groundnuts as a present, and once some custard apples were offered by an old, bent twig of a man. I would walk there alone, but warily, somehow. Today, Krishnaji and the rest of us stepped into the temple, which is a stone box, not very deep, empty except for a row of lingam-shaped stones, and there, after showing Nandi and Bakul the statue of the goddess at the base of the tree, we turned back on the road toward the school. It was late afternoon. The sun had dropped behind Rishi Konda. The sky was pale gold, but dark was beginning on the path. About halfway back, Krishnaji asked me if I had felt anything behind us. I said I had felt I wanted to move away from the temple. He said he had felt something following him. He watched what he felt, and then he said to it, "Enough"…"I did something and told it to leave, and instantly it was gone." He said the school land of Rishi Valley is peaceful, but the land beyond is not. "It is a dark land. There is danger in those villages. We must keep them at arm's length." Dorothy, Rita Zampese, and Friedrich Grohe arrived last night. Dorothy doesn't look quite right, but it may be the strain of the trip. She's going to return with Rita on the January thirteenth instead of later with me. This frees me to leave on my own when it seems best. Also, Friedrich, who leaves earlier, wants to travel with Krishnaji from London to California. This means I could go ahead to Ojai. I will have to think it out. Leaving India is a desirable thought. Something dogs me on this trip, though everything is done to make my visit pleasant with great thoughtfulness. There is something about the country that is, to me, what? As Krishnaji said, "it is a dark land."'

The next day, 'Sunanda and Pama returned to Madras. At 9:30 a.m. there was a discussion in the assembly hall between Krishnaji, Pupul, and Narayan. I worked on the new Filofax account book for 1985, then walked with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Rita, and Friedrich.'

December twentieth. 'At 9:30 a.m. Krishnaji spoke to the school. He had seven children with him on the dais, and came back exhilarated by their interest.' There are lovely photographs of that. 'Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Radhika were at lunch. Krishnaji walked with them and Friedrich Grohe to the mouth of the valley, while I went to see Mrs. Parchure, Mr. Naidu, and Dorothy. Krishnaji, also exhilarated by his long walk, asked me to have supper with him on trays in his room.'

There's nothing of significance on the next day, but on December twenty-second. 'Krishnaji had an extra discussion with students, at the students' urging. As usual, the mid-aged ones were the talkers.' That means twelve-year-olds. 'He had six come to join him one after another on the dais. Unfortunately, the video equipment had gone to Madras and so, the lively, funny, and very good discussion was only on audio recording. Afterward Krishnaji was engulfed in children. "Can we talk again, sir?" and "Why don't

you stay here, sir? You should be our principal, sir.”’ [*Both chuckle*]. ‘The older silent students now want a meeting, but they have waited too long, and Krishnaji will rest until he leaves on December twenty-sixth.’ The older students had that sort of adolescent embarrassment in making fools of themselves in their…

S: Yes, and superior, too. Yes.

M: And thinking they’re superior to the younger ones who chatted away and were wonderful. But when they finally decided they wanted to get into the act, it was too late. [*S chuckles.*] ‘I took photos as I have at other meetings. Krishnaji, later in the morning, saw Mr. Naidu with his three children. Mrs. Naidu died suddenly of a heart attack last Monday. She was only forty-two. Four students came to interview me for the school magazine. Krishnaji lunched in bed. I in the guest dining room. I slept only in spurts last night, and so took a half an hour nap after lunch, then went to call on Vatsala Parchure. Dr. Parchure sat through tea, Earl Grey, which he notices I drink in Switzerland, and then went out so that Vatsala and I could talk alone. She is as nice and as remarkable in her own way as her husband. She is housemother to twenty-five children, mostly the very young ones. She also teaches them general studies, Hindi, and handwork. In doing all this, she is growing as a person, liking it, learning new things to do better, and accepting his duties that keep him absent so much of the time. “I am a happy person,” she said, and it seems clear that she is. What a very nice couple they are. I came back in time to walk with Krishnaji, Narayan, Rita, Grohe, Radhika, and a male teacher, Alo, along the Tetu road, past the temple to the crossroad. Krishnaji strode purposefully around the back of the temple. And when later along the road I asked him if he had felt anything following him, and he said, “No, I went deliberately around the temple, did certain things, and said ‘You stay here. This is your place.’”’

‘Then I asked, “Did you feel a resistance?”’

‘Krishnaji, “*It* didn’t like it, naturally.”’

‘The school van eventually met us. We had probably walked three miles.

The twenty-third. ‘Pupul leaves today, so she, Radhika, and I had supper with Krishnaji last evening. During supper, there was a long talk about his life and some occult matters, and Pupul’s book on Krishnaji. She had given me an article supplied by Radha Burnier that Krishnaji had written sometime in the twenties after Nitya’s death. It describes his concept of Masters, not as remote, strange, beings, but as part of himself and his daily life. He said he had not seen them often and only “as the flash of a passing bird.” We spoke of whether Leadbeater could have made the vague dreaming boy imagine these things. Pupul says there is little direct testimony from Krishnaji in those days. Much of the accounts are by CWL. We even speculated whether Leadbeater might have given the young Krishnaji some drug that made him both sleepy and suggestible on the occasion of the “Initiation.” Radhika and I leaned to feeling that Leadbeater was an absolute charlatan. There was talk about the Ootacamund experience. Pupul and Nandini wanted to call a doctor, but Krishnaji refused. He said, “Both of you have had children. You can’t

stop the baby from being born." Pupul said that when she had returned to Bombay, on three nights running, she had gone to bed and felt death enclosing her as though in birth, and her body had fought back. It never came again. She also described the conversation in Asit's flat in Bombay a few years ago when EXIT, the British society for suitable suicide, came up, and Nandini wouldn't speak of it, rather emotionally.'

'Krishnaji had then gone on about "cleansing" the apartment of a presence. He then spoke of what he had done on the walk in the afternoon. He said he does and says certain things that he never was taught but has come upon it by himself. He spoke of cleansing the room in the hospital at Cedars-Sinai when we went there for his operation. He said someone had died in that room. I and he felt it, and he acted on it. He said he does things to the car before a long trip like Madras to Rishi Valley. He asked Pupul if she knew a "real mantra," and she and Radhika spoke of a mandala, which means a protected space. Krishnaji spoke of violence in the villages, animal sacrifices. What seems to make this killing of animals more dark than the usual widespread killing for food, etcetera is that this is done for religious ends. Radhika said that she uses what she calls "alertness" as a protection. Krishnaji said he would have difficulty in walking from here, the old guest house, to her house in the dark.'

'Once in Ashdown Forest'—that's in England—'he had a bad time at night. When he had been speaking of his young days, there came into the room that curious atmosphere that so many times has seemed to appear when something innately concerned with him and his origins is discussed. "Do you feel the atmosphere?" he asked. Even Radhika said that she felt it, but when we began to speak of evil, it vanished, and instantly Krishnaji spotted it. He said that to speak of evil invites it. That good attracts evil, that one shouldn't discuss evil in a room but out of doors, and not at night. He said he has never discussed what he does to dispel evil but asked Radhika if she would want to know, bearing in mind that there is danger in it. She backed away, and said she wouldn't ask. This morning, I asked him if the same offer was open to me. He thought for a moment and said, "No." I asked if it was offered to Radhika because she must protect this place. "Yes," and that I would want it only to protect him, and something larger is protecting him. One cannot protect oneself. He said also that I am not always sufficiently, deeply attentive, and therefore it would be dangerous for me to know these things. That is something I must ponder. He said I must not get mixed up in these things. I said I was not interested in occult things, was not afraid. But he said the danger would be "if it gets into my mind without my realizing it," so we left it at that. But he said that last night he had gone around and cleansed this whole house. The real protection is to be without anger, antagonism, envy, hatred, and self.'

See, these things—

S: Are wonderful.

M: Yes, and they would be lost if I hadn't kept this account.

S: I know, I know—and if you weren't reading them out now. [*Both chuckle*.]



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

M: December twenty-fourth. ‘Later yesterday we took what was planned as a long walk. Krishnaji is still exhilarated by having been able to walk to the mouth of the valley the other day, and seems rather pleased, as a child might, with his powers. So Dorothy was invited. “Can you stand a long walk?” she was asked, which arouses her mettle and also her wish not to be regarded by Krishnaji as old and enfeebled. Rita and Grohe, both long-distance walkers, Narayan, Radhika, and I went. The plan was the Tetu Road to where another branches to the right and joins the main road to the valley, if one can call it that. Passing the horrid temple, Krishnaji walked purposely, with a dominating stride around it, and told me later, “I have pulled its sting.” We turned right, where a wide road appears. The school van met us, but Krishnaji wanted to go on, so we walked as far as the village on the main road. He didn’t want to walk through that, so we all came back in the van. About his meeting with Mr. Naidu and his children, he told me that he had said to them, “Don’t hang onto it,” (the mother’s death) “finish with it.” This afternoon, we walked to look at a site where Grohe is going to build two cottages, one for his own use, and for a study ashram. He is enthusiastic about Rishi Valley. As a detail, he has just bought ten bicycles for the school. On the way back, we ran into Merali, who arrived a week ago but has been ill and invisible. This is Christmas Eve, and I had supper on trays with Krishnaji. Dr. Parchure came and gave his nightly massage to the swelling in my leg. Now, I can hear the students singing carols. “Oh Come All Ye Faithful” is energetically coming through the Indian night.’ [*S chuckles.*] ‘The stars are diamond bright and very close.’

The twenty-fifth. ‘I had breakfast alone with Krishnaji, and went to the teacher’s midmorning tea break. I called on Parameshwaran’s wife and packed. Dr. Parchure has diagnosed parasites.’ I guess I had parasites. ‘I walked with Krishnaji in the late afternoon, and had supper with him on trays.’ That was Christmas and Rishi Valley.

S: Yes, you've got parasites. Merry Christmas. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Boxing Day, the twenty-sixth. 'I was up in time to leave at 4 a.m. with Krishnaji, Narayan, and Dr. Parchure in the usual Santhanam car. I felt carsick and had to stop and vomit somewhere or other on the dark road. I felt prostrate in the car trying to hold off nausea while Krishnaji all the way put his hands to help me. We arrived at Vasanta Vihar by 8:30 a.m., and I went right to bed. I slept and stayed in the room all day, though I felt better and able to unpack in the afternoon and put everything in order. Dr. Parchure gave me parasite pills to take for three days. Dorothy, Rita, Grohe, Dominique, and Yen Yang came in the school bus. The air conditioner I urged for Dorothy's room is making a big difference for her.' Dominique and Yen Yang were from Brockwood.

December twenty-seventh. 'I felt better and got up, and went shopping with Rita and Dorothy to buy books for Krishnaji. Then slept in the afternoon and walked on the beach off Radha's house in the late afternoon with Krishnaji, Pama, and Grohe. In the night, I decided not to stay in India till Krishnaji goes to Bombay but to go with Dorothy and Rita on January thirteen/fourteen. My spirits lightened. I've had enough of India. I am weary of the difficult food, the weather, the sights, the sounds, the tastes, and the smells. Nothing seems clean to any of the senses. Even the sea, the rolling surf off the Bay of Bengal, smells polluted to me. There seems no freshness in nature. Everything seems smeared with human insensitivity, soiled. The sight of an old woman sweeping in the filthy streets with bare hands sickens me. So does the tolerance of it all. I cannot imagine wanting to stay alive in the conditions of life that millions and millions endure in this part of the world, and I am past the human capacity, if I ever had it, to do anything but shrink from all this. So I will flee to my infinitely cleaner, luckier, safety of life where atomic annihilation is as likely, but meanwhile, clean, sweet smelling fields, bed, house, food, and air is possible. Will I ever not wonder, as I have since childhood, why I have been so lucky, so blessed, really? And the supreme blessing is Krishnaji. How have I been allowed that?' It's true; ever since I was a child, I thought, "Why am I so lucky?"

S: Yes. Your have often said that to me.

M: Why have I got a clean bed to sleep in and enough food and beautiful things around me? I always felt that I'd have to pay for it some day, that life would even things out.

The twenty-eighth of December: 'I went with Rita to Lufthansa, where I changed my ticket to fly out of Bombay early on the fourteenth, leaving here on Indian Airlines on Sunday the thirteenth. It rained in the afternoon, but between showers, I went with Krishnaji, Pama, and Grohe to the beach for our walk, as usual. Krishnaji's optimism that the showers let up for the walk was correct. In the evening, news began of the counting of the election. Rajiv Gandhi is winning in a landslide.'

December the twenty-ninth. 'It is Sunanda's birthday, and I have given her a cotton sari she admired. The day was quiet and reasonably sunny, but just before 5:30 p.m., as we all sat in the garden waiting for Krishnaji's public talk, a heavy shower suddenly plunged down. Krishnaji had not come out, luckily; but when he eventually did, he gave a strong,

hard-hitting talk. The first of the Madras four. He came to the supper table later but scared me a bit by going out on the street for a walk by himself right after the talk. Luckily, Narayan saw him and caught up with him.'

The thirtieth of December. 'Again, the day was quiet for the second talk, which Krishnaji was due to give at 5:30 p.m. The day had been damp as always, but reasonably sunny. Then at 5:30 p.m., this time, just after Krishnaji had sat upon the platform, rain began and then increased and then poured. The sky showed no hope of clearing and everyone was drenched. I had to change completely, and then went up to find Krishnaji in bed with a warm blanket and a hot water bottle. He had been intending to change into dry clothes and go back to give his talk, but Dr. Parchure had pointed out that the audience was soaked and would have had to sit in pools of water on the tarmac. So Krishnaji agreed to a cancellation. Many of us sat in the big hall and talked until suppertime, when Krishnaji came down and we went to eat.'

December thirty-first. 'I asked Krishnaji if his meditation has come to him here in India. He shook his head and said, "Too busy. One must be quiet for it to come." There were showers on and off all day. All very unusual for this time of year, say the local people. I did letters. We were able to walk on the beach, though, Krishnaji, Radha, Pama, Grohe, and I. At 7 p.m., Grohe went off to the airport to fly back to Switzerland. He spent a long time talking to me about building in Rishi Valley and at Brockwood. He thinks it is "bon marché" to build in Rishi Valley, so he is financing two bungalows, one for his own use when he is there and one for Krishnaji, even though Krishnaji says he prefers the old quarters. And the balance needed to build an "ashram" or study. He seems to think I can expedite having all this done by next year. I went with Prema and him Saturday to see a local architect's work, and also another house. But I had to point out that this is India's project and I would be intruding. He is curiously impractical.

I recognize that I have other people's efforts and concern lavished on me right now, but I do not expect it or contrive at it, and take nothing for granted. So this year is ending tonight, with hardly a mark of its passing. It is just a night. I have said goodnight to Krishnaji and say only to myself how extraordinary is the grace and wonder of another year with him.' Signed thirty-one December, 1984, Madras.

Issue 83: January 1, 1985 to April 19, 1985

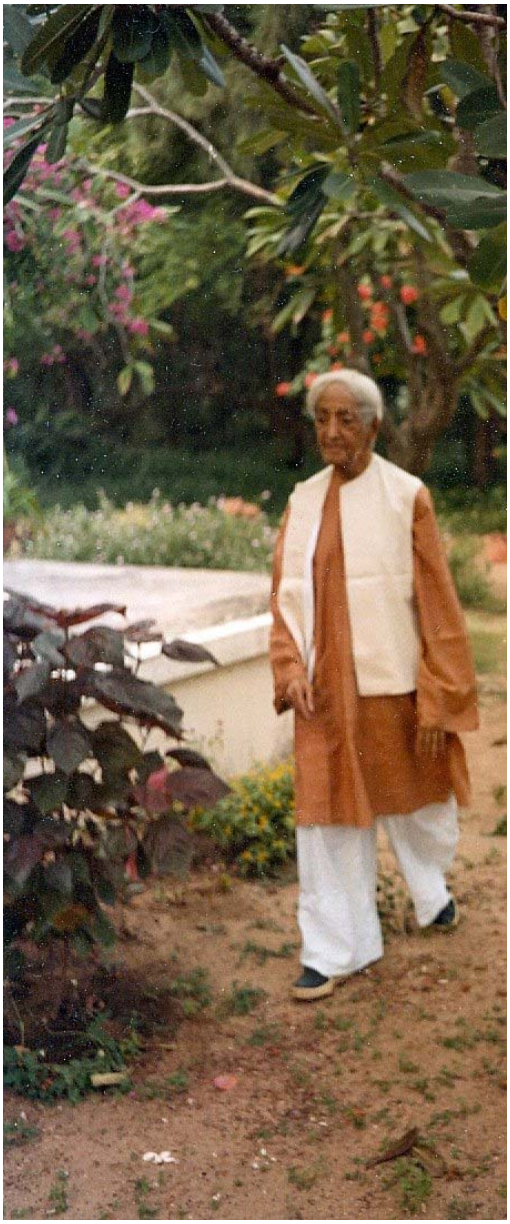
Mary ends what is to be her last trip to India, and about a month later, Krishnaji joins her in Ojai. They have some rest, and then fly to New York for his second talk at the U.N. and to Washington D.C. for first talk there. Both Mary and Krishnaji appear in good health.

Mary: We begin our discussion today with January first, 1985, and we're in Madras. 'I went up early to start the day and the year with Krishnaji. A stubborn and determined rain gave no possibility of having the 7:30 a.m. question-and-answer meeting in the garden as usual, so everything took place in the big hall here at Vasanta Vihar. People kept piling in. Indians can fold themselves down into a few square inches of floor' [*both chuckle*]. 'Krishnaji spoke wonderfully with power, authority, and what was called "a presence." The later morning was consumed for me by Harsh, who, was is from Brockwood and after an unsatisfactory talk with Brian Jenkins, wanted to go round and round about Brockwood's problems.' Brian Jenkins must also have been in Madras at the time. 'I found a sticking point in him: Krishnaji's having asked him at some point during the wear and tear of last June whether he could handle the principalship of Brockwood Park if Dorothy left. It was only a question, not an appointment or a promise of one, but Harsh has fastened onto it. I told him that I had no idea if this was to be but suggested he act and think in terms of what is best for Brockwood as things arise, deal as rightly and as clearly as he can, and not hinge his thinking on something else. He had just talked to Brian Jenkins, who refuses to answer a letter from the four—Harsh, Ingrid, Stephen, and Ray—sent him regarding his cooperation at Brockwood during the remainder of the school year. I don't want to list here all the ins and outs of these interminable problems, but the implication of the letter was that his returning to Brockwood hinged on some cooperative agreement. Brian wouldn't give this and went directly to Dorothy, who is also here from Brockwood. He then asked to see me after lunch, and told me that the letter was inaccurate, and that he thinks he will resign from the staff. I told him I thought he should, since he and his new wife are starting a new life anyway, and his dissatisfaction with Brockwood was not bringing about the harmony that is necessary. He asked me to tell Krishnaji. He then went and spoke to Dorothy and Harsh, who happened to be talking together anyway, and said he was resigning. How nice if this settled everything, but possibly it won't. The Jenkinses return to England next week and Harsh, Claire, and Annand leave here tomorrow. Professor Sudarshan brought the Maharajah of Trevancore and wife to lunch. Krishnaji, Pama, and I went to Radha's, and she walked on the beach with us.' That was the first of the year.

Scott: [*chuckles*] What a way to begin the year.

M: Yes, yes. [*S chuckles.*] All the problems were seething around. [*Chuckles.*]

January second. 'Ninety-six-year-old Madahvachari came to lunch. I remember him as a tall man, but he has shrunk. He seems to have outlived his faculties and his villainy.'



Krishnaji in Madras in 1984 (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: [*chuckles*] That's quite an accomplishment.

M: 'Beyond some age, one is no longer accountable (apparently) for one's sins, but both Achyutji, who sat as far from him at the table as he could, and I remember that he betrayed Krishnaji to Rajagopal. Krishnaji was amiable to him and invited him to come again. But later coming back in the car from the beach walk, Krishnaji said how dreadful it is to live like that. I asked what choice Madahvachari had, and Krishnaji said he should "take a pill."' [*S chuckles*.] 'What pill can one get? I pointed out.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji seems to think that these lethal pills are available, so we muttered about ways of suicide all the way back to Vasanta Vihar. Krishnaji thinks a gun is too messy for the survivors, as is wrist cutting.' [*Both chuckle*].

S: None of these, of course, would he actually endorse, but…

M: No. No.

S: …but he likes playing with ideas, yes.

M: 'A pill and the plastic bag over the head that one hears of seemed the least offensive. These are the topics of conversation in our day, or is it of our age?' [*Both chuckle*.] 'On par with "Should one move to a better climate?" or "Where to go next winter?"' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Malini brought the tailor to refit all the tunics I ordered in November.'

The third of January. 'Heavy rains made Krishnaji's second question-and-answer meeting impossible in the garden, so again it was held in the Vasanta Vihar hall. Later I went with Sunanda and Parchure to look at two available halls for the talks if the rains continue. Both were dismal.' [*Chuckles.*] 'I slipped on the stone steps but only bruised my hands and hip. At 6:15 p.m. Lakshmi Shankar sang in Vasanta Vihar Hall—sad longing devotional songs.' She sang beautifully.

S: Yes, she did.

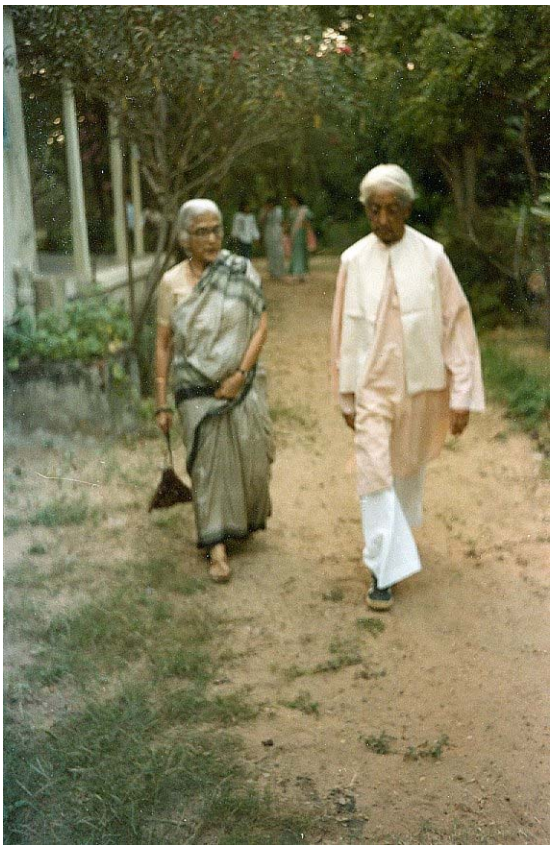
M: January fourth. 'There were showers on and off. I went to cash travel checks so I could give Dr. Parchure cash for fixing his cottage at Rajghat, and got some books for Krishnaji. To Krishnaji's discomfort the rain held, so he gave the extra talk he agreed to give tonight, to replace the one that was rained out last Sunday, in the less crummy of the two halls, but crummy it was. It was a wedding place. And though he gave a good talk, it tired him because of the place. It was announced that the talks tomorrow and Sunday will be held at Vasanta Vihar and canceled if it rains. The drive past the slums along the beach disturbed him, as well they might. These sights make me want to never come to India again.'

S: Yes.

M: The next day. 'At 5:30 p.m. in clear weather, Krishnaji gave his third Madras talk in the Vasanta Vihar garden. Radhika, the Thomases, Vatsala Parchure, and others arrived for the talks from Rishi Valley in the school van. After the talk, I dined at Prema's along with Sunanda, Radhika, Rebecca Thomas, Dorothy, Rita, Ahalya, and Malini, who at last had my new kurtas from her tailor. These were ordered in early November. Prema's dinner was delicious, and the first enjoyable meal I have eaten in India.' I'm clearly really fed up with India.

S: Well, it's very hard to be there.

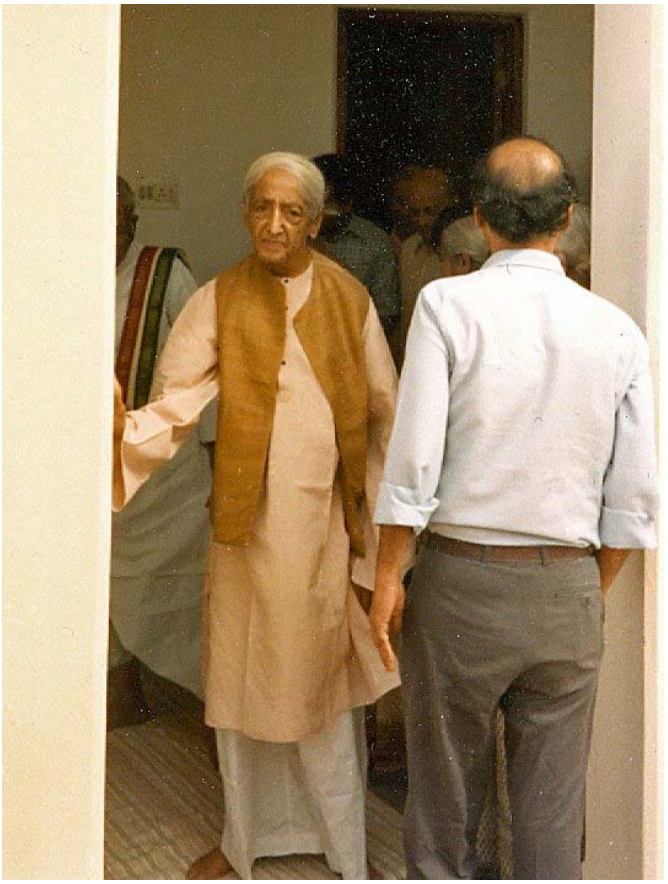
M: The sixth. 'Pupul arrived in the afternoon. At 5:30 p.m. Krishnaji's fourth Madras talk in Vasanta Vihar garden. Very fine.'



Krishnaji in Madras in 1984 (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

January seventh. ‘At 10 a.m., there was a KFI trustee meeting held upstairs. Asit arrived for it, and Dorothy, I, and Dr. Adikaram were invited.’ He was the head of the Sri Lankan Krishnamurti world, and a nice man. ‘I sat feeling that talk of more schools was mad. The shortage of teachers is constant. So is money. And most of all, the energy of those who do come for Krishnaji’s teachings is siphoned off into academics or supporting academics and the feeling for the teachings, the essential of what should concern us, is spread too thin. I said as much, but Pupul disagreed. She thinks there should be as many schools “as the ground of different human beings.” It seems to me we are all, for the most part, occupied with simply progressive, but usual, schools. On the beach walk, the India film people who were in Rishi Valley and are doing a documentary on Krishnaji were there to record his walk and also photographed him. When we got back, a seventeen-year-old musician, Ravi Kiran, played a rare instrument called *gottuvadyam.* It is said to be very hard to play. It is *veena*-like but without struts, and has twenty-one strings. The boy came with his father and younger brother and sister. At the end, when Krishnaji approached to thank them and present the usual garland, which Sunanda had waiting, the father and then the boy and then the younger ones prostrated themselves in the old total way: flat out, whole body and arms outstretched, touching Krishnaji’s feet, at which Krishnaji put his hands on either side of the prostrate head. It was, to me, very moving. The instant and intense fervor of it. Krishnaji was touched by it. “They are real Brahmins,” he said. This was the real, ancient prostration, the way he and Nitya prostrated themselves to their father when they came back after the years in Europe. I think Krishnaji was more impressed by the actions of the children and father than by the playing, but it had lasted

one and a half hours, and it was by this time 8 o'clock, and he had had no supper and has been working, i.e., talking, for four straight days, plus a morning of KFI meeting. All much too much, and he is very tired.'



Krishnaji in Madras in 1984 (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The eighth. 'Rita left for Goa. I took Dorothy to town on errands and sent flowers to people. Krishnaji is tired and spent the whole day resting in his room, reading, and sleeping. At 4:30 p.m. the rest of us went to the school in Damodar Gardens. Pupul spoke to the older students. There was tree planting, tea, and seeing children's exhibits.'

S: Just for the record, Damodar Gardens was part of the Theosophical Society compound, but it was where the Krishnamurti Foundation of India Madras school was located.

M: Yes.

January ninth. 'At 9:30 a.m. there was a seminar in the Vasanta Vihar hall with Krishnaji, Pupul, Achyut, Sudarshan, Radha Burnier, and four scientists. The scientists were not versed in Krishnaji's teachings, so most of the time went into defining terms and concepts, like self-knowledge being limited, brain, mind, time, etcetera. I doubt this sort of discussion is stimulating to Krishnaji, because it doesn't get beyond his having to sort out and explain basics, and doesn't go with him to explore new areas. Earlier, Krishnaji had said to me that there is so much division in the KFI that he's not going to interfere.

“Let them run it,” he said. I pointed out that this means a dictatorship by Pupul, and that he is perceived as being afraid of her. He finds her much more assertive these days. A case in point is Dr. Hiralal: Pupul is for him. Krishnaji doubts he is the right person to be a member of KFI. At 4 p.m. I went with Sunanda and Dorothy to tea at Ahalya’s in Besant House in the Theosophical Society compound. It is a nice, old-fashioned colonial-style building with verandas all around. After tea, Ahalya dropped me at Radha’s, where Krishnaji came for a beach walk. Before supper, Pupul showed Krishnaji, Sunanda, and me a letter found among Shiva Rao’s papers sent by Murli Rao, who had custody of them. The note is possibly in Krishnaji’s handwriting, though Krishnaji is not sure after looking at it. It is dated London, 10 October 1925, and purports to be from Maha Chohan to Krishnaji, though Krishnaji’s name is not specified, commending him for his work. Krishnaji has no recollection of it, and has no explanation to offer, though he said at one point that Leadbeater had invented the current concepts of the Masters. Pupul is spending Friday in the Theosophical Society archives with Radha. Pupul says there are some remarkable photographs there. I wondered if I could go with Pupul, but she said Radha is cagey about showing things. Pupul said she would share copies of anything she got. After supper, Dr. Parchure brought welcome reports that Krishnaji and I are now both free of parasites, but Krishnaji’s postprandial blood sugar is up to 175 since he stopped taking Rastinon medication. He must resume taking half a tablet a day, and then can eat any fruit he chooses.’

The tenth: ‘There was the second meeting at 9:30 a.m. of the two-day seminar. It went a little better. In the afternoon Krishnaji met Major Rakesh Sharma, the Indian astronaut who participated in a Russian space mission. He talked with him almost an hour, liked him, and invited him to come on the beach walk along with Radha, Dorothy, Pama, and me. Krishnaji had me walk and talk to Sharma. A very nice, intelligent, and easy-to-talk-to man. Likable.’

S: Yes, I met him.

M: You probably did.

S: But I wasn’t there that year, so I must have met him the next year, but I do remember him.

M: ‘Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya arrived.’

The eleventh: ‘A large group left at 7 a.m. to go see Palamaner, and they got back at 10 p.m. I stayed here. Hours of sitting in a car and sun with the prospects of sitting in an aircraft ahead would not be the best thing for my leg, and I had no wish to go anyway. Krishnaji, Pupul, Sunanda, and Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya, who arrived last night, and I had lunch. Krishnaji rested most of the day. I packed slowly. Krishnaji and I walked on the beach.’

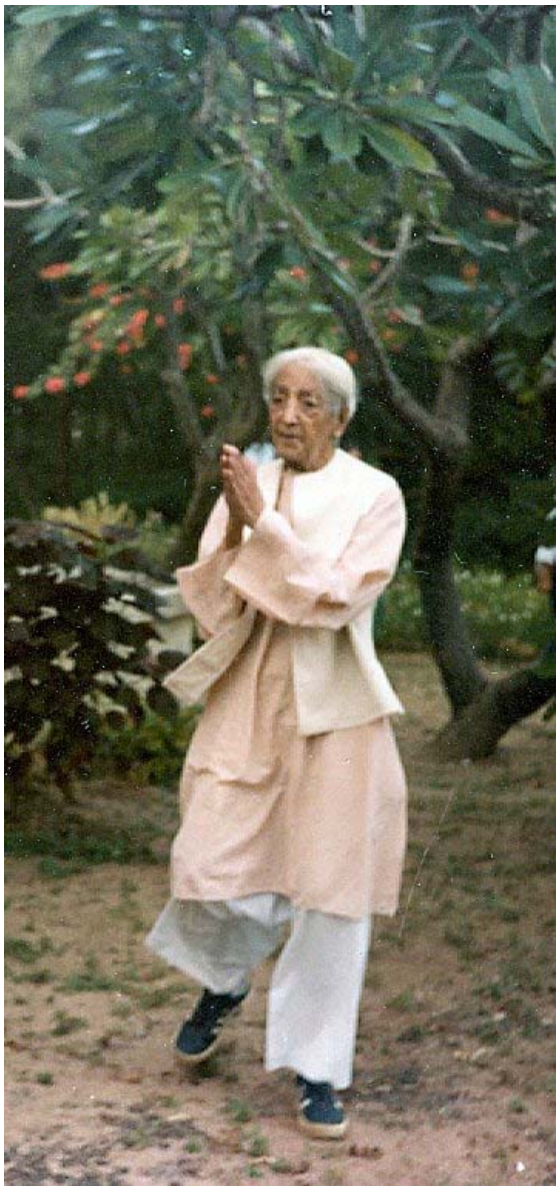
S: I remember I was there the year that the offer for the Palamaner land was first made, and it was very contested in the KFI.

M: Yes. I'm now doing this from memory, I may be wrong—but wasn't the nice man who did the second school in Bangalore—wasn't there talk of him doing the school in Palamaner, but it didn't happen?

S: That I can't remember, but it was the politics behind the offer that was so interesting. Apparently there was a huge tract of land, but the family that supposedly owned it, their ownership was contested. It wasn't completely solid or correct or something.

M: Yes, that sounds right, now that I hear this.

S: So they came up with the idea that they were going to donate some several hundred acres to the Krishnamurti Foundation of India, because if the gift was accepted as legal…



Krishnaji in Madras in 1984 (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

M: That verified that they own it.

S: Exactly, that verifies that they own the land. I can remember the debate in the KFI meetings—I was in them for some reason—it was adamant between the opposing groups. 'No, we shouldn't take it,' 'Yes, we should,' and it was very, very interesting.

M: Yes, now that you told me all this, I've obviously heard it. But I don't remember it very well. [*Chuckles.*] Except that it was always shadowy off there and nothing ever happened that I knew of.

S: Yes, yes. It was always shadowy, but apparently it was a very beautiful place, though absolutely out in the middle of nowhere. It would have made Rishi Valley look like it was in the hub of a metropolis. This was really out in the wilderness.

M: There was a waterfall—

S: Yes, the land had a waterfall, a year-round waterfall, which is something.

M: That's what I remember of it. I wonder what happened to it afterward?

S: I have no idea, that's why I was asking you. [*Both chuckle*.] And Krishnaji was rather for it.

M: Well, Krishnaji…"Take it. Buy it. Get it," was Krishnaji's approach to land.

S: [*both laughing*] Yes, yes. He liked land.

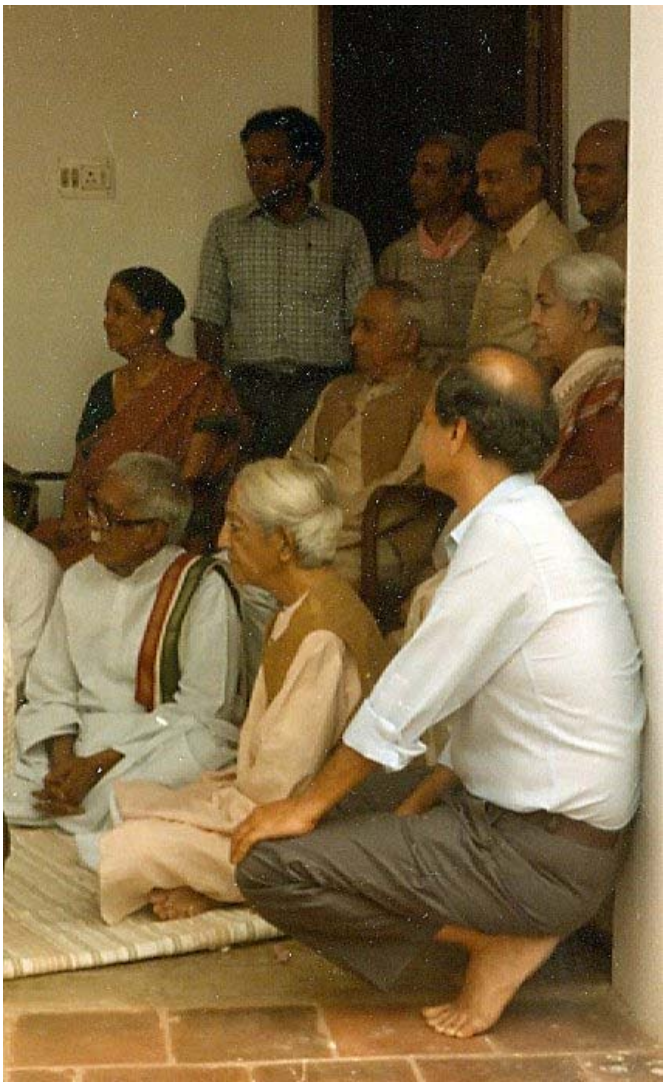
M: Yes. He liked land. [*Both chuckle*.]

January twelfth. 'At 9:30 a.m. Krishnaji held a discussion in the hall with Upadhyaya, Pupul, Radha, Achyutji, and most others were onlookers. The long-winded Hindi of Upadhyaya and its translation, which often turned out to be, "The Buddha says etcetera, etcetera, etcetera" makes a fair amount of tedium. Krishnaji kept wordlessly catching my eye, and eventually he told Upadhyaya to leave aside what the Buddha said and say what he himself thought. Major Sharma was at lunch and Krishnaji put him through quite a questioning. Was he a Brahmin? Yes. With that background, what did he feel about being in the Air Force? Sharma said it troubled him. That he had not killed anyone, and did not intend to, but when he was seventeen years old, all he thought of was flying one of those marvelous machines without measuring the implications he now sees. Krishnaji was cooking him a bit.' [*S chuckles.*] 'In late afternoon, Krishnaji, Radhika, who went to Palamaner yesterday and came here afterward, Radha, and I walked on the beach. For me it was the last walk. I am leaving tomorrow, and will put this depressing place away. Malini came by to say goodbye to me in the evening.' Gosh, I was hypercritical of everything.

S: Well, not without reason. [*Chuckles*.]

M: Well, I don't know.

January thirteen. 'Krishnaji has worn my rings and rudraksha on the chain for two nights and gave them back to me this morning after walking to the window with them.' I don't know what that has to do with. Well, that's what it says. This must be explained for those who don't know.



Krishnaji in Madras in 1984 (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

S: Yes.

M: He did something, magnetized, I believe the word is, jewelry. He did it for Mary Lutyens's ring, and he'd done it for other people in the past, and so he took the things that I wear, which were just listed, to do this mysterious thing to them before I left with them. It was considered protective.

S: Yes. Now for those who don't understand what magnetized means…

M: You say.

S: Well, it's as if he would put some kind of energy into them.

M: Yes.

S: And the energy was a positive, protective kind of energy.

M: Yes.

S: And he felt that this would protect the wearer.

M: Yes. Mary Lutyens always swore, because he would wear her ring over lunch at Fortnum's, that afterward the ring had extra luster and shone in a far greater way than before.

S: But originally, she had been kind of skeptically looking at this and doubting her perceptions…

M: But what she thought she saw was confirmed when a grandchild of hers said to her, "Oh you've had your ring cleaned!"

S: Yes.

M: Spontaneously the grandchild said that, but it was just that Krishnaji had worn it over lunch at Fortnum's. So Mary believed what she thought she had always seen. [*Chuckles*.] Anyway. 'It is painful to leave Krishnaji as always. He and I spoke briefly, then Dorothy and I left at 9:30 a.m., just before Krishnaji was to hold another discussion with Upadhyaya, and the others. Everyone was on the veranda to say goodbye, Krishnaji folding his hands in what, to me, was a blessing. Pama came with us to the airport, which was a help in the steaming confusion of crowds and luggage. Dorothy and I landed in Bombay at 1 p.m. and were met by a Lufthansa woman who took us and our luggage to the Centaur Hotel in the airport where Lufthansa had provided each of us with a free room in which to rest until our midnight check-in. Rita, who has been in Goa for three days, arrived around 5 p.m. Then came Bakul and Devi, bringing home-cooked things.' That's Nandini's daughter, Devi Mangaldas. 'Nandini was unable to come because of a reaction to taking penicillin. I spoke to her on the telephone. Five of us ate in the room I had, ordering some things from room service, too. Then they left and I slept till awakened at 11:45 p.m. We went at midnight to the international air terminal where Dorothy, Rita, and I took a 2 a.m. Lufthansa flight out of India. I was still on first-class tickets and had the best forward seat with no one next to me. I was able to sleep on and off.'

The fourteenth of January. 'We landed at Frankfurt at 7 a.m. I am out of India, and back in Europe in a huge gray airport. Rita led the way to where we waited for an 8:15 a.m. flight to Heathrow. Lufthansa gave us two breakfasts. Real coffee, croissants, and French *confiture* seemed tremendous treats.' [*S chuckles*.] 'Then around 11 a.m. there was

England in snow—a charcoal drawing landscape, Northern, utterly un-tropical, and wonderful. With only a silk shirt and cardigan, I welcomed the cold as one might reach toward sunlight.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Guy and Montague met and then took Dorothy to Brockwood, and Harsh, with my duffel coat and his car, drove me there. All is snow!' That was wonderful for me.

S: [*chuckles*] Yes.

M: 'The driveway, everything is white. The students have built a huge snowman. My room is warm through two heaters. The melting comfort of a bath, getting completely clean, and then eating salad and finally one's own linen-sheeted bed was overwhelming.' [*Both chuckle.*] You can see that—

S: You were glad to be there.

M: The spoiled Western point of view. [*Both laugh.*] 'I telephoned Amanda, Erna, Bud, also Mary Links. All are well, but Bud and Lisa are about to go to California, then India for the museum—all out of step with my moves, so it is unlikely we will meet till later.' I remember the delight of snowflakes on my face.

S: Yes, yes.

M: That was wonderful.

S: Well, it is a delight. But it's especially a delight after being in a tropical place.

M: It is. Exactly. [*Chuckles*.]

January fifteenth: 'I slept deeply and well, and feel physically back in balance. Food and air and their cleanliness. The cold is healing. I had a slow, relaxed, quiet breakfast after doing exercises and washing my hair. The quiet of our little kitchen, and cleaning the toaster and kettle, were a pleasure. I talked to Mary Cadogan at some length, also Betsy, and later Phyl Fry. I went for a walk in the grove with snow falling on my face. Rabbit tracks were everywhere. The snow was crisp, and carpets everything. The leaves of the rhododendron are curled in the cold. The handkerchief tree is bare and sleeping.'

Now I realize there's going to be a vast gap in my entries in the big diary because I can see that the next entry in it is April eighth, and we're only in January. Well, you see, when Krishnaji wasn't there, I didn't write.

S: Yes, but Krishnaji came back before that.

M: Well, he did but…well, anyway, we'll see.

January sixteenth. 'I went with Scott to catch the Petersfield 8:01 a.m. train to London. Once there, I went my own way by tube to Harrods. Then to have my hair cut. I lunched

with Mary and Joe at Hyde Park Street.' That's their flat. 'I came back on the 4:20 p.m. train and ran into Scott, who had been on the same train. So we got back to Brockwood together. I had supper alone upstairs.'

The seventeenth: 'I went to the morning meeting and to a meeting of the five.' Who was the five by now?

S: Ingrid, Harsh, Stephen, Ray, and Dorothy.

M: Ah, yes. 'In the afternoon I went to Alresford with Dorothy to do errands, including booking my flight to Los Angeles on the twenty-sixth. Bud telephoned. They go to California this weekend and to India in early February.'

January eighteenth. 'I went to the morning meeting. Six inches of snow have fallen here. I walked at noon with Scott around the grove and fields. Everything is white and beautiful. I cabled Krishnaji the date of my flight to California and spoke to Erna.'

The nineteenth. 'Dorothy drove me to Petersfield where I took the 9:46 a.m. to London, went to the Tate Gallery, lunched with Betsy at her flat, then took the train back to Petersfield and by taxi to Brockwood. I talked to Diane Maroger, who has had two leg fractures since October. Daphne'—that's her sister—'is married.'

There is nothing the next day, but on January twenty-first, 'Scott drove me to the Petersfield station. I took the 8:01 a.m. to London and went to TWA to fetch Krishnaji's and my tickets, then had a fitting of the tweed coat at Hilliard's. Met Adrian Spanier'—that's the decorator woman—'at the fabric wholesaler about curtains for my room in Brockwood. I went to a Chagall exhibition at the Royal Academy, then came back to Petersfield by taxi. The snow had been washed away by rain.'

The twenty-second of January. 'I attended the morning meeting. In mid-morning, I met Mary Cadogan at Petersfield, drove her back to Brockwood where we went over video matters, and then held a Saanen Gathering Committee meeting the rest of the day. Doris resigned from the Saanen Gathering Committee.'

The twenty-third. 'I slept late, and lunched with Kathy and Scott at the No Name Pub.' Oh, do you remember No Name Pub? It sort of disappeared from my life.

S: I'm sure it's still there.

M: Yes, I'm sure it is, but I haven't been in a long time. Of course, I haven't been in England in a long time. [*chuckles*] 'Later I had tea with them at their house.'

January twenty-fourth. 'I took the 8:01 a.m. train to London where I met Adrian Spanier about curtain fabric. We found one and I decided on it. Then I walked to HMV and bought compact discs for Krishnaji, fetched the new tweed coat at Hilliard's, and lunched with Mary L. at Fortnum's. Then at 3:30 p.m. I visited with Fleur at her apartment in the

Albany.' She had tremendous taste, that woman. And they had a wonderful house in the country, a farmhouse, and I used to stay there with her. It was lovely. Anyway, 'I went by tube to Waterloo and so back to Brockwood. Talked with Christine and Gary after supper.'

January twenty-fifth. 'Most of the day for me was packing. Krishnaji went today from Madras to Bombay.'

January twenty-sixth: 'I attended the morning meeting, then left Brockwood at 9 a.m. with Scott driving me to Heathrow. He and Rita saw me off on TWA flight 761, departure at 11:30 a.m. I arrived in Los Angeles at 2:05 p.m. Vivian Moody met me and drove me to Ojai. The house is clean and lovely. I cabled Krishnaji of my safe arrival.'

There's nothing the next day, but on the twenty-eighth, 'I went on an early walk with Erna. A letter arrived from Krishnaji sent from Madras on the nineteenth. I worked most of the day at my desk. My brother telephoned. They are back from California and leave soon for India for the Cooper Hewitt Museum's hosting of the Festival of India.' Pupul had arranged to have the Festival of India exhibition in Lisa's Cooper-Hewitt Museum. I don't know if it will be in this, but eventually the museum had created a lot of things for the festival, and Pupul never gave them back. [*S chuckles*.] For instance, Lisa got all sorts of designers who designed clothes and fabrics and furniture, and had them made in India. Bud and Lisa had gone to India to supervise the making of these things, all for this wonderful exhibition. But then these things traveled around and the museum never got them back. [*Both chuckle*.] Anyway, that's as it was.

The next day. 'I had another early walk. Electricians came for more light on the path here and an extra doorbell. Erna came by. The green Mercedes battery is dead. Dieter'—that's the garage man—'delivered a new one and the diesel had its 25,000-mile service. I drove him back to the garage and marketed.'

The thirtieth: 'I went to Los Angeles in KMN1'—that's the green car—'and Lailee's for the annual medical exam. She said the valves in the vein in the leg are causing the edema, and gave me a diuretic. Lunch with Amanda and Phil in Malibu, then bought six tree roses at Green Thumb nursery in Ventura.'

The thirty-first. 'Another early walk. Later, I drove Erna to Cohen's office to discuss his meeting tomorrow with Rajagopal's lawyers. The electrician put in the walk lights. I went with Erna and Theo to dine with the Hookers at the Ranch House Restaurant.'

February first. 'Again an early walk. Erna came with me to the meeting about the case with Cohen and Avsham'—that's Rajagopal's lawyer—'at Cohen's office from 10 a.m. till almost noon.'

The most notable thing over the next two days is that Krishnaji's first two Bombay talks occurred. In fact, I don't think there is anything worth mentioning until February sixth,

when Krishnaji's second letter arrived, written in Madras from January twentieth until the thirtieth, and Shakuntala, who was visiting from Brockwood, came to supper.

February seventh. 'Again, I had an early walk and spent most of the day at my desk. Friedrich came by. He's marrying Magda on Saturday and has bought a house in Ojai. Scott telephoned to say that the county had refused our permit to build a study center at Brockwood.'

February ninth: 'One inch of rain in the night. I worked at my desk most of the day. Friedrich and Magda are married in Santa Barbara, and Erna and Theo were their witnesses. Krishnaji gave this third talk in Bombay.'

The next day was Krishnaji's fourth Bombay talk. I'm trying to avoid the details.

S: No, don't.

M: All right, the eleventh of February: 'Early walk. It was a warm day, and I oiled the nandis.' In those days they were oiled, but I stopped doing that. They looked nicer gray. 'I left at 3 p.m. and bought a Cuisinart pot in Ventura and went on to the Dunnes'.' I mean, really, these details are so—

S: No, these are very important. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Apologies to you, Robin.**[1]** I did try to stop him, but as usual, I have failed. [*S laughs*.] 'Talked to Philippa. Miranda and John came and all celebrated Phil's seventy-seventh birthday. I spent the night there.'

February twelfth: 'At 7 a.m. I telephoned Brockwood, but Krishnaji's plane was three-and-a-half hours late leaving Bombay, so he wasn't there yet. I had breakfast with Philippa and Amanda. We all saw a whale. Then I drove to town to see Miranda and John at their apartment on Holt Street. I had a long talk with John. Then, on my credit card, I rang Brockwood again and this time spoke to Krishnaji. His voice was clear as the mountain spring.' [*Chuckles.*] 'There was snow at Brockwood. Asit flew with him. I went to Tassell'—that's a designer—'and bought three things and also bought a Sony Walkman. Had my teeth cleaned. Drove back to Ojai. It is a blessing that Krishnaji is halfway home.'

The thirteenth: 'Birthday calls'—it was my birthday—'from my brother, Betsy, Rita Zampese, and Winky. I spent the day doing desk work and cleaning silver after an early walk. A letter from Pascaline Mallet saying that Gizelle Questiau died in a car accident. She had just become president of L'Association Culturelle Krishnamurti.' That's the Krishnamurti organization in France.

The fourteenth of February: 'The bedroom wing carpets were cleaned. I marketed and gave sixty-seven shares of the Senior Canyon Water to KFA.' I think I've explained that to you.

S: Yes, you have.

M: 'At 6 p.m. I went with the Lilliefelts to the Oak Grove School, saw the new building, and then attended a meeting of parents, teachers, and architects about the use of creosote in landscaping.'

S: Oh, yes, I remember that. This was another…[*laughs*]. Look at all the wood used in the Oak Grove School—the school buildings are all made of wood, the upper school and lower school, and all of the terraces, and the banisters. They're all made out of wood and, of course, to protect them, they are creosoted.

M: Is that a fire danger?

S: No, it's just that if a child gets a splinter of wood that is creosoted, it gets a little inflamed.

M: Oh. Oh, I never knew that.

S: So, this was thought of as being terribly unhealthy, etcetera, etcetera and that more organic oils or things should be used in case their children get splinters.

M: How do you know all this?

S: Yes, I don't know how these things always came to me.

M: Did they do that in England? Brockwood didn't have creosote anywhere, does it?

S: Oh, sure.

M: Really? Oh.

S: Yes. It was normal in those days. But I remember this incident and thinking I was so glad we didn't have any parents around. [*Both laugh*.]

M: That was always one of Brockwood's blessings because you never see parents. They are off in…

S: Yes. Exactly. Yes. They're scattered around the world, yes.

M: Yes. Asia, Africa, or wherever. [*Both laugh*.] Here, they're all sitting in Ojai.

S: Exactly. Finding things to criticize.

M: Yes. Or to tell us what to do with the school.

February fifteenth: ‘I drove to Malibu, saw Winky, and got books for Krishnaji, then drove on to Beverly Hills to get a fitting at Giselle’s’—that’s the place that made things for me. ‘I also bought cheese and houseplants before coming home.’

The next day was mostly ‘household preparation for Krishnaji’s arrival and marketing.’

February seventeenth: ‘Krishnaji’s TWA flight 761, which was due at 2:05 p.m., arrived at 2:56 p.m. I left Ojai at 10:30 a.m., lunched with Amanda and Phil, gave her a present of a blouse, and left there at 1:30 p.m. to find that a landslide had blocked the highway; so I had to go via Malibu Canyon and valley. I arrived at the airport in time. Krishnaji came out quickly, because of the wheelchair, with Asit and luggage. Krishnaji came with me, and Asit went with David and Jack. Krishnaji wanted to go the quiet way by the sea, so again, we came through Malibu Canyon and along the beach with the yellow flowers in bloom.’ He always liked those yellow flowers that bloomed near that big rock down there. ‘Krishnaji and I had supper alone.’

February eighteenth: ‘Krishnaji, Asit, and I had breakfast by the stove.’ That’s in the dining room. ‘Krishnaji talked to Erna, Theo, and me in the morning, and then he spent the rest of the day in bed with lunch on a tray. I went over to Arya Vihara. Shakuntala was there. Asit went out with Michael, so Krishnaji and I had supper on trays, and Krishnaji resumed his on-and-off all-day sleep.’

February nineteenth: ‘I had an early walk. Krishnaji got up when I went out, and unpacked the rest of his bag. He later came to lunch at Arya Vihara. Shakuntala was there before leaving for Brockwood. Krishnaji slept in the afternoon. I telephoned my brother on his sixty-first birthday. He and Lisa leave tomorrow for Paris and India, returning March fifteenth. Krishnaji and I had supper alone.’

February twentieth: ‘I had another early walk. Krishnaji stayed in bed all day after having breakfast in the dining room with Asit and me. He slept all morning and most of the afternoon.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji was up for lunch. In the afternoon, Erna, Theo, Asit, and I discussed Mary Cadogan’s suggestion to have other Foundations represented on the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust in England.’

The twenty-second of February: ‘Asit left for Singapore. Krishnaji slept a lot but got up for lunch and walked with the Lilliefelts and me in the afternoon.’

February twenty-third: ‘I worked at the desk and did house things. Keith Berwick and wife came to lunch at Arya Vihara. He then listened to the audiotape of one of Krishnaji’s Bombay talks. Krishnaji slept and read.’ Keith Berwick?

S: He was the one who did the “Revelation” program on TV.

M: Oh, yes. Yes. There’s really nothing of note for the next two days.

February twenty-sixth: ‘I went on a walk at 6:15 a.m. Later, at 10 a.m., Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I met Mr. Cohen at his office. We reviewed Rajagopal’s offer, then returned for lunch at Arya Vihara. I got a video membership at the video shop, and got a video movie for Krishnaji to look at.’

February twenty-seventh: ‘I went for the usual early walk. In the afternoon, I went to see Dr. Gary Deutsch, Mark Renneker’s friend in Santa Paula, about Krishnaji and I becoming his patients.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘Krishnaji went for a walk to the dip with Theo.’

There is really nothing the next day, but on March first, ‘At 10 a.m. we began a KFA meeting that lasted all day. Krishnaji didn’t walk. Cohen wants to see us Monday about further progress in a settlement.’ If you’ll remember, this is a lawsuit that Rajagopal initiated against Krishnaji and the KFA. It was nonsense, but it used up time and money, which Rajagopal had in abundance.

The next day, ‘At 11 a.m. Krishnaji spoke to teachers. We lunched at Arya Vihara. After his rest, Krishnaji walked to the Lilliefelts’ and Theo drove him back.’

March third: ‘Max Falk came at 11 a.m. to speak with Krishnaji and me regarding his charges for building the high school. Krishnaji asked Erna to come after he had talked for a while. Max sees nothing wrong with his having charged the Foundation thirty-two percent. So we said goodbye.’ A contractor doesn’t get thirty-two percent.

S: Not usually.

M: And also he paid himself for having done some carpentry work, then he charged thirty-two percent on that so that he paid himself twice. ‘“That is the end of Max,” said Krishnaji. Krishnaji rested in the afternoon, then walked down to the Lilliefelts’ later.’ Max had been recommended to me about building this house by previous people for whom he’d built houses; and they said he was a wonderful contractor, and they made a lifelong friend. He took the job for this house without even signing a contract. Well, we signed one eventually, but, I mean, he went right to work.

S: Yes. And he was very nice. I wonder what happened to him.

M: I don’t know. The usual contractor’s price is, I forget what, twenty percent or something. But he took thirty-two percent, and said nothing—he thought it was okay.

The fourth of March: ‘Krishnaji, I, and the Lilliefelts went at 10 a.m. to see Mr. Cohen about further discussion between him and Rajagopal’s lawyer, Avsham. We agreed with what Cohen had said. Krishnaji gave me a durable power of attorney. We had lunch at Arya Vihara. Milton Friedman came.’ Milton Friedman was not the famous economist of the same name, but he was a man who lived in Washington and he did speechwriting for Gerald Ford or something. He was interested in Krishnaji, and we made him a trustee, eventually, but he never came to a meeting.

S: Oh. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Anyway, he was the one who arranged for Krishnaji to talk in Washington, D. C.

S: Ah, yes. Right.

M: 'Lunch at Arya Vihara. Milton Friedman came. Krishnaji rested all afternoon.'

The next four days is mostly Krishnaji resting. He says he is tired and "washed out."

March ninth: 'At 11 a.m. Krishnaji held a discussion with the Oak Grove teachers. He was tired in the afternoon and slept. He walked to the Lilliefelts' and Theo drove him back.'

Then there isn't much for the next three days but Krishnaji resting and who came for lunch.

The thirteenth of March: 'Over lunch at Arya Vihara, there was talk of a TV film last night on child prodigies, and we talked of Krishnaji's childhood. Krishnaji wants to have me, Erna, and Theo question him on tape.'

S: Right.

M: The fourteenth. I am doing early walks all these days, but not mentioning it. 'I worked all day on income tax matters. Lunch at Arya Vihara included the Grohes. Krishnaji watched *Topaz*, an old film on video, in the afternoon. Then he met Theo and walked down Grand Avenue. After returning the video to the store, I picked them up near the bottom of Grand Avenue and drove them back. In the evening we watched a TV show of Sherlock Holmes.'

The fifteenth of March: 'At 10 a.m. Krishnaji talked with Erna, Theo, and me about his life, which we taped on cassette. Incorporating what he'd learned this winter from Pandit Upadhyaya. It is to be a private recording. Lunched at Arya Vihara. Typed income tax but didn't finish.'

S: Aha, that's right. That's the tape you have.

M: March sixteenth: 'At 11 a.m. Krishnaji held a meeting here with the Oak Grove School staff for a discussion. It went on till 1:30 p.m. During this, Scott, Harsh, and Ingrid all rang from Brockwood. Lunch at Arya Vihara. Marketed. At 4:30 p.m., Moody came to talk to Krishnaji and me about the school, the board, etcetera.'

The next day. 'At 11 a.m. there was a meeting of the new school board. Krishnaji attended. All lunched at Arya Vihara. We resumed the meeting after lunch until after 4 p.m. Krishnaji walked with Theo. My brother and Lisa returned to New York from Paris and India, and we talked in the evening.'

There's really nothing the next day. Then on the nineteenth, 'I spoke to Ingrid at Brockwood. She is not coming here after all. Then I drove to Studio City for a fitting on clothes from what was formerly Giselle, after which I drove on to Beverly Hills on errands. I had tea with Amanda and Phil on the way home. Krishnaji had talked to Mark Lee.'

The twentieth of March: 'At 9:30 a.m. David Moody came to talk to Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and me. Michael washed and put resin on the green car. I went to Green Thumb for roses, azaleas, and houseplants. Cohen received a text of a settlement agreement from Avsham.'

March twenty-first: 'We had an early lunch at noon. Then Krishnaji and I went to Doctor Deutsch in Santa Paula for Krishnaji's first meeting with him and an exam. Krishnaji's blood sugar, postprandial, was 85. My EKG is okay. "Lovely country," said Krishnaji on the drive back. Krishnaji walked with Theo.'

The twenty-second: 'Krishnaji and I left at 9 a.m. and drove via Malibu to Beverly Hills for eye exams by Doctor Fox. Both of us were mostly unchanged except Krishnaji, who has a bit of a cataract in his left eye and the beginning of one in the right eye, but neither interfere with his sight. We lunched with Evelyne Blau at her house—Japanese food. We bought croissants later and a clock for the kitchen. Home after 6 p.m.'

March twenty-third: 'Asit's book of photographs, *A Thousand Moons: Krishnamurti at 85*, arrived. It seemed very well done. At 11 a.m. Krishnaji talked to the teachers, lunched at Arya Vihara, then we had a quiet afternoon.'

The twenty-fourth of March: 'In the morning I worked at the desk and made lunch for Krishnaji, who is spending the day in bed. At noon, I went to the school and a meeting.' It doesn't say what kind of meeting.

March twenty-five: 'Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went to Cohen's office at 11 a.m. about the text of a settlement with Rajagopal. Radha Burnier was at lunch at Arya Vihara.'

The next day. 'Raman'—he was a cook at Brockwood—'arrived at Arya Vihara last night and came over in the morning to say hello. Radha was at lunch again. Afterward, I took her back to Krotona, where she is staying. I went to Ventura for vitamins.'

The twenty-seventh. 'There was rain, so I didn't do the early walk. Spent the morning working at my desk. We lunched at Arya Vihara, then rested. At 4 p.m. the actor Anthony Perkins came to see Krishnaji. Krishnaji walked to the Lilliefelts'. We had supper at 6:30 p.m. A new schedule.'

The next day. 'I worked most of the morning at the desk, apart from taking Krishnaji at 10 a.m. for a haircut here in Ojai. Evelyne telephoned about questions for tomorrow. Radha came to lunch at Arya Vihara.'

March twenty-ninth. ‘Chagall died yesterday. At 11 a.m. there was filming by Mendizza of Krishnaji in the living room answering questions put by me off-camera.’ I don’t remember that. ‘A physicist, Doctor Roger Jones, was at lunch at Arya Vihara. Radha was there, too. Krishnaji rested in the afternoon.’

The thirtieth. ‘I fetched our air tickets and marketed. At 11 a.m. Krishnaji talked to the staff of the Oak Grove School, then we lunched at Arya Vihara.’

There is nothing worth reporting for the next couple of days. Krishnaji is still resting but also still seeing people. The only thing to report is that on April second, ‘Krishnaji watched a TV program about organized religion and said, “We’ve lost.”’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘Krishnaji talked with Moody and again with Rupert Oysler at 4 p.m. He says he is tired and his head is causing it.’

The third of April: ‘At 11 a.m. I took Krishnaji to speak to the Oak Grove School students while I did errands. I then met him at school. It was a beautiful warm day in the eighties. We lunched at Arya Vihara. Napped.’ I can’t believe all these naps.

Again, we can skip the next three days, until April eighth. ‘Yesterday Krishnaji and I got up at 4 a.m. Krishnaji had slept only three hours. We left Ojai early, David and Vivian Moody taking us to Los Angeles Airport in the school’s small van because of our three bags. Ojai was still exquisite, with that hushed edge of the first spring bursting into flower and the rose bush’s buds full, even on the new tree roses we have just added. All week long there has been the breath of jasmine by the front door and pools of scent on my back porch from the pittosporum. When we return in two weeks, orange blossoms should fill the rest of the valley. Krishnaji and I took an 8:30 a.m. TWA flight to New York. This time trying business class instead of first, but with bulkhead seats, so that my bad leg could be raised on it.’ I could prop it up on it, I mean. ‘We read and slept and reached New York by 4:30 p.m., taxied into town and to the Dorset Hotel, where we again have Suite 1507, which Krishnaji likes and is used to. We unpacked and had an uninspiring room service supper. Krishnaji, who had had little sleep before leaving yesterday, took half of the half-tablet of Halcion prescribed by our new Dr. Deutsch, i.e., one quarter of a tablet of .25 milligrams, and it gave him an excellent night’s sleep with no aftereffect. We were quiet all morning. Then we went to Il Nido, where we gave lunch to Narasimhan. Being Monday, it was quiet there and we had a very good lunch. First course: shredded real mozzarella’ [*S chuckles*] ‘and cold roasted peppers with basil leaves and capers. Main course: two kinds of spaghettini, i.e., one with tomato sauce and one with pesto. Arugula salad. Fresh raspberries for dessert. Krishnaji and I walked back’—you can’t say I don’t give you details [*S chuckles*]—‘to the hotel and rested. At 4 p.m., Indira and Chandra Mauli came to see Krishnaji at 4 p.m.’ Indira is his niece.

S: Krishnaji’s niece?

M: Yes, she’s the sister of Narayan, I think. And Chandra Mauli is her husband. ‘After they left, we walked to Doubleday for books and around the IBM building, where we both enjoyed the indoor hall with bamboo trees and large tubs of flowering plants.

Krishnaji appreciates the taste of it, and it increased his approval of IBM as a provider of excellence.' [*Both laugh*.] 'It was cold and we came back to supper again in our rooms. I spoke to my brother, who has returned from the Vineyard. Earlier I had spoken to Mister Roy at the U.N. and the video man there, Mr. Blotsky. We can only have one camera and a three-quarter-inch video on Thursday, but can use it as we please. We had supper in our rooms. I spoke with Philippa on the phone.'

April ninth: 'I scuttled up to the 57th Street health food store for miscellaneous. Then Krishnaji and I again went to Il Nido, where the Shainbergs lunched with us. Catherine De Segonzac and David are now married. Our meeting was friendly, though of late, too many reports of David speaking critically of Krishnaji have intervened and my taking him to task for it last year is a fact in the pot. But one felt he wanted to be friendly. She, less. They seem happy, though, and pleased to be married. Both have a tendency to jump to their own opinions without listening to what Krishnaji is saying. We walked back. Krishnaji and I stopped at the Belgian shoe place.' I've got on one pair of them this very minute. [*S chuckles*.] They're one of his pairs. 'That was enough of a walk for today. It is still cold in New York. We had supper in the rooms on the very limited vegetarian possibilities.'

April tenth. 'Krishnaji did not bring a beret and needs one in this cold; so I sallied out early. There was nothing at Saks, so I kept going down Madison Avenue and finally found one at a man's hat store at 42nd Street. Hurried back to the hotel for the arrival of Philippa at 11 a.m. She and I had a long talk until Krishnaji emerged to go to lunch. Krishnaji, she, and I went by taxi to Le Cirque Restaurant in the Mayfair Hotel, where Bud and Lisa met us. It turned out to be noisy, crowded, fashionable, a freak's place with overly-elaborate and carelessly cooked food. Krishnaji's eyes roamed the room.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Bud and Lisa told about their Indian trip. I charged the lunch on a credit card, wishing the amount had gone instead to Amnesty International for those starving in Ethiopia.' [*S chuckles*.] 'We walked back to the hotel, where Krishnaji took a nap and Philippa and I talked some more until she went off to a lute lesson. We had supper in the room. Krishnaji talked of his worry that the KFA will wind up, when we older ones are gone, in the hands of the current younger generation, which he does not want, especially as one has a wife he sees becoming a bull in a china shop.' [*Chuckles*.] 'He has the idea of bringing in someone from outside of the US who would "run things."' [*S laughs*.] 'He had a suggestion of who this person might be and he wanted me to call this person, and have this person come and discuss it. I suggested that Erna should be consulted. I called her and, predictably, she didn't take to the idea because she doesn't really like this person. We will talk it over later.'

April eleventh. 'Patricia Hunt-Perry came to the hotel at noon. Daisy followed, then Bud with his car, and we all drove with Krishnaji to the U.N. where he was to speak at 1:15 p.m., again at the invitation of the Pacem in Terris committee.' That's that organization within the UN. 'The requested topic was "Beyond the Fortieth Anniversary of the U.N.: The Future for Peace." A Mr. Mark Roy has succeeded Doctor Robert Muller as head of Pacem in Terris, and both were present, sitting on the platform on either side of Krishnaji when he finally spoke. Confusion seems endemic in the U.N., and the conference hall

number four was still occupied by another meeting when we arrived, and Krishnaji had to wait. Bud, Daisy, and I found an empty conference room where he could at least be away from the confusion until about 1:30 p.m., when he was able to speak. Evelyne was up in a booth where it was videotaped, so we have a useful record of his eloquent talk and responses to questions afterward. The questions were dumb and obvious, but his answers had an air of greatness, an absolute authority of vision that made me smile way inside at that extraordinary and totally undimmed power. They gave him a small silver medal, which is their peace award. And we got out of there swiftly.' He forgot the peace award, left it on the table. [*Chuckles.*]

S: It was more than that—as he told me, anyway. When they gave it to him, he left it deliberately on the podium or wherever where he was speaking, so they rushed back afterward into some kind of an anteroom where he was and they gave it to him again there, so he left it there.

M: [*chuckles*] Did he?

S: [*laughs*] Yes. So then, eventually, they mailed it to him.

M: Oh, it doesn't say that here.

S: [*laughs*] But I remember Krishnaji telling me about this. He kept on trying to leave it behind and they…[*laughs*].

M: [*chuckles*] It only says here: 'We got out of there swiftly with Bud and Daisy and I went uptown to a late and quiet lunch at Bud's apartment. "No more U.N. That's that," said Krishnaji. In the middle of lunch, Bud answered a telephone call and came back, saying he had just bought a house in Naples, Florida. Part of their scheme of life after they sell their New York apartment and Lisa quits the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.' They were going to retire there. 'Krishnaji and I returned to the hotel, where we eventually had supper in the rooms. He heard me say on the telephone to Phyllis Lutyens that I was seventy. "Seventy, you're seventy?" he said.' [*Both chuckle*] '"My god." He began laughing at me, at the two of us at our ages. "I will probably live another ten years and that will be enough, but you must live another fifteen."' [*Both chuckle*] That was in, what, 1985.**[2]**

S: 1985. So you've done another twenty.

M: Yes. [*Said very quietly and reflectively.*]

April twelfth. 'We left the hotel at 9:30 a.m. and went by taxi to LaGuardia for an 11 a.m. TWA flight to Washington. Milton Friedman met us at the national airport and drove us in his 300D Turbo Mercedes, which caught Krishnaji's eye,' [*S chuckles*] 'to the Watergate Hotel. One room, number 1410, which has a kitchenette and doors dividing the bed area from the sitting room, was ready. So we left the luggage there, and all three went down to lunch. Milton then left, and Krishnaji moved into the second room, 1401, across

the hall. It is a spacious one with a bed area and a sitting area, closed-off sink and refrigerator, bath, etcetera. We will take our meals in mine, which has a dining room table, and use it for people who come to see Krishnaji. It is a comfortable and seemingly well-run hotel.' Was this after it became so notorious?

S: Oh, yes. Oh, yes—1972 and 1973 was the Nixon scandal. And I can remember Krishnaji brought me back a bathrobe from the Watergate Hotel, and I was so thrilled to have it [*M chuckles*] because I was so thrilled about Watergate and that it had gotten rid of Nixon. So that was a great treasure. [*Both laugh.*]

M: Well, he stole it, of course. [*Both chuckle*.] He had a theory that things that are put in your room are yours—he did this also at Plaza Athenée—they had from Porthault, that wonderful linen place, washcloths.

S: Yes.

M: And he always stole them. He thought they were given to you.

S: Yes. Well, I think you probably paid for them.

M: Oh, I'm sure we paid for them, [*S laughs*] and paid for them. We should have gotten towels to go with it.

S: [*laughs*] Should've taken all the furniture, probably. [*Chuckles*.]

M: 'Both of us liked the great height of the Watergate building both inside and out. In the late afternoon, we went over to the Kennedy Center and looked at the concert hall where Krishnaji will speak. We came back to supper in the room.'

The thirteenth of April. 'Milton Friedman brought a friend, Gail Hamilton, and drove us out into Maryland to lunch at a Chinese restaurant. We came back through woods that Krishnaji found beautiful. "I could live here," he said. Then, back in Washington, we went to the Lincoln Memorial. Policemen let us drive close to where only buses are allowed because we had a ninety-year-old man in the car. And then Krishnaji and I climbed up the steps of the monument. "Look up as you go. See, it is like the Parthenon. See those corners of the roof. It is just like the Parthenon," he said looking at the huge statue. People were climbing, shouting there, but not really looking at the statue. "They have no respect," said Krishnaji. "They don't have the feeling of respect." I would have liked to go across to the Vietnam Memorial, but the crowds were too great. Milton drove us past the White House and the surrounding government buildings. I was rather glad to see the White House looked like a house, an American house, and not a palace. We came back to the hotel. Of Lincoln, Krishnaji said, "I could have cried, and while we were there I did what I do to the room." He referred to what he does at night to the house in Ojai, waiting till I've gone ahead into the bedroom. He stands in what he says is the center, i.e., the front hall, and I never pry but go ahead to my bedroom. He would not do it in front of me, but if I understand it, it is something that protects. And if for some

reason I have to go back into that part of the house, it undoes what he has done, and he must do it anew. This perhaps is related to his doing something to rooms in hotels or the hospitals we've been in. Cleansing and protecting.' Krishnaji was very moved by Lincoln. 'We had supper in the room, and he took a quarter of a Halcion, which gives him excellent sleep and no side effect.' And then he told me that I must do it when he wasn't there. But he didn't say how.

S: He didn't say how or what.

M: He never said how for such things.

S: Yes, yes.

M: But I do it. I still do it.

April fourteenth. 'Quiet day but we went down to lunch in the hotel where there was a buffet and he was able to get enough vegetables. We talked about the Lincoln Memorial yesterday, and I asked him what he considered was the human impulse of worship—not necessarily of an image, not part of belief, but simply a feeling of worship. He said respect, devotion, worship were all toward something outer, even if not defined. Outer means division. To see without movement is without division. In that, there is no I, no self. That perception is the action of change because it is without movement. We rested and later walked along the river, then had supper in the room. I spoke to Ann Deford.' That's my stepsister, who lives in Maryland.

April fifteenth. 'At 10 a.m., Friedman brought the *Washington Post* man, Michael Kernan, to do an interview for the paper. A nice man, Krishnaji thought. The photographer, named Chevalier, took photos. Krishnaji and I lunched downstairs.' I think we never got copies of those photos. 'I had the hotel put kitchen equipment in my room, and I bought food in the Safeway store downstairs. At 4 p.m., Friedman brought from *The Voice of America* a man and an Iranian, Miss Feresteh, to record an interview for broadcast. Afterward, Krishnaji asked the man if he could use all that he said, and they replied, "We never censor." We walked along the river later and then I was able to give Krishnaji a proper supper of fat, fresh asparagus, soup, an omelet, and brie.' There were little kitchens in these places.

The sixteenth. 'Lois Hobson telephoned and we invited her to lunch.' She was a Krishnaji enthusiast, and I'd met her before, probably in Ojai. 'At 10 a.m., Friedman and I went over to the Kennedy Center so I could see where Krishnaji enters.' The Kennedy Center is right next door, so we could walk over there.

S: Right.

M: 'At 11 a.m. a Robert Aubry Davis came to do a radio interview with Krishnaji for FM 91. He brought his seven-year-old daughter, a delicate, polite little girl who wanted to meet Krishnaji and brought him a poem. He greeted her gravely, smilingly, and she sat

listening to it all as her father asked Krishnaji about education in Krishnamurti schools. She said shyly that she understood most of what he was saying. Krishnaji kissed her hand in saying goodbye, and she reached up and kissed his cheek.' [*S chuckles*.] 'In the car she told Milton she liked Mr. Krishnamurti very much, and Mrs. Krishnamurti was very nice.' [*Both laugh*.] 'Her poem was remarkable. The parents teach her at home. She is an only child. Perhaps that is how, in this shocking world, to protect a gifted child.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Lois Hobson was interested and interesting at lunch, though all our conversation was on the shoddiness of today's society. Later Krishnaji and I walked along the river and had supper in the rooms.' [*Chuckles*.]

April seventeenth. 'My stepsister, Ann Deford, came to lunch with Krishnaji and me in the hotel dining room. It was good to see her again. She is very much herself: the blond hair grown gray, the hands are gnarled by age, as mine are, but she is still slim, upright, and the same laugh that is so McAdoo, the same amusements at life, and sensibleness. It is nice to meet on the same friendly footing, though the years have passed. Krishnaji said, "A nice lady." At 4:30 Milton Friedman brought a Mr. and Mrs. Paul Temple to tea. She is a friend of his, and he a vastly wealthy man "interested in consciousness and healing," but rooted in Christianity from some "experience." Milton Friedman rather hoped Temple would donate to the Krishnamurti Foundation, but Krishnaji doesn't cater to the Orthodox questions, and I didn't see any meeting in the one-and-a-half to two hours of the visit. Krishnaji gave out so much. He was tired when they left. Evelyne Blau came to tea while the Temples were there.'

S: [*chuckles*] We have to end, but before we do, I want to tell you my remembrance—even though I wasn't there, but I can remember your telling me about this conversation with the Temples.

M: I did?

S: Yes, and according to what you told me at the time, you had, at the beginning, because this was a very wealthy philanthropist, you'd thought well, maybe—I can't remember the sum you mentioned. Let's say, for the sake of this, maybe he'll give half a million dollars. But that after a while, after a little bit of conversation, you thought, well, maybe a quarter of a million. [*Both chuckle.*] Then, as the discussion progressed, the amount you were hoping for got smaller and smaller until you realized there would be nothing.

M: Yes. [*Laughing.*] I remember now. I'm glad you remember these things.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Robin Ann Martin had met Mary by this time and had, for many years, been the lone transcriber of these discussions. Mary, over the years, made several asides like this to Robin, but they have all been edited out. It seems only right that at least one remains as they were part of the joking playfulness that were an important part of these discussions.

[2] Krishnaji died about ten months later.

Issue 84: April 19, 1985 to June 20, 1985

We usually see with the clarity of hindsight things we never saw at the time of their occurrence, and this seems to be what this issue offers us. What Mary calls at one point in this issue "hypercritical" we can now see as the very early signs of the pancreatic cancer that was going to kill Krishnaji in eight months. Krishnaji's frequent stomach trouble, his weakness, and his easy fevers left him agitated, testy, and anxious, but these were completely out of character for him. Of course, looking at the conflicts and incompetence in the KFI, KFA, and Brockwood, anyone could understand why he would be irritable and testy; but these seem always to have been around him, and his responses had never been anything that could have been characterized as "hypercritical." Krishnaji remained unflinchingly affectionate and appreciative of Mary, but he seemed to have wanted her to achieve some inner growth or change for which there is very little time, despite his saying he "should live" another ten years.

Again, with the luxury of hindsight, one can speculate that it might have been for the better that no one, not even the doctors who saw him, suspected his fatal underlying condition. If it had been suspected, all of his programs would have stopped, and heaven and earth would have been moved to treat what we were told eight months later was an incurable condition. As it was, Krishnaji made the changes he felt were necessary at Brockwood, he ended Saanen beautifully, and withdrew softly from India, making changes there he felt were needed. And he was able to die, as he wanted to die, in Ojai.

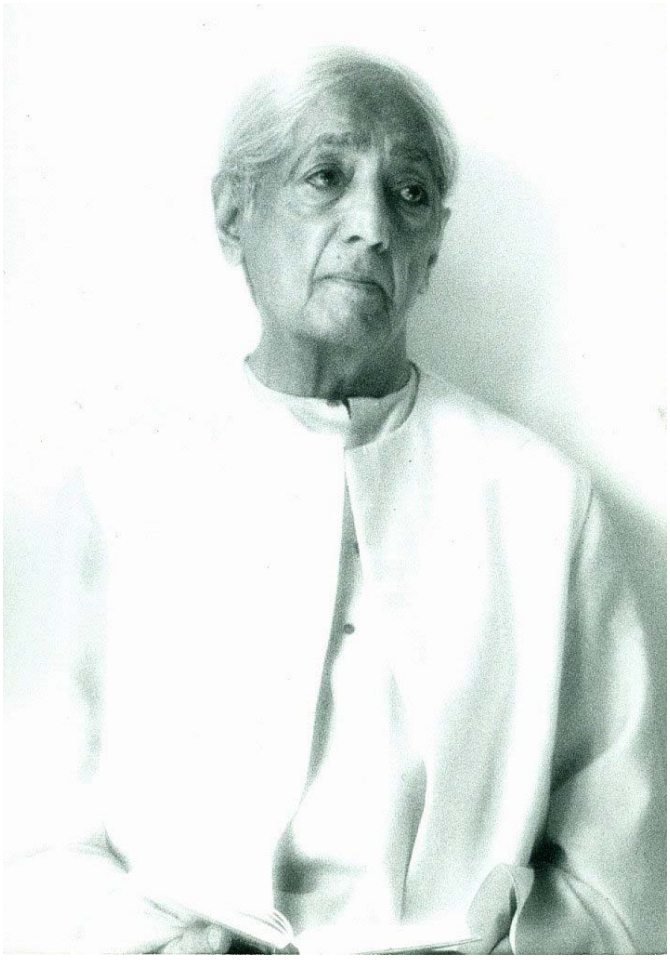
Therefore, we see in this issue, the beginning of the gentle and graceful movement to what Mary Lutyens called "The Open Door."

Mary: We begin on April eighteenth, and Krishnaji and I are still in Washington, DC. 'Michael Kernan, who interviewed Krishnaji on Monday, wrote a very good article which appeared in the *Washington Post* this morning. He came with Milton Friedman to lunch with us in the hotel dining room at 12:15 p.m. He is a nice man, and Krishnaji likes him. He may come to Ojai. Milton Friedman then drove Krishnaji, me, and Evelyne to the capital, where, in his Senate office, Senator Claiborne Pell gave a tea at 3 p.m. for Krishnaji. He introduced Krishnaji to about forty or fifty people and then asked an opening question on what is the cause of conflict. Krishnaji spoke with relaxed authority, handling mostly rather obvious questions with his accustomed skill. It lasted an hour, and then Milton Friedman guided us to the rotunda where Krishnaji wanted to look up at the dome. We drove back past the I. M. Pei addition to the National Gallery, which I wanted to see.' I wanted to go in because I like I. M. Pei's work.

Scott: Yes, he's brilliant.

M: He did the Louvre pyramid, but I couldn't leave Krishnaji and go, so I didn't get into it, but someday maybe I will. 'The capital is as handsome as I had imagined, and now, with the immaculately tended beds of tulips and flowering trees, it seemed a city of

dignity and beauty. Erna and Theo arrived at the hotel around 6 p.m. and had supper with us in the rooms.'



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

The nineteenth. 'Erna rang from downstairs to say that Merali's generous donation has arrived in our bank. I went with her and Theo to the Kennedy Center to check on things for the talk. Krishnaji remained in bed all day and took lunch with me in the room. My brother, who arrived with Lisa this morning, came to see me in the afternoon, and we talked for several hours. It was a hot day. Krishnaji ate in his room. It was Theo's seventy-ninth birthday.'

April twentieth. 'At 2:30 p.m., Lois Hobson drove Krishnaji, Theo, and me the short distance to the Kennedy Center, and Krishnaji gave his first talk there in the concert hall. It was a large audience. The sound was not clear, and I was roaming about, as was Theo, trying to do something about it. Erna and Theo came by later to say that the sound problem was due to the lavalier microphone and that tomorrow there will be a standing microphone. The four of us walked along the river. Krishnaji and I ate alone in the room.' You know, the Watergate Hotel is about two blocks away from the Kennedy Center, and it's a rather nice hotel, apart from its reputation for skulduggery.

S: I think it has a wonderful reputation! [*Both chuckle*.]

M: The twenty-first of April. 'At 11 a.m. Lois Hobson again drove us to the Kennedy Center where, with excellent sound, Krishnaji gave a marvelous talk.**[1]** A triumph. The hall was sold out. All the books, 500 of them, were sold, and 196 copies of Asit's book, *A Thousand Moons*, were also sold. We walked back to the hotel. Bud, Lisa, and Laurie'—that is one of Bud's children—'lunched with us in the hotel dining room. At 5 p.m. Milton Friedman brought a Mr. Silverstone and another younger reporter who did interviews of Krishnaji for the United Press International. This lasted one and a half hours. I made some vegetable something, and we had supper in the room. We both had packed during the day.' Krishnaji's Washington trip was exceedingly successful.

April twenty-second. 'We left the Watergate Hotel at 7 a.m. and took a taxi to Dulles Airport. Krishnaji was delighted by the trees and the countryside, and he liked the quiet airport. The captain saluted him in the traditional *namaste* way and let him see the cockpit. The American Airline flight 77 left at 8:45 a.m. We had seats 1A and 1B in the forward first class. The bulkhead seats.' Those are the single ones; the ones we like because I could put my foot up on the bulkhead. He didn't. And nobody is next to you. 'It was a good, smooth flight to Los Angeles. We arrived at 11 a.m., and David and Vivian met us and we drove home along the beach to Ojai. Our roses were in fullest bloom. I made lunch for Krishnaji and me, and talked to Amanda. Then I went marketing, made supper, and so we are happily home again.'

The twenty-third of April: 'It was a beautiful morning. I picked roses and did laundry. Erna and Theo flew back from Washington in time for lunch, which Michael cooked at Arya Vihara after which I opened piles of mail.'

The twenty-fourth. 'I went on an early walk with Erna. Krishnaji recorded a cassette addressing Rajagopal. We lunched at Arya Vihara. In the afternoon Erna and Theo heard the tape and we discussed the text of the statement to be made by Krishnaji as part of a settlement in the case. In the early morning I spoke to Philippa and later to Amanda on her return from birding.' She was a bird-watcher and went with friends looking at birds.

April twenty-fifth. 'After an early lunch, Krishnaji and I drove to Santa Paula where he saw Dr. Deutsch at 2:30 p.m. Krishnaji's blood sugar was 112. Krishnaji talked to him about healing. We came home via Dieter's and inquired about the Mercedes models to come.' [*S chuckles.*] Dieter also sells cars.

S: Yes. More specifically, he sells Mercedes.

M: Well, yes. He sells Mercedes cars. I think he has a few other makes, but I forget which.

S: Jaguars?

M: No, not Jaguars. Krishnaji did not like Jaguars. He cured me of my Jaguar infatuation. [*Both laugh.*] I don't know what he had against them except that they weren't Mercedes.

S: Yes, that was enough. [*Chuckles*]

M: April twenty-sixth. 'After my usual early walk with Erna, I worked at my desk and did more laundry. Joyce Buck came by briefly.' She was a friend of Amanda's and I also knew her, but we don't have to go on about it. 'Krishnaji was tired and didn't go to Dr. Hara in the afternoon, but I did.'

April twenty-seventh. I am going on early walks every morning, so I won't keep mentioning it. 'At 10 a.m. there was a trustee meeting, which lasted all day. After it, Krishnaji, Friedrich, and I discussed the new buildings in Rishi Valley, which Friedrich was financing. Krishnaji walked down to Erna and Theo's while I made supper. He is disturbed by the amount of desk work I have and wants me to dictate letters. "You must not wear yourself out. As long as I live, you are with me and you must be able to look after me. You are always busy, never quiet." That was said not as a compliment, and it was a, uh—

S: A chastisement.

M: Yes, a chastisement, quite right. [*Both chuckle*.] It was always a conundrum for me of how to get things done without appearing to be doing anything.

S: Yes.

M: [*both chuckle*] The fact that I was looking out for him was not weighed in the scale. I mean, you know, it should just be—

S: Seemingly effortless and not take any—

M: Yes. It shouldn't show, or be noticeable, or I don't know what, so [*both chuckle*] there was always a sort of balance of things.

S: Yes.

M: April twenty-eighth. 'Daylight Savings Time began. I dictated letters onto a cassette. Ronald Eyre from England came to lunch, after which I did more desk work. Krishnaji is tired, so he rested and had supper in bed as usual.'

The twenty-ninth. 'Scott rang from Brockwood about the necessity to change the architects for the study center. I continued my desk work. Ravi Ravindra came to lunch at Arya Vihara and then interviewed Krishnaji afterward on the subject of death.'

The thirtieth. 'Another day of mostly desk work for me. Sidney Field came to lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji rested most of the afternoon except for a talk with David Moody.

Krishnaji's stomach is bothering him. He says he has trouble swallowing, and that the food in Washington upset him.' This is a week later, so I don't understand. Anyway, it's what my diary says.

The first of May. 'Krishnaji and I drove at 9 a.m. to Beverly Hills. Krishnaji said, "I want to teach you meditation." Definition of austerity.

S: So, wait a minute; austerity was something you discussed.

M: It was a conversation. 'He saw Dr. Fox at 11 a.m. for a field of vision test. There's no change from last year. Then we went to the shaver place.' [*Chuckles.*] Shavers are a fascination with him. They have to be the latest.

S: I know. Absolutely.

M: Often they had to be a Braun.

S: Yes.

M: 'We had a picnic in the car on a shady street and then to a luggage store. Krishnaji had me buy a suitcase at Vuitton and then to the health food store, Lindbergh's. We were home by 6 p.m. Krishnaji's stomach is alright.'

May second. 'I drove to a Suzanne fitting in North Hollywood.' That's a dressmaker. 'Then to have my hair cut. I stopped to see Amanda and Phil on the way home. Krishnaji had a talk with both Moodys about them going to India next December. Later, he got upset at my not having done all the letters and ironing. He said he would answer letters.' [*Laughs.*] You see, he tells me I'm too busy, then…anyway, 'I said that by Monday morning I would have finished both.' [*Both chuckle*.]

May third. 'I got up at 3 a.m. and worked on dictating letters into a cassette recorder. Ravi Ravindra came to lunch and I went marketing.'

There is nothing of note the next day except I'm still doing letters.

May fifth. 'I was up early ironing.' [*Chuckles.*] 'At 11 a.m. Krishnaji spoke to parents and staff at the Oak Grove School in the new library. He walked then to the Grove afterward. We had a late lunch at Arya Vihara.'

May sixth. 'I'm still doing desk work and ironing. I fetched Mar de Manziarly to lunch with us at Arya Vihara and took her home afterward. Scott telephoned from Brockwood about new architects.'

The seventh. 'It is cold, rainy, and gray. At 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji was interviewed for the *Los Angeles Times* by Allen Parachini.'



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

The next day, 'Krishnaji dictated letters, and I typed them. Krishnaji saw Alfonso Colón at 4:30 p.m.'

There is really nothing the next day.

May tenth. 'I was awake very early and worked at my desk. Later in the morning, I drove to Malibu and lunched with Amanda and Phil. Then I went on to the airport to meet Rita Zampese, due at 1:30 p.m. She finally emerged at 3 p.m., and we drove to Ojai and Arya Vihara, where she is staying. I was later than expected in returning, which made Krishnaji think something had happened to me, which made him very nervous. Meanwhile, Pupul and Mr. Jose, her secretary, had arrived from New York. I made supper for Krishnaji and Pupul. I was in bed with lights out at 9 p.m. This was an eighteen-hour day.' [*Both chuckle*.]

The eleventh of May. 'Whether today is Krishnaji's ninetieth birthday or tomorrow depends on whether you count days in the traditional Indian way in which the date changes at 4 a.m., or the Western way, for which the date changes at midnight. Krishnaji was born at 12:30 a.m. on what we would call May twelfth, but which traditional India says is still the eleventh. Either way, ninety has no meaning except as an astounding statistic. I heard him starting his day at 5:45 a.m. He had slept well in spite of the agitation last night when I returned to Ojai later than Krishnaji expected and he thought of motor accidents. He had made tea for Pupul, who had arrived, and Mr. Jose from New York.' [*Chuckles.*] Krishnaji making tea, I can visualize it. Pupul told me she didn't know how to heat water on the stove.

S: Yes, yes. I know. I heard her several times bragging about that. She's never boiled an egg in her life.

M: She's never even heated water…I mean, making tea is—you have to heat the water, that's all you need to know.

S: Yes. It's not very technical.

M: No. [*Chuckles*.] Anyway, 'Krishnaji made tea for Pupul, who had arrived with Mr. Jose from New York, but he was so upset his hands shook so much he could not carry the teacup. I felt sick at upsetting him, especially as his talks begin today. He has lately been hypercritical, saying I'm not totally ordered within. He is bothered by my falling behind at the desk work, being too busy, and not paying attention, but he was calm this morning, having slept well. He now takes a crumb of halcyon, one quarter of a tablet prescribed for sleep by Dr. Deutsch. I wonder if it is good every night. But sleep is necessary through the talks. He gave the first Ojai one in the Grove at 11:30 a.m. It was a bright morning early, but it turned cloudy and very cool for the big crowd. KCET had a crew videotaping it for a program they will broadcast later on.' KCET were headquartered in San Francisco, and they came down to tape the talk. 'We had lunch at Arya Vihara with Pupul, Mr. Jose, Grohe, and Magda's daughter, Rukmini, Kishbaugh and Stella—they plan to marry in June—Rita Zampese, Theo, and Michael. We both napped in the afternoon. I made supper for Krishnaji, Pupul, and me on trays as usual. Pupul described finding at Adyar in the Theosophical Society archives, which Radha let her examine, a letter from Nitya to Mrs. Besant describing much more about Krishnaji's pepper tree events: the child entity talking to his mother, describing "they" working on his body, cleaning his eyes so that he could "see," and his telling some entity "beyond the wall" to go away. Krishnaji seemed to understand what this meant, and admonished Pupul and me not to inquire too far into esoteric things because if you open the door to that, you also open the door to "what is beyond the wall."'

S: Which are negative things.

M: Yes. 'After Pupul left he said severely to me, "You must have no disorder because of that beyond the wall." He found it extraordinary that the guru of Upadhyaya's guru, Vishudhananat, apparently had told Mrs. Besant that there was to be a manifestation of the Maitreya, and later told Upadhyayaji's guru that Krishnaji was that manifestation.' Well, one doesn't know what to think of such reports.

May twelfth. 'The morning was a clear beginning of summer. Krishnaji at ninety is as beautiful as ever, in some ways more so. The lines are more finely drawn. He had slept well. I fetched the Sunday papers and had breakfast ready for him and Pupul when she came over. She went ahead with the Lilliefelts, then Krishnaji and I drove slowly to the Grove, where he gave his second talk. After lunch at Arya Vihara, he, both Grohes, Pupul, and I went over plans that Pupul brought from Radhika for the new Rishi Valley buildings that Grohe was financing. There was considerable confusion.' [*Both chuckle*.] I don't seem to describe it.

S: I think I might remember what at least some of this confusion was about.

M: What was it?

S: Grohe had given money for a house for himself and also for another building, which Krishnaji could stay in.

M: But Krishnaji didn't want to.

S: That's right, but the building could also be used as a study center. But Radhika had wanted to change that into a place where parents could stay, both of those places. So it was no longer a study center. It was a—

M: Guesthouse.

S: It was a guesthouse. And the following or this coming winter, when I was in India, Krishnaji wanted me to have a talk with Radhika and Grohe about what he had said about a study center. Krishnaji was present, of course, so he was part of the discussion. But I think this is what the confusion was about. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: 'Later, after supper, Krishnaji renewed the subject of what was spoken of last night: Upadhyaya's telling of his guru's guru'—his guru being named, I think, Kavirath—'foretelling of a "manifestation."'

May thirteenth. 'Pupul left after breakfast for Los Angeles, London, and India. I did laundry and sorted out questions for tomorrow's meeting. The Colóns brought Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Baldi to see Krishnaji at 4 p.m.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji was awake early. He didn't have enough sleep, but at 11:30 Krishnaji held the first question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove. Lois Hobson and two friends came to Arya Vihara for lunch with us and then came over to the cottage afterward. It was a hot day. Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I talked a bit. We had supper by 6:30 p.m. and were in bed by 8:30 p.m.'

May fifteenth. 'Krishnaji was awake early, and again did not have enough sleep. He dictated letters about the proposed new buildings in Rishi Valley and Grohe's donations. I marketed and the new Balans desk chair arrived.'

The sixteenth. 'At 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer meeting in the Oak Grove. We lunched afterward with the Hookers at the Ranch House Restaurant. The Lilliefelts and Rita Zampese were also there. Krishnaji's stomach ached in the evening. A hot pad and Perrier water helped.'

May seventeenth. 'I woke up at 2 a.m., got up at 3 a.m., and worked at the desk. Krishnaji is feeling better but he is tired. Krishnaji dictated to me a tentative letter to Rajagopal. Austin Bee brought an envelope with a statement Rajagopal wants Krishnaji to sign.

Monica Phillips and her husband came to lunch at Arya Vihara. Erna and I looked at the video of Krishnaji answering questions filmed here in the cottage on March twenty-ninth.'

May eighteenth. 'I was up early again and worked at my desk. At 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji gave the third Ojai talk on beauty and love. It was a deeply moving talk**[2]** to a large crowd. We lunched at Arya Vihara. His stomach hurt a little in the morning but subsided.'

The nineteenth. 'Krishnaji gave this fourth talk in the Oak Grove to a huge crowd. Miranda and John joined me, sitting in the back, and came to Arya Vihara for lunch afterward. Krishnaji talked to Miranda at the table. "I like that girl," he said. Later he told me once again, "You must outlive me so you can look after me. After that you can follow me."' [*Both chuckle.*] Well, his saying that made me wonder what he was telling me. Should I commit suicide? Or should I…

S: Oh no, no, no. You can come at your leisure. [*Both chuckle.*]

M: Anyway, I clearly am not writing much these days as I'm getting up at 2 a.m. and 3 a.m.

S: Yes, I can understand that.

M: May twentieth. 'At 9 a.m. Erna, Theo, and I accompanied Krishnaji to Oxnard for his IRS clearance so he could leave the country. Then at 10 a.m., we met Stanley Cohen about the "Statement of Intent" brought by Austin Bee. Cohen amended it and Krishnaji signed it. Cohen has had shingles, and Krishnaji put his hands on him. Donald Ingram Smith was at Arya Vihara for lunch. Krishnaji was tired from the Oxnard trip. He said I must pay more attention to the way I sit, to my health, etcetera. He slept and later walked to the Lilliefelts' while I made supper.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji is very tired. He ate breakfast but felt sick to his stomach, so he refused lunch. He fainted in bed, but was better by suppertime and ate lightly. I worked at the desk all day to finish letters. Philippa telephoned. She is coming to Malibu in June.'

The twenty-second. 'Krishnaji was feeling weak in the morning but got up by lunchtime. Ex-Governor Jerry Brown brought a friend, Jacques Barzaghi, to lunch. Krishnaji talked for over an hour with both of them back at the cottage and later went with Theo to the Oak Grove to show where he wanted the fencing to be put.'

There's really nothing the next day except packing.

May twenty-fourth. 'At 2:50 a.m. Krishnaji collided with the table by the red chair near his bed and fell, hitting his left hip and scraping his leg. I heard it and came rushing in, put a dressing on his leg, and he slept again till 6 a.m. He was alright and we finished

packing.' He only very rarely got confused when he got up in the night. In other words, he walked to the window instead of the bathroom, where he probably wanted to go.

S: Yes.

M: 'We had an early lunch at Arya Vihara, and then Mark Lee drove Krishnaji, me, and Friedrich to the airport, where we took TWA 760 at 5:40 p.m. to London. He had one of the front seats, but I didn't. He slept some on the flight.'

The twenty-fifth. 'We landed at Heathrow at noon. There was a wheelchair for Krishnaji, which got us out in record time. Dorothy, Mary Cadogan, Scott, Ingrid, and Ray were there to meet us. We drove with Dorothy to Brockwood. England is green and beautiful. The new curtains look nice in my room. We had a late lunch, after which I talked to Mary Cadogan, Dorothy, Ingrid, and Scott. Dr. Parchure is here, also Sathaye from Rajghat. I telephoned to Mary Links but spoke only to Joe. Mary was out. Krishnaji feels disturbance still in the house here.'

May twenty-sixth. 'Krishnaji slept deeply and so did I. Dr. Parchure gave him massage, which did him great good, so he was up for lunch. The Bohms were there. Afterward Scott and Kathy showed Krishnaji, Friedrich, and me the plans for the proposed study of five different architects, and it was quite an exhibition. Then Krishnaji and I took deep naps.'

S: Alright, I should just say a little something here.

M: Yes.

S: [*chuckles*] Having gotten rid of the previous architects, which I felt had been foisted on me when I was really quite ill, I then went and found all the very best architects in England.

M: Where did you find them? How did you find them?

S: I can't remember that. But they all presented drawings, except for Critchlow, who just presented a sketch. But what was interesting about Critchlow was how we found him. Krishnaji had asked me the year before, before Parchure left, if I would do his leg and foot massage and hand massage that Parchure did. Krishnaji wasn't certain his body could take my touch. [*M chuckles.*] So I tried it there with Parchure a little bit and Parchure showed me what to do, and Krishnaji was pleased that his body was happy with my touch. So, that winter, when Krishnaji was away, I thought I've got to learn something about massage. So I went off and did a weekend course on massage.

M: Did you?

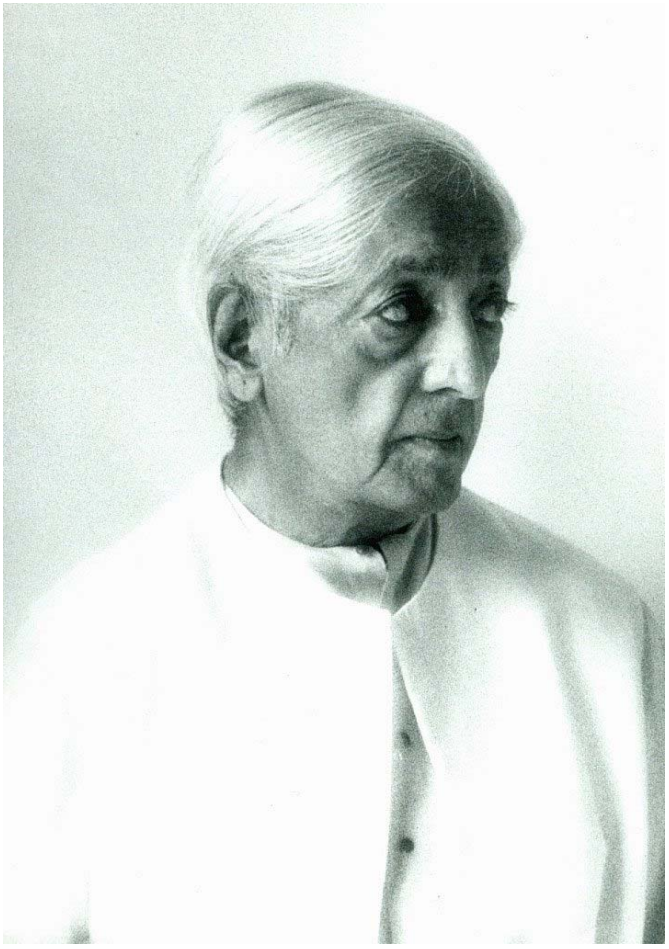
S: Yes. It was, it was a part of a larger course, but I thought I just need to get some sense of what constitutes massage. One of the other people who was taking the course was the

wife of the person who had invented some children's program for television. Anyway, we got to talking, and she asked me what I was doing, and I explained I was looking for architects and I think she was vaguely familiar with Krishnaji's work. And she said to me that she had read an article on someone she thought I would be interested in. I think she said that he taught at the Royal Academy of Art, and she said, "I think his name is Keith something, I'm not sure." So, I researched and found Keith Critchlow was the man to whom she was referring. So, I presented all these five architects' tentative drawings to Krishnaji, and at this point, what's interesting is that when Krishnaji saw all these five drawings, his response was to get all of them to work together.

M: Oh, yes. I remember. [*Both laugh*.]

S: Which left me completely baffled, but luckily he said this also to Mary Lutyens, who said absolutely not! She said that architects are not going to work together. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Yes. Famous architect's daughter knew…



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

S: Yes, exactly. The architect's daughter knew exactly that this was a terrible idea. And so Krishnaji dropped it, but it was interesting that his first response was, "Oh, here are all these brilliant people doing wonderful work. Let's have them all work together." [*Both laugh*.]

M: Well, I remember that the credentials of Critchlow, as told to me by you, was that he was specialized in religious architecture.

S: Yes.

M: And that seemed a good sign.

S: Well, yes, he was an expert. He had done the deciphering of a lot of the mathematical code things in the Chartres Cathedral and other things like that. But what was a little bit difficult is that he'd only ever designed one building that had been constructed in his life, and that was a large dome in Colorado.

M: Well, now, wait a minute. Another thing that made a big impression on me was a building in either Arizona or New Mexico, which was made of wood—a big auditorium, I think.

S: That's what I'm talking about. I think it was Colorado, but it could have been Arizona or New Mexico.

M: Well, southwest of this country. And it looked in the photographs as though it was the inside of a basket. In other words, the wooden structure—

S: Yes, it was very beautiful.

M: Beautiful. He used wood beams like basket weave.

S: Yes, yes.

M: And I found that remarkable. I was sold on him just from that one building.

S: Yes, he was really a designer. And he didn't have, for instance, the structural architectural things, but he was a wonderful design person—really brilliant.

M: Well, that was fortuitous because he gave us just exactly the right building.

S: Yes, he did. And these other proposals that these other architects did were all very beautiful, but there was just something that made Critchlow the obvious right choice.

M: May twenty-seventh. 'Krishnaji had lunch in bed. He was tired. There was a meeting in his room of The Four—Ingrid, Harsh, Stephen, Ray, plus Scott and me. He rested in the afternoon. I went to a school meeting at 5:30 p.m. Person B. was seen in the house in

spite of being told that he could come only by invitation from The Four. Krishnaji objected strongly.

S: He objected strongly to the fact that Person B. had come without that invitation.

M: Yes. And also—he'd been sleeping in Person S.'s and she was married, and her daughter was in the next room, and this is a school.

S: Yes, well, Person B. and Person S. were lovers.

M: Yes. But he wasn't supposed to be there. So, 'Stephen and Harsh asked him to leave, and Person B. was to them contemptuous. Krishnaji asked Scott and me to find him, so we went looking for him in the car and found him with Person S. in one of the lanes. We asked him to leave, but when we returned, Krishnaji sent for them, so we went to find them again. Krishnaji talked with them in front of Scott and me till 11:30 p.m. He spoke very severely, drastically, especially to Person B.: "You are using this place."'

S: Well, let me give my version of that because you and I were in the room.

M: That's what I remember.

S: Krishnaji had initially told us to find them and to tell Person B. to leave. But when we reported back to Krishnaji that we had done that, he told us to get them as he wanted to talk to them. So we did, and he wanted us to be present when he talked with them, and Krishnaji was amazing. I remember thinking at the time—and I can still see it—this is what an angry god looks like. [*M chuckles*.] I also remember thinking that I don't care what I do, I am never going to put myself in a position where I deserve this kind of communication from Krishnaji. [*Both chuckle.*] Krishnaji just really ripped into them in no uncertain terms…

M: Yes.

S: …but this was all part of the ridiculous power struggle that Dorothy was still behind. Because she gave both of these persons to feel, 'Oh, well, you can do whatever, ignore the four people who are supposed to be running the place because I still have the authority.' And Person B., of course, was contemptuous of The Four because he was a Dorothy supporter. And in the perverse way people think about these things, Persons B. and S. probably both thought they were supporting Dorothy by having contempt for The Four, but, of course, it had the opposite effect. Krishnaji really laid into them for a long time—I mean, a really long time.

M: I remember Krishnaji then asked for The Four to come in.

S: That's right, and with Persons B. and S. still there, he summarized what he had been saying. And it was absolutely clear, then, who Krishnaji saw as being in charge of Brockwood, and that this sort of behavior was…

M: Not on.

S: Yes, and from then on, Person B. was not welcome at Brockwood anymore, which was also the end of Person S. who left not that long afterward because it was clear they had really violated Krishnaji's wishes. And if Dorothy was behind it, well, then too bad. It was just…

M: Yes. Well, that's a very good reconstruction.

S: But Krishnaji was just withering.

M: Yes. I remember that.

S: And then afterward, when everybody had gone and I think you were still in the room, but it was just he and you and I, Krishnaji [*chuckles*] made some kind of a comment like, "Oh, it feels good to get angry a little bit." It was completely broken and over for him. He didn't carry all that ferociousness. Not at all. It was just—it was completely gone.

M: [*chuckles*] Yes, it purged the whole thing.

S: It just purged the whole thing and it was gone.

M: [*chuckles*] Well, that was the twenty-seventh.

S: A day to remember.

M: May twenty-eighth. 'Joan Taylor from ITV came to discuss the coverage of the Brockwood talks in September for "The Human Factor" program. Scott and I discussed it with her. At noon, Mary and Joe came for lunch. Dorothy told The Four that she will retire after the Gatherings in September. She joined Krishnaji, Mary, Joe, and me for coffee. Scott showed the five architects' drawings."

S: I think that is when Krishnaji said to her that all the architects should work together and Mary said "Oh, no." [*Chuckles.*] I think that was the occasion.

M: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Because I remember it was in the drawing room.

M: 'Later Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked through the grove and around the fields.'

May twenty-ninth. 'An architect came for lunch. And another, Keith Critchlow, came to tea. After meeting Critchlow, Krishnaji said he feels "he is our man" to design the study center. We all felt this.' Now, let's see if that's the time when he drew that extraordinary thing, but I want to expand on that when we come to it.

The next day, ‘Krishnaji dictated letters onto cassettes, and at 4 p.m. Dana (or Diana) Marshall interviewed Krishnaji for the *Sunday Times*. Later Krishnaji, Scott, Friedrich, and I walked around the grove and fields.’

May thirty-first. ‘Jane and Ian came to lunch and she kindly took a cassette of letters to type, which I had dictated.’ Blessed Jane. ‘The Four came to an agreement with Person S. Krishnaji said, “It is essential to uncover what self-interest is not. But it’s quite easy to observe when self-interest is.” Yes, yes. But not for everybody, though. [*Both chuckle*.]

The first of June. ‘The daily massage by Dr. Parchure and Vitamin B shots are doing good to Krishnaji. At 4 p.m. Krishnaji was interviewed by Duncan Fallowell for *Harper’s and Queen* magazine. It took an hour and a half.’

The second June: ‘I fetched Prema Srinivasan at the Petersfield station. Krishnaji held a videotaped discussion with four students at noon. At 2 p.m. there was a film of comments by a painter named Collins.’ I think that was just a film that was shown, but I’m not sure. ‘At 4 p.m., Krishnaji talked with The Four, plus Scott, Christine, Gary, and me, after which I drove Prema back to the train station. There was only a short walk with Krishnaji.’

The third of June. ‘Krishnaji and I went to London on the 10:46 a.m. Joe met us at Waterloo and took us to Huntsman. I took the tweed coat back to Hilliard’s and returned a sweater to Ferragamo. Krishnaji and I walked to Fortnum’s and lunched with Mary, then Krishnaji had a haircut at Truefitt while I walked to Culpepper to get him skullcap herb, prescribed by Amanda Pallant for nerve improvement for Krishnaji’s shaky hands. We bought books at Hatchards and came home.’

The next day, ‘Scott and I went to London on the 8:45 a.m. train. I went to the Swiss consulate for Krishnaji’s visa then to Hilliard’s to refit the tweed coat; to Peale for a present for Vanda; to Harrods; and then to see Betsy at her flat. I caught the 4:18 p.m. train home. Hughes and Suzanne are in the West Wing guest room for the night. The Finance Committee was meeting. Jean-Michel is here, too. Daphne has had a baby son. Krishnaji had talked to the students and had had a busy day.’

June fifth. ‘The Van der Stratens had breakfast with me, and then I talked with them and Jean-Michel. Adrian Spanier came with a painter, Mr. Alecson, to see what was wrong with the paint in the drawing room. Keith Critchlow and Peter Gilbert came to lunch and showed Krishnaji, the Forbeses, Grohe, and me the first sketching for the study. Very good, Krishnaji and all thought. At 4 p.m., Krishnaji talked with The Four and Scott, Gary, Christina, and me. The van der Stratens and Jean-Michel left. Krishnaji and I walked in the grove and field.’ Well, when was this moment when Critchlow…

S: Slightly afterward, I think.

M: Is it? Alright, I’ll…I’ll…

S: Because he came up with a first drawing, which was quite good, but it wasn't…

M: I remember the sequence of it. That Krishnaji told him what he wanted in the building. And then Krishnaji immediately said, "Now sir, how will you do it?" As though you think of all of it…and then he presented that astonishing thing, which I'm waiting to describe. He drew the…human figure in a lotus position.

S: Yes. He said he got up in the morning and had that as an idea.

M: Oh.

S: Yes, he said he woke up with this idea that, because the building was being called the Krishnamurti Study, that its form should be the form of the classic position of someone studying, which was always sitting cross-legged. People didn't use to have chairs, even in many places in the West.

M: Well, then we'd better explain it right now, even if it comes up later, because this is a fuller explanation.

S: Okay. So, Critchlow drew the picture as you draw a building design, as if you are looking down on it from a bird's eye view, from the top. He drew a picture of a man sitting in what he said was a classic study posture, which was sitting cross-legged. And then he used what he called the Platonic forms to simply take that shape and formalize it and turn it into a building.

M: He said he made it into geometry. I remember that.

S: Yes. Geometric forms, just made that into a building, then.

M: Yes. I can remember that he started on the page, I can still see him doing it—he took the figure, which was seen from above, and he made lines, lines, lines. He just made it into the shape of a building, and it is the shape of the building he built.

S: Yes. And what was interesting also is that, because Krishnaji had had that conversation with him about the most important room in the entire building—the quiet room—and that there were also to be the archives, and the library. Well, the spine, the head, is really the quiet room; and off of that are coming the archives and the library, like shoulders. And then the functional areas are the—

M: Bedrooms.

S: Yes—the legs that come out. And then the legs crossing in the middle are the living room and dining room.

M: That's right.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

S: And the empty space, between the crossed feet and the abdomen in someone sitting, is the empty space of the courtyard.

M: Yes, that's right.

S: So it's all brilliant, really very brilliant.

M: Yes, it was.

June sixth. 'At noon, Krishnaji spoke to all the staff. In the afternoon we walked, Grohe too, around the block. Then Krishnaji spoke with Shakuntala and Natasha. Krishnaji said, "This is not a prophecy. When it happens I can't predict, but I feel I should last another ten years."'

The seventh. 'Krishnaji met The Four plus for an hour.' I think The Four plus means Ingrid, Harsh, Stephen, Ray, Gary, Christina, you, and me. I think I later call them The Eight. 'I went to Alresford on errands with Scott. The car's power steering leaks. Krishnaji had lunch in bed. I talked to Donald Dennis after lunch and later to the Sathayes. At 5 p.m., there was a staff meeting. Friedrich left.'

June eighth. ‘Krishnaji spent the day in bed again. I met The Four plus to discuss the implications of what Krishnaji had said yesterday about their responsibilities. The merits of having a principal emerged. Also Ray withdrew from the school day and the long meetings and teaching to concentrate on KFT and archives work. I talked to Krishnaji afterward and we both feel Scott should be the principal as well as run the study. Together we spoke of it to him, and later I sounded out Ingrid and Ray. I will sound out the others tomorrow. I went to the open discussion conducted by Gary and Christina.

S: Alright. Let me fill in a little bit.

M: Yes, do fill in because there’s a lot in that. You were more or less out of the school.

S: Yes. I was out of the school, and I had thought that the school was not in my future in any way. I was to build and run the study center, and I was still in charge of the video department. At the same time, Krishnaji would occasionally say to me that he was cooking me. [*Chuckles*.]

M: I was watching you being cooked. [*Laughs.*]

S: Yes, and you remember him saying it. He was cooking me.

M: Oh, yes.

S: And occasionally he would say things like, “Look, you’re going be running all of this.” But I always thought, “Well, he might not literally mean that, or who knows what he means by that, and Krishnaji can change his mind; so, that’s not…it shouldn’t concern me. I’ll deal with what I’ll have to deal with when I have to deal with it.” And I had really felt at this time that the school was not part of my life any longer. And it was also clear that some personal dynamics in The Four kept them from working as well together as they might have [*M chuckles*], and so the school couldn’t be run by a committee—that was clearly emerging from these discussions. So, then, here was this suggestion that maybe we should again have one person running it.

M: Yes.

S: Now, one of The Four felt they should be principal and another of The Four was quite certain that they would be doing it. So, it had been decided that there should be a principal; and Krishnaji’s guardian angel, you, was going around, sounding people out, [*both chuckle*] and I don’t think there was any confusion about where the sounding out by Mary Z originated. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: I have never understood an organization with multiple people at the top.

S: No, it doesn’t usually work, and if it does, it’s usually not creative and dynamic—it’s usually only a space keeper. And so you were going around; and I was thinking that this was going to be difficult: there you were, doing this. [*Laughs*.] And I remember one of

The Four who thought they would be head coming to me after that discussion about there needing to be a principal, wanting a serious discussion with me about the fact that now that I was running the center, and this person was going to run the school, we had to, you know, get our relationship straight, etcetera, etcetera, and I was thinking, "I'm not saying anything here." [*M laughs*.]

M: June ninth. 'Krishnaji recorded a videotaped discussion with four students, similar to last Sunday's. At 4 p.m. he gave an interview to a Ms. Ann Baguely. I talked to all eight of staff about who should be the coordinator at 4 p.m. Krishnaji joined us at 4:45 p.m., and the talk was on what we want Brockwood to be.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Later The Four asked Person G. to leave tomorrow.' That was a good move. 'He has been contentious.' [*Chuckles.*]

June tenth. 'Krishnaji talked to students. He had lunch upstairs, but it was not the rest he intended as Harsh came up to speak to him privately and four students were waiting to speak to him afterward. Then at 4:30 p.m. he met The Eight**[3]**. He told them of the students' feelings of lack of communication and said, "What are you going to do?" I met The Eight after supper and they acted to appoint Scott to be the coordinator and call meetings of all returning staff and students to discuss what is needed next year. It was Scott's birthday.'

S: Let's just say a little bit more here. Because this is interesting, it's also part of the way Krishnaji worked. And just to say that these talks with The Four and then the group you call The Eight, were collectively called, I think, "The Bird Room Talks."

M: Oh.

S: They're recorded and they're labeled (or they were) "The Bird Room Talks" because they took place in the bird room.

M: Yes. The bird room was the West Wing guest room.

S: Right. It used to be the dining room.

M: It began as a dining room but never functioned as that, so it became a guest room. It had bird wallpaper.

S: Although it now has butterfly wallpaper.

M: Well, I couldn't get the bird paper anymore. It wasn't made. So then I had to replace it, because there was a leak in the ceiling, there were always leaks in that room, and it had to be redone. So I found one I liked that was butterflies. And it's better.

S: I know. Right. [*Chuckles*.] Yes, it's cheerier.

M: Because it's a north-facing room. And the birds were rather blue and didn't do anything, although it was pretty wallpaper, I must say, but the butterflies is all yellow and white, so it's much better anyway.

S: Yes, I'd agree.

M: Giving you the author's [*S chuckles*] point of view in decorating guest rooms.

S: Exactly. Exactly. Anyway, so what was interesting here is that saying "the coordinator" is just a nice, gentle way of saying "the director," and Krishnaji brought this about by actually getting the people who were in charge, minus Dorothy, to make me the head. And Dorothy didn't know about these bird room meetings, nor did anyone else.

M: No. That's why they were held upstairs in the West Wing.

S: That's right. So these were confidential meetings. Just the fact that they even were taking place was not known, never mind what they were about. So, I was made the head without the current head knowing; and without any consultation with the trustees [*chuckles*]. Apart from you, none of the other trustees knew anything about all this.

M: That's right.

S: Everybody knew that Krishnaji was behind it all, but he gave The Eight the feeling that they were the ones who were bringing this about, out of necessity.

M: Yes.

S: So, it was just an interesting way that Krishnaji had of working.

M: That was a very good addendum. [*Chuckles*.]

June eleventh. 'Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me to Petersfield, where he and I took the 11:46 a.m. to Waterloo. Mary Links met us there and we had a late lunch at Fortnum's. I went to pick up Krishnaji's passport with a visa at the Swiss consulate. Then I walked to Mr. Thompson's office'—that's the dentist—'where Mary and Joe had taken Krishnaji for a tooth appointment. They drove us to Waterloo and we took the 6:20 p.m. train back.'

S: Okay. Let me just add one other thing to what I was saying. Even after it was done, Dorothy wasn't told, nor were the other staff and the students, so no one knew. For the rest of that school year, until the school year ended on the thirtieth of June, no one knew that I was in charge.

M: Yes. Of course, the end of June is just around corner.

S: I know. I don't know when the trustees were informed, but I do remember when Dorothy was informed, and I'm sure we'll get around to that. But, as far as I had understood Krishnaji's intention, it was just not to make an abrupt change, but to just gently, gently, gently bring about the change. No rupture. No rending of things. No big, just…

M: Yes. No confrontations.

S: Exactly, and I can remember asking Krishnaji when the staff should know. And he said, "They'll pick it up." Which is what happened, and it was very interesting because for the rest of this month, in the staff meetings, and the staff meetings were frequent in those days…

M: Did you go to the staff meetings?

S: Since I had come out of the school, I usually kept going to the staff meetings, but not always. But after this, I always went. And now, when I spoke, the people who were in charge—namely The Four plus Gary and Christina—listened to me in a way that, without saying anything, just gave me a little bit more voice, somehow, and the rest of the staff just followed suit. So that I just became a prominent voice without anyone saying Scott is in charge.

M: Yes. Yes. It just sort of flowed in like water.

S: Yes, it just flowed in, just like Krishnaji said, and people picked it up and, it just became a fact.

M: It all happened. And was Dorothy at the staff meetings? She must have been.

S: Oh, yes. Dorothy was in the staff meetings. I don't know what she was picking up but I was always respectful and non-confrontational toward her.

M: Yes. It's a far cry from Dorothy's original, when you first joined, and she thought that when she was through, you would take over.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: Her first assessment of you was very good, but alas…

S: Yes, as it came closer to the time…I know. [*Chuckles.*] Yes, yes.

M: Self-interest, um…good.

The next day, 'Krishnaji had lunch in bed but got up to come to a 4:30 p.m. meeting with The Eight. He also talked at length with Scott and me earlier in the morning.'

June thirteenth. 'I went for an early walk around the lanes, then got everything done in time. I did a cassette of letters for Jane. At noon, Krishnaji held a discussion with the staff: Freedom, what is it? Does insight follow or precede it? Krishnaji talked to Shakuntala after lunch. I took a long, deep nap. Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked with Kip across the fields and back along the lane. Over five miles (I think it is) of walking for me today. Krishnaji and I, with Scott, went over the options on a new Mercedes car.' [*Both chuckle.*] We had some fantasy that we would get it for diplomatic prices.

S: Oh, that's right, that's right. I remember I was investigating that.

M: Yes. We could get it for 18,000 pounds sterling, I think, when it was being sold for God knows what. I forgot.

S: Yes, yes. Yes. And I think I looked at the Mercedes models in Paris the year before.

M: Yes, it was to be some diplomatic corps. They would buy it in…

S: Belgium or Luxembourg or something…

M: …Belgium, I think. Belgium comes to mind.

S: Yes, Belgium, I think it was. But I had looked at the new model that Krishnaji was interested in when I was in Paris, I think, the year before. I'd gone to the Champs-Elysées showroom. [*Chuckles*.]

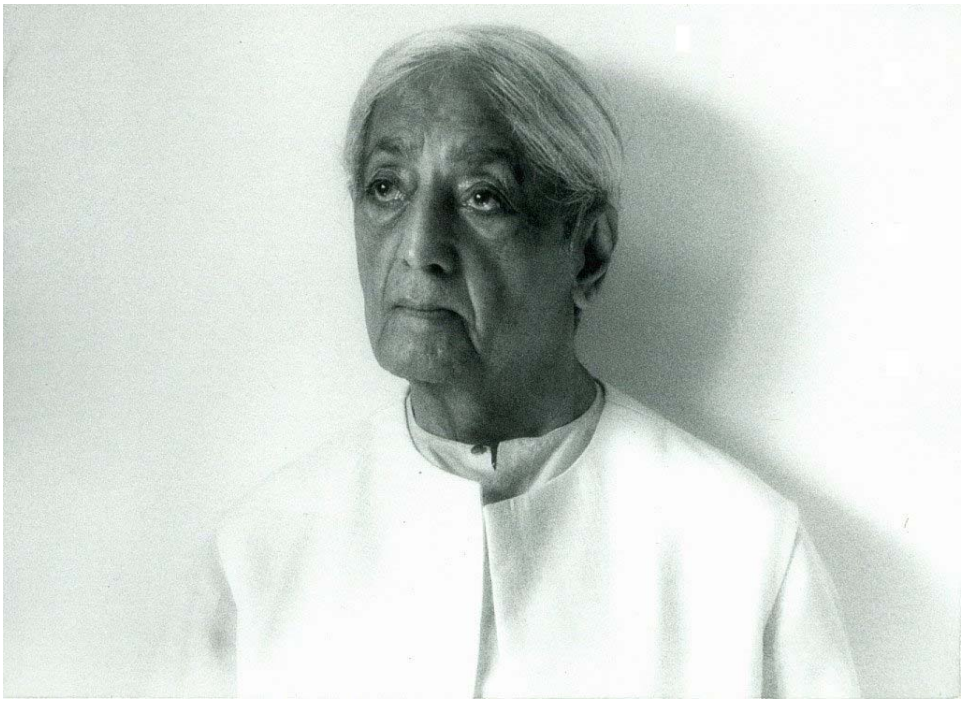
M: Fourteenth in the big book: 'Krishnaji's hoarseness, which he has said was nothing for two days, he admits this morning is a cold. He stayed in bed all day and didn't try to do the dishes.' [*Both chuckle***[4]**.] 'A meeting took place after lunch of The Eight. Scott, now the principal-to-be, called coordinator—or whatever title will emerge—proposed three more for the group: Kathy, Wendy, and Colin.' Where was Colin in all these stories?

S: Well, Colin was just a staff member teaching physics. He didn't have any other responsibilities.

M: 'Scott thought the discussion of adding these three people would be settled in five minutes. It took forty.' [*S chuckles*.] 'I went to the garage and picked up the Mercedes after a new reconditioned steering box had been put in. Expensive, over 600 pounds sterling, but required. Then I went to Alresford on errands and got back in time just for the staff meeting at 5 p.m. After supper, Krishnaji had me sit by him. He held my hand and said gently, "You must listen. Do you feel it? It, that thing, has been with me all day. It is with me most of the time now that I'm older. You must pay attention. You must outlive me but not as an old person. Not living in memories, as people do. You must be alive, alert. I think I will live another ten years, and you must take care of me. You are the closest person to K. You must live beyond me to represent K. You do not today, but

you must learn to. Do you understand? Do you understand?" He was very serious, very intense, as he said all this.'

S: Hm. How lovely. You do, Mary. You represent him more than anyone.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

M: [*Sigh*.] What day was that? [*The tone of her voice here is so very quiet, as if she heard Scott, but she doesn't want to respond*.]

June fifteenth. 'Krishnaji's voice is still hoarse. He remained in bed all day. Ingrid saw him for a bit. I spend most of the day working at my desk. I spoke to Christopher Fry on the phone. I'm going to tea with them next week. Marjolaine van der Straten, now de Hoop'—that was her married name—'and her husband came in the evening, and we put them up for the night in the West Wing. Krishnaji, Scott, and I watched *Godfather II* on television.'

There is really nothing the next day, then the eleventh of June. 'Krishnaji is better. Krishnaji talked to The Eight, plus the added three, Kathy, Wendy, and Colin, equaling eleven, about Scott's authority and who decides things, but most of all on clearing the brain. He had lunch in bed and stayed in his room all day. I went to Alresford and Petersfield on errands. Dorothy came up for dandelion coffee with Krishnaji and me. I attended the school meeting at 5 p.m. Scott had Critchlow and some county planning people meet here in the afternoon about the study center.'

S: We may need to add something for the historic record here. The previous plans from the first architects had been refused permission.

M: Yes, I remember.

S: Because it's a historically protected area, and also the area is listed as being of "outstanding natural beauty," so you have to get special permission to build. And the local farmer, Morton, of course had taken up against our building. And our planning permission request had been unanimously refused. So, because it's a special area, it's very difficult to appeal the refusal, and, of course, one can't apply again. But I had gone to a lawyer, a specialist in the field, in London, a QC, a Queen's Council**[5]**, which is the best, and he went through our application.

M: How do you find someone like that?

S: I can't remember. But he was a QC in London, at Lincoln's Inn.

M: Yes.

S: And he went through our refused application, and he said actually what was submitted was not a legal application because there was one small detail having to do with the proposed septic system, which had not been included in the application.

M: My god!

S: So, as this was not a legal application, it can't have been refused. [*M chuckles*.] In fact, there's no judgment on it at all, because it wasn't a legal application, so no appeal of the judgment is needed.

M: My god.

S: So, we were then at square one, not having to undo a refusal for this area.

M: But how did that get communicated to the County Council?

S: Well then, this is rather a long story, but it should be told. Then, I realized I had to do a whole lot of work on the Planning Committee section of the County Council that I had never thought I had to do, and that I can't just leave it up to the architects. So, while Critchlow was working on his design, I started my work on the planning committee, and there were about twenty-five or thirty of them. I contacted every single one of them…

M: My god.

S: …and I set about doing all the lobbying that I could think of. I went around to see them. I invited them out to see the site, escorting them all around.

M: Did they come?

S: Oh, many of them did, and I went to see the ones that didn't. I wrote to them, I did all kinds of things. Now, there were three really peculiar things that happened. There was one person on the committee who was most vocally against us, who was, I think, the chairman of the committee; and his son was an Anglican minister. Well, his son, the Anglican minister, had at this time invited over for dinner to his parents' house an African bishop. In the course of the dinner conversation, this chairman said to the African bishop, just making small talk, that he had gone out to a site applying for permission to build, and he said about Krishnamurti and was making some disparaging remarks about gurus. And this African bishop said, "Oh no, you're quite wrong. Krishnamurti is a very, very serious and worthy figure." So, this African bishop, whose name I never learned, sold this guy on Krishnaji. It was the chairman himself who told me this story.

M: Well, my goodness.

S: And then there was another strange thing that happened. Keith Critchlow brought to see the site, when we were in this process of lobbying everybody, Lord Northampton. Now, Lord Northampton is the Lord of Northampton [*both chuckle*], and he was also someone very important, perhaps even the head of the Masonic Order in England. At the end of his visit, he kind of grilled me and I could see that he was now for this project. He said to me, "Let me see the list of who is on the planning committee." I got him the list, and as his finger went down the list, he would occasional say, "Mm, hm." Then a little farther down, "Mm, hm." [*M chuckles*] And there were about six or eight of these "Mm, hms."

M: They're all Masons. [*Laughing.*]

S: I thought that they were all Masonic people that he knew. Anyway, so he went down this list. And then there was a third thing.

M: This is fascinating. I never knew any of this.

S: It was absolutely fascinating. I think it's only Kathy that knows all this as she, of course, was part of my doing all this. So the third thing was that Donald Dennis's wife at that time, Kirsty, her uncle was the head of the Liberal Democratic Party. A Scottish chap.

M: Yes, I remember that.

S: Anyway, he was a nice man. But she wrote to him, told him of our situation, and asked for his help. There were a lot of people in the Liberal Democratic Party in Hampshire County politic and on the planning committee.

M: Yes. Good for Kirsty.

S: Yes, well, he wrote back a really wonderful letter. It was very affectionate to her and said something like, "Dear Kirsty, it's lovely as always to hear from you. I'm so glad that

you're so happy at Brockwood and doing such wonderful work, etcetera, etcetera. And, of course, I understand your concern about this impending vote of the local planning committee. But, of course, I can't interfere in any way" [*M chuckles*] "because this is a local matter, and it's completely outside of my jurisdiction so I can't possibly interfere." And he sent a copy of that letter to all of the Liberal Democrats on the planning committee. [*Both laugh*.]

M: This is fascinating.

S: I felt this was so wonderfully English, that someone was saying that they couldn't possible interfere and sending a copy of these letters showing familiarity and support—

M: Yes, approval and support, everything.

S: Exactly.

M: This is fascinating.

S: Yes. So when we came with our new application with Critchlow's drawings and plans finally done and submitted, I got to the planning meeting earlier than anybody else so that I could greet everybody as they came through the door. And I knew everybody's name so I could say, "Hello Mr. Johnson" or "Mrs. Smith" or whoever it was—

M: I think you should run for president.

S: [*laughs*] No, really I'm not suited for this. And while our first application had been unanimously refused, the second one was unanimously approved. Not one dissent. [*Both laugh*.]

M: That's absolutely wonderful. That's a whole chapter in this saga.

S: It was so…when I came out, I was just so…I think I called Krishnaji immediately.

M: Yes. How did, I mean—

S: I think I flew back from Saanen or vacation or something. We'll see. I can't remember that. We'll see.

M: Well, this is June. Um, but how did—I mean, were they aware that the first application had never taken place because there was that tiny thing missing?

S: Oh, yes, I remember, during the planning permission meeting someone said, "Why are we voting on this again?" And someone else explained that our first application wasn't legal, and then there was a little discussion, and they were trying to have a balanced discussion of our new application, but I remember thinking that the meeting felt fairly positive to me; it felt rather good. But then, when the vote was taken, for it to be

unanimously approved, it was just…I walked out of there on a cloud. I waited to thank them all, obviously.

M: Yes, yes.

S: But I was just on a cloud.

M: Of course. Well, you should've been elevated to the heavens.

S: Well, I felt like I was.

M: I knew that you'd done extraordinary things, but I didn't know all these details.

S: I had been working all of the time since the refusal. It's true. [*Both laugh*.]

M: That's wonderful.

The eighteenth of June. I'm going for early walks by myself all these days but not mentioning it. 'I worked at my desk most of the day. Krishnaji got up to do a video-recorded discussion with four students but had lunch in his room and spent the rest of the day there. Pupul rang from New York. She will come to Switzerland July one, two, and three. Harper and Row is publishing her book on Krishnaji.'

There's nothing of significance the next day, but on the twentieth, 'Krishnaji spoke to the whole school at noon. Dorothy is beginning to say, when asked, that she and Montague are retiring. At 2 p.m., a salesman came to take a tentative order for a turbo diesel Mercedes.' [*S chuckles*.] 'I drove to East Dean for a lovely tea and visit with the Frys and came back by 6:30 p.m. Krishnaji had walked with Dorothy. I went to a last bit of a meeting of the staff and students who are returning to Brockwood in September.'

S: Just to say, Krishnaji was being very supportive of Dorothy.

M: Yes.

S: Very, very supportive, supporting her retiring, but at the same time giving her all the emotional, psychological support that she was craving.

M: Yes, yes.

S: And I can remember, now that you mention this tentative order. The Mercedes salesman came out, and we went through all of the options, including all of the color things, so that if you were going to order, this is what would be ordered.

M: Green comes to my mind, of course that was what Krishnaji wanted, green.

S: Ah-ha. I think we have to end this as we're running out of tape.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For a video of the second Washington talk.

[2] For a video of the third Ojai talk of 1985.

[3] Ingrid, Harsh, Stephen, Ray, Gary, Christine, Scott, and Mary Z.

[4] There was always a fun and amusing battle with Krishnaji about doing the dishes.

[5] Of the many tiers of lawyers in England, this is the top tier.

Issue 85: June 21, 1985 to August 5, 1985

It seems correct to present frankly to you, the many readers of these memoirs, some factors that increasingly affect what you are reading. From the beginning, I tried to be as invisible in these memoirs as possible. This was relatively easy before I came into the story—my role up to that point had been simply one of asking Mary clarifying questions. But when I did come into the story, Mary kept telling me that we were "collaborating" in this project, and she wanted me to add my own memories. For the most part, these have been edited out as I didn't want to intrude in Mary's story; but many friends reading these memoirs have insisted that it is not only wrong to reduce my voice but also futile. As Mary's story increasingly includes me, I have accepted less invisibility. This is especially true for the period covered in the last issue and from now on as I also kept detailed notes of the events, and Mary increasingly asked me to contribute from those notes.

There is another factor that needs candor as it affects what you are reading. My first "living" of the events Mary discusses in her memoirs was my simply being present or hearing firsthand about them at the time. I "lived" these events a second time when Mary and I had the discussions that form these memoirs. The third "living" of these events is the very careful re-listening of the discussions to proof them and then the painstaking editing and presenting of these memoirs for *In the Presence of Krishnamurti*. Consequently, I am as deeply steeped in this third "living" as, I believe, it is possible to be.

To say that the first "living" was life transforming for me is an understatement; but the second and third "living" of that remarkable time and presence have also been extremely intense and impactful for me. I can only imagine that this three-times "living" has affected what you are reading, although I don't know what that effect is. Perhaps it is a tolerance for minutia (like an archeologist who can be absorbed in the smallest detail of a tiny pottery shard), or perhaps it is allowing elaborations of things that deeply moved me in my first two "livings." In any event, it seems only right to be candid with all of you who have accompanied Mary and me these last eighty-five weeks.

This is the first issue in which Mary says she wishes that our discussions would never end. The unstated obvious fact is that we both know our discussions, which had been ongoing by this time for eleven years, will soon come to an end, as Krishnaji's life is soon to come to an end. The poignancy for both of us, and now with this third "living," is almost unbearable.

Mary: We begin today with June twenty-first, 1985, and we are at Brockwood, but not much happened. My diary just reads, 'Rain all day. Didn't go out, but worked all day at my desk. I spoke to Erna in Ojai.'

The next day is similarly short. 'Packing. Mary Cadogan is back from holiday, and on the telephone I brought her up to date.'

Scott: Essentially this means, [*chuckles*] just to remind you, this means that Mary Cadogan was being told for the first time that the school of which she was a trustee had a new principal.

M: Oh, really?

S: Yes. Without Dorothy knowing. Without most of the school knowing. And without any of the trustees knowing. It was done on my birthday.

M: Oh, well, [*chuckles*] no wonder you remember it. Well, that's the way it should be. [*S laughs*.]

June twenty-third. 'Krishnaji and I had breakfast at 6:15 a.m., and we left Brockwood at 7:15 a.m. with Dorothy and Scott to Heathrow. Krishnaji and I flew on Swissair. Our departure was delayed because everyone had to identify their luggage laid out on the runway before boarding, a security protection.' They wanted proof that the owners of the bags were really on the flight, to prevent bombs—unless they were suicidal, of course, which in those days was not a problem.

S: Yes. Exactly. Yes.

M: 'One suitcase was unclaimed and the police took it away.' [*S chuckles*.] 'In Geneva we took a taxi to the Hotel des Bergues and our usual rooms. We rested, then walked across the bridge and had tea at *Mövenpick.'* [*Chuckles.*] Do you remember those? Sort of a food-dispensing place all over Switzerland.

S: Yes, supermarkets.

M: 'We dined in the Amphitryon. Krishnaji's hands were shaking, and it bothered him. In a window, he had seen a very small electric typewriter with a complete sort of display. It is made by Brother, and there's something similar from Minolta, and we wondered if it would make letter writing easier for him in India. Once again, the accustomed Swiss orderly rooms were pleasant. There was especially an enjoyment for me because of its associations with all one's summers coming here. It made me feel quietly very fortunate.'

The twenty-fourth. 'We went to a Mercedes agency to look at a Mercedes 300E-124 series. Then to Jacquet to order ties—six for Joe, three for Theo, and three for Krishnaji. We lunched in the Amphitryon then walked to Patek for the annual watch inspection and finally to buy Krishnaji a towel bathrobe at the Pharmacie Principale. The groove of our yearly errands has its charm. Hertz delivered a cream Opel Corsa, and we drove slowly along the lake and then up into the mountains. Krishnaji was not relaxed in the car as in the past; he is uneasy that we are driving too fast through the villages. He says to go forty kilometers an hour, so we creep through them.' [*Chuckles.*] 'Instead of a pleasant drive through the Swiss scenery, it all seemed to tire him. Both Vanda and Raman had arrived at the chalet, L'O Perrevoué.' That's the name of that chalet. Raman was cooking that year instead of Fosca, who had done it for so many years. 'They had arrived yesterday.

Krishnaji and I are downstairs in Friedrich Grohe's flat, which he has lent to Krishnaji. Vanda and I have rented the four-bedroom apartment upstairs where we will all take our meals. Krishnaji saw Grohe's flat last summer and said it was all right, but he is not pleased with it now.'

S: In my account, and I've been reading over my accounts of this time before our discussion, it says that Krishnaji's room was very dark.

M: Yes, it was dark.

S: It had only a little tiny window up high, and was partly underground.

M: Yes, the land was sloping.

S: Yes. Krishnaji called it "the dungeon." [*Chuckles*.] Raman, Dr. Parchure, and Vanda were upstairs.

M: Yes. Well, I can't remember if it was upstairs or if it was a chalet next door. It's funny that I have absolutely no memory of that place.

S: Yes. Everyone wanted you and Krishnaji to exchange with them, but Krishnaji didn't want to because he didn't feel right about putting someone else in "the dungeon." [*Chuckles*.] And everybody else wanted him to get out of "the dungeon."

M: That's right. Krishnaji had what was supposed to be the best room in the apartment, but it was just that the land sloped and his room was mostly underground. I had a room next to his, but it was not a dungeon. [*Chuckles.*] It was just a room.

S: Right. Yes.

M: June twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji slept well. I spent the morning getting settled. Vanda, Raman, and I lunched. In the afternoon, we took Raman to enter his driver's license on the Hertz contract so he could drive the rental car for errands. Then we did errands in Gstaad. At 5 p.m., Krishnaji and I drove past empty Chalet Tannegg to our old dear familiar walk. Our first of the season. Krishnaji went a little ahead into the wood, "To see if we are welcome," he said. We were.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Friedrich came in after supper.'

The twenty-sixth. 'It was a clear morning, but it rained later. Scott telephoned. The Mercedes through the diplomatic corps could only be ordered in October. There's a hearing on the building permission for The Study tomorrow, which is a preliminary hurdle, but the final decision on getting building permission is delayed.' [*Both chuckle.*] 'Mary Cadogan rang. She'd seen Dorothy, who confirmed she is retiring. Mary told her something about Scott being the principal. She said it went fairly well. Dr. Parchure arrived.'

S: I don't want to intrude in your recounting of things, but my notes are a little different, and I think, accurate…[*chuckles*].

M: Say what you have; we're collaborators.

S: Alright. My notes specify that Mary Cadogan said that when she had this conversation with Dorothy, she told Dorothy that when Dorothy did retire that I would *probably* be the principal.

M: Oh. She softened it.

S: Considerably, so, it wasn't yet a fact, as far as Dorothy knew—it was only that when Dorothy did retire, this would probably be what would happen.

M: I see.

S: And [*M chuckles*], as we'll see later on, Dorothy didn't find out that she was no longer the principal until she was sitting in the International Committees Meeting.

M: Ouch. Mary Cadogan laid a bear trap for her by being so tactful.

S: Yes. I thought it was unfortunate.

M: June twenty-seventh. 'Vanda and I went to look at a chalet for next summer near Tannegg. It was rather large. Friedrich lunched with us, then he had a rest. Scott rang from Brockwood. The county hearing on the permit to build The Study went well. Krishnaji and I walked along the river across from the tent site, as the Tannegg walk was too muddy.'

The twenty-eighth of June. 'Vanda and I looked at another chalet for next year on the Wispile.' That's a mountain, but it wasn't nice. 'Friedrich came to lunch. Krishnaji and I walked in the late afternoon along the river by the airfield.'

The next day: 'I went to buy a tray for Krishnaji's meals. Friedrich Grohe came to lunch. He showed Vanda and me a chalet he has rented, Chalet Heidi. It's too small for us. Krishnaji had slight cold symptoms, so no walk.'

June thirtieth. 'Krishnaji is better. I worked at my desk in the morning. After the nap, Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Raman, and I walked near the shooting practice range, and then along the river and the airfield.' All Swiss adult males are in the army and have to be ready to leap with their guns to defend the country, and they have to practice shooting. So that's where we walked. We didn't get fired at, but we were there. [*Chuckles.*]

July first. 'I walked down to the market. Pupul arrived in a government car to stay till Thursday. She has just come from the opening in Washington of the Festival of India and Rajiv Gandhi's first official visit. She and Kathy Forbes were at lunch. Krishnaji and I

walked along the airfield. Krishnaji started having supper alone in bed or at a table downstairs.' What table downstairs?

S: Downstairs was where you and Krishnaji were, and there was a small place to eat, with a little table, and sometimes he would eat down there in the dungeon.

M: I really don't recollect that place. [*Chuckles*.] 'I rang Erna to tell Michael to come as soon as he can.' To cook, I guess.

July second: 'I went to Gstaad for juices for Krishnaji. Krishnaji talked with Pupul about things in her book. When I got back, Krishnaji and I set out for the airfield walk, but hay fever started in the car, so we came back.'

July third. 'I went for an early walk on the mountain on my own. Krishnaji had tried not taking his one-quarter Halcion tablet, so he slept only one-and-a-half hours. Pupul had breakfast with us downstairs and discussed India's perennial copyright complaint. She says that there are only two things that are acceptable to India and that they are: 1) Share the copyright, which is unacceptable to England as it is in the KFT's only asset and giving it up, even in part, would jeopardize our tax-exempt status; or 2) India publish a book every third year in the West, without vetting by England, and with any publisher they choose.' She always resented the KFT having anything to do with KFI books. 'Failing either of these, Krishnaji would have to decide, which he doesn't want to do. I got Mary Cadogan in London on the phone so they could speak directly about all this. I did this in order to make friendly relations with India, but all the concessions to India that have been made so far have not achieved that. Scott arrived last night. He came to see Krishnaji. Krishnaji slept from 11:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. then came to lunch but slept again all afternoon. His stomach is not right. Friedrich, in Zürich to meet the Lilliefelts, rang to say that there is a huge fire in Ojai. Grand Avenue is being evacuated. I tried to telephone but couldn't get through. So I rang the Dunnes. Amanda said Miranda, who was a TV news reporter, had covered the Ojai fire yesterday for the TV news but was pulled off to cover another one in Baldwin Hills. While we talked, Phil got Miranda via her beeper, and she said she thought the Ojai fire was better by now. Erna and Theo rang from Zürich on their arrival here. I advised them not to fly back, which they asked me about.' They live on Grand Avenue, so it was, uh…

S: Yes. Exactly. I think more needs to be said about this, though. We need to have a little bit more of a discussion.

M: Please say.

S: Well, you don't really bring out how ugly this was, what Pupul was doing—

M: Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

S: It was just hideous—she had put an ultimatum to Krishnaji.

M: She did.

S: And she called it an ultimatum. And Krishnaji felt it was an ultimatum.

M: He said to me later, "*She* made an ultimatum to *me*," in that tone of voice. [*Voice of shock and disbelief*]

S: Yes. Yes. Which was really ugly because she was saying that either India gets what she wants or Krishnaji is going to have to act as an authority, which is something Krishnaji—

M: Yes. He didn't want to do.

S: —never wanted to do. He never wanted to be authoritarian. And so she was forcing him to do that.

M: Yes, that's right.

S: And it was really very, very ugly, and I think that created a real break between Krishnaji and Pupul.

M: Yes, it was. But in my mind—but this is just my recollection—I have a picture in my mind of this happening at Brockwood and not in Switzerland.

S: In my notes, I have it that it happened in Switzerland, and it continues in Brockwood afterward, but it started there when Pupul first came. The problem, of course, with the copyright issue with India was perpetual. It was always in existence.

M: It was always there—they always wanted the copyright and the right to do all the editing.

S: Yes. They thought their English was as good as anybody else's.

M: Yes. And it…[*chuckles*]

S: And it wasn't.

M: When this began, their English was very poor. It did improve eventually.

S: Right. Yes, but just to say this was a really big deal. And also, in my notes…I keep interrupting with things in my notes…

M: Yes, do!

S: …that Krishnaji really wasn't well. For this whole time.

M: No, that's right.

S: This was the first time he hadn't really enjoyed the drive through the Swiss countryside along the lake with you. I mention before that going out on several walks with him and you at Brockwood, he had more difficulty going over the stiles than I'd ever seen him have before. He was just slower. It wasn't, uh—

M: He also didn't like the rearrangement of his life in Switzerland.

S: Yes. The chalet didn't work for him, but I think that he just also wasn't well.

M: I think he wasn't. Hence the taking sleeping medicine. He took a *tiny* bit, but for him that was a big deal.

S: Yes. Yes. I know. Also, something else that was in my notes was that, on this day when I arrived—and it happened twice that summer that really horrified me. When I arrived, Krishnaji—for my advancing the building permission for The Study, when I first greeted him—Krishnaji shook my hand and bowed to me and thanked me, and I was horrified at that. That he should ever feel gratitude to me for *anything* seemed so wrong. I felt so indebted to him that it was awful to me. I was so *deeply* ashamed [*chuckles*] that he would have such humility when I have so much more reason to be humble, and wasn't. [*Both laugh*.]

M: Well, that's sheer egotistical assessment of facts.

S: No doubt, but the whole thing—it shocked me that Krishnaji should bow to me like that. It was just—it was wrong to me. [*M chuckles*.] I can still feel it now. And he said that because he knew what time the meeting was—the preliminary building permission meeting—and he said that yes, he'd paid attention during that time. [*M chuckles.*] And he said he knew it when it had passed.

M: Did he? Well, that, uh…yes.

S: So he was…yes, so he was…I always thought that maybe he was the reason we got the permission. [*Chuckles*.] Anyway.

M: Well, I would not contest that.

July fourth. 'Krishnaji slept nine hours. Pupul left in the morning. I went to Gstaad for a sleeveless cardigan for Krishnaji. Erna and Theo arrived with Friedrich from Zürich. The Lilliefelts have an apartment in Gstaad by the river and a rented car. They had news from Ojai. No houses had been lost. David Moody rang and said the fire came down through Horn Canyon, but was stopped. Ojai was safe, but the fire is heading for Carpinteria. Krishnaji had supper alone. He is hypersensitive. He said to me, "You're not paying attention. It is very serious. The body is under attack." He was very irritable that summer.

S: Yes. But he was right.

M: Yes.

S: I think it was just the cancer that—

M: Yes, I think so too. 'Scott came by later. In talking, Krishnaji was full of energy, and he talked till 10 p.m.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji slept well. I marketed in Rougemont, then worked at my desk. Erna and Theo came to lunch. My brother telephoned from the Vineyard about the Ojai fire. Scott came in the afternoon, and Krishnaji discussed with him, Parchure, and me about making the summer talks only at Brockwood instead of Saanen in the future; and whether to shift it next year or in two years. He wants to discuss it at the International Committees Meeting. Sathaye, the new principal of Rajghat, is here, and he walked with Krishnaji, Scott, and me in a light rain.'

S: To me, the way the canceling of the Saanen talks came about was so typical of Krishnaji. He was concerned about everyone but himself.

M: Yes.

S: He was concerned that people would miss the mountains. He was concerned that it would be too expensive for a lot of people on the continent to go across the English Channel to Brockwood.

M: Yes, the channel, for some reason, crossing the channel was a hazard to some people.

S: Yes, well, I think ever since the Spanish Armada, crossing the English Channel has been a problem for some. [*Both chuckle*.] Anyway, Krishnaji felt that people might feel that. And he was even worried about the local Saanen and Gstaad village people because it was such a moneymaker for them to have these thousands of people come every summer; and what would they do? So he was concerned about everyone else, even though it was really important for him to cut down his schedule; he was just thinking of everybody else's welfare rather than his own.

M: Yes. That's right.

S: And everybody else was saying no, no, Krishnaji. Let's stop them.

M: Our only leverage was that he had to be well enough to talk.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: July sixth. 'Krishnaji slept fairly well. I went to Gstaad for errands and saw Erna and Theo's apartment. On the way back to Rougemont, I stopped to see Dorothy and

Montague, who had arrived in the Land Rover. Sathaye came to lunch with Krishnaji. I went to look at the tent. I walked with Krishnaji and Scott nearby.'

July seventh: 'I went on an early walk on my own. The weather is fine. I drove Krishnaji to the tent where at 10:30 a.m. he gave his first Saanen talk. The tent is bigger this year and it was full.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'Afterward, it was a quiet lunch with Krishnaji, Vanda, Friedrich, Raman, and me. He slept in the afternoon, and later Krishnaji and I walked along the river by the airfield.'

July eighth: 'I went on an early walk up the mountain on a beautiful morning, after which I did desk work. Vanda left for Firenze. Dorothy and Montague came with Jane Hammond for lunch. It was a cheerful lunch with Krishnaji telling stories, being charming and warm toward Dorothy. Afterward he, Dorothy, Jane, and I came downstairs to the little sitting room, and Krishnaji said he had something to say to Dorothy. It was his intention to speak to her about her retirement. She has told others she is retiring after the Brockwood Gathering, but she has never told Krishnaji. I knew he was undecided how to raise the subject, and part of the stories and gaiety at lunch were to skitter around that touchy subject. But the how of it came to him downstairs.' This acknowledged "retirement," which she had never mentioned to him.

S: Yes. Dorothy was forever saying to others that she was going to retire and then withdrawing it immediately. So this…

M: …was the first time she admitted it. 'Krishnaji said to Dorothy that, as she is retiring, we had felt that her sitting room with its new door connecting their bedroom should be furnished with whatever she would like as a present from us. The magic word "retirement" was in the open, said, and passed by in chatter about fixing her sitting room. Dorothy looked pleased. And Jane later said that, in the car going back to Saanen, Dorothy said it was the nicest time with Krishnamurti that she could remember. Krishnaji felt it went well too. Later we walked along the river by the airfield with Erna and Theo.' [Chuckles.]

The next day. 'Krishnaji slept very well. I went to Gstaad for another sleeveless cardigan for Krishnaji and some other errands. Friedrich and his son Christoph were at lunch. Jane reports Dorothy is happy at yesterday's lunch. I met Professor Oscar Beck, an Argentinian, and wife at the station, and showed the way to the chalet. Krishnaji gave him an interview. Then Krishnaji and I walked by the river and the airfield.'

July tenth. 'At 10:30 a.m. Krishnaji gave the second talk. Afterward we had a quiet lunch with no guests. At 4 p.m. he saw Nikos Pilavios, a Greek man who does children's television shows, and his wife. Then we walked between the river and the airfield. Scott came in the evening. He had spent the day with architect Critchlow and his assistant Peter Gilbert. Krishnaji spoke of dissolving the international committees.' I don't remember that.

S: I have notes on that. Essentially, the American Foundation had started several years ago having information centers all over the United States; the KFA had dissolved all of them because they were starting to go their own ways and—

M: They were interpreting, and we had no control over what there were doing and no way—because the country is too big. You can't go around monitoring what's happening.

S: Right. And the same problem was happening with the foreign committees. The KFT in England was having the same problem with the foreign committees. In fact, that year there was someone in Holland who had the Dutch mailing list and who was using it to solicit funds to start a school in Holland; but they weren't handing over the mailing list to the KFT or the official Dutch committee. Krishnaji felt that was very wrong.

M: Well, you're good on that because I don't remember that. I mean, it sounds right to me, but I haven't recorded it in my diaries.

S: Yes. But when Krishnaji brought this up with Mary Cadogan, Mary Cadogan said that the foreign committees do too much valuable work with book translations and distributing books in foreign countries to be dissolved, so—

M: Mary Cadogan, it should be pointed out, was sort of in charge of all those committees.

S: Yes.

M: And England was supposedly the mother ship, the parent organization.

S: Right. Right. And she was running that.

M: And they—yes, she was running that. And they derived the right to do what they were doing from England.

S: Yes. So it was her baby, and she didn't want this stopped.

M: Yes. That's right.

July eleventh. 'Kathy, Scott, Friedrich, Keith Critchlow, and Peter Gilbert came to lunch. At 4 p.m. Krishnaji saw Shrinivas.' He was a student at Brockwood. 'We didn't walk, it was too late. Scott and Mary Cadogan, who arrived today, came after supper, and they talked with Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure joining after a while, and it went on till 10 p.m.'

S: Perhaps I should mention some of the things from my notes that go on in this conversation with Krishnaji, Keith Critchlow, and Peter Gilbert.

M: Yes, do.

S: Krishnaji had a talk with them about the proposed building, which left them really stunned. [*Chuckles*.] Krishnaji was asking questions like, 'Will the architecture make people want to dress nicely?' [*Both laugh*.] And how the sacredness of what this was all about was supposed to—

M: Yes, the architecture was to promote that.

S: Yes, exactly. "How is the architecture going to foster a sense of the sacred?" And all these things that left them just…[*laughs*]. They were enthused by it all; even if they were stunned, they were enthused.

M: Well, particularly Critchlow, because we knew he'd written on sacred architecture, so he was pegged as knowing something about this. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes. And also he knew something about Krishnaji's teachings and had a gratitude to Krishnaji. According to what he told me, Critchlow learned about Krishnaji's teachings through his father. When Critchlow's father was going through a hard time about something, it was the teachings that had really helped him. So Critchlow had a sense of indebtedness to Krishnaji. It was all a happy marriage of things.

M: [*chuckles*] I don't know whether it was at this meeting or previous meetings or subsequent meetings when Krishnaji laid out his wishes for the quiet room.

S: Oh, yes. I think it was at this meeting.

M: Because he describes something, um—

S: Yes, we talked about this already. Yes. Nothing above it, beneath it, next to it. Yes. [*M laughs.*]

M: July twelfth. 'After an early walk, I went to Gstaad on errands and to pick up Mary Cadogan, who I brought back. Dr. Parchure talked with her, Scott, and me about Indian publishing. Theo and Erna came, and we all lunched. Krishnaji talked at the table till after 4 p.m. about the ancient predictions of the manifestation of Maitreya Bodhisattva. There was only a short rest and we went for a walk at 5:40 by the airfield. Scott came too.'

The next day, 'I worked at the desk. Nikos Pilavios and his wife came to lunch. Krishnaji quite likes them. They are entertaining. At 4 p.m. Krishnaji saw Count Keyserling, the son of the more famous one, but quite ancient himself.' [*Chuckles*.] 'We walked as usual by the airfield.' I know the name Count Keyserling, but I can't remember now anything about him or his father.

The fourteenth. 'Krishnaji gave his third Saanen talk, after which we had a quiet lunch with no guests. We walked by the river and airfield. Krishnaji had supper in bed, but at 7:30 p.m., KFT trustees came here to discuss the proposed anthology and the copyright problem with India before tomorrow's meeting. I gave Krishnaji his dinner tray earlier so

I could walk over with Hugues, Mary Cadogan, Jane, Scott, and Friedrich to dine at the Hôtel de Commune.'

July fifteenth. 'All trustees in Saanen of KFT, KFI, and KFA came here for a meeting. There was a discussion of the copyright matters raised by India. Dr. Parchure and Sathaye are the only Indian trustees present. Dr. Parchure did a good job of putting forward KFI's position. The ultimatum of Pupul's, i.e., either share the copyright or let India publish what it wants un-vetted on the Western market every three years. There was objection to this. Except for the last book, when apparently Sunanda had help from someone at the Oxford Press who is no longer available, her editing and syntax is not good enough. Krishnaji wonders if only England should edit, a bombshell for India if he puts it to them. Also discussed was the anthology that Weeraperuma has been asked to do by Chetana'—that's an Indian publisher—'and looked on with favor by Mary Links. After thinking it over, I am not in favor. Some others were also doubtful. Short excerpts are envisioned on each of Krishnaji's subjects, so there will be a reducing of his teaching to capsules, a *Reader's Digest* approach, making it appear easy for those unwilling to really go into the teachings themselves. Even if they were to be done, I do not think that Weeraperuma is the one to make such choices. The next subject raised by Krishnaji was to move the Saanen talks to Brockwood, i.e., have only one European series and at Brockwood to make less travel for Krishnaji. He suggested we have one more year at Saanen, and then move the talks to Brockwood. The discussion went on until 1:30 p.m. Grohe and son were at lunch. After naps, we met Scott and walked along the river and the airfield. Krishnaji felt very weak on return. He said he wondered, "If my time had come," but he felt better and normal after eating supper.'

July sixteenth. 'Dagmar Lichti came at 10 a.m. and discussed Krishnaji's health with him, Dr. Parchure, and me. She stayed to lunch, and the Lilliefelts were also there. At 3 p.m. the Lilliefelts, Mary Cadogan, Hugues, and Grohe discussed the ownership of the Saanen land and the possibilities of the eventual sale of the land when it was not needed for the talks. Later, Krishnaji and I walked with Scott along the river and the airfield.'

S: Alright, there are some other slight elaborations on this.

M: Tell me.

S: Erna, who was ever-quick about money, put in a claim for half of the proceeds of the Saanen land, because the Saanen land had been bought initially with Rajagopal's…

M: A gift of $50,000.

S: Right. And because the KFA had inherited the things from Rajagopal…

M: That's right.

S: …she felt that it was only right that KFA should get half the proceeds of the Saanen land. But Krishnaji wouldn't have any part of that. He expressed that he was very

unhappy with what was happening in America in those days, according to my notes. He felt that his time there wasn't being well used, that he was there for months and months and no one was finding people for him to talk with, that the school was losing too much money. I actually came to the defense of the school about this and said, Krishnaji, schools lose money. That's just what they do.

M: Yes, that's just the nature of them.

S: Right, but he was unhappy with things there. He was unhappy with the administration, which he felt wasn't good. He was…

M: You know, this summer was the beginning of manifestations of illness in Krishnaji. He was dissatisfied with almost everything.

S: Oh, yes. Yes. But it's just that Erna brought this up as a real issue, and Krishnaji quashed it, saying no, so these things got expressed. And, at least according to my notes, one of the reasons that Krishnaji was not unhappy with Brockwood—I mean, Brockwood was a mess, but he didn't feel his time there was wasted because the students were older, and he complained about the students in Ojai being too young for him to talk with, really.

M: Yes.

S: And he was tired of talking with the parents and tired of talking with the staff. One of the things that Brockwood had going for it was all the video equipment, and we had cooked up all kinds of projects: a videotape series of his talking with students, and others with different well-known persons, etcetera. So, in a way, he felt his time was being used…

M: Yes, he did.

S: …but he didn't feel that in America, and he was unhappy with it. But anyway, just to say that this all came up because of the Saanen land. Also, I'm sure we'll see in your diaries that there were a series of considerations about whether we just sell the land or whether we should build on it and then sell part; because we could build on it and keep a couple of apartments for ourselves…

M: Yes. That's right.

S: …to come in the summer. Krishnaji had a notion that a couple of people might come—

M: Yes, come on holiday, I think. Yes. I remember that.

S: [*chuckles*] Anyway, let's move on.

M: The seventeenth of July. 'At 10:30 a.m. Krishnaji gave his fourth Saanen talk. It began in a remote voice, which deepened and strengthened as he went to greater depth. It was a special talk.**[1]** "Self-centeredness is corruption," he said. It was the pure essential Krishnaji teaching to the world, coming through that fragile, gentle, utterly commanding figure as it has all these many, so many, years. There was a stillness of the audience at the end. And he made a gesture that he would get up and go only when they did. I could scarcely speak going to the car where I was set upon by the happy Fouérés…' The happy Fouérés were tiresome, to put it euphemistically. [*Both chuckle.*] They were a French couple, and he wrote all kinds of elaborate things about Krishnaji's teachings. 'I was set upon by the happy Fouérés wanting to come to present his newest wretched book. Not then and there, which would have been simple, but at the chalet—their annual demand. Krishnaji was far up the road when I finally caught up to him with the car. After we had passed through Saanen, driving slowly, his head fell on my shoulder in a faint, which has not happened in some years. I kept driving slowly, and he came to within a minute. David and Saral Bohm, who are here for five days, came to lunch. David is going to conferences that seem to be mixtures of science and—what to call it, philosophy? He goes to one with the Dalai Lama next week. There is a rumor, and Krishnaji raised it at lunch, that there is a rift between Krishnaji and David. Erna had heard it from Clayton Carlson.' Clayton Carlson was the Harper & Row editor that did the Krishnaji books. 'The conversation was, as ever, between them. I sat and talked a while with them after Krishnaji went for his nap. Saral feels the rumor may come about through Dorothy's critical talk to various people these past difficult years. Later, we met Scott at the river near the airfield and went for the walk. Krishnaji asked that we walk slowly. Slowness is now something he keeps asking for when I drive. Dr. Parchure gave him some back massage before he went to bed, saying his body is sore to any pressure.' He was sick, and sickening. That's why I dread the rest of this.

S: Yes. I know. I know.

M: I don't really want to finish this.

S: I know. I know, Mary.

M: Anyway.

S: Also on this, in my notes, I have it how often, for years now, Krishnaji would be weak or ill before his talks, but when the talks started, he would somehow get this enormous energy and be tremendously strong. He might collapse afterward, but he would have this tremendous vitality and energy when he talked. And this didn't happen this year, until this talk, talk four. And I said, and in my notes, that it is noticeable on the videotapes—you can even hear it in the audiotapes. That it's this talk finally, number four, that he gets that enormous charge, which was late. Also, that I'm giving him the hand and foot massage these days, every evening while Parchure is giving him the full body massage in the morning. But Krishnaji wasn't well.

M: No, he wasn't well. He wasn't well. I really look on the Washington talks as the last blaze of his strength, not the talking, but everything about him. [*Pause*.]

July eighteenth. 'Fortunately this had been planned as a day of rest, for in the night Krishnaji took a quarter tablet of Halcion, as a new pill given to him by Dr. Lichti had not put him to sleep. There was a cumulative effect of the two pills, and he was unsteady and weaving. Dr. Parchure had Krishnaji take tea for breakfast, which was enough stimulus to clear the pill effect. At 10 a.m. I went with Gisèle Balleys to a housing agent, Gerax, to look for a chalet for next year. We found quite a nice one, Chalet Bea, near the Park Hotel in Gstaad. Krishnaji had lunch in bed after massage. He is enthusiastic about the effect of tea, which he hasn't drunk for most of his life. Erna and Theo came in the afternoon to talk about the Oak Grove's new arrangement for Krishnaji's entrance and the seating for next year.'

S: This is at the public talks, obviously.

M: Yes. We walked with them plus Scott near Eggli, but it was too sunny for Krishnaji. Dr. Parchure had a long talk with Krishnaji about his regime, reactions, etcetera.'

S: My notes say that this was a walk that Theo had discovered and had thought was good. It was difficult to find walks because these days Krishnaji needed a walk that was level. And, of course, in the mountains, that's difficult. Secondly, it had to be shady.

M: Yes, shady was always a factor.

S: And thirdly, it has to not have a lot of people around it. And, of course, any time Krishnaji consistently walked someplace, people discovered it, and they would start accumulating there. So Theo had found this walk in the morning, and it was nice and shady. But in the afternoon, [*chuckles*] the sun had moved and it was in full sun.

M: I remember that. I can see the walk.

July nineteenth. 'There was the annual general meeting of all the International Committees held again at the Ermitage Hotel in Schönried. Krishnaji asked their opinion on moving the Saanen talks to Brockwood after next year. Then he spoke of Dorothy, her retirement as principal after this year's talks at Brockwood, and of all she had done. Juan Colell of the Spanish committee rose and thanked Dorothy. And there was strong applause. Then Scott's appointment was announced. There was a lunch at the hotel, but Krishnaji and I came back to Rougemont for a quiet lunch. In the afternoon after rest, he briefly received the old Spanish couple who each summer bring a gift of a thousand francs, and then the Fouérés, who brought their latest book. We walked with Scott along the river by the airfield. In the evening, separately, both Hugues and Jean-Michel telephoned to say that many committee people at lunch had said why wait another year, why not move the talks to Brockwood next summer. They want to see Krishnaji in the morning about this.'

S: Yes. That's what finally convinced him—that the committees had said this. But we have to go into more about this announcement of Dorothy's retirement because it was just remarkable. As you remember, there was always Krishnaji facing this roomful of committee members, and usually he would have a couple of people next to him. This year, on one side he had, I think it was, Dorothy right next to him, and then Jane, and then there was a horseshoe effect around and I was several people away, but enough in the curve of the horseshoe so that I could look directly at Krishnaji, Dorothy, and Mary Cadogan, who were flat on facing the committees. Krishnaji started by saying that it was important to announce—and I had no idea this was coming—that Dorothy was retiring and that I was nominated as the next principal. This was the first time Dorothy had ever heard that I had actually been nominated as the next principal. There had been a lot of rumors circulating that Dorothy had been usurped and was being pushed out, and it was important right now to quash that.

M: She said that?

S: No. When Krishnaji started, he began by thanking her and saying how wonderful she had been, etcetera, and everything she'd done, etcetera. Then he talked about these rumors, and, of course, Dorothy had been the one who had been telling a lot of people in the foreign committees these things, and here Krishnaji was saying that there was an orderly transition that he supported. When Krishnaji announced this, and I have it in my notes, Dorothy jumped. She was stunned. And I kept looking at her because I couldn't look at the audience—I was too…[*chuckles*]. Krishnaji also said that, back when she had her heart attack, that he had said to her, "If something happens, who would you like to take over?" And she had said, me. At this Dorothy began to respond, and Krishnaji put his hand over on her and just said, "Wait a minute, just wait, just wait, I haven't finished." So he stopped her from responding. And he continued. Dorothy had nothing then to say. So this transition was brought about slowly and quietly in one way back at Brockwood, but it was a shock in the sense that it was brought out publicly like that. It was clear that Mary Cadogan had said something to Krishnaji about feeling it was important to announce this and quash these rumors.

M: Yes. I can't remember—and it isn't reflected here—any discussions with Dorothy before.

S: No. No. I don't think there were any. A lot of the people on the foreign committees were about her age and were close to her. They saw her as the one who would let them come and stay at Brockwood, etcetera, etcetera, and she was a heroine to a lot of people. So for her to say that she had been usurped and was being pushed out was something they took seriously. And here was Krishnaji saying it wasn't so; this was an orderly transition that he backed. I think that was quite difficult for her.

M: Yes. Yes. Yes.

S: It was, yes. Also I mentioned that, before this fourth talk, it was also announced about The Study; that we were going to have a study center, and how important this was. In my

notes I also mentioned that in this committee meeting a discussion occurs between Krishnaji and Jean-Michel. I think Jean-Michel was on Krishnaji's other side because I think he held Jean-Michel's hand during part of this talk. It was a conversation about what it means to study the teachings, and it was a very good discussion.

M: July twentieth. 'At 10 a.m. Hugues, Jean-Michel, Mary Cadogan, and Scott came and urged Krishnaji to begin the new program next year, ending Saanen this year and having one European series of talks at Brockwood. Krishnaji listened, and the decision was made. The announcement of it will be made tomorrow in the tent. This means less travel for Krishnaji, less getting used to strange chalets, and one set of talks in a place where he is at home. It also matches the new series in the U.S. and underscores Brockwood Park as the Krishnamurti center. Scott is confident we can figure out the logistics of housing, etcetera. Dagmar Lichti and Grohe came to lunch. She approves medically the new plan and made many other medical suggestions with Parchure. At 4:30 p.m. Mr. Mirabet came for his annual greeting and gift.' That's that nice man who once a year came and gave money, which Krishnaji immediately gave to the work…Brockwood, as a rule. 'We walked by the airfield. Krishnaji wants to leave here sooner than August twelfth. "I will never come back here." Asit's visit and Vanda's return weigh against leaving early, as Asit is somewhere unknown in Europe. We talked about this in the evening with Parchure and about Krishnaji's highly increased sensitivity. The room he is in bothers him. It is too small, dark, and a "dungeon."…"I cried the day I saw it," he said, but he refuses to move upstairs.' He did eventually move.

July twenty-first. 'Krishnaji's fifth and last Saanen talk. It was announced by Mary Cadogan and Hugues that Saanen was ending, but Brockwood talks would continue to be held, and next year they would be from July twentieth to August eighth. The rumor had spread through the morning queue outside the tent, so there seemed no surprise from the huge audience. The actor Richard Gere, whom Mary Cadogan had asked to be invited, came to lunch with a girl, Sylvia Martins, also Scott and Friedrich. Krishnaji talked at the table till almost 4 p.m. The stimulus of a new person seemed to carry him on with little rest. He still wanted to walk and we went by the airfield. We telephoned Vanda about the change to the Saanen talks. She is coming on the seventh or eighth, so we will not leave earlier for Brockwood.'

S: I have it in my notes—and I was quite surprised by this—Krishnaji had spoken about the story that the pandit had told to really very few people.

M: Yes.

S: And he talked to Richard Gere about it, which I was quite surprised by.

M: Well, Richard Gere became—

S: Oh, he was very interested in Tibetan Buddhism.

M: He was about to go from Saanen to the Dalai Lama somewhere. And he continues to have something to do with the Dalai Lama because I get things from that committee that he organized. I've given money to it for Tibet. He's not featured so much anymore, but he got that thing going.

S: Yes, but I was surprised that Krishnaji talked with him about that. And also that Krishnaji talked with him about creativity, which Richard Gere, you know, has some claim to knowing something about. But, of course, Krishnaji was knocking an artistic notion of creativity in favor of something much more profound. And Richard Gere listened and was attentive, which I thought that was really quite good of Richard Gere, actually. The girl, on the other hand, was just ridiculous. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Yes.

July twenty-second. 'Krishnaji was tired, so rather disturbed. Clearly the small "dungeon" room is oppressing him. I got Parchure to help persuade him to move into the other flat upstairs where he would have light, a balcony, and a view of the great gray granite look of the mountain that rises above Rougemont. He agreed to move, so he and I are now in the upstairs flat and much more comfortable. Parchure and Raman are down in Grohe's one. While I worked on the over 100 written questions handed in for the three question-and-answer sessions, Krishnaji talked urgently to Parchure about India. His voice was agitated. It sounded almost crying. He eventually called me in. He said that in India, he trusts Sathaye, Upasani, Maheshji, but not Hiralal. He mentioned Rishi Valley, Radhika "probably," Mrs. Thomas, and Narayan. But at Vasanta Vihar he doesn't trust the three Patwardhans.' He turned against the Patwardhans very strongly.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: In a lot of his letters to me on his next trip to India, he was very critical.

S: Yes. Well, they were in many ways quite terrible.

M: Yes. 'He spoke of future schedules in India being one year at Rajghat and Bombay, alternate years Rishi Valley and Madras. I said it is not healthy to be in Bombay. "Oh, we would only go there for talks. Two weeks."' That was his reply. 'I asked if he planned to cut the total time in India. "No." I asked did he then want to spend three months in Rajghat? He recoiled and said, "I couldn't do that."' [*S chuckles*.] 'Then as he talked it developed that travel is too tiring, but he cannot stay too long in one place.' See, there were all these conflicts in his needs.

S: Yes.

M: 'He has become hypersensitive. He feels people are impinging upon him, focused on him. If he stays in a place too long, there is a pressure he cannot stand now, and he must talk or the energy will go out of him as he is here to talk. If not, he will weaken and end. "It wants to disappear," and he needs someone to challenge him. Bohm used to do it and

it made Krishnaji go deeper, but Bohm can't now. Pupul can't. No one can. No one we know. It is what he needs. The paradox of his needing rest and needing not to let down is the dilemma. The new program of Brockwood as the only European talks, means he will be there for months. And finding a place to take him away from people's focus will be a puzzle, his physical needs and hypersensitivity increasing as they are. He talked at length, trying to find answers himself. I am learning not to say anything but let him talk in his present way, which is too often to state things well known, as if he were laying a groundwork of a known in order to come upon the new. The present situation, what is now has to be sorted out from what has been. Finally, at almost 1 p.m., he went for a quick bath. With Parchure and Raman, I began moving our things up. By 4 p.m. Krishnaji's room, sunny and in order, was ready, and he lay down. But then arrived one Hugo Brewster, a Canadian friend of Paola and John Cohen, and Krishnaji talked to him. He walked with Scott while I sorted questions for tomorrow. By now, tonight, we are settled in the upper rooms, and I think it is better. We'll see in the morning if he thinks so, but he stood a long time on the balcony looking at the mountains. That seemed to do him good.'

The twenty-third of July. 'Krishnaji slept well in his new room. It is an improvement. At 10:30 a.m. he held the first question-and-answer meeting in the tent and answered three questions in great depth. Then there was a quiet lunch. A letter of invitation came from Mr. and Mrs. Nikos Pilavios, the Greek couple whom he saw and who came to lunch here. It suggests visiting them in June on a Greek island and appeals to Krishnaji. Then we talked about it, looking up the island in the atlas. It is fun to think of it, but is there any shade on a Greek island?' [*S chuckles*.] 'At 5:30 p.m. we went back to our very dear and lovely Tannegg walk, where Scott's video crew lay in wait to videotape him walking on this favorite Gstaad walk. I spoke on the phone to Cohen, who says a draft of a settlement seems all right and is being sent to me.'

July twenty-fourth. 'Krishnaji held the second question-and-answer session in the tent. Krishnaji now says we should vacation here next year. At lunch there were Erna, Theo, Friedrich, Scott, and a friend of Paolo's, Hugh Brewster, a young Canadian publisher. Again a new person seemed to stimulate Krishnaji to talk, tell stories, and be serious too. At 4 p.m. he saw a Honduran boy, "Rivera," who begged him outside the tent for a brief word. Sathaye and Scott came on the Tannegg walk.'

July twenty-fifth. 'Krishnaji held the third question-and-answer meeting and the last ever of the Gatherings in Saanen. There was no goodbye, just a profound silence as he sat for a few moments and then asked, "May I leave?" I couldn't speak in the car, and we drove slowly.' [*Crying.*] It makes me cry to remember this.

S: Yes. Yes. Yes.

M: 'We drove slowly as he wants to now.

At 1 p.m. Krishnaji, Kathy, Scott, Raman, and I went to the Bon Accueil restaurant in Chateau d'Oex. Not too good. Sathaye walked with us in the Tannegg wood. Later I gave

a dinner for Dorothy, Mary Cadogan, and the Lilliefelts at Restaurant Chesery in Gstaad.' Do you remember that nice restaurant?

S: Yes, of course.

M: 'It was a good dinner and cheerful, even though Mary and I were able to tell Dorothy that the Dutch are quoting her as saying twenty-five people have been sent away from Brockwood in the last year and new people don't care about the teachings.' How did we ever mention that to her?

July twenty-sixth. 'There was a long talk with Krishnaji in the morning about all the foundations. "It is watching," he said. He speaks as if that something is deciding what happens to him. "It" will decide when his work is done and hence, by implication, his life. He is disturbed by the divisions in the Indian foundation and their suspicion of the two Western foundations. He is disturbed generally by everything. The de Maurexes, Jean and Catherine, and Grohe came to lunch. Jean and Hugues are handling what we do with the Saanen land. Krishnaji likes de Maurex, has confidence in him. He liked his neat demeanor. Krishnaji talked to Stephen at 4 p.m. He didn't feel like walking but talked to me about KFA. Only the Lilliefelts and I are there, he said.

S: Meaning you and the Lilliefelts were the only active trustees living in Ojai?

M: That was true.

S: I had introduced the de Maurexes to Krishnaji, and one of the reasons that I knew that Krishnaji would approve of them—

M: Because he was neat?

S: He's very neat. And they're very well-mannered, and they're very nice people. But the clincher was that they had a brand-new Mercedes.

M: Oh, I was not aware of this salient fact. [*Both chuckle*.] Oh my, you concealed it from me.

The twenty-seventh of July: 'At 9:30 a.m. Erna and Theo came and talked most of the morning with Krishnaji and me. They stayed to lunch, and Topazia came. We packed things to go to Brockwood in the van. Hugues and Suzanne came by to say goodbye. Krishnaji talked in the late afternoon with Sathaye instead of going for a walk.'

The next day. 'Mary Cadogan and Gisèle Balleys came about Saanen Gathering matters. Mary stayed to talk to Krishnaji and me about her plans. Sathaye was at lunch. I went to look at rooms in a Rougemont Hotel for next summer's vacation. Krishnaji, Sathaye, and I went to walk near Tannegg. Krishnaji said to me, "You are responsible for Ojai more than the other two."'

The twenty-ninth. 'I drove Dr. Parchure to Gstaad to get various things for Krishnaji, then went to the bank with donations. Krishnaji, Sathaye, Parchure, and I lunched at the Hotel Caprice in Rougemont, and I saw rooms we could have for next summer's holiday. Krishnaji liked the place and said to settle it. It was cheerful. Krishnaji gave an interview to a Mr. Elkabir. Krishnaji rested instead of walking. The Lilliefelts left for Ojai.'

The thirtieth. 'Harsh came to see Krishnaji. I went to Gstaad on errands. Sathaye and Friedrich were at lunch. Renée Weber came to see Krishnaji about a book she is doing and was with Krishnaji for two hours. Sathaye leaves tomorrow for India.'

July thirty-first. 'Rain. Krishnaji talked at length with Claire and Harsh before they left for England. I changed the Opel at Hertz for a Volkswagen Golf and went to Gstaad on errands. In the afternoon, Krishnaji saw Gisèle Balleys at 4 p.m. and Jackie Siddoo at 4:30 p.m. He talked intently at lunch and after supper with Parchure, Raman, and me about how to bring about a religious center.'

The first of August. 'I worked at the desk all morning. Friedrich and his son, Christoph, came to lunch. At 4:30 p.m., Krishnaji saw Rupert Oysler and his wife. Scott rang from Brockwood Park. He said that we won unanimous approval from the county council to build The Study at the hearing today.'

There is very little the next day.

August third. 'I worked at my desk in the morning. Friedrich and his son Christoph came to lunch. Erna telephoned from Ojai saying that she has seen Cohen and is sending the text of an agreement. There was the Tannegg walk with Krishnaji. He asked me, "What would you do if you were responsible for Vasanta Vihar?"…"There is no religious center."…"Either I take charge or leave the whole thing." He upbraided Dr. Parchure and others in Rajghat for not objecting to Pupul about Hiralal.' You see, he was irritable.

S: Yes, but Hiralal was not a good person.

M: No, he wasn't.

S: He was Pupul's flunky and Pupul put him in, and other people should have objected, but they didn't because Pupul was a bully.

M: Pupul was…yes. 'We rang Scott about the name of The Study changing it to The Krishnamurti Teaching Center.

S: At this point I was in Monte Carlo.

M: You were?

S: Yes. I can remember this conversation clearly. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: What were you doing there?

S: Kathy and I were there vacationing, staying at the de Maurexes' flat. I remember having that and, I think, another conversation in which Krishnaji had new ideas of what we should call The Study Center. [*Chuckles*.]

M: And then it says, 'Tankha situation.' I don't know what that is.

S: That was Harsh Tankha and his wife Claire.

M: Ah, yes, their marriage. I do remember. Tankha, I thought of a tangka on the wall.

S: Yes, no [*chuckles*]…no such luck. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: There isn't anything of significance the next day, but on August fifth, 'I walked down to the post office and, after showing my passport, was given an express envelope from Erna of the latest draft of the settlement agreement with the Rajagopal case. It was felt to be acceptable by Stanley Cohen and the Lilliefelts. I read it to Krishnaji. We both objected to the word "amicable" describing the settlement. Rajagopal wants a statement on the settlement printed in the *Bulletins*, but we have pared down the language. I was uneasy about the language defining Rajagopal's restrictions on publishing and/or letting others publish Krishnaji writings in his, Rajagopal's, possession. I telephoned Erna later at 6 p.m., who sounded tired, and she suggested I speak directly to Cohen. I did ring, but he was out. I will ring tomorrow. I also telephoned Vanda, who will come on Friday.' This is written on Monday. 'At 11:30 a.m., Catherine and Jean de Maurex came in their Mercedes 190, of interest to Krishnaji, and drove us to an old-fashioned hotel up the mountain behind Vevey, a place where the old, infirm, and rich go for health somethings. Fossils are in the dining room, and a very long ordered-in-advance lunch. But the view from the restaurant was nice, and Krishnaji seemed to like the de Maurexes. He drove expertly, which Krishnaji observed, and so did not become nervous when going faster than he prefers these days. Catherine and Jean also put "serious" questions to Krishnaji at lunch, which he fielded. We came back via Aigle and the Col du Pillon. Rain began by the time we got back. In the evening, Krishnaji said that I should write a book, "even if only a hundred pages, about what it is like being with him, and what he said." And then he said, "I will teach you meditation before I go to India when you have a completely controlled body."' [*Both chuckle*.] He was irritated by gestures, and I use my hands when I talk and that annoyed him. [*S chuckles*.]

S: Okay. We have to end it there.

M: Okay.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For the video of the talk of July seventeenth, 1985.

Issue 86: August 6, 1985 to September 23, 1985

The strain on Krishnaji of his unknown illness continues to show, and dramatic changes to his traditional speaking schedule are proposed. There is, despite Krishnaji's waning energy, an urgency he constantly expressed to make things "right" with his organizations which he currently does not feel are "right."

It seems extraordinary, with hindsight, that we didn't see his death galloping forward. Of course, we didn't want to.

Mary: Very well. We are beginning today's discussion with August sixth, 1985. Krishnaji and I are still in Switzerland, at the very end of our very last trip in that beautiful place we had enjoyed for so many years. 'I was awake at 2 a.m. I'm not sleeping properly these days. In rain I went at 10 a.m. to the Banque Cantonale for the annual meeting with Mr. Hans Liechti to review the Alzina account investments, the interest from which helps pay for Krishnaji's needs. While I was out, Michael answered a call from Asit, who is arriving Thursday night or Friday morning and asked if I would get him a room. Friedrich offered one in his place, but probably Asit will be better off at the Hotel Caprice. It was too wet for the usual walk. Cohen telephoned and, with Krishnaji there and at Krishnaji's instructions, I asked Cohen, as our friend as well as our lawyer, what he felt was the right thing to do. We want to settle this interminable affair, but are we, in the proposed settlement text, leaving Krishnaji, in any way that we could prevent, unprotected against some new nastiness from Rajagopal? Cohen said that if Rajagopal were to slander Krishnaji, for instance, in the future, we could still act legally. I said we objected to the word in the settlement agreement "amicable," and he said he would try to get it out. Also, he will try to improve the language in the publishing rights clause and also in protecting the original settlement agreement of 1977. I then told him that Krishnaji and I agreed to go along with the settlement if he could work out these things. Krishnaji had me send him his affection and said we look forward to seeing him in the spring for the pleasure of it and not all this legal business.' [*Chuckles.*] He was a nice man, Mr. Cohen.

Scott: Yes, yes, you've always said that.

M: When Krishnaji and I used to drive on the freeway by the building where Cohen had his office, Krishnaji would salute Mr. Cohen in the building and then say, "Mr. Cohen is an honorable man." I told Cohen that eventually. [*S laughs.*] 'I then telephoned Erna. I reported the Cohen conversation. She still sounded a bit low but says that everything is alright. "So we settled it?" asked Krishnaji. He said he would not show the text of the agreement to the other foundations. "It's really not their business." Cohen said Krishnaji could sign for them as no resolution had been demanded and Krishnaji is president of KFT and KFI. Tilly von Egmond can sign for Holland, and she's coming to the Brockwood talks. After supper, Krishnaji had me wash and give him my rudraksha and gold chain, and he put it on for the night. Then he said, "Now, every day sit quietly.

Don't lie down but sit upright with a quiet mind. Do it for five minutes, but every day." Then, "I've never told anybody this."'

The seventh of August. 'It was cold in the morning, and when the clouds and fog lifted, there was snow on the mountains above us. It reminds Krishnaji and me of the Maheshamurti in Elephanta.' What? How can the snow remind me of that?

S: Was it a shape?

M: You know, I have that photograph of Maheshamurti, the three…

S: Yes, the three-faced god at Elephanta, or maybe it was just the sense of it.

M: I can't remember. 'I had laid a fire in the empty fireplace, and it was cheery when Krishnaji came down to lunch. I had met Nadia Kossiakof at the Rougemont station, and she was with us. She had heard this morning that her mother had inherited some money, so a worry and weight was lifted for Nadia. She doesn't complain, but she has a difficult life. In the afternoon, Krishnaji had me note a memoranda about making Brockwood a religious place. "1: Look at trees, nature. Be aware of everything. 2: Study Krishnaji's teachings to know (even intellectually) all he has said. 3: Are you really interested in this? If not, do your job well, as well as you can, but ease out."' [*S chuckles*.] 'He also had me note things he wants to tell KF India trustees. "1: Hurt. If anyone gets hurt by what I'm about to say, they haven't listened to the teachings."' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Well, that pretty much solved it all. [*Laughs*.]

M: That's right. That takes care of that. [*Both laugh*.] Oh, dear. '"2: Organization has swallowed the teachings. 3: Krishnaji will be ninety-one in a few months and will probably live another five to ten years. Before he dies, he feels it is absolutely necessary to have a religious center. 4: Trust. K. questions whether you trust him. You have often said that K. is influenced, etcetera"' They were often saying that.

S: Yes. They were always saying that whenever he disagreed with them. that he was being influenced. [*Chuckles.*]

M: Yes, they would claim he was influenced. Probably by you or me or by the whole long line of people before we turned up. '"5: Circumstances; pragmatism is not his way of action. 6: We—they. In publishing India considers it is separate from England." Later we walked in the Tannegg wood. The sky had cleared. The sun was bright. And the fresh snow on the mountains was a glory.'

Now I've added in just a piece of paper, which was paper-clipped to this page. I guess it's to me: These are quotes: '"You are responsible for Ojai more than the other two, Erna and Theo. You have been closest to Krishnaji. You must be sensitive to that. It will go with K. when he dies, I think. I might have to stay in India or Brockwood or Ojai, but you are responsible for Ojai. You can't ask for it. Just to be sensitive. Pay attention. I'm not

going to correct you, the way you put your thumbs on the steering wheel.”’ [*M chuckles*.] ‘“When you drive me back to Geneva please go thirty-five miles an hour in the towns or it makes me nervous. Do you understand? This is very serious. You must keep the door open to That.”’

August eighth is very short: ‘We all lunched with Friedrich at Chesery in Gstaad and afterward Krishnaji had his hair cut by Monsieur Nicolas. Came back and he slept “heavily” for an hour before the now daily cup of tea before a Tannegg walk.’ That was prescribed by Dr. Parchure.

S: I can remember this tea regimen because Krishnaji kept up this tea after Parchure left. It was very mild tea, I mean really *very* mild.

M: [*chuckles*] Pale beige.

S: Yes, pale, insipid stuff. But he was so sensitive that on his walk afterward he would march along and he would say something like, “Boy, this tea is really powerful stuff” or “really great stuff.” He was all—

M: He didn’t say “Boy,” though.

S: No, he almost certainly didn’t. [*M chuckles*.] Perhaps it was, “By Jove, this is really…” [*Laughs.*]

M: [*laughs*] Yes, “by Jove.” Probably “by Jove.” Apparently, according to something I read, “by Jove” is very dating because nobody these days says “by Jove.”

S: Yes. Nobody.

M: This is what was said in the—

S: Yes, Victorian or Edwardian times.

M: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.] Yes, yes. ‘He slept heavily for an hour before the now-daily cup of tea before a Tannegg walk. Krishnaji likes the Volkswagen Golf. As we came into the wood, he asked, “May we come in?” Then, “Head up,” he keeps saying to me as I walked.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: All of my peccadillos, my shortcomings, and bad habits—he was bearing down on them.

S: I know. In my notes I have him not only telling you to keep your head up, but you had to be attentive to your posture, and all kinds of other things, and [*chuckles*] at one point,

you said to him, "If I was doing all these things I wouldn't be able to walk." [*Both laugh*.]

M: Asit telephoned from London. He has to fly to Singapore Saturday so he is uncertain whether there is the time for him to come here. I got Krishnaji on the phone briefly and later Asit rang back to say he would come tomorrow. In the evening, Krishnaji told me that Erna and I must see that he has things to do when he comes to Ojai. He isn't going to just sit there. Then he came back and said I mustn't arrange for things for him to do just to please him. It must be something "you think is necessary…Are you listening? Do you understand? Otherwise I'll stay at Brockwood and just come for the Ojai talks." My replies only seemed to irritate him.' [*S chuckles*.]

S: Yes. I also had in my notes that at one point he feels that Erna and whoever in Ojai are arranging things for him to do just to placate him, not because they're really useful.

M: Yes. It wasn't very easy to arrange things for him.

S: No.

M: In fact, we'd run out of people for him to talk to there.

The ninth of August. 'In the afternoon, Vanda arrived from Florence on one train, and Asit came in on another from Geneva. He is staying at Hotel Caprice for one night. Krishnaji talked to him at length "about everything." Then the three of us went for a walk in the Tannegg wood. Asit used his new Sony video camera to film Krishnaji there.' Every time Asit turned up, he had a new camera. 'It was 7:40 p.m., when we got back and all of us, including Krishnaji, had supper at the table. Toward the end of the meal, Krishnaji asked the question, "Is humanity disintegrating?" and an intense questioning ensued on his part. "Is there some part of the brain that refuses this disintegration? If there is, will that turn it around? Something that will break the circle? Is there some part of the brain that rejects conditioning?…I am into something." The conversation went on till after 10 p.m.' He was strange in those days, wound up and…

August tenth. 'Krishnaji talked with Asit in the morning, and Asit left after lunch for Geneva and Singapore. He has told Krishnaji he will be through with his business by June or July of next year and wants to work for Krishnaji. Krishnaji did not ask him how, and now he wants me to ask Asit what he meant by that if he telephones. But it is unlikely that Asit will call. He will see Krishnaji in Madras. Vanda, who had not met Asit, said she liked him. "He listens well," she said. There was the usual rest for Krishnaji after lunch, then Krishnaji wanted to walk to get out of this house. "I'll be glad to leave this place the day after tomorrow. I can't stand this place. I don't know why the atmosphere is all wrong. I cried the first day we came here," he said. In the car going toward Gstaad, he said, "Probably it was wrong for me to ask advice…" from Asit "…and afterward, when I was washing my hands, I knew what to do." This was about the problems in KFI, and he said he couldn't say now what he will do, but it will come to him there.' In other words, in India. 'He will plunge in and know what to do. In the

Tannegg wood he felt well and away from the wrong atmosphere of the house.' He really hated that house.

S: Yes, I remember.

M: 'On the way back he said, "The spirit has left Saanen. Probably that is why I feel so uncomfortable. It has moved to Brockwood." He looks forward, as I do, to getting there.

S: What you have just said reminded me of something: I can remember well, on one of our walks along the airstrip when Krishnaji—and it must have been after the talks were finished, because Krishnaji said—he was looking down the valley, you know, toward Gstaad—that beautiful long valley he liked. He'd often come out of the woods just to stop and look at that—look down the valley. And I remember him saying once something like, "The spirit is going. It's going from here. And it's going to Brockwood." I thought that was extraordinary at the time. But I wasn't there on this occasion that you just mentioned, so he obviously repeated it.

M: Yes. He did. 'In the car he also said that Vanda had told him that he should have a long rest. "Maybe I should just rest when I come to Ojai." I asked if he might feel like writing again. "Maybe," he replied. Mary has written that she and Joe have enough money from the change of the apartment to come to Ojai in April. Krishnaji wants to rent a car for their use with his Dodge money, which is now $12,000.' Miss Dodge left him a tiny little sum, but he never spent most of it, so it had mounted up to $12,000. [*S laughs*.] It was probably in the '20s or '30s when it was left to him. It was probably—

S: Yes. A good sum of money in those days. Yes.

M: I think it was $500 a month.

S: I think it was £500 a year.

M: Yes. I know that when I took it over from Rajagopal it was in dollars in securities in the Pacific Bank in Hollywood. It was deposited by the trust fund, Miss Dodge's trust fund. Anyway. It was nice in the 1920s or 1930s, whenever it was left; but it wouldn't buy him a pair of trousers at Huntsman now.

S: [*laughs*] I know.

M: 'We talked too about Cortina d'Ampezzo, suggested by Vanda for next summer's holiday instead of the Hotel Caprice here in Rougemont, where we have booked rooms. "Twenty-eight years in this valley may be enough. We can go to the French Alps or Italian mountains." And then, "While we are in Ojai, let's study Italian and French one hour a day." We agreed, and I am to get the cassettes.' You know, he liked those, um—

S: Yes. Foreign language cassettes.

M: Yes. 'He was more cheerful by evening. Action, learning, and driving in a new Mercedes are in this extraordinary brain at ninety.' [*Chuckles.*] He was never going to rest.

S: No. I know. [*Laughs.*] Fat chance. I was just thinking that when you were saying it. Yes. [*M chuckles*.]

M: The eleventh. 'Packed. A fine, warm late summer day. Vanda is a little bearish on the possibility of Cortina d'Ampezzo. She said it is not as comfortable as here, but Krishnaji is expansive. He would like to go to Venice, to Florence, to Rome. Vanda has made a mark in persuading him to have more time for rest and that today meant going to places other than Switzerland. When we came to the Tannegg walk, he said to the trees, "Goodbye. We'll see you in two or three years." And coming back through Gstaad and Saanen, it was, "Ciao, until a couple of years." He talks too about our using an apartment that may be built on the Saanen Gathering land; something that may not exist for five years. All this is music to me and lets in a blessed sense of ease and summer sunlight. He said he wants to telephone Asit in October and ask him if he would like to take over the running of KFI, the publishing, seeing to translations, etcetera, the business part—not the religious aspect, "though he could try that and see if he can."' [*Both chuckle*.] 'He said Dr. Parchure, whom Krishnaji thinks dislikes Asit for some "puritanic" reason, suggested the above for Asit during this morning's massage. At the end of the walk, I simply drove us back without wondering if we would ever see this valley again.'

August twelve. 'It was a warm, clear morning. Raman took Michael very early to a train for Germany and Dr. Parchure to one for Geneva as he is on an earlier flight to London than Krishnaji and me. We were ready by 10 a.m. when Catherine and Jean de Maurex came in their Mercedes. We said goodbye to Vanda and the Ortolanis, who were there. Krishnaji went with the de Maurexes, and Raman and I followed in the VW with the luggage. Near Morges, Krishnaji and the de Maurexes went off to the Route du Lac, and Raman and I continued on the autoroute to the Geneva airport. While Raman stayed with the luggage, I returned the VW to Hertz. Then checked Krishnaji and me into Swissair number 832 and had boarding cards and a wheelchair ready for Krishnaji when he arrived at 1 o'clock. Raman had gone off into Geneva and was on a later flight. Krishnaji and I flew at 1:45 p.m. to Heathrow. Rita Zampese met us at the door of the plane with another wheelchair, and we rolled past a huge queue at immigration. Dorothy, Ingrid, Ray, and Bill all met us. Dorothy's eyesight had caused concern, but she had insisted on bringing her car, so Krishnaji and I went with her. She said something to Krishnaji about this being the last time she would be meeting him. Anyhow I asked her to go slowly, and she did. We got to Brockwood at 4 p.m. Dr. Parchure was in the other car too. Brockwood is beautiful and quiet. Only Montague, Doris, and Dominic were out on the driveway to meet Krishnaji. It is very good to be here.'

S: In my notes—and I can't remember when it was for—but I was going with the two of you to the airport and Dorothy was driving, so it might have been on the way going to Saanen, but Dorothy's eyesight was so bad and her driving was so erratic that it was really dangerous. You and I had discussed telling her that she just couldn't drive

Krishnaji anymore. But she did a few more times. It was really quite precarious, but it had meant so much to her…

M: I know.

S: …to drive Krishnaji. And Krishnaji didn't want to take it away from her, but it was really [*chuckles*] life-threatening.

M: August thirteenth. 'Scott arrived early in the morning. Krishnaji, he, and I talked most of the morning. Krishnaji came down to lunch. I went to Alresford in the afternoon and was back for tea and a walk around the fields with Krishnaji. In the evening, he was hypersensitive. I had trouble with the washing machine, and water came out on the kitchen floor, and in my efforts to mop it up, Krishnaji said I was not paying attention. "You start something and then you do something else. If you don't learn to change, you may not be able to be with K."' He was…

S: Severe.

M: 'Later he had me sit quietly for a while.'

The fourteenth. 'I took the 9:23 a.m. train to London, had my hair cut, and went to Harrods for some things. I was back at Brockwood by 5 p.m. Krishnaji rested and walked with Scott. The tent is going up in the field.'

The fifteenth of August. 'Mary and Joe came at noon, and we all sat in the kitchen and caught up on news of the summer. Krishnaji gave Joe six handsome ties from Jacquet. Krishnaji looked gleaming and well, full of charm and animation. Mary Cadogan was also here to speak to Dorothy about financial matters after her retirement in September. A pension was set up that would give her and Montague plenty of spending money, and Brockwood pays for all her car expenses including insurance, petrol, etcetera, all food supplies, etcetera. Dorothy is said to be pleased by all this. After the Linkses had left, Mary Cadogan talked to Krishnaji and me about this and also some benefits for Scott. He doesn't want an increase in salary. But we will take care of his car expenses, travel, and Krishnaji wants him and Kathy to have one weekend per month so they can go away somewhere and relax.' [*Both chuckle*.]

S: We never managed that, but never mind.

M: No. 'Krishnaji invited Kathy to come with him and me on the walk.'

August sixteenth. 'There was rain in the morning. The car went for its annual car inspection and a new battery cable. Krishnaji was tired when he got up and didn't do exercises, but he did get up for lunch. He slept, and then we walked around the lanes. While having what is now a daily tea, he mentioned that, "Since the end of Saanen," something is going on in him. He said that if something has decided everything that happens to K., it is something extraordinary." I asked if he thinks that all the foretelling

that Upadhyaya spoke of is true. He replied, “I am skeptical.” I pointed out that he speaks of it as though it had impressed him. “I don’t know,” he said. The other day in a conversation with Scott, he had said in the very firm voice of stating a fact, “I am the World Teacher.”’

S: Yes.

M: ‘Today I mentioned certain changes in him lately, and wondered if he was aware of them.’

‘Krishnaji: “What changes?”’

‘Me: “The hypersensitivity and manner.”’

‘Krishnaji: “What manner?”’

‘Me: “A roughness that is unlike you.”’

‘Krishnaji: “Am I rough to others?”’

‘Me: “No.”’

‘Krishnaji “Just to you?”’

‘Me: “Yes.”’ Which he was.

S: Mm, hm. Yes.

M: ‘He said he never did anything he was unaware of. I was too hard to change, and so he had been rough. He was relaxed when he said all this, but it will recur whether through my own faults or other factors. Many things seem to be bothering him, notably the KF India situation. He wants the Patwardhans out, the publications done by the KFT, and Vasanta Vihar to be a religious center, which it isn’t with the Patwardhans in charge. All this is troubling him. I think he feels Brockwood is at last pulled together and out of its rut of trouble, but India is there to be changed. He wants to end discord and set all things right “before I’m gathered to my fathers.” And he seems to burn with this.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji slept till 7 a.m. and ate buckwheat for breakfast. This must have upset his stomach, for after the massage he began to vomit. He took his bath but was so weak he could scarcely get out of the tub. When he got into bed, I called Dr. Parchure. He vomited three times more. When Parchure was out of the room, he said, “I have to hold onto it. Death is always so close.” I am writing this as he sleeps, so frail, so extraordinarily beautiful. There is really no age in his face, only total beauty.’

Later: ‘He has awakened, and asked me how long since the last vomit. I told him it was one-and-a-half hours. “He mustn’t be seriously ill or it would be the end. No accident or it would be nip and tuck.”’

Written later: ‘In Rougemont the following took place between Krishnaji and me and Dr. Parchure discussing travel plans. It’s written in dialogue.’

‘Krishnaji: “It is not a physical effort of the brain. It is something else. My life has been planned. It will tell me when to die, say it is over. That will settle my life. But I must be careful that ‘that’ is not interfered with by saying, ‘I will give only two talks.’”’

‘Me: “Do you feel how much more time is given you?”’

‘Krishnaji: “I think ten years more.”’

S: Hm.

M: See, this is…he had only a few months to live.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: ‘Me: “You mean talking?”’

‘Krishnaji: “When I don’t talk, it will be over. But I don’t want to strain the body. Also, too long a holiday is bad. I need a certain amount of rest but not more. A quiet place where nobody knows me, but unfortunately people get to know me.”’

S: There is something about Krishnaji’s not knowing how long he was to live. In my notes, at one point I say to him, because I was quite overwhelmed—I was running the school and I was building and then starting this new adult study center—the first Krishnamurti Center. So I said to Krishnaji, “I really am going to need your help to start this. Are you going to be there to help me?” And what I was really saying, according to my notes, was, “Krishnaji, you have to slow down and take care of yourself because I need you to help me do this; and if you just expend all of your energy on…” and he assured me that no, he would be around to help me. But then, later on in India, when I asked him if he would be there to help me start the center, he expressed real doubts. So…there was a tremendous deterioration in his health in India. Just enormous.

M: Yes, but he had changed in a deteriorating way really for the last six months of 1985.

S: Yes.

M: Yes. Because in Saanen, as you can see from what we’ve been recording here, he was irritable and weak, and criticizing the house and the room, the dungeon, and all these things. He was ill.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: August eighteenth: 'Krishnaji is feeling all right again, but stayed in bed. "Thank god I'll have two months rest here," he said.'

S: Hm. Well, my notes indicate that he doesn't get much rest.

M: No.

The nineteenth: 'A card from Ortolani says that Fosca died August ninth or tenth. At 10 a.m. Krishnaji met the core group of Brockwood staff members upstairs in the West Wing. Apart from attending that meeting, I worked mostly at my desk. Krishnaji lunched downstairs and later he, Scott, and I took a short walk. We picked mushrooms and I cooked them for supper.' [*S chuckles*.]

The twentieth: 'It was a rainy day. Krishnaji stayed in bed. "He's had enough. If there were an illness or an accident, he would slip out. No one in all these years has changed. I want to give you a new brain. I will till I die," he said.'

There isn't much the next day, but on the twenty-second, 'It was a quiet morning for Krishnaji while I worked at the desk. Krishnaji lunched downstairs. My brother telephoned from the Vineyard. His wife, Lisa, has fever and is unable to eat. Krishnaji, Dorothy, and I walked around the lane. Dr. Parchure got clothes in London with Scott and then got all-new hearing aids at the Winchester Hospital. Krishnaji talked briefly with Carlos Silva.'

S: Let me just add something from my notes. Because Krishnaji was not so well, it was felt that Dr. P. would have to travel more in the West with him, and Dr. Parchure didn't have such good clothing. You and Krishnaji always looked just wonderful, and so Krishnaji wanted him to get new clothing, but Dr. Parchure resisted this.

M: [*chuckles*] Yes.

S: [*laughs*] Eventually he gave in, so Krishnaji wanted me to go off to London with him, and Krishnaji was very specific about where I was to take Dr. Parchure to get things.

M: Where?

S: Well, we had to go to Daks for trousers, and then we had to go either there or to Simpsons for the jacket. Shoes were a bit of a problem—Krishnaji didn't know what to do about shoes, but I found shoes. Then, of course [*chuckles*]—and this is just so typical of Krishnaji—Krishnaji felt that if I was going to all this trouble of getting these things for Dr. Parchure that I also had to get new trousers and a jacket [*chuckles*] for myself. All of which would be paid for by Mary Z. [*Both laugh*.] Yes, because Krishnaji felt that this was very unfair that I would be doing this shopping and not—

M: Oh, I think so, too. Mary Z. concurs. [*S laughs*.] Krishnaji and I were of one mind.

S: So when we came back, Krishnaji, of course, had to immediately see the purchases. But the jackets had to be altered so we couldn't bring them back right away. Krishnaji was very happy with the trousers—gray flannels, but from our descriptions of the jackets, Krishnaji had grave reservations. [*M chuckles.*]

M: What were the jackets?

S: They were tweeds, I think, I can't remember them exactly, but they were sports jackets, and Krishnaji had grave doubts. [*M chuckles.*] But then, when they came, he was very happy with them, and he thought they were absolutely right.

M: Oh, good. [*Both laugh*.]

S: This was the kind of thing that Krishnaji was very concerned with. It was very important to him.

M: Yes, one has to be properly dressed.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: Otherwise one doesn't show respect for anything.

S: Yes. But also the fairness aspect, that it wouldn't be fair if I didn't get something as well. [*Chuckles*.]

M: August twenty-third. 'Krishnaji spent the day in bed. People are arriving for the Brockwood talks. I went to Alresford on errands in the morning. Erna telephoned. There is now a need for flood insurance in Ojai because of the fire damage in the hills. Dr. Parchure talked to me about Krishnaji needing to give public talks.'

The twenty-fourth: 'At 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji gave the first Brockwood talk of the year. Afterward, we had a complete lunch upstairs, and then he went down to the tent for a little while before resting. He was quite full of energy as Scott came with us on the walk. There was a large crowd. There was rain early, but it held off later.'

The next day is the second talk, but I don't note much else until August twenty-seventh.

'At 11:30 was Krishnaji's first question-and-answer meeting, and he did five of them. We had lunch upstairs. We talked to Mary Cadogan and Scott about the next summer's Brockwood talks: six talks and two question-and-answer meetings from July nineteenth to August second.'

S: Yes. This was a change—again, this is from my notes—as the talks at Brockwood had always been the last weekend in August until the first weekend of September. But with

no Saanen, it was felt that we should change it and slide something halfway in between what were the traditional Saanen dates and the traditional Brockwood date. And also have a slightly expanded schedule. There was also thinking of how to cure the kind of typical mess that had developed. These Brockwood talks had gotten larger and larger and larger, and also less and less serious. The house was more and more packed, and Krishnaji didn't like going down to the dining room with the house so full. Dorothy would put a bed in absolutely every single corner and cupboard that there was, and we had to eat in shifts. We had tables way out into the living room. It was ridiculous. It was also felt that we couldn't have the camping anymore because we had gone out of our way to make the campers more and more comfortable: providing tented cooking spaces, nice toilets, hot showers—and began to happen is that people would come just for the camping.

M: Yes, and not come to the talks.

S: Exactly, or one person in a family would be interested in the teachings, and they would attend the talks, but they would bring their husband and their children and their parents and their cousins, etcetera, and so you'd have twenty people there camping and using the place, enjoying the swimming pool and the tennis courts, and people were breaking branches off of trees for the campfire and trampling on the flowers. We had, over the years, issued statements that people couldn't bring their pets, but they always did, and dogs would soil everyplace. Someone even brought their pet goat one year.

M: Yes, I know.

S: So we really had to change the way that the Brockwood talks were going—make it much more serious. But if we don't have campers, where do we put all these people? So it was a big dilemma and a preoccupation in the planning for the next year. Anyway. Sorry, I'm filling in probably too much for your diaries, but—

M: No. No, it gives a picture of what was happening then.

S: Yes.

M: August twenty-eighth. 'There was a discussion after breakfast with Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Scott, and me about Krishnaji's program for 1986. He feels he should give two talks on the East Coast of the USA. Boston? Krishnaji had lunch in bed but got up for a walk down the West Meon road at 5 p.m. I telephoned Erna about the above. She suggested speaking at universities, but Krishnaji later disapproved.'

The twenty-ninth: 'Krishnaji held his second question-and-answer meeting. After lunch upstairs, Krishnaji had photos taken by Barry Moore to go with Duncan Fallowell's *Harpers & Queen* article. A television crew covered the meeting in the morning. On the walk with Krishnaji was Dorothy, Elena Greene, and me. Erna telephoned. The settlement is ready for signatures.'

August thirtieth. ‘I awoke wondering how to bring about what Krishnaji has said is necessary: a set of talks on the East Coast in March or early April. He has rejected so-called sponsored talks (i.e., at a university), saying he didn’t want to talk just to students. That means finding a suitable hall in Boston or even Toronto, doing all the promotion, coping with the sound system difficulties, finding a place to stay, etcetera. All with the possible uncertainty of his being up to this after a heavy Indian tour. As it unfolded, when I called a meeting of Dr. Parchure, Scott, with Krishnaji on Wednesday to discuss’—this is written on a Friday—‘what he wished, the dilemma is, as he put it, the body exists to talk. If it doesn’t talk, the body will fade and that will be the end. But it needs rest too. What is the balance between these? He said speaking only in Ojai was not enough. He thinks little of discussions as people can’t be found to challenge him sufficiently. He seemed to accept the shape we worked out for Brockwood. June: arrive from Ojai, talk to students, and any other discussions. Rest in July till the Brockwood talks, beginning July nineteenth to August third. Go on holiday afterward. Return in September for an earlier school reopening. It was when I then brought up his Ojai winter that the extra talks came into it. Last evening I talked to Parchure, who is uncertain whether he will want such talks when the time comes. And then either he over-talks himself to fulfill the commitment or we have to cancel with all that that entails. Either would be a shock to Krishnaji.’

‘There was a heavy feeling all morning, and then after the massage, Parchure came to me and told me that Krishnaji had said he didn’t want the extra talks. It might be good just to rest in Ojai. Krishnaji lunched on a tray and called for Scott afterward. He wanted to discuss issues with the staff. After much talk, I asked him about Ojai, and he said no extra talks. So I telephoned this to Erna. She has just sent me two copies of the settlement agreement with Rajagopal for our signatures and that of Tilly von Egmond for the Netherlands. I have asked Tilly to remain here until the papers arrive. Krishnaji was tense last evening, irritable just below the surface. He came to my room, sat me down, holding my hand, and said he was looking at his irritability. “I am not talking to you, I am talking to myself…Either I am getting old or have fallen into a habit of picking at you. It is my fault, and it must stop. We’ve been together a long time, and I love you deeply. The body has become hypersensitive. Most of the time I want to go away, and I mustn’t do that. I’m going to deal with this. It is unforgivable.” Later he said of himself, “He’s had enough. If there were illness or an accident, he would slip out.” And then, “No one in all these years has changed.” And, “I want to give you a new brain. I love you; I will till I die.” Later he called me in: “Maria, I have a feeling it’s all been carefully planned. When the body goes, it may be tomorrow, it may be in ten years, but it is a strange feeling. It has all been completely planned.”’

August thirty-first. ‘I made an appeal for donations before Krishnaji gave this third Brockwood talk. Mary, Joe, and Anna Pallant lunched with us upstairs. At 3 p.m. I talked to a friend of Mr. Bocognano about the center in Bangalore. I walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy. Supper upstairs. Then Krishnaji, Parchure, Scott, and I had a discussion about a couple of troublesome staff members.’

The first of September. ‘Krishnaji gave his fourth Brockwood talk, which was very fine.**[1]** We lunched upstairs. I talked with Kathy and various others. The walk was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, me. There was a discussion in the evening with Krishnaji, Scott, Parchure, and me about the troublesome staff and how to arrange next year’s Brockwood Gathering.’

September second: ‘At 8 a.m. there was a meeting upstairs with the core group. Krishnaji had breakfast afterward. I went to Petersfield on errands in the afternoon. The settlement came for our signatures. Tilly von Egmond, who stayed till it came, signed for Holland. Krishnaji will sign for himself, KFT, and KFI. He had been in bed all day but saw Alfonso Colón at 4 p.m. It rained too much for a walk.’

The next day, ‘Krishnaji signed the settlement agreement. Tilly left for Holland, and Dr. Parchure left for India. I mailed the signed settlement papers to Erna and telephoned her that I had. Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked. The house is becoming quiet and is almost empty.’

The fourth. ‘Krishnaji and I took the 10:23 a.m. to London. Joe met us and took us to Huntsman, where Krishnaji had a fitting, bought a cardigan, and ordered a lightweight suit.’ You eventually inherited that, didn’t you?

S: Yes, I did. I went in and had the last couple of fittings of it. I was close enough to Krishnaji’s size that I could wear his old suits, and this one only needed some changes.

M: ‘We went by taxi to lunch at Mary and Joe’s and had the first glimpse of their house at 8 Elizabeth Close, where they now live. They took us to Waterloo and the 5:43 p.m. train back.’

Now, for the next five days I don’t write much, partly because I had a cold, it seems. I don’t go on walks, but you do, and Krishnaji talks with me about an empty mind. I continue to work at my desk. Then on September tenth, ‘At 11 a.m. Krishnaji gave an interview filmed by ITV for the program “The Human Factor” to be broadcast nationwide December first. The interviewer was Sue Jay, and it was shot on film in the drawing room for one-and-a-half hours. In the afternoon Keith Critchlow and Peter Gilbert brought floor plans for the center part of the study. Very good. Krishnaji walked with the Dorothy and me.’

On September eleventh, ‘I went to London for a haircut and errands at Harrods. I was back to Petersfield in time to buy plants. I met Krishnaji and Dorothy on the lane. All the Brockwood staff returned from their holiday. It was very warm weather.’

The next day. ‘At 9 a.m. there was a meeting of Krishnaji and the core group about the couple of troublesome staff. The walk was with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Scott. It was a warm day again.’

M: September thirteenth. 'Krishnaji and I took the 10:23 a.m. train to London. It was a warm, soft late summer morning. He looked not over forty, standing in immense elegance at the Petersfield station: young, attractive, with a dignity that is both aloof and intensely unassuming. He told me that Scott had asked him if he knew how long he would live. And he said that, yes, he did. But that he would not tell Scott.'

'Me: "Do you really know?"'

'Krishnaji: "I think I do. I have intimations."'

'Me: "Are you willing to tell me?"'

'Krishnaji: "No, that would not be right. I cannot tell anyone."'

'Me: "Could one at least have some vague idea of time?"'

'Krishnaji: "Scott asked me if I would still be here when the study is built at Brockwood." Krishnaji laughed, and said he would.'

'Me: "Is one to live thinking that at any moment you might leave?"'

'Krishnaji: "No, it's not like that. It won't be for quite a while."'

'As it is a hot day and we would be returning late from London because of his 4:30 p.m. dentist appointment, I suggested we get first-class tickets costing £18.60 each.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'They turned out be a huge increase, and when we bought them there were only two seats left and in separate compartments. To make it worse, the one Krishnaji took was a smoker.' [*Chuckles*.] 'Joe met us and drove us up to Huntsman. Krishnaji ordered a lightweight gray worsted suit and a pair of flannel trousers in a subtle color of vaguely greenish gray. Very smart. We went to Ferragamo, where I spent a credit I had on a large calf handbag. Just what was looked for.' Where did I get the credit for Ferragamo? I have the big handbag.

S: Yes, you probably took something back that you bought.

M: I don't remember, but I got the handbag with the credit. 'We met Mary L. at Fortnum's and she lunched with us. Krishnaji fell to talking of India and the fact that when he tries to make a change there, some of them, Pupul and the Patwardhans, claim that he has been influenced and dismisses what he has just been saying as not his own views. He doesn't like to quarrel with them or to assert his authority, so he says, "Very well," and lets it go. But now he says he feels this time in India he must put his "house in order" and insist that what he thinks is right be done. He talked at length about this, not wanting any comment from Mary or me, in fact refusing any comment,' [*chuckles*] 'but as if his own talking helped to explore it in his mind. We went to Hatchards and bought some books. Then at 3:30 p.m. to Truefitt for his haircut while I hurried up Bond Street to Heaton, where I bought the smallest Sony microcassette dictating machine to carry with

me for notes and memoranda. I rushed back to meet him and we found a taxi for his appointment with Mr. Thompson. His teeth are in good shape. Joe came there at 5 p.m. and drove us to Waterloo, where we got comfortable seats back to Petersfield.' [*Both chuckle.*]

The fourteenth: 'After breakfast, Krishnaji talked to me about Ojai. He feels the Lilliefelts and I have driven ourselves into a corner. There is no one we wholly trust to carry on, and we are all getting old. So what is going to happen there? What is he going to do there for three-and-a-half months? He is afraid that for that amount of time he will wither there. It is out that he will go elsewhere to talk. He can't go on perpetually talking to the Oak Grove staff who don't understand. He is sure he will settle things in India. Should he then return to Brockwood and stay there until the Ojai talks, even though it is winter? Ojai doesn't attract people. They come for him. He asked, what if, after the rest, he were to hold open discussions every weekend for anyone who wants to come? He cannot, and will not, do nothing. "I am for it." He wants to be in our own place, not elsewhere. At noon, I telephoned my brother in New York. Lisa returns from the hospital today. The lymph specialist, who was asked by Lisa the prediction if she does nothing, said the worst would be death in one to two years. Today also I had a letter from Daisy saying that her mother has three brain tumors and possible spine involvement. Later I telephoned Erna and told her what Krishnaji is thinking of and of the above discussion. She pointed out all the difficulties, which, when I reported them to Krishnaji, he found to be a sign that the teachings come second to organization. Walk with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Scott.'

The next day, Krishnaji held a discussion with all the staff at 11:30 a.m. And the day after was a rest day for Krishnaji.

The seventeenth. 'Mary Cadogan came and Krishnaji talked with her, Scott, Dorothy, and me about next year's Gathering, publications, the international committees, and about the Brockwood Gathering next year: There will be no camping, but we will supply caravans, have only a normal number of house guests, get the meals catered, no swimming pool or tennis court use, no children or animals. There will be less advertising and the changes will be explained in the *Bulletin*. We also discussed the Holland and Puerto Rico problems. In Holland there was a mixing up of the Stichting and the "Leer Project," which is a school that Hans Vincent is pushing using the Stichting mailing list. Mary Cadogan is to ask all committees to give their mailing lists to Krishnamurti Foundation Publications. Krishnaji is thinking of telling India that all talks, including Indian ones, go to KFT for editing. And the best-of-all-that-years talks will be published by it. India may do Indian discussions for India. He has not yet but will make a decision. From us he wanted only factual memoranda and not advice, as India has the insulting habit of rejecting what it does not like by saying, "You've been influenced, this isn't your opinion." After lunch Harsh and Ingrid joined us for a budget meeting. Krishnaji went for a nap and then later a walk with Dorothy and me. I had a message that Mark Lee had telephoned, so I rang him back.' He didn't have anything to do with the Oak Grove School by then and was Erna's helper. 'He explained a plan for Krishnaji to speak on three weekends two weeks apart with educators in March and April, with twenty-five to

thirty educators in each group. Also Mark suggested video interviews videoed by someone other than Mendizza. I reported all this to Krishnaji in the evening, and he was irritated by the two weeks apart. "Are they just trying to fill my time?…What do you think?" in a hostile voice.'

September eighteenth. 'At 9 a.m. Krishnaji met the core staff group in the West Wing. The topic was leisure and space without discussion or occupation. It was felt we keep out something by being constantly occupied. Krishnaji said, "I have complete leisure." He urged us for a week to write down "Everything, every thought, etcetera." He said he used to do this, and Rajagopal tried to find the papers but never did: Krishnaji put them under a stone outside.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'It could take me twenty-three hours of the day to do all this, but this seems as good a place as under a stone to give it a try, so here it goes.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'I look on today as a sort of shelf wherein it was mercifully quiet. I ache for quiet, space apart from the violence of the public news, cancer, presence of death, Krishnaji's discontent and irritability. I could come into my room and do the simple, ordinary things, the luxury of small matters instead of cataclysmic ones. Hugues, Scott, and Mary Cadogan went off to see a lawyer about a pension fund. The house was empty and quiet at lunch. Krishnaji motioned to me that I was putting out my tongue, another lack of awareness of what I am doing. He now calls for deliberate action by will as general awareness doesn't seem sufficient. I feel like a robot at times but realize this is a defense.' [*Both chuckle*.]

September nineteenth. 'It was a quiet day. A man came to fix the Miele washer, and finally I was able to put everything back in order, which gave that small but appreciated sense of one's atom of life being tidy and normal.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'After lunch I wrote to Daisy, who had asked me how I would meet her situation (i.e., with her mother dying of cancer and three brain tumors). My brother may be coming to a parallel of that with his wife Lisa—meeting death. One's own or someone else's seems never far away these days. I don't feel a shrinking from my own, as far as I can tell, but Krishnaji had admonished me over and over, "You must outlive me" to look after him, and each of us urges healthful things on the other. Krishnaji's tireless movement toward and in life is behind his present irritability: his not suffering fools gladly, his effort to right India, Ojai, the staff group here. Today he said to Scott and me during the tea in the kitchen before the walk that the unifying factor should be intelligence. "To be free in the real sense, that freedom is intelligence. Intelligence is common to all of us and that will bring us together, not organization. If you see the importance that each one of us is free and that freedom implies love, consideration, attention, cooperation, and compassion—that intelligence is the factor to keep us together." Walked with Krishnaji and Dorothy and Scott.'

The twentieth: 'I finished the letter to Daisy and took it to post in Alresford. There was the familiar smell of wood in the Mercedes garage and leather in the twelve-year-old car. I filled it with petrol and drove through Woodlands to Alresford. Again, the awareness of the small and familiar, the gentle and orderly, the simple face of life, which is so very precious. I did small errands: I bought a teaspoon, the vehicle tax had to be paid at the post office and put in the car for coming year. That is in order, come what may in the

coming year. I found the first Cox apples of the season for Krishnaji in the market, four nice plums, and some new cheese. I also ordered for Doris a small refrigerator for her new room upstairs next to Dorothy and Montague. It was rather expensive, but I want her tiny world to be as comfortable as possible. All these and so many similar things are like a squirrel (we saw one on the walk) filling his hollow tree with nuts against the winter. Am I afraid of the winter? I think I'm not shrinking from whatever comes, and the possibilities, these days, are wider than we know. But I cherish the sweet and simple face of life. The soft mist today, the silence in the fields as we walked. The smell of the just-cut hedgerows, and, most of all, to be able to see Krishnaji across the table when we had our tea before the walk, and the sight of him in his jeans and anorak buoyantly and quietly walking in the lane.'

S: Mm, hm. Yes. Yes. I can see it as you say it.

M: 'At 4 p.m. Krishnaji gave two interviews to Duncan Fallowell for the *Harper's & Queen* article. We walked on the West Meon road, and Dorothy joined us.'

The next day. 'At 9 a.m. Krishnaji met the core staff group and asked one of those seemingly impossible questions: "How do you instantly, without time, make the students see that self-interest is the root of conflict?" He was talking about intelligence. If each one of us is intelligent, in the sense that he means (i.e., sensitive, loving, compassionate), then that intelligence, which is neither yours nor mine, is acting, and, therefore, though we are separate physical bodies, we act as one. And can you make the student see this? Not only see it but instantly be transformed? Then he mentioned that out of all the hundreds of students who have passed through Rishi Valley, not one has been different. This always twists at me, although he has said he doesn't look at results. It seems painful to me that he should work tirelessly, endlessly, patiently all these very many years without seeing one human being changed. After the meeting in the room, I said that if no student in all these years had changed, one may ask what is the point of them? If no one, with all his effort, has changed, how can the rest of us, who apparently haven't changed, expect to bring this about in others, the students? If you haven't done it, is there any likelihood that we can change others? "I don't know," he replied, but it was said a little jokingly, not wanting to go on with a serious discussion. In the afternoon Krishnaji spoke for over an hour with a Mr. Arnold and Dominique Conterno, who had been put off when they came on the seventeenth of August because Krishnaji was ill that day. A pretentious man, Arnold, said Krishnaji later. On the walk with Dorothy, Krishnaji told us both to walk with the right foot turning out. Another thing to pay attention to. This writing seems to be more about what happened in the day than the "every thought" recording.' [*Chuckles*.]

September twenty-second: 'Krishnaji spoke to the whole staff in the sitting room at 11:30 a.m. He went slowly into freedom of mind in the approach to students: freedom from problems, not adding to the students' problems. This was supposed to bear on the question Scott said the staff could not decide on: the pairing of students. Krishnaji pointed out the dangers involved, the isolation from others, sex, etcetera but dwelt so much on not adding to students problems that, to me, it presented confusion. I found it

torturous and myself wanting to come to the point. It seemed it would prolong the slow-motion inability to act on the part of the staff. Krishnaji seemed unaware of time. It was after 1 p.m. when he was slowly, slowly approaching the denouement. I got impatient and found it confusing. Finally I said it was 1:15 p.m. The Digbys had come to lunch and were waiting. George is writing some book, I think a sort of memoir, and wanted to mention it to Krishnaji. In the afternoon I telephoned Mark Lee that Krishnaji agreed to hold meetings with the separate educational groups of twenty-five to thirty people on three successive weekends in March but doesn't want to speak at UC Santa Barbara. Scott brought a new music teacher, Gilbert, to play the guitar for Krishnaji. He played very well for one-and-a-half hours in the West Wing. I asked Dorothy with Kip upstairs for tea. Then we walked in the soft autumn air on the West Meon road. Krishnaji came to me in the early morning while I was doing my exercises and wanted to see what I do and corrected everything. He is a very demanding exercise master.' [*S chuckles*.]

September twenty-third. 'Krishnaji again came in the early morning and taught me exercises and breathing. A hard taskmaster, but very touching. Around 10 a.m. my brother rang from New York. They just spoke to Dr. Scheef who said they must come immediately, so Bud and Lisa fly to Bonn tonight. She said she will have three-and-a-half weeks of intensive therapy, then two weeks rest, and again three-and-a-half weeks of intensive therapy. I said I would go to Bonn to see them when Krishnaji goes to India. I asked about Carol, Bud's second wife and the mother of Daisy, and Bud said she is in the Presbyterian hospital and not expected to live long. One hopes a compassionate doctor will not prolong it. Krishnaji came in as I was talking to Bud, and he suggested I go to Bonn and then come back here before he leaves and then go straight to Ojai. I explained that I wanted to stop briefly in New York to see Daisy and Philippa. He then thought that he would like to come to Bonn with me on the way to Frankfurt and Delhi. We could both see Dr. Scheef, he said, after I said I thought that if I were there I should be checked by Scheef. Krishnaji seemed to be for that. And when I said it would be good for him, too, he said, "Oh what for? I'm too old and on the way out," but agreed he might see him briefly. He had me telephone the West German consulate to learn of the visa requirements. A very abrupt woman demanded to know the reason for the Indian citizen's trip to Bonn and said he should get a statement from his doctor that he was going there for medical reasons. "We'll talk about it," said Krishnaji after I also found out that Rita Zampese is away for a week and hence no rearranging of our Lufthansa tickets today. Scott presented ten new members of staff to Krishnaji. Then Krishnaji, Dorothy, I, and Scott went for a walk toward West Meon. Friedrich arrived by teatime and said that it is still hot in Switzerland, more than here. But it is so warm in Hampshire it is as if it were a full summer, a lovely prolongation, an island, a minute island in time on which I stand incredulous and humbled to have been so lucky. The horror of other lives is out there. Mexico has just had three devastating earthquakes. In Mexico City thousands are dead. Unknown numbers are buried, still alive or dead under fallen buildings. The country is in economic ruin too. In Beirut they cannot stop shooting each other. To be walking with Krishnaji down a lane under the beech trees past the big sequoia and the flint farmhouse is a blessing beyond measuring.' [*Crying*.] 'Walk Krishnaji, Dorothy, Scott, and me on the West Meon lane.'

S: Mm. I know, Mary. I know. That's enough for today also.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For a video of the fourth Brockwood talk of 1985.

Issue 87: September 24, 1985 to October 14, 1985

In this issue Krishnaji is preoccupied with his negative views of the Foundation in India and its key players. This was very unlike Krishnaji who would usually be totally absorbed in the place where he was, and more accepting of people's foibles and shortcomings. We also see Krishnaji's irritability increase (which, in hindsight, Mary and I could see was from his undiagnosed illness). This combination does not bode well for Krishnaji's health and his upcoming trip to India, and Mary lightly touches on her regret at not going with India the coming trip.

Mary: We begin today's discussion with September twenty-fourth, 1985, and we're at Brockwood. 'Krishnaji gave me another lesson in breathing and neck exercises. A severe teacher.' [*S chuckles*.] 'He also asked me to note, "Independence without freedom is meaningless. If you have freedom you don't need independence." This was a day for our going to Wickham for lunch. Krishnaji went with Friedrich and Scott in Friedrich's new VW, with Scott driving. Dorothy and Kathy came with me, and we had a very nice lunch at the Old House Restaurant. I had ordered a vegetable coulibiac.' What was the coulibiac?

Scott: It is normally a puff pastry, which is rolled with fish and vegetables and, I think, a white wine sauce. But that restaurant used to do it for us with just vegetables so it was vegetarian. It was very good.

M: Ah, yes. It was. I remember it now. 'I'd ordered a vegetable coulibiac ahead of time, and Krishnaji liked the cauliflower soup, which had a little white wine in it. He stared out at the garden during lunch—a faraway look—luckily not seeing the steak-eating group at a table behind him.' [*Both chuckle*.] 'The VW car came straight back on the A32, but I drove through the small back roads and we came out rather surprised in Cheriton.' Cheriton was overshooting Brockwood. 'A rather defensive letter had come from Erna after my telephone to her conveying Krishnaji's thoughts about not just resting in Ojai—that unless he had something to do there he might come only for the May talks. Erna laid out all that had been accomplished in the U.S. Krishnaji wants to telephone and tell her that it wasn't just Ojai, but he felt the same way about all the places. There wasn't one person to carry on when he is dead, and he had felt like "going away" from all of it. "Organization has become more important than the teachings." After a rest, we had tea and went for the West Meon road walk. I ate no supper after all that lunch. Krishnaji has decided not to go to Bonn with me. "It is too much before India. I couldn't do it." The news of the Mexico earthquake continues dreadfully. People are being found still alive after five days in the rubble.'

September twenty-fifth: 'Krishnaji again went over my exercises with me, especially my breathing ones. Mary Cadogan spoke to Friedrich on his phone and then asked for me. Friedrich politely closed the door when I was speaking to Mary C. so no one could find me when Bud rang from Bonn, as they didn't think to look in Friedrich's room.' [*Both chuckle.*]

S: How very correct.

M: Yes. How tactful everybody was. 'I was upset and Krishnaji took that moment to point out that I hadn't finished the breakfast dishes.' [*Both laugh*.] 'I felt harried by his constant criticism of me "not paying attention." And "Will you kindly listen," followed by a slow reiteration of what you have heard and understood is wearing. He asked a question, but if you answer it too quickly, this happens.' [*Chuckles*.] 'He seems to need to say all his criticisms at length and get them out of his preoccupation. I was finally able to tell him that Mary Cadogan reports that Harper's Clayton Carson wants an introduction by David Bohm to round out the next book, which is only two dialogues long, and Krishnaji agreed to it. All the students are beginning to arrive today and were at lunch. I fell asleep exhausted after lunch. Then Bud rang back at 4 p.m. Lisa is in the Strahlenklinik in Bonn to have two, probably three, courses of intensive radiation and chemotherapy lasting probably till Christmas. Lisa's morale is much higher since she talked to them in the clinic. She will have to be checked twice a year and will resign from the museum, but she is thinking of the much better life they will lead. I said I would come to Bonn after Krishnaji goes to India.'

'Krishnaji kept coming in while I was talking as it was the time we had said we would telephone Erna. Her letter made him want to reassure her, and so I rang, relayed what he was saying while he was standing beside me, including, in confidence to her, that he knows, more or less, when he will die and wants to put all the work in order—not just Ojai, but especially India, and Brockwood too. He spoke directly to her after I had repeated all this and reassured her that he was not denigrating all that had been done in Ojai. He told me separately, when I asked how long he had known the time of his death, "Oh, about two years." I was able to reach Mary Cadogan and give her instructions of what to say to Pupul, if Mary talks to her before Pupul comes here Saturday, that Krishnaji has told us that he's going to meet all the Indian Foundation members and he will decide the publications and other matters. And he has asked us, KFT, not to make any decisions on publications but leave it to him. He wants Pupul to know before she arrives that he will decide only later and that he "has become very serious." We had a quick tea and then a walk around the lane, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Scott, Friedrich, and me. Supper on trays in his room, as is now customary.'

September the twenty-sixth. '"Did you sleep well? Did I bully you too much? We'll have a nice quiet day today," he said.'

'I replied, "It doesn't matter. Will I see you again after you go to India?"'

'Krishnaji: "Why do you ask?"'

'Me: "I don't want to be apart from you. You said yesterday you knew when you would die."'

'Krishnaji: "Yes, more or less, but it is not right away. If I'm going to die, I'll telephone you, and you can come. I won't die all of a sudden. I'm in good health. My heart,

everything is all right. It is all decided by someone else. I can't talk about it. I'm not allowed to. Do you understand? It is much more serious. There are things you don't know, enormous, and I can't tell you. It is very hard to find a brain like this, and it must keep on as long as the body can; until something says, 'enough.' If I die, you mustn't mourn. We've been very close, but you are beyond all that and you mustn't mourn as you would have in the past."' You see in this he mentioned "someone" and "something."

S: Yes.

M: Mary Links, I think, pointed that out in her book.

S: Ah, yes.

M: Who knows what the explanation is. But in one conversation he used those two words: "someone" and "something."

S: Yes. At other times he talks about something like a group of things, a committee.

M: Yes, he talked jokingly about "the committee." I don't know, obviously, but my thoughts tend to go toward a group of something because of a strange dream I once had.

S: What dream was that?

M: I was being judged in the dream by a group of beings, and it wasn't…it was just a sort of brief dream, but it was very vivid. It woke me up, actually. And what I felt at the time, and, I don't know, the whole thing was a dream, so I don't know what it was, but what I felt and probably still feel was that I was being judged whether I was suitable to be with Krishnaji and do things for him and be useful to them. Because I always felt if there's something protecting him that thing has to have an instrument or instruments.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: There has to be some human being who can do things for him. That was my interpretation of the dream. It may all be…

S: Mm, hm. Well, who knows? But it is interesting that Krishnaji talks about—it's personified and it's non-personified.

M: Yes.

S: And then it's a group of personifications.

M: Yes. Yes. And sometimes he speaks, as in this, "it is serious," and he can't talk about it. And other times when he uses the word "committee," it's sort of joking.

S: Mm, hm. Yes.

M: 'This conversation took place in the early morning when I brought the nettle tea. I went to my room and wept. Then the day carried on and we went to London on the 10:23 a.m. train. Dorothy was on the same train en route to a dentist. Mary and Joe met us at Waterloo and took us to Huntsman. Mary and I walked to Hilliard's about my tweed coat and stopped at Hardy Amies, where there was nothing for me. Then we returned to Huntsman where Krishnaji had had his fitting, and we walked to Fortnum's for our usual lunch with Mary. There I also bought peanut butter, tea, and coffee. We walked back to Hilliard's to fetch the coat and found a cab back to Waterloo, just able to catch the 3:48 p.m. train. I felt exhausted and slept on the train. Krishnaji, more alert, got us off at Petersfield, and we found Dorothy had been on the same train. Got Krishnaji back to the haven of his clean room and a bath. The students are all here. We saw Scott's office newly fixed. Krishnaji and I had supper on trays with the 7 p.m. news and now early to bed.' Which was your new office, downstairs?

S: Well, in my notes—and I'm deliberately not putting in a lot of things from my notes, but because you mention this office, I'll add this which I think was interesting. I had taken over Dorothy's office, but I felt it had to have an entirely new atmosphere and feel to it. So I knocked a hole in the wall between…

M: Oh, yes.

S: …what was to be the school's secretary's office, which had been Ingrid's office, and my office, so that there could be connection between the two offices. In Dorothy's time, people wanting to see her had to wait in the corridor.

M: Yes, that's right.

S: And I got rid of Dorothy's old curtains and put up blinds, had that corner desk built in, got new chairs, new carpet, new paint color on the walls, and everything so it would have an entirely new feel. While all this construction was going on, when Krishnaji would come down for lunch, he would often go and look at the changes.

M: Would he?

S: Yes. Dorothy always used to sit in her desk chair, which she would just swivel around to talk to whoever was sitting in a couple of chairs in the back of the room. I had three equal chairs for sitting so that I could talk with parents and staff members and students, and we were all on equal chairs and sitting in a little clump. And as soon as the office was finished, and the furniture was in there, I wanted him to see it and present it to him. So he came in, and he sat down in one of the chairs, and I sat in another one facing him, and he just wanted to sit there. And I say in my notes that I could feel he was doing something to the room. And he came down on several subsequent days, and every time he and I would just sit there, and I could feel the room changing. Of course, you know, one can say it was just my imagination, and who knows? But to me, he was obviously doing something to the room. It's not that he was only just sitting there, and perhaps doing something—no, he was obviously doing something sitting there—he wasn't saying anything, but you

could feel something happening. [*Chuckles*.] He did this for several subsequent days. I think he said something too, but I can't remember. It might be in my notes. I can't remember, but it did really change the whole feel of that room.

M: Mm. I believe it.

S: So it was rather nice.

M: Yes. That's very nice.

The twenty-seventh of September. 'Krishnaji slept fairly well. Feeling tired but better. He thinks that an extra dose of magnesium phosphate, which he's taking at Amanda Pallant's suggestion to help the tremor in his hands, is causing his stomach to be upset. He stayed in bed all day but got up for a walk. I went to the school meeting. I did some business things with my broker, got houseplants, and was back for tea, a new one called Pelham Blend suggested by the Digbys. Then Krishnaji, Scott, Dorothy, Friedrich, Christina, Gary, and I went to the grove about planting there and then across the field and back by the driveway. Another gentle mist of an Indian summer day. Before supper, Krishnaji had me sit quietly, with him touching the back of my head. "I am trying to reach your brain but you keep slipping back. You have a habit of eating too fast. Pay attention."' It's weird. He thought I ate so fast, and now, 20 years later, I can't keep up with all of you.

S: Well, I can just speak for myself, and I eat much, much too quickly. But I can remember Catherine and Jean de Maurex who were so genteel with old-style European manners; so they would pace their eating to Krishnaji's. And they commented to me that they'd never eaten so slowly in their lives.

M: [*chuckles*] I know.

S: They were astonished that anyone could eat so slowly.

M: Yes. I know. [*Both laugh*.]

S: So Krishnaji saying that you eat quickly is not really very much of an indication of anything. [*M chuckles*.] But one of the things you have just reminded me of, and which I had completely forgotten was that when I became principal, I took away the overall responsibility for the gardens from John Porter and I gave it to Gary.

M: Mm. Good.

S: Krishnaji had been unhappy with John Porter's over-planting of the grove.

M: Yes. He put up the wrong trees and too many things.

S: Yes, it had become overcrowded. So this trip through the grove that you mentioned in your diaries, it's also in my notes. And it was Krishnaji wanting to open up spaces again for alleys and really undoing a lot of the things that John Porter had done.

M: Yes, and he put those trees—I can't remember names of things these days…sort of pine trees, but not pine trees. It's a very common tree, and there were too many there already. Anyway.

S: Yes. Yes. So Krishnaji was very happy to be having a positive impact on the grove.

M: Yes, he was. 'That evening, as Krishnaji did my leg, as he has most evenings since Dr. Parchure left, we heard the news that a very large hurricane has hit the East Coast of the U.S.'

The twenty-eighth of September. 'Krishnaji supervised my breathing and other exercises again. Pupul arrived by car at 11 a.m. to stay till Monday.' This was a Saturday. 'I gave her tea in the kitchen and then left her and Krishnaji to talk almost till lunchtime. I had a rest after lunch and after coffee.Erna telephoned. The attorney general wants two weeks to consider whether to sign the settlement agreement, so Avsham has asked us for a thirty-day extension of the date by which the agreement must be complete (i.e., the end of October). All had tea, including Friedrich, and then Krishnaji, Dorothy, Friedrich, Scott, and I walked around the block. Pupul had supper on trays with Krishnaji and me in his room, and afterward Scott came up and I invited Friedrich to come and sit and talk till 9 o'clock. Krishnaji was relaxed and animated. Perhaps glad to have said "everything" to Pupul earlier. He told me that he had pointed out what it had meant for her to give him an ultimatum about the copyright and publication matters when she came to Switzerland. He said the Foundations are one body to him, but India had made trouble over publications for thirteen years, and he was now going to settle it. He was thinking of England choosing and editing the best of all the talks in each year and publishing them in the West. India might, but this must be discussed with KFT and publishers here, have the right to publish these books in India and its territory. He said he would make the decision after talking to everyone, including all KFI members, at their next meeting in Madras. He said he told Pupul he had known for about one-and-a-half years how long he would live. That he wouldn't tell anyone what he knew, but wanted to settle the future of everything before he died. He made Pupul listen, and told me that he said "everything" about India to her.' That's what he reported to me.

September twenty-ninth. 'Early, Scott came in and talked to Krishnaji about the school.

S: There's another thing, too, that I wanted to add that is in my notes. All this time that Pupul was there on that trip, Pupul was insisting to Krishnaji about the importance of structure. And Krishnaji was dead set against that. He kept saying that structure is not what's going to hold us together—it's intelligence. And despite the fact that he told you he had said everything to her, she was still maintaining something that was very antagonistic to what Krishnaji was feeling.

M: Yes. Well, that was sure.

S: So there was not a clearing of the air and getting everything out. She remained resistant. I think that in these thirteen years of conflict with the Indian Foundation, Krishnaji, as we said yesterday, had finally lost his patience with a lot of the shenanigans and the limitations of the Patwardhans. But Pupul was largely behind the conflict about the copyright. And I think that she saw, from what Krishnaji had said to her on this trip, that the Patwardhans were…

M: I never understood his sudden, at least sudden surfacing, of his criticism of the Patwardhans. He said they had not made Vasanta Vihar a religious place, but I didn't know what they had done.

S: Well. They had turned Vasanta Vihar into a little fiefdom.

M: Well, the whole Indian Foundation was a little fiefdom.

S: Yes, the whole Indian Foundation was like that, and really it was Pupul and the Patwardhans in concert who had done this.

M: Yes. The Patwardhans got the blame, though.

S: Yes, but they were the ones who were the administrators. They were the ones who were nominally in charge, although Pupul was the vice president of the Foundation. On this visit, Pupul saw that the Patwardhans were going to come in for a lot of criticism, and I think she shoved all of the blame for the copyright arguments onto the Patwardhans at this time, but she…

M: Now what makes you say that?

S: Because Krishnaji then started blaming the Patwardhans for the thirteen years of copyright conflict, but Pupul was behind it.

M: Of course.

S: But also, it was enormously incompetent, what Pama and Sunanda had been doing. Enormously incompetent. Everything—the sanitation at the place, the treatment of the archives, the property, the way they didn't look after the video equipment and tapes. All—really a catalog of incompetence. And then, of course, Sunanda claiming that she could edit the books and her English was just not up to it. And their pretentious sense of religiousness, well, there was no sense of religiousness there.

M: No, well, there wasn't to me in the whole of the Indian setup.

S: Exactly. So, but they had more or less—

M: They were responsible. And they were the ones within KF India that had the power, because a lot of the trustees of that Foundation just came to yearly meetings.

S: Yes, and they just rubberstamped whatever was said. And it had really been made into an extremely nonreligious place, very privileged and like an elite clique. So it did feel dirty in many ways, and they were responsible. Also, they and Pupul were arch-politicians; always manipulating people, always looking for advantage, always doing all of that kind of thing. So, it was sordid. If Krishnaji can be blamed for anything, it's waiting too long. But Krishnaji had enormous patience.

But this is another matter, which I know you and I have discussed, but not on tape. Why didn't he blame Pupul more? Why did he put up with such appalling behavior from Rosalind? Why did he put up with really…

M: And Rajagopal.

S: And Rajagopal. But I'm talking about something else here. Also Vanda. He put up with things from her that I wouldn't have imagined he would have put up with from other people.

M: Like what?

S: Well, just her weirdness…her often bringing people in who were completely inappropriate.

M: Well, they came to lunch, but…

S: For lunches or just to meet Krishnaji. Anyway, here's my theory, which may be completely wrong. But anyone who looked after Krishnaji during "the process," as did Pupul and Nandini, Vanda, Rosalind, and you took on a terribly important role, and with people who did that, Krishnaji had more tolerance, more forgiveness, and more acceptance of them and their actions than, in my view, he should have. He gave them extra margin, and you and Nandini are the only ones who, again in my view, never abused that. And I think that's why he never really called Pupul on the carpet the way he wanted to.

M: Well, if he said these things that I just read you, he was upsetting that applecart. But I don't know.

S: But hardly at all, I think. Hardly at all. I'm sure he criticized the KFI to Pupul, but I doubt he criticized her directly, the way he did to the Patwardhans. And you will remember, and we'll see it later on, I'm sure, that when he goes off to India, he comes to me and asks me if he has enough money to stay in a hotel.

M: He asked me that, too.

S: Yes, exactly. I mean, and he…

M: I used to put traveler's checks amongst his travel documents, which he didn't want, and he never cashed any of them.

S: I know. So he traveled around forever with these same traveler's checks.

M: Yes, the same traveler's checks. I had to go to the bank here when he was dying to cash them in.

S: Yes. I'm sure that we'll come to this. But, here he was, and the idea of going to stay with Pupul was so distasteful to him that he was nervous of how he would get away and stay in a hotel if he had to. And yet, he still went to stay with her. So, this is what I'm saying: he gave the people who looked after him during "the process" such extra margin. Why put up with all that idiocy from Rosalind? It's just, it's unimaginable.

M: What he put up with from Pupul is minor compared to what he put up with from the Rajagopals.

S: I know. I know. But I think that Pupul did not come in for the amount of direct criticism that he would have given her and should have given her, in my view, had it not been for the role she played in the 1940s during one of his experiences of "the process." And in India, when I was there that winter, you could see all the blame going to Pama and Sunanda, and Pupul was standing calmly on the margins, as though she had nothing to do with it. So she was letting all the fault slide over to them instead of admitting that she was part of the thirteen years of conflict with the KFT and KFA.

M: This is true.

S: So she let it all slide over to them. And I think that it began here during the period at Brockwood that we just covered. She could see that the Indian Foundation was going to come in for some heavy criticism, and she diverted it from her.

M: Yes. But let me continue reading for the twenty-ninth. 'At 11:30 Krishnaji spoke to the school. "Why do we need to study academics? What should we learn beyond that?" Etcetera. After lunch in the West Wing kitchen, Krishnaji talked to Pupul with me there on the Foundations being, in his mind, one body. Saying that India had caused disagreement for thirteen years over publications, and that before he died he wants everything put in order. Pupul reiterated her position of every third book being submitted by India to Western publishers directly, not via KFT.'

S: You see.

M: Yes. 'Krishnaji had earlier, to her, brought up KFT editing and publishing talks and now said he was saying to everyone that what is right is what must be done. Only in that spirit will it be right and not through formulas. Pupul reiterated that the present

generation gets on, but those that come from the next generation (i.e., Radhika, Asit, etcetera) will not accept England having predominance. Krishnaji was tired and shaking and very serious, and insisting that we must do what is right, and he would not tell us what that is. Later he told me to talk to Pupul. So while he spent over an hour at 4:15 p.m. with Natasha, I made tea and asked Pupul what she thought of Krishnaji's suggestion that each year a selection of the best of all the year's talks be made and edited by England. She countered with India selecting the best from India. I said it seems to me that it should be the best of all the talks, not a quota from each region, though any region might suggest what seemed is its best. The decision should be by the Publication Committee. Pupul wants Indian rights to do a cheaper Indian edition. I said we'd have to find out the Gollancz and Harper position on that, but it was surely discussable. Pupul is lunching with Mary Cadogan on Tuesday and will talk about it. But Krishnaji wants a final decision after he has talked to all the Indian Foundation members. Harsh and Scott joined the tea scene. And later, while Scott and Dorothy and I walked, Pupul and Harsh had a long talk. Krishnaji's talk with Natasha about her education was long. Her plans were vague but generally to complete her bachelor of science and then work "as a journalist" in India. Then study for a PhD, preferably at Oxford. We had supper on trays, Krishnaji, Pupul, and I. Krishnaji was tired and edgy as well he might be after such a day.'

September thirtieth. 'My brother telephoned from Bonn. I spoke briefly to Lisa. Just then Dr. Scheef came in, so Lisa hung up. Mr. Jose and the embassy car came for Pupul at 10 a.m., and she left for London and goes to Delhi on Wednesday. I rang Mary Cadogan with Krishnaji sitting beside me and reported what had been said with Pupul about publication problems. Krishnaji correcting me, very tense, very irritable. It was a difficult conversation. Then he said to me, when I'd hung up, "I am watching for you. When I'm in India, your brain will go unless you watch. Pay attention. You're not paying attention. You do too many things. You are careless, you are not listening. Write down what I tell you." He stayed in bed till walk time. He spoke of Pupul, and of her saying that she had become famous—he is shocked by this. "Is this what it has come to, fame-power?" It kept coming into his conversation all day. It rings me. He is looking around him after ninety years of pouring out his teachings and sees nothing but mediocre minds. It is as though all of us, but him, poison the life we are given, are blind and indifferent. I want to weep and the weeping seems a tawdry self-indulgence. He was more relaxed at tea and on the walk with Dorothy, Scott, and me. I went to the school meeting and so did Dorothy. It was Kathy's birthday. She and Scott went to Wickham to dinner with ten others who are there to surprise her. Krishnaji "did" my leg and went to bed.' That's his healing. 'I sat up to speak to my brother at the *pension* where he is staying. Lisa has begun five days of intensive treatment radiation and chemotherapy and hydrotherapy. So far it hasn't made her sick but may. My brother said Dr. Scheef is fairly confident that Lisa can be completely, permanently cured, as it has been got at fairly soon. She will have to go to Bonn twice a year to be checked and will, of course, give up the museum. Daisy was not with her mother Carol when she died. Daisy had gone home for the night. Eddie Collins was with Carol. Daisy inherits whatever Carol had, including the apartment, which Daisy will sell to have some financial security. She is on her way to Bonn to be with Bud.'

The first of October. 'Krishnaji came in just after I woke up. He sat quietly with me. Without saying it he seemed to want to be gentle after yesterday. But Pupul's "I am famous" line continues to shock him. "I'm not going to hold discussions with her in India." He came into the room a few minutes ago, stood looking out the open window for it is a warm summer day, and said, "I feel it is ugly." He was going to lunch in bed but came down at the last minute. At Doris Pratt's request he saw her for an hour at 4 p.m. He said she was aggressive and confused. Friedrich brought a cake from a nearby farm, and he, Scott, and I had it for tea. Krishnaji joined us when he was through with Doris. And then, with Dorothy, we walked around the lane. After supper, Scott said that his father has offered to supervise the building of the study center. He could do it, as that has been his work—has been building huge refineries, power plants, etcetera, all over the world. Krishnaji is for it. Scott is tentative because it is his father.'

S: Yes. [*Laughs*.] Well, this is how it happened. My father had been project manager for lots of huge projects like chemical refineries and power plants and things like that. And Dad called me up and said, "Look, son, you've never project managed anything like this. I'll come over and help you." Well, the idea that my father would be working under me was just, it was—my brain couldn't deal with that—it was impossible. [*M chuckles*.] I just couldn't deal with that. I didn't refuse him. I just said, well, you know, I'll get back to you on this. And [*laughs*] I mentioned this to Krishnaji, and Krishnaji had always been very nice to my parents, and he asked me how I felt about the suggestion. I fumbled around with something like, 'Well, Krishnaji, it's my father, I can't, you know," [*chuckles*] "this is, I can't…' And Krishnaji said, "Now wait a minute. You have a man who is expert in this and he is offering to do this for free, and you need the help. And you are refusing because he's your father?" [*Both chuckle*.] Krishnaji said, "You don't have a right to think about it like that. This project is too important. You have no right to think of it like that." [*Laughs*.]

M: So what happened?

S: So I invited Mom and Dad over and rented a flat for them in Winchester.

M: Yes. I remember their being there. They enjoyed it, as far as I could tell.

S: They loved being there. And my father was absolutely brilliant. He really taught me a lot, but one of the things that he taught me early is that you don't make anything personal. So he acted without any problems with me as the boss. No hesitations, no problems. It was just not an issue for him.

M: [*chuckles*] He acted as Krishnaji would have acted.

S: Exactly. And he really did know his stuff. And, of course, because he'd been in charge of building such huge things—he was at a level of professionalism that was beyond the architects and beyond the builders we had. So they all respected him. He would sit quietly in the meetings and he would only say something when he was called upon, usually. And his remarks were always tremendously important and to the point and very

helpful, and both the architects and the builders looked to him for certain things, and I certainly did. I remember him telling me, "Son, you have to learn how to be a good client." Because I was the client—

M: Yes, you were the client.

S: I was. I was the client of the builders and of the architects. And learning how to be a good client is not as straightforward as one would think. So, really, a lot of the success of the center was due to him. The builders themselves said afterwards, and the architects felt the same, that the building should have cost twice as much as it did.

M: Good god.

S: We had this strange arrangement that Brockwood would pay for all of the materials as they came in and all the labor costs plus ten percent. And Dad helped tremendously smooth that process out, so that materials would come onto the site when they were needed, not a lot ahead of time. Apparently, project management of huge chemical refineries and power plants really means you have to have a constant flow of materials and there was something he called "the critical path" that he was always talking to me about—something which has to happen so that the next thing can happen. So one has to be aware of and plan all that and build in margins for that entire work flow so materials things aren't waiting around, being ruined in the weather, which happens a lot in England, and workers don't come to do work but the materials aren't there for them, which also happens. Anyway, this is a long aside, but essentially, Krishnaji was absolutely right.

M: Well, that's lovely.

So now we go to the second of October. 'Krishnaji did not have a restful night. At 9 a.m. he held a meeting upstairs with the small staff group and asked about leisure, what they do with it. What is their relation to nature or not putting up with things? For Krishnaji, who has put up with appalling things in his lifetime, this question was curious. Perhaps not putting up with Pupul and other people's shortcomings is preoccupying him. Mary Cadogan telephoned about her lunch with Pupul yesterday. Pupul is sticking to wanting every third year an Indian international publication un-vetted by England. She also alarmed Mary by saying she was publishing in her book a letter she has from Krishnaji written in 1968 telling India that England is to have the copyright and something about the Indian resignation will be an intelligent action. Mary had never heard of such a letter and neither have I. Krishnaji doesn't remember. It dates from the time when Naudé was secretary, and we have no copies. Pupul is insistent on including it as an example of Krishnaji's inconsistency or something. Mary urged Pupul not to publish it. It is a very divisive thing and harmful to Krishnaji. But Pupul paid no attention. Mary is coming down Monday and wants to report in detail out of fairness to the whole conversation. But she and Mary Links are wondering what other letters of Krishnaji's Pupul is using. After lunch in bed, Krishnaji dictated to me a letter to Pupul saying he wished to see any letters of his that she intends to publish. He had me read it to both Marys. Mary Links agrees

with the letter but hopes Krishnaji will wait for Mary C.'s report before sending it. He will. And Mary L. felt constrained by her own book in which she used some of his letters, but she had written the biographies at his request. Hers were authorized books. She doesn't know if Krishnaji gave a similar authorization to Pupul. Krishnaji doesn't think so, but Pupul may say that he has but has forgotten. I remember being present when Pupul told Krishnaji that she was going to write a sort of memoir of "K in India." She didn't ask for any approval, but just said she was going to do it. Krishnaji is disturbed by all this. She's becoming antagonistic. He wants to take enough money to India so he can go to a hotel if necessary in Delhi or to Murli Rao's place if he feels uncomfortable in Pupul's house. Her feeling of power and being famous is a rising disgust for him. He spent one-and-a-half hours mulling over it. These things trouble him almost obsessively these days. They tire him. He had tea with Grohe, Scott, and me and a walk after around the lanes but was tense, troubled, and edgy in the evening. He said, "I may do none of these things, it's not my business. I'll see." Doing my leg, he would stop as though thinking of something else then go on. He is troubled and I am heartsick. E. B. White died yesterday of Alzheimer's disease, the paper says. How piteous and sad that such a fine human brain should dissolve with that.' Then these seem to be things that he said to me and I wrote down on little pieces of paper.

This one says: 'One: "To think simply and clearly." Two: "To clear the brain of agreement and disagreement."' And then it says, '"Simplicity."' Then, in the same writing, so I guess it's at the same time, is: 'One: "Deliberation, to deliberate." Two: "Decision." Three: "Execution."…"No political activity. Political equals to power seeking. No maneuvering for better power or salary. There is no climbing to higher positions or authority, for Brockwood represents not authority but the teachings. The captain of the team could be, can be, and should be replaced if he is not moving in the right direction." "Samadhi—thought when necessary operates, otherwise the brain is quiet. K—quiet equals no association, recognition, reaction, planning, no time in sense of remembering. Maybe I may change it. It is a state that is always deep but has no depth."' These are the kōan type of Krishnaji comments.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

M: Now this is a totally different note: '"There are two kinds of energies in those who are committed and those who are not committed and are therefore free. The committed—missionaries, priests, monks—their energy becomes committed and therefore is limited."'

This seems to be different; this is about India: 'Before he dies, he feels it absolutely necessary to have a religious center. The trust. Krishnaji questions whether you trust him. You have often said Krishnaji is influenced…' This is what he's going to say to them.

Then this is also a different piece of paper. "Scott must have his own contact, not through K., something that will operate all the time and is not dependent on K. He should be with K. as much as possible. Anyone who wants to come in contact with that must have no bones, no pull. It's all so ordinary."'

The third of October. ‘Krishnaji got a little more rest. When I brought in his breakfast, he said he had just had a remarkable meditation. Perhaps that will wipe away some of the sense of problems that have harassed him. The soft Indian summer has fled, and a strong wind is flailing the trees, rushing in from the Channel. Krishnaji has just gone down for the first meeting of the term alone with the students.’

‘Later: Evelyne Blau rang from Los Angeles about the possibility of Krishnaji speaking in Toronto. He doesn’t want to. She talks of getting Norman Cousins, who didn’t accept last year, to do a video discussion with him, or Arthur Clark, who lives in Sri Lanka and didn’t try to speak to Krishnaji when he was expected to the year Krishnaji was in Sri Lanka, or Alvin Toffler, who is unlikely to be interested. She also spoke of doing video instead of film of Krishnaji answering questions. Krishnaji was very noncommittal when I reported all this at teatime. We walked in a light rain, Krishnaji, Dorothy, Friedrich, Scott, and me. After supper Krishnaji again said to me in a most serious voice, “Will you listen? I am watching for you, but you must pay attention on the walk. You are not walking on the sides of the road.”’ Then I put in parentheses, ‘(my shoes had picked up a lot of dirt).’ Then, ‘“You must watch everything you do.” It is at the end of the day when he is most tired that the least thing seems impossible to him. Things seem black and white. The least thing is irritating, seen as part of larger wrong things. I spoke to my brother in the evening. Lisa is beginning to feel nausea. Tomorrow is the last day of this course of treatment. Daisy arrives in Bonn tomorrow.’

The next day, ‘There was rain in the morning, but I went anyway to Alresford on errands. Dr. Rahula and friends came to lunch. At 4 p.m. Krishnaji gave an interview to a Lella Russell Smith for articles in the *Friends Journal*, a national Quaker magazine in the United States. Then tea and walk.’

October the fifth. ‘At 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji talked alone with the students. I ran three videos we made a year ago of half-hour sessions of Krishnaji answering one basic question each. One was on conditioning, one was on fear, both with me as the questioner, and one was on what is religion with me and Ray McCoy doing the questions. Keith Critchlow and his wife Gail came to lunch. Critchlow gave a talk to the school at 4 p.m., which Krishnaji attended. But after tea upstairs he was tired and went to bed. I walked with Dorothy. It was a bright beautiful afternoon with cool air and a light breeze. Krishnaji had turned on the lights when I brought his supper tray and said he wasn’t tired. After supper he said to me, as long as we live together he will point out things to me. After that, it is up to me. We watched a Paul Daniel’s magic show on TV, which Krishnaji enjoyed.’ You see, he was…

S: He was ill at ease because he was ill.

M: I know, and I was the main person around him, and everything was irritating.

S: Yes, but you were also the person with whom he was freest, too. So he could express his irritability more with you than with other people. But I have to say, he was not irritable with me, and that’s not because I was somehow better or anything else. But I

think that he was just not as free to express his irritability with me because I was not as close and I had so much on my plate. So, I don't think he was trying to do as much with me as he was with you.

M: Well, he was cooking you all those years.

S: Oh, boy. I know that. And I was doing yoga with him during every morning during this period, and you haven't mentioned this.

M: Yes.

S: I would come over at 6 a.m. Wait for him to wake up. Make his nettle tea and sit with him when he drank it. And then it was an hour to an hour and a quarter of doing exercises with this man who was ninety years old and who I could barely keep up with.

M: And he wasn't irritable with you about not doing it just the way…

S: No. He was very, very demanding, and he would sometimes chastise me, but very gently, that here he was, ninety years old, and he was far more flexible than I was. And he was very exacting, especially with the breathing exercises, but he was never irritable.

M: Yes. Well, he wasn't irritable with me when he supervised my exercises. At least my diaries don't say so. [*Both chuckle.*]

October sixth. 'At 12:15 Keith Critchlow showed Krishnaji, Friedrich, Scott, Kathy, and me more detailed plans for the study center and continued with that after lunch. Tea, walk in the rain.'

The seventh of October: 'I had a long talk by telephone with Daisy in Bonn. She is still in some sense shocked at Carol's death, which was sudden to her. Mary Cadogan came, and at 11:15 a.m. Krishnaji, she, Friedrich, Scott, and I discussed the Saanen Gathering Committee proposing that Jean de Maurex becomes the secretary-treasurer of the committee instead of Gisèle Balleys. Krishnaji decided not to send the letter he dictated last week to Pupul, but to approach the situation through her daughter, Radhika, when he sees her in Benares. He asked what would happen if he resigned from the KFI. He feels uncomfortable at being Pupul's guest in Delhi if he has to confront her while he is there. He asked me earlier to see that he had money with him to pay for a hotel if necessary or he would go to Murli Rao's. He asked if Gollancz would agree to India publishing in India and its area one annual collection of the best of the year's talks, which will be edited by England. He agreed that a question-and-answer section of meetings belongs with the talks. Krishnaji may ask India to publish this annual book and see to its translations into Indian languages. Mary Cadogan reported carefully on her meeting with Pupul last Tuesday. Pupul insisted administration is separate from the teachings' [*chuckles*] 'and we should settle such matters without Krishnaji.'

S: [*chuckles*] Yes. Now that she sees how Krishnaji is going to decide, she wants not to have him decide.

M: Yes. 'She tried to get Mary to say what she would agree to, but Mary said it was out of her hands, as Krishnaji is going to make the decision, which Pupul had originally suggested. Pupul would like to wriggle out of this now, and will not admit the teachings are at the heart of this. She insists it is a matter of structure only. She insists that the next generation in India will not accept restrictions. Mary said Pupul voluntarily admitted that she has a remnant of anti-British feelings from the Raj days. This came after Mary said that some Indians say the British are racist.' [*Chuckles.*] Quite a conversation they must've had. [*Both chuckle*.] 'About Pupul's book, Mary is concerned by Pupul's including a Krishnaji letter written in 1968 making England responsible for things. We do not know in what context the letter was written or how Pupul wants to use it. Possibly it reflects feelings at the time when India didn't want Krishnaji on their board'—which they didn't—'but they had Rajagopal on it, and kept Rajagopal on the board for two years after Krishnaji had disassociated himself from Rajagopal. Mary said Pupul is not antagonistic to Krishnaji, is devoted, but Mary feels she is somewhat arrogant in writing to explain Krishnaji. Krishnaji may ask to see all letters of his that Pupul wants to publish and review them after his return to Ojai. It was agreed that the Brockwood talks next year will have caravans to rent but no camping. We discussed Brockwood's building needs: re-roofing with lead and exterior plaster on top of the basic brick, which needs to be redone. We talked about indexing and a report on the subject by Harsh. We discussed a telephone conversation with Bill Quinn in which he said there is a feeling that Albion's excerpting is similar to an anthology, which we have rejected. What is needed is a straight index in subjects, computerizing it, possibly. We suggested asking Jane to coordinate this. We discussed changing the dates of the annual audit and the annual general meeting of the KFT board.'

'Krishnaji rested after lunch but rejoined us at 4:15 p.m. We had tea, and there was no walk. Krishnaji asked us how to bring about trust in the Indian Foundation. He said they do not trust each other or him, and he has been unable to change this. He spoke again about the teachings being put second to structure in Ojai, India, everywhere. I said that was an unfair indictment, and it was a damning thing for anyone who has been close to Krishnaji to put the teaching second to organization. Krishnaji said he was not making an indictment. I say he may not have meant it to be, but to me it would be a shocking fact or act to put the teachings second to anything. I said some people (by implication Ojai) had situational trouble, which they had to cope with, but it didn't mean they felt the teachings were secondary. It was then 6:15 p.m. and school meeting time. Later, when I came up with Krishnaji's supper tray, he said I should not have made him defend what he said. What he said was that the teachings were not flowering. I said that we see that but do not know how to bring it about. This is not caused by denigration of the teachings. I felt exhausted by all this, and Krishnaji was tired. He said it was too much to do a video question/answering session with Scott and me tomorrow. He had talked too much today, "I am too old to talk again tomorrow."' God, it was a terrible time.

October eighth. ‘Krishnaji oversaw my breathing exercises but then went back to bed for the rest of the day. Friedrich Grohe left for Switzerland. Dr. Reilly came at 12:30 p.m. and gave Krishnaji, me, and Scott flu shots, and said he would come by Friday to remove a small cyst in the center of Krishnaji’s forehead and give him gamma globulin before India. I walked later with Dorothy and Scott.’

The ninth of October: ‘Krishnaji, in the elegance of one of his blue suits, and I, in my tweed coat that is descended from an old favorite brown one, went to London on a bright autumn morning and on the 10:23 a.m. train. Both Mary and Joe met us at Waterloo and took us to Huntsman for Krishnaji’s fitting. Then Mary came with Krishnaji and me to Fortnum’s for a leisurely lunch. We bought some Russian and Polish vodka for Dr. Reilly, who is said to have a little glass before dinner every evening’ [*chuckles*] ‘and who never sends us a bill when he makes house calls. We stopped at Hatchards for books and took a taxi to Waterloo. A simple day in the warm, gentle mold of so many almost identical ones. I rode down White Hall with Krishnaji holding my hand in a haze of happiness. The clear country air was part of it when we came home, and a circle against the current world where race riots trashed Brixton and Tottenham, and four Palestinians have hijacked an Italian cruise ship in the Mediterranean, shooting an American who was a Jewish man in a wheelchair and dumping him overboard.’

S: Yes, I remember that.

M: ‘Krishnaji was tired by the time he got to bed.’

The next day. ‘Krishnaji reviewed my exercises. A Marine sergeant is he.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘At 11:30 a.m. he spoke alone with students. Jane came to lunch and I asked her if she would coordinate the index project if we can ever all agree on how it should be done.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘Walk around the lanes with Krishnaji, Dorothy, Scott, and me.’

The eleventh of October. ‘Somehow I look forward to today. Part of the simple-order preoccupation that seems somewhere in each day. I took Kathy Forbes and Ray McCoy to Petersfield and the 9:23 a.m. train. In London I went by tube to Piccadilly and did a wandering list of errands. One, a cashmere dressing gown for Lisa. Expensive but a present she may like, I hope. At 12:30 p.m. I went to have a sandwich with Mary and Joe *chez eux*, and stayed there for a meeting of the Publications Committee at 2 p.m. In attendance were the two Marys, the two Hammonds, Kathy, and Ray. Elena Greene was discussed as an addition to be added, perhaps after she has done some editing. On indexing, Ray is to draw up his suggestion of a simple method and present it to everyone. Joe put out a nice tea, and we went on till 5:40 p.m. Mary Cadogan, Ray, Kathy, and I took the tube to Waterloo, and reached Brockwood at 8 p.m. Catherine and Jean de Maurex had arrived for the weekend and are in the West Wing. Krishnaji had the small cyst removed from his forehead by Dr. Reilly and also a gamma globulin shot. He seemed in good spirits and was glad I was with Ray and Kathy coming home after dark.’ [*Chuckles.*] Dangerous after dark.

October twelfth. ‘I talked to Bud in Bonn. Daisy left for New York. Lisa is feeling all right so far, with few side effects after the first five-day course of radiation and chemotherapy. At 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji spoke to the whole staff. In the afternoon Jean de Maurex reported on the progress in getting permission, etcetera to build on our Saanen land for eventual sale. It will be slow and very Swiss, but probably sound. After tea in the kitchen, Krishnaji, the de Maurexes, Dorothy, Scott, and I walked.’ [*Both chuckle*.]

The next day. ‘Krishnaji checked my exercises in the morning. Rita Zampese came to lunch and brought Krishnaji’s Lufthansa ticket for India. Tea with the de Maurexes and Scott, and then a walk that included Dorothy.’

The fourteenth. ‘In the morning Krishnaji, Scott, and I did a video-recorded discussion on what brings about change in people. The de Maurexes left after lunch. I am not sure how these video discussions will appear to the uninvolved. Apart from what Krishnaji actually says, they may actually be a little different to the others. Perhaps less formal. We’ll have to examine this with a cold eye.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘At 4 p.m. Mrs. Barbara Jackson brought the venerable Ananda Maitreya and two “attendant monks” to see Krishnaji. They brought a nice plant offering, too, appreciated more by me.’ [*Chuckles.*] ‘It seems the venerable Ananda Maitreya has also arrived at ninety years and seemed to wish to share this eminence. I provided tea. They do not take milk. I don’t know if this is to taste or some Buddhist proscription. Krishnaji was charming and joking, but impaled the venerable with the question, “What did the Buddha really say?”’ [*Both laugh.*] Oh dear. I hope you appreciate my reporting.

S: Yes, I do. I do. [*Both chuckle.*]

M: ‘He went on to enlarge on the fact that no one really knows. The venerable giggled a bit’ [*chuckles*] ‘but gave nothing much in return.’ [*Both chuckle*.] ‘The attendant, Mrs. Jackson, seemed to enjoy this. “He needs to be talked to this way,” she said. Krishnaji let them stay so long that there could be no walk.’ [*Chuckles.*] Oh dear, we did lead an odd life.

S: Now before we go on to the fifteenth, there’s something in my notes about all of this that one should say. From the moment the de Maurexes arrived, Krishnaji tried to persuade Jean to come to India.

M: Oh.

S: And my notes say that I was surprised at how strong Krishnaji was.

M: Pushing him.

S: Yes. But Jean just didn’t feel he could go or wanted to go. And when Jean finally refused fully, Krishnaji somewhat pulled back a little bit. He was really wanting Jean to get involved.

M: Yes. Would that he had.

S: And to perhaps help with the Indian mess. And I was so sorry that he didn't, because I think really Krishnaji wanted his involvement in the whole thing. And Jean and Catherine had second thoughts later, but it was too late.

M: Oh? And since Krishnaji didn't live much longer that must have added to their regret.

S: Yes. Yes, it did.

M: Of course.

S: Because until I got to India, Krishnaji was just at the Indians' mercy.

M: Yes, he was beleaguered there.

S: He was beleaguered and it was terrible. It was just terrible. So Jean being there would have made a big difference.

M: Yes. Yes, it would. I wished…I should have gone that year, but he told me he didn't want me to go.

S: No. He didn't want you to go.

M: He didn't want me to go.

S: I think we should probably stop here. We've run out of tape again.

Issue 88: October 15, 1985 to December 31, 1985

For many months I have wrestled with how to deal with Krishnaji's last trip to India. As Mary was not in India, she has very little information other than documenting Krishnaji's itinerary. And yet his last trip to India was momentous in many ways, not least of which was Krishnaji's health. Krishnaji comes to Ojai after India a completely different man from the one who went to India, and I can only imagine that anyone really interested in his life would want to know about this intervening period. I went to India that winter, and I made extensive notes. Those notes will fill in what Mary could not record. My notes go on to the end of Krishnaji's life, but I will cease using my notes when he returns to Ojai and we are able to follow Mary's record again. This is, after all, Mary's memoirs, not mine. I am encouraged in doing this by Mary often asking for information from my notes that have appeared in the last three issues. This is, therefore, only an extension of that.

These notes have not been changed since they were originally written twenty-eight years ago.

Mary: Today we begin our discussion on October fifteenth, 1985, and Krishnaji and I are at Brockwood. It is just before his trip to India. 'Krishnaji stayed in bed resting all day but came into the kitchen for tea and talked to Scott and me about trust. Are there a few we trust to carry on the work and to protect the teachings? He spoke of there being virtually nobody in Ojai except the Lilliefelts and me. India is pulling away and is still a concern to him. Who? Who?—everywhere—to protect this precious jewel. Later, Scott, Dorothy, and I walked; and when I returned, I telephoned the Dunnes. There is a fire again in Malibu, but it is receding and their place is safe.

Scott: If I may elaborate on that small discussion, because I have quite a few notes on that.

M: Good.

S: Also I remember it so vividly. I remember where we were sitting in the kitchen, and I remember the conversation. I also had a subsequent conversation with Krishnaji on the topic of trust. One of the things I asked him was, "Krishnaji, who do you trust?" And he only mentioned you. He didn't mention the Lilliefelts. So, I asked the Lilliefelts, Pupul, and Mary Cadogan, and his response was no, no, no, none of them. So I asked, "Krishnaji, what do you mean by 'trust'? Because you're using it in a very special way. Obviously you're not worried that Cadogan or the Lilliefelts are going to run off with the money or something." He said, "No, that's not it."

M: It was the teachings…

S: Yes, and he reiterated this; he meant by "trust" keeping the teachings clean and taking care of the land. It was those two things. And I said, "Krishnaji, even Mary…you can't trust her, for instance, to fly an airplane if you were going to go someplace." He said,

"No, that's not it." He didn't mean that you could do everything, and also he didn't mean that you can't make mistakes, but that it was somehow, as I—

M: I used that same example, the airplane thing…about—I forget whether it was trust or what it was—but, you know, he could do all these things. But I said I wouldn't want to fly in an airplane if he was the pilot.

S: Yes. Yes. [*Both chuckle*.] Well, for Krishnaji this trust seemed to have something to do with the basis for judgment; whether the judgment was coming from something like self-centeredness or from some alternative motive, or some…or whether it was coming from an understanding of the teachings, and even if the judgment was wrong it wouldn't matter. It's where it was coming from—the trust he was speaking of was something about that. And I also asked him, "Krishnaji, do you trust me?" And he smiled and he said, "That's not a question you should ask." [*M chuckles*.] And he said, "You shouldn't have to ask it. You should just see." And [*chuckles*] I felt duly chastised. But this issue of trust was something that he had been carrying on for some time, and, as I remember it, it had even found its way into some of the discussions with the small staff group or perhaps the staff as a whole; but this issue was a very big thing. I remember when I got to India, and we were in Madras and there were the KFI trustee meetings—Krishnaji was telling them that he didn't trust them, and then—and I didn't know about this till afterward—he made the great difficulty for me of saying that he trusted me. Which just, of course, rubbed all these people up the wrong way.

M: [*chuckles*] They must have growled at that.

S: Yes, and I was surprised that he said that, but this was something that he was very preoccupied with for quite a while—he kept speaking about trust in such a deep and profound way. I've often thought back on this notion of trust. It's not that trustworthy people can't make mistakes. It's not that he would trust you to fly an airplane; and it's not that he would worry about Cadogan or the Lilliefelts running off with the money or the property. That's not the point. It was the basis a person has for decisions or the basis for judgment. It was something like that. But, he reiterated, "to keep the teachings clean and to take care of the land."

M: [*chuckles*] It's interesting that the land is in there because obviously the teachings are everything. But the land…

S: Yes, I was astonished by that, and I remember talking to Gary and Christina about this very quote. Because, of course, taking care of the Brockwood grounds was their bailiwick. But he was absolutely clear.

M: Well, think, just subjectively, if you didn't even know him, he had more people not to trust around him from the beginning than anybody I can think of.

S: Yes, from the beginning, the very beginning.

M: With the crescendo of Rajagopal's betrayals.

S: I know. Just thinking of Leadbeater, a self-centered, corrupt basis for judgment if ever there was one, and then of course…

M: He trusted Mrs. Besant.

S: Yes. He did.

M: He never said, "I trust Amma," but from the way he spoke of her; it was with veneration and affection, and in that there was obviously trust.

S: Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.

M: Even if she would get gaga—which she did later on.

S: Absolutely.

M: Yes.

S: Annie Besant was someone who stood out.

M: Yes. Really Arundale and all those…they were all wanting to use him for their own purposes.

S: Yes, and that, incidentally, has always been my reluctance to put anything in print about Krishnaji. Because I see so many people writing things just for their own self-promotion.

M: That's what worries me about all this.

S: I know. But you can't use that as an excuse, you see, because Krishnaji told you—[*laughs*].

M: Well, he told me to write. [*Chuckles.*] But then I have to be trustworthy in what I write or talk about.

S: Yes, you were meant to convey as fully as possible what it was like to be with this extraordinary being, as he kept saying. And I think you are doing that.

M: Well, he also talked about what I should do after he was gone, and it was to guard the teachings.

S: Yes, absolutely.

M: And I've said this to various trustees in both Foundations I've been in. I've said this is what I feel my function is because this is what he told me he wanted.

S: Quite right. Quite right.

M: And then I point out whatever I have to say. But I've always made this clear to them, because I don't do anything for the Foundations. I don't raise money, I—

S: No. But you do the more important thing, which I think is this.

M: Yes. And I've used it recently. Somebody had an idea, which I thought was something he wouldn't like and said so.

S: Yes. And that's important.

M: October sixteenth. 'At 11:30 a.m. Krishnaji talked with the small staff group upstairs. Tea and walk, Krishnaji, Scott, and me. Telephoned Amanda. The fire is still in Malibu but has moved away from them.'

The next day. 'I telephoned my brother in Bonn and said I would come on November third to see him and Lisa.' If you'll remember, she was undergoing cancer treatments there with Dr. Scheef. 'I made Lufthansa reservations via Rita, then went to Alresford while Krishnaji talked alone with students. He sat with them at lunch at one of the other tables for the first time. I telephoned Erna about my arrival in Ojai on November eleventh. After tea, Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked in the gray and misty late afternoon.'

S: So, for any of those who might not understand this seating arrangement in the Brockwood dining room…

M: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.]

S: Krishnaji always sat at the first table, the head table. The tables were big, long refectory tables lined up in rows. Krishnaji sat at what one would think of as the head table. The first table. He sat in the middle, facing everybody so he could see the entire dining room. There was a seat that, when he was at Brockwood, no one else sat in.

M: Yes.

S: It wasn't formally announced or anything like that. It was just the tradition. So for him to sit at one of the other tables was unusual for the students.

M: Well, it was, you see, after talking to the students; whatever happened in that. Of course, we might point out that you and I and all the rest of the adult people in the whole place did not go to those talks.

S: We did not go to the talks, and in fact it was only in the last year, I think, that I even could get the students to allow us to record them. They had never been recorded, but I finally persuaded the students [*M chuckles*] to let us record them but that no staff would listen to them.

M: Oh, really?

S: Oh yes, it was very important that no staff would listen to them. They would just go right into the archives.

M: Really. [*Chuckles*.] I didn't know that promise.

S: Oh yes, I had to promise that because they wanted to feel that they could complain about the staff and they say all kinds of negative things. And I said absolutely they should.

M: That's right. It was confidential, what they were saying.

S: It was confidential, and I felt they should say what they wanted to say, but history still should know the way Krishnaji talked with them.

M: Yes.

S: I don't know if anybody, still, has ever listened to them. But I think the promise was that no one would listen to them as long as any of those students were there still at Brockwood.

M: Yes, you have to have some clause in there, otherwise they'd just sit on a shelf forever.

S: Yes. Yes. [*Both chuckle*.] Anyway, yes, the explanation of the seating arrangement.

M: October eighteenth. 'At Scott's suggestion, Krishnaji, he, and I made an audiotape about what Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya had told him about the ancient text that the Pandit had been told by his teacher to find and which, after decades, he found, foretelling a World Teacher manifestation. After Krishnaji described it, he said, "I could probably investigate this, but I don't want to. It wouldn't be right." Mrs. Alexander, wife of the Indian high commissioner, came alone to lunch. She is a nice woman, interested in the school, and had been a Montessori teacher. Her husband is so busy in the aftermath of Rajiv Gandhi's brief visit to London and the heavy security due to Sikh plots that he couldn't come. After tea, Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked. Erna telephoned from Ojai. The attorney general has refused to sign the settlement agreement with Rajagopal. An addendum to it is being drawn up to state the settlement is accepted without the attorney general. But it has to be signed over here by Krishnaji, me, and Tilly Von Egmond. How to get it here before Krishnaji's leaving for India next Thursday?' I think Erna flew over. I don't know.

S: Yes. She flew over.

M: Do we have to explain why Tilly also had to sign for Holland?

S: Yes. Holland was one of the early Krishnaji organizations and was party to all these things in the case. They even owned Vasanta Vihar in Madras.

M: Yes. That's why.

The nineteenth of October. 'At 11:30 a.m. there was a videotaped discussion with Krishnaji, Scott, and me on what is the ground of a religious place—of something sacred in a center or a school. He turned the question back on us. What did we think it was? It went backward and forward a bit. I said our answer would be in what we did in the future, but he is here and what is wanted now is his envisionment of what should be. He finally said, "It should be a religious center. A center where people feel there is something not cooked up, not imaginative, not some kind of 'holy' atmosphere; a religious center, not in the orthodox sense of that word; a center where a flame is living, not the ashes of it. If a flame is alive, and if you come to that house, you might take light, that flame with you; or you might light your candle and be the most extraordinary human being, not broken up; a person who is really whole, has no shadow of sorrow, pain, and all that kind of thing. So that to me is a religious center." The Bohms and Mark Edwards were at lunch, and afterward Mark took photos against the light background of my room of Krishnaji and David for the next book'—he wanted a white background, that's why it was done there—'*The Future of Humanity*, which is edited by Mary Cadogan from the last two dialogues that Krishnaji and David did some time ago. Erna telephoned, saying the only way she can get the papers here for signatures is to bring them herself. She arrives Tuesday. After tea, Krishnaji, Scott, and I walked.'

The twentieth. 'Three computer experts doing research on artificial intelligence came to lunch, and they want to do a video discussion with Krishnaji in June. I telephoned Tilly Von Egmond in Holland, and she agreed to come here at KFA's expense to sign the papers Erna will bring. I called Erna to tell her this. Krishnaji spoke to the small staff group upstairs. A late walk: Krishnaji, Dorothy, Scott, and me.'

S: Just to say that, according to my notes, Krishnaji was very pleased with these three artificial intelligence experts, and he had a great discussion with them.

M: At the lunch table.

S: Yes, at the table, and wanted to continue it at some other time. It was really about what's going to happen with the human brain with the development of these computers and all of this. One of them was a real Krishnaji enthusiast. Another had just read some books. And the third didn't know anything. But they were all three interested in pursuing this conversation with Krishnaji. They enjoyed it too, and felt that really important questions were being asked that needed to be explored, so…

M: Two things occurred to me to add to what we're talking about, and one is about computers. The moment computers appeared in the world, he immediately saw the implications of it.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: What it would do to the human life and mind and so forth. And the other thing is that I meant to say when we were talking about where he sat at the school dining table, he not only sat there and could see the whole room, but he knew what was going on just by watching the children.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: He knew. He just sat there quietly and talked to people at the table a little bit, not all that much. But he was aware of everything, with a hundred people in that room.

S: Yes. Yes. He picked up what was going on in the school tremendously.

M: Yes. Just from eating lunch, watching everyone.

S: Yes.

M: It was quite extraordinary.

S: Yes. And his watching was not staring or glaring.

M: Oh no.

S: It was almost like surreptitious watching.

M: He was very subtle.

S: He was very subtle and just seemed to occasionally look up but tremendously observant. Yes.

M: Yes.

The twenty-first of October: 'Krishnaji said he had slept well but was vague and "wooly" at breakfast. He had difficulty with balance, doing his exercises with Scott. And then with buttoning his clothing. I was getting the car and Scott found him struggling with buttons and had to help him.' He would get rather flustered when he had to hurry. He didn't like that.

S: No, he didn't like having to rush. But I have in my notes about helping him pack before a trip.

M: Yes.

S: He would get up hours before he had to leave. But then he would dawdle. [*M chuckles*.] He would just do things very…it was almost like a child who was reluctant to go do something. He was just almost killing time, but not quite, and then, at the last minute, there was a rush.

M: It was like doing homework.

S: Exactly. Exactly. And at the last minute there was a rush, and it was very difficult. Yes, he would get a little flustered, but also, I noted, that he never forgot anything. He was remarkable in that. When I am rushed and flustered and trying to go somewhere, I always forget something. It's guaranteed I'll forget something.

M: Mm. Well, think how much traveling and packing he had done in that long life.

S: Yes. And, of course, I also have notes about the extraordinary technique he had for packing.

M: Yes.

S: It was quite remarkable. Quite remarkable.

M: Yes. [*Chuckles*.] He never wanted me to do the packing. Because I had to do my packing.

S: Yes.

M: And he was also extremely punctual.

S: Oh yes.

M: I know that when I was driving him to the talks in Saanen, I had to have the car in front of the door—and I thought out part of this, but this is the way it worked smoothly. And I would be in the car for ten minutes before we were due to leave, and it had to be right in front of the front door. That he wanted. And I used to open the car door so it would be open, so he would come out of Tannegg, closing the door behind him, walk so many steps, get into the car. I would have the motor going so that we then went down without hurry, so that he got to the tent enough ahead of time. Driving fairly slowly—not slowly, but not hurrying. And it was like a ballet, it was all…

S: Yes, yes.

M: And that was the way he wanted it.

S: Yes. And then you would leave him in the car and go take your place in the tent.

M: Yes, that's right.

S: And if the weather was warm, he would sit in the car with the door open. And if it wasn't, if it was cold or raining, he would sit in the car with the door closed. I would wait by the entry for him, his entry, and then he would come and stand next to the video van, which had a little tarpaulin over it.

M: Mm, hm.

S: He would hear the announcements, and when the announcements were finished, he would say things like, "Is it time to go?" or something like that. [*Chuckles.*]

M: And then, afterward—we might as well describe all this since we are doing this.

S: Yes, we might as well.

M: After talking, he would, well, he would sometimes say, "May I go?" or something like that to the audience. He would then pick up his watch—his pocket watch, which he had open on the stage so he could see it—and he'd go, heading for the path along the river.

S: Yes.

M: And he's a fast walker, so he would stride up the road toward Gstaad and, of course, the audiences would trail after him. I would have to weave my way—

S: Through the crowd.

M: —without hitting anybody through these bemused people who didn't see the car or anything, creeping through the crowd of his followers, literally following him up the road, and try to pick him up before [*chuckles*] he got to the river. Then he'd get in, and off we'd go. Sometimes he didn't want to go right back to Tannegg; he wanted to unwind a bit, so we'd drive to Gsteig or go somewhere.

S: Yes. And the variation for that when we were at Brockwood is that we had set up behind the platform a little area that was about two-and-a-half or three feet wide and as long as the platform. And there was a mirror back there because he would walk from the West Wing to the tent to talk—

M: Yes, like a little dressing room.

S: Yes. Just because it was often windy, and his hair would get messed up. So he would come with one of his metal combs. I don't know where he'd gotten the first metal combs, but when he wanted some additional ones, he couldn't find them anymore.

M: I got the first ones, I think.

S: Ah, you got the first ones, I'm sure, but then they couldn't be found anymore, and so I had to get them from Sweden.

M: Sweden, I know. I know. I still have some of his combs.

S: The gold ones or the silver ones?

M: The silver.

S: Oh. Those are the original ones. The second ones were not as good as the first ones. Anyway, he would then hand me his comb after straightening his hair, so it wasn't in his pocket. And also, some years ago, there was some nut who had gotten into the West Wing. You and I have covered this. Anyway, as a consequence of that, he would lock the West Wing before leaving it, and in that little space behind the platform he would hand me the keys as well as his comb.

M: Mm, hm. Oh.

S: He would come back to that space after the talks and just stand there for a minute to kind of unwind, or come in for a landing, I used to think of it. And then I would walk back with him, often just behind him, so people could greet him if they wanted to. But I was on what I called "nut guard." And then, when we got near the house, I would hand him back the keys so he could get back into the West Wing and his comb.

M: [*chuckles*] It's funny, all these details, which are so vivid.

S: They are very vivid. Very vivid.

M: Yes. [*S chuckles*.]

So back to October twenty-first and our trip to London. 'We were ten minutes late leaving but made the train at Petersfield. We had a second-class ticket but sat side by side in first class because second class was so crowded. Though there were others in the carriage, he quietly felt for my hand, saying in a low voice, "I need to hold a hand," and after a minute he nodded to me and said, "I'm alright now." He was somewhat not there; distracted. But whenever I would glance at him he would nod to show that everything was alright. Joe and Mary met us at Waterloo and dropped us at Truefitt, where he had his hair cut. I went up Bond Street on some errands, and when I came back, he had just finished and was there smiling. I showed him some shoes in the Chanel window, and he thought they were nice, and said I should get them.' [*Chuckles*.] 'We walked down to Hatchards, and he looked at books. Then he needed a bathroom, so we went up in the lift, and when we came down again to the basement where the paperbacks are, where he had been so many times, he couldn't make out where he was. I had to show him the stairs we always used. And then he said, "Yes," he knew now where he was. We found the books he wanted—thrillers by Charles McCarry, who he says is good. Then we joined Mary for lunch. A pleasant lunch, but, as he does so often these days, he asked what would happen

when he is gone. Who will decide about publications? Mary said we would decide together. The thing that is worrying and is on his mind so much at this time is India's inability to feel part of one thing. They feel rather defiantly separate, and this is on his mind. We went to the dentist quickly and quite terrifyingly as he darted across Piccadilly to catch a taxi. Mr. Thompson didn't do very much, and a radio cab was called. We thought we had missed the 4:20 p.m. train, but it was there. He sat opposite me in the second-class section.' He didn't want to be in first class anymore. He [*chuckles*] once—I think he didn't know what it cost—and at one point I think I gave him the money while I parked the car.

S: Yes, we have discussed that. And he bought second-class tickets to save the money.

M: Yes, and that's when it dawned on him how much first class was, as compared to second-class. [*S chuckles*.] And from then on we went in second-class. [*S chuckles.*] 'He sat opposite me in the second-class section, which was crowded and noisy, and though he was tired, he didn't look tired. He was alert, bright, watching everybody, and looking extraordinarily young and vulnerable, aware of everything and infinitely extraordinary. I try not to think of things that may happen, can happen. Every inch of each day is so precious that I can't speak of what I feel about him. He was tired when we reached Brockwood and went right to bed. When I brought his tray, he didn't touch it at first, but then he did and ate slowly. I worry. The other day, when we were walking, he said suddenly, "I wish I could see a deer looking at us."'

S: Hm. [*Pause*.] You mentioning his going to Truefitt just reminded me of one other thing that should go in here. I went in a couple times with Krishnaji to Truefitt, and the routine with Truefitt was something so special. You would always give him a new—I don't know whether it was a £5 note or a £10 note. Whatever note it was, he would keep it up in his…

M: He never carried money.

S: He never carried money, so he would keep this in his upper jacket pocket.

M: Yes.

S: And, of course, the men who worked in Truefitt were all wonderful to him, and there was a special man to brush off people's jackets before helping them back on with their jackets after the haircut.

M: That's right. And he had to be tipped, too.

S: Oh yes. So Krishnaji would hand this note—he would reach in and hand the note, still folded, just as it had been in his pocket, to the head barber and say to please take a tip and also take a tip for the man who brushed off his jacket. And then, whatever change he was given, he didn't look at it. He would just put it right in his pocket. And then, as soon as

we were out of the shop, he would hand me all the money. [*Both chuckle*.] As though somehow this didn't—

M: He didn't ever carry money; he didn't want to carry money.

S: Yes. Yes. It was just so funny. It was minimum contact with this money.

M: Also, when he went off and I wasn't flying to India with him, he didn't want to carry any money. There was that well-documented time when his plane came down in Athens and he had to spend the night there, so I said that he mustn't go around the world with no money. I got him to carry traveler's checks and explained how they worked, but he never cashed any.

S: I know.

M: But he did want to take…how much was it? It was in English pounds sterling; I've forgotten what it was, but it was to tip the barber who cut his hair at Rishi Valley.

S: Aha.

M: He would take that in cash. I would put it in his passport.

S: In pounds.

M: It was in pounds, yes.

S: To tip the Rishi Valley barber. [*Laughs.*]

M: I don't know how the barber coped with the pounds, but I'm sure there was a nice black market somewhere.

S: Yes. [*Chuckles*.] Yes.

M: October twenty-second. 'In the early morning, when I went in to see Krishnaji, he asked me to lie down quietly, and I did for a while. When I got up, he said, "I'm glad you lay down. It calms the body."' I just lay there, and the presence seemed to do it.

S: Mm, hm. Yes. Mm, hm.

M: 'When he falls asleep, not at night, but when he does during the day, what he calls "shouting" comes upon him. He cries out, and it wakes him with a start. He had been doing that, and apparently my lying quietly calmed and quieted him. But he was tired.'

S: Yes. Yes.

M: 'I drove to Heathrow and met Erna bringing the addendum to the settlement agreement for our signatures. We talked about everything on the way back and reached Brockwood by 2:30 p.m. We had a late lunch in our kitchen. Krishnaji was with us and talked with us, and later we all had tea and walked—Krishnaji, Erna, Dorothy, Scott, and me. Tilly Von Egmond arrived from Holland to sign the papers, too. Krishnaji, Erna, and I had supper on trays. Erna had gone to bed when a message came to telephone Stuart Comis.' He was one of our lawyers, which Cohen was head of. 'I got Erna up, and we both telephoned Comis. Erna took down carefully in shorthand the text of the changes in the addendum, and it was almost an hour's conversation. She then retyped the whole thing on my typewriter at 11 p.m. while I fell asleep.'

The twenty-third. 'I woke up, still in my dressing gown, and went to call Erna at 6 a.m. for another telephoning to Stuart Comis. First to learn if Rajagopal was in agreement with the changes *he* had demanded yesterday and which Erna typed last night. Because of the eight-hour difference in time, it was last night in California when we rang this morning, and Comis was to have heard if Rajagopal still agreed after he had seen, in writing, what he had demanded. Predictably, he wanted more changes. And so Erna again typed it. Finally, Krishnaji, I, and Tilly all signed this. And Tilly returned to Holland. Friedrich arrived from Buchillon. Mary Cadogan came down. Keith Critchlow came with more detailed plans and samples of building materials we might use. It was a day of meetings. Mary Cadogan, Erna, Ray, Scott, and I discussed indexing plans while Krishnaji looked at the center plans. Then Scott, Erna, Mary Cadogan, and I discussed video jurisdiction matters. We all had tea and went for a walk around the lanes. Krishnaji, Erna, and I had supper on trays.'

S: One of the things that might be interesting to include in this record is Krishnaji's picking of the materials for the center. I had samples of every single handmade red brick and every handmade gray brick available in England because the center was going to use both. Also every handmade roof tile. So that Krishnaji could pick the ones that he liked. And that's what that meeting with Critchlow was.

M: Mm, hm. That's what he was doing.

S: That's what he was doing. But, of course, [*chuckles*] there is a story about the red bricks. Do you want to hear that little story?

M: Yes, tell me.

S: Well, when the chosen red bricks finally came six months later, when we were building, they didn't look like I remembered them because they didn't have the mauve-ish tinge that was so distinctive. So I told the builder that they didn't look like the red brick that Krishnaji had picked. He checked the name, and it was right, but he passed on my complaint to the brick maker.

M: I know about red bricks because I went through that with Sam to build our house in Malibu.

S: Right. Bricks can be very different. So the brick maker said, "Oh yes, I know exactly what you mean. Those mauve-ish results only happen on the edge of the firing, and there's only certain bricks that come out like that. Those are freak bricks, and unfortunately we sent one of those to you as a sample." So we asked if there was anything he could do about this, because that was what was picked by Krishnaji, who by then had died. So it was either Critchlow or the builder who worked with the brick maker to change the way the bricks were fired so we could get bricks like the one Krishnaji picked.

M: I remember this now as you're telling me. That's marvelous. [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes. But that was Krishnaji, just [*laughs*] guaranteed to pick the one that was—

M: Rare.

S: That was the rare, right. [*Both chuckle*.]

M: Oh, goodness.

October the twenty-fourth. 'In the early morning Krishnaji checked my breathing exercises. Erna left by taxi for Heathrow and Ojai. Krishnaji stayed in bed while I and Scott packed his luggage. He had lunch on a tray in bed and got up only in time to leave for Heathrow at 4:30 p.m. To me he said, "I'll be back." I had asked him, as he didn't want me to go to India, "Will I ever see you again?" And it was to this he replied, "Yes. I'll be back." I drove him in the Mercedes with Dorothy and Scott. Friedrich, who is accompanying him to Delhi, went in his car with Stephen. We were silent in the car, which seemed to move smoothly because it was carrying him, its *raison d'être.* Life was full because he was there. There is only that intact, in control, and the road to navigate safely. A dull brightness came from the west, slanting between the clouds. Some seagulls so far from the sea were over the chestnut-colored plowed fields, and I felt as if they were flying through me. Rita met us at the Lufthansa counter. There was some fuss, which I hardly saw because I was with Krishnaji, which apparently was brought on by Friedrich's insistence on carrying on board all of his luggage, two huge backpacks. Rita later told me he had wanted to carry on his luggage because he thought he would be left to find it at the Delhi airport and not be able to go in the car with Krishnaji. I had told him how everything is taken care of there, but he evidently didn't believe it. Krishnaji didn't want any book at the airport. He had some with him. I went as far as I could with him, and with a look back, he disappeared into immigration. The whole meaning of life is in that small, elegant figure in his overcoat, shoulder bag, moving on his route, beautiful and extraordinary beyond any describing and more dear than any human being. Rita escorted him and Friedrich onboard, and they flew on Lufthansa number 037 to Frankfurt. At 7 p.m. she had arranged for an electric cart to take them to the continuing fight, Lufthansa 604, leaving Frankfurt at 9:20 p.m. for Delhi, where they are due to land in the morning at 10 a.m. This flight has a single seat, the one Krishnaji likes on the right side forward. It is a nonstop flight. One tries to arrange all these things in this day of terrorists and all perils. Scott went with Stephen, and I drove Dorothy through the dark roads back to

Brockwood. I will be here until November third, when I go to Bonn to see my brother and Lisa.' That's the end of my large diary.

S: There's two things I would add to this account from my notes, if I may.

M: Yes, please do; you are part of what we're talking about.

S: Well, one of the things that Krishnaji had been saying to me, because he felt that the Oak Grove School was still in a mess, he wanted me to come and spend time in Ojai as a kind of consultant. Now, this was my first year of being principal of Brockwood. I was starting the first Krishnamurti Study Center and finding the money for that [*chuckles*], and he wanted me to go to India, and then I was supposed to add Ojai? [*Laughs.*] But Erna and I always locked horns because of the video, and she was always insistent that I didn't look toward any Americans for all the money that was needed for the various projects. On this trip of hers to Brockwood I can remember we were sitting in Krishnaji's bedroom, and obviously Krishnaji had been giving her a hard time because she also asked me would I please come look at the school and the whole situation and suggest what I thought should be done. This was clearly, to me, her going along with Krishnaji. [*Chuckles.*] I had said that I couldn't make any promises, but if the opportunity arises, etcetera, etcetera. When I did, in fact, come to Ojai with Krishnaji after India, even though he was ill, he wanted me to go spend time in the school. This was before he went into the hospital. I spent time at the Oak Grove School and talked with teachers and talked with parents and talked with everybody. And I made the report back to Erna and Theo at the foot of Krishnaji's bed. You were there, too. I said, "As far as I can see, the greatest problem that the school has is you, Erna. It's really because everyone sees you as the person who's in charge, so they don't treat David Moody and they didn't treat Mark Lee as the person who was really in charge because they didn't see those people as being in real charge. They see you as being in charge. You make the financial decisions, and you're not an educator."

M: Yes. Yes.

S: And this undermines the authority of whoever is running the school, and it also undermines the educative nature of the school because it's run like a business. I went into all this in some detail as this was really the sum of what everybody was saying. And there had been so many years of unhappiness with the school administration.

M: Yes.

S: People really didn't see the school being run by and for educators.

M: Yes. Yes. That makes a tremendous difference.

S: A tremendous difference. The other thing that I would mention is that, on this drive to the airport, you just mentioned when you were driving the Mercedes. Of course, it's a right-hand-drive car.

M: Yes. Yes.

S: Dorothy was sitting up in the front with you, and Krishnaji and I were sitting in the back.

M: Yes.

S: Krishnaji was sitting behind you on the right-hand side. In my notes I have that as we approached the airport, Krishnaji reached over with his gloved hand and held my hand [*M chuckles*] as though, I felt, he was trying to put something into me, you know, do something. Somehow it wasn't working with the glove, so he took off the glove and then held my hand.

M: Yes. [*Chuckles*.]

S: And it was…well, it was inexplicably dear.

M: Yes.

S: And loving and, um…I wish I could…, yes.

M: He communicated through his hands very much.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: Healing with hands. And he would often emphasize to somebody something he was telling them by putting one of his hands on their arm or shoulder or something. As though the current of communication was also physical.

S: Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Absolutely, and I—

M: He may have been explaining something ordinary, but it, um…

S: There's a communication that's somatic.

M: Yes.

S: And I can, [*chuckles*] I can remember vividly on several occasions driving him. You would be in the front seat, and he would be in the back seat, and if I would go too fast, there would just be a finger that would touch my shoulder. [*Both chuckle*.] That's all, just a finger, [*laughs*] which communicated volumes about how I was driving.

M: It's true. Yes.

S: Also, sometimes also after the talks at Brockwood, when he would come back to that little quiet space behind the stage, he would sometimes stand there with his hand on my

shoulder and there was communication—I don't know what it was. I never talked with him about it, but he communicated somatically with this. Through the body, kinesthetically. I don't know anything about all this. [*Chuckles.*]

M: Well, until Krishnaji gets back, my diary entries are very brief. October twenty-fifth: 'Krishnaji is due to have landed in Delhi at 10 a.m.'

We should really skip over most of the next couple of months and really only talk about things that pertain to Krishnaji or the work.

S: That's fine.

M: On October twenty-sixth, 'Erna phoned me to tell me that Rajagopal has reneged on the settlement and wants "philosophic" changes in the agreement. Erna is to see Cohen on Monday.'

On the twenty-ninth, 'Erna rang again after her meeting with Cohen, who says that Rajagopal wants us to defend him against any questions the attorney general might raise against him,' [*chuckles*] 'which Cohen says is impossible. I gave my first letter to Krishnaji to Jean François, who is flying to Benares tomorrow.'

On November second, 'Krishnaji should be flying from Delhi to Benares.'

The next day. 'I flew to Bonn to see my brother and his wife for a week, and to have Dr. Scheef look again at my bad leg. Dr. Scheef also gave medicine for Krishnaji's hand tremors.'

On November eleventh, 'At 6:30 a.m. Bud trundled my two bags on a little trolley down to the train station. At 7 a.m., on the Lufthansa Airport Express, I left Bonn. I was served breakfast and reached Frankfurt airport at 8:40 a.m. Took the 10:40 a.m. Lufthansa nonstop to Los Angeles business class. Arrived at 1:30 p.m. Alan Kishbaugh met me and drove me through Malibu to Ojai. One-and-a-half inches of rain had fallen. The Moodys brought me supper.'

November thirteenth. 'There is now a library of Krishnaji's books at Arya Vihara, and Vivian Moody showed me how it was set up, and I took charge of it from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.'

On the seventeenth, 'I telephoned Dr. Lichti about the medicine for Krishnaji suggested by Dr. Scheef.'

Oh, then I seem to be taking computer lessons from the computer teacher at the Oak Grove School.

November twentieth. ‘Rajagopal telephoned Erna about his anxiety that the attorney general might accuse him.’ [*Both chuckle*.] And it looks like I’m working at the Arya Vihara library every day from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

November twenty-third, ‘The first letter from Krishnaji arrived, written October twenty-eighth to November eleventh in Delhi, Benares, and another letter from Dr. Parchure reassuring me about Krishnaji’s health. Earlier, I spoke to Scott at Brockwood.’

On the twenty-fifth, Krishnaji went back to Delhi. One has to fly to Delhi to get from Benares to Madras.

November twenty-seventh. ‘The Moodys left for Brockwood and India. Krishnaji arrived in Madras.’

Two days later. ‘Erna received $25,000 from K&R Foundation for KFA with a letter from Rajagopal, a copy of which he wants sent to Krishnaji.’ That was an unusual event. [*Chuckles*.]

December first. ‘Scott rang me from Brockwood about Bill Taylor staying in Ojai.’ Presumably that was to aid with arrangements for Bill.

December third. ‘The first audiotaped letter one from Krishnaji arrived.’ This is where he was…

S: Sending you audiocassette recordings. Yes.

M: ‘He dictated it November three through ten. It was wonderful.’

And the next day, ‘Another tape arrived, number two, from Krishnaji dictated from November eleven to seventeen.’

December eighth. ‘I gave a tea party here for the Oak Grove School staff, the office staff, and the volunteers.’

And the next day. ‘I brought Bill Taylor, who arrived last night from Brockwood and is staying at Oak Grove School, over here to visit Pine Cottage and the office.’

December tenth. ‘There is a conference of all of Krishnaji’s schools in Rishi Valley, and representing Brockwood were Scott, Colin, Gary, Christina, Stephen, and Wendy; and they flew off to Madras today.’

* * *

SF Notes #1

I met Krishnaji on December twelfth in Rishi Valley. As soon as I arrived, I went to greet him. He was in his bed having lunch, with only Parameshwaran there. He was, as always, warm and friendly; concerned about how I and the others were, and curious about the details of our trip. He insisted that Parameshwaran get a tray for me, so I joined him for lunch that first day. He began right away telling me much of what had transpired since he arrived in India, but he gave me only a summary sketch. He was too tired to do more. It was his tiredness and weakness, frailty, and the fact that he had lost weight that most struck me. His hand when he shook mine had nothing of the strength it had had before, and it was thinner and unusually cold despite the warm air temperature. His health had suffered terribly since he left Brockwood a month and a half before, and I agonized at seeing him. He ate slowly and without relish, eating only for his well-being.

He told me that all the time he was in Delhi—which I believe was for about five days—he couldn't eat and he couldn't sleep. He didn't want to go to Pupul's, but he felt he had committed himself. In fact, before he left for India he said, "I don't know if I will be able to stand it there," and he asked me if the sum of money he traveled with was enough for him to check into a hotel. He had some traveler's checks that were bought for him many, many years ago so that he would have some money in an emergency, as he often traveled alone. But he never spent it, and he didn't know if it was a sufficient sum for him to check into a good hotel should he have to. I assured him it was, but said also that Friedrich Grohe would be in Delhi and could take care of anything like that. The problem was the atmosphere that Pupul was generating, and he didn't know if he could stand being in that. As it was, he stayed there, but he didn't eat or sleep for five days.

When he got to Benares, which is where he went after Delhi, he was in such a weakened condition that, on at least two occasions that he told me about, his legs couldn't hold him. On one occasion he had to crawl up the stairs to get to his room. Obviously help was offered, but he refused it. He felt that if he allowed himself to be carried, it would not encourage the body to get its strength back. At another time he just collapsed on the ground outside after a short walk, and he just had to sit there until his legs got some strength back. He still had the surprise of it in his voice when he told me about it.

By the time I saw him in Rishi Valley, he had already begun to have an occasional fever. It was not very high at that point, but it seemed to come and go, regardless of Dr. Parchure's efforts, and showed an unusual persistence.

He was extremely upset by all the conflict with the Indian Foundation. For months before he left for India, he talked frequently about it. He had a marvelous capacity for not thinking about a place when he wasn't at that place and being fully occupied with the place where he was. He would come to Brockwood, for instance, and he would give his full attention to Brockwood; being absolutely full of the place, with its problems, its projects—even noticing very small changes in the gardens, etcetera. He would then go off and be somewhere else and not think about Brockwood at all. It was a really wonderful capacity to be completely where he was and to give it his full attention. But

ever since he arrived at Brockwood from Ojai the previous May, he had the Indian difficulties on his mind.

During that first meeting in Krishnaji's bedroom, with Krishnaji obviously ill and weak, he began summarizing the events since his arrival in India. He reported things with a conciseness, completeness, and lucidity that I am sure he often wished I had when he asked me to report on things. Most of what he told me about was really not any of my business, but for some reason he felt the inclination to inform me of everything, and I interrupted only to ask questions and clarify certain matters.

He was obviously avoiding being completely frank to Pupul, as that was only going to cause a conflict, which he always tried to avoid, but he had said hundreds of things to her which—had she been sensitive—she would have picked up and probably been quite devastated by. But she wasn't, and so the need to be more conflict-oriented to make himself heard remained. He was setting the meeting with the trustees in India as the date when he would finally have to say some things. Basically, he wanted all the copyright and the editing of his books to be done in England, and he wanted not only to withdraw from the Krishnamurti Foundation of India but also even to withdraw his name. Krishnaji was weak, ill, alone, and having to struggle with some very powerful, entrenched, personal interests. I listened, barely eating, and felt a remorse beyond words at the injustice of the situation. Krishnaji had no self-pity or depression in his voice. He was just bravely, steadily meeting it with the meager resources he had left.

One of the things that Krishnaji was very upset about was all that happened to Sathaye and that resulted in Sathaye having to leave as principal of the Rajghat school. He felt that Sathaye had not been able to handle a very difficult circumstance, but it was clear that Sathaye was up against some very difficult obstacles in the form of Pupul, who never wanted him to be the head of Rajghat, and Hiralal, who Pupul had installed at Rajghat and who had done a great deal to stir up trouble against Sathaye. Krishnaji said at one point that perhaps Sathaye had been ruined by coming to the West, which he had done the previous summer; yet the previous summer Krishnaji had been very enthusiastic about Sathaye's being at Brockwood and Saanen and seeing something of how things were there. But as a result of all this terrible business with Sathaye, Krishnaji had found someone else for the Rajghat school about whom he was very enthusiastic, and this is Dr. Krishna. Krishnaji told me, with what seemed to be some surprise on his part, what he had done and how he had really just seen Dr. Krishna (although he had met him on one or two previous occasions), and that he pretty much just asked him to run the school, right out of the blue.

He told me to come and see him often, every day, and to just come in. I had hoped that this would not cause difficulties or hard feelings with the people in India who were responsible for looking after him, and rightly keeping people from doing just what Krishnaji had asked me to do, which was just walk in. Eventually, in Madras, it did cause some trouble, but since it was something that I was doing at his request, it was not something they felt they could bring up with me, I suppose. He told me to come for a walk with him that day and every day, so after finishing our meal, I went to find the

others from Brockwood and to find my room. That afternoon when we went for a walk, two or three other people from Brockwood or Ojai joined us as well as did several people from the Indian schools. I can't remember who they were. I believe it was David and Vivian Moody. Radhika and I always went on these walks, and Krishnaji asked me to invite on a rotational basis different people from Brockwood and Ojai to come on the walks so that everybody would have a chance. It was very nice: he would walk with one and then he would walk with another, and by the end of the walk he had walked a bit with everyone.

The walk that we went on was almost the same every time. He didn't walk every day, because he was sometimes too tired, but when he walked he usually began by greeting people at the bottom of his steps at the front of the old guest house. These were people, generally, who had come to do namaskaram and to have what they thought were the blessings of his look or returned greeting. He would then walk down the main drive past the assembly hall and out the front gates, down the road, turn left up the drive to the rural school, and walk past the rural school, turn left through the wheat fields—which had in wetter times been rice paddies—and walk past the large open well, go through the mango grove, and then past the banyan tree, which the school used as a setting for theater and which is reported to be one of the largest banyan trees in India and also to be one of the reasons why Krishnaji chose that site for the school, though that may be just a story. From there he would walk up to the farm buildings and left along the road past the laundry and back to the old guest house.

There were sometimes small variations on this so that Krishnaji could see different things, which he felt it important for him to see. On one occasion he went to see the dairy, and on another he went to see two locations for the study center he was asking to have built at Rishi Valley. But the variations on the walks were out of necessity and not really out of a joy and enthusiasm to see different parts of that beautiful place. In fact, there was very little joy and enthusiasm for the walks compared to the way I had always known him before about walking. It was really a kind of medicine, something he was doing because he knew it was good for him, not because he was taking joy in it.

At one point along one of the walks, I noticed while walking behind him that he was leaning slightly to one side. He always walked so bolt upright and with such a straight back, and I was worried about him because this meant that his balance was off and that he could fall and hurt himself. When I told him he was leaning to his left (and it wasn't by very much), he corrected it and asked me to keep an eye on it and tell him. This I kept doing and noticed that it was a consequence of his exhaustion. It would get worse as his tiredness got worse and would disappear when he was under less strain and more rested. But from then on, through the rest of my trip in India and during all the walks, I would occasionally drop back and walk behind him to check on the straightness of his back, and I would make a small sign to him when he wasn't quite straight.

The educational conference was scheduled to begin soon after our arrival. This was the first conference for all the Krishnamurti schools, and there was a sense of it being something very special and of our beginning a new unity and working together. After

discussing the agenda of the meetings and the topics with some of the people from Rishi Valley, Oak Grove, and Brockwood, it was decided that we would begin with the different schools, discussing "What is a Krishnamurti school?" Krishnaji was not scheduled to come to this conference, as it was recognized that he was really ill, and it was felt that he should be resting up and trying to recover before the strain of the Madras talks and the trustees' meetings there.

On one of the walks—I believe it was the day before the conference—Krishnaji, Narayan, and I (and someone else, but I don't remember who) were talking about the opening topic (What is a Krishnamurti school?), and Krishnaji was wondering whether he should be there, because he obviously wanted somewhat to hear. Narayan and the other person were very reluctant and hesitant to have Krishnaji present while we were all expounding on what a Krishnamurti school was, and suggested that if Krishnaji did come it should be at the end and he should talk instead of just listening. I was actually very much in favor of our expressing openly in front of him what we thought a Krishnamurti school was, as we had no hesitation in doing so when he wasn't present, and that we should be willing to have what we say examined by the only man who knew if what we were saying actually made any sense. Krishnaji was amused by this and felt it was quite right, and I think he was rather looking forward to us all making idiots of ourselves. He left it open whether he would come or not, but he did definitely say he didn't want to come and give a talk.

The next day he thought that he was well enough to come and listen at the conference, and so he came and sat on the side and listened to what seemed to me to be a very boring series of discourses. Luckily, toward the end, he decided to put us out of our misery and asked if, as a member of the audience, he could ask some questions. As usual, it was lovely, searching, and poignant. He wanted to know why the schools had not brought about a different human being. I believe it was during this discussion that Krishnaji asked, if one took the name "Krishnamurti" out of the school, how would it be different from other schools?

On the third and fourth days of the conference, Krishnaji again participated, which, of course, made all the difference. He asked about the nature of mind and brain and what the schools were developing. He talked about flowering in goodness. It was painfully obvious that none of us were living up to the task.

All through the time at Rishi Valley, Krishnaji was extremely cold. It was colder than on any of my previous visits to Rishi Valley, but Krishnaji simply could not get warm and often had blankets on top of blankets, and he really suffered miserably from it. Toward the end of his stay at Rishi Valley, he was very much looking forward to the period in Madras, just so he could get warm. I kept wishing they could do something to heat up the room or have a good electric blanket.

The people at Rishi Valley were very conscious of his frailty, and all the students and staff were very gentle and cautious with him. There was a sense of foreboding in the air. People were not openly speaking about it—at least to me—but there were lots of broad

hints that they did not expect Krishnaji to ever come back to Rishi Valley. Krishnaji must have been preparing the people for this, because gradually it became accepted that he would probably not come back to India.

Radhika was playing hostess to everyone, running this conference, and trying to take care of Krishnaji, as well as meet her continuing responsibilities in the school. I remarked several times to myself that she did this very well and was handling a very, very difficult situation as well as it could be done.

In Rishi Valley, there was a bird with which Krishnaji formed a most peculiar relationship. It was a hoopoe bird, a rather funny-looking woodpecker-like bird with a short tail, a very long beak, and an exaggerated crest. When I first came into his bedroom, the bird was on his windowsill looking in through the window and pecking at the glass. Krishnaji's windows were the only ones I know of in Rishi Valley that had anything like a screen or glass in them. Krishnaji was saying to the bird, "All right, all right, we will talk later." He told me he would talk with the bird and that one time the bird had managed to get in. He had told the bird he didn't mind sharing the room with him, but that once he (Krishnaji) had left, the room would be shut up and he wouldn't like being in there at all. The hoopoe bird would stick his beak in the screen and try to pry it off. It was really most peculiar to see this bird working so hard to get in, and yet Krishnaji never fed it and it had no motives in our common understanding of birds for wanting to be in there. But Krishnaji said that they were friends, and that he would talk with it and that it liked the sound of his voice.

To my knowledge, Krishnaji hadn't been eating in his private dining room in the old guest house the way he always had before when I was in Rishi Valley, and which served as a way for him to meet people and speak with them less formally than in an interview. He certainly never did that when I was there this year. He took all his meals in his bed. Occasionally he would ask someone to join him, and they would have a tray of food at the foot of his bed.

On several occasions he would say to me when I was eating with him, "This is the same food everyone else is getting, isn't it?" as he didn't want to have better food than other people were getting. I would always agree with him, although it was only partly true, because it was nothing that could be changed, and I didn't want Krishnaji to have less than he was having. The fact is that Parameshwaran cooked personally for Krishnaji and couldn't do much more than just direct the cooking for the rest of us, and although we were having the same menu (and the food for all of us was excellent), the difference in the actual dishes was enormous. The food Krishnaji received from Parameshwaran was absolutely extraordinary, and he would always have a few little extra things as well that Parameshwaran would prepare for his health. This is only worth mentioning to indicate how keen Krishnaji was to not have more than the other guests who had come to Rishi Valley. Krishnaji was well aware of how difficult Western visitors often found India, and he was very concerned with their comfort and their well-being. It was really very touching.

As usual, when Krishnaji was at Rishi Valley, there was a performance of classical Indian dance by the students, at which he was the guest of honor. Also as usual, he would refuse any chair and would insist on sitting on the ground with the younger students. Knowing that he would do this, people would put a blanket on the ground for him to sit on, and, as usual, Krishnaji wouldn't sit on it but would sit just off the edge and encourage students to sit all around him, so that it was students who would be sitting on the blanket and Krishnaji who would be sitting on the hard ground. This year, for the first year in my experience, the performance was not under the banyan tree but in the assembly hall. Krishnaji said he would not stay all the way through it, as it was too late, too cold, and he was too weak, but he did sit through it.

There was also a performance of students doing some of the classical chants that Krishnaji liked so much. The venue was to be the assembly hall, but it was changed to the small open meeting hall (upstairs in the old guest room) between Krishnaji's bedroom and the dining room. It was absolutely packed with students, staff, and visitors, and the chanting was led by Vikram, Dr. Parchure's son, who had been working with the boys on their chants. As always, Krishnaji joined in when and as he could, and when they had exhausted their repertoire, he asked for chants that he remembered and that only some of them knew. Eventually, there were chants that only he and Narayan and Vikram knew. It was an occasion that Krishnaji enjoyed and it was lovely seeing him have a good time.

Krishnaji was encouraging Rishi Valley to build a study center, and they had received a donation to do so from Friedrich the year before, but there was a great deal of discussion about what a study center was for. Krishnaji would talk to me about the Brockwood Center, and then he would talk about the way it was being considered at Rishi Valley and at Rajghat (there was to be one there as well), and what he was saying to people about it and what they were saying to him about it, and what they thought it should be. At one point, he asked me to have a talk with Radhika and Mahesh in his presence (Friedrich was also there) about the center at Brockwood and the idea of a study center in general. He prompted me before the discussion, and then during the discussion he used me as a foil and played a little bit of devil's advocate. He had done this at another time but never so openly. He wanted the discussion taped, which it was.

The general idea in India was that they would build something that could be used for a variety of things but that essentially was useful for the school, for school activities: for putting up parents, for having seminars, but that could also simultaneously or at other times be a place for people to come and study Krishnaji's teachings. The Study Center at Brockwood was to be used for nothing but studying the teachings, and was for no one other than those who came to study the teachings, which is what Krishnaji had always been saying to me about it and which he was saying to me even then. After this discussion, when I was quite strong about the unique nature and function of the Study Center (and the confidence I have in this had obviously come from long discussions with Krishnaji about it), I heard Krishnaji on several occasions say to people, "Listen to this tape. Listen to how strong Scott is about this."

There was an Indian architect from Canada at Rishi Valley who was being asked to give some ideas for the overall design. Krishnaji asked me to talk with him about what we were doing at Brockwood and about the kind of things that Krishnaji had asked for at Brockwood.

Soon after my arrival in Rishi Valley, Krishnaji began asking me if I would accompany him to California. It wasn't certain at first whether he would give the talks in Bombay, but they were certainly being questioned in his mind. It was clear, and he talked with me about it openly toward the end of our stay at Rishi Valley, that he would never return to India. By the time we left Rishi Valley, which I believe was on December twenty-first, Krishnaji had decided that he was going to skip the Bombay talks, and that he wanted to fly directly to California without stopping in England as soon as the trustees' meetings were over and he could leave.

He asked me if I was able to change his and Dr. Parchure's tickets and get a ticket for myself so that we could fly across the Pacific. He obviously felt an urgency in getting to California and he must have had some sense of just how precarious his situation was. I could see how ill, frail, and weak he was, but through a combination of ignorance, insensitivity, and wishful thinking, I did not suspect that he had such a short time to live.

Several days before leaving Rishi Valley, he asked me if I would find out as soon as I got to Madras what flights there were across the Pacific that didn't stop over anywhere, and if I would get the required tickets. He was obviously saying this to me with some secrecy and not going through the normal channel, which was to have Pama make his travel arrangements. He didn't want people in India to know his intentions until it was a *fait accompli*. Presumably they would have tried to dissuade him, which, in fact, they did.

* * *

The thirteenth. 'Rajagopal rang Erna and said he would like to talk to her and me.'

December seventeenth. 'There was a letter from Krishnaji written in Rishi Valley.'

The twentieth. 'I sent Krishnaji an air ticket for Mrs. Parchure to go to Brockwood.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji was scheduled to go from Rishi Valley to Madras.'

* * *

SF Notes #2

Pama and Sunanda were not going to be ready for all of the visitors staying at Vasanta Vihar immediately after Krishnaji's arrival, so everyone was politely invited to tour different parts of India for a few days after Krishnaji's departure from Rishi Valley and before they were expected at Vasanta Vihar. An exception was made for me, presumably at Krishnaji's request, as that had not originally been anticipated.

Very early in the morning, at around 5:00, we set off in two cars for Madras. In one car were Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and—I believe—Narayan. In the second car were Parameshwaran, Lakshman Rasiah (who was not staying at Vasanta Vihar), and myself. As usual, a group of people assembled to see Krishnaji off. It was half-light when they started arriving, and while this has never been a happy event, it seemed on this occasion to be unusually glum. Most people knew—I think—or perhaps they only suspected, that he would never return. I knew from what he had said that this was true, and as we drove down the road past those huge boulders and those bare, rounded granite hills that he talked about so often and that he seemed to love, it was moving to think that he was probably saying to himself that he was seeing them for the last time. Halfway to Madras we stopped beside the road next to a crop of ripe sugar cane and had our breakfast all together. Parameshwaran had prepared a marvelous picnic basket of idlies and half a dozen different other things.

Krishnaji immediately went to bed after arriving at Vasanta Vihar. He still had a fever and he was tired after the long drive, which is about five hours long. Krishnaji had asked me to find out as soon as possible about flights to Ojai, and I had wanted to do that immediately upon my arrival in Madras. However, Krishnaji had also told Pama to help me get some shirt and trouser material and I found myself on that first day shopping with Pama, who was kind enough to offer to help. This did mean, however, that I couldn't very well be looking for plane tickets, and I was somewhat anxious to get started on that during the next day. This was very difficult because I didn't want to be clandestine in what I was doing, and yet I couldn't very well be open, either, as Krishnaji didn't want his intentions to be known until they were set.

Krishnaji was extremely upset at the way he found Vasanta Vihar. He felt that there was something very wrong with the atmosphere. About two weeks later, he was to say emphatically some quite terrible things about Vasanta Vihar and about Sunanda's and Pama's influence on the place.

When I got to Vasanta Vihar, Pama told me that the Foundation would like to pay for some clothes for me, which they had done years before when I had collected all the money for their video equipment, brought it over, set it up, and trained people how to use it. At the time I had thought, well, all right, fair enough, I've done a good piece of work for them and if they wish to repay me in this way, then all right, I accept it. But I did not want them to pay for any clothes for me on this trip. I didn't feel it was right and obviously they were only offering this because Krishnaji had told them that they had to. Anyway, I refused, and I went up and told Krishnaji that it really was not right. But Krishnaji insisted that I take it. I didn't want to and felt that it was establishing a wrong relationship; they would only resent it afterward, even if they were going along with it now. I also felt that the money that was being raised for his work should not be spent on clothing for me. But Krishnaji insisted more strongly than I could that I take it. It had something to do with what Krishnaji was doing with Pama; he was trying to show them something, or I don't know what it was, but it was clear that he was going to insist—he did insist. So, finally I accepted, and Pama—although it never sat very well with him—did it as graciously as he could.

Whenever I went out shopping for material, Krishnaji wanted to see what I had bought. He had the most marvelous eye and memory for material of anyone I have ever known. He would always feel it and he could tell immediately the quality of it. When I got back that afternoon, he wanted to see my purchases and he asked me about the flights. I had to respond that I couldn't do anything that day about the flights and would have to wait.

* * *

December twenty-third. 'The Moodys telephoned me from Bangalore. Krishnaji will decide after the first Madras talk on the twenty-eighth whether to cancel the rest of India and return here with them and Parchure on the tenth of January. They will telephone again Sunday morning. I am to keep this information secret meanwhile, except from Erna and Theo. Erna brought me the third and fourth audiocassette letters from Krishnaji in Rajghat and Rishi Valley.' Well, she picked up the mail, I guess. 'I listened to them most of the day.'

* * *

SF Notes: #3

The next morning I found out when the flights were, and I did manage to get three first-class reservations. There were only three a week from Madras considered direct, and these changed planes at Singapore, stopped in Tokyo, and then went on to Los Angeles. I came back to report to Krishnaji what the possible dates were, and he selected the seventeenth of January as the day he wanted to go. I tried to persuade Krishnaji to stop along the way someplace, just a couple of nights someplace warm. I thought it would be easier for him, but he didn't want to stop anywhere. That afternoon, I returned to get all the tickets and finalize the arrangements. Krishnaji had given me his ticket and had told Dr. Parchure to give me his ticket. Luckily, I had an American Express card and I could pay the difference required for their two tickets and purchase myself one. When we were in Rishi Valley, Krishnaji had also invited the Moodys to travel with him, and there was some concern over whether they could alter their flight arrangements.

Krishnaji had begun saying to me, "Sir, can you get me out of India?" and "Can you get me to Ojai?" I always responded positively, but he asked me on enough occasions and with enough concern to show that he was quite worried about being able to leave.

When people found out that Krishnaji had made arrangements through me to leave, they were furious with me, but there was not very much they could do about me directly. (Krishnaji had, previous to our arrival, lambasted them about their treatment of foreigners and, I think, about me in particular, as I was now being treated with a consideration that was really very new and very different to what I had known previously.) Pupul tried to persuade Krishnaji to stay and give at least one talk in Bombay, and then leave early from there if he still wanted to at that time. Pupul also tried to convince me that it was a terrible way to get to California, that she knew all these people who traveled all the time

and that going across the Pacific was the worst way of getting to California, and that the flight was much longer (which, of course, it wasn't), etcetera, etcetera.

Krishnaji was scheduled to give talks on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of December, to have question-and-answer meetings on the thirty-first of that month and on the second of January, and to give the last two talks on the fourth and fifth of January. Two days after that there were scheduled to be—I believe—six days of meetings with the Indian trustees. Not long after arriving in Madras, this speaking schedule began to be questioned. A doctor was called, who was supposed to be a marvelous doctor, to examine Krishnaji and determine whether Krishnaji could speak. Krishnaji didn't want to say anything to people, but he didn't like this doctor at all and didn't want him touching him. Krishnaji was always extremely sensitive, and the doctor's contact with him left him shaking for quite some time. The doctor did, however, say that Krishnaji must have at least two days of rest between talks and that the day before a talk he must be absolutely quiet and conserve all his energy. Krishnaji felt that since the advertising had gone out for him to speak, he was obliged to do so. So it was decided that he would start off giving the first talk and would see how he felt, and that if the schedule was to change it could be announced at the talk.

Almost every day, as we waited for the day of the first talk, I would meet Krishnaji very early in the morning. I had the room that was closest to his quarters, and separated only by a veranda that was on top of the portico of the front door. I would watch the sun rise in the most extraordinary colors, with the coconut and tamarind trees in the distance and all the trees a dull, smoky blue, and Krishnaji would appear and come out to join me. There were hoopoe birds, like the one in Rishi Valley, parrots, small owls, others birds of marvelous color, and, of course, crows. There was a very small pond out on the front lawn just below, with water lilies that opened up in the morning, absolutely lovely. It was a marvelous time of the day, and I found myself looking forward to getting up and meeting Krishnaji and looking at the new day with him. On the occasions that he didn't appear, I would go looking for him, as I knew that if he wasn't up it was because he wasn't feeling well.

My access to Krishnaji was a bit troublesome to some people in the Foundation. Krishnaji had asked me to come and see him often, even when other people were there, and if he was busy talking with them about something personal, he would ask me to leave, which he did on a couple of occasions. It is understandable that this was difficult for people who previously had been the only ones in India to have this privilege and who had been responsible for determining who else would see Krishnaji and when.

Usually during the morning, people would come to see Krishnaji in his bedroom. At lunch Nandini would eat with him in his bedroom. After lunch he would take a nap and then he would again see people until his walk in the late afternoon.

Sometimes more than one car would be taken for the walks, but Krishnaji asked me to come with him in the car that took him to the beach where the walks occurred. We would drive through the Theosophical Society grounds to Radha Burnier's house. Her house is

on the beach, almost exactly opposite the place where Krishnaji is purported to have been found as a boy. Nandini, too, was almost always in the same car. There was room for one or, with a squeeze, two others, and they varied from day to day. As we came around the side of the house from the back where the cars were parked, past the flowering trees, Krishnaji would greet the people on the veranda who were waiting there either just to greet him or else to come on the walk. As tired as he was, Krishnaji often found the time and the energy to go into the house for a few minutes and put his hands on the eyes of Radha's niece, who teaches at the Bangalore school and who was losing her sight. She said that her sight had improved. I don't know whether it was an improvement that lasted.

As the Madras talks were scheduled at the same time as the Theosophical convention, there were thousands of Theosophists on and around the Theosophical grounds. Many of them would wait on the beach for Krishnaji just in order to greet him and say namaskaram or perhaps shake his hand. Usually we went out to the small tarmac path on the beach and turned right, walking down as far as the edge of the fishermen's village, and then turned around and walked the other way north out onto the broken bridge over the Adyar River. The sun was usually setting and the extraordinary colors, the smell of the sea air, and the sound of the waves produced quite a lovely effect.

On one walk along the beach, Krishnaji and Radha were talking and Radha made a remark about the modern Indian having no sensitivity at all toward nature, and Krishnaji said yes. Radha went on to say that that indicated a civilization in decay, and Krishnaji said yes, absolutely. At one point I went to Mahabalipuram, a lovely place along the beach, where there are extraordinary carvings in the granite around the temples there made in the sixth or seventh century that showed such affection and love of nature. Thirteen or fourteen centuries later, they were still extraordinary and moving and unusual. Something had indeed been lost in the ensuing time.

There was an old man from Argentina who was a Theosophist and who would do namaskaram to Krishnaji every time he would see him on a walk. On one such walk he stopped Krishnaji and said in faltering English that he had heard Krishnaji speaking in Argentina. Krishnaji responded to him by saying, "Oh, poor chap," which the man didn't understand, but he was delighted to have had a word from Krishnaji. I said, "Krishnaji, really, how can you say that kind of thing to someone?" and Krishnaji said, "Well, I don't think he understood it, so it was all right." Then Krishnaji said, "Do you think he did understand?" but it was fairly clear that the man hadn't. It was really quite humorous, but Krishnaji then said that perhaps he shouldn't joke.

Several times when the wind was strong and while walking on this broken bridge, which in effect formed a jetty out over the river, Krishnaji held onto my shoulder as we walked. After one such occasion, he told me that sometime before, when the wind had been particularly strong, he had had to crawl back on his hands and knees. He said that he was afraid that if he fell he'd hurt his watch.

The walk then concluded by returning to Radha's house and the waiting cars. On one of these walks the sun was setting as the full moon, immense and silver, came out of the sea. It was quite breathtaking and quite special.

Krishnaji insisted that I get a lot of shirts and trousers made, and so I was frequently out shopping, and Krishnaji always wanted to see what I had bought. Often he would say to me with the most hesitant, boyish expression something like, did I think I could get some more of this or that, and off I would go to get enough for another shirt or another pair of trousers.

I had a small radio, which Mary had lent me, and on which I could hear the *BBC World Service*. Since Krishnaji regularly asked me what the news was, I was able to tell him, thanks to this. I would also get *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines, which Krishnaji would read through quickly.

Sometime—I believe it was before this first talk—Krishnaji said to me that he didn't want to have so many trustees' talks, that he wanted to resign from the Foundation, and that he wanted to settle the publication and copyright business once and for all, and then leave. He suggested that we leave on the twelfth of January, which was the flight closest to the seventeenth but prior to it and direct to Los Angeles.

Krishnaji had obviously mentioned this to people, and as I was on my way out to arrange this, Sunanda came to me, pulled me aside, and wanted to talk, saying that perhaps I should wait until Pupul returned (she had left for several days to do her business). Obviously, there was a sense that Pupul would talk Krishnaji out of it, and that I shouldn't do anything because it would only be more difficult. I thought that this was quite a dirty trick that was being played on Krishnaji, because it was a kind of conspiracy not to listen to or give Krishnaji what he wanted, and because I was there and not playing this game, Krishnaji was getting what he wanted.

I went upstairs to put to Krishnaji, as objectively and neutrally as I could, that people wanted Pupul to return before his travel plans were changed. Pama was there when I spoke with him, and I tried to present it as an even and reasonable suggestion, but Krishnaji got angry and said, "What does Pupul have to do with this? I can make my own plans and I can leave on the twelfth." So, of course, everyone completely agreed that, if that's when Krishnaji wanted to leave, then that's when he could leave, and that it was really up to Krishnaji when he came and went. When Pupul returned, she was upset and I began to hear stories about my persuading Krishnaji to go and that his leaving was all my doing. Since then I have heard stories about my taking Krishnaji out of India against his will. But I can still hear Krishnaji asking me, "Can you get me out of here? Can you get me to Ojai?"

When Pupul learned that Krishnaji wanted to resign from the Indian Foundation, she said to him that if he didn't resign from the other Foundations as well, then she herself would resign. Krishnaji told me about this with a little laugh, saying that when she said this he

didn't say a thing; he didn't discourage her from resigning, he didn't do a thing. She quickly withdrew the threat when she saw that Krishnaji was not going to buy it.

* * *

The twenty-seventh. 'I got a letter from Dr. Parchure about Krishnaji's health written on December eleventh.'

The next day. 'Jean François rang from Brockwood. He brought a letter to me from Scott, which he was told to read on the telephone to me. Krishnaji's weakness. Scott had spoken to Kathy on Christmas to tell me Bombay is canceled, and he, Scott, will accompany Krishnaji on the flight here via Singapore, but it is not yet decided which date. Krishnaji wants to give two Madras talks (today and tomorrow) and one question-answer and two days of KFI trustee meetings.' And then it says: 'Krishnaji gave his first Madras talk on this date.'

Editor's Note: ***These memoirs have only given links to talks or question-and-answer meetings that Mary remarked on being particularly good. We are making an exception here. In an audio-taped letter to Mary, Krishnaji said of this talk, "All day I was left alone, which was very nice. And there was a talk in the evening at five-thirty. An immense crowd; they said six thousand. The largest crowd they ever had here – that is their comment on it. Immense crowd; the lawn in front of the house was full and all around. My god, I've never seen such a crowd. I don't think they understood what I was talking about but I don't know… And there was full of energy and there was nothing, no feebleness, no sense of old age…New ideas and so on or new expressions." From this comment about the talk, it seemed right to break our tradition and present a link [1] to a talk not admired by Mary.***

* * *

SF Notes: #4

On the day of the first talk, the twenty-eighth of December, Krishnaji was still running a fever. He had fallen down a day or two before while getting up in the middle of the night, and he had hit his head against the wall. He said that he must not fall again. Parameshwaran slept on the small covered walkway very near Krishnaji's bed so that he could get up easily and help Krishnaji or be right there should Krishnaji need anything, but Krishnaji didn't like calling out. Therefore, a small buzzer (a button attached to a bell) was rigged up next to Krishnaji's bed so that Krishnaji would only have to press a little button to get Parameshwaran's attention. But Krishnaji didn't like to use this because he felt it was treating Parameshwaran too much like a servant, even though Parameshwaran was a servant to Krishnaji. Krishnaji never liked the way servants were generally treated in India, but Parameshwaran was beside himself because Krishnaji would struggle with things rather than ask for the help that Parameshwaran so much wanted to give. After that fall, Parameshwaran slept right at Krishnaji's door, which was a screen door, so that he would know when Krishnaji was stirring.

Krishnaji was weak from falling and from his fever, and it was decided that he would say after the first talk was over whether he felt he could speak the next day or whether the schedule should be changed, and his next talk be on Wednesday, the first of January. As I was sitting, waiting for the talk to begin and worrying, Narayan came up to me and said that he would accompany Krishnaji to the platform, but that Krishnaji wanted me to accompany him back to the house after the talk. My first thought was that this would not add to my popularity, but of course I would do it, although I couldn't see why he would have asked me.

As the talk was drawing to a close, I got up from my seat and moved to a place close enough to the stage so that I could get to him as soon as the talk was over and before the crowds swelled around him. The Indian crowds have always been terrible in their insistence on crowding around him and even touching him, despite all his admonishments and pleas not to do so. As Krishnaji was trying to get up from the platform, he was completely surrounded, with people touching his feet, and he became quite upset. He kept on repeating to everybody to stop it and to go home. He sat there for quite some time saying that he would not get up until people left, but this only delighted them as they were happy to stand there and look at him for hours. There was such a total insensitivity to him, and such a deliberate ignoring of what he wanted. It was only what they wanted that mattered to them. This dreadful scene was to be repeated after every talk. Eventually, he would get to where his sandals were and put them on and we would start walking back. But after this talk he was especially delicate, and he was angry and almost repelled by the crowds—not exactly fearful, but wanting desperately to be out of reach. I had never seen him like that, and I had never before seen the expression on his face that I saw then.

I would say, "Please clear the way," and we would just walk our way through. Krishnaji's hands had trembled so much that he had had, I think, a bit of trouble getting his dhoti on. It dragged a bit because he had just stepped on it, and he said, "Someone's holding me, someone's holding me," but it was pitch dark. One couldn't see because the crowds were all over him, which meant that the lighting that there was didn't get down to one's feet. There were lots of roots in the ground. He would occasionally trip over them, and he had to hold onto my shoulder walking behind me. I was walking ahead saying, "Please clear the way, please clear the way." It was a terrible struggle in the dark, with the tree roots, the relentlessly pressing crowds, and Krishnaji's dhoti, which had by now almost got to the point of unraveling. As we were walking around the perimeter of the crowd, Krishnaji suddenly, with his hand on my shoulder, directed me to turn right and to walk straight through the crowd and straight to the front door of Vasanta Vihar. He was thinking far more clear-headedly than I was, because obviously the crowd was forming itself around him wherever he was going so that it wasn't possible to walk around it. Parameshwaran and Narayan were also there in back of Krishnaji trying to keep people away, and Krishnaji was trying to tell them not to be rough or insensitive with people. He was later to tell me that I wasn't to say as repeatedly as I did, "Please clear the way," but only to say it once in a while. I think the Indian crowds are used to being pushed and shouted at and manhandled, and Krishnaji didn't want anything like that associated with him. From

then on, I carried a flashlight so that I could shine it in front of Krishnaji's feet so that he could see the roots and where he was going.

After the talks last year, apparently he would sit down on the steps of Vasanta Vihar and people would crowd around him, so when we got to the steps this time, of course, there were people already in place. He said, "No, I can't sit this year, I can't sit this year." He didn't go for walks after the talks this year; he just went up and as usual washed from all these people touching him, and went to bed.

We made our way upstairs, with me walking behind him to catch him should he fall. Several people came up to discuss whether there should be a talk the next day. Krishnaji said that whatever it is that sometimes happens when he gives talks happened, and that he felt full of energy. Some people took this to mean that he could do another talk the next day. I pleaded that he not give another talk, and Dr. Parchure also suggested the same. Krishnaji finally decided that he wouldn't give another talk even though he was full of energy, and so it was announced to the waiting crowds that the program had been changed.

The days in between the talks were all pretty much the same, with Krishnaji needing to rest and wanting to rest, but feeling he could not say no to people who wanted to see him and other people not willing to say no on his behalf. Dozens of people wanted just to come into his room to say namaskaram, which is something like getting a blessing from Krishnaji and which everyone thought took nothing out of him since it only took a minute, and most people had a curious capacity not to really be very concerned with Krishnaji's well-being, but more concerned with what they could get from him—and he was so frequently telling people to be selfless and they would, by their actions, respond, "Yes, yes, tell me more, give me your blessing so I can get more, give me more." On one of the days before either the second or third talk—days when he was not supposed to see anybody and have complete rest—I counted twenty-three people who had come in to see him, and I hadn't been hanging around watching all day, so there could have been many more. That evening, when Krishnaji was having supper in his bedroom with Nandini, I came in and said to Nandini with some gentle chiding in my voice how wonderfully good Krishnaji had been that day, how he had been following the doctor's orders and not seeing anyone, how he had been looking after himself so well and resting up, etcetera. Krishnaji quickly caught onto my chiding him and started looking up to heaven with his large eyes and long eyelashes, exactly like a little boy trying to get away with something, and, in fact, his face looked so young and so boyish it was quite remarkable. At first Nandini didn't understand what I was saying because she knew that many people had come to see him, but when she looked over and saw Krishnaji playing the naughty boy and carrying on my joke, she laughed. He then continued by saying, yes, how good he had been. The situation really was hopeless. At one point I had suggested to Krishnaji that he simply close the door of his veranda so that people wouldn't disturb him, but he felt that it was not right to do that, and that it was not his role to refuse people for the sake of his own well-being, and that it would be impolite, or that some people might take it amiss. He actually practiced the selflessness that others so noisily and greedily tried to

acquire. Eventually, on two occasions, someone thankfully did close his door for him, but it wasn't frequently enough for him to really rest.

More than a year before, I had asked Krishnaji to please measure out his life's energies carefully enough so that he would be around at least long enough to open the new study center we were going to build at Brockwood. I had had the sense from several things, including things that Krishnaji had said, that the length of his life would be determined by how much energy he used—that he could use himself up quickly or slowly. After all that Krishnaji had said about the center and after all that he had wished of the center, it seemed too large an undertaking to me and one that I didn't feel we could begin rightly without him. At that earlier time he had responded by saying certainly he'd be around. Now, I asked him again and pleaded with him to take care of himself so that he could begin this, and he responded by saying, "Old boy…" and shaking his head as though it was very uncertain indeed. He was combing his hair at the time, and I think it must have been just before going out for the daily walk. It was the first tangible support for the terrible sense of foreboding that existed.

At some point in between the first and last talk, Krishnaji decided to again move up the date of his departure, this time to the tenth, which really was the soonest that he could leave if he was going to talk to the Indian Foundation at all before he left. Again, he just asked me to do it, and without reference to anyone, I did what he asked. There were now no comments made directly to me. Asit, who was going to fly with us as far as Singapore, told me that since he was only going to be on part of the flight he would like to sit next to Krishnaji because I could sit next to him for the remainder of the journey. It seemed so typical; there was no sense that Krishnaji should choose who he wanted to sit next to. So before I booked the seats I asked Krishnaji if there was anyone he wanted to sit next to and suggested that perhaps he could sit next to Asit, as Asit would only be there for part of the flight. Krishnaji rejected that and just said to book us all together and we would decide later.

Throughout the time that he was in India, he had been making very strong criticisms of the entire Foundation. He only expressed confidence or trust in five members: Dr. Parchure, who was disdained by the powerful people in the Foundation; Upasani, who was wanting to retire from active participation in the Rajghat School; Radhika, whom he was afraid might be too much under the influence of her mother, Pupul; and Dr. Krishna and Mahesh, who were completely new to the organization and may not have had an understanding of the problems in the Foundation and a strong enough standing within the Foundation to do something about them. (He thought that Dr. Krishna and Mahesh might be able to help Radhika stand up to her mother. Dr. Krishna didn't think that she could.) When Krishnaji knew that he was going to die, he wanted those five people, and only those five people, from India to be there.

He was appalled and angry at how Vasanta Vihar had been misused and how the most powerful people in the Foundation after so many years had created the situation that existed. The constant squabbling about copyright he saw being entirely of India's making, and the ultimatum that Pupul had given him the summer before in Saanen that

either India was to be given what it wanted by the English Foundation or that Krishnaji would have to step in and solve it, had quite determined him to solve it and to solve it for good. I wrote down a few of the things that he said to me about Vasanta Vihar because I was so disturbed by them, and I wanted to record it accurately so that I could think about it with more time.

The things that he said are as follows: “For the first time in my life, I feel this house is completely empty”; “I feel Brockwood is good and I feel Ojai is all right”; “I said to Sunanda that I have been here for a fortnight and there is still nothing in this place. You have killed it.” He also insisted several times that Vasanta Vihar is not theirs (the Indians’); it doesn’t belong to them. It was built by American and Australian money, and only a little bit of Indian, and it was built for his teachings and for him. It was not the Indians’, not for them to do what they wanted to do. He was surprised and disgusted that even his presence there for over two weeks did not bring something alive as it always had done in the past. “No, it has completely gone. For the first time I am glad to leave this place.” I can’t imagine a more biting indictment or a worse thing to have done than what he was saying had been done. He was referring to something sacred, to “the other.” People will and undoubtedly have dismissed these things that he said as being just exaggerations on his part or things that he was saying for effect, or worse, that he was being demented or duped or foolish. All through Krishnaji’s life there had been people who have taken the convenience of dismissing things that he said that they didn’t like as the utterances of a fallible, influenced, foolish man, and maintaining that the things that he said that they did agree with were the utterances of some sacred intelligence. As Krishnaji was saying now more and more that was unpalatable, I began hearing more and more of these kinds of noises. For years Krishnaji had been saying things gently and trying to slowly get people to understand. He now knew that he had no time left to go slowly. He also knew that people would try and dismiss what he said. It seems impossible that he could have imagined, to even a small degree, how adamantly and how frequently people would engage in this self-deception.

While these heartbreaking and often hostile events were unfolding and the talks were going on and people were coming in and out (the older associates often with a tragic sense of their having failed or ruined something, new associates or people he was just casually seeing with the sense that the most wonderful thing in their lives was occurring), Krishnaji would still occasionally look at shirt and trouser materials with me and talk with Kannon, the man who looked after Krishnaji’s tailoring and mine. This seemed to be the only real play and bit of fun that Krishnaji had. At one point, Pama had come to Krishnaji with samples of trouser material for Krishnaji to choose from. Later on Kannon and I went to the shop where these samples had come from and found them all to be mixtures of wool and polyester, of course much cheaper than all wool. Kannon was convinced that the Foundation just didn’t want to spend the money for pure wool for Krishnaji. He saw the materials that I had brought back that were all wool, and he couldn’t believe it and asked, “Where did you find them? Where did you find them?” So I went back and got some more for Krishnaji.

He had someone write off to Upasani, who was coming, to get some more of a special blue silk, etcetera. But when it finally came time to making up the garments, he had almost none of them made up for himself. They were almost all for other people, and it was typical of him to think of others and to want to give things to others. He, of course, wanted lovely things for Mary.

I was always trying to find something that would be fun for him, but it was quite difficult. I would come in with stories, make small jokes, find small things. At one point I bought him the most current *National Geographic* magazine that was on sale (from the previous month, I think) because it had a small hologram on the cover and I thought he would be amused by the hologram, which he was. I believe he mentioned the hologram in the talk right after he saw it.

* * *

The twenty-ninth. 'David and Scott telephoned from Madras. Krishnaji is arriving here January thirteen on Singapore Airlines with Dr. Parchure, Scott, and probably the Moodys. He is giving three talks in Madras, then attending KFI trustee meetings, then he leaves. Bombay is canceled. I telephoned Kathy in London to tell the others there.'

That takes us to the end of the year.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] For the video of the talk of December 28, 1985.

Issue 89: January 1, 1986 to February 2, 1986

In this issue, as in the last, there are my notes indicated by ***SF Notes*** to supplement Mary's diaries as she was not in India. Although my notes continue to the end of Krishnaji's life, my notes will end in these memoirs when Krishnaji rejoins Mary and her narrative of Krishnaji's life can continue.

Mary: We begin today's discussion on the first of January, 1986. I am in Ojai, and Krishnaji is still in India. 'I went for an early walk then spoke to my brother in New York. I went with Erna and Theo to the movie *Out of Africa* in Oxnard, after which we had an early supper at a Mexican restaurant. Krishnaji was to have given his second talk in Madras**[1]** today.'

Editor's Note: ***These memoirs again have links to a talk that Mary had not commented on as being special because she wasn't there, but Krishnaji comments on it. He says to Mary in an audio-taped letter,"It was a very strong talk, even though I say it. K was all there. An hour and ten minutes or a quarter. Enormous sense of energy and power in his voice."***

M: January second. I continue to go for early walks, but I'm not going to keep mentioning it.

Scott: That's fine.

M: 'I worked at my desk all morning, then after lunch, from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. I manned the Krishnaji library in Arya Vihara. The house painter began work on the decks and trim outside the cottage. At 6 p.m. I went with Erna and Theo for dinner at the Ranch House Restaurant with the Hookers.'

Editor's Note: ***The date of the first Indian trustees' meeting of the year is established in Krishnaji's audiotaped letter to Mary. Not all the trustees were there, and it took place in Krishnaji's bedroom in Vasanta Vihar with Krishnaji resting in bed.***

* * *

SF Notes #6

I believe it was the first meeting that Krishnaji had with the trustees and at which not all the trustees were present when Krishnaji resigned and where he even said that he wanted his name withdrawn from the Foundation and schools. The meeting took place in his bedroom. Before the meeting took place, Krishnaji had told me what he wanted to say, and he said that he would be saying that he would withdraw from all of the Foundations. However, he was saying this at this time to make it more palatable to the Indians and that he did not intend to resign from either the American Foundation or the Foundation Trust

in England. He said that there were certainly legal reasons why he couldn't resign from the American Foundation with the ongoing court case against Rajagopal and that he was sure that there was some reason why he couldn't resign from the Foundation Trust (maybe the copyright question—or we would come up with something), so I mustn't get alarmed. The Indians accepted his resigning since he was going to resign from the others, but they didn't want his name withdrawn, and they were very adamant about that. After this meeting, I felt I had seen something and I told him that even though, for selfish reasons, I would not want his name to be removed from the trust or from the school, I did see the beauty of disappearing without a trace. He responded with his emphatic "Yes, sir," but accepted that it probably couldn't be done.

He obviously had been telling individuals what he was going to tell the trustees in general concerning his wish that all editing be done by the Foundation Trust and that they exclusively had his copyright and that the Indian Foundation concern itself only with the translation of those works into the Indian languages and the distribution of the Foundation Trust's books. He apparently had encountered some opposition on the grounds that Gollancz, the normal English publisher, could not ensure good quality and inexpensive editions for the Indian market. Therefore, he asked me to call Mary Cadogan, who was to call the head of Gollancz to receive a direct and personal confirmation and reassurance that Gollancz could ensure these good-quality, inexpensive editions for India. This Krishnaji seemed to feel would answer the Indian Foundation's chief rebuttal to his request. He insisted that Mary not just say what she knew to be true but that she actually talked with the head of Gollancz and then called back so that he could say that he had just been assured that this was so, directly from Gollancz. This obviously had nothing at all to do with the central issue, which was copyright and editing, but it was apparently something that was being presented to Krishnaji as a reason why he couldn't have what he wanted.

During the first full trustees' meeting, when Krishnaji made his wishes known to everyone, there was not a great deal of opposition, so presumably they had accepted the argument and swallowed the bitter pill. I believe it was also at the second meeting that Pama and Sunanda's resignation was announced. (This was obviously going to come as especially difficult to Sunanda, as her intention had been—as she even stated to Krishnaji—that she would write and give lectures and seminars, obviously talking about Krishnaji.) At this meeting and at Pundit Upadhyaya's suggestion, it was stated that Vasanta Vihar would be used as a place for scholars to do translations of Krishnaji's work. Asit wanted to turn it into a high-powered school doing the International Baccalaureate, even though it would probably mean that an interest in the teachings would be second. He saw himself as running this school, as he was rather thinking that he would be in charge of whatever happened at Vasanta Vihar.

He was so violent in the meeting when I crossed him about this that Krishnaji—who thought that maybe Asit could be in charge of Vasanta Vihar—began to change his mind. It clinched his changing his mind when Radhika came to Krishnaji after this meeting and said openly that she didn't think Asit was ready for doing anything like that. He was too violent and too hard in pressing his ideas, which is exactly what he was. Krishnaji agreed

completely, and added some other reasons for not wanting to give Asit any responsibility that I knew nothing about, but, of course, I had seen his violence, bullying, and attempts to intimidate people at meetings. Krishnaji seemed quite pleased that Radhika had been so honest and frank with him, even though Asit is her cousin. I believe it was one of several rude awakenings for Asit that, not only was his suggestion not followed up by Krishnaji, but he was not given responsibility for Vasanta Vihar as he thought he would be given. In Ojai, Krishnaji said, let's see for a year or two how he is as a kind of trial period, and if he's good during that trial period then maybe he can have some responsibilities. Krishnaji went from being fairly "for" Asit to really feeling that Asit shouldn't have any large role in the work.

* * *

M: There's nothing much on the third, but then on January fourth, 'There is rain. The Moodys are to arrive tomorrow. Krishnaji should have given his third Madras talk in Madras, completing the talks in India for this year. He will hold KFI trustee meetings on Wednesday'—this was written on a Saturday. 'I marketed for the Moodys and made soup for all in Arya Vihara tomorrow. Ivan stood in for me in the library.' That means Ivan Berkowitz.

The fifth of January: 'Scott telephoned from Madras. Krishnaji, he, and Dr. Parchure are arriving Saturday instead of the following Monday. I went to Arya Vihara at noon. Cleaned the kitchen and had my last day at the library. David and Vivian arrived at 7 p.m. from Madras, coming via Europe. I brought them supper. Vivian may have chickenpox, the reason for their earlier-than-expected departure from India.'

January six: 'Alasdair planted new flowerbeds off the north terrace. The Moodys' doctor says Vivian does not have chickenpox. She brought to me four audiocassettes from Krishnaji and some audiocassettes of the educational conference held at Rishi Valley. Krishnaji has resigned as president of KFI. Michael Krohnen arrived from India and Germany.'

There is nothing much on the seventh except that I listened to the tapes I received yesterday.

On January eighth, 'I drove to Malibu listening to the audiocassette of January second, when Krishnaji met KFI members about not using his name. I sat with Amanda, whose eye is still in a patch. Philippa and Phil were there. Then Philippa and I went to town and lunched in Beverly Hills. We both went to get cheese, croissants, etcetera. I dropped her at Amanda's and drove home.'

* * *

SF Notes #7

The final meeting that involved the trustees was really a discussion that Krishnaji wanted to have with the Pundit concerning some rather peculiar and special aspects involved in Krishnaji's birth and the nature of who he is and which the Pundit felt he had learned something about. Soon after the discussion began, however, Pupul entered into the discussion and then others, and the discussion changed direction. It was a very good discussion at the end, but it was not the discussion that Krishnaji had wanted to have.

When this discussion was over, Krishnaji asked me to get the master tape for him to bring with him so it could go to Brockwood. For some reason, he didn't trust the Indian Foundation with this tape, and he didn't want it to appear in Pupul's book. Again, I didn't understand it, but simply tried to do as he asked, which proved somewhat difficult. They couldn't seem to believe my request and in fact two or three different people had to ask Krishnaji directly before what he was asking for was accepted. He must have said to one of them, if not several of them, that he did not even want them to have a copy, but this I didn't know, and it was only when I was in Ojai that I found out that they didn't have a copy. I thought Krishnaji was just bringing back the master tape.

Krishnaji never went back on to the board of governors, although he did relent on his name remaining in the Foundation and schools. He told me several times and he told other people that he was "out of it," and he said it with relief. He also said to some people who wanted to ask him about things, that they had to decide since he was no longer on the Foundation. Pupul was automatically going to become president, but at the end I was told that she would not become president but only remain vice president, and that there would be no president as long as Krishnaji was alive.

Sometime during the last week or so of my stay in India, drawings of the new center at Brockwood arrived from the architect. I was happy to be able to show them to Krishnaji as well as to the Indian trustees. Krishnaji wanted me to show them to Pupul, but when I did, it was hard to get a word in edgewise with her telling me about the wonderful Indian architects and wonderful Indian architecture and the wonderful Indian building traditions. After several attempts, I finally was able to explain something to her about the center. Apparently, she went up to Krishnaji afterward and told Krishnaji that she didn't like it, and from then until the final days of his life he would occasionally tell me that Pupul said—and here he would do a small imitation of her, and he seemed to enjoy doing it—"I don't like it." For some reason, her saying this and the way she said it conveyed something to him about her, and whenever he did this little imitation, it was by way of making a comment about her.

In the last few days—I believe—of Krishnaji's stay in India, Dr. Krishna asked Krishnaji if he would please go to see Rukmini Arundale, who for the last sixty years had been beastly toward Krishnaji. Dr. Krishna is Rukmini Arundale's nephew and Rukmini was dying of cancer, and Dr. Krishna did not want that long association to end on the bad note that it had been on for the last sixty years. So, Krishnaji agreed to stop by and see her for a few minutes on the way to his beach walk, since he drove by her house on the way to

his walk every day. He told me to come with him, but since I could see that he didn't want to go, I tried to dissuade him. However, he said, "No, I have already committed myself," and he simply resigned himself to doing it. Afterward, he told me that it had been a mistake. He was trying to encourage Dr. Krishna, who was new. Dr. Krishna, Nandini, and I accompanied Krishnaji, and the atmosphere in that place was awful. We sat around for four or five minutes exchanging pleasantries.

As Krishnaji was preparing to leave, there was a real sense of his winding things up and it was quite clear to everyone that he wouldn't be coming back. He was still ill and running a fever (and at one point he weighed only ninety-seven pounds). He wanted to settle a pension for Dr. Parchure (who had been living on a pittance) and for Parameshwaran (who would be retiring), both of whom he suspected would probably not be looked after in his absence as well as he would have liked. None of the trustees wanted to discuss at the meetings when Krishnaji was there just what they would give them, but they all said yes, yes, yes, we'll give them more and passed over it. I don't know what was resolved.

He also didn't want to leave any of the good clothing that he had in India, because he was sure it would be commandeered by those who were left in charge, and he didn't want that. Consequently, when we were packing, we went through all of the cupboards and packed all of the good articles that he had. This he did even though Upasani and Mahesh had assured him that they would look after his things as he asked them to do. He had told them that they could have his things if he didn't return, but Mahesh was not going to take charge of the Foundation until the first of April, and Krishnaji did not trust what might happen in the intervening period. When I look back at this episode, which I remember quite clearly, it encapsulates so well for me what he seems to have felt about the people in power and the KFI. It was quite tragic and yet it seemed to be quite unarguable.

* * *

The ninth: 'It is Erna's seventy-fifth birthday and a warm day. A new doorbell is installed, the house painting continues, the copper gutters on the roof are fixed, and the windows were washed. In anticipation of Krishnaji's arrival, I went to Ventura for houseplants and other errands. Mary Cadogan telephoned from London. Kathy rang from Brockwood. I listened again to Krishnaji and the KFI members' discussion on January two.'

* * *

SF Notes #8

Just before flight to California

The flight to California involved a two-and-three-quarter hours stopover and change of planes in Singapore and a forty-five-minute refueling stop in Tokyo. Asit wanted Krishnaji to come to his place in Singapore for breakfast, and he assured us that it was possible to get off the plane, get through immigration, get to his place, have breakfast, get

back to the airport, check in, and board the plane on time. I had my doubts that this was feasible but was willing to give it a try. The day before we left, I suggested to Krishnaji and after his agreement to Asit, that if our plane was more than one half hour late in arriving in Singapore, that we would not attempt it. Even with the full two hours and forty-five minutes, it seems that it would have required Krishnaji rushing around quite hard, which I didn't think he was in a condition to do, and from which I didn't see him deriving much real benefit. Krishnaji seemed to be quite relieved at the very large possibility of not having to do this extra bit of rushing around on what was already going to be a taxing voyage.

* * *

January tenth: 'I made final preparations of the house for Krishnaji's arrival with Dr. Parchure and Scott tomorrow. The house painting is completed, the house cleaned, the garden planting is all done, and everything is put in order. It is a warm day: eighty-seven degrees.'

* * *

SF Notes #9

Our flight from Madras was to be at about midnight. All that day people were coming to say goodbye. There was a definite sense of things ending. Krishnaji went out for his walk as usual, and he also drove through the grounds of the Madras school to say goodbye to it all. That evening he went to bed at his usual time, and he was going to be awakened and driven to the airport when it was time. Arrangements had been made so that he would not have to check in and go through the normal immigration and security formalities, but that he would be picked up in a car at Vasanta Vihar and driven directly to the stairs of the airplane. I was to go ahead of time with Dr. Parchure and take care of the luggage, immigration, and security procedures. There was also traveling on the same plane a girl from California who was a friend of the Moodys. Asit was going to come later. When Dr. Parchure and I got to the airport and began checking in the bags and checking through, I discovered that the airplane was going to be two hours late. This still gave us forty-five minutes to change planes, but it did cut things rather fine. I couldn't bear the idea of standing around the airport for an extra two hours, since I was there two hours early in any case, so I left the bags checked in and decided to go back to Vasanta Vihar, which turns out to have been a very lucky decision to have made. When I got back to Vasanta Vihar, all of the senior members of the Foundation were still there, and it seems that Pupul, Asit, and perhaps some others had decided that Krishnaji would not fly on that plane, because with only forty-five minutes for the transfer they felt that he might miss it and that he would have to then spend the night in Singapore, and he had not wanted to spend the night en route anywhere. They had decided that he would take the flight on the twelfth, which was the next plane. They had not woken him up to tell him this, and they had made no moves to inform me or Dr. Parchure in the airport. In the normal course of events, we would have checked in, boarded the flight, and waited for Krishnaji to arrive, and he never would have come on, and we would have not been able to do anything other

than continue the journey without him. A certain amount of outrage was probably discernible on my face and in what I said. I insisted that Krishnaji know immediately what the situation was, and have him decide what he wanted to do. He was awakened, and despite the attempts to dissuade him from going, he decided that he wanted to go. Dr. Parchure and I and the girl from California went back to the airport several hours later and continued through the different formalities. The airport officials had not been informed of this special procedure with Krishnaji, and I had no small amount of difficulty explaining why I was taking the baggage and ticket of someone through these formalities without him being present. The security, in fact, having had some difficulty with some terrorists, would not let me through. Asit eventually arrived and went through. Eventually, the security police decided that they would have the car with Krishnaji stop outside the departure lounge, and that when they could determine he was in the car, then I could go. When the car with Krishnaji did arrive, I grabbed Dr. Parchure, got into the car with him and Krishnaji, and the three of us drove to the foot of the plane. There we were, the first three on the plane, and Krishnaji asked me to sit next to him. It was the start of Krishnaji's long and somewhat difficult final flight.

The flight for Krishnaji was difficult right from the beginning. It wasn't as though he suffered because of the flight, but he had been driving himself so hard and for so long with all of the nonsense in India, and when he got on the plane, he was so happy to be leaving and said so, and he began to relax and all the consequences of his exertions began to come out.

The flight to Singapore was approximately four hours long and uneventful. Dr. Parchure and Asit were asleep behind, but I don't think Krishnaji or I slept, although I can't remember what we did do, but he was very weak and he was cold.

When we got to Singapore, there was a wheelchair waiting for Krishnaji. The departure of the next flight was in forty-five minutes, and I rushed to the check-in desk to book onto the next flight. As it was, there was a transfer check-in desk just at the end of the ramp from our airplane, and the ramp to the next airplane was right next to that, so that our forty-five minutes was more than enough time. We said good-bye to Asit and continued our journey.

We were flying first class on Singapore Airlines, which essentially means that we had wonderful service and extraordinary food almost continuously. Krishnaji ate, what was for him, a lot and he frequently commented on how good it was and on how lovely the service was, although he seemed frequently daunted by yet another meal arriving, having seemingly just finished the last one.

I don't know why he wanted me to nurse him when Dr. Parchure was there, but he did, and I didn't really know how to do it well, but I did what I could. Krishnaji said that Dr. Parchure was too Maharashtrian, but I had no idea what that meant. Krishnaji was frequently having to go to the toilet, but he was so weak that he couldn't get there back and forth by himself, and I had to help him a great deal. He was also extremely cold the whole time, and on the last part of the flight, when he'd pretty much stopped eating, he

was lying down tucked under masses of blankets that I had wrapped all around him, and eventually he would get warm. But every time he would have to go to the toilet he would get cold again and he would shake, and I would try to warm him up and stop him from shaking. He began during the flight asking me to do something that he was later to ask for, which was to press down on the base of his liver where the head of the pancreas is and then after a while to move the pressure across his stomach to his left side. There were two other doctors on first class coming from a conference in Japan and asked me if I needed help and whether I thought Krishnaji would make it. They didn't know who Krishnaji was, but they could see that I was taking care of him.

When we arrived in Tokyo, we decided to have just a little walk around the airport to stretch our legs. Krishnaji couldn't walk without my holding his elbow and supporting him a bit, but he wanted to walk. As we were walking around the departure lounge, a Japanese man saw us and came up to Krishnaji and said, "Are you Mr. Krishnamurti?" Krishnaji said yes and shook his hand courteously, and this man then explained that he had found out from friends in Madras what flight Krishnaji was on and had booked himself a first-class ticket on the same flight to Los Angeles from Tokyo, just so he could have a chance of meeting Krishnaji. I tried to explain that Krishnaji was quite tired, which this man was sensitive enough to see, and he asked if he might be able to see Krishnaji in Ojai. We gave him a telephone number and said that we would see him on the plane.

The flight continued with Krishnaji becoming increasingly weak and with it becoming increasingly difficult for him to keep warm. Even after Krishnaji stopped eating, he took interest in what I was eating and asked me about everything, but eventually even watching me eat became too much for him and he asked me to stop, but not until I'd eaten far more than was decent.

When we arrived on the eleventh at Los Angeles Airport, Krishnaji was supposed to have a wheelchair waiting for him, but there wasn't one there, and we had to wait at the end of the ramp to the airplane for a very long time. This was very difficult for Krishnaji because there wasn't even a place for him to sit down. I made a fuss with several people and even suggested to Krishnaji that we just sit on the floor because his legs were not very strong, he having traveled for twenty-four hours and being quite ill. I could tell from the way he didn't want to do it that he felt it wouldn't have been dignified, which indeed it wouldn't have been, but I was more concerned with his well-being at that point. Eventually, a young girl came with a wheelchair. She was very nice, very good, and very American.

We went quickly through passport control and I insisted that Dr. Parchure be with us, so we all pushed through together. Krishnaji was also making motions and insisting that we all be together, and immigration took us all through quite quickly. As soon as that was done, I told the girl that there would be someone waiting for Krishnaji at the exit and that she should just take him straight out. I wanted Dr. Parchure to go with him, but for some reason that didn't occur, so Dr. Parchure and I stayed to pick up the bags, and I didn't see Krishnaji again until we got back to Ojai.

By the time we got there, Krishnaji was already in bed. He was very tired and quite weak but extraordinarily happy to be finally in Ojai. It was quite warm, but he had a fever and was afraid of being cold.

* * *

January eleventh. 'I left at 7 a.m. for Los Angeles airport and met Mark Lee there. Krishnaji's flight from Singapore and Tokyo arrived at 9:30 a.m. He came right out in a wheelchair looking very frail and very, very thin. Leaving Scott and Parchure to cope with luggage and customs, Krishnaji and I drove in the green car, which he had asked for, to Ojai. Krishnaji was home and in bed by 1 o'clock. It was a warm sunny day for him. He looks very fragile and tired, but stood the trip well, particularly with Scott's help. Krishnaji wanted to be out of India and Scott got the tickets and got him out over the efforts of Pupul, Sunanda, and Pama to keep him there. As soon as we were alone in the car—Scott and Parchure came with Mark Lee—he told me that for two to three days I must not leave him, even for a moment, "Or he may slip away." He told me that in India he had said to himself, "I mustn't be ill because then I wouldn't see you again," and "'It' doesn't want to inhabit a sick body, one that couldn't function. We must not have an accident because if I were hurt that would be the end." Later he said to me, "While I am here I want to share my meditation with you. I've never said that to anyone"…"I came back to see you and to die. If I die, it's alright. If I live, it's alright. But one must not invite death, and I don't. I came back to be taken care of by you." I stayed with him constantly, sleeping on cushions on the floor by his bed. In the evening, his fever was 100.9. He slept fairly well that first night. But his fever went to 101.6, so Dr. Parchure gave him aspirin and it dropped to 98 by evening. He remained in bed. Scott helped unpack his things.'

The next day. 'Krishnaji slept fairly well and remained in bed all day. I couldn't reach Dr. Deutsch but arranged for him to see Krishnaji the next day, Monday the thirteenth. Scott continued to help unpack Krishnaji's things.'

Thirteenth January: 'Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Scott, and I drove to Santa Paula where Dr. Deutsch examined Krishnaji at 11 a.m. He found Krishnaji's prostate to be soft and thinks that's a possible site of the infection behind Krishnaji's fever. Krishnaji's blood sugar count is 243. He doubled the dose of Rastinon to bring it down, and prescribed Bactrim…' I'm startled by that because Bactrim was the antibiotic that made me so sick.

Scott: Aha.

M: '…for the infection. And Restoril instead of Halcion for sleep. We went to Santa Paula hospital for blood chemistry, etcetera, and were home by 1:30 p.m. for lunch. Krishnaji had some energy for the trip and then slept all afternoon.'

January fourteen: 'Krishnaji was weak and drowsy, with a fever of 101.4. He's taking Bactrim. I stayed by his bed constantly, as I have right along, and it was a difficult night, with him needing to get up many times.'

Wednesday the fifteenth. 'Krishnaji seemed as if over-sedated. Either the new sleeping tablet, Restoril, is affecting him too much, or his body is not excreting it in the time it should. Dr. Deutsch gave partial findings of the blood chemistry and said that Krishnaji is anemic. The white count is up. There is some liver impairment, which is the cause of the sleeping medication not being thrown off. He wants a sonogram of Krishnaji's liver, gallbladder, and pancreas. Krishnaji saw the Lilliefelts for the first time. They have had a cousin of Theo's staying with them, and Krishnaji talked of problems in India, his distrust of Pupul, Sunanda, and Pama. He says he has confidence in Radhika, Maheshji, who is now secretary of KF India, Upasani, and the new Dr. P. Krishna, first cousin of Radha Burnier, a physicist teaching at Benares Hindu University and who is now both a member of KFI and principal or rector of the Rajghat school. Krishnaji wants a group of two or three trustees of each of the three Foundations to be responsible for holding the Foundations together when he is no longer here to do it.'

January sixteenth. 'Krishnaji had a very interrupted night, needing frequently to get up, though he slept in between. His temperature at 5:45 a.m. was 99.4, at 7:30 it was 100.4, at noon it went to 101.7, and at 1:45 it went to 102. Parchure is measuring fluids in and out. Krishnaji drinks Perrier in between meals.'

The seventeenth: 'At 6 a.m. Krishnaji's temperature was 100. Dr. Deutsch wants a sonogram done in the Ojai hospital Monday. I stayed close to him. "I need protection," he said.'

The next day. 'Dr. Deutsch recommended lots of fluids, and Krishnaji took in forty-nine ounces during the day. His fever was 99.6 by 6 p.m. Dr. Parchure did a blood sugar test on Saturday morning and it was 183. His night again was disturbed by needing to get up frequently. During the night, at 1:30 a.m., he had some stomach pain, which a Phazyme tablet relieved.'

The nineteenth of January: 'Krishnaji had forty-two ounces of fluid. At 6 a.m. his temperature was 99.3, and at 5 p.m. it was 100. He took Halcion and slept from 8 to 1:30 a.m. In the day, Krishnaji dressed, and walked slowly down the drive to the gate and back to the pepper tree where he sat and rested.'

The twentieth of January: 'Krishnaji had stomach pain again at 1:30 a.m. His temperature was 99 at 7 a.m. Krishnaji had a sonogram in the Ojai hospital. Dr. P. Miller there reported to Dr. Deutsch a mass in Krishnaji's liver. He couldn't see the pancreas well enough, and there is sludge in the gallbladder, possibly gallstones. Dr. Deutsch says he cannot tell if the mass is malignant or benign and wants a CT scan on Wednesday, which should tell.'

The twenty-first of January: 'Krishnaji finds the food uneatable and blames it on Michael's cooking, but it isn't that.' Michael was cooking so delicately, I remember. Do you remember?

S: Yes. I remember it well. Krishnaji felt the food was too heavy…

M: Yes, and too rich.

S: …and too rich, and that was even when Michael just boiled some vegetables in water.

M: Yes, or if he had just a little broth of vegetable water.

S: Yes. So it was clearly not the food.

M: No, it wasn't.

S: But Krishnaji's system just couldn't take it.

M: No. Well, as we'll see, Krishnaji was getting that blockage.

S: Yes, I remember.

M: 'The new medical scale I purchased'—that's the one in there, which I had gotten for him—'says Krishnaji's weight is ninety-four pounds. Krishnaji got up and looked at the new rose garden. Then he walked with Dr. Parchure and Scott to the end of the drive, and Krishnaji wanted to go on. So they went up McAndrew and into Arya Vihara, resting on the way. Then across the new stones in the drain are of the orchard and to the pepper tree. Krishnaji rested, and then he entered the house. Scott rented *Pale Rider*, an Eastwood film, and Krishnaji watched it in the evening.

S: [*chuckles*] There are some more things to elaborate slightly. There's—

M: You must interrupt because you were—

S: I have lots and lots of notes on all this, but I don't want to elaborate too much, otherwise I'll just be interrupting all the time.

M: Well, we must add to this account.

S: Alright, a little bit, like, for instance, the sonogram event. Krishnaji was so interested in the technology. He was much more interested in the technology than what it was actually finding. [*Both chuckle*.] And he was interested in the kind of gel they put on his stomach to do it. What was that? He wanted to know. He was just full of curiosity about the technology [*chuckles*], and then also the rose garden he went to look at that you mentioned was the rose garden that you had planted for him as a surprise. And Krishnaji was delighted by it.

M: Yes. He always wanted more roses. And that little patch in the back was the first one. But then I put some more in.

S: Yes. And Krishnaji was delighted by that. And then also the first walk that we took; he, you, and I took it down to the end of the drive. Dr. Parchure actually met us at the

bottom of the drive, as he was being driven back from somewhere. And he met us there and carried the newspapers back. This was a Sunday, so those were the Sunday newspapers, and Krishnaji was critical of the newspapers, so heavy and so…

M: Yes, they're terribly heavy.

S: And there was also the last walk. This…

M: Yes, around.

S: It was Krishnaji's last walk.

M: I know. I know.

S: He never went out for another walk again. And it was lovely to go out with him, and it was surprising that he decided to turn up and go toward Arya Vihara!

M: Yes. It's a long walk.

S: I was astonished, and Parchure was astonished.

M: He walked around the building.

S: Yes, he wanted to walk around Arya Vihara, and I can remember he was hoping he wouldn't disturb anybody if he walked around. So we went around to the back, and of course…it's poignant. That's where Nitya died, and the last place Krishnaji saw Nitya. And then coming back, and sitting underneath the pepper tree again. That was Krishnaji's last walk.

M: Yes. [*Said in a whisper.*]

January twenty-two. 'Krishnaji began to have pain across his upper abdomen, which woke him at 2 a.m., but though I asked, he denied it till 4 a.m., when he accepted a Tylenol. His temperature at 5:30 a.m. was 98. At 7:45 a.m. another Tylenol, but he still had no relief. At 8:45 a.m. he vomited stringy mucus and something brown, possible blood. I rang Dr. Deutsch, who said he needs Krishnaji to be in the hospital. With Dr. Parchure, Scott, and Erna, and I explained this to Krishnaji, who agreed to go.'

Well, I think I've said it somewhere else in all this long discussion we've had, but Krishnaji used to say to me when I first was with him to never let him go into a hospital. He always said, "I'd rather die at home," was the way he put it. And I used to say, "Well, Krishnaji, what if you break your leg? I mean, to fix it might involve going to hospital." And, now, this was not the first time a hospital was needed, because he'd been twice to the hospital for those operations. And I always said to him, you're deciding this; I can't decide it. Naturally. So we all explained why he had to go to Santa Paula. You probably remember that.

S: I remember it well.

M: Dr. Deutsch had said that he needs the equipment in the hospital. He said he can't handle it at home.

S: Yes. And so Krishnaji did accept going to the hospital but on the proviso that he come back.

M: Yes. Yes.

S: And this was a very big thing. So the five of us went, with Erna in the front seat with you, and Parchure in the back seat with Krishnaji, and he had a bowl with him because Krishnaji kept bringing up small amounts of liquid. I came in the green Mercedes behind because it was thought we would need two cars, which, in fact, we did.

M: Yes. At the Santa Paula Community Hospital, Krishnaji was put into intensive care. He was given Demerol and an IV. X-ray and blood chemistry were begun. Dr. Deutsch came to meet him. The X-rays showed a bowel obstruction. Krishnaji agreed to a tube through his nose into the abdomen to pump out the fluid and relieve the pressure. Rocephin and high alimentation were given intravenously. Krishnaji is severely undernourished. I spent the night on a reclining chair by his bed.'

S: Let me just say something about this.

M: Yes.

S: They normally don't allow people to stay with anyone in the intensive care unit, but they were very nice with us.

M: Yes, they were.

S: They brought in a *very un*comfortable chair, kind of a reclining…well, somewhat reclining chair…

M: Something like that.

S: …that was covered in a vinyl imitation leather material. And the reason that this was memorable is because it squeaked terribly when you moved.

M: [*chuckles*] I don't remember that.

S: So, [*chuckles*] we would both lie there when Krishnaji was sleeping, trying not to move for fear of making a squeak, [*laughs*] which would wake him up.

M: Oh, yes. I do remember that now. All this will be revealed, but we take turns staying overnight with him.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: The twenty-third of January: 'Dr. Cooley, a surgeon, examined Krishnaji, who was very weak, and said that he'—the surgeon—'advised against any surgery. There is a complicated picture of the mass in the liver, the gallbladder sludge, and an unknown pancreatic situation. Dr. Slater, a colleague of Dr. Deutsch, examined Krishnaji, and ordered batteries of blood and other tests. Mark Renneker'—who you know specialized in cancer—'telephoned me in the afternoon, having talked to Deutsch, and was optimistic. He says liver cancer is rare at Krishnaji's age and that Krishnaji has resources in his body to dominate illness.' Mark was always trying to, I think, bolster my state of mind by saying that Krishnaji has extraordinary reserves—that he's not an ordinary patient. And I remember his saying that Krishnaji was in control of his body.

S: I have records of this time when Krishnaji was going into the hospital, and Krishnaji was trying to explain to Dr. Deutsch something of who he was and that his was not a normal body. He was putting it very gently, but he was trying to explain, not as a point of pride or anything like that, but just trying to say something of what Dr. Deutsch was dealing with, that he was dealing with something a bit bizarre.

M: Yes.

S: And Krishnaji was very pleased when Dr. Deutsch told him that he, Dr. Deutsch, had gone to some of the Ojai talks, because Krishnaji felt, oh, well then he has some greater possibility of understanding this…

M: Yes. 'I telephoned Vanda in Florence to let her know Krishnaji was sick and in hospital.' I thought she should know and she might want to come. I thought she would come, but she didn't do that. 'Scott was in touch with England. He and Parchure are concerned about the exhaustion in me, so Scott stayed the night with Krishnaji, and I slept at home.'

'Late in the afternoon, Parchure had told Krishnaji that he might die. I had wanted to wait till the CT scan on Monday, but Parchure said he had long ago promised to tell Krishnaji if medically he, Parchure, saw a danger of death. When I came in after Parchure told him that, Krishnaji said to me, "It seems I'm going to die," as though he had not expected it so soon but accepted the fact.'

S: But this thing also…it's in my notes, too…any piece of moderately hopeful news, you and I would grasp and emphasize, and anything that looked bleak we would… So there was an awful lot of up and down.

M: Yes. Yes.

S: Again, just a couple of comments on this: You had spent the first night there.

M: Mm, hm.

S: And Krishnaji didn't want you to spend more nights there. He felt it wasn't good for you, it was…you still did, but he wanted you to go home and to have a good night's sleep, so he wasn't happy with your staying the night. He was looking after you, and you were looking after him, [*chuckles*] but he was really looking after you. Also, when Dr. Parchure told him that he was probably going to die, you and I were—

M: Horrified.

S: —horrified that he was saying that.

M: Yes. But he had promised.

S: Yes, he had promised Krishnaji—well, Krishnaji made him promise that if Parchure ever thought Krishnaji was dying he would tell him.

M: Yes.

S: And I also recorded that when Parchure was telling him this, Krishnaji kept saying "What? What? What?" in a louder-than-usual voice, as though he was astonished to be hearing this. At the same time, he said later on, "I thought the going had begun." But he was surprised about the cancer, I think. But he seemed to be most surprised because "the other" hadn't gone. He kept saying that if his life had come to an end, if he had cancer or something like that, and he was going to die, "the other" would leave; and I think that what surprised him, what confused him—was that it didn't leave him.

M: It never left him. Yes.

S: And so he thought, well, this couldn't be death because "the other" is still there; but he was being told it was death, and that seemed to be what really surprised him. And yet, he still said to me, and in a couple of different ways, that he felt it, in India, he felt it start in India. "The going had begun," were his words.

M: Yes, and that hastened his wanting to get back here.

S: Yes. Oh, yes. In fact, he kept on changing the date of departure, and he didn't trust the Indians to get the tickets for him.

M: No, no, he didn't. I think I get to that in here somewhere.

S: Yes, and then also he kept on asking me to change my dates of leaving Ojai, because I had originally planned to only be here for a couple of days. And then he said, no, can I stay a little bit longer? And then again, it was can I stay until the sonogram? And then when it was cancer, he asked if I would stay until…the body was gone, he said.

M: Yes. January twenty-fourth. 'In the morning, around 6 a.m., I telephoned Mario about his letter saying Filomena was in the hospital, and he told me on the phone that she had died last Monday, the twentieth, in the hospital. Only later did his telegram reach here.'

'On the way into the hospital in the morning with Dr. Parchure, he told me in the car that he had noticed jaundice beginning in Krishnaji and feared a hepatitic coma. But when we got there, Krishnaji's vital signs were better and the bowel obstruction situation was improved. He was given one pint of blood in a transfusion. The surgeon, Dr. Cooley, tried to put a larger needle, a sort of catheter, into a larger vein in Krishnaji's neck as the small ones in his hands are deteriorating; but it hurt him, the vein in his neck proved too deep to reach, so he had to close that incision and make one under the clavicle, which worked. Krishnaji bore all this with Novocain and patience. His jaundice is lessened.'

S: Putting that tube under Krishnaji's clavicle, to me, was like a hammer blow. It seemed somehow more permanent than just something in the wrist. It seemed more…that Krishnaji would never be free of these tubes. I remember feeling awful about it. When Krishnaji had to have the tube put in his nose, he said, "I just have to accept this. I've had to accept so much in my life."

M: [*sorrowfully*] I know.

'I telephoned Vanda and Mary Lutyens and said it was uncertain how long Krishnaji could live. The latter is coming when she can get a visa. I told Vanda the uncertainty of how long Krishnaji might live, but Krishnaji seemed better by evening. Scott stayed with him again, and I slept, exhausted, at home.'

S: Yes. Let me just add some things to this.

M: Yes, do.

S: When Krishnaji was told that he should have some blood transfusion, Krishnaji asked the surgeon whose blood it would be. Of course, the surgeon didn't know. And then he asked, would it be someone who ate meat and drank alcohol? And [*chuckles*] the surgeon said well, probably it will be. You know, almost certainly it will be.

M: Yes. Yes. I know.

S: All of us volunteered to give blood, but we couldn't because—

M: No, it was wrong type.

S: No, it was that Krishnaji didn't need whole blood. I couldn't donate because I had had hepatitis, but there were a lot of people around Ojai who would have happily donated, but Krishnaji needed a processed blood product and it would've taken over a week, even if they'd rushed it, to get out of the blood what it was that Krishnaji needed. I don't know what that was.

M: Yes. Yes. Yes.

S: So there just wasn't time.

M: No.

S: And Krishnaji asked the surgeon what he would recommend, and the surgeon recommended that he should have it. So Krishnaji did.

M: Yes. And Asit, later on—do you remember?

S: No, but…

M: We'll get…I don't know if it's in my diaries as at some point I had to stop writing. Asit, later on—it was at Brockwood, I think—said that Krishnaji was no longer the World Teacher because he'd accepted a transfusion of blood.

S: Oh, that is just, you know—

M: I could have—

S: I know. And Asit did all kinds of things at the end of Krishnaji's life that Krishnaji didn't want done, but anyway, that's just…

There's just one other small thing that we can mention, and apparently you experienced the same thing. When we were staying in the hospital, we would be asleep on that awful chair.

M: The squeaky chair.

S: On the squeaky chair. And as soon as Krishnaji needed something, even just help turning over—I will just speak for myself—I would go from fully asleep to fully awake without him having made a sound. Krishnaji would say things like, "How did you know I was…" or "How the devil did you do that?" Because he would wake up and want something, and he would try not to make a sound. And we'd just be instantly awake. Which is a very strange experience…

M: Yes. Yes.

S: …to go from completely asleep to completely awake. And he was always surprised and kind of joking; he would say something like, "I was trying to be quiet." And I'm sure he was, but there was something else that was…

M: Yes.

S: And then, when I would come back to Ojai from the hospital just to shower and shave and have something to eat before going back, he was always incredibly interested in what I had to eat. [*Chuckles.*] Oh yes, he wanted to know. And one time I stopped at the corner to have pizza just because that was the closest thing. Krishnaji was amazed, and he wanted to know, what did it taste like and what was on it? Finally he said, "The next time you go, maybe you could bring me a piece." And I knew I couldn't, and he saw it in my eyes and…

M: Yes.

January twenty-fifth. 'I took Dr. Parchure back to the Santa Paula hospital. Krishnaji had slept better, in spite of heart fibrillation, probably due to the blood transfusion, said Dr. Deutsch. As there is no longer the bowel obstruction, the tube from his nose was removed. Krishnaji said, "I feel like a new man."'

S: Yes. Yes. I have that in my notes, too. Yes.

M: 'Deutsch and Parchure reviewed all possible reasons for what has happened. The CT scan on Monday will answer much. I prepared for Krishnaji's return home on Wednesday. Mary Cadogan arrives tomorrow. Pupul and Asit Thursday, probably. I spent the night with Krishnaji.'

S: Well, there's an important part that's been missed out here. Before going into the hospital, things were obviously not well, and Krishnaji wanted to set up an international committee, although he didn't like the word "international." It was to have seven people on it, with two from each Foundation and then one other, and maybe the other would be a rotating one, but Krishnaji didn't like that idea. He wasn't sure what to do, but there were three youngish people from India that he wanted really to be running things there.

M: Yes, he wanted the young ones.

S: And those three were Radhika, Dr. Krishna, and Mahesh.

M: Yes.

S: And he wanted those people to be appointed. He didn't want people to be elected by the Foundation because then they would just elect Asit…

M: Themselves.

S: Yes, Asit and Pupul and…

M: Yes.

S: …and Sunanda or something, who were exactly the people he didn't want on it. So he asked me to call to India and have those three come because he wanted to establish this.

He also wanted Upasani to come—not that he wanted Upasani on this committee, because Upasani was too old—but somehow he trusted Upasani. Upasani was somebody who was honest and was good—and so I called India and passed on that message. Of course, Pupul assumed…

M: Who did you pass it onto?

S: I can't remember. Maybe I called Krishna. I think I called Krishna. But Pupul, of course, and Asit, of course, assumed that I was just playing politics and that this choice of those three was mine and not Krishnaji's. And so, of course, Pupul and Asit had to come, even though that was not what Krishnaji had wanted.

M: Yes.

S: So, this already caused a little ripple, and that's why Asit and Pupul were showing up. But, in fact, it was only those three plus Upasani that Krishnaji had really wanted to come.

M: Mm, hm. Yes, that he wanted. Upasani in the end couldn't come because he couldn't get a visa.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: The twenty-sixth of January. 'I spent the night with Krishnaji in the hospital. He had many awakenings but spoke of meditation having been present. I barely dozed, waiting to help him, watching the pattern, like Sanskrit, of his heartbeat on the monitor. Life becomes that beat. The rise—sorry, this is…[*unable to continue*]

S: Yes, let's just stop for a minute.

[*Tape stops, then restarts.*]

M: [*voice trembling throughout this reading*] 'Life becomes that beat. The rise and fall of his breathing. He is alive and so all the ugliness, the violence, the wretchedness of the world seems held at bay by that small body and its vastness of spirit. He is, as always, infinitely beautiful. He turned his head this morning and looked out the window where he could just see the hills, and his face seemed suddenly thirty years old. Dr. Deutsch found him well this morning. The jaundice is gone and he has gained two-and-a-half pounds on the IV hyperalimentation. Scott brought Parchure in the morning. I drove Parchure back to Ojai at lunchtime while Scott stayed with Krishnaji, and then I drove him back to the hospital and he stayed with Krishnaji for the night. Krishnaji had a 100.8 fever. Parchure stayed for the night while Scott and I returned to Ojai and had supper at Arya Vihara, where Mary Cadogan had arrived. She is staying with Erna and Theo. Yesterday, Krishnaji said almost to himself, "What have I done wrong?…I've tried to take care of the body," which tore me apart as if it was his fault. How can life be so cruel to this man? Later he said that he'd had a long meditation in the night.'

S: Just another small aside. I also record that in the mornings, when he has these meditations…I don't want whoever hears this to think that it is just your interpretation that his face looked thirty years old. It really did.

M: Yes, it really did.

S: He was radiant. I record as both timeless and extraordinarily young with his face, and his eyes were bright and clear, and…

M: He turned his head that way, and he looked out, saw the hills and those…

S: Yes. Yes. His face really did…It's not some romantic fantasy. It really did look extraordinary.

M: Well, he had a face that, that did things like that.

S: Yes. Yes. Yes.

M: January twenty-seventh. 'To the hospital early. Krishnaji said to me, "I want to tell you something. It is hard to find words. You must have an insight into it. I will die, and I want to leave you something. In India they are too quick to think they understand these things. I am skeptical. One must be. But Americans are immature. You must just listen without trying to understand. I feel it is something more vast than one can ever put into words."'

'Krishnaji had a CT scan that showed a three-inch mass in his liver but cannot show if it is malignant. Dr. Deutsch wants to do a liver biopsy tomorrow. Krishnaji is still running a fever and is on antibiotics and hyperalimentation. Mark Renneker telephoned and we had a long talk. He is in touch with Dr. Deutsch. He says Krishnaji is still in control of his illness. Parchure stayed in the hospital with Krishnaji. I slept at home.'

The twenty-eighth of January. 'I telephoned Vanda and Mary Links before going to the hospital. The latter is coming with Joe on Friday. Krishnaji is feeling stronger, and he talked to me most of the morning about how I should live when he is gone. He says he will probably live until the end of February. "You must not grieve as you did before. You must be strong. You have a lot of work to do. You reflect me." All the tests so far indicate cancer, but not exactly where. Around lunchtime a liver biopsy was attempted but failed. It was thought it would not be painful, but it was. Krishnaji winced, and the needle missed the tumor and was discontinued. It was a mistake and should not have been done, as he was disturbed and restless afterwards. He had been so much stronger in the morning. I stayed with him till late, but he insisted I sleep at home. "It is alright. The pain pushed 'it' ('the other') away but 'it' wants to come back. It is beginning to come back." I said to him, "You told me this morning do not let him slip away." Krishnaji replied, "Nothing will happen tonight. I know what I'm talking about. You must rest. When I'm home, you will have a lot to do. I don't know why 'it' wants to come back."'

'In the morning he had also said, "It is strange: 'the other' doesn't want to let go of the body. The last two nights 'the other' has taken control." And then he said to me, "I want you to live as when I was your companion. Go to Brockwood. The West Wing is yours. I have said this before." And in the afternoon, he said, "I wonder why 'the other' is not finished with the body." And then, with humor, he said, "Who was it that said, 'I cannot imagine a world without me?'" It was Scott's turn to spend the night in the hospital.'

S: Yes, we should just add what you and I had discovered, which was that because Dr. Parchure was hard of hearing, he didn't respond to Krishnaji's wanting things, so he just slept right through the evening, so it was very unsuccessful, so that was…

M: Yes. Yes. I remember that.

S: There was also…some—I don't know.

M: Hm? Also what?

S: Never mind. [*Pause*.] Well. [*Pause*.] On the flight from India back to California, Parchure was there, but Krishnaji insisted that I look after him. And there were two other doctors on the first-class flight who came up and asked if they could help because…but Krishnaji didn't want Parchure to look after him. He said he was too Maharashtrian, which I didn't and still don't understand what that means, but I didn't care either. If this was what Krishnaji wanted, fine. But it was…as wonderful as Dr. Parchure is with some things…at some point he didn't…well, I don't know. Anyway. There we are. Who knows?

M: Yes.

S: One other thing that I have in my notes is that Krishnaji said—and maybe you weren't there at the time—but he speculated a couple of times that perhaps "the other" wasn't going because other people didn't want it to go. And I, at one point, felt it was cruel that almost we were…

M: No [*chuckles*], I want to believe that "the other" would never have said that.

S: No, that's what Krishnaji speculated.

M: I know.

S: Yes, I also don't think it ever would have left him.

M: There was also that awful speculation that he was somehow to blame or…

January twenty-ninth. 'Krishnaji had a restless night. Dr. Deutsch gave him a steroid for strength and talked to him about what he, Krishnaji, wanted. It was a bad day. Pain came again. Krishnaji asked, "Can I last till they come?" meaning the three he has sent for from

India, Dr. Krishna, Radhika, and Maheshji. In the evening, Dr. Deutsch persuaded him to try a catheter and then he slept undisturbed all night. Both Scott and I stayed in his room. The pain had stopped. Deutsch said that…some test C19?…' And I have a question mark next to that. I didn't quite know what that test was.

S: I think maybe that was for antibodies. I think he was looking for antibodies.

M: Well, 'the results just received show that the pancreas is the likely primary cancer.'

S: Mm, hm. Yes, they talked about "cancer flags" in antibodies or something like that. I can't remember.

M: The normal reading of this test is 0 to 40. Krishnaji's is 105,000. That is the final piece of knowledge. Krishnaji will go home tomorrow. He said to me, "There is so much love and so much pain in the air."' That was the deciding day. That was the end of the hospital. Nothing could be done. He could go home.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: January thirtieth. 'Krishnaji slept without pain. I left the hospital at 4:30 a.m. to be home when the day nurse arrived. Mark Lee has lent his hospital bed and assembled all necessary equipment in Krishnaji's room. It now has a hospital setup. Krishnaji came home in an ambulance through heavy rain. Scott was with him, and the two ambulance men carried in the stretcher with a large, white plastic covering Krishnaji. "I feel better here," he said when he was in his room again. And soon he began to read in his *Golden Treasury*. And then Paul Theroux, *The Consul File*.' They're both where he left them.

S: Yes, yes.

M: 'He wanted something to eat, and I brought him some clear soup and a little homemade ice cream. Later he had tea and asked for a sandwich, "with a little green," meaning watercress and "something tasty," tomatoes. But it was a mistake and later there were gas pains. He asked too for music, "something gay." Pavarotti singing Neapolitan songs was chosen, and for a bewildering time the house rang with Napoli. In the afternoon, he talked a little with Erna, Theo, Scott, Parchure, Mary Cadogan, Evelyne Blau, and me about a responsible group to hold the three Foundations together and see to the teachings. Later, there was pain again in his stomach. It was a hard night until 2:30 a.m., when he slept. He had said to me, "Don't be unhappy" and "Maria, will it be this all night? I want to go."'

January thirty-first. 'Krishnaji was in almost a stupor when Dr. Deutsch telephoned. He thought it was the effect of the morphine and came at 2:30 p.m. to see Krishnaji and counteract the morphine. Krishnaji was better. Dorothy, Jane Hammond, Mary, and Joe arrived from London. Mary and Joe are in the guest flat. Jane is at Evelyne's, and Dorothy is at the Hookers'. Dr. Krishna is at Arya Vihara. Indira and Chandra Mauli'—oh, they came—'are at Mark Lee's.' Do we know who they are?

S: Ah, no. You had better say.

M: Well, Indira was a niece of Krishnaji's, related to Narayan.

S: Aha.

M: And Chandra Mauli was her husband.

S: Oh, yes.

M: And they ran a school somewhere in the east. 'In the evening Pupul, Radhika, and Asit arrived at Arya Vihara.' Now the big diary stops until the sixth of February.

The first of February. 'Krishnaji was weak, sleeping most of the morning. He barely spoke when Pupul, Radhika, Asit, and Dr. Krishna came in briefly in the morning. But he was free of pain and very lucid at 2 p.m. when Deutsch came, and Krishnaji then saw Radhika and Dr. Krishna, two of the four he had summoned. Deutsch answered Asit's questions. All are in agreement for giving whatever Krishnaji wants to help the pain and sleep. In the evening Krishnaji slept without morphine or sleep medicine. Earlier I telephoned Vanda in Florence.' There was one male nurse who was very good, Patrick.

S: Patrick. Yes. I remember him.

M: Yes. Yes.

The second of February. 'Krishnaji slept without morphine or sleep tablets and was alert and without pain all day. He talked to me about being strong when he is gone; that I reflect him; and that I must live the way that I have lived with him. Deutsch came to see him in the morning, and Pupul came to meet Dr. Deutsch. Krishnaji saw, in the course of the day, Pupul, Mary Links, Radhika, Dr. Krishna, Asit, Mary Cadogan, Erna, Dorothy, and Jane Hammond.'

S: Mary, I'm inclined to do the rest of it tomorrow…

M: Alright.

S: …rather than continue. Because we'll finish it all tomorrow…

M: Yes. [*Barely audible*.]

S: …and I don't want to have a little bit hanging over. And there's also a lot that can be added to your diary entries about what Krishnaji was talking to people about and things like that.

M: Mm, hm. Yes. Okay.

S: We'll continue tomorrow, starting with February third.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] For a video of the talk in Madras, first of January, 1986.

Issue 90: February 3, 1986 to February 17, 1986

Writing an introduction to an ending could seem a contradiction, yet there is so much that can and should be said about the ending of this narrative (Krishnaji's life) and this ending of Mary's memoirs (which started twenty-and-a-half years ago with the first discussion she and I had to begin *In the Presence of Krishnamurti: The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist*).

For almost twenty-nine years now, and for untold hours, I have contemplated Krishnaji's death. While all of us would have wanted Krishnaji to have avoided the pain he experienced, there was an aptness to the manner of his death. Krishnaji's decline was slow but unalterable, and it allowed him to put all of his work in order as nothing else imaginable could have. He had brought in a new head to the Oak Grove School. He completely changed Brockwood and started something new there—the Krishnamurti Study Center. He ended Saanen gently and permanently with everyone agreeing. He ended the thirteen years of struggle between the Krishnamurti Foundation of India and the other two Foundations, and he completely withdrew from India, but not before putting in a new head of Rishi Valley and Rajghat. When incurable pancreatic cancer was discovered as the base of Krishnaji's illness, medical interventions to cure him were stopped. He saw the people he could, said his goodbyes, and left, with nothing more to do and nothing left undone.

While there is an inescapable sense of incalculable loss, there is also a sense of joy in this issue. With this issue, Mary has finished meeting her promise to Krishnaji to tell the world what it was like to be with him; and I have met my promise to Mary to help her do just that. There is also the rounding out, the completion of the most extraordinary life of which we have any real record. There is a sense the gods are cheering.

Mary: [*chuckles*] It's my first necessity, when I wake up in the morning, to figure out what day it can be. [*Both chuckle*.] And I guessed wrong this morning.

Scott: Well, today is September twenty-three, 2005, and we are beginning on February three, 1986.

M: Very well. [*Chuckles.*] 'Krishnaji was without pain. He held a meeting on publication matters with representatives of all three Foundations. Only England is to correct his works. Pupul was not there, but her certain opposition was expressed. Krishnaji has energy but wants "to go." He said he had a marvelous meditation in the night. In the afternoon, in a wheelchair, we took him outside, down the path to the pepper tree, where he could see the hills. He asked to be alone there and sat motionless and silent and then asked to return indoors. Kathy arrived from Brockwood.' Now you must describe this more fully because I remember that you left him alone, but you stayed behind him in case.

S: Yes, but first of all, it wasn't a proper wheelchair. Mark Lee had not gotten a proper wheelchair like he was supposed to.

M: Oh. What was it?

S: It was a wheeled walker, one of these things that you walk behind.

M: I know all about them.

S: Yes, but this one also a seat, a canvas seat that you can sit on if you get tired of walking. So, it has very small wheels and, of course, it's inherently unstable, so it's not really a substitute for a wheelchair. Plus the fact that if you're sitting on it, then your feet are resting on the ground, so that you can't really be pushed in it because your feet would be dragging along the ground.

M: That's peculiar.

S: So, as we had nothing else, having done yoga with him, I suggested to Krishnaji that if I raised the seat as high as possible and if he sat cross-legged on the seat…

M: Yes.

S: [*chuckles*]…then we could make it somewhat work. And there was a rack on the back for holding his bottles and things. So that's what he did. He sat cross-legged in a semi-lotus position, and we bundled him up in blankets and bathrobes and everything else to keep him warm. At first we just brought him out onto his little porch here, off of his sitting room.

M: Yes.

S: And he was looking at the camellias. You and Dr. Parchure and I were there.

M: Yes. And then we lifted him down.

S: And he said he wanted to look at the mountains, so we all carried him down just those two or three steps there, and I wheeled him down. I positioned the chair really almost exactly where the pepper tree now kisses the driveway.

M: No. He was on the path, wasn't he?

S: No, he went down farther.

M: The driveway?

S: Yes, he went down farther.

M: I don't remember that. I remember him being on the path about half or three-quarters of the way down.

S: He said he wanted to be alone, but I was incredibly afraid this precarious contraption could tip backwards, so I sat on the wall surrounding the pepper tree, where I watched him like a hawk and could rush to catch him should he start to tip.

M: Yes, I remember that.

S: I was just about a meter or a meter and a half behind him. And I was sitting on the wall, as I remember it. I think all of us did initially go halfway down the path.

M: Yes, the rest of us stayed back.

S: Right. I can remember looking up the path and seeing all of you. You were all up the path a little bit. And I was sitting on the stone wall. And I describe in my notes that to me it was absolutely as clear as daylight that Krishnaji was saying goodbye to the hills, goodbye to the mountains.

M: Yes. Goodbye to the whole valley.

S: Yes, goodbye to the valley. He wasn't making a motion. He wasn't saying a thing, but to me it was absolutely clear, because I remember watching him saying goodbye to Rishi Valley in the same way. And saying goodbye to the beach in Madras and the Adyar River. It was just, it was just something that spoke so fully and so eloquently with not a gesture, not a word. But he was saying goodbye. And he was very happy, and then he had been doing that for a while, just sitting there quite happily, and then suddenly Asha Lee and her daughter steamed up the driveway and saw him there, and he was so disappointed that his solitary goodbye was interrupted. And yet, of course, he was enormously courteous. I think they were going into the office down here, but he called them over to greet them. But I remember thinking that the spell was broken, this moment was broken, and then we brought him back up.

M: Yes. I remember his sitting in something, but I don't remember the vehicle.

S: That was the vehicle. And I think it had either the seat or the metal parts were red.

M: That's…well, anyway.

February fourth: 'Krishnaji slept quite well. Dr. Deutsch came to see him and they talked at length.'

S: Oh, let me, can I interrupt here? There's something else that I remember.

M: What?

S: Well, Kathy was having to come here because there were things about the drawings for the center that I had to approve in order for construction not to be delayed. So she was coming over with the latest drawings and specifications that I had to look at; and

Krishnaji was very interested in what flight she was coming on and when she would arrive, etcetera, and he would say to me, "She's taking off now," and "She's in the air," and then "She's coming in for a landing now." So Kathy was just in his—

M: In his consciousness.

S: In his courteous, thoughtful consciousness.

M: Yes, he—he had a sense of where people were…

S: Yes.

M: I remember the first time I saw this was when he and I were walking around the reservoir in New York's Central Park. We were staying at my brother's flat, which I'd taken for Krishnaji's use, and Alain Naudé was with us. Naudé had gone up to either New Haven or Boston about Krishnaji speaking at Harvard or Yale, and we'd gone all the way around the reservoir, and we were just about to cross Fifth Avenue because the apartment was right opposite, and just before we got to the place across, he said that Naudé is arriving. And he was. When we crossed the street, Alain was paying the taxi. [*S chuckles.*] And you know, he couldn't have seen him—we were too far away.

S: Yes. Yes.

M: And frequently when I would go to town when we lived in Malibu, to do shopping and this, that, and the other thing, he'd know when I was arriving and come down to the gate to wait for me. He would say, "I knew you were coming."

S: Yes. Extraordinary.

M: Yes. So, anyway, the fourth of February: 'Krishnaji slept quite well. Dr. Deutsch came to see him, and they talked at length. Deutsch says he is in an upswing, a possible remission. He said that Krishnaji could be the way he was for some time—possibly be able to write or dictate, but that if he worsened, he would not let Krishnaji be in pain. He got him up into that kind of wheelchair and into the living room. After Gary left, Krishnaji decided to walk on his own back to bed and did.' I remember that. He was shivering afterward. 'Parchure massaged his legs and feet.'

S: The shivering that you just mentioned. He would sometimes shake—what I called shaking—from things, like from pain or from cold.

M: And weakness, too.

S: And weakness. And in the airplane, when he shook I would hold him. Then when he had that terrible liver biopsy, he shook for the entire next day. It was just too much for his body, and so the body was just shaking.

M: Yes. It's a weakness and also with him it's much more exaggerated…

S: Yes. And also from overextending himself. This walk back was overextending himself, and he just shook from that.

M: I know—I mean, I can't say I know what he had because of what I have—but I've had that happen a lot when my hand shakes so much. Still my handwriting is sometimes normal, and sometimes, most of the time, it's not. It's a kind of a weakness of…

S: Of the body, yes.

M: Yes, the body's weak. And walking, I have to have a stick or I'd fall. Your body doesn't do what it used to do.

The fifth of February. 'In the morning Krishnaji spoke to a group: Pupul, Radhika, Asit, Krishna, Maheshji (just arrived), Dr. Parchure, Mary L., Mary C., Jane Hammond, Erna, Theo, Mark Lee, and David Moody. Scott recorded it. "As long as the body lives, I am still the teacher." He wept. In the afternoon, he spoke alone with Dr. Krishna and Maheshji and recorded his wish that no one be president or secretary of the Foundations who is not doing that primarily—not people who have other jobs. He walked from the bed to the living room. On the sofa off the fireplace, he sat for half an hour and walked back unaided.' And, if I haven't recorded it or haven't read it, you were wonderful in keeping a fire going in that fireplace all the time. And that was wonderful because when we took him in there, he'd watch the…

S: The flames.

M: The flames and the sparks and the action, the beauty, the everything of the fire. But also, it's a lovely living thing. A fire, to me, a fire in the fireplace is something wonderful.

S: Yes. And Krishnaji enjoyed it so.

M: Yes, he did.

S: And I can remember, when I'd put on a big log, he would say things like, "Oh, lord," always commenting when it was a big log and…

M: Yes. I don't know whether we've recorded on this, but even if we have, I'll repeat it. You, in those days, were sleeping in the living room on the long sofa.

S: Yes, that's right.

M: And I think you and I shared my bathroom.

S: Yes, I think so. But then when Kathy came, after the Linkses had left, because they were staying in the upstairs guest flat, Kathy moved there, and then I moved there; so I left your bathroom.

M: But during this early part, you…

S: I slept on that couch there.

M: …slept on the couch. And I knew from sleeping on the couch myself, when Krishnaji and Alain came at first to Malibu, I didn't have a guest room. I later built one. So I slept on the long couch.

S: It's very comfortable.

M: It's very comfortable, and I know just how to put a sheet on it. You drape it over the back and then over the seat [*S chuckles*] and a pillow and then blankets.

S: It's very comfortable. And I think you could get about three people lengthwise on that couch.

M: [*chuckles*] Yes, it's twelve feet long. [*S chuckles*.] I know exactly because I had it made to fit the space in the Malibu house, in front of the long window at the end of the room.

S: Yes. Right.

M: So I know.

S: Let me go back and just comment also on this meeting that Krishnaji wanted and which was recorded. All the things that I recorded were things he asked to be recorded. I never recorded anything that he didn't ask to be recorded. But this was his putting his final foot down on the publications matters. And on everything else as well. And to me—just as an aside, if you want to look at what Krishnaji wanted with copyright and things, it's there.

M: Yes. He was telling them.

S: He was telling everybody.

M: And all the people involved were there.

S: Yes. So he was really…and I'm glad that also he said that as long as the body lives, he is still the teacher. And in my notes, it says, "just like on the platform." Because of the many idiocies of what people later said of…

M: Yes. Well, he must have known that…

S: He must've known that people would say that he was no longer the teacher when he said certain things.

M: …some people would say that. People like Asit or something.

S: Yes. And Pupul, too.

M: Pupul, too. Yes.

S: Because, if Krishnaji contradicted her on her wishes for the publications matters, which he did, then obviously he was flawed. [*Chuckles*.]

M: He wasn't the teacher anymore.

S: He wasn't the teacher anymore. It's…

M: And Asit was the one, I told you yesterday, who said that because he'd had a transfusion that he was no longer the teacher…

S: Yes, and that's just monstrous.

M: February sixth. 'Krishnaji slept through the night but had nine awakenings during the evening. He talked to me in the early morning, "Who are your friends? I want you to be looked after when I'm gone. K has protected you, but he can't when he's gone. I love you and want you to be protected. You must be careful. You must drive as if I was sitting beside you. Who will go to Huntsman with you?"' [*S chuckles*.] '"Will you and Mary lunch at Fortnum's? I have been your companion. We've done things together. I want you to be looked after. You must go to Paris, the Dordogne, on holiday to Switzerland. You must use the money in the Teacher's Trust, it is yours. I give it to you to use as you choose. Have you enough money? You mustn't go to India anymore. India is bad for you. Go with Scott and his wife to Paris and the Dordogne. I love you, and K loves you. That is why I'm telling you this."' Well, what money there was in the Teacher's Trust, that was money given to him to do with what he wanted. And, of course, he used to only give it to Brockwood or give it to this or give it to somebody else.

S: [*chuckles*] I know. He never used it on himself.

M: No. So of course I didn't keep it [*both chuckle*], but, well, anyway. 'His voice was high, and he cried when he said some of these things. I couldn't control a rain in myself. A little later he saw Mary and Joe alone and apparently asked them to look after me. Pupul and Maheshji sat in the living room, she waiting to see Krishnaji. But after his bath, he wanted me to clean his hair with a hot washrag, dry it, massage in it the Biokosma lotion'—that's his hair tonic. I've got some in the closet there; it's Swiss—'which he rubbed in himself. He is caring for his hair as he always has, but he said, "I'm becoming a zombie, having to let people do all these things for me."' I remember how I washed his hair. He had a hospital bed, and so I could stand behind it, and I figured out

that with a big black plastic bag I could have water and not wet anything. I forget just how I did it, but it worked.

S: Yes.

M: 'Pupul had gone when all this was done. I am sitting by his bedside. It is around noon, and he sleeps. Earlier he spoke of walking such a short time ago in Madras. 'I like to see air,' he said. I asked or said that perhaps one of these days we might be able to drive to the beach in the car early in the morning. He said, "I have been watching the dawn, a new day beginning. It is good to watch the dawn." Around 2 p.m. he said to Scott, "Mary and I have been companions, and when I am not here, I charge you—do you understand what that means?—to look after her, you and your wife."'

S: That he was charging me to look after you, yes. Which, I have to add, I haven't done at all. It's always you who looks after me. [*M chuckles*.] So I have failed totally in my—

M: Interruption. This is totally untrue.

S: [*chuckles*] Yes, it is true.

M: 'Later, lying on his side, looking out at the sunlight and wind in the trees, he said, "What a beautiful day." The large eyes seemed all-seeing as always for a few minutes then folded, with the long dark lashes covering them."' He had extraordinary eyelashes, and I go on about it because I once asked him, "Krishnaji, don't you need dark glasses?" And he said "No." He said, "I can't wear them because my eyelashes are too long." [*Chuckles*.]

S: Yes. Yes, he had the most extraordinarily beautiful eyelashes.

M: Yes, and he always said they're wasted on him. They should be on a woman.

S: Yes, yes. They were beautiful.

M: Yes. [*Both chuckle*.] 'At 3 p.m. Mary and Joe have just come to say goodbye.' I was writing while sitting with him. 'They fly back to London tonight. Krishnaji's nephew, Narayan's brother, Krishna'—that's the name of Narayan's brother—'came to see him briefly. Then around 6 p.m., unexpectedly, Gary Deutsch came soon after Krishnaji had wanted to walk to the living room but had been too weak, so we took him on that wheelchair. He sat by the fire in the living room for about forty-five minutes. Gary found him weaker and ordered full Surex for sleep instead of a half-dose. He may try an internal catheter on Saturday.' I don't seem to have written it here, but when Mary and Joe said goodbye and went to the car and I went with them to wave them goodbye—when I came back, Krishnaji wanted to know what kind of a car it was.

S: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Always. He had me running out several times to find out what kind of a car [*chuckles*] people were coming and going in.

M: Yes. Cars were important.

S: Exactly. Also, just small additions to the things that you've written there. Krishnaji's, I guess, nephew…

M: Yes, he was a nephew.

S: Well, Krishnaji's shoes fit him, which is quite remarkable, because Krishnaji had unusually small and thin feet.

M: Yes, I'm wearing one shoe now.

S: Yes. So Krishnaji gave him several pairs of his bespoke shoes.

M: Yes. That's true, I'd forgotten that. He was giving away—everything.

S: Yes, he was giving away everything. Also, one should say that when Krishnaji had so come to like Gary Deutsch, that when he knew that Mary Lutyens was coming to visit—this was before Kathy had made plans to visit—he wanted to give Gary Deutsch the Naviquartz that was at Brockwood.

M: Mm, hm. Yes.

S: So he had Kathy bring it to Mary so that Mary could bring it.

M: Oh, so Mary could bring it.

S: Yes, because we didn't know, at that time, that there was going to be this last-minute crisis about the center—Kathy hadn't planned to come.

M: Yes. Oh, that's right. I'd forgotten. I remember it now, yes. And Gary was sort of embarrassed or…not embarrassed…

S: Gary said that as a doctor he can't accept any gifts. But he said that if it's from one friend to another, he could—which is exactly how Krishnaji had wanted it.

M: Of course. He really gave away almost everything. And the clothes that he left I've given away since. The only thing I kept, of course, was his steel watch and the chain, and I kept that by his bed for a long time, where it always sat when he wasn't carrying it.

S: Yes, I know.

M: Until we built the reading room in the new archives, and you've seen…

S: Yes, it's very nicely displayed.

M: Yes. I don't think people notice it.

S: I don't know how they could not.

M: But every time I go in the room, I—

S: Every time I immediately see it, yes.

M: Wendy asked, "Should we wind it, should we do these things?" and I said, "No." I've wound it always, but I've never wanted it handled by other people. And I think it…

S: Yes. Yes. Quite right. Quite right.

M: So there it is.

S: Yes. One other thing that is in my notes is that when Krishnaji [*chuckles*] and I were watching the fire in the fireplace, I noticed that I would tend to watch the big dancing flames, but Krishnaji would always call my attention to a little tiny flame. Something that was just beginning—maybe it wouldn't make it, maybe it would grow. But he would watch these little flames—he was always calling my attention to those: "Do you see that one…?" and then he would watch it grow or not.

M: Yes, yes. Whenever he was anywhere, really, he would see encyclopedically. [*Chuckles.*] There's probably no such word, but he would notice, be aware of everything.

S: Yes, and the most extraordinarily small things.

M: February seventh. 'Krishnaji slept with a full Surex pill and only three awakenings in the night. He watched the light on the hills. He said, "A fresh new morning. I looked for the old brain."'

'Then I said, "Did you find it?"'

'He replied, "Only a little."'

'Me: "Did meditation come in the night?"'

'He shook his head. "The sleep was too deep," he said. Later he said, "You have been very sweet to me. You are the only person very close to me. You must be with me till the very last, till they put the body in the incinerator, with me till the end of my life." His voice was weak. Asit, Dr. Krishna, Jane, and Dorothy are leaving today. They came to say goodbye. Krishnaji has begun to have pain. Morphine relieved it. He spoke on the cassette to Scott and me about the energy and intelligence that has gone through the body for seventy years.' That was that day. 'He was too weak to get up in the afternoon.'

The eighth. 'Krishnaji at 4:30 a.m. told me I must walk, so I went around the block at 6:30 a.m. with Erna. Dr. Deutsch came to see Krishnaji, who talked to him at some length, "as a friend, not a doctor." Higher alimentation with a pump machine was started. Krishnaji saw Sarjit Siddoo briefly, Pupul, and Radhika. Pupul is not leaving tomorrow but is moving to Grohe's. Krishnaji woke up five times in the night. Scott and I both slept on cushions by Krishnaji's bed at Krishnaji's request.' I couldn't write anything more in the big diary until February twelfth.

S: Just to say, also, Krishnaji *wanted* everybody to leave. He told everybody to go.

M: Yes, I know, he told them to go.

S: And he was so very disappointed that Pupul wasn't leaving.

M: I know.

S: One should say all that.

M: Yes, she again wouldn't do what he wanted.

S: She, yes…

M: February ninth. 'Krishnaji saw briefly Mary Cadogan, then Pupul, Radhika, and Maheshji. Radhika later left to see her daughter, Sunanda. Gary Deutsch came around lunchtime. He gave Krishnaji a more permanent catheter, and Krishnaji then wanted to go in the living room, so we brought him in that little contraption, his wheelchair. We sat by the fire all afternoon till it was dark. Mary Links telephoned from London earlier and I spoke to my brother in New York.'

The tenth. 'Krishnaji slept better with the catheter. He sent me on an early morning walk. Pupul, now staying at the Grohes', came with Maheshji. Krishnaji was in the living room on the sofa. She stayed briefly. Krishnaji was able to stand and to get in and out of the wheelchair. He spent the whole day in the living room. At 10 p.m. he had pain and morphine.'

The eleventh. 'Krishnaji slept but restlessly. After a bath, I washed his hair in bed…' That's the time I washed his hair.

S: No, you did it several times.

M: I did?

S: Yes.

M: '…then he wanted to go into the living room, where he stayed all day. Pupul and the Grohes came by briefly. Also Maheshji. Lailee telephoned. I rang Vanda. Dr. Deutsch

came in the afternoon and stayed a long time and took blood samples. Krishnaji had only one morphine in the night at 7 p.m.'

S: Just to say also on this: When Magda and Grohe came, Magda went over to say something to him, and when he responded, he was a bit weepy.

M: Yes.

S: And he turned to me afterwards and said that people have too much emotion and it's not good for his body. So the impact of other people's emotions was something he felt deeply, and he didn't have the strength to withstand it anymore, and so he would break down and cry.

M: Well, I think I told you the other day when we were doing this that he felt the two people who were under the pepper tree—one was Tara Singh and the other was Priscilla Thierry. Not together but separately. Krishnaji asked me to ask them to leave. And when I finally went out, Priscilla was crying, and he felt that presence.

S: Yes. Yes. Yes, he couldn't have seen them from there.

M: She was very shy—she still is. She is living somewhere in a home here, and she was very withdrawn. I used to run into her in the post office, and she always would sort of start for fear I'd say something. I mean, I would say good morning to her, but that's all. But I felt she didn't want human contact. She was a very nice woman, but…

February twelfth. 'Last night Krishnaji had pain. At 7 p.m. he took morphine, which quieted it, and he slept the rest of the night. The nurse, Patrick Linville, said he was amazed at Krishnaji's strength in being able to stand for moments. This morning Krishnaji was clear, maybe because of no Surex sleeping pill. He asked me to file his nails. He did his teeth and face. A new nurse came at 7 a.m. but appeared incompetent and gave Krishnaji a poor bath. He wanted to be in the living room again, so Scott, Parchure, and I moved him in there, but within minutes his stomach bothered him and he had to come back to bed. He vomited some blood, which Parchure thinks indicates a hemorrhage. His fever went to 103, but Tylenol brought it down. By phone, Deutsch ordered a resumption of Rocephin, the antibiotic, but because the nurse got the order relayed by Scott, she didn't give it until the night nurse arrived later. Krishnaji was too weak to see Pupul when she came from Grohe's with Maheshji. Later Krishnaji told me to tell her, "Don't wait around, he has gone for a walk in the hills." Erna told it to her.

S: [*chuckles*] I remember this, as I was there when he said this, and I remember thinking that it was quite dismissive of Pupul, which was unusual for him to be so…

M: Well, it could have a double meaning.

S: Yes, this is just it; this is what I want to mention because this message was just relayed, and she took that forever and repeated it, and repeated it until the end of her life, as some great mystical message that he was giving her.

M: That's right.

S: And he was just telling her, look, I can't see you, I'm…

M: Yes. [*S chuckles*.] She, of course, interpreted it her way; but it was a rather poetic way of dismissing her, I thought.

S: Yes, it was poetic, but it was still dismissing her.

M: 'Gary Deutsch came in the afternoon. He, Scott, Parchure, and I talked of what should be done. Krishnaji had said half an hour earlier to me, "I want to go. I want to die." And when I could only say, "I know, I know," he said, "You say you know, but you don't do anything."' I didn't know what he meant by that.

S: I know, because he said things like that to me, and I asked him if he wanted help to go more quickly, and he thought for a while and said, no, that that wasn't right.

M: It wasn't right, yes.

S: It wasn't right. And then he asked Gary Deutsch, I think perhaps at this meeting, what would happen if all the tubes were removed. And Gary Deutsch said, well, you'll quickly become dehydrated and then different organs will fail. But even that Krishnaji thought was too violent. He didn't want anything done to prolong his life while at the same time he didn't feel it was right to hasten the end.

M: Yes. '"You don't do anything,"' and then I write, 'If he gets antibiotics now, it only prolongs his time a little until the next fall in the state of his body. I suggested Deutsch talk to Krishnaji, who was quite lucid, and ask him his wishes. This he did.' Well, that's what you just talked of. 'Deutsch came back to Scott, Parchure, and me and said that Krishnaji had understood. He doesn't want to go on as he is and said, "Do what you think is right." So what seems right to all four of us was not to bring all extreme ways of medicine to prolong his life, with death inevitable, but to continue the IV feeding, relieve pain, fever, nausea; then the natural death that Krishnaji had spoken of earlier will come about on its own time. Krishnaji seemed satisfied when told this. I sat holding his hand a long time, and he had me press my hand on his stomach in the evening.' He felt it relieved the pain somehow.

S: Yes. In my records, I record it as the first time he also asked me to do that, as he had on the airplane.

M: 'He asked what was going on in the world, "What is the gossip?" and we turned on the evening news with Dan Rather. Sharansky has been freed by the Soviets and was

tumultuously welcomed in Israel. “The Soviets are cruel people,” said Krishnaji. Deutsch had said the results of the blood tests yesterday do not show much difference from when he was in the hospital. I told Pupul this on the telephone, as talk of a hemorrhage in the morning had alarmed her. She said she has decided to leave on Sunday. Asit and Radhika, who are returning here, will do the same. I telephoned Mar de Manziarly, and she entirely understood why it would tire Krishnaji if she came to say goodbye. Those who most care about him seem to feel this way. It is the egotists, Blackburn, for example, who push to see him. A good nurse, Bea Epping, was on in the evening. Krishnaji had morphine.’

The thirteenth. ‘There were two-and-a-half inches of rain in the night, and it began again in the afternoon. Krishnaji had a second morphine around 11 p.m. last night, but it failed to help with sleep, and the nurse gave him Surex at 1 a.m. I got up soon after 3:30 a.m., and when he was awake, I did his teeth cleaning. The male nurse, Patrick, Scott, Dr. Parchure, and I carried him in a hammock of sheets to the couch in front of the living room fire. Scott had turned the center sofa so that Krishnaji could lie stretched out facing the firelight. Maheshji, Pupul, and the Grohes came briefly to see him. Krishnaji told Pupul he was sorry he didn’t see her yesterday. “He was off in the hills all day.” He looked all beauty lying there. He had me read to him from the Paul Theroux’s story.’ That book’s in there. I forget what the name of it is.

S: *First Council*, or something like that.

M: ‘He had me read him Paul Theroux’s story but then switched to the newspapers. He had a fit of shivering, then fever. Tylenol broke the fever, and then there was sweat. We carried him back to bed. Parchure massaged him, and he fell asleep. In the living room he had suddenly said, “Do you remember the place in Holland? The ducks. How each day there were fewer of the baby ducks.”’ That was when we were first in Holland and we used to walk in a kind of a park that was privately owned and had streams running through it. We used to go for the afternoon walks there, and there was a mother duck with little ducklings behind her. That’s what he was remembering. ‘He was thinking of the place where we used to walk near the thatched farmhouse in 1967. A very happy time. Later he said, “I am very fortunate.” Yesterday he asked me obliquely—the nurse was present—“I suppose you haven’t heard from that person.” Meaning Rajagopal. We never heard one word from those people.

S: No, of course not.

M: Really ugly.

S: Yes. I just wanted to add a small thing here; that the reason that we carried Krishnaji to the living room was that it became too tiring for him to get in and out of that ridiculous not-quite-wheelchair thing. It was also tiring for him to sit upright on the couch as he had. So that’s why I’d moved the couch sideways, so that he could lie on it and look over his feet at the fire.

M: That's right.

S: And then we came up with the idea of making a hammock out of his bottom sheet.

M: We just took the bottom sheet.

S: Yes. And he was delighted with that, and he was also terribly amused at suddenly seeing this path through the house that he had known so well but, of course, never seen it from the ceiling point of view. [*Laughs.*] I can well remember his delight and his being amused by being carried like that, almost as if it was an amusement ride. And, of course, he weighed almost nothing then.

M: Yes. February fourteenth: 'Krishnaji slept without pill or morphine till 2 a.m., but at 4 a.m. the pain returned. A new nurse, Peggy Levine, gave morphine. In the ten minutes it took to work, he had me press on his stomach. "Too good to be true. Sorrow, I thought I'd lost you." The high voice groaned with pain and the low voice came in, "Don't make such a fuss about it." At 4:20 a.m., he said the pain was gone and I must go to sleep another two hours.' At one point, when he had me press on his stomach, I must have said, "Can't you heal yourself?" you know, the pain. And he said, "Put your hand, and I'll put my hand on your hand," so mine gave the pressure, and his hand would do whatever it did. Of course, it didn't work for the pain. 'We took him again in a hammock of sheets to the living room, where the fire burned beautifully and outside the heavy rain fell. We were having a big, big storm, and I was afraid we would lose electricity, so I have rented generators and rigged them so that if there was a power failure he would still have light and warmth in his room, and the infusion pump to his vein will carry on. Scott and someone else worked at this. We had carried him back to bed when Gary Deutsch came in to see how he was and to bring him a bunch of Clint Eastwood films he had taped. He ordered light morphine, one milligram, to be given routinely while Krishnaji is in pain because Krishnaji admitted to me this morning that the pain doesn't come all at once but builds up before he lets us know it is there. If this amount is insufficient and pain occurs, more can be given. He also changed the sleeping prescription from Surex to Restoril. This Krishnaji took at 8 p.m.' See, he never would complain.

S: I know. I have that in my notes, too—he would wait until it got really bad before saying anything.

M: Yes.

S: But just to note here also that Krishnaji thought it was a wonderful discovery when he realized that Dr. Deutsch was a Clint Eastwood fan as well. [*Chuckles.*] Krishnaji and I would watch the movies; you would only come in, look, and then walk out again.

M: Yes.

S: And something else. It was Vivian Moody who had gone out and found the two generators.

M: Did she? I was wondering where I got them.

S: Yes, it was Vivian Moody, and they were hard to find because other people were—

M: Were doing the same thing.

S: —everyone was wanting the same thing because this was a terrible storm. And it was Ivan Berkowitz who helped me hook them up.

M: Oh. Did he?

S: Yes. We took one line down to the basement to run the heating system.

M: The heat, yes. In the old part of the house, one must explain, there's a basement.

S: Right.

M: And there's a regular hot-air furnace.

S: Yes. So we hooked the first one up to run that. And then for the second one I brought a line in through the window to run Krishnaji's equipment and his electric blanket…

M: Yes.

S: …because we couldn't have the pumps and all the monitoring equipment go off, and Krishnaji needed the electric blanket to stay warm.

M: Yes.

S: But it was Ivan who helped.

M: It's good to be clear about these details. 'I got the nurses in and out of Ojai.' I called the police, as they were stopping people driving in or out because of mudslides, and I called the police and said that there is someone who is seriously ill, and we need the nurses to get through. Will you let them get through? And they did. 'Deutsch came and talked alone with Krishnaji about his illness.'

The fifteenth. 'Krishnaji slept through the stormy night. When the 11 o'clock nursing shift change approached, the highway control had made the roads impossible. I talked to a woman there who was more resourceful, checked with the men in the field, and worked out a route. The nurse got here by 11:30, and Patrick Linville, the male nurse on duty, was able to get out. Today the rain has lessened. The roads are clear, and there have been no bad mudslides. Pupul and Asit came in the morning while Gary Deutsch was here. Deutsch came with slides of Yosemite for Krishnaji to look at. For a while he did but fell asleep, and Deutsch left, not before talking to Pupul, Asit, Erna, and Theo. Pupul leaves tomorrow morning. She saw Krishnaji in the afternoon, and so did Radhika, who had

arrived this morning from Philadelphia. She, too, leaves tomorrow for India. Asit asked me if it was all right for him to stay for as long as Krishnaji lives. He will stay at Grohe's. He said he felt he could no more leave than if his father were dying. I said of course; he should stay if he wished and is welcome to come to the house whenever he likes. Also he can use the gray car. All this goes on, and I keep moving, but there are times when I want to cry until my eyes are washed away and my heart dissolved. Krishnaji asked me to wash his hair; clean it with a hot towel—a hot washrag, brush it, and in the evening massage almond oil into his scalp. This evening I stood doing this, behind the top of the bed, holding in my hand, this warm, beautiful…' [*Pause.*] I'm sorry, wait a minute.

S: Yes, Mary. It's alright.

M: Turn it off.

<Tape cuts out and resumes>

M: 'In the evening I stood behind the top of his bed, holding in my hands this warm and beautiful head that holds the brain that is the light of this world. It is there, alive, marvelous, beyond any knowing. The source of his teaching is an endless giving. My hands, when he said the massage was enough, held the scent of his aliveness, a perfume. Have I said in these scribblings that for a while, the last time Deutsch was here, that they were talking alone and when we came in, Krishnaji was telling him about knowledge, intelligence, compassion, and what love is. His voice was rather high, and he paused with the effort. But he kept on. It was his last teaching.' That's the end of the big book.

S: Hm.

M: Yes. And as Dr. Deutsch had said, he felt he was Krishnaji's last pupil.

S: Yes.

M: He was.

S: I remember that. I made notes of it. I was in the room when Krishnaji had this talk with Deutsch. It was the most brilliant encapsulation of Krishnaji's teachings. It was remarkable—absolutely astonishing. It was a condensed version of the teachings, with nothing left out. I remember being astonished and thinking, if only I had recorded this. But Krishnaji didn't ask for it to be recorded, so—but it was remarkable. The clarity and the depth at that late moment. One other thing that I would add, before Asit asked you if he could stay, Pupul had begged you to allow him to stay because she had said people in India wouldn't understand if an Indian wasn't there.

M: Yes, I remember that.

S: But, of course, Maheshji was going to be here, and Parchure. But somehow Parchure and Mahesh, who was the secretary of the Foundation, didn't count as much as…

M: Pupul's nephew.

S: Yes, Pupul's relatives. [*Chuckles*.] Oosh.

M: 'Krishnaji didn't want to go to the living room. He remained in bed and watched part of an Eastwood movie brought by Gary Deutsch but was tired and stopped it and slept by 8.'

February sixteenth: 'Krishnaji woke at 3 a.m. with pain in the abdomen. Morphine was changed to a drip. In spite of the morphine, Krishnaji was clear. Pupul came to say goodbye before lunch and left after for a flight to London. Radhika had left earlier in the morning. Deutsch thought there was a hemorrhage in the liver that was causing the pain. Restoril for sleep was taken at 7 p.m. The pain lessened, and Krishnaji slept, but it became a coma. Deutsch came at 11 p.m. and Krishnaji's breathing…he was breathing only three times a minute. That's the end of the…I didn't write anymore about that.

S: Yes, Mary, yes.

Editor's Note: ***While there have been no SF notes during the time that Mary was with Krishnaji, it has to be acknowledged that Mary was by now depleted, exhausted, and unable to write her daily journals fully as she always had. The ending of this extraordinary life also merits whatever attention we can pay to it. Therefore, I am including my notes.***

* * *

SF Notes #10

That evening, at about 7:15, he was given a sleeping pill to go to sleep. He wanted to hold off on the sleeping pill and not take it too early, although we had encouraged him to take it early so that he could sleep, because he had had a terrible day of pain and he was absolutely exhausted by it. I am almost sure he knew that he would die that evening.

When he washed down his sleeping pill with a small glass of water that Patrick, the French nurse, helped him with it, Krishnaji made a joke to the nurse and said, "Ce n'est pas de Bordeaux." And after taking it, he said to me, "Now what am I supposed to do?" and I replied, "Well, just sleep, sir." And he said, "All right, if that is what you all want." It was most peculiar the way he said that, and I felt something terribly ominous. He then turned to me and said, "I have complete security on you, no, in you." And I said, "Please, sir, just go to sleep, you're tired." I didn't think anything of it; I didn't think it would be the last thing that he would say to me.

Just then, Mary came in, and I stepped a short distance away, and he said something like, "No, I have never had any security," or something like that. He was changing the use of the word. He had said goodbye to me, and he had said it so beautifully, and it was so moving. I don't take it in any conceited way, I hope, but he had reached up and taken

hold of my arm, and I can't put it into words, but it was sweet and kind beyond anything I feel was really merited.

To Mary he was saying, "Goodnight, darling, goodnight, go to sleep, go to bed, goodnight," and he repeated it many times, and he said it for a long time, and it was absolutely beyond any doubt clear that he was not saying goodnight but goodbye. He shooed us all out of the room as he began to drop off, telling us to go to bed, but it was far too early and there was too much of a sense in the room of something momentous occurring. We stood just in the doorway for a few minutes as he fell asleep, but his eyelids only half-closed, and his eyes rolled back, showing the whites.

I came back into the room and sat on the floor against the wall to Krishnaji's right. Mary came in and sat next to me. We had our backs to the cupboard doors to the right and left of his bathroom door, and we waited. After about five or perhaps ten minutes, Mary got up and sat next to his bed by his left side. Five minutes after that, I got up and sat by his right side. It didn't wake him. It was clear that this was no ordinary sleep and that it was very deep. Dr. Parchure was also present, but in my memory he wandered in and out of the room and eventually sat for a long period of time in Krishnaji's sitting room. He, more than Mary or I, was aware of what was occurring.

Soon after Mary and I got by his side, with his eyes still rolled back and his eyelids half-open, he said softly, "O, quelqu'un." It was partly a plea, as though he was asking for, "Oh, please, someone"; it was partly a remark, as though he was saying, "Oh, someone is there." It wasn't urgent or startled, but it had a very peculiar quality to it. Perhaps he was calling to the French male nurse; perhaps he just had French on his mind because we had so often spoken French over the last several weeks. I have no idea what it meant or why he said that.

From then on, Krishnaji's breath and his heart rate gradually slowed. Mary remained by his left side, holding his hand for most of the rest of the evening. I didn't move from his right side and held his right hand.

At about 11:00 p.m., Dr. Deutsch arrived. Together, Dr. Parchure, Dr. Deutsch, the male nurse, Mary, and I watched and waited.

There was a very clear sense that Krishnaji was present, and even when I first picked up his hand shortly after sitting by his side and when it didn't wake him and it was clear that he was in a coma, he was there, and that presence was not unhappy. In fact, at one point, I had a sense there was laughing, as Krishnaji laughed. But there was nothing on his face, of course, to indicate that—and it could easily be my imagination. But it's what I sensed at the time.

At some time around 11:30 p.m., Mary had gone into the kitchen with the male nurse. He had extended his shift in order to be with Krishnaji at this difficult time, but as he had had nothing to eat for eight hours, Mary took him into the kitchen to help him get some food. While Mary was there, I thought Krishnaji was going and sent Dr. Parchure quickly to

get her. Somehow she didn't understand the urgency, and she didn't come, so I asked Dr. Deutsch to get her because I didn't want to leave Krishnaji alone, and I knew that she would want to be there when he died. Dr. Parchure remained in the kitchen with the male nurse until after Krishnaji died. He was keeping the male nurse away from Krishnaji's bedside, as he knew what a private occasion Krishnaji wanted his death to be. It was typical of the thoughtfulness and the selflessness that Dr. Parchure had throughout.

Krishnaji was breathing three times a minute and his heart rate was very low. In my confusion I kept mis-multiplying the pulse beats that I was feeling, which were so faint anyway, and I kept on getting it wrong. Dr. Deutsch could not get over how strong Krishnaji's body was. Normally what happens when the body slows down in a coma is that the heart rate goes up and the blood pressure goes awry in order to make up for the lack of oxygen. But Krishnaji's pulse stayed steady, and his blood pressure stayed steady. The doctor's comment at the time was that Krishnaji had the heart of a racehorse.

At around 11:40 p.m., I suddenly realized that Krishnaji was gone. The heart was still going, the body was still breathing, but there was the most dramatic difference in the overall presence. I can't explain it other than saying that Krishnaji simply was no longer there, and what was there was like a machine or like an animal that was pushing, driving, but that had lost contact with something greater than the mechanical or the animal. It was just the purely physical that was going on. I don't think I will ever stop seeing that face. It was drawn and ashen gray, and it was driving hard three breaths a minute, then eventually two, then eventually one, and the pulse became slower and fainter.

At 12:10 a.m. I couldn't feel his pulse anymore, and I put on the doctor's stethoscope and listened to his heart, and there was nothing. Still, the body took another breath, and I said to the doctor, "What's that?" and he explained that it was just a reflex and that it often happened. Mary asked me what time he had died. I said it was 12:10 a.m. Mary had a large, luminous clock behind her back, so I am quite sure of all these times. She told me that he had been born at 12:30 a.m. The body took one final breath, and I looked up at the clock, and it was 12:12 a.m.

* * *

M: The seventeenth: 'With Dr. Deutsch, Scott, and I beside him, Krishnaji's heart stopped beating at ten minutes past midnight. Scott and I and Dr. Parchure bathed his body, wrapped it in a cadi silk and an Italian embroidered linen sheet. He lay on his own bed which was in his sitting room till 8 a.m. when I rode beside him to the crematorium in Ventura.'

S: Yes. Thank you for all this. [*Sighs*.] I'm sorry today has been so difficult, Mary.



Mary Zimbalist’s Unfinished Book

Section One

PREFACE

Krishnamurti asked Mary Zimbalist to write a book about what it was like to be with him, a task for which Mary was uniquely suited. Mary started to write this book in 1986, soon after Krishnaji's death, and she worked diligently at it until about 2007, twenty-one years. In 1994, after eight years of writing, it was clear that Mary was struggling to convey all that she wanted, and she was worried that she would never finish her book and would therefore fail to meet Krishnaji's request. Consequently, in 1994, thinking it would help her, I suggested that she and I discuss our memories of Krishnaji, and I would record these discussions on audiotape. She liked this approach to conveying her memories, and to my surprise, she began to read out to me the daily diaries she had kept as a basis for our discussions. The diaries had always been kept strictly private. Our discussions continued almost until she died in 2008, and their transcription form her memoirs that most of you have already read.

Mary wanted her book to be titled *In the Presence of Krishnamurti*, so I added the subtitle *The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist* for her memoirs. It seems only correct to use the title she created for her book as well, so we are calling her book *In the Presence of Krishnamurti: Mary's Unfinished Book*, and hope that it doesn't cause too much confusion.

Mary stopped her writing partly because she felt our recorded conversations made her continued attempts to write a book unnecessary, but also because she was by then ninety-two years old, and writing was a strain; however, it is a pity she never finished her book. Our conversations are indeed more detailed than her book—what Mary called the first two chapters of her book cover seven pages, and the same material in her memoirs requires thirty-seven pages. But the differences between Mary's memoirs and her book is not just a matter of details, and elucidating the differences may explain why I believe both Mary's memoirs and her unfinished book work well together to fulfill Krishnaji's intention: conveying what it was like to be with him.

Mary's Unfinished Book is clearly intended for a general audience of people who had met neither her nor Krishnaji. Mary's memoirs, on the other hand, are her discussions with a close friend who was familiar with most of the people in the story. Consequently, there is an intimacy in the memoirs that is not present in her book. But the greater objectivity carries some advantages.

Mary's Unfinished Book also does not have the intrusion of an interviewer; it is really just Mary talking to her audience, and that is valuable. My participation increased as Mary's memoirs progressed, as Mary wanted me to contribute to our discussions of events at which I was present; she was adamant that our discussions for her memoirs were collaborative in nature. *Mary's Unfinished Book*, however, is blessedly free of any voice other than Mary's, and so her narration has a flow and continuity that a collaboration doesn't allow.

Another difference between Mary's memoirs and her book is that, in our discussions, Mary would frequently say things and then add that what she had just said must be edited out of any public version of these discussions until people had died and could therefore no longer be hurt.

These sections were edited out of her memoirs, but this gives us a clue to a difference in purposes that Mary saw between her memoirs and the book she was writing: The memoirs are the full historic record, the complete "warts and all" presentation of what Mary witnessed. When all of us in the story are dead and gone (which is not so far away) and our feelings can no longer be hurt and our self-images no longer need protecting, then the full account of Krishnaji's last twenty years will be there for the world. *Mary's Unfinished Book* was not for that.

There is also the inevitable difference between what is spoken and what is carefully written. Mary's writing is very beautiful and very evocative, and in her writing she takes the time to describe events, places, and things. Unfortunately, all we have is Mary's first rough draft, and we can be certain that had she had the energy and time to finish and polish this work it would be even more beautiful and evocative. Nevertheless, it seems only right that people who are interested are able to see the result of Mary's efforts, unfinished and unpolished though it is.

Of course, readers already familiar with Mary's memoirs will recognize the people, places, and events Mary describes in her unfinished book, albeit in abbreviated form, but this will probably suit many people who didn't want all the details of her memoirs. I'm also sure that as her unfinished book is just Mary's own sweet voice, many readers will feel that they come to know her better, and that is wonderful in itself.

CHAPTER 1

This is something I never planned to write. Then, one day, in the spring of 1972, Krishnamurti asked me to put down notes each day on "what it was like to be with the man from Madanapalle,"**[1]** and later, through the years, he repeated this instruction. I had kept, on and off since first going to India in 1965, a record of events and things he had said, and this I continued as long as he lived. Afterward, for a time, to write about him seemed an overwhelming task; the extraordinary privilege I had in being with him did not seem mine to use in any way, and I was reluctant to bring myself into any account, but slowly I began to see that the same privilege was not mine to keep; that the history of lives or events is a mosaic of the testimony of witnesses or participants in happenings that have filtered down through time. And there is also the compelling fact that he asked me to write.

A further clue came on a later day when a guest at the lunch table asked me how I had met Krishnamurti.I described how it had come about, and Krishnaji, sitting across the table but not part of the conversation, suddenly said: "That's where you start your story." So I do.

It begins in 1944 in Los Angeles. I had stopped by to see a doctor, who was also a friend, and with whom I had often discussed psychiatry, and psychoanalysis in particular. That was not his field, but it interested him, and, as I had just finished a long analysis, we used to talk of things of the mind. On this particular day he had just returned from visiting a colleague, also a doctor, who, on finding that he had serious heart trouble, had startled his family and friends by going to California "to learn how to die from a man named Krishnamurti." Wondering what this was about, my friend had driven up to Ojai and, while seeing his friend, had met Krishnamurti. "He is the most extraordinary man and knows more about the human mind than anyone living or dead," my friend reported.

I must have read something about him, for the name Krishnamurti was known to me, but it meant little more than a story of a boy in India, discovered and brought up to be a sort of messiah, but who later renounced it all. Shortly after this meeting with the doctor, by a coincidence I heard that this same Krishnamurti was to give a series of public talks in Ojai, and out of sheer curiosity I went. The meeting was in May and held outdoors in a grove of oak trees. A fairly large audience sat on the grass. Presently appeared a man who seemed to move quietly, simply, with grace, great dignity, and silence about him. He stood facing the crowd, looking at the faces for a few moments, and then began to speak. He held no notes. His accent was English but with a cadence of his own. His words reached deeply into one's attention. I now remember little of that long-ago talk except his saying that self-knowledge is the beginning of wisdom.

I bought some printed talks, took them home, and spent the next few days arguing with them. My psychoanalytic conditioning was challenged, but fortunately it soon dawned on me that if I wanted to understand what Krishnamurti was saying I should go to listen to him. At the weekend I went again to Ojai, listened, and came away with what has been ever since the central interest of my life.

I learned that Krishnamurti sometimes saw people in private interviews, and after writing to request one, I was given an appointment. The address was a house in Hollywood, and when I rang the bell, the door was opened by Krishnamurti himself. I gave him my name, and he nodded with a slight bow and grave courtesy. He sat opposite me on a straight chair and waited for me to speak. I do not remember now how long I was there, but his quality of total attention made it possible for me to lay open my life. His perception went further, deeper, without needing to ask many questions, and when I left I felt as if my head had been emptied and put back in proper order.

Krishnamurti's teaching came at a moment in my life when psychoanalysis had untangled many things, but now I felt a need to understand wider and more fundamental questions: What is human life? What lies beyond one's individual perception? Is there something real that is not a projection of my own or someone else's projection? Growing up, I had been drawn by what seemed religious feelings but was unable to accept the beliefs of formal organized religion as set forth in the church. I think what drew me initially to Krishnamurti's teaching was his sweeping iconoclasm. It seemed he totally pulled the rug out from under all the comfortable certainties on which we live and depend. This seemed marvelous and exhilarating.

In the time that followed, I was invited to join a small discussion group to which Krishnamurti occasionally came. Once or twice I sat next to him at dinner at some friends' house but knew him really not at all. He was silent, very shy, and very polite but remote at such times. I continued to attend his talks when I could, but my husband, who had come to some meetings more out of my interest than his own, was very busy in work both in California and abroad, so it was through the published works that I kept contact with Krishnamurti's talks.

Some years later my husband died very suddenly of a heart attack. It was a death for me too, but somewhere in the shock of pain there was something insisting, as if trying to be heard through the finality of death, telling me, showing me that there was a task I must do, a single importance—to see, to understand the reality of something nameless I had sensed in Krishnamurti's teaching. The insistence was curious, as if knocking on a door, brushing past personal emotion.

The conviction of this remained, but I was wary of doing something out of reaction or seeking a refuge. I must come to terms with what I felt and not turn away or look for help. This meant not going crippled to listen to Krishnamurti, but only when I was capable of listening with understanding.

In 1960, after not speaking in Ojai for several years, Krishnamurti returned to give a series of talks at the end of May. Eight talks had been announced, but at the third it was said that there would be only four because of his physical condition. In spite of this, he had agreed to give a limited number of personal interviews, and my own request was one of them. Death was the subject, and he seemed to understand how far I had gone in seeing that grief can be self-pity for one's own deprivation, and that the need to understand death was not only out of personal loss. What ensued was an extraordinary conversation, but the essence of what he told me was that dying must be part of living, that one must die to everything each day. Only then does one live wholly, anew, and fresh each moment.

Krishnamurti did not return to Ojai, so to hear him speak again I went in the summer of 1964 to Saanen, Switzerland. It was for me an intensive time. Krishnamurti gave ten talks, followed by eight daily discussions with the audience that had attended the talks. All these took place in a large Buckminster Fuller geodesic dome of a tent placed in a field along the gray, swift Saanen River. I walked a great deal, immersed in what I was hearing and the beauty of the Alpine summer. One day, a friend, Iris Tree, took me to call at Chalet Tannegg, where I met for the first time Signora Vanda Scaravelli. Krishnamurti, who had known her for many years and stayed at her family's home in Florence, now was her houseguest in Gstaad while he gave his talks in nearby Saanen. I remember her grace that day and quiet eyes.

I was to come to the chalet a few days later after being told that I would have an interview with Krishnamurti. It was for me, again, an intense exploration, untangling and discovering, and at the end, after an hour and a half, he asked if I were leaving after the talks, saying that there would be private discussions for a few people, which I could

attend if I could stay on in Gstaad. There were eight of these with about thirty people meeting daily. These discussions were tape-recorded, as were all the public meetings, and when some in the group said how much they would like to review them, I offered to have them transcribed. Word came back to me that Krishnamurti could not give permission for this, that only Mr. Rajagopal could do so. This seemed startling, but I said no more until later, when I returned to California.



Tannegg (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

I had met Rajagopal some years earlier, as he had been part of the small discussions I had first attended in Los Angeles, and he was also a friend of friends of mine. He had been for many years an associate of Krishnamurti and in charge of the organization called Krishnamurti Writings, Inc., which did all the arrangements for talks, publishing, raising money, and generally looking after business matters. I wrote to him that I had attended the meetings in Switzerland and would very much appreciate being able to listen to the recordings of the discussions in which I took part. At first he told me that it would not be possible, as everyone would want to hear them and he could not allow that. Then, after several telephone conversations, he said that if I picked one of the eight discussions he would run it for me, but I must come on a day when his neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Vigeveno, would not be in Ojai and I should park my car so that if they returned they would not be able to see it. Also, I must bring any notes I might have made, and I must not reveal to anyone that I had heard the tape. This rather odd arrangement took place in the presence of Rajagopal and his wife Annalisa. Afterward it occurred to me that his curiosity was at work, for although he recognized some of the voices on the tape, he wanted me to identify others.

FOOTNOTE:

[1] The little town in India where Krishnamurti was born.

CHAPTER 2

I had decided that in the following year, 1965, I would follow the whole program of Krishnamurti's talks, starting with the European ones after his return from India. I had enquired of Rajagopal where these would be held, and he said he did not know. For reasons not explained, these public talks seemed kept secret, but eventually I learned they were to commence in London in late April. I went to the first one, which was held in a small hall in Wimbledon. Afterward Krishnamurti stood for a short time outside greeting people he knew. Also there was Alain Naudé, whom I had met the previous summer in Saanen. A talented pianist who had given many recitals in Europe and in South Africa, where he was born, he had been drawn to religious enquiry, and after hearing Krishnamurti in Switzerland he had gone on to India. In January of 1965 he had become Krishnamurti's secretary and would now accompany him on his travels. A few days after that first meeting in Wimbledon, Alain lunched with me, and when I dropped him in Wimbledon, I was invited to lunch the following week.

The house in Wimbledon where Krishnamurti was staying was a temporary rental in the charge of Miss Doris Pratt, who was the secretary of the English office of Krishnamurti Writings. There to help was also Miss Anneke Korndorffer from Holland, who had been part of the work in Holland from the early days in Ommen. I was meeting both of them for the first time. During lunch, Krishnamurti plied me with questions about the United States: What was the present American mind? What was the mood of the country? It was the time of the civil rights struggles, and he was interested in my description of having gone to Alabama to join in Dr. Martin Luther King's march from Selma to the state capital, Montgomery. At the end of the lunch, when I said goodbye, Krishnamurti suggested that it might be nice if the three of us—he, Alain, and I—went to a cinema, and I should choose what to see. I drove back to London, wondering what in the world would be suitable for such a man, but that changed the next day when Alain telephoned to say that Krishnamurti would rather go for a drive in the country. Again it was up to me to decide where, and again I hadn't the least idea, but after a little research, I went to reconnoiter, driving first to Kew Gardens and then to the Royal Horticultural Garden at Wisley, deciding on the latter.

After exchanging the smallest rental car for a better one, I arrived on the following Monday at 3 p.m. Krishnamurti, with Alain, got in the car. "Where are we going ?" he asked expectantly. I mentioned Wisley very tentatively. "Oh, Wisley!" he said happily. Apparently he knew it, and off we went, but not before Miss Pratt told me quite severely that I must have him back by 6 p.m. sharp, as he had an appointment.

Wisley was a success. It was May, with a splendor of flowers, and it seemed to me that Krishnamurti saw every one of them. He walked with the vital stride I was to come to

know so well and with a freedom that seemed part of the stretches of growing things and beauty. When we finally came back to the car, he said, “Let’s drive somewhere else.” Luckily I remembered we were in the direction of a place I had been to—Box Hill. So we went there and for a time looked out over southern England before turning back. By now 6:00 was approaching, the traffic was thickening, and I was not entirely used to driving on the left, but with concentration, I got to the Wimbledon house at exactly 6:00. Krishnamurti thanked me most courteously, and I returned to London where, once in my room, the enormity of the responsibility in driving Krishnamurti for the first time shook me so that I had to cancel a dinner engagement.

From London the talks continued in Paris. Soon a telephone call came from Alain saying that Krishnamurti would like to go for another drive in the country. Having learned that he thought highly of Mercedes cars, I hired one, and again the three of us drove to Versailles, where we walked in the forest and did the same at Saint-Germain. A week later, we drove to Chartres and went carefully through the cathedral, where Krishnamurti was visibly moved by its beauty. We lunched at a nearby restaurant and drove to Rambouillet for another forest walk. On these expeditions he seemed entirely relaxed, sometimes a little far away but enjoying himself, observing everything quietly. Alain was a congenial companion, and though at times the conversation was serious, we laughed a lot.

After five Paris talks, it was time for Switzerland. I went alone by train to a small hotel in Gstaad but soon rented an apartment in a building called Les Caprices. Krishnamurti reached Geneva, and Alain phoned me saying it would be nice, since I had a car, if I could drive them up to Gstaad. I lunched with them at the Hôtel du Rhône, and Krishnamurti noticed my studying the menu. I had become a vegetarian only a few days earlier. He asked, “What have you been living on in the hotel?” It had been cheese omelets, and I had begun to wonder if the rest of my life would be an infinity of cheese omelets. “We will teach you what to eat,” said Krishnamurti, rather firmly.

In Gstaad, they were at Chalet Tannegg, rented as in past summers by Signora Scaravelli for Krishnamurti’s use. She was not there but had sent a cook to look after things. It was early June and quiet in Gstaad. The talks would not begin until July. With my car I was able to ferry them up and down the mountain to places for the afternoon walk and more often than not was invited to meals. There was talk of the coming winter in India, and when Krishnamurti learned I was going to be there, he said to Alain, “We must look after Mrs. Zimbalist.” He thought that Alain and I should rent a house in Madras so that we could cook our own meals. It would be healthier, he said.

One morning, I went up to Chalet Tannegg, and there in the driveway was a small, silvery two-seater Mercedes. An old friend of many years, Enrique Biascoechea, of Puerto Rice and a former Theosophist, knowing Krishnamurti’s Mercedes liking, had donated this bright, new one to the Saanen Gathering Committee for his use. Krishnamurti showed it to me in great detail and then took me for a drive to nearby Chateau d’Oex. He wore driving gloves, looked very elegant, was expert at the wheel, and dusted the car carefully on return. From then on, whenever the car went out, he

washed it himself afterward, and not only the exterior but the engine too was wiped with great care.



Krishnaji with his Mercedes (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

Both Mr. Biascoechea and his wife Isabel were staying down by the river in Gstaad. One day, when Krishnamurti was there for lunch, they brought out a photograph of him and his little brother, Nityananda, taken when they were both very young. Krishnamurti kept looking at the picture, absorbed in it. Of himself he asked, "What made that boy that way? What kept him empty?" He spoke of those days: how the boy was vague and dreamy; nothing seemed to leave a mark on him. Why? Later, when I drove him up the hill, I asked him what in the photograph had caught his interest. "If we could know what kept the boy that way, perhaps we could help young people now to be less conditioned," he replied.

It was Krishnamurti's custom to take his daily walk in the afternoon on awakening from a nap and when the sun was less strong. Sometimes we would drive to places along the river, but more often we walked up the hill behind Chalet Tannegg, across the field, and into the woods. On one of these, with several people accompanying him, he dropped back beside me and asked rather shyly, "Did I ever know you in California?" He had, of course, entirely no memory of the first interview years earlier that had been a milestone in my life. This both amused and pleased me. It was entirely fitting.

On July fourth, Signora Scaravelli arrived at Chalet Tannegg, and, as there was no room for Alain, I offered him an extra room at Les Caprices. Around this time, the well-known teacher of yoga, B. K. S. Iyengar, came to Tannegg to oversee Krishnamurti's exercises and also those of Yehudi Menuhin, who had a house in Gstaad. Vanda Scaravelli was an old friend of Iyengar's and very advanced in her own yoga. I began lessons for the first time in my life.

In addition to his public talks, Krishnamurti held a series of discussions with young people. In this Alain had been very instrumental, caring that they should come in contact with Krishnamurti and his teachings. It was a time when tides of young were moving around in search of new understandings and new enthusiasms, and they crowded the tent where Krishnamurti spoke. After ten talks and five daily discussions, the public program was over. Krishnamurti then held some small group discussions, which Professor David Bohm and his wife, Saral, attended. There were six of these, and the days passed with yoga lessons, walks, a drive with Krishnamurti and Naudé to Geneva for dentist visits, and often meals at Chalet Tannegg through Signora Scaravelli's warm hospitality. On September first I left for the United States.

On October twenty-sixth, I flew to Rome, where a friend met me and drove me to my hotel. That afternoon I went to the house on the outskirts of Rome where Krishnamurti and Alain were staying with Signora Scaravelli. We talked. Alain made tea, and at 5:00 about thirty people came for the last of three discussions with this group. Krishnamurti spoke of the unconscious and how it can be seen totally but only after much self-knowledge and the discipline that comes without motive and without the action of pleasure. Pleasure is usually the seed of the unconscious.

The following day at lunch, Krishnamurti again plied me with questions about the United States, California in particular, and asked about yesterday's discussion. Did it sound to me like sanity or insanity? What did I think it would mean to a US college audience? Would it have any meaning? I wondered at the seeing of the unconscious he had described in contrast to the view of it that was prevalent in psychoanalysis. He asked again what the United States would understand of that and nodded when I suggested it might depend on whether they could be brought past trying to relate what he said to fit into the pigeonholes already in their minds.

The conversation switched to the subject of a proposal made to him by someone who wished to provide a central place for him to live when not traveling, which could also be a place for meetings of small groups, and a place to live should he ever retire. Where could it be? England and France were considered. Not Italy, because Signora Scaravelli's would always be his residence there, and the church might be unfavorable to it. England was too cold and dark in winter, so France and the region around Saint-Paul-de-Vence was a possibility. A house could be found, and the donor had agreed to run it. "I want to involve you in it, if you will?" he said to me. Would I be on a committee in whose name it would be held and be responsible if the donor should not want to run it? I said I would, of course, if he wanted it, though to myself I couldn't see what I could do in this.

CHAPTER 3

On November first, 1965, with Krishnamurti and Alain Naudé, I flew from Rome to New Delhi. On boarding the flight, Krishnamurti, who was in first class, while Alain and I were in tourist, came back and tried to persuade me to use his seat, which I could not accept. We landed at noon in New Delhi on a hot, bright day. Mrs. Shiva Rao and Mrs.

Pupul Jayakar—friends he had known for many years—were there, and we were whisked through customs to Mr. and Mrs. Shiva Rao's house, where Krishnamurti was staying, then to India International Centre, where Mrs. Shiva Rao had kindly engaged a room for me. I bathed and changed, and then was fetched by Krishnamurti, Mrs. Jayakar, and Alain to go for a drive. Krishnamurti was now dressed in his Indian clothes—a starched white cotton shirt called a kurta, white cotton trousers called pajama trousers, and a dark cream sleeveless jacket called a bundi. They were beautiful clothes, like those of a Christmas angel.

Krishnamurti's first talk was held a week later in the garden of the Constitution Club. Red and blue rugs were spread on the ground; under a brightly colored canopy was a small platform on which was placed a white-covered low table for him to sit on. The Nagra tape recorder was placed on the ground by the edge of the platform, and Alain and I sat there, shoeless and cross-legged. The audience was large, with more men at these meetings than in Europe.

At 5:30 p.m. Krishnamurti came in through the back of the canvas. Sliding off his sandals, he sat cross-legged on the table and made the palms together—namaste—gesture of greeting, which the audience returned. In his usual silence, he looked slowly around. Sitting this way in immaculate cleanness and utmost grace, he was a totally beautiful human being. Beautiful is not an odd word to use of this man and a man of seventy; it is the only word. Sex and age had no meaning. It was human beauty so essential that any qualification was irrelevant. As he began to speak with an intensity of precision and almost passion, there was about him an authority, a majesty, as if he had entered into the historic state of the great teacher, seen only rarely through the centuries.

He spoke on war, violence, and order. He softened nothing. To a country then close to war he said: "There is no righteous war." He spoke of the reason behind violence, which is fear; that there is no security and its pursuit is futile; that only through an awareness of that fear, that insecurity, can one come to a condition where there is peace and order. Then a total revolution can take place in the human being.

After a visit to Agra and Jaipur with Alain Naudé, Krishnamurti asked me to come to discuss the place in France, but first he asked about the Taj Mahal—was it so romantic, so beautiful, and then about the poverty of the villages. To the first I tried to describe the strange, snowy apparition that seemed more a thing imagined than a building, legendary but far beyond any preconception. It floated in the moonlight, a disembodied eloquence of beauty. The long, dusty drive back to Delhi was through villages of total squalor, dirt, smell, diseased children, a ghastly sight—blindness and deformities was the numbing other reality in this tremendous country. Krishnamurti listened and nodded to it all.

He talked then of the various factors around a house in France. Possible difficulties in relation to Krishnamurti Writings, Inc. (i.e., Rajagopal). We had a long talk about this. He planned to go to Ojai in the autumn, and the upkeep of such a place would come up. Did I think it a good plan? I said it seemed good to me because there should be a place for him to go to whenever he wished, an alternative always there if he were tired or didn't

feel like talking or traveling, and that it seemed the responsibility of KW, Inc. to contribute to the upkeep, but that we would raise the money for it if there were difficulties. There was a long talk about this, and later it kept going through my mind that there seemed little love or true care for this man in so many around him. Or that they cared for him, but only in the way that they thought he should be—without sensitivity to him.

On November twentieth we all flew to Benares, and in the airplane, Krishnamurti pointed to the peaks of the Himalayas, snowy pink in the early morning light, the tremendous height of them, ageless and austere. Krishnamurti ate his porridge, carried in a jar, then read *Time* magazine—hard to come by then in India—about the large power failure in New York City. In this way we flew over the parched landscape of central India.

Members of the Rajghat school were at the airport to welcome Krishnamurti, garland him with marigolds, and whisk him away. The rest of us followed by bus over the rough road. As we moved, I felt a stronger sense of India than in Delhi. People, animals, chickens, ducks walked intent on their own purposes; women in brighter saris effortlessly balanced brass water pots on their heads, scraggy goats foraged for anything edible. There were lumbering buffaloes and other women crouched by piles of buffalo excrement, affixing patties of it on walls to dry. Vividly painted lorries crowded each other, honking their way; the air was filled with frying smells and diesel exhaust. Life seemed to throb with all of this.

At Rajghat, Frances McCann and I were assigned to rooms in Krishna Ashram at the head of a cliff overlooking the Ganges, sharing a large room, a small room, and a bath. It looked as if they had been unoccupied for a long time, for a desert of dust was on the floor, and the only furniture were wooden bed frames laced with rope without mattresses. People came and went, expressing surprise that the rooms were not in order. Mr. Madhavachari, who was in charge, came and also expressed surprise, gave orders, but nothing happened for quite a while. Eventually, sweepers came, poured buckets of water on the floor, and one was set to scraping the washbasin, which was of a singular blackness that I could only imagine achieving by pouring tar on it. The luckless man scraped with a razor for four hours that day and was still patiently scraping it when we left three weeks later. A table and some chairs came, and later mattresses, two sheets, blankets, and eventually mosquito nets. Suddenly, there was a tapping at the door. It was Krishnamurti, who had a report from Alain about the conditions and came over. He was distressed, and we were distressed that he should be involved. The school people were convulsed at his coming to see to the welfare of his guests. A papal visit in Rome could have brought no greater commotion. He was enormously thoughtful, and came three times more to check. By nighttime we had our luggage and some order. Even a blue rug was sent by the principal at Krishnamurti's command.

Rajghat covers some hundred acres above the river and downstream from the city. The Ganges, wide, green and slow flowing, had an ancient air, moving, it seemed, through centuries and the legends of its people. In the early morning, small fishing boats floated

on its vast surface, casting nets in silence until goods trains came clattering across an iron bridge.

On November twenty-second Krishnamurti gave his first public talk in a large hall with rugs on the floor on which all sat—students and adults. He spoke of nationalism, religious sects, and war—the dividers of humankind, destroyers of order and peace. What was our response to this? A question from the audience asked, "What is the use to talk of truth?" He said you cannot use it; it serves no utility. It is like the wind; you cannot catch it and hold it in your hand. He asked, "How is a human being who has listened for forty years with a dry heart, without a tear in his eye, who sees all this and does not do a thing, whose heart is broken up, whose heart is empty, whose mind is full of words and theories, full of himself—how is he to make his heart alive again? That is the real question."

Krishnamurti was concerned about the schools. He called Mr. and Mrs. Moorhead and Mark Lee from the Rishi Valley School and Alain Naudé and me to talk about what should be done at Rishi Valley. "I am going to talk very frankly." And he did, bringing up every criticism of it and saying that if people in Europe were to provide money, "What are you going to do at this end? You must guarantee a change. I have never asked myself whether there is any point in my continuing to come and concern myself with the school, but I am asking that question now. It is the twenty-fifth hour."

The following day he called us again and pounded us with questions: what the school was about or should be, and he said that a manifesto must be drawn up and upon which the school should function. The children were to flower in goodness, with a religious spirit in relation to people, to life, to learning, etcetera. He kept me afterward and showed me a letter from the School for Social Research in New York, inviting him to give nine talks there starting in September. "Should I accept?" he asked. I said that all I knew about the school was that Paul Tillich had joined the faculty a year earlier and that made me feel it was a serious school, and that I thought he should accept. "Then I will." he said. "I will stay with Mr. Pinter. What do you think about Naudé?" I said my brother and I would look after him.

He continued his talks. He spoke of conflict, sorrow, death, and love. My notes record: "Only in the understanding of sorrow can one learn, only in dying to everything can there be love. Only when conflict is not tolerated, but is seen, understood, and therefore dissolved in one action can there be emptiness, stillness, and truth. The only total action we know is death." His words were like a river flooding all levels of one's consciousness. He spoke of the sorrow of time: "The admittance of time is the greatest sorrow." And "a mind in sorrow can never know what love is." And "when a mind has no problems, no tensions, no direction, then such a mind is in a state of love; and when there is love, there is a sense of beauty, and in that vast space there is creation." And "to understand love you must begin very near—which is yourself—and that first step is the last step; then you can go very far, much farther than rockets to the moon or to Venus or to Mars. The whole of this is the religious mind."

For me there were expeditions into Benares where I came to feel that one has not been in India unless in Benares itself. It seemed a torrent of people, swarming bicycles, buses with impatient horns, wandering cows, ponderous buffaloes, sometimes a camel, and even an elephant. On foot, rounding a corner, I barely missed a collision with a thin, cloth-wrapped corpse across the back of a bicycle being taken to the ghats. There the smoking pyres fed that ancient destination of the pious.

One afternoon Mrs. Shiva Rao took me with her when she went to buy bridal saris for the Cottage Industries in Delhi. We walked through filthy alleys with open drains to a Muslim silk place. Inside what seemed a fortress were whitewashed corridors, tiny rooms where weavers sat cross-legged at their looms in semi-darkness. We sat on cushions while saris of exquisite delicacy were thrown before us. Beauty and meticulous workmanship were produced in the surrounding squalor. All things seemed to live side by side—human misery and soaring beauty, and always very close, death and life.

Krishnamurti held meetings with the children of the Rajghat school. He spoke with them as if together they were sharing questions, as friends. He spoke of nationalism, of what they would do with their lives, and that they should do what they loved in life. He asked about their relationship with people, with animals. In other meetings in the big hall, the children chanted with Krishnamurti sitting in their midst and joining in the chants.

Frances, Alain, and I were invited to lunch in Krishnamurti's dining room with him and Mr. Madhavachari. The food was delicious and delicate, cooked by his South Indian cook, R. Parameshwaran.

There were further small group discussions with about fifteen people. In one he questioned the value of what had been seen or written in the past. He said, "I am not concerned with that, I haven't got time for that. I need to find out immediately. If I am in conflict, I ask how can I end it immediately; conflict is deadly." At one point he asked Achyut Patwardhan why he had brought up something about the Buddha. It seemed as if his dismissal of knowledge and past teachings were part of the fact that learning was a constant process in him; that to heed what has been written or said was to be diverted from living perception. He spoke of seeing the totality of things, of hearing in the night the call of the fishermen on the river—the beauty of it. And in my notes I wrote that I felt I knew something of this experience of beauty "with love," as he put it. But what is seeing the totality of suffering? What would have been total seeing of that dying child in that village in the Punjab? I was hit by pain, horror, and compassion until it was too much, and I closed my eyes.

One late afternoon I walked down to the small stream, the Varuna, that flows into the Ganges, crossed the teetery bridge and went up and along the bank to the small village. There was a pale misty light; the little huts were the same sand color as the ground and seemed to have been made by children's hands, like sand castles: the walls not perpendicular or squared, the windows here and there, and some were decorated with crosses or dotted in white as if a child were playing. I soon had a queue of real children

behind me. “Namaste! Namaste!” was all we could understand of each other, but laughter and gestures were language. In open eyes and faces one could find the child.

One afternoon Alain and I went into Banaras by rickshaw to buy sticks for Krishnamurti to carry to ward off rabid jackals. A student at the agricultural college had been bitten, hadn’t taken the Pasteur treatment, and had died. We found strong sticks. On return to the school, Krishnamurti sent for Frances and me to come while he did Vedic chanting with the music teacher, Mr. Sarmon. We sat on the floor in Krishnamurti’s room, listening to him and Sarmon chant—beautiful, ancient, austere, and deeply moving. His chanting was deep and knowledgeable. Sitting cross-legged, he sang, eyes closed, with extraordinary beauty of face and gesture, and laughing at times. “There is even one on drunkenness!” he said. His room had emptiness, austerity, and perfect order: a handsome wooden bed, immaculately made with a towel across the pillow, the mosquito net pulled tight and neatly as the sail on a ship. There was a folding travel clock on the bed table, flowers across the room, a metal cupboard, the Nagra tape recorder on a chair, and little else but the rug on which we sat. The chants seemed to reach back in time in one’s mind to something known, forgotten, and extraordinary.

On December fifteenth, Krishnamurti and the rest of us left Rajghat for New Delhi. Waiting at the airport, some of us were put to intercepting a woman who, for twenty years, had had the delusion that she was Krishnamurti’s wife. She had been at the talks in Rajghat and made rushing attempts to touch him. She came very close at the airport and he said, “Do not touch me.” Later he described her meeting him once on a Bombay street when he was alone. He tried to walk faster but she kept up. He said, “If you don’t leave I will call the police.” She said, “Go ahead, I’m your wife!” Just then he saw a streetcar, jumped on it, and escaped.

On the flight to Delhi, Krishnamurti sat looking stately and majestic as a saint, reading a Perry Mason novel. Mr. and Mrs. Shiva Rao and Mrs. Jayakar met him at the Delhi airport. Alain and I went again to the International Centre, and Mrs. Shiva Rao kindly invited me to take my meals at their house.

During the brief stop in Delhi, on a walk Krishnamurti spoke very seriously about what would carry on the teaching when he died. What could he do to hasten change in Alain and me? He wanted to talk to us about this in Madras, and that Alain must remember that the people around “K” in India would not listen to him. They would resent Alain, and he should speak elsewhere.

On December eighteenth we flew to Madras. In the Delhi airport waiting room there was a round bundle of a man in stocking cap, woolen shirt, and baggy coat. A Brahmin with forehead covered with ashes. Elegant, exquisitely dressed Krishnamurti circled the room observing the startling sight and came back, saying, “I give up!”

The air in Madras was warm, tropical, and soft after the arid, dusty north. Friends with garlands met Krishnamurti. Mr. Madhavachari and others took him off to Vasanta Vihar while Alain and I were met by a quiet tall lady of great dignity, Mrs. Jayalakshmi, who at

Alain's request had rented a house for him, Frances, and me. She drove us to see it, a very clean, whitewashed house in a small garden. Not only this but also she had rented all the necessary furniture and equipment for it, and was lending temporarily her Brahmin cook. I was astonished at such hospitality and kindness.

After tea Mrs. Jayalakshmi drove us to Vasanta Vihar, a quite large formal house. Krishnaji showed me through it. There was a very large room on the ground floor where meetings were held and various other rooms and offices off it. His quarters were upstairs, which consisted of a large bedroom, a bathroom, and another room in which a straw mat and pillow were laid on the floor. "I sometimes sleep on it. You get used to it after two nights." He said that Rajagopal had bought sixteen acres in the early '30s, "when they put us out of the TS." He had thought of two small houses, "but then they built this." He was restless and wanted to go for a walk. "Do you like this climate?" I did. Mrs. Jayalakshmi drove us to a park where we took a vigorous walk, seeing shy-eyed spotted deer. Krishnamurti peppered Mrs. Jayalakshmi with questions as he seemed to do whenever he first met someone after a long absence. Questions on war, fears, interest in real religion.

Soon Krishnamurti commenced his public talks, which were held in the garden of Vasanta Vihar in the late afternoon under the tall trees. The audience began to arrive early, walking up the driveway to sit on the ground as near to the speaker as possible. For the Madras talks, Krishnamurti wore a dhoti, walked with immense dignity from the house, climbed onto the low dais, made the palms-together greeting, which the audience returned, and after sitting a short time in silence, he began to speak.

There were small group discussions in the morning. I was invited to these, but became unable to attend all of them, having fallen ill with flu-like symptoms. I stayed in bed except for essentials of the house. In the middle of this, the police arrived to arrest our bearer for allegedly stealing a baby goat on Christmas Eve. I wrote a note on his employment but could do little else. Alain finally had to go to the police station to untangle the goat story.

The morning after this, my fever broke, and I felt weak but better. Alain went off to Vasanta Vihar as usual but came back saying that Krishnamurti wished to see me immediately. I was startled but jumped into clothes and a taxi to Vasanta Vihar. Alain said Krishnamurti had asked how I was, and when told the fever had broken, he had said, "Bring her to me. I want to cure her." I went in, and he said, "You know, all my life I've been able to do this; sometimes it works and sometime it doesn't." He pulled out a chair for me and stood behind, placing his hands very lightly on my shoulders. "You must relax," he said. I had shown him the area of pain under both cheekbones, and very, very lightly he put his fingers there, held them a few moments, and drew them away as though brushing away the pain and illness. He did the same with my eyes, touching them very lightly, quietly; then one hand over an eye and the opposite at the base of the neck, then with both hands drawing across the shoulders. Then he was gone, going into the bathroom and reappearing in a few seconds to ask if it had helped. I had felt the pain wiped away and said so. "Good. Come back tomorrow and I will do it again," he said. I felt almost in tears at his kindness.

The talks and discussions continued in Madras until January thirteenth, when Krishnamurti left for Rishi Valley. Frances, Alain, and I followed in a rented car with a driver. It was four in the morning but nevertheless hot and sticky. We drove through the misty night westward, passing plodding bullock carts piled with vegetables for the city. Krishnamurti had told me to watch for the Southern Cross, which I had never seen. Our car fell behind at some point, and when it became light we came to a barrier where it was found that our car lacked proper papers to proceed. We had to drive back to the nearest town, Vellore, where we hired another taxi and finally reached Rishi Valley. Krishnamurti was outside the guesthouse, having had a picnic breakfast by the side of the road, where they had waited for us in vain.

The valley was very different from Madras. Gone was the tropic sultriness; the air was clear and dry; the hills on either side rose like shoulders, not very high but curiously topped with large boulders that seemed to have been placed there, as if some giant child had been playing and left his toys behind. The floor of the valley was flat with the road running through it and fields on either side; villagers passed singly or in pairs, and a boy was herding a flock of goats. There was something ancient and quiet, far from the rest of the world.

We were given rooms on the ground floor of the guesthouse. Frances and I shared a rather large bathroom where the skill acquired at Rajghat of bathing oneself and doing hand laundry with one bucket of hot water was easily done. The poured water ran out through a hole in the corner and there was the possibility that something else could come in the same way. The possibility of a cobra in the night made it prudent to turn on the light before entering.

Krishnamurti's rooms were on the floor above. There was a small kitchen and dining room where he took his lunch, and we were often invited. As elsewhere, he took his walk in the late afternoon, when the sun had faded, and here too I was sometimes included. The school lay in more or less the center of the valley, with small villages here and there. I climbed the hills some days, lay in the sun, feeling suspended in the peace of this far-off place. In the later afternoons, the students clustered on a small hill to watch the sun set behind the mountain, Rishi Konda rising at the end of the valley, where once upon a time a hermit lived near the summit. Krishnamurti was moved by its presence and felt something sacred was there.

There were talks with the teachers in which he spoke of the need to create in the children a sense of both total freedom and discipline. In certain school assemblies, the students chanted with Krishnamurti. The beauty of the sound joined the young ones with the erect figure sitting cross-legged among them.

On January fourteenth there was the festival of Pongal. Cattle decorated with flowers came with villagers who danced to flute and drum. The school children joined in, and Krishnamurti came to watch, standing under his big sun umbrella. He asked me to join him on this walk with his nephew G. Narayan, but rains came and we had to wait in the assembly hall. Krishnamurti was wearing new chudidars, a cotton trouser that is very

tight around the lower leg and that he thought might shrink if wet and have to be cut off. Alain went for a pair of loose Panama pants, and we went to see a newborn calf coming back in the dark past the giant banyan tree.

On January twentieth Krishnamurti talked to the students. Afterward he told me to come for a treatment. In the temperate dryness of Rishi Valley, my Madras illness had faded, but he was watchful, and this time told me to come in the future without waiting for him to ask me. In the evening Alain and I listened to records of Mozart and Richter playing a Bach double-piano concerto. Krishnamurti looked in during the Bach, stood listening, then bade us goodnight and said he would hear it upstairs in his room.

One evening I had cocoa with Narayan and his wife, Shakuntala, and was shown some early photographs of Krishnamurti. Narayan told me of being taken ten years earlier by his father, who was Krishnamurti's older brother by three years, to see him in Madras. When they met, the father said to Krishnamurti, "Do you know who I am?" Krishnamurti said he didn't. "Kitu, I am your brother."

On January thirtieth Krishnamurti gave to the teachers what was to me an extraordinary talk on how to bring a child past conditioning to see fact through sensitivity and intelligence; and to prepare for the world in which computers would give enormous leisure to human beings. Would he or she reach for forms of entertainment or instead become aware of the waste of such action and thereby open to the possibility of something real? "The total development of man is to uncondition the mind. To become unconditioned is attention; seeing, hearing and therefore learning not in terms of conditioning. It takes place instinctively, instantly, when one sees the movement (inward and outward). The image is the movement."

I had asked Krishnamurti if I could have another interview, and it took place on the following day. He asked if I would prefer his healing treatment before speaking or afterward. I said afterward and apparently had chosen rightly as he nodded and motioned me to a chair. I felt very relaxed in this interview in contrast to previous ones. I said I wanted to talk to him about relationship, specifically human ones and questioned whether, in some cases where there is very little contact, there was in fact any relationship at all. He asked if I could be more specific and give an example. I spoke of a child about whom I was concerned but seldom saw, and described the circumstances. He asked a few questions and said in effect that since there was little I could do to alter things, that no, I had no relationship. But where there is communication there can be a continuing relation. We talked of relationship in marriage, which he said was infinitely more complicated, and finally he said that there is relationship only when you have no image of the other person. Then there is direct and real relationship. As long as there is an image, you are trying to approximate something to fit an idea and hence unreality and conflict. I asked also about relationship to the sick children I had seen in villages in India, and he told me of a sick and starving man on the steps of a building in Bombay. He asked someone if something couldn't be done, and the person took K to the slums and showed him uncountable people in similar misery. Nevertheless the man was put in a hospital,

and when he was well, the man went back to sit on the steps of the building where K had seen him. “What can you do except be sensitive and not close your eyes.”

We spoke of various things, and I mentioned briefly his own telling me years earlier in the Ojai interview about death and dying to everything every day. He, of course, remembered nothing of it, and I said that, as he had forgotten all that I had told him, I had felt that since I seemed to have become more of a fixture around him, I should somehow open my head for him to look into if he chose. Also that, if in the course of things he observed things I should know, would he please point them out to me? He smiled and said he was shy about saying something that way. I said that I was shy too about knocking on his door and asking; that I had not come to him since two years before in Saanen because I had no crisis and did not want to take his time and energy unless I needed them badly. He said, “Well, now we have talked this way and know each other better, it will be easier.” He added, “May I ask you something? I said, “Anything.” “Do you feel a core at the bottom of all this?” I said that I had been in a state of change since two years before in Saanen, and that I had deliberately not tried to assess and measure it because I had a tendency wrongly to ask where I was going and where I was and therefore had gone with things without measuring. “Do that,” he said. But I added that I distrusted certain things: one, the longing for change, at which he nodded, and also the mental equation that there must be problems or I would have changed more. He smiled and asked if I feared things. I said that I didn’t consciously and distrusted this and so made a sort of fear of not fearing. “No, don’t,” he said. “Just leave it alone.” There was more in the hour and a quarter I was there, and, as before, one knew when it was over. He glanced at the folding clock on his bedside table. I instantly got up and so did he, pulling out the desk chair for me to sit on. He went to the bathroom to wash his hands and came back, and after quite a long pause put his hands lightly on my eyes.

In days that followed Krishnamurti spoke to the students about what the computer would do to their lives and how they would use the leisure it would bring. A young girl asked what he would do with all that leisure. “I would do just what I’m doing now because I love it; when you love something you do, it is leisure.” On another morning he spoke with teachers on images and relationship, and I felt the echo and depth of what I had learned in the interview.

One evening the children gave a puppet show about Odysseus and the Cyclops. Huge papier-mâché puppets had been made. Shakuntala Narayan had lent me a white sari, helped me to put it on, and we went to the puppet show, where we were seated in the front row. Krishnamurti entered, immediately noticed my wearing a sari and raised his eyebrows in amusement. Later, as he bade goodnight, he said to me, “I see you have a new dress.”

There were long walks and climbs in the hills where I lay in the sun above the quiet valley; the only sound sometimes was of a boy on his flute while he tended his flock of goats. Time seemed suspended, and the core of the world seemed centered there—a sense of presence. Sometimes I walked in the late afternoon and would encounter Krishnaji on the road and walk back with him in the still, clear light, the sky lemon-gold behind the

western hills. He spoke, as he often did, in French: “Vous avez l’air rajeunis. Ça vous fait du bien ici.”

On February ninth we left Rishi Valley. I was up at 5 a.m. and standing outside my room when I heard half-gasps, half-cries from Krishnaji’s room above. I found Alain and told him it sounded worrying. He said not to pay attention, as it often happened. This was my first awareness of the curious fact of what was called the “process.”

At 6 a.m. Alain and I left by car for Bangalore. The sky was still dark but pale behind the eastern mountains. All the girl students in white dresses were running along the school road, calling “Goodbye!” with fluttered hands through the car window. The valley was infinitely beautiful and peaceful. We drove through Madanapalle, where Krishnamurti was born, and on through rocky desert country. It was good to be moving again.

In Bangalore we met Krishnaji at the airport. Earnest followers tried to put an enormous garland of yellow marigolds around his neck, but he deftly switched it to the neck of a devotee, who looked stricken and ducked out of it. A VIP room was provided for K, and we all sat there. “The monkey has escaped,” he said. “When I used to travel with Amma (Mrs. Besant), sometimes I would lock myself in the bathroom.” He said it with satisfaction.

Section Two

CHAPTER 4

I was invited to Pupul Jayakar's house two days after arriving. Krishnaji met me in the hall, inquired after my health, and took some of my things for safekeeping. He asked about the hotel where I was staying. "What's it like? How awful the city is." He took his walks in a park but found it ugly. I mentioned Elephanta, where there is the Mahesh Murti, the great carving in a cave of the three faces of Shiva, and he said, "I would like to see it again." I suggested a fast boat to take him to the island where it was, but he said that would be too long and tiring. I said perhaps we could find a helicopter, but he just waved his hands. I was able to find one a few days later, but he decided it would be too tiring. I went instead with Alain, an hour by boat across the huge harbor past ships lying at anchor. It was hot climbing to the caves, but, in spite of noisy, inattentive crowds and children with transistor radios to their ears, we stood a long time in front of the great brooding, absorbed three faces of Shiva. All human life seemed mirrored there and something far beyond.

That afternoon I went with Krishnaji, Madhavachari, and Alain to walk on the small park on Malabar Hill. We talked of Elephanta, the beauty of the carving, the noise of crowds. "I don't know what this country is coming to," Krishnaji said, indicating a man and girl on a bench with arms carelessly around each other. "You never would have seen that a short time ago." We talked about his first talk in Bombay, and he asked me if I think people had understood it or was it over their heads? What did I think of the audience, etc. There was a brilliant sunset, and crows flew about the flowers and topiary hedges. The sky was ivory when we left.

On February eighteenth Krishnamurti held the first public discussion at 8:30 in the morning at Khareghat Hall. Afterward Alain, Frances, and I went with Krishnaji to discuss the house-in-France project. Alain was to go look for a place. Krishnaji wanted it to be owned by Krishnamurti Writings but to be controlled by a committee of Alain, Gérard Blitz, Frances, and me. During the discussion Nandini Mehta's little granddaughter dashed in and flew to Krishnaji, who jumped up, kissed her on both cheeks, and lifted her high in the air.

The following day there was the first private discussion at Pupul Jayakar's house. About fifteen people attended. It was asked what an individual can do in the face of the disintegration of society. Krishnamurti took it up, saying that change of each individual by another is impossible; change by evolution, by social action hadn't done it and implies time. He then asked if there were something totally different. He made the distinction between the individual and the human being, i.e., the individual has his own separate conditioning, but the human being has the conditioning of the whole human consciousness. He posed the question and then veered back to stressing the futility of other ways. Often in discussions he made a large step forward, giving a hint, a glimpse, and then someone would say, "But, Krishnaji, we don't see that." Then there would be a catalogue of all our shortcomings, and so it was that day.

On the twentieth he gave his third Bombay talk, mostly on time and thought leading to conflict and sorrow—a tremendous talk given with utmost power and an energy that seemed to come at the most intense times of his speaking. An extraordinary sight, too, a majesty of look and gesture.

Another side was at the next private discussion, when he was slightly late, as he had been talking to a guru. He came in laughing, as though he had escaped from something. "The guru accused me," he said. "He said I was haughty to say gurus were harmful." He wore a cotton kurta that made him look in some ways like a child. He had the slender hands and wrists of a young boy; even his way of sitting on a chair, slightly pigeon-toed, was the stance of a boy. But that day he sat cross-legged on the floor and spoke again of thought being in time and therefore not outside of consciousness. If one sees that as one sees that a road doesn't lead to one's home, then one stops and no longer goes on that road. In the same way, when one sees that thought and time lead only to conflict and pain, then one is silent. Here I must have looked uncertain, for he said, "What do you say, Mrs. Zimbalist?"

I said that the enormity of seeing this made most minds retreat.

"Why do you do anything when you see it?" he asked.

"Because the challenge confronts you," I responded.

"Why are you challenged?"

"Because the implications of that seeing are so overpowering that the mind sets all its defenses against seeing." It was here that I felt the goats separate from the sheep. His seeing had to be total and therefore action. For me, even the glimpse in perception so threatened the thinking mind that it closed. It could not be open to it because it meant its own complete destruction. I felt that as we are organically against death and have confused this with thought, perception snaps shut, the contact is broken, and what was momentarily perceived is safely sifted into thought as an intellectual concept. It seemed to me that, for Krishnaji, perception opened a door, and the opening of the door was the going through it. For others, the open door is so threatening to the thinking process we hold as vital as breath that we slam the door shut. There is an abhorrence of a vacuum. A mind may stop for an instant, but consciousness not moving into a different state and unable to exist in a vacuum falls back into its old mechanics.

Time ran out for this meeting, but the discussion was resumed the following day. It got into a metaphor in which I was walking down a road that led nowhere (thought) and nevertheless could not stop walking (thought cannot stop). "Then keep walking," he said. "Why stop?"

"Because it results in pain."

"Why do you insist you cannot stop?" Throughout this exchange, which was rather long and took most of an hour, there was a curious sense of communication going on at a different level. I was sitting directly opposite him, and when he would say something or ask a question, I kept feeling he was continuing to talk to me wordlessly in a look.

When the discussion was over, I spoke to him, saying that I had heard there was some uncertainty about the house-in-France project and begged him to consider it. "Come in, come in," he said, and when I went into his room he said, "You didn't mind my pounding you just now?" I said of course not. About the house he was concerned about the expense. "When can we talk? Come on the afternoon walk." So I did and sat waiting with Pupul and Nandini. When he came in, he teasingly put his hand on Nandini's head, rumpling her hair slightly. He said to me, "You see, I've known her twenty years. When I've known you twenty years, I can do the same."

"What you don't know, sir, is that you have known me twenty years."

"I have?" he said and advanced as though to do the same. I pulled back and added, "But you have to *know* that you've known me that long." On this joking note, he, Alain, Madhavachari, and I drove to the Hanging Gardens and walked around and around. Then he asked me again my impression of the audience at the talks.

"They sit so quietly," he said. "May I ask what all this means to you?"

I spoke of a process of change and a reluctance to assess it, but looking back I saw a different past. He nodded, and we walked on. After a little while, he said that he had never owned anything—a *chez-soi*—but had always been a guest. Why did I feel he should accept this offer in France? I reiterated the reason of his having an alternative to his past schedule—a place to be there for his convenience, if and when he chose to use it. He said he could go to a hotel but quickly agreed he wouldn't like that. I spoke of my own surprise at Krishnamurti Writings not providing this; that Rajagopal should support it, especially as it would be a large addition to KW Inc.

"What if Rajagopal refuses?" he asked.

"Then I hope you will accept it anyway and we will manage it differently."

He seemed to enthuse and spoke of Alain finding a place, and then he, Vanda, and I should go to look at it. We walked on, and a young man fell into step with him and asked some questions. After six laps, we stopped and drove back to Dongersey Road. "See you in the arena tomorrow," he said.

The city of Bombay was for me a withering contrast of human conditions. More than in Benares, where life seemed a seething whole, here there were the Western symbols of wealth in towering modern buildings, and on the pavement below a piece of tarpaulin over two leaning poles was the living place of a family. A friend in Rome had given me some money, asking that I give it directly to someone in need in India. A ragged young

man was lying asleep on a street near the hotel. On impulse I placed the money beside him, but then, thinking it might be stolen from him, I touched his shoulder and handed it to him. He awoke with a look of bewilderment and fright, so I went away toward the main avenue, where misery was everywhere. A leper beggar lay in the road, blind, without arms, propelling himself by rolling over and over in the gutter.

On March third there was the sixth and final private discussion. It returned to the eternal snag of being unable to let go of thought, of listening interminably, seeing intellectually that thought is the source of conflict and misery, but it remained superficial. Any effort out of thought was only its continuation. K asked when was one conscious that one was thinking? I described it as an activity that constantly measures the self in relation to everything in every waking moment and even in sleep. He ignored this and asked the question of someone else. He used the metaphor of a drum that is in tune when it is silent, but thought is the un-tuning of it.

"What happens when you put thought aside, turn your back on it?"

I replied that I couldn't do it; how does one turn away from it, even when its futility is seen?

He said, "You are in thought and you can't get out; why do you insist on that?"

At that point I could only see a wall of thought behind which I was hopelessly trapped.

All of a sudden he said to me, "Mrs. Zimbalist, is beauty thought? Is thought operating when there is beauty?"

"No, sir."

"Then you have known beauty, moments not of thought. Why do you say that?"

And I saw and said that beauty is outside of thought and strong enough to break through the prison of thought. And though I didn't say so, love, which is perhaps the same as beauty, has this strength, too.

"So," he said, "can you see the beauty of the drum, empty, tuned, and that out of that action comes?"

I saw. There was a little bit more with others, and then the meeting was over.

"See you tonight," he said when I left. "And hold onto that drum!"

That evening Frances, Alain, and I dined with Mrs. Mehta, mother of Pupul Jayakar and Nandini Mehta, a family gathering with Krishnamurti there; an attractive dinner with delicious food, flowers, incense. He was relaxed and enjoying it.

On March sixth I went to collect the things I had left for safekeeping with Krishnaji. People were seated in a circle on the floor with a dark bearded minstrel who held a one-stringed instrument and castanets. In a moment, Krishnaji came in and the music began—haunting, sad, and lovely songs. At the end, Krishnamurti thanked the singer and placed a gift of clothing on the floor next to him. Later he told me he had heard the man singing in the street. "The rich people around here don't listen; only the servants give him some money. He's from the south, speaks Telegu." He had called the man in to be heard.

That night Krishnamurti and some of us were to leave India for Rome, but the flight was delayed to 4 a.m. Devotees had come to the airport to see him off; in a special waiting room they sat, staring at him intensely. He finally got up and went out. The Parsi lady we called "Moonlight" shot out after him, and I went too, staying between him and her until Madhavachari intervened. He said to me, "I can't stand sitting there and being stared at." We took off at 4:30 a.m., Krishnaji in first class and Alain, Frances, and I in tourist. He kept coming back to visit us—"visiting the poor," he said.

It was exhilarating to be in Rome again. Krishnaji was staying with Vanda Scaravelli, as was Alain, and I in a small hotel off Piazza Navona. I dined with a friend the first night in a restaurant where everything seemed both familiar and amazing, gleaming and full of good smells and warm colors. The restaurant cat regarded me with an equal's eye. It was a prosperous cat, not a starving misery. Lovely food brought well-being, and inside there was the shining sense of what Krishnamurti had said a few days earlier.

I remained in Rome two days. There were errands to do and then to Via del Casaletto to lunch with Vanda Scaravelli. Krishnaji was now wearing gray trousers and a blue shirt but was still in his Madras sandals. In an energetic mood he asked me to sum up my impressions of India and "that man who talks." He then began an imitation of the way someone might describe his talks: "Oh, it was marvelous! Everybody just sat there. It was so extraordinary. What dignity! Of course, I can't tell you what he said, but it was marvelous, and I understood."

The following day, after lunch, we all went to the cinema—a James Bond movie. The plot took such turns that Alain, who had read the book, had to keep explaining what was happening. "What trouble and ingenuity they expend to entertain us," said K during some underwater scenes, and, "Oh, Lordy," in disgusted tones during some amorous ones. He noticed all the cars and, I think, liked the gadget parts of the film. Coming back in the car near Piazza Navona, when the traffic light turned red, I jumped out, and they waved goodbye, saying, "Be well, come back soon." I flew to Paris and on to the United States.

CHAPTER 5

Krishnamurti was to speak in London on April twenty-sixth. I returned there from the United States the day before, and Alain telephoned the place where I was staying, asking to meet K and him at Huntsman, Krishnamurti's tailor. This made me laugh because the previous summer in Gstaad I had been asked to lunch by Mme. Scaravelli and was seated

next to K. A friend of his on my left was wearing a suit made by a tailor in London recommended by Krishnamurti, and they talked across me about its fit. After a bit of this, I said, "You are speaking of Huntsman, aren't you?"

"Huntsman—what do you know about Huntsman?" said Krishnamurti, very surprised.

"My husband went to Huntsman," I replied. Krishnamurti looked at me as if I had just swam into his field of vision. Later he politely took me to my car, and as I drove away, he raised his hand in a sort of salute and said knowingly, "Huntsman!" I felt I had just acquired an identity for him—a woman who knew about Huntsman.

Earlier I had bought a new car, and when I drove near the Kingston By-pass, where Krishnamurti, Alain, and Anneke Korndorffer were staying in a rented house, Krishnamurti saw the car from the window and came out to inspect it. It was not a Mercedes, so he said little.

That evening he gave his initial London talk at the Friends Hall on Euston Road. The next day I drove him and Alain on a round of appointments. In the car, talking about miscellaneous things, at one point he said, "Do you mind if I say something serious? I was thinking this morning—it was quite extraordinary—meditation can be marvelous when you know how to do it—what is humility? It is without content, without any movement toward anything."

On another drive to London, he began quite soon: "Do you mind if we talk seriously? Does it interfere with your driving? I want to discuss what is seriousness. What is it to you?" I said that to me it was without withdrawal; a commitment that would not be withdrawn when self-interest was threatened. He said there was decision in it, that the day before, David Bohm had said he himself was not decisive enough, and that word had struck him. Naudé quoted something Krishnamurti had said three years earlier about seriousness, but K brushed it aside. He was seldom interested in his words being repeated to him. His attention seemed on the fresh action that was alive in his mind. He suddenly asked me if I thought someone we both knew was serious? I paused quite a while before saying no.

"Why?"

"Let me answer by saying what I feel is unserious: to be unwilling to go all the way with something, wherever it leads, not to choose out of self-interest, not to be divided."

"Why do people do that?"

I said that I thought it was partly a fear of putting all one's eggs in one basket. Multiplicity seemed safer.

He said, "But actually people would have much more, but they don't see it. Would you be serious if you married—God forbid—and had a family?"

I said it depended on the marriage, the relationship.

“But people say they are serious about work, about the people they marry. I am serious about the suit I will fit. Have you self-interest in this car?”

I said yes, but were these things the measure of seriousness? Or was it what such a thing meant to me?

Through all this conversation, he was directing me in the traffic as he had directed the fitting by the tailor, the choice of materials. The latter was clearly an enjoyment to him. I lunched later with him and Anneke. Conversation at the table was mostly about diet, LSD, and cats we had known. Anneke brought up the LSD topic, remembering we had discussed it the year before. Krishnaji, who had forgotten this, expressed surprise that I knew about it and told us again about soma in ancient India. He said Aldous Huxley had told him: “LSD wasn’t quite the real thing—the experience of truth—but was like it.”

“I can’t believe that,” said K. “It can’t be like the real thing; that cannot have a shadow.”

In the morning on April thirtieth, Krishnamurti gave a talk in the Wimbledon Town Hall. In the afternoon he felt like getting out into the country, and we drove in warm sunlight toward Wisley, where we had gone the year before, but the parking lot was crowded, and he said, “Let’s drive on,” so we headed south, deeper into the countryside. He spoke of Mary Lutyens and her husband, Joe Links. He had known her since she was a baby, the youngest of the Lutyens family, which became a second family to him and his brother when the two boys first came to England. The Linkses had a house near Haslemere, so we headed in that direction, passing through the loveliness of England at that season. In Haslemere we enquired the way, and through winding roads we found the house, but no one was home. A farmer said they would be walking, so we too walked along the road and came upon them both. Krishnaji looked very pleased at the surprise, and I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time two people who became close friends. We all walked back through woods of bluebells and had tea, or rather Alain and I had tea, and K, as usual, only water. It was a relaxed and very pleasant time, and he seemed exhilarated to be seeing old friends.

On such drives Krishnaji remembered places he had stayed all over England. He spoke of never being left to go out by himself when he was young. He would give away any money he had, and Mrs. Besant said, “For God’s sake, don’t let him go out alone.”

“My brother never left me,” he said with what seemed appreciation. In the car coming back, he referred to the morning’s talk in Wimbledon and asked what the observer and observed meant to us and from that to whether love is a matter of thought. So we came back to Kingston in what seemed a short time. The car performed efficiently, and Krishnaji seemed to enjoy it. Anneke had supper waiting, and so ended a happy day.

On May second, another clear, warm day. I went to Kingston equipped with maps and an itinerary for a drive to the Cotswolds, but that seemed too far, so we went toward

Winchester, passing unknowingly the place that was in a few years to become the school at Brockwood Park. We lunched in Winchester at the Wessex Hotel and visited the cathedral. We drove on through the Wallops, where we stopped and, in a field of deep green grass, spread a large, red blanket, and all three took a short nap. A clean, clear summer wind blew across the land and trees. We went on to Stonehenge, to which Krishnaji had never been. The great stones kept their silence in spite of camera-snapping people.

In the car coming back, K said a question by some young people came back to him. He said that time is like a river flowing, but we divide it into past, present, and future. Instead, one should see the whole of it, and when one does, time must have a stop. "Yes, I see!" he said. "But I mustn't talk about it now." All the way back in the car, his mind seemed to go to it, but we didn't question him for fear of taking the edge off it for the morrow's talk. The spontaneity of perception seemed an intrinsic part of his speaking.

He said suddenly, "When my brother died, this person fainted, went into a coma for several days—so Shiva Rao told me—and when he came to, they all assured him he was all right, but though he cried out and it was a great shock, he never moved from that fact to say, 'What does it all mean?'"

He was intense and elated by the perception of time and said, "I wish I could give the talk right now!" and when we later sat down to the supper Anneke had prepared, he said, "I'm ready to talk right now!" We were concerned that it would be hard for him to sleep in such a mood, especially as he hadn't had enough sleep the night before. We watched television as a soporific. It was, and I said goodnight and went off to London.

On May fourth I met Saral and David Bohm in London and drove them to Krishnamurti's for a discussion. In this he made the statement that there is in effect nothing to do but listen—listen with affection. If a statement is made that is true, it has its own action if you listen. He illustrated this with a story he liked: A family of robbers was passing a teacher and closed their ears to avoid hearing him. The youngest stepped on a thorn, dropped his hands and heard the words "stealing is evil." Later he could no longer steal. We then all five went for a walk in Richmond Park.

The following morning I drove Krishnaji and Alain to London for fittings, and on the way K spoke of the discussion. I asked if there is no action but listening. "That is all one can do," he said. Suddenly, he said, "When this person was a boy, he was vague, stupid, a moron with no capacity to study when they found him. You know, the Theosophists said they saw an aura, that this boy had the least self. He was dirty, with lice in his hair, in his eyebrows; they had to shave his head. He was taught, and yet none of it changed him. Why wasn't he conditioned?"

The talks continued in Wimbledon, and there were walks each day in Richmond Park. On a Sunday, though it was raining, we took a picnic lunch and drove off toward Haslemere, where we had been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Links. We drove as much as possible on small country roads and stopped in a lane for our picnic. Alain had cooked a ratatouille,

and as it was too wet to leave the car, we ate inside, feeling relaxed and joking about various things. The rain paused when we reached the Links', and we all went for a walk and came back to a pleasant tea.

Krishnamurti gave his fifth and final London talk on May tenth. On the twelfth I arrived at the house in Wimbledon at 7:30 in the morning and, with Alain, packed all of our luggage in the car. The three of us drove to Lydd on the Channel and flew the car and selves across to Le Touquet. We felt elated to be in France and drove off southwest under a clear sky. Krishnaji slept and twice awakened with that cry that had alarmed me in Rishi Valley. From Rouen we went south to Louviers, then to a small place I had found in the Guide Michelin called Vironvay. I had booked rooms for us at Les Saisons, which turned out to be a converted farmhouse with small cottages around a sweet-smelling garden. We went for a walk, and, as the cottage I was in had a little sitting room, we had dinner served there in front of an open fire. Krishnaji seemed pleased by it all.

CHAPTER 6

The following day, May sixteenth, the sun was shining, everyone was feeling very well, and we left Vironvay about noon. In the car Krishnaji again talked about "that boy," himself as a child; how he was beaten in school for dullness, how all the training and education he received after Mrs. Besant adopted him somehow didn't condition the boy in a psychological sense; how he was very late in maturing. He told us the story of being in the south of France, in the charge of an American who was "chasing girls," leaving him alone in the hotel. In the dining room a couple at the next table had been quarreling; the husband had been drunk and passed out, and the wife had begun to speak to the boy, taken him to her room, locked the door, and tried to make love to him. "I didn't know what it was all about." She had seen this, said she was sorry, and he had left. "Can you imagine what would have happened if the husband appeared?" Mrs. Besant was horrified, and he was never left alone again; always devotees went with him, preferably two. I asked if in Paris he ever went to museums, theaters, or just wandered about?

No walks; the Louvre, yes; some opera; often concerts; but always he was "taken." He seemed to have gone to tea with people in immense formality with no freedom.

We arrived at lunchtime at the Coq Hardi, where I had booked a table in a garden banked with pink hydrangeas. The management took vegetarianism in its stride, and we ordered from an enticing list of possibilities. Everything was good, and I had the pleasure of seeing them enjoy it. Krishnaji's appreciation of the best and interest in it all were fun to see. He discretely eyed the other guests and speculated about them. He seemed to have the interest of a boy who seldom goes out in the world. We had wild strawberries and melon, then salad, then asparagus Hollandaise, artichoke hearts, cheeses, and finally Krishnaji had a tarte au poire. Alain had oeufs à la neige, but I gave up. When the bill came, they were appalled. Did I know it would be that expensive? I did, and paid it with satisfaction for the enjoyment it had been. "Good God, Madame!" K kept saying. We

drove on to Paris and to Avenue de La Bourdonnais, where they were staying with M. and Mme. Suarès.

Krishnamurti began his Paris talks on May sixteenth in the Salle Adyar. There was shopping to be done, and then daily walks in the Bois, and at Bagatelle, where, as on other expeditions, K suddenly began speaking again of "the boy." He told us about Leadbeater's discovering him; how another boy had been chosen and was being educated to be the World Teacher. K's father had asked for a job at the Theosophical Society and was accepted but lived outside Adyar. K and Nitya went to a school, where K was beaten. The brothers went to the beach, where they were seen by Leadbeater. Here K explained the theory of auras—a visible something, usually in color, surrounding the person; the more spiritual, the wider the aura. That of the Buddha was said to be as wide as the universe. Krishnamurti's aura was seen to have the least selfhood. Word was sent to Mrs. Besant about the boy; she came, and it was she who said K was to be the World Teacher. The American boy was removed and not allowed near K and Nitya. I asked what became of him, and K said he thought he had become a lawyer in the U.S. He described the acquiescence of the young boy (himself) and how he would gaze out the window with an open mouth. This irritated Leadbeater, who one day came up behind K and slammed his mouth shut. From that day on, K turned only toward Mrs. Besant and was closed to Leadbeater, though he continued to say, "Whatever you say," to his orders.

Then K explained to us the Theosophical order of things: the seven masters, a sort of super-master, and then the Lord Maitreya, the Buddha, and the Lord of the Universe. It was believed that the Lord Maitreya was a living being in Tibet who periodically leaves his own body and enters that of a person. Because of humanity's suffering he has not gone on to Buddhahood. He is said to have entered the form of Jesus. I asked K if he could see auras. He said he used to. I asked if his extraordinary perception in interviews comes out of such powers. "Probably," he said, and told of a man who came to him. K was able to tell him all about himself, and the man was annoyed. As K described these things, he appeared to know how they occurred.

Some afternoons later, Krishnaji and Alain drove with me to Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where we took a long walk in the forest and along the alleys of linden trees. On the way back, suddenly, again, K spoke of the past. "You know the story of how this person lived in Ojai in the beginning with the brother in an empty house? There he had suddenly fits of unconsciousness, coma, that came at night for months. He would cry out. His brother was there, also Rosalind, and Mr. Warrington, a Theosophist. They never touched the body."

He repeated this a number of times. I wondered if there was a purpose to his telling us this. His brother wrote it all down: how K spoke marvelous poetry and strange things happened. We asked what had happened.

"A star appeared," he said hesitantly.

"Where?"

“Above his head.”

He had no memory of all this, then or since.

“Was he aware of what was happening?” I asked.

“Probably, he must have,” he said.

He said that Leadbeater had been written to and replied that they had experience of some phenomena but nothing like that. The experiences went on, and in 1947 Pupul Jayakar and her sister, Nandini Mehta, witnessed his being in such a state, but Rajagopal swore them to secrecy.

“I thought you knew all this.”

Alain: “No, sir.”

“I will try to get you the account of it.”

Krishnaji didn’t want to ask Rajagopal, who would ask why K wanted to see it and would show it only in his presence. Madhavachari had it, and K would ask him. I said that all I knew was from reading Lady Emily Lutyens’s book Candles in the Sun.

I asked him how long this experience had occurred before he began to speak in his own way and not in the Theosophical context. He said it happened around 1922 and the speaking was around 1925. I asked if in retrospect—not memory—he understood the meaning of the experience, and he said, “No. But it would be interesting to know.” He then continued the subject he had been explaining the other day: the concept of the Masters, the Maitreya, the Buddha, and the Lord of the Universe at the top. And the concept of the body of a living man being taken as a vehicle for the World Teacher—the avatar and World Teacher concepts. Alain mentioned the distinction of an avatar being one who changes the social order, and I asked about god becoming man versus man becoming god. In this conversation he never said these things are so; he spoke of Hindu and Theosophical belief, but he spoke of the boy having experience of masters.

Pupul Jayakar came to Paris and expressed a wish to go to Chartres. Krishnamurti had Alain ask me if we could drive there, and so we did. Quite a while was spent in the cathedral, and then we had lunch nearby. Upon coming back to Paris, we dropped Mrs. Jayakar at her hotel and then went for a walk in the Bois. K said, “I like forests better than cathedrals.” But he had seemed to like the stained-glass windows more this time than the year before. “What idolatry!” he said of a rather doll-like statue of the Virgin.

Krishnamurti gave his third Paris talk in the Salle Adyar and in the afternoon met a group of young people, gathered by Alain, for a discussion in a room we had engaged in the Hotel Pont Royal. The most frequent question was about fear.

The next afternoon the three of us drove to Bagatelle for tea and a walk, and there I heard my first nightingale. He sang his lovely sounds on a branch over our heads. We stood for a long time, listening and watching him, and then Krishnaji said in Italian, "Grazie e arrivederci," and the nightingale was silent. We walked to see the roses, but K seemed tired—perhaps from the many interviews he had given.

One afternoon, we went to a motion picture, Ten Little Indians, and afterward walked down the Champs-Élysées. He asked, "What is space to you?"

I said, "At the moment it is where we parked the car," and he smiled. We found the car, talked all the way back, and then sat in the car for a long time continuing the conversation.

"What is living? Have you ever asked yourself what it really is? Man needs what? Freedom, that is essential! Freedom and space." He asked Alain, "You are a musician. You need space between the notes, don't you? Man can't be in a prison physically or a prison of ideas. Yes! That is it, freedom and space." He waved his fingers as he did when something became clear and said, "I mustn't talk about it anymore. We'll do it tomorrow."

The next day was the twenty-ninth of May, and Krishnamurti gave his fifth and last Paris talk, and in the afternoon he held another meeting with young people. While driving him back to Avenue de La Bourdonnais, the car behaved rather oddly and just made it to the corner where I was able to park. A wretched evening ensued in which I tried to get someone to see to it, but not only was it Sunday but also Monday was the holiday of Pentecost. When K had come out of the meeting, his face had been alight with the talks being over. "Vous êtes en vacance, monsieur!"

"Yes! No, not till Tuesday." It was imperative that we get off on Tuesday for a motor trip to Switzerland.

Monday was a day of misery. The dépannage place that I had persuaded to pick up the car and fix it did not answer the telephone, so I took a taxi to the address in some eastern quarter of Paris where there seemed nothing but dead cars and locked garages. I trudged about until I found the supposed owner of the garage where my car was supposed to be. Eventually he agreed to accompany me to where he said it was. With another man and a small boy, we came to a locked yard where they proceeded to climb the fence and came back, saying, "Elle est la!" They then broke the lock on the gate, while I stood guard outside in case the police came by and disapproved. He got the car started, and we drove in its slow, sick way to his place, where he said he had worked three years for Jaguar and could fix it. Wondering if I had assisted in stealing my own car, I left. Trying to telephone car rental places in case the Jaguar had to remain in Paris was fruitless. Pentecost was inflexible. The whole point of the car, which was to make possible country trips for K, seemed about to collapse.

I woke up the next morning, May thirty-first, wondering where the day would end. The car man had failed to fix it and was taking it to the Jaguar agency. Alain kindly accompanied me there, asked to speak to the director, confidently strode into the latter's office, and politely told him that it was of the highest importance that the car be looked at immediately and fixed, as we were about to accompany a very distinguished person on a motor trip. Someone was summoned, things were done, and meanwhile Krishnaji and Alain joined me for lunch at an excellent Italian restaurant. "Why don't we eat here every day?" said K, pleased. He wondered about a couple at another table. Alain said the woman was being kept by the man. "Oh, no!" said K. "She could be my sister—what will become of her?"

By 4:00 p.m., with luggage on board, we were rolling out of Paris, I feeling rather raw but relieved that the car was running and running well. As we got onto the autoroute, K said, "You must not be disturbed if the body is faint; it happens sometimes, it doesn't mean anything. I understand what it is; just go on or stop quietly, but leave it alone. It has been tired from talking and all that." We said yes, we understood.

Shortly before the road to Versailles, Krishnaji very slowly fainted sideways, his head coming to rest on the seat beside me. Alain said, "We mustn't touch him." I drove as slowly as I could in the pouring traffic until we could get off the autoroute and pulled up off of a side road. In a few minutes he came to and said, "Let's drive on," which we did. It happened again, and we kept driving. I had asked him to wear the shoulder and seat belt, but the slow faint was to the left, and his shoulder slipped out of it. After the second time, we made a cushion of my coat to support him. He fainted a third time and was roused by the horn of a passing car and came to with a cry and gesture forward as though warding off something. After that he said, "I think I had better be sick and that will end it." So we drove until we found a deserted side road. He went off behind bushes and came back, saying, "Grass is quite cleansing if you chew it."

Alain asked if he shouldn't tell the homeopathic doctor whom they were going to see in Geneva about this symptom. Krishnaji replied that it was not a physical symptom. "He leaves the body. It happens often, usually after being very busy." There was a strange quality to it, unlike any faint I had ever seen. Like the slow bending over of a flower; a great delicacy. No collapse; just a graceful, slow coming to rest. We asked if he had warning of its coming. He said yes, that sometimes it was preceded by a severe pain in the head. "I had it yesterday." If it happened in bed he would remain in it for quite a while.

That evening after dinner in the hotel in Montbazon, Krishnaji referred again to the fainting and why it was not a physical symptom. To me he said, "Do you know what kundalini means?" I said I had only a vague idea. He said, "The ancient Hindus believed in forms of energy, which came into the body or were sent by gurus, and that they emerged through chakras [centers of the body], ideally coming out of the head. If they moved downward, one became a sort of sexual maniac and insane. Magic and psychic powers, reading the mind, and all that. There is tantric yoga, which makes use of and exploits this, but one must not let this happen." The faints were some manifestation of all

that and were allied to what he had told us about the boy and his unconsciousness in the Ojai years ago when his brother was alive. Then he used to cry out and speak in poetry.

The next day, on the way to Amboise and Chenonceau, Krishnaji asked us, “If you had never heard anything about meditation, what would it mean to you?”

“A turning inward without any objective.”

“Where would you begin?”

“With the fact that I am alive—the only fact I have.”

“With the fact of eating, breathing, etcetera?”

“Something before all that.”

“Must you go through all these things? Isn’t there a primary thing that will take in all those things? That is what meditation is.”

As happened often, he seemed to want to pose the question, probe it somewhat, and then leave it.

We reached Chenonceau, walked around it for a while, and then continued on through the lovely countryside until, on a winding road, we reached the Château de Mimont, where we were to stay. It was remote, quiet, and beautiful. The owner and host made us very welcome, and we were given huge rooms looking over the valley. The supper excellently answered our vegetarian needs.

The following morning brought a shining day and a blessed sense of peace, no hurry, no anxiety, and for me the knowledge that I had brought them to a pleasant place. There were walks before lunch, rest in the afternoon, another walk before supper. At meals Krishnaji told us stories about Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr. Baillie-Weaver, who had lived a very worldly life but gave it up suddenly on becoming a Theosophist. He had taught the two young brothers how to dress, polish their shoes, and tend to their appearance. At supper, when K was talking about his early days, there was a curious sense of silence in the room. Something in the silence had an almost tangible quality, smooth like amber. K was aware of it and asked if I had felt it before. I had when he was speaking of his life in those times. It brought a feeling of inner listening, a sense of presence.

The next day we drove on to Geneva and spent the night at the Hôtel du Rhône. There were assorted errands to be done, including what was an annual ritual: a visit to Patek-Philippe, where K had his watch regulated. He took a keen interest in this, winding it carefully at the same time every morning, checking that it kept time to the second. The watch was his one cared-for possession apart from clothing. It was a pocket watch and attached to it by a woven chain was an ancient Greek coin with the head of Athena. It had been given to him years earlier by Robert Logan.

CHAPTER 7

On June fourth we arrived in Gstaad, where I had the same apartment as before in Les Caprices, but this time there was also a studio flat next door for Krishnaji. Vanda Scaravelli's rental at Chalet Tannegg did not start until July, and meanwhile K stayed with Naudé and me. For the first few days, he rested in the morning and walked in the afternoons. I did the cooking. We played records in the evening, in particular Gregorian chants, which he liked and felt had qualities of Sanskrit chants.

One evening he spoke of the game of naming objects after only one glimpse. Then he had us play a game of free associations (his to "spring" was hay fever) and then from memory repeat the sequence backward. I asked him if his state of noticing everything was constant. "It always has been," he said, "except when I'm empty. I hardly look out the window of my room. I'm empty. That's why, sir, sometimes when you come in, I jump out of my skin."

He then asked us—but mostly Alain—if he had the answer to what he had asked us, beginning in the car on the way to Amboise, if we had never heard definitions of meditation, what would it mean? We had said a concern for life. He then asked how does one look at one's self—not each individual thing—but in a way in which all things are included?

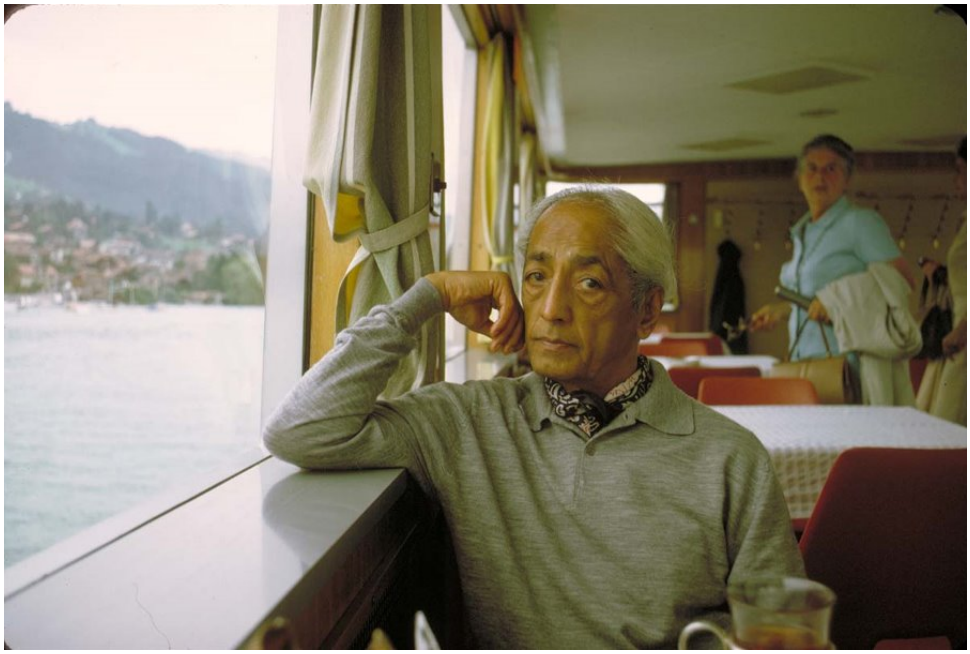
He went on. "It's like being up there," he said, pointing to a mountaintop. "When you look down from there, you see everything in its proper place. So how do you see from there? Not 'how,' but you know what I mean. That is the question." And then, "Do you remember that silence…where was it?"

Alain: "The Château de Mimont."

K: "Yes, there was silence and all the sounds in it."

I said it had happened since, and he nodded swiftly. "Yes, several times in this room. Where do you start to look from? Not up there. Where you are. You must be very sensitive, do everything you can for that—right food, enough sleep, hip baths [with a laugh at me]. Be aware of everything you do. Have you tried that awareness?"

Alain said that he had. K continued, "You are not aware if there is a center watching to correct; as long as there is, you are not watching. There must be no center; then things are corrected of themselves. That is the lesson for this evening." Then he changed the subject and said that he wanted us to speak French only all through supper.

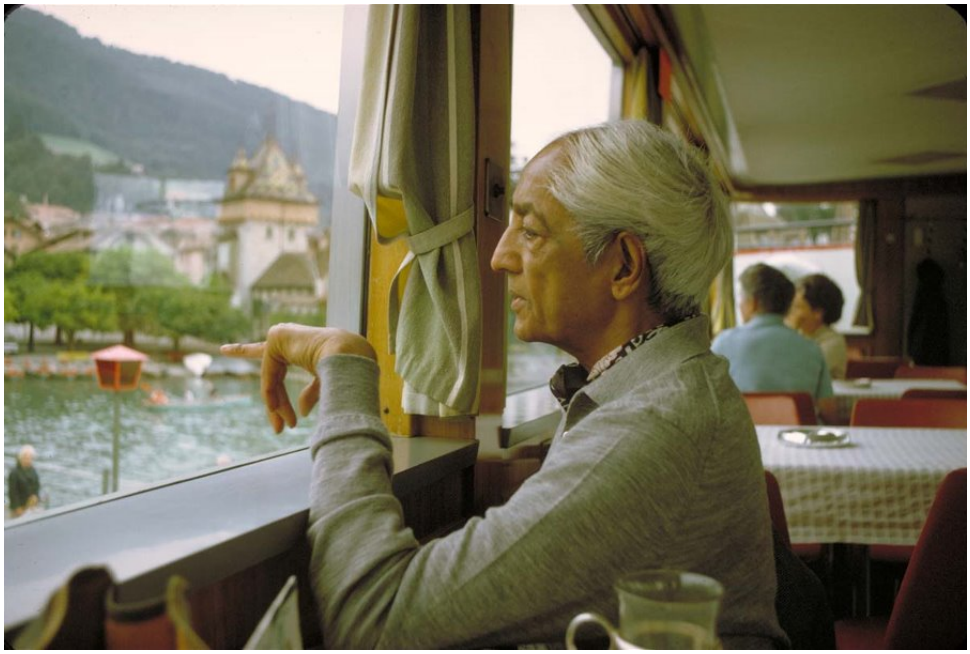


Steamer from Thun to Beatus (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)



Steamer from Thun to Beatus (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The following day, June tenth, we drove to Thun and caught the little lake steamer just in time. The Eiger and Jungfrau were white and shining above the warm green lake. We got off at Beatus and lunched on the terrace of the hotel, came back to Thun on a returning steamer, and went to the place where K's Mercedes was kept all winter. It was waiting, and he drove it to Gstaad while I followed them. It had been a golden, marvelous day, quite hot, and the snow on the mountains was part of the radiant summer. At lunch K had said, "There is no discovery in thinking; only in observation."



Steamer from Thun to Beatus (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)



Steamer from Thun to Beatus (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

On June fifteenth the three of us set off in the morning for Geneva, going via the Col des Mosses, down the mountain, around the far side of the lake, in and out of France. It was a lovely morning. The fields deep in grass and wildflowers; high up the bright shine of snow and glowing green below. We had taken a picnic lunch and spread it out on a new car rug under trees. Then on to Geneva, where we left our things at the hotel and went off to a Hitchcock movie, Dial M for Murder. When in the film the murderer agrees to kill for $1,000, K spoke up, “Oh, don’t, sir! It’s not worth it!”

On the following day both Krishnamurti and Alain had appointments with the homeopathic doctor, Pierre Schmidt. Alain remained in Geneva to meet Desikachar, and I drove Krishnaji back to Gstaad. We lunched again with the Biascoecheas and in the late afternoon walked along the river by the little airfield. I made him supper and afterward played a recording of a muezzin's call to prayer, which he found moving.



Steamer from Thun to Beatus (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)



Steamer from Thun to Beatus (Copyright Mary Zimbalist)

The next morning he went for a drive alone in his Mercedes and came back looking eager and pleased. “It was for meditation,” he said. A rainstorm in the afternoon cleared the heat, and it was cold and raining lightly when we went for a walk, crossing the fields to the river and the path along it. The conversation turned serious when he asked, “I wonder if there is a way for people not to be so involved in families? Why does one need relationship so much? I may like a person, but why should there be a need?” Was it perhaps part of an innate instinct toward finding something beyond the ordinary level of consciousness, a movement that is misperceived as a sexual aim but doesn’t continue toward total freedom? We walked back to the chalet, and he said, “We will talk of it at dinner.”

Later he continued, saying that in sex there is a moment outside the self, but when remembering it, sensation and desire for repetition step in. It is misused. I said I could not imagine life without the experience of love. It might be the love of a person or the beauty of the sky, but it is a state of love. Losing my husband had not destroyed for me that state; it had gone beyond the give and take of two people, yet the sense of it was there.

He said, “I think it is a wrong question to speak of this or that—to divide it. As long as there is a center, one does this. When there is no center, one can have all these things, but when the center exists, these things prevent the other.” Then he asked, “Why are you here in all this? Do you see the reason?” I didn’t understand the question.

“In order for Mrs. Zimbalist to be here, to do all these things, something had to happen. Why are you helping, doing all these things?”

I said they needed doing and I happened to be here and could help.

“Oh no, that would be your doing one thing and then turning to another,” said Krishnaji.

“Do you mean that when my marriage ended I turned to something else?”

“No. Do you see something foreordained?…That is a wrong word.”

I said, “Do you mean some sort of fate, destiny? If so, I have no idea about that one way or another.”

“You wouldn’t be here if your husband were alive?” I said probably not. We talked a little, and I mentioned the interview I had with him in 1960 at Ojai. “Were you wearing a fawn coat?” he asked suddenly. Then he spoke of “that boy” and how they saw in him his past lives and his face in them; how there seemed a sort of management. “Not by me, but things seemed to be arranged, a development.” He seemed to be saying that my being there, doing what I could, was no accident but foreordained in some way. A curious conversation. There was that silence again. “Did you hear it?” he said. He got up, and with his extreme courtesy and sweetness, thanked me, asked if he could do the dishes, and went to his room, taking a tray of ice cubes to put on his eyes to lessen the inflammation from the hay fever.

Desikachar arrived with Naudé in Gstaad, and stayed nearby, but came for meals at the chalet. It was his first time in Europe. At supper Krishnaji seemed to feel expansive and told some of his stories. One was about the pupil who studied with his guru for fifteen years, felt he hadn't attained, so left and studied elsewhere for another fifteen years. He returned to the first guru and said he had now attained; it was marvelous; he could walk on water. The guru said, "Show me a little." So he did, and the guru said, "You took fifteen years to do that? If you had told me I could have shown you there is a ferry."

Another was a story of a sanyasi who went to the Lord Vishnu and said, "Lord, teach me what is truth." Vishnu replied. "It is a very warm day. Fetch me a cup of water." The sanyasi went with a cup and knocked at a villager's hut. A beautiful girl opened the door; he fell in love, married her, and had children. Then a great rain came and a flood, and the house was swept away. The man grabbed his family and prayed. "Lord Vishnu, help us!" Vishnu replied to him, "Where is my cup of water?"

Then: Two sanyasis came to the bank of a river and found a beautiful girl weeping. "What is the matter, sister?" She replied, "The river has risen. I live over there and cannot return." So the first sanyasi, who had asked the question, carried her across and left her. The two sanyasis walked several miles, and then the second said to the first, "Brother, what about that? We have taken vows never to touch a woman; you held her in your arms—didn't you feel anything?" The first replied, "I left the woman on the river bank, but you have been carrying her all this way."

Desikachar attended to Krishnaji's yoga exercises each morning. I too had lessons, and at meals K gave him meticulous lessons in Western table manners from which Alain and I learned a thing or two as well.

In the days ahead, Krishnamurti, Naudé, and I went to Geneva. Conversation in the car veered from car engines to a sudden asking of what love is. "Not all is the exchange between two people. For love there must be meditation. There must be no memory." And then, "Love is innocence." At that point he asked me if I would like to be twenty-five again. "Not back to when you were twenty-five but be that now, having had all the rest of your life." I said that, in that case, yes. "I thought so," he said. Later he admonished us about food and the good or bad of taking vitamins. He was in a whirl of energy and kept coming back to it to tell us more. He said one must make the body very sensitive by learning what foods were best for one.

On a drive, talking of relationship, he said, "I have always done what I wanted. One reason Rajagopal used to get so upset was that if I wanted to give something away, I gave it." He spoke of seeing things instantly. Why in the past hadn't I seen both death and pleasure and "stepped out of it"? I said that I had. "No, no, Madame, why didn't you see it then?" He spoke vehemently, as he often did in discussions when something was not seen. He went on to say, "Passion is its own action. In that there is discipline." And having said that, he also said, "That's it!" with the enthusiasm he had in so many conversations when he came upon something. He seemed almost to be saying that there should be passion, intensity without any need for expression. He also said, while driving

back, that all effort is error. I asked if this was because effort is directed toward an end or goal and therefore away from fact or reality. He said, “Yes. Passion is its own action.” The act of stepping out of something was part of the act of seeing, was the intensity for me in the conversation.

The next morning, when he came in for breakfast, he asked me if I felt any effect of what had been said, and at lunch he looked sideways at me and laughed to himself. I asked why, and he said he was thinking of masks and how we wear them, and was wondering what went on behind my mask years ago.

The following day Krishnaji said he hadn’t slept well but wanted to go for a walk in the morning, as there was no sun. Would it interfere with my fixing lunch? It was raining very delicately, and we went down between the airfield and the river. He wanted to go where there were no people. Many were arriving for the talks. “I don’t dare look to the left or right,” he said as we drove down the main road. “You don’t mind if we walk fast?” We set off, and he immediately returned to the conversations we had had and their effect. I said the “stepping out of things” had been happening, and was it valid in immediate things or only if one had stepped out of the whole mechanism? I was afraid of avoidance. He said it was not avoidance or suppression if one was aware of the whole thing and saw the mechanism. That awareness and stepping out of the problem were one. I had had a curious and most vivid dream wherein I entered a vast, sweeping river in which I knew I would drown or be saved as equal possibilities. I had instantly known on awakening that the river represented change, and its gray color was that of the Saanen River but infinitely wide. I described the dream as we walked along the river; he smiled and said it was a symbolic dream. I said yes, it could be interpreted in various ways—either being saved or destroyed. “Oh no,” he said and asked, “How would a psychoanalyst look at all these things?” I described the process. “Oh, that takes forever,” he said.

I asked what he had been thinking of in the mask remarks of the day before, and he said we all wear them, but it should be possible to live with no mask, no defenses, directly in contact and with no objectives. The rain was almost a mist, and the earth and trees seemed to breathe. It was beautiful and intensely alive. We walked down to the end of the airfield until he felt tired, and we came back.

At lunch there was a teasing battle on marriage, with Desikachar as the audience, K and Alain attacking, and my taking the defense. I said that Alain put it alongside leprosy, and K’s tones in using the word “marriage” to the children at Rishi Valley was enough to put terror in them. He would make a remark and then look sideways to see how much of a rise he had gotten. We agreed that the whole system needed revising and suggested he reinvent its meaning.

In the afternoon, Vanda Scaravelli arrived from Rome at Chalet Tannegg and came down to supper. It was very good to see her. She met Desikachar for the first time. The following day both Krishnaji and Alain moved up to Tannegg. Krishnaji thanked me for everything and asked mischievously if he and Signora, as he called her, quarreled, could he come back and stay with me? I moved most of their things up to the chalet, and as I

left Vanda said, “You must come for all lunches and suppers,” very sweetly. Krishnaji walked me to the car and thanked me again.

The public talks began on Sunday, July tenth. The tent was full. K had some trouble with his cough at first, but it passed. In between two of the talk days, Alain and I went to Divonne to hear Sviatoslav Richter play. It was with great expectation for me, for I had heard him, and Alain had not. As a musician, Alain started smiling after only a few minutes of the opening Mozart sonata, and by the end said he was the only pianist in the world, a giant among dwarfs.

A few days later, as I finished a yoga lesson, the doorbell rang, and it was Krishnaji, bringing the Mercedes down to be stabled in my garage. Could I drive him up the hill in my car? And “she may ask you to lunch.” I could, and she did. We were K, Vanda, Alain, and Desikachar. There was a big discussion of which country we should all live in and have a house together, where to go the following June, and where to go that year between the end of the talks in August and New York in September. At one point during the lunch, K turned to me and said, “I am very glad to see you.” He was full of energy and animation all through lunch and afterward. “We must live in Europe, not too remote a place, and must arrange to have “no cooking or dishwashing” in the country in Italy, France, or England. After he went to rest, I stayed and talked with Vanda about various things—his fainting in particular.

The next afternoon there was the first discussion between K and young people. About sixty to seventy people came. Chalet Tannegg was overflowing. Krishnaji came in through the dining room, saying to Vanda and me, “Sono timido.” She and I sat on the floor and listened. The questions were mostly on fear, and it lasted an hour and a half.

On July nineteenth, after the fifth talk and lunch at Tannegg, K took me aside and said that he had word that perhaps Mrs. Pinter, with whom he was to have stayed in New York, might not be well enough to receive him. I had said I would arrange to have Alain stay wherever I stayed, and K now wondered if there would be room for him? I said I would, of course, arrange it. I thought of asking my brother if I could borrow his apartment, and when later Vanda asked me to accompany K while he drove his Mercedes, I told him my suggestion. During the drive he asked me what people say after the talks—do they discuss them? I said I didn’t know because I avoided discussing them with anyone but Alain. “Are those questions helpful?” I said yes and described how in a talk such as that morning’s such a state of absorption is produced that, when he stopped or someone leapt up with a question, it is almost a physical blow.

“If I said something wrong or made a mistake, would you be aware of it in that state?”

I said of course; it was being deep in attention. But afterward there is an inability to talk, an exhaustion for quite a while.

“What did you get out of this morning’s talk?”

“A feeling of an ability to stop, to be empty without the question ‘What will I do then?’”

We spoke, too, of dreams. I asked why one dreams so often in symbols and not directly. He said, “Do you dream much?” I said not very much. I was thinking of the recent dream I had told him about, my drowning and being saved by being washed against a redwood tree, how the river was a symbol of change to me, and the tree was, of course, himself. He nodded.

“One shouldn’t have to dream,” he said.

“Please do not answer if I am being indiscreet, but do you have dreams?”

“Rarely, but sometimes I have nightmares. The other night I had one about a precipice, but I always know in the dream that it is just that.”

“While the dream is going on?”

“Yes.”

“Does that dissipate it?”

“It goes away.”

Several times on the drive he thanked me for coming and hoped it wasn’t a nuisance. In turn I said I hoped my presence wasn’t an intrusion. “Oh, no,” he said with a smile. It rained, and there was billowing fog at times. It was beautiful, and I felt very still inside and at peace.

A friend, Marcelle Bondonneau, one of the French group who had known Krishnamurti for many years, had been saying to me that when K spoke in Paris he should have a place of his own to stay where he would not have to be someone’s guest. Though she was an old friend of the Suarèses, she felt it was not easy for them to be his hosts anymore, and it would not be convenient for Mme. Annette Duché either, who might normally offer to house him. Marcelle suggested that I rent a place for Krishnaji for the time of his talks and run it for him. I felt at first that I would be intruding, but she insisted that it would be more comfortable for K. I talked it over with Vanda, who also urged me to do it, and finally I talked briefly to K. He said we would talk about it. Vanda suggested I go ahead and rent a place, “and they will come.” She also kindly asked me to stay for supper and said, “Why don’t you come here all the time?”

On July twenty-seventh I was to drive Krishnamurti and Naudé to Geneva. On the way it was decided that he would not give any more interviews, which had continued almost daily through the time of the talks. His voice was very throaty from the bronchitis. As we drove down to Aigle, he greeted the two tall cypress trees along the road in Italian, “Buona giornata, amici!” Shortly after we crossed the Rhône, I had the feeling that he might be going into a faint—not from looking at him—it just came to my mind. A few

minutes later, he toppled slowly sideways. He didn't have on the seat belt; he had tried to fasten it earlier at my asking, but it didn't fit and he had said, "I will pretend to wear it." So when he fainted, I instinctively reached my arm to catch him and protect his head from touching the steering wheel. I slowed the car but continued driving; Alain was in the back seat reading and didn't see the quiet faint. I spoke his name twice to get his attention without rousing K. "Can you drive?" Alain asked quickly. I said yes, and it continued for four or five minutes—longer than the fainting in France. Then K gave a startled sound and awoke, righting himself as he did. After a short time he said, "I hope you didn't mind my head in your lap." He seemed all right, and I picked up speed.

A little before Evian, he turned suddenly and asked, "What were you thinking about just then?" I answered just as suddenly, "I was thinking about you"—which I was, with concern and a thought of not driving too quickly so that if he fainted again I would be ready to protect him. He said that he had suddenly had the feeling of mind reading, and that he mustn't, that it was like reading people's mail. I asked what he had seen, and he said that I was thinking of him but not the content of the thought. Later I asked if he could do it at will, and he said it just comes, but that as a boy he could tell what was in letters when they were held against his forehead, and once on a train he told Rajagopal the name of a man sitting opposite them, that he was from Chicago and would get a telegram. At that point the porter brought a telegram for that man from Chicago, and Rajagopal said, "For God's sake, don't do that."

When Alain went into the post at Evian, I told K that I had known he was going to faint. "You did?" I asked him if he knew it would happen. "I knew something was going to happen. It wouldn't have happened if I had been with strangers."

In Geneva he had an appointment with Dr. Schmidt and emerged looking pleased. He had had acupuncture for the first time. Coming back on the autoroute, he asked me to touch 100 mph, which I did a few times briefly. We stopped for lunch in Lausanne. He said the acupuncture had done him good, and he was full of energy. We talked about KW Inc., the need for money, and Rajagopal matters. He said that Alain must see as much of California as possible, named all the places he should visit, and that he needn't be in Ojai for the talks. Both Alain and I demurred at this.

There was another discussion with young people who listened raptly to him. His bronchitis was still bothering him, but at lunch and after the meeting, he was full of teasing Vanda about her house building in Florence. She was, as always, charming, gentle, and firm too, about the way things should be. Iyengar was to arrive in a few days for his annual visit to give yoga lessons and, as he had always stayed downstairs in Chalet Tannegg, it looked as though it would be a rather dramatic household. Iyengar was not pleased at his nephew, Desikachar, being there and being the one to do yoga with Krishnamurti.

On Sunday, July thirty-first, K gave his tenth and final talk in the tent. He spoke of the folly of seeking and that only when there is no space between the observer and observed can there be freedom, a real relationship.

On August third the daily public discussions in the tent commenced, and most of the audience remained for them. In the meantime, I had had a cable from my brother saying he wanted all of us to stay in his apartment in New York. This I told to K, who had also received a cable from Mrs. Pinter who thought it best if he stay with me. He asked me to go on a drive and said it looked as if he would stay with me both in New York and Paris. I quickly told him that, with the help of Marcelle Bondonneau and her friend Miss Elmenhorst, an apartment in Paris for the following spring would be found.

The following day K told the Suarèses that he would not be with them the next year, and Mme. Duché said he should do whatever he preferred when he said he had an offer of another place. So it was settled that he would stay in whatever I would find. After the public discussion in the morning, he met with Vanda, Alain, and me to talk about whether a permanent structure for the Saanen talks should be made in place of the rented tent. It was tentatively decided not to do this, but what was decided was a new policy to not visit anyone except Vanda but to rent temporary places when needed. I went ahead then and talked to Marcelle Bondonneau and Gisela Elmenhorst about finding something suitable in Paris. Later K asked me to discuss with Anneke Korndorffer renting in Amsterdam for the talks there after Paris.

At Chalet Tannegg, Vanda's son, Alberto Scaravelli, had arrived, and David and Saral Bohm were there. During lunch Krishnaji questioned David about the state of science. David was depressed at the lack of interest of young scientists in seeing the implications and direction of genetic research with no concern for the results. Krishnamurti was very intense in urging him to speak out against this. "I saw you were depressed [in the tent]," Krishnaji said. He sat at the table and talked until after 3:30 p.m.

The seventh and last public discussion in Saanen was held on August ninth. It was for me as if he were speaking to us from a far-off perception that reached into the heart of our lives and left me in a wordless silence. Alain rang and said that K wanted to see me at 3:45. He was asleep when I arrived. I sat briefly with Vanda and her guests and then went into his room and sat on the floor, as in India, while he told me that he had spoken to Leon de Vidas, who was in charge of things in France and Saanen. K told him he no longer wanted to be a guest of people. Mr. de Vidas approved. Then K told him that he wanted to go ahead with plans to speak in Paris and Amsterdam and also wanted to share the expense with me. I said that if it worked out with Ojai, then well and good, but if it did not, I was ready and expected to pay the whole costs. K protested and said I was going into capital. I said not yet. "But can you afford all this?" he asked. I said I couldn't do it for fifty years but had money saved up that I would use and asked if he would please not think about it and let me take that concern. I asked what part of Paris he would prefer, and he said it was for me to decide.

The following morning I drove Anneke Korndorffer up the hill to discuss the Amsterdam plans. Krishnaji was in bed, very tired but also wound up. We went over the possibilities in Amsterdam, which he knew very well. Anneke said it would be difficult, but she would work on it. Then Mr. de Vidas arrived, and I started to leave, but Alain came after me, saying Krishnaji would want to see me again.

When the de Vidas meeting was over, I went back in, and he had me pull up a chair opposite him; Alain came in, and a rather bewildering conversation took place in which he wanted to be sure I would not repent what I was doing and what all this would cost me, and that my family might be critical. I tried to tell him that I was not going to ruin myself financially, but he wouldn't let me speak. As far as my family was concerned, I was accountable to no one but myself, and how could I assure him that it was all right? He said that Vanda had cared for him for years, and when he asked what it had cost, she said, "None of your business." He repeated what he had told Naudé on their association—that each was free to come or go, and now they were friends. Now I was in all this, we were all friends, and he wanted it to last. None of my reassurances were heard; he held my hand and shook me silent when I tried to speak.

At one fairly wild moment he said that he might marry, and Alain chimed in and said that he might marry, and I said in that case I would arrange marvelous weddings for each of them, and we all laughed. But in most of the conversation it was hard to have him listen. I felt he wanted to make sure he was not imposing on me, and that was his point.

Finally it all abated. Alain went out of the room for something, and I said I wanted to spell out to him, since it was relevant, that he should know about two people close to him, that nothing but friendship ever existed between Alain and me. At this point he put his hand over my mouth and said he had never had such thoughts, such monstrous thoughts! I said it wasn't monstrous and that he should know.

"I don't want confessions!"

I replied, "There are no confessions to make, but I want you to know this." It was rather hard going, but he had brought up all this, and I hoped he had listened because he has every right to know the people he allowed near him. When all this was over, he kissed my hand and I left, exhausted.

For a few days Alain and I went to Paris to examine where it would be best to find a flat for the time of Krishnamurti's talks the following year. We also went over to London briefly. On our return to Gstaad, K was looking rested and well. Iyengar had left, and yoga continued with Desikachar. K had had an invitation to speak at Harvard University in the autumn, and he wanted to discuss whether to accept. Both Alain and I hoped he would, and Alain would see to the arrangements for Harvard when we were in New York. The subject of money and KW Inc. came up as Enrique Biascoechea said that K should have a definite and regular amount for his needs. He asked me what I thought, and I said that of course he should, that donations were sent for him. K had no idea of the cost of living, and when he asked Rajagopal about the funds in KW Inc., he received no reply except once when a copy of a tax return was sent to him in India; Rajagopal knew that K would not be able to decipher it. He said how he hated to discuss money, and Rajagopal knew it. I said rather heatedly that KW Inc. only existed because of and for Krishnamurti, and this whole situation was insane. He tapped the top of my head as though to stop an explosion.

There was a discussion of what dentist to go to in California—the one in Ojai or one in Los Angeles. K leaned toward the one in Los Angeles. “Then I can get away, which may be a good thing.” The Bohms came to tea. Krishnaji thought David should return to the United States. “A more alive world of science there.”

On August twenty-ninth I left early for Thun to leave my car there for the winter and came back to Gstaad on the little mountain train through late summer softness of air and fields of wildflowers, where the third cutting of the hay was at work. Alain met me at the station, and we found K walking toward Saanen. All three of us went to fetch the Biascoecheas up to Tannegg for lunch. Isabel, Krishnaji, and I were in the back seat. I reached behind to steady a bag of groceries, and K said, “A lady is putting her arm around me.”

I said, “Yes, the package is just a subterfuge for that.” He had the look of glee he had when amused and said, “She may kiss me!”

I said, “Oh, yes, but I am shy and have to work up to that slowly.” This made him laugh and say, “That’s right—slowly.”

Later, when I went to say goodbye, Krishnaji was in bed and said, “I am having a baby.” And so he seemed to be—a large mound on his middle, a poultice of some sort of hay, cooked and wrapped around him each night, a homeopathic something for his liver. He looked happy and cheerful as a child, kissed my hand, and said, “See you in New York. Happy voyage, happy landing!” I left Gstaad and flew to New York and then to Malibu.

Section Three

CHAPTER 8

On September twentieth, 1966, Krishnamurti and Naudé arrived by air in New York, where I met them and took them to my brother's apartment, which he had made available. Their luggage was missing at the airport but later was found and delivered to the apartment. Shortly after Krishnaji's arrival he received a telephone call from Rajagopal in California. After a few minutes, Rajagopal began to berate Krishnaji for having agreed to speak in New York with such anger and vehemence that I could hear it from across the room. It was a shocking beginning to Krishnamurti's arrival in the United States.

We settled into the apartment, arranged dentist matters, and walked around the reservoir in Central Park in the afternoon. At breakfast one morning K spoke of waking up in the night and feeling "the room was full of people. It wasn't subjective. I wondered if they were angels." He had been thinking the day before about what to speak of in his first talk. He was awake for a short time, and later, when he re-awakened, it was all settled. Later at lunch he spoke of it as if he wondered what it had been. I asked him if he had seen anything visually.

"The room was dark."

It seemed to be a sensing rather than a seeing. In any case, he seemed ready to speak as a result of that night. The talks were held at the New School for Social Research. Mrs. Pinter sent a car for him, and precisely on time he came out of his room dressed immaculately in a dark blue suit with dazzlingly shined shoes. "Do I look like a movie star?" he asked mischievously, and off we went. The hall was jammed with people. He entered down the aisle from the rear and went up onto the stage. He spoke strongly and eloquently. At the end he walked out the same way and got quickly into the car, but not before an Indian follower of Dr. Timothy Leary grabbed his arm, saying Leary wanted to see him.

The next day Alain went to Boston to see about Krishnamurti speaking there. K and I had lunch at the house with Yolande de Manziarly as our guest. Afterward we called on Mrs. Pinter and later walked along the edge of Central Park. As we neared the apartment house, K said, "Naudé will arrive." And seconds later, as we reached the door, Alain was getting out of a taxi. All had gone well in Cambridge.

On the twenty-ninth the poet Allen Ginsberg and his friend, Peter something, and Timothy Leary came to talk to K, who asked Alain and me to be present. Ginsberg at first did most of the talking and said that he had not been satisfied with Krishnamurti's answer to his question about LSD. He said he was searching for a repetition of a spontaneous experience he had once had. LSD gave him something similar but not as strong. He asked K what his own state was? K replied, "With me it is different," but declined descriptions. He pointed out the conditioning process of searching and that you cannot come to the

other through such means. While Ginsberg was talking, Leary sat with a sort of smirk, in an attitude of posed attention. Suddenly he interrupted Ginsberg and announced that he was about to change the consciousness of the American people in four years—predictable on a graph, stop the Vietnam war, and end racial strife—all with LSD. K said the Hindus had been using mind-changing means for thousands of years and this was nothing new. He described the search of sanyasis he had talked to; they had spent fifty years experimenting with austerities, drugs, kinds of yoga, meditation, etcetera, and after hearing Leary talk, K told him that what they had done had been illusion. At one point K said, "You know what the symbol of the cross is? The denial of the I." And he made the gesture. Leary leaped to his feet, flung out his arms, and thundered, "Yes! We come on the stage, we pluck the nails out of the hands, and fling them on the floor!" All this apparently in a performance he was giving in some theater. K told him the real "other" must be done by the individual alone, unaided by anything. Leary then said he agreed with him, which he obviously didn't, and they left.

On October third, in the car going to the New School during a ride in silence, K turned to me and said, "What am I going to talk about? I have no idea." He repeated it a few minutes later. I was reluctant to say anything. The third time he asked, I felt an impulse to say something and reminded him that he had told the audience that he would speak of death. What ensued was, to me, one of the greatest talks on time, death, and love.

During the days in New York between talks, Krishnaji saw people at lunch, went to the movies a few times, and walked daily in the park. He spoke of Alain needing a holiday, and I suggested they both needed one. K then switched the subject to considering what would happen when he died or retired. Who would carry on? I said Alain was the only possibility. K then said it shouldn't be just one person but a few young ones. How to find them? How to shape the next years when he would still be active to bring him into contact with such people? What were the best uses of his time and activity? We spoke again of living where he could have people come to him, where he could do as much work as he felt like but not be tied to his heavy schedule of talks and travel.

After the sixth and final talk at the New School, K's attention turned again to Ojai and the problems there. If Rajagopal were antagonistic or deteriorated, what should he do? How could things be continued? There seemed a famine of useful, intelligent people who could be brought into the organization. There were the finances, keeping of archives, editing, negotiations with publishers, arrangement of talks, and eventual uses of all these matters. "I can't do any of this, or if I do, I can't do the other," said K. Mrs. Besant had put Rajagopal in the job of doing all this. The money in KW Inc. was given so that Krishnamurti would be taken care of and never dependent on anyone. "And now I can't buy a shirt," K said.

He continued the conversation at breakfast the next day. Would I be on the committee of KW Inc. and stand up to Rajagopal? He seemed preoccupied with what should be done with the money after his death. I pointed out that if Alain and a small group were to continue the work, something must sustain them. After breakfast Rajagopal telephoned

with all sorts of questions. It clearly made Krishnaji nervous to talk to him. The potential arguments made him shake. And he said this was one of Rajagopal's good moods.

At another breakfast he questioned us on what was the effect on an audience of his presence. Did it have some sort of hypnotic and distracting effect that interfered with what he was saying? What if he spoke from behind a curtain? "What do they see when this person speaks?" Alain and I both said that whatever had brought people to listen to him, his presence brought about a level of attention that opened the person to his words. He again spoke about the theory of the World Teacher and it all being planned. "This is what they [Theosophists] said. I don't know."

On a walk in the park, I asked him about levels of communication and how it appeared to me, at times, that he was communicating on a nonverbal level. Did he do it consciously?

"Not in the sense of intentionally, at will," he said. It happened. He didn't know how it occurred, except he knew that it did. I also spoke of the projections we all make at times: that he knew the future, could read our minds, had total knowledge of reality. His replies seemed to imply that the glimpses of the future were simply glimpses; the mind reading happened sometimes, not at will. The knowledge of reality was perhaps not implied in the experience of it. This he did not say, but when I articulated it as a possibility, his silence seemed to let it stand. Here it is difficult to distinguish between what could have been my imagination and a strong feeling of something communicated but unspoken. My instinct was that it was the latter, strongly, but verbally it was not a fact.

On October sixteenth Krishnamurti, Naudé, and I flew to Boston where, at Harvard in Lowell House, K spoke to a full group of students and professors during two days. The questions put to him were more penetrating than average. We returned to New York after a student discussion on the seventeenth, and on the eighteenth we flew to California.

CHAPTER 9

We were met in Los Angeles, drove to Malibu, and it was a happy feeling to have them both there, to fix supper in my own kitchen, and to see Krishnaji in his dressing gown, sitting gracefully at the dining room table, looking out at the olive tree and the Pacific Ocean.

The following morning, we went into town to see the dentist. K had a small cyst in his lower lip, which needed attention. We came back and took a long beach walk before supper.

At breakfast the next morning, K was somewhat tense discussing meeting Rajagopal. Then he said Rajagopal must be nervous, too, at his arrival, which made him laugh with a note of slight hysteria. "It used to be the other way—I used to be shaking, now he is worrying." But the distressing thing to Alain and me was his evident nerves, even while talking about it. After breakfast he telephoned Rosalind Rajagopal to say we would be

coming for lunch; then he had me telephone Rajagopal, after which he spoke to him himself. We left Malibu and drove to Ojai, where K guided me to Arya Vihara, where Rosalind had prepared lunch. She and K talked, and afterward I drove K and Alain around to Pine Cottage, where Rajagopal was waiting. The two men embraced, Rajagopal looked moved but turned his head aside as though avoiding K. We took the luggage out and Rajagopal first wished to take me to where I would stay in his old flat above the office next door to Pine Cottage. There was a small garter snake by the front door. "I hope you don't think I put it there on purpose," he said. The rooms were immaculate and curiously empty. He opened Krishnaji's cottage and the flat next door, where Alain was to stay. They, too, were empty, clean, and efficient, as though held in a vacuum. Then he went to talk to K briefly and arranged to meet the next day. Rajagopal lost his glasses and hunted for them for a while. When he left, K and Alain came over to my flat. K said he had not set foot in the apartment where I was staying, as Rajagopal had chided him once for coming in with dirt on his shoes. I welcomed him, and he looked around and at some paintings, done by Rajagopal, on the wall. "He is much worse off," said K. He showed us the pepper tree under which he lay unconscious long before, in 1922, when it all began. Mrs. Besant had said the tree must always be preserved; now it was tall and majestic, with outstretched branches protective of the cottage.

He led us through the orange grove to Arya Vihara, where Rosalind and her white poodle joined us for a walk. She and I took the road while K and Alain went through the orchards to avoid devotees who had told Rosalind they had felt his presence for two days. We walked near Thacher School and later had supper with her.

At the table a constant chivvying began. One sensed the domination of the two Rs on K for years. An argument grew over whether Timothy Leary had been present at Aldous Huxley's death. Rosalind said that she had gone to Hollywood on a hunch that Huxley was worse, and his wife, Laura Huxley, had said to come because he was weakening. She had also said not to tell him that President Kennedy had been shot that day. Rosalind said she had massaged Huxley's arm and abdomen, which eased him. The assistant doctor had come, and Laura Huxley was asked to give him LSD by injection, saying that Huxley wanted it. She had asked Aldous Huxley to squeeze her hand if he wished to take it and felt he had done so. The doctor had permitted it. Later Laura Huxley had wanted to give him more; Rosalind had looked questioningly at the doctor, who had appeared to indicate it made little difference, that Aldous was beyond all that. His pulse had been so weak it was hard to be sure when he died, but it was near five o'clock. He had had enormous courage, never complaining. K said that Aldous had told him three years earlier in Rome that he had cancer of the tongue and that up to then he had told no one else.

K guided Alain and me back through the darkness and trees to the cottages. He showed us a heater closet where he had once spent the night when he had forgotten his key and didn't want to disturb either of the Rs. "They would have been too angry," he said. It was a shock to think of him standing all night in the narrow space next to a water heater to keep warm, to avoid being berated by two people who had been given the privilege and responsibility of taking care of him. I said it must have been part of what made him ill in 1960 when he had to cancel part of his talks. He said it was his kidney, but also that.

“It mustn’t interfere with your talking now,” Alain said.

“Oh, it won’t. I had no one to talk to then. I have you two now.” It was as though he was still in part the shy child who never matured through the usual human relationships and therefore was still sometimes in the dominion of those who ran his affairs.

The following day, Friday the twenty-first of October, I drove Alain to the Oak Grove and brought back Rajagopal to see K. They talked alone in K’s rooms, and at times the insistent, tense voice of Rajagopal penetrated the wall to where Alain and I sat in his sitting room. After lunch at Arya Vihara, K, Alain, and I drove back to Malibu, then to Beverly Hills for the doctor to look at the cyst in K’s lip and for Alain to see the dentist, then home to Malibu.

The next morning we talked at length about what to do in Ojai. K composed a letter about what he wanted done: the KW Inc. board to be enlarged and active; he proposed my being on it as a start to the enlargement; no one to be the central person on it; no longer sole control by Rajagopal there or by de Vidas in Saanen; disclosure of assets; KW Inc. to provide support of $12,000 a year for K; a salary of $6,000 to $7,000 per year to Alain, and a pension on K’s death to Alain. We took a long beach walk in the afternoon, K striding ahead by himself, seeming absorbed in a far-off state.

It was a warm and lovely day following. K stayed in bed all morning writing the letter to Rajagopal, and in the afternoon my friends, Amanda and Phil Dunne, and their youngest daughter came over. It was sunset by the time we went for the beach walk.

On the twenty-fourth of October, K and I went to the doctor in Beverly Hills, who removed the cyst in K’s lower lip using Novocain. A piece the size of a fingertip came out, and three stitches were put in. We drove straight home, and at the beginning of San Vicente Boulevard, K fainted, falling to the left. I caught him with my right arm and continued driving slowly. He came to in about a minute, but fainted again twice with a slight moaning. I stopped the car on reaching the coast road, but he revived and said to continue home. There he went to bed, and we put ice on the lip, which was quite swollen. He rested in bed the remainder of the day, and I telephoned the doctor, who said the laboratory report would be ready the next day. Alain and I had a swim in the afternoon, and Krishnaji insisted on coming to the table for supper. He had considered “whether the body were protesting and feeling sorry for itself when it cried out when he fainted. It has become much more sensitized.”

On the twenty-seventh we returned to Ojai, lunched at Arya Vihara, and then I drove Alain to the Oak Grove for a microphone rehearsal. When that was done, Alain and Rajagopal sat in the car for a long talk while I sat in the Grove. I finally got so cold I had to interrupt them, but they had talked for two hours. Alain was not supposed to know what was in K’s letter, but Rajagopal said he was in agreement with much of it.

The Oak Grove was Krishnamurti’s favorite place to speak. Away from the road, under native wild oaks, there was both shade and sunlight where he sat facing the audience,

who were mostly seated on the ground that sloped gently up the hill. It had been six years since he had last spoken there. His first talk was on Saturday, October twenty-ninth, a hot day, and a large crowd had gathered. Many had come out of curiosity, too ready to laugh and take photographs, but others were serious and attentive. He walked out quickly at the end, and I had to dash to reach the car and get him out and away.

The next day was again very hot, and a large crowd again came for the second talk. Afterward K and Alain lunched at Arya Vihara while I cleaned the cottage. I tried to avoid meals with Rosalind because the tension at the table was unendurable, an unceasing sniping at K: "Eat this, eat that. Why don't you finish your food? I suppose you won't like this…" and on and on. We drove back to Malibu and, as daylight savings time had ended, it was dark on the beach, but cool and beautiful. K walked ahead by himself. Alain was very upset by the nagging of Rosalind, the accusations of Rajagopal, and Krishnaji's putting up with so much from both of them. I felt Alain's justified frustration and at the same time was touched by the sight of the slight figure marching along the sand. He had lived seventy years by the calendar but seemed still "that boy" at such times.

We went to town to have the stitches removed from K's lip. All was well with it, and we came back in time for a very long beach walk, mostly in the dark. K described an insight on the beach: "To look one must see in a flash; the continuation of looking is thought and hence not seeing. The conditioning, the interference cuts in the moment there is prolongation. In the instant one can see the whole." He said something happened on the beach, but he didn't want to put it into words.

Filomena Renzi was a gentle, very dear Italian woman who helped me in the house and had been with my family most of her life. Krishnaji noticed that she looked tired, and when I told him of her arthritic pains in her neck, he asked if he should put his hands on her and try to help it. This he did, asking me to stay in the room. He stood with his eyes closed behind her, while she sat in a chair, and put his hands on her shoulders. She sat for a long time after he had finished and left the room. "Ha le mani di un santo [He has the hands of a saint]," she said. He did it again the next day, and she told me the pain had vanished.

We returned to Ojai, where K spoke to the students at Thacher School, and then he and Alain lunched with me on the terrace. The next day I took K to the dentist, and Alain lunched with me, as he was finding Rosalind so disagreeable. K asked him to bear with her for the remaining time. That afternoon K held the first public discussion in the Oak Grove.

On Saturday, November fifth, for the first time a film was made of Krishnamurti as he gave a talk. It was done by National Public Television Films Company in black and white. The inconspicuous setup was two 16mm cameras, one light and a reflecting foil in the canopy over his head, and two Nagra voice recorders. Krishnaji, tired from all the Rajagopal contention, said, "What shall I talk about?" in the car going to the Grove. Then, with the faintest glance at the apparatus, he began to speak, the fatigue vanished, and his face radiated an inner power and illumination.

The next day the talk was filmed, but on the seventh, after a night of heavy rain, a discussion in the Oak Grove was impossible, so K spoke at the Happy Valley School, and from there we left for Malibu. The rain had stopped, and there were rainbows in the valley as we were leaving. In the car K was silent a long time and then said to Alain, "Make a note of this sentence: Meditation is the emptying of the mind of the known." He again treated Filomena, and she had had no return of the pain.

In Ojai again on the ninth, Alain and I were asked by the Blackburns to listen to a tape of a 1964 talk and then compare it with the printed text, which Rajagopal had edited. There was considerable alteration from the original: omissions, additions, rearrangements, and substitutions for K's words. K was concerned. Later that day he went to the Thacher School for a discussion with the older students.

On November tenth, in the late afternoon, Rajagopal came to talk to Krishnamurti. The atmosphere in Ojai had become by then rather like that of a Hitchcock film. We were fairly sure the cottages were bugged. The two met in the small office next to the archive vault, and in a short time we heard Krishnaji return to his room. The light in the other house remained on for a while and then went out, and K came to where Alain and I were waiting. He motioned us outside to tell us, away from possible microphones, what had happened. K had asked Rajagopal what he had done about the letter he had sent him. Rajagopal replied, "Nothing. Why should I? I don't take orders from you." K asked him to pay close attention and said that he was very serious about what the letter contained; if Rajagopal didn't do something, the consequences would be on his head. At this Rajagopal said, "What are you doing? Is this a Brahmin curse?"

K replied, "Rajagopal, what are you saying? I am explaining that consequences follow, as the dentist says if one doesn't do something this is what will happen to your teeth."

Rajagopal said, "I am a Brahmin, too, and I curse you far more than you can curse me!" Then he told K that he was no longer what he was, i.e., the World Teacher, and apparently more, which K didn't quote to us, but said Rajagopal was attacking "the other." And at last K said, "Rajagopal, I am through. I am walking out." And he got up and left.

The next day, I took K to the dentist and then took Alain briefly to Rajagopal's to tell him that Krishnaji refuses further money from KW Inc. and therefore he did not want any salary, and that from then on K was going to keep the tapes. On our return to Pine Cottage, K sent for James Vigeveno, saw him alone, and, as he was a vice president of KW Inc., read him a copy of the letter he had sent to Rajagopal, which Rajagopal had refused to read to Vigeveno. He also told him he was leaving KW Inc. Later, there was a public discussion in the Oak Grove.

The next morning, while in the Ojai market, Rajagopal's second wife, Annalisa, came up to me to ask if we could talk as one woman to another. She said Rajagopal would be angry if he knew, but would I tell K that Rajagopal had been prepared to agree to things in the letter if K hadn't threatened him? She said she knew how difficult Rajagopal was,

but she had known him nine years, loved him and K both, and hoped K would listen to him without reaction. Then Alain appeared, and the conversation stopped. She obviously didn't know the appalling things Rajagopal said to K and believed the untruth that K had threatened Rajagopal.

The fifth Ojai talk took place that afternoon, and afterward, back at the cottage, there was a long, harrowing telephone conversation between Rajagopal and K, with Rajagopal haranguing and shouting at K and K shaking with the violence and shock of it. Rajagopal had slammed down the telephone. Alain and I both felt ill at the sight. Another dreary supper followed at Arya Vihara. When Krishnaji, who had had about three hours of sleep the night before, said he hadn't slept much, Rosalind shot at him, "Oh! Why not?" as though he were a child who had broken a rule. The combined effect of the two Rajagopals all these years was sickening. It had been an exhausting day.

The following day, again after very little sleep on the way to the Oak Grove, K said to me, "What a life!" Then he gave his sixth Ojai talk, and it was a tremendous one on beauty and meditation and emptying the mind of the known. As he spoke, the exhaustion and marks of those awful days vanished, and that extraordinary beauty of face and voice, the depth and quality of the other, came over him.

The last meeting was on November fourteenth, a public discussion. He spoke on the shallow mind. It was filmed as before. We left immediately for Malibu, changed, and went down for a long walk on the beach. The sun had set, and the surf was soft. We came on a cormorant on the sand, possibly ill. It sat motionless as K came within a yard and gave a long plaintive cry twice.

Coming down in the car, Krishnaji said he must revoke any power of attorney he might have given to Rajagopal. He thought it might have been in the form of a letter—a gentleman's agreement—but he said he must revoke it legally and wanted to give it to me, if I would accept it. I said I would do whatever he wanted, but he must tell me explicitly what he wanted done and how far I was to go. We talked about it further at supper.

On November sixteenth we returned to Ojai so that Krishnaji could go to the dentist. At Pine Cottage he telephoned Rajagopal to say that this was the last day to settle things. A violent, outrageous conversation on Rajagopal's part ensued, again accusing K of cursing him, "Who are you to tell me what to do?" etcetera. Krishnaji asked for the tapes of the Ojai talks. Rajagopal's reply was, "You'll have to get a court order to get them!" He ignored K's request for the manuscript he had written a few years earlier. Krishnaji had the first tones of severity in his voice and wasn't put so much on the defensive, but he shook with the violence of the onslaught. Rajagopal's voice was like a drill hammer coming through the telephone so that both Alain and I, sitting across the room, could hear its fury. He finally hung up on K—the third time there in Ojai and once in New York. It was ugly, shocking, and insane.

K then sent Alain and me to ask in person for the tapes and manuscript. We drove to Rajagopal's house, rang the bell, and at that moment Annalisa drew up in her car. What did we want? She didn't think Rajagopal would see us. Alain gave the message from K. She went in and came back saying that R refused the tapes, the manuscript, and to see us. We left and came back to K. I made lunch as Rosalind had gone to Los Angeles "to hear a lecture by the best speaker in the world." K rested, and later we went for a long walk, mostly in the dark. We talked of what to do with future tapes. K would keep them and do as much of his own editing as he chose, but would this be good for him in relation to his speaking? Both Alain and I thought it would take the edge off talking and be too much of a burden. We were prepared to do it or form an editing group. If a secretary transcribed them with as little straightening of the syntax as might be needed, that was all that would have to be done. As for the power of attorney, I felt if K wished it, I would fight Rajagopal in court, but I needed to have K's instructions on how far to go. I was prepared to do whatever he wanted, even though it sounded like a nightmare. There was no consideration of not doing it. I had the curious sense of being an instrument of some other force in this. Walking up the road in the dark, there was a sense of freedom and completeness after a dreadful day. We had supper in the flat I was in. All of us were very tired.

Thursday, November seventeenth, was a day Rosalind wanted to take K to see her daughter, Radha Sloss, in Santa Barbara, so Alain and I had the day to ourselves. We drove up the coast and into the Santa Ynez Valley, the country wide, beautiful, and empty. We came back to Santa Barbara to buy books for the trip to Rome, went to a movie, came back to Ojai, and dined at the Ranch House Restaurant.

The following day we left Ojai for good by 9 o'clock. K said he had walked alone on the beach at the Hope Ranch the day before and had "a marvelous meditation." Then he spoke of what being "out of KW Inc." was to him. He would have nothing to do with it; let Rajagopal have the money, everything. He couldn't go through a battle; he was not made that way. He would just walk out. He talked about this as though none of the horrors of the past few days had happened. His defiance and then saying he would leave it to Rajagopal seemed a complete capitulation to Rajagopal to both Alain and me. I felt both dumbfounded and not surprised, both at once, as though I hadn't believed he would go all the way in dealing with Rajagopal's aggression. Alain was shaken and said what he felt. I saw everything falling apart.

We arrived at Malibu in the middle of the discussion. The television people were due but luckily hadn't yet arrived. We sat in the car talking and then went into the house and continued until they did arrive and had set up their gear on the lawn. It was to be an interview to go with the filming they had done of the Ojai talks. Dick Moore, the producer-director, sitting off camera, put questions to K. When it was finished, we went directly to the beach for a walk before dark. When we got back to the house, I went in to talk alone with K. He repeated that he wanted to be out of KW Inc., out of the Saanen Gathering, and out of the organization in India. I said that I had only one interest—his teaching and doing what I could for him personally and I shunned being part of the rest. What further could Alain or I do to come to the realization of his teaching? That was each

of our abiding interests. K said that Alain needed a rest; perhaps he should stay there with me and not go to India. I said that, of course, he would be welcome. I called Alain in, and K spoke about his taking some time off. Alain said that he wanted and needed a holiday but not at this moment—only when things were peaceful. He didn't feel able to take a holiday then.

K said he would make a last telephone call to Rajagopal. We put the call in, sitting in his room, and he got Annalisa. Rajagopal was out. She seized the chance to talk to K and poured out her emotions, including asking K if he thought Rajagopal were perhaps unbalanced. K spoke soothingly and noncommittally to her but was startled that Rajagopal's own wife would ask that. I went to make supper at that point, and while Alain was packing K again rang and got Rajagopal. He reported that he had told Rajagopal that he, K, was not going to get a lawyer, as Rajagopal thought, but that he was out of KW Inc., that he didn't know what form things would take, but that he was out. Rajagopal replied that it was a blessed day.

When supper was ready, we sat down, and K said to Alain, "If ever you are disillusioned with me, you have only to say so." Alain said the same thing to K. I saw a possible edge in this, but it was over in an instant.

After Krishnaji had gone to bed, I had a long talk with Alain and at the end of it felt that things were calmer. The following day, November nineteenth, I drove them to the Los Angeles airport, where they flew to Rome. Ten days later, a letter came from Alain saying he was taking a holiday in South Africa instead of going to India.

On December first Rosalind Rajagopal came to see me. She said she wanted to tell me things and had proof of what she was saying. She fumbled with a lot of papers and then read me a letter. What she didn't know was that the "proof" she offered was actually a letter she had written and sent to K, who had shown it to me. She clearly wished to discuss Alain. I said I would talk to her about anything she wished but that Alain was a friend and I would not discuss him. The meeting soon ended.

On December third I received a very nice letter from Krishnaji saying he hoped all the contention in Ojai had not upset me, thanked me, and said, "This is more than a bread-and-butter letter." I spoke to both K and Alain on the fourth. Both sounded well. K was to leave on the eleventh for New Delhi, and on the same day, Alain was leaving for Pretoria. On the thirteenth, a letter, written in Rome, came from Alain, telling me that K would like to stay at Les Caprices in Gstaad in June. On December fifteenth Krishnaji began his talks in Delhi, and on the eighteenth he wrote to me from there.

CHAPTER 10

1967 began with Krishnamurti in India visiting New Delhi, Benares, Madras, Rishi Valley, and Bombay. Alain was in South Africa but returned to Europe in February and

among other places went to Paris to help find a place for Krishnamurti to stay in April. Both of them wrote to me while I remained at home in Malibu.

On March fifth Krishnaji flew to Rome, where he stayed with Vanda Scaravelli, and I flew to London. Alain was there and told me about a house he had found and rented for our use in the Boulogne-Billancourt section of Paris. We telephoned Anneke Korndorffer in Holland and learned she had found a place for us there as well.

On March seventeenth I was in Paris and went to see the house at 11 rue de Verdun; I went over everything with the proprietor, and Alain went to Rome to join Krishnaji. On March twenty-second I also flew to Rome, took a room at the Hotel Raphael, and then went to Vanda's on Via del Casaletto, where we all four were together at lunch. Later I took a walk with Krishnaji and talked over everything that had happened in California.

In the days that followed, Krishnaji gave talks at the Istituto di Pedagogia, held discussions with young people that Alain had rounded up, went shopping for shirting material, and always took afternoon walks. On April fifth I flew to Switzerland and picked up my car, which had been stored there for the winter. Driving through a spring snowstorm, I stopped in Gstaad for some things left in the Caprices attic, bought some vegetarian groceries, and drove on into France, stopping for the night in Avallon.

By noon the next day I was in Paris, checked the inventory at the rue de Verdun house, and moved into it. On the eleventh I went to the Salle de la Chimie, where K would speak, and then, with Mr. de Vidas, I went to Orly to meet Krishnaji. He seemed pleased with the little house. It was on a corner of a quiet street, had a small courtyard, an air of a former time, and was only a few blocks from the Bois de Boulogne. We were having supper when Alain arrived in his Volkswagen.

The days before the talks began were pleasantly filled with long walks in the Bois and some ritual shopping—the matter of Charvet shirts and shoes at Lobb. We went to the cinema and had people to lunch. On the sixteenth K gave his first Paris talk. The Salle de la Chimie was a much better hall than the previous Salle Adyar, and it was well filled. He spoke largely on violence and sorrow.

We took to walking in the afternoons in Bagatelle. The winding paths past flowering trees and beds of tulips brought me glimmers of my childhood and a smiling feeling of being there once again with Krishnamurti. After a second talk on April twentieth, on the next day he spoke at a Quaker Centre on the rue Vaugirard with a collection of young people. He gave what I remember as an extraordinary talk on the twenty-third and again held a young people discussion. Various French friends of many years came to lunch, and Krishnaji, Alain, and I went to lunch with Marcelle de Manziarly and her brother, Sasha, at their flat on the rue Jacob. It was a cheerful lunch; both were very old friends of K and devoted to him. Sasha made him laugh with all sorts of stories.

His last Paris talk was on April thirtieth, and on May third, K, Alain, and I flew to London so that Alain could see his doctor and Krishnaji could have a fitting at his tailor.

We stayed at Claridge's, did all the errands, saw a James Bond movie, and flew back to Paris.

The days continued in the little house. A group of young people came to talk to K, we lunched with the Suarèses', lunched also with my father, who lived in Paris, walked daily in the Bois, and finally, on May tenth, after packing and doing the needful things about leaving the house, we loaded both cars and set off for Holland, Alain in his station wagon and K and I in my car. We went northeast and met in Arras for lunch at a restaurant called Changy then continued on into Belgium, where we spent the night in Ghent at Hotel St. Georges.

The next day we left Ghent at 10 a.m. and went through Antwerp into Holland. K appeared to like being again in the country where he had spent so much time in the past. There was something oddly reminiscent for me. The flat and tidy landscape stretched under a low sky with clouds that seemed a familiar shape until I realized I had seen them in Dutch paintings. Somehow I became slightly lost in Utrecht but found the way to Huizen, where we encountered Alain at a crossroad. Together we found our house, an old-fashioned farmhouse with a thatched roof and a large central room that must have been the barn. There was a crackling fire and a faint but pleasant barn-like smell. Anneke Korndorffer was there with lunch ready, and we sat down with enjoyment. Later we were shown where K could walk in a nearby wood; a very private place with large trees and winding, small canals busy with ducks. No people seemed to come there, and there was only the life of the wood, and Krishnaji's quick stride showed he was in his element.

We settled into our nice house. A neighbor, Mrs. Maurenbroker, who was a friend of Anneke's, showed me where to shop for food in Bussum. After lunch the second day, Alain drove Anneke back to her house in Oosterbeek while K and I walked again in the wood, and later the three of us had supper by the fire in the large room. We drove the following day to lunch with Anneke and then came back for a lengthy walk before another quiet supper. The next day was a holiday, Whitsun, and we stayed in and talked of where we might live in the future—a pleasant speculation.

On the seventeenth Mrs. Rukmini Arundale telephoned and came to tea, a rather formal meeting. She cast an appraising eye on the two newcomers: Alain and me. Krishnaji, as host, was formal, polite as always, but it seemed a cool meeting. At the next breakfast, K, Alain, and I had a discussion on whether the critical mind can be without condemnation and then went for a drive to the edge of the Zuiderzee. It was cold and wintry. We came back for lunch by the fire, and after a rest K and I walked in the nearby wood. Anneke returned. I needed to know how to drive K to the Congress Hall, where the talks were to be held, so Alain and I went into Amsterdam. After reconnoitering the route, we had lunch and spent the afternoon in the Rijksmuseum among the Rembrandts and Vermeers. I came back with eyes filled and walked with K.

On May twentieth K gave his first Amsterdam talk. Alain went ahead to set up the Nagra tape recorder and, timing it carefully, I drove K to the hall, which was filled and overflowing into adjacent halls, where television screens were set up. The three of us

came back for a late lunch, and in the afternoon Mary and Joe Links, with a Dutch couple, friends of theirs, came to see Krishnaji. After tea all of us went for a stroll while talking. When they had left, K, who didn't consider a stroll to be exercise, said to me, "Come, let's have a real walk," and off we went at a fast pace into the lovely wood.

It was exhilarating to walk this way with him, talking, the air pristine with spring; there was an enthusiasm in his step as if he were joined to the life of the wood. The paths followed the stream, and we paused to watch a little crested duck leading her brood of ducklings neatly spaced behind her. We were to watch, in the days to follow, fewer baby ducklings in the queue—perhaps the work of foxes. The remembrance of this was to come to Krishnaji later, as his own life was ebbing. He said to me one morning in Pine Cottage at the end of his life, "Do you remember the little ducks and how each day some were gone?" I wept then, but his voice was dreamy, musing.

The next day Krishnaji gave a second talk at the Congress Hall and later did a taped radio interview. In the evenings he began again to heal my chronically ailing leg. On the days between the talks, he gave some interviews, met a group of sixty young people who had come for discussion, and always we walked, sometimes twice a day, Alain too. On one of these walks, Alain spun an idea of finding someone in Africa to travel with us and help with practical things—visionary plans. When Anneke was there she did the cooking or we shared it. In the mornings I made breakfast, and K would wander in after his exercises and talk to me. It was a lovely way to start the day.

The fifth and last Amsterdam talk was on May thirtieth. It began on the religious mind and moved with a clarity that seemed, as so often to me, an extraordinary wave that washed through one's consciousness, leaving a silence of revelation.

The talks being over, it was time to leave Huizen, our thatched and sheltering barn, and most of all the quiet wood. We packed and on June second said goodbye to Anneke and headed south in the two cars. Crossing into Germany, Krishnaji and I met Alain in Cologne, where we lunched, visited the cathedral, and drove on through Bonn to Königswinter, where we spent the night high on a hill above the Rhine at Hotel Petersberg. The next morning we drove along the Rhine to Oestrich, where we lunched at Hotel Schwan. We decided to push beyond Heidelberg for the night, so we went on the autobahn from Wiesbaden to Karlsruhe to Ettlingen, where we stayed at the Erbprinz Hotel. We were all tired, so after a short walk K had supper in bed while Alain and I went to the dining room.

The next morning took us into Switzerland, and at lunch in Basel we decided not to stop in Berne but to push on to Gstaad, where we arrived in the late afternoon. I had my usual apartment in Les Caprices, where Krishnaji stayed with me while Alain had a studio apartment. We left our things and went to the Olden for supper. It was nice to be back.

Unpacking, marketing, and cooking took the next day for me while Krishnaji and Alain went to Thun to fetch K's Mercedes, stored there during the winter. We learned that fighting had broken out between Israel and Egypt.

On June eighth we drove to Geneva, where K and Alain went to see Dr. Pierre Schmidt for checkups. I met them for lunch at the Amphitryon Restaurant in the Hotel des Bergues, and we drove back via Evian on the French side of Lac Léman. The war news seemed to be that Israel was winning, and by the tenth it was so. Back in Gstaad we talked and walked and took to recording conversations at lunch.

On the twelfth Alain went to Geneva to meet Desikachar, who arrived from India to see to Krishnaji's yoga practice. The days ahead continued in relaxed and pleasant ways: yoga, naps, meals at home with long talks, and always long walks in the afternoons. On one of these, K and I were down by the river along the airfield, and I was describing to him something I was uncertain how to resolve. As we walked, K listened and then said in a quiet way, "Why don't you just step out of it?" And it happened, as instantly as the dazzling sunlight touching my eye; the conflict was gone, as if it had never been. He had said nothing else, no pointing to mechanisms of thought, no seeing something on my part. Something from him had reached into my mind, and change had been instantaneous.

On June nineteenth I took my car to Thun for some repair. Krishnaji, Alain, and Desikachar joined me there, and we went in Alain's car along the Thun Lake to Beatenberg, had lunch, and drove on to Interlaken and around the lake to Gstaad. K began to think that I should change my car for a Mercedes.

David Bohm was in Gstaad for a few days and lunched with us, as did Mr. and Mrs. Gérard Blitz. K appointed Mr. Blitz to the Saanen Gathering Committee.

On June twenty-ninth Krishnaji had fever in the night, and in the morning it went to 101.8 degrees. Alain telephone Dr. Schmidt, homeopathic remedies were prescribed, and Alain went to Thun to fetch them. In the afternoon Krishnaji became what in someone else could be called delirious. He began to speak in the voice of a child and looked at me with large eyes as if he didn't know me. He spoke of Krishna going away and asked me if I had questioned him. I said I hadn't. "He doesn't like to be questioned," he replied. The child manner continued, and his gaze wandered about the room. The voice continued: "Even after all these years, I'm not used to him." By the time Alain returned, the fever was still high, but he was out of the delirium. He slept quietly.

The next day, June thirtieth, was a Thursday. K still had the same degree of fever most of the day and was very weak, but there was no altered consciousness. I gave him bed care and what Dr. Schmidt had prescribed. In the afternoon he was better and said he did not want to cancel a Sunday meeting of the Saanen Gathering Committee. Vanda arrived from Italy in the afternoon, and Dr. Schmidt said it would be all right for K to be moved to Chalet Tannegg the next day, Saturday. That morning his temperature was normal; I gave him lunch and after his nap drove him up to Tannegg in his Mercedes.

As predicted, he was well, and the Saanen Gathering meeting took place. I was made a member. The other members were Alain, Mr. de Vidas, Sr. Fresia, Mr. Perizonious (from Holland), Doris Pratt, and Mary Cadogan. Gérard Blitz was to be added later. I stayed to lunch with Vanda, and we talked at length. The same program was repeated the next day,

and Sasha de Manziarly was at lunch. Vanda talked to me about looking after things at Tannegg during her absence, as she was leaving the next day. K was well enough to come down and walk by the river.

Vanda left on the fourth, and on the sixth, K and I in my car, and Alain and a friend from South Africa in his, drove to Evian and lunched pleasantly on the terrace of the Hotel Royal then continued on to Geneva and spent the night at the Hôtel du Rhône. K and Alain went to see Dr. Schmidt the next morning. We lunched with Sasha de Manziarly at Hotel Richmond, and I drove K back to Gstaad. Alain remained in Geneva to meet Dr. Balasundaram there the next day.

On July ninth the first of the ten Saanen talks began. The tent was full to overflowing. I drove K there, timing it so he could walk right in and onto the platform. At the end he would leave and walk rapidly out and up the path toward Gstaad. People would stream after him, and it was necessary to maneuver the car through unheeding crowds to pick him up. At the chalet he would rest before lunch and then join whoever was invited that day. Balasundaram came; so did Narayan and others. Pupul Jayakar came for one night, and the next morning, the fifteenth, Alain drove her to Geneva and brought back Nandini Mehta and her daughter, Devi Mangaldas, who came for a visit and stayed in the downstairs flat at Tannegg.

As usual, K spoke on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. With flowing energy he went into the need to be without authority; to be free from all psychological structures; to see the crippling of dependency and conflict; and of the ever-compelling question of fear. He spoke of freedom that is not *from* something but freedom that is complete in itself, "an inward state of mind that is not dependent on any stimulus, on any knowledge; it is not the result of any experience or conclusion."

On a walk in the rain, he talked with Alain and me about a long vacation in 1968 and also said we must take the same house in Paris for the talks. That evening Marcelle Bondonneau and Gisela Elmenhorst had supper with me and agreed that the same house in Boulogne-Billancourt should be had.

On the twenty-fifth, after K's eighth talk, Dorothy and Montague Simmons were at lunch. Afterward K discussed starting a school, probably in Holland. The next day he held a meeting in the tent of an educational group and announced plans for a school in Holland. In the afternoon Nandini and Devi came with me on a drive to Interlaken, and on the twenty-eighth both of them, with K and Alain, drove with me to Geneva, where K and Alain saw Dr. Schmidt. After lunching at the Amphitryon, we drove back via Evian, stopping for tea at the Hotel Royal. It was a busy time; various people lunched at Tannegg or came to tea. Vanda's son, Alberto Scaravelli, arrived; a group of fifty came from Spain to talk to K; and there was another meeting of those interested in a school in Holland. There were shorter drives with Nandini, Devi, and Krishnaji, and on August fifth, the mother and daughter left for Geneva and Rome.

During this busy time K increasingly felt a pressure of people's attention concentrated on him in Chalet Tannegg. To somehow have respite or avoid being a target, he tried spending nights in his room at Caprices and sometimes had supper there, too. This feeling would often come over him usually when he had been in one place for a while. One of the enjoyments for him when motoring slowly through France on the way to Switzerland was that we were drifting along through quiet countryside, where no one knew him and no one quite knew where he was. Later, in Ojai, he used to speak of having a cabin somewhere in the mountains where he could be away from the sense of people's concentrated consciousness. It was something I planned to find.

Also during this time he received several telephone calls from Rajagopal, always a source of tension. And yet, with all this surface activity, Krishnamurti was talking to those who came to listen and to the whole of humanity, it seemed to me, of what lies at the core of life, behind and beyond what most of us did not trouble to see or even question.

On July twenty-seventh, in his ninth talk, he asked what the mind is; can one ask that without a desire for a result? With a mind "that is extraordinarily quiet," that can therefore enquire into the origins of thought? "You can ask this question if you are free, if you have no opinion, no conclusion, no beliefs, and in the very asking of it there is austerity…you are putting away everything except that question, which may open the door to enormous vision, enormous depths."

"I can only observe the beginnings of thought in silence. It is only then when my mind is completely quiet after having put that question—what is the beginning of thought? When it is completely quiet, right through my being, that I can begin, out of that silence, to see how thought takes shape."

And…"One can only be aware of the beginning of thought when there is silence, when there is no frontier to consciousness. All this demands a great deal of discipline in itself, not discipline for something, and if we have gone that far, we can ask, what is love?…It is necessary to inquire if love is within the field of consciousness, which is thought…or does love lie beyond this turmoil of thought? When once you have been outside that field of consciousness…then you will know what love is, love in which there is no thought, no tomorrow, and therefore no time. But you will listen to this—pleased and probably mesmerized and enchanted—but to actually go beyond thought, beyond time—because time is thought and thought is sorrow—to go beyond is to be aware that there is a different dimension called love. From there, one can act, one can be."

On August second K began a series of six public discussions, and when they were done, he began on the eighth another six discussion meetings, this time with teachers on education. The same afternoon, those interested in starting a school came, and tentatively the school was considered as being in Switzerland. Vanda returned on the twenty-second. Saral and David Bohm came for lunch.

On the twenty-fourth, Desikachar said goodbye before leaving. K, Alain, and I went to Lausanne, where they went to a dentist and I did errands. We lunched at the Grappe d'Or

and drove back to Gstaad. On a walk the next day, K spoke of a place there. A few days later we went with Edgar Graf to look at chalets and land in Gstaad, but nothing was appealing, so we went in K's car to Gsteig and walked. After lunch at Tannegg on the twenty-seventh, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lippmann came to tea and later came with me to a Menuhin concert. They spoke of a moulin they owned near Fontainebleau and wanted to sell.

On the twenty-ninth Krishnaji came down before lunch to fetch his Mercedes from my garage. It wouldn't start, so I drove him up to Tannegg in my car, and he showed me what he had written that morning on meditation and ecstasy. He continued writing down at the flat while waiting for his car to be fixed. Later I walked with him and Alain, and we talked about Fontainebleau. The next day, at Tannegg for lunch, Sasha de Manziarly, who had arrived with Vanda, was there, and later after another walk with K, Alain, and the Lippmanns who again came to tea.

On September second we drove to Thun, where K left his Mercedes for winter storage and I ordered one for delivery in April. We drove back with Alain to lunch with Vanda, and later K came down to pack the things he had at Caprices. The following day Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh were at lunch at Tannegg. They were friends of Vanda, and K had known them for some years.

On September fourth I left Caprices, went up to speak with Vanda about plans for Tannegg the next year, then drove to Lausanne where I met Alain, who had gone there for the tape recorder, then we both drove to Paris and stayed at Hotel Westminster. The next morning we went to Orly and met Krishnaji, who had flown from Geneva. There were errands, and the next day, after lunching at the Vert Galant, the three of us drove to see the Lippmanns' moulin near Fontainebleau. This was part of the then-possible plan to share a place somewhere in Europe, but though attractive, the moulin didn't appeal very much, so we came back and walked in the Tuileries, where by coincidence we encountered the Lippmanns. We had supper in our rooms in the hotel. The next morning Gérard Blitz came to see K. Later K, Alain, and I lunched at Pré Catelan, walked in the Bois, went to Lobb, and to a cinema. Blitz invited us to lunch with him and Desikachar next day at Drouant, and later there was the afternoon walk in the Bois.

CHAPTER 11

On September ninth, 1967, I left Paris and drove alone to Le Touquet and put my car on the air ferry across the Channel to Lydd. I then drove from there to Kingston Vale, south of London, and to a house rented for Krishnamurti's stay by Mary Cadogan. She and Jane Hammond were there. We checked everything, and I moved in. The next afternoon K flew in from Paris, I met him at Heathrow, and we went to the Kingston house. It was close to Richmond Park, and we went for a long walk there before supper. Deer were grazing and, as always, trees, grass, and space were essentials of the day.

Alain arrived in his Volkswagen in time for lunch the following day, and I went to Heathrow to meet Adriana, the young Italian who had worked at Tannegg and came to help in the house for the time in Kingston. We lunched with Mary and Joe Links at their flat the day following and came back to walk in Richmond Park. Rosalind Rajagopal was in London and rang Krishnaji. She came the next day, an hour late, to talk to him, and when she had gone, K, Alain, and I headed for the park.

K said we might try meditating together, so he, Alain, and I in the early mornings sat cross-legged on the floor in K's room. It was silent and lasted about half an hour. On Saturday, September sixteenth, K gave his first talk, which was held in the Wimbledon Town Hall, and a second was given on Sunday.

On the nineteenth, K held a young people's discussion in Wimbledon Community Centre. Mary Links lunched with us that day, and Iris Tree was K's guest the next day. On driving her back to London, she told me that her cancer had returned.

The third talk was on the twenty-third, and in the park in the afternoon Krishnaji admonished me that I was no longer responsible just to myself anymore, that I must be careful, not do possibly dangerous things, be watchful. Did I understand? Yes, I did. The responsibility was not to him, he said, but to something else, and I must take care.

The fourth talk in Wimbledon Town Hall was on the twenty-fourth. Doris Pratt came to lunch, and later K, Alain, and I went to tea with Robert Lutyens and his wife at their house on Mansfield Street. This was the Lutyens home for many years, and Krishnaji knew it well. He had not seen Robert, however, for a long time, and only that day met his wife and little girl. It was a pleasant meeting, and both men seemed glad to see each other.

On the twenty-sixth there was a second discussion for young people in the morning, David and Saral Bohm came for lunch, and afterward K, Alain, and I drove to look at a house near East Grinstead, which was for sale and had been recommended by a friend of mine. The drive was pleasant, but again, the house did not inspire us to want to live there.

In those days there was a dearth of photographs of Krishnaji. He resisted being photographed, but some contemporary ones were needed for future books. So, with his permission, I telephoned an old friend, Cecil Beaton, who was delighted, and we went to his house in London for a sitting. Cecil was using a Rolleiflex with natural daylight and kept a running chatter that made it go easily and swiftly. Two days later I went in to see the proofs and choose ones that were later used in books.

Mary Links came to the house for tea, and afterward we all talked and walked in Richmond Park. At 7 p.m. she, K, and I went to Wimbledon Community Centre for a discussion, and came back for supper afterward. Mrs. Bindley and George and Nelly Wingfield Digby lunched with K after the fifth talk. That evening K and I had supper alone and talked. "Change is total inaction," he said.

His sixth and last talk of the series was on the first of October. Mary Links came back for lunch, and at 4 p.m. there was another discussion. Then Richmond Park. The next day K had a Huntsman fitting, and we came back in time to have Mrs. Pamela Travers and Mary Cadogan to lunch. That afternoon K, Alain, and I had a different walk in Cannizaro Park in Wimbledon, known to K from his early days nearby in Miss Dodge's West Side House.

The following day, October third, we packed, I took my car to be shipped, and K, Alain, and I had our last walk in Richmond Park. The next morning we left Kingston Vale, K and I in a taxi and Alain following with Adriana the cook. Krishnaji and she flew to Rome while Alain and I drove to Lydd, flew to Le Touquet, and drove on to Paris, where I went to stay at my father's and Alain to a hotel. He then continued on to join Krishnaji in Rome. On October seventh I flew to New York and a week later to Malibu.

CHAPTER 12

1968 began with Krishnamurti and Alain Naudé in India. I was in Malibu. Letters came and went. On February fourteenth they both flew from Bombay to Rome, and on that same day James Vigeveno rang asking if he and his wife, Annie, could come to talk to me. They arrived in the afternoon to propose that I become a trustee of Krishnamurti Writings Inc. I asked if they had consulted Krishnamurti about this. Mrs. Vigeveno looked startled and said they had not. I said that in that case I could not even discuss it, and the meeting ended.

The following day I drove to Claremont to meet Mr. William Rempel of the Blaisdell Institute, who had invited Krishnamurti to speak at the colleges there in the autumn. I also looked at possible places to stay during the visit.

In March I went to New York for a week and then flew to London, arriving on the tenth, and went to the White House Hotel near Regents Park, where letters from both Krishnaji and Alain were waiting. On the eighteenth I flew to Paris and stayed at my father's. We lunched one day in Barbizon, where I looked at a place for Krishnamurti to stay during a short rest between London and the rental of the house in Paris. Alain Naudé arrived in Paris with his car, and we had a long talk over tea.

On the twenty-second, I was back in London in the White House Hotel and, with Mary and Joe Links, went to the airport, where Krishnaji arrived from Rome. Alain had already arrived in his car when we reached the White House Hotel, and all three of us had supper together in our sitting room. The next morning Gérard Blitz arrived. We had discussions all day long, and much was accomplished. This continued the following morning; we lunched at the Savoy Grill and came back to the hotel to meet Mary Cadogan and Michael Rubinstein, a distinguished lawyer and very knowledgeable in publishing matters, to discuss Krishnamurti's copyright. After this Gérard Blitz left.

On the following day, Kitty Shiva Rao and Sunanda and Pama Patwardhan, all in London on a visit, came to see K, and he told them of his breaking with Rajagopal. On the twenty-sixth David and Saral Bohm, Mary Cadogan, and Dorothy and Montague Simmons came to discuss a school in England. It was decided to go ahead. A place near Canterbury was a possibility. Krishnaji, Alain, and I went to a movie in the afternoon, after which we walked back to the hotel, and there was talk between K, Alain, and David Bohm.

On the twenty-eighth K had a meeting with the editing committee and went to Michael Rubinstein's office in Gray's Inn, where K made a will. That evening, after supper in our sitting room, I took the boat train to Paris.

Arriving in Paris on March thirtieth, I had breakfast with my father then went to Orly to meet Krishnaji. In a rented car, we drove to Barbizon, where I had booked rooms at the Hôtellerie du Bas-Bréau. We unpacked and went for a walk in the forest. K was pleased by it—the solitude of the forest, the rather separate and quiet rooms we had, and the sense of being for a while completely away and at rest. This quality I had already learned was a recurring need for him. So much of his life, from childhood, had been spent surrounded by people; even if they were not physically in his presence, they were in the offing—*there*—ready to intrude. Often they seemed a psychic pressure, concentrating their attention on him. It was something he found wearing, and when he was away from it he could feel light, rested, and free. In subsequent years, when we motored quietly through France to Saanen, he used to exclaim happily that no one knew where he was.

The week in Barbizon was spent in long walks and talks in the forest, usually in the morning and again in the afternoon after naps. One day we drove to Fontainebleau and looked at the outside of the palace but did not go in. It began to snow, but we still took a long walk in another part of the forest. Conversations ranged over many things. One question he raised was why he had put up with what he called "the brutality" of Rosalind Rajagopal, and why maturity came to him so late. "What is maturity?" Perhaps late maturity was to keep him young to continue his work. Napoléon came into the conversation. It surprised me that he found Napoléon a somewhat admirable character. He had read about him when quite young and retained the impression of someone rising from nowhere to considerable heights. He spoke of death and what his would be to me. Coming back in the car, he suddenly fainted. "Now it starts again," he said. Whenever he is relaxed and resting, it has come. He said, "It means something is going on." But we stopped and walked again, and as he walked the pain in his head vanished. He said that when it happens, the back of his head must not be touched.

The next morning there was no pain. The extraordinary face had come to him in the night. This was something he spoke of when it happened, and it had come to him through most of his life. The face was like a recurring presence that came rarely but consistently. "I am part of that other thing," he said. "Never leave me. I am nothing, but you must never leave that other."

We spoke of style in writing, and he asked how the boy had learned such things.

One morning he resumed dictating. He wrote, “Meditation is seeing instantly the whole movement of the word; the seeing is the doing. In the interval between the seeing and doing is the whole misery of man.”

He spoke again of the boy never being contaminated; something kept him that way. “Who is that man talking on the platform? Of course it is I,” he said, “but how is he able to talk about things he has never been through: jealousy, hate, etcetera?”

Supper was usually early and in the rooms, but sometimes lunch was in the very good restaurant of the hotel. During one of these, a man came in selling newspapers. The headline said that Martin Luther King had been assassinated. “The world is savage,” K said. Watching the others glance at it, he said, “It means nothing to them.”

On April fifth we left Barbizon and drove to Paris and the house at 16 rue de Verdun. The little house seemed welcoming and familiar; we spent the next few days doing errands and going for walks in the Bois. Mr. de Vidas came by; Yo and Mar de Manziarly came for lunch, and we went to the cinema *High Noon*, which K enjoyed. Alain arrived in his car from London on the tenth. Mrs. Porter, sister of the de Manziarlys, also came to lunch.

April fourteenth was Easter Sunday. K, Alain, and I went to Notre Dame to listen to the music in spite of the dense crowds. On the sixteenth we drove at 7 in the evening to the Salle de la Chimie, where Krishnamurti gave the first of his Paris talks to a full audience. We learned that day that Iris Tree had died on the thirteenth.

On the seventeenth, Mr. Moser, the Mercedes man in Thun where Krishnaji, Alain, and I stored our cars in the winter, brought my new Mercedes 280SE—gray, as usual, handsome, and pleasing to K. We all went in it for a drive in the Bois and later walked there.

K gave five talks in Paris, and the days between were spent seeing people, Krishnaji having young people discussions, walks, and going to the cinema. K had talked to Mima Porter and told her, as secretary of KW Inc., of the gravity of the situation with Rajagopal, and that he must have a response to his requests by July first or he would be compelled to dissociate himself from KW Inc. She promised to speak to Rajagopal on her return to Ojai.

On May third we left Paris—K and I in the Mercedes and Alain in his car. As we drove north on the autoroute, we were unaware that at that moment a students’ revolt and strike was erupting in Paris. There had been sounds of discord before we left, and a friend spoke of students taking over a room in the Sorbonne, where a quotation of Krishnamurti was chalked on the blackboard, but that morning as we drove along, we had no knowledge that paving stones were being hurled at the police back in Paris.

We met Alain in Arras for lunch at Le Changy, drove on into Belgium, and spent the night at Château des Brides in Oostkamp, just south of Bruges. The next morning we

went into Bruges and saw the Memlings and a Michelangelo statue, then crossed into Holland through Middleburg, Rotterdam, Leiden, and, with some confusion, to Noordwijk, where we found Anneke waiting in a house perched on a dune, which she had rented for the time of K's Amsterdam talks. It was a restless sort of house; a cold wind from the North Sea blew, and it was shivery to walk on the beach. We found a small wood behind the dunes as a substitute. Our temporary cook from Paris came, but the house remained unsuitable. I tried to find hotel accommodations without luck.

We went, however, to the gardens at Keukenhof and walked among the tulips. On another day we drove to Bussum, where Dutch television taped forty minutes of putting questions to Krishnamurti. He did not know the questions ahead of time, and it was impressive to watch him listen and without hesitation immediately reply directly to the close-up camera with a professionalism few actors could achieve.

There were five talks in Amsterdam at the RAI and four meetings there with young people. Then, on May twenty-fifth, we said goodbye to Anneke and, at 8 in the morning, left Noordwijk, drove across Holland, and at Arnhem crossed into Germany. On the autobahn, with cars rushing past us, I was startled to look down at the speedometer and see we were going over 100. Around lunchtime, we pulled off and had a picnic lunch in a pretty wood. We drove on, and around 3 p.m. reached Ettlingen, near Karlsruhe, where we met Alain at the Erbprinz Hotel. We had engaged rooms there, but I could sense that K wanted to reach our destination, so we decided to push on. I had driven that far, except for K driving for an hour before Karlsruhe, but said that, with some coffee, all would be well. Some tisane was brought for Krishnaji and also a large pot of the best coffee I have ever tasted, with some little cakes. I drank the whole pot and felt I could drive to Spain if necessary.

By chance we met Alain at the Swiss border, drove on to Berne, and finally reached Gstaad by 10 p.m. after 600 miles and about twelve hours of actual driving. Unfortunately, as we were expected the next day, the keys were not in the doors at Les Caprices, and we had to wait for Mme. Duperrex, the housekeeper, to let us in, but by 11 p.m. we were truly there.

Section Four

CHAPTER 13

It was pleasant to be once more in Gstaad, and on the morning of May twenty-sixth 1968 all seemed relaxed and quiet. Riots and crises were still happening in Paris, but though it was followed in the news, this was a space and time for K to rest, to have his ordered, simple regime of yoga in the morning, then breakfast, sometimes reading, lunch at home, a nap, and always a walk in the late afternoon, rain or shine. Clouds would come across the mountains as if seeking the valley to empty their rain burden, to fill the rushing streams, and move on. There was the brilliant Alpine sunlight of early summer dazzling the eye at the bright window boxes of flowers, the green of the hills, dark pines, and above all the shining snow on the peaks. It was quiet in the village. Visitors were few; they would come later. Now there was a luxury of simple days.

Some very good news came from London: Michael Rubinstein had determined that Krishnamurti could recover his copyright from KW Inc. It meant a first step in untangling the knot of legal difficulties.

But on June fifth we learned that Robert Kennedy, just after hearing he had won the California primary as the Democratic nominee for the U.S. presidential race, was shot to death. Shock and violence again.

On June thirtieth Mary and Joe Links arrived; they came for lunch and spent the afternoon, including a long walk, with us. Both K and Alain were having severe hay fever, and it was very hot. On the following day Vanda Scaravelli arrived and moved into Chalet Tannegg, and Mr. C. V. Narasimhan brought Mrs. Jayalakshmi, who was to visit. I packed some things for Krishnaji, and he moved up the hill.

The Linkses left for Italy on July third, and in the afternoon K came down to Caprices. He had a 101-degree fever and his pulse was 98, but he insisted on going to Geneva as planned. I packed for him, and he lay in the back of the car as Alain and I drove to Geneva and the Hôtel du Rhône. He was feverish that night, but it was gone by morning, and the three of us took a 9 a.m. flight to London. Mary Cadogan, Jane Hammond, and Gérard Blitz met us, and we drove to Ayot Place in Hertfordshire to see a house as a possible place for a school. Dorothy and Montague Simmons, and Saral and David Bohm met us there. We went through the whole place and had a picnic lunch on the lawn, after which we went back to the airport, and caught a 5 p.m. flight back to Geneva. The tennis at Wimbledon had filled hotels in London, so we spent a second night at the Hôtel du Rhône and drove back to Gstaad in the morning.

Two days later K gave his opening Saanen talk, this time in a new plastic shelter instead of the previous tent. Michael Rubinstein was there. K had received a letter shortly before from Mima Porter in which, instead of giving the promised reply to K on the state of KW Inc. and a reasonable reply from Rajagopal, she had merely reiterated the by-now familiar evasion that when K came to Ojai in the autumn they would talk it over and

settle everything. As Krishnamurti had told her that unless he had a satisfactory reply from Rajagopal by the beginning of July he would be forced to disassociate himself from KW Inc., that time had come. K held a meeting with Rubinstein, Mary Cadogan, Gérard Blitz, Doris Pratt, Alain Naudé, and myself present, and the decision was made. On the following morning, July ninth, at the second Saanen talk, Michael Rubinstein read the following announcement to the audience:

"Krishnamurti wishes it to be known that he has completely disassociated himself from Krishnamurti Writings Incorporated of Ojai, California. He hopes that, as a result of this public announcement, those who wish to be associated with his work and teachings will give support to the new international Krishnamurti Foundation of London, England, whose activities will include a school. The Deed, which establishes the Foundation, ensures that Krishnamurti's intentions will be respected."

This led to meetings with the various Krishnamurti committees to explain K's decision and what was envisaged for the future in the work. Plans were made too for the publication of a regular Bulletin. On July eighteenth, after his sixth talk, Krishnaji held a special meeting at Tannegg with all the Americans who were in Saanen—many of them in particular from Ojai—and therefore most personally interested in his severance from KW Inc. He wanted them to understand what had led to his action. Not at K's direction, but Albert Blackburn of Ojai recorded this meeting on audiotape. Another such meeting was held a few days later.

Meanwhile, the talks continued. K had meetings with young people. He came by and took me for a drive and talk now and again and on walks, too. After ten public talks, on July thirty-first K began a week of daily public discussions in the tent.

On August second Vanda returned to Rome after asking me to see to things at Tannegg in her absence. On most days there were friends at lunch. Alain took time out to go to Paris; while there he saw Gérard Blitz, who had just met James Vigeveno in Los Angeles. Meanwhile, K had seen and talked to Colonel Frank Noyes, who lived in Ojai and who hoped for some resolution of the situation with Rajagopal. K was also discussing the school in England with Dorothy and Montague Simmons and seeing David and Saral Bohm. He also had the enjoyment of driving his little silver car, which had spent the winter in storage in Thun. As always, he took meticulous care of it, cleaning it after every sortie. We went to Lausanne in it one day, and on the autoroute briefly he had it touch 115 m.p.h. "Like a bird!" he said. Alain came back and we all went on long walks, often in the rain, up the mountain, through the woods, and along the Turbach road where the river at such times became a torrent. It was cool, and the snowline was low on the mountains. On August twentieth we took all three cars to Thun for winter storage, returned to finish packing, and had an early supper after a last walk.

The next morning we heard the shocking news that the Russian army had occupied Czechoslovakia during the night. Krishnaji, Alain, and I left Tannegg for Geneva and spent the night at the Hôtel du Rhône before taking a noon plane on the twenty-second to London, where we stayed at the White House Hotel. We again had rooms with sitting

space and kitchen, and I fixed our supper. We watched on television the grim sight of Russian tanks in Prague. The occupation was complete.

The following day Michael Rubinstein came for a long meeting, and later we walked in nearby Regents Park. The next day K, Alain, and I went to a meeting with the Wingfield Digbys, the Linkses, the Simmonses, and Doris Pratt in the morning, and after lunching out, we went to a movie. On the twenty-fifth we went with Mary and Joe Links to Epping Forest for a walk. Joe asked K about the future, and among other things K spoke of naming Mary and me his literary executors. We lunched with them in London, and after a rest in the afternoon, K, Alain, and I went for another long walk in Regents Park.

It seemed a good idea to take another look at Ayot Place as a possible school, so the next day after lunch K, Alain, Mary Links, and I drove there and were joined by the Simmonses and the Wingfield Digbys. We went through the house carefully again, but somehow it did not evoke enthusiasm. We came back, stopped at Mary and Joe's, and later Sacha de Manziarly had supper with K and me.

On August twenty-eighth a threatening cable came for K from Rajagopal shortly before we went to Michael Rubinstein's office in Gray's Inn, where the new Krishnamurti Foundation was legally formed and was so constituted that a Rajagopal situation could never come about in the future. Krishnamurti appointed its trustees (governors), who were present, and their first meeting was held. They were Count Hugues van der Straten-Ponthoz, George Wingfield Digby, Gérard Blitz, Alain Naudé, Dorothy Simmons, and myself. Also present were Mary Cadogan, whom K had invited to be secretary of the Foundation, and Mary Links, whom he had invited to be a trustee but who had declined for reasons of age, but now became, along with Doris Pratt, associates of the Foundation with the function of helping reelect trustees, two of whom, other than K, would come up for reelection annually.

At the meeting K spoke of the cable he had just received from Rajagopal. It seemed that conversations in which K had explained to some of the Americans in Saanen his reasons for separating himself from KW Inc. and which had been tape-recorded by Albert Blackburn had reached Rajagopal, who now was threatening legal action against K. Michael Rubinstein advised Krishnamurti to seek his own legal advice in California.

The school was discussed at length, in spite of Gérard Blitz saying it was financially impossible at that point. He then left for the airport, and K continued talking with Dorothy Simmons on starting the school as soon as a building could be found. It was one of the frequent times when K said that if what you are doing is right, the money will come.

On August thirtieth, after discussing Ayot Place exhaustively the night before, K called the Simmonses to come and told them there must be a search for another place. They immediately went to an agent and came back with lists of other possibilities. That evening Mrs. Jayalakshmi arrived from New York and came for supper, and the following day we drove to the Linkses' country house at Blackdown.

On September first the Digbys came by and said they would help with the house hunt. Then Col. Noyes came by. He was on his way to India from Ojai and said he had been sent to bring an offer from Rajagopal to turn over to K most of KW Inc. K listened, told Michael Rubinstein what had happened, and asked Col. Noyes to telephone Rajagopal to confirm it. Because of the difference in time, that had to be later in the day. Meanwhile K, Alain, and I lunched at Claridge's and came back to the White House Hotel, where various people, including Col. Noyes, came for tea. When all the others had gone, Col. Noyes went to his room to ring Rajagopal. After quite a time he came back looking stunned. One of K's stipulations had been about his archives. Rajagopal now angrily refused any "concessions" until he had met K face-to-face, denied that he had asked Col. Noyes to speak to K, and reiterated his abusive comments. Col. Noyes appeared bewildered at the reversal and left. K was not surprised.

We had postponed our leaving London, but it was too late to change plane reservations, so we spent two more days there, and on September fourth Krishnaji and Alain flew via Spain to Puerto Rico, where they were to stay with the Biascoecheas while K gave some talks at the University of Puerto Rico in San Juan. Meanwhile, I flew to New York, where I had rented a small apartment on 62nd Street for K's use. He and Alain arrived there on the twenty-third. After a walk in the park, at supper we discussed a new place near Godalming in Surrey, which had been seen by Mary Links and the Digbys as a possible place for the school, and it was decided that Alain should see it. He flew to England the next day.

On September twenty-fifth a letter and some papers came from Mrs. Lilliefelt in Ojai, showing the result of research she had done on the workings of KW Inc. As a result Krishnaji decided there should be a meeting to discuss the situation and wanted Mrs. Lilliefelt, Michael Rubinstein, and Gérard Blitz to come to New York to join himself, Alain, and me. All agreed to come, and Alain returned the next day with news of the house in Surrey. We had seen photographs of it, found it very attractive but possibly too small. Nevertheless, K instructed Mary Cadogan to negotiate for it. Alain then went to Yale and to Brandeis University about K speaking there, and Mrs. Lilliefelt arrived from Ojai. She came for tea and a long talk.

On October first Krishnamurti gave his first talk at the New School for Social Research in New York to an overflowing hall of students. On the next day Mrs. Lilliefelt came to lunch, and at 4 p.m. we were joined by Mr. Mitchell Booth, my family's lawyer, to discuss the legal situation and go through the papers Mrs. Lilliefelt had brought.

On the third there was a meeting of K, Alain, Mrs. Lilliefelt, Gérard Blitz, and myself, which went on through lunch, and at 2:30 p.m. Michael Rubinstein arrived from London. At 3:30 K and I went to the New School for his second talk while the others continued talking. When we returned, Blitz had left for Los Angeles, but the meeting continued, and Michael Rubinstein stayed to supper. A long day.

On the fourth Mrs. Lilliefelt and Michael Rubinstein came in the morning and Mitchell Booth joined us at lunch. The talk continued all afternoon, after which Rubinstein flew back to London.

There was a third talk on October fifth and a fourth on the eighth, and on that day Mitchell Booth suggested a law firm in Los Angeles to represent K. I telephoned Erna Lilliefelt, who had returned there, to give her the suggested name. K held two discussions with young people at the New School, well attended by about 400 students, and there were two more talks there. After the sixth and last talk, K went to the United Nations to lunch with Director General Mr. U Thant and his chef de cabinet, Mr. C. V. Narasimhan.

K decided against going to Yale, but on October seventeenth, he, Alain, and I flew to Boston, rented a car, and drove to the Charter House Motel in Waltham. On the following day we went to Brandeis University, where K was shown the campus by the students, lunched in the faculty dining room, and at 4:30 he gave his first talk to the student body. On the nineteenth Hugues van der Straten arrived from Brussels, lunched with us, and, after K had given interviews, joined us for supper to talk about the search for a place for the school in England. It seemed that there was another possibility in Hampshire, a place named Brockwood Park.

Hugues left, but for the next three days K held discussions with Brandeis students and gave two more talks. We also watched on television the return to Earth of astronauts after eleven days in orbit. We flew to New York on the twenty-fourth, and the next day we flew to Los Angeles and were once more back in the quiet peace of the house in Malibu.

CHAPTER 14

Four days after our arrival in Malibu, a cable came from Mary Cadogan saying that Gérard Blitz had resigned from the Foundation and also that Brockwood Park could be bought. Krishnaji sent a telegram to Rajagopal suggesting they should meet to discuss KW Inc. matters at the Lilliefelts' house in Ojai. On receiving this Rajagopal telephoned K and refused. He rang back, Krishnaji had me speak to him, and Rajagopal hung up. Later he called Erna Lilliefelt and was insulting.

The next day, October thirtieth 1968, K decided that the Lilliefelts should head an American Krishnamurti Foundation. They came in the afternoon, and this was discussed. That afternoon Rajagopal telephoned and gave me a message for K that there would be no meeting unless he could talk to K alone first. The next day K spoke to James Vigeveno, vice president of KW Inc., and gave him a vivid talking-to on the gravity of a meeting with Rajagopal and the whole board. After that and talking to Erna Lilliefelt, Krishnaji invited all of them, including Mima Porter, the Vigevenos, and Byron Casselberry, to meet in Malibu. Mima Porter immediately refused, so no meeting was held. Krishnaji had made every gesture.

Rosalind Rajagopal rang to ask to see K the following day. She arrived at 10 a.m., saying she would stay an hour. I showed her into the living room, intending to leave her alone with K. Instead she pointed to where I should sit. She stayed until 1:30, tirelessly belaboring K, who listened with an aloof patience. His only comment afterward was, "Ugly people."

On November third the Lilliefelts came to talk, and a wire arrived from Vigeveno saying "a meeting can be arranged for Krishnamurti personally with the board at KW Inc. headquarters." All this was unacceptable to K, and therefore there was a rejection of this invitation. It was followed by a rude letter from Byron Casselberry, and Annie Vigeveno delivered it. K instructed our lawyer to write to Rajagopal.

On November sixth Krishnaji, Alain, and I drove to Claremont, where K was to speak on the college campus at the invitation of the Blaisdell Institute. Its head, Mr. William Rempel, met K and showed us to the house that had been provided. We unpacked, had supper, and were visited by a family of raccoons on the porch that clearly was accustomed to receiving supper, too. K was charmed, and we made them welcome.

We found long walks in the nearby canyon. K gave three talks and held several discussions with students. On the fifteenth he held a discussion that was videotaped with Professor Huston Smith and in the afternoon held another meeting with a full hall of students. The Lilliefelts came to the house, and K spoke to them about the background of threats from Rajagopal.

On the seventeenth the Blackburns came by and K told them that Al could assist Alain in his work in the future providing they could pay their own travel expenses, as there were no funds for this. This was something that they had suggested and they said they wanted to do. The next day NBC did a television taping of a K discussion with students, and in the afternoon we returned to Malibu.

It was good to be at home: to walk on the beach in the late afternoons, to go sometimes to a movie. Alain decided that for his holiday he would rather do things he liked, such as writing, instead of going away. We talked about the Krishnamurti Foundation and about the possibilities of Brockwood Park.

On November twenty-second we went to town with the Lilliefelts to the lawyers' office, where we met Mr. Berkowitz, Mr. Selvin, and Mr. Rosenthal. It was decided that they would write to Rajagopal to arrange a meeting with him and his lawyer.

A meeting was held with pessimistic results. On December ninth Krishnaji, Alain, and I met an old friend of K's, Sidney Field, in Los Angeles, who took us to see Judge Robert Kenney, a former attorney general of the State of California, for advice. He was shown evidence, unearthed by Erna Lilliefelt, of the questionable handling of KW Inc. assets by Rajagopal. Judge Kenney advised us to show this data to the then-attorney general. A day or so later, there was another telephone call from Rajagopal; K happened to pick up the phone and handed it to me. It was another demand to see K alone.

In the days to follow, K recommenced dictation to Alain and began to hold discussions at the house with interested people largely invited by Alain. Various people came to lunch at different times including Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy, Deborah Kerr and her husband, Peter Viertel, and Sidney Field and his brother John.

On December seventeenth a cable came saying that Brockwood Park had that day been bought by the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust. Every afternoon there was a walk on the beach before the sun sank into the Pacific. In the slanting winter light, there was a sheen on the sand where seabirds were searching for their supper. K strode ahead, often in silence, as though absorbed in air and sea.

On the nineteenth we drove to Ojai and to the Lilliefelts' for tea and to meet old friends of K. He took the wheel with enthusiasm. "I like to drive. It is a way to see nature without people around." Coming into the valley, he said he felt a welcome from the hills: "I've climbed them all. It has nothing to do with the people."

We watched the launch of the Apollo moon flight on television and followed its orbit for ten circlings and back to land safely in the Pacific. On the twenty-ninth the first publication under K Foundation copyright—*Freedom from the Known*, edited by Mary Lutyens—arrived, a Krishnamurti book that was to become and remains a classic.

So 1968 ended.

CHAPTER 15

The new year of 1969 began with a warm, clear, and beautiful morning, the ocean rolling gently in a sleepy summer way. K was out on the lawn before breakfast, looking at the hills and far, far out to sea. He dictated in the morning. The next day Alan Watts and his wife came to lunch, bringing an especially large bottle of vodka in case our household could not provide. Alain left in the afternoon, heading north to set up K's talks in Berkeley, Stanford, and Santa Cruz. Sol Rosenthal, our lawyer, telephoned to report a visit from Rosalind Rajagopal to talk about K and Rajagopal and was told that they could not discuss it with her.

Krishnaji told me he had dreamt of Nitya, that it happened three or four times a year, and that it was always about being protected, their looking out for one another. This time Nitya was protecting K, walking ahead through a crowd and looking back. "We were friends. I was running to catch up with him. How odd to keep dreaming all these years. It is forty-four years since he died. I suppose the wound is still there, buried. Sometimes they are sad dreams, sometimes not. This wasn't."

During this time K continued to hold discussions with a group who came to the house. There was also a visit with the Lilliefelts to discuss with our lawyer, Sol Rosenthal, questions to submit to Rajagopal and the setting up of a Krishnamurti Foundation of

America. An insufficient reply came from Rajagopal's lawyer. It was decided to act on Judge Kenney's advice and consult the attorney general.

Mary and Joe Links arrived for a visit that coincided with a week of drenching rain that stopped just as they left on their flight for San Francisco. I had flown there for a day to look at and engage rooms for the time of K's talks, and on January thirtieth, he and I drove north, stopping for a picnic lunch, and continuing on through green and beautiful country. Krishnaji's enjoyment was in his face. "What a country!" he would say. We went the inland route because the coast road through Big Sur was closed from the heavy rains, and we stayed the night in Carmel. The next day we went to Point Lobos before continuing on. The ocean shone in the morning light, and we watched sea otters sliding through the kelp. We reached San Francisco in the afternoon and the Huntington Hotel, where Alain was waiting. We had rooms with a sitting room and a kitchen attached where I could fix our meals.

On February third Krishnaji gave his first of four talks at Berkeley to an audience of about 2,500. On the seventh K was invited by Alan Watts to come to the houseboat where he lived in Sausalito to meet what he described as the "best minds in San Francisco." It turned out rather badly. The discussion was fairly messy, alcohol was having its effect, and we soon left.

A nicer visit for K was to call on an old friend, Mrs. Mathias, frail and almost totally blind, but warm and welcoming.

On the tenth we left the Huntington and drove north to Sonoma State College, where K spoke and lunched with the students. Then we turned south and drove to Palo Alto, where we had rooms at the Stanford Faculty Club. The next day Buckminster Fuller came to talk to K. This was taped by KPFK but was not exactly the interesting exchange that was anticipated. Mr. Fuller arrived in a rush, ebullient, voluble, wanting to know why K was a vegetarian, and after a cascade of conversation in which K, in my memory, was only able to say an occasional "quite," Fuller rushed off to catch a plane. That afternoon K gave the first of his four talks at Stanford.

On the sixteenth, after lunch and K's rest, we left Stanford and drove south to Santa Cruz, where he was to give four talks at Cowell College. He had one free day, and we drove inland, where he walked among redwood trees in quiet, solitary enjoyment. I hovered discreetly in the car, unable to walk just then because of my ailing leg.

We were up early on February twenty-first and left Santa Cruz going south via Carmel and the coast road, which had just been reopened after the winter storms. We stopped at Nepenthe to look for a while at that majestic meeting of continent's edge and limitless ocean then drove on, stopping near Cambria for a picnic lunch. K drove the next 150 miles to Santa Barbara, and then I took over until we reached Malibu.

It had rained in the night but was a beautiful morning on the twenty-second when Erna and Theo Lilliefelt came with Ruth Tettemer. We talked for a while and then in the

afternoon formally signed before a notary the trust documents founding the Krishnamurti Foundation of America. The trustors were Krishnamurti, Theo Lilliefelt, Ruth Tettemer, and Mary Zimbalist. The trustees were Krishnamurti, Erna Lilliefelt, Alain Naudé, Ruth Tettemer, and Mary Zimbalist. We then had a first trustee meeting.

On the twenty-fourth Alain flew to Paris and later to Saanen to arrange housing for the many students who, having heard K's talks, were planning to go to the summer meetings.

On the twenty-seventh K and I met the Lilliefelts and Ruth Tettemer at the office of our lawyer, Sol Rosenthal, and went with him to the Los Angeles office of the attorney general of California, where we met Mr. Laurence Tapper, who was to investigate the situation around Krishnamurti Writings Inc.

The heavy rains of the winter had recommenced and now loosened the sodden soil, causing earth slides at the top of my hill above the beach. I had to leave further efforts to contain the situation when on March fourth Krishnaji and I left Malibu and flew to London and onto Paris, where Alain met us, and we spent one night at the Pont Royal Hotel. My car had been brought there from its winter storage in Thun, and in the morning, and with K and I in it and Alain in his car, we drove north to Le Touquet and flew by air ferry to Lydd, where we paused for lunch and drove on westward across southern England. I had underestimated how long this would take and was exhausted when, at last, as the sun was going down, we saw the sign "Brockwood Park."

We drove up the lane, through gates, and there at the end of the driveway was the big white house. There, too, were Dorothy and Montague Simmons, Doris Pratt, Donald Hoppen (the architect friend who had helped to find the place), Alan Hooker from Ojai, and four boy students-to-be. The house was impressive, beautiful, and Georgian, begun in 1769, large enough for the school then envisaged, and with a west wing, which was to be Krishnaji's quarters. That first night, after seeing everything inside, we had supper in the kitchen and went to bed, tired but pleased at where we had come.

The light of day unfolded the beauty of Brockwood's land. The house is surrounded by parklands, wide lawns, a rose garden, and a large, high-walled kitchen garden. The Foundation had bought only the house and the fewer-than-forty acres surrounding it (of the eight hundred it had once had), but these remained unchanged, one's eye free to cross rolling fields to woods without the intrusion of another building.

Across a field to the west there is a grove where one enters a small world of tall trees, seven redwoods, a handkerchief tree, azaleas, and rhododendrons. It is a place unto itself, quiet; as though, if one walks gently, silently, perhaps one might see a unicorn. K was enchanted.

Apart from beds and necessary linen, which I had chosen months earlier in case we found a house, the West Wing, which was, so to speak, Krishnamurti's house within a house, had no furniture, so I went up to London to start finding things. When I came back in the afternoon, K said to me very sweetly, "Well, did you get it all done?"

On March twelfth K began his London talks. Though the talk was at 7 p.m., he had decided not to go to a hotel afterward but to return to Brockwood. The hall was in Wimbledon, and we left directly afterward. This made it much easier for him. There were four talks in all. Meanwhile, people came and went, and with great help from Paul Anstee, a friend of a friend of mine, I worked on furnishings for the West Wing.

On April second Krishnaji, Alain, and I left Brockwood in the two cars heading for Dover. Outside Rye, a man on a curve crashed into the right side of my car, crushing the rear fender against the wheel. We were not hurt, and the police found the man was at fault, so with help to free the wheel enough to continue and catch the ferry, I drove on ahead with Krishnaji. For less weight in the damaged car, we transferred to Alain's car, which had been just behind, all the luggage. We made the ferry, debarked in Calais, and drove to Montreuil, where we spent the night in the Château de Montreuil, a very nice hotel. In the morning we drove on to Paris and were in the house in the rue de Verdun in time for lunch. That evening Alain and I went to hear Sviatoslav Richter play Bach's *The Well-Tempered Clavier* in the Salle Pleyel.

K continued dictating the so-called "Holiday Book" to Alain; there was shopping to do, movies to see, as well as discussions with young people, which were held at the Hotel Pont Royal. This year the Paris talks were held in the Salle de la Chimie, an excellent hall. There were five of these and also a taped interview with K at UNESCO and always afternoon walks in the Bois. It was spring, and Paris was en fleur.

On April twenty-sixth we left and drove northeast, stopping in Arras for lunch at Le Changy and continuing on into Belgium and to Brussels, where we were guests of Suzanne and Hugues van der Straten in the big comfortable house where they lived with five of their many children. It was a very pleasant visit, and after a relaxed morning, the next day we left in the afternoon. In three hours we were in Hilversun in Holland, where Anneke was waiting in a house at Gravelandweg, which she had rented for K and furnished with loans from well-wishers. After getting settled the next day, K, Alain, and I drove to Koekenhof to see the tulips again and order bulbs for Brockwood. On returning to the house, we learned that De Gaulle had resigned after the defeat of the referendum in France.

Krishnaji and I did some errands in Bussum and then walked once more in the lovely wood near the thatched cottage where we had lived two years earlier. It had not changed, and little ducks were still busy in the streams.

On May third K gave his first Amsterdam talk at the Congrescentrum, sometimes called the RAI. It was a warm spring day, the hall was full, and it was a very strong talk. In the car coming back, he felt somewhat faint, but after lunch he felt like coming with me to do marketing errands. The next day there was the second talk and in the afternoon a tea for all the people who had helped. There was a young people's discussion a few days later also at the Congrescentrum. As always, he seemed to have limitless energy for these many meetings, but it was discussed how he could cut down some of the travel and

talking. He said, however, that he must give public talks. “Something happens in them that is different from discussions.”

One afternoon I went into Amsterdam with Alain, looking for a particular book Alain wanted. The search took us to the Theosophical Society bookstore. On the wall were two sepia-colored, larger-than-life-size photographs—one of Mrs. Besant and the other of C. W. Leadbeater. They seemed like something from another century long, long ago. It seemed impossible that those two people could have played a part in Krishnamurti’s life or to connect them in time to the living, vital, in-the-present person we knew.

On May fourteenth, K gave his fifth and final Amsterdam talk. On the fifteenth there was the last of the young people’s discussions; the hall at the RAI was filled and overflowed to the halls outside, where many more listened. On the sixteenth K and I left Hilversum and drove to Rotterdam, where we got lost trying to find the dock airport, but eventually did. Alain was waiting there, and we flew the cars to Southend, where there was the pleasant surprise of Mary and Joe Links to meet us and guide the way to London through crowded traffic. We reached Brockwood in the early evening.

In the ensuing days there was much to do about furnishing the West Wing, errands in London, K weeding the lawn, going for drives in the surrounding lovely Hampshire countryside—he was practicing driving the Mercedes before applying for a British driving license. There were trips up to London; Mary Lutyens and her family came down to Brockwood; there were meetings about the school, publications; and on the twenty-second of June, K held a first discussion at Brockwood with about 165 people. He played Frisbee on the lawn, too, and with the arrival of Desikachar, yoga lessons became the order of the days. He took some driving lessons to be sure he knew all British requirements, and when the day for the test came, he went off to Winchester with the instructor and came back looking very pleased. He had passed.

That summer in Gstaad, instead of the usual flat in Les Caprices, I had taken half of a chalet called Trois Ours. It was up the hill toward Chalet Tannegg and a little more spacious. I moved into it on July sixth. K was staying with Vanda at Tannegg as always, and he soon began meetings with young people. Alain had done his usual good job of organizing these and had gone ahead to arrange housing for the young in Schonried. Yoga lessons continued daily with Desikachar, but on the sixteenth he returned to India. The next day K began his Saanen talks.

Krishnaji had asked me to talk to Vanda about our all sharing Chalet Tannegg and its expenses the following summer, and she and I agreed to it. She asked me to look after things when she had to return to Florence, so I moved up there on the twenty-first.

CHAPTER 16

1970 began with Krishnamurti in India. He wrote to me, and I replied from Malibu while negotiations with Rajagopal continued through respective lawyers. At one point

Rajagopal telephoned ostensibly to tell me he was meeting on January twenty-first with Mr. Tapper, the attorney general. The latter and our lawyer, David Leipziger, went to Ojai and conferred for six hours with Rajagopal and his lawyer, Mr. Loebl. This meeting was not very productive.

In January I drove to La Jolla, where Mrs. Martha Longenecker had offered her house for Krishnamurti's use if he came to speak at San Diego State College. I went with her to the college and met Dr. Ray Jordan, head of religious studies, and Dr. Allan Anderson. I also looked at the hall and conference rooms, and discussed possible dates.

On January twenty-sixth Krishnaji flew from Bombay to Rome, and on the twenty-eighth he came to Brockwood. He gave me his last two letters, nos. 25 and 26—the latter was written during the flight to London. On February second, at Heathrow, he met the head of the religious department of the BBC for an hour's discussion before boarding a flight for Los Angeles. It landed at 6 p.m., and we came home to Malibu and supper on trays by the fire. He had been up for 24 hours but was brightly awake and wanting to talk.

In the days that followed, K rested, slept a great deal, and in the late afternoons we walked on the beach. The Lilliefelts came to lunch, and we discussed the law case at length. On February fifth K had me telephone Rajagopal to tell him that he had arrived and would telephone himself after he had had a rest. It was a brief conversation. Part of the rest was going to movies. He especially enjoyed *Butch Cassidy & the Sundance Kid*, which fulfilled the criteria of Western scenery, engaging characters, and lots of action.

On February tenth he resumed dictating the book to me each morning. On the afternoon of the thirteenth, we drove to the top of Corral Canyon and walked along the ridge on a fire road. To the west was the limitless ocean, and all else was the original beauty of the California hills, which he had so long loved. We came happily back to tea and supper. Earlier K asked me to ring Rajagopal, who wasn't in, but later Rajagopal rang back and K spoke to him, inviting him to come and tell what he envisaged as a peaceful settlement. Rajagopal replied that his lawyer forbade him to discuss this.

On the seventeenth, as part of his dictations, K did a conversation with me on suicide. On the twenty-first he held the first of a series of discussions at the house with about twenty-eight people. A second one was held the following day, and it was videotaped. Alain had come for the weekend and had generated some of those who attended. On the twenty-fifth K and I drove north to Santa Barbara and back on the inland road to Lake Casitas, where we had a picnic lunch. It was a warm and lovely day. We drove on to the Lilliefelts' for a talk and tea with them and Ruth Tettemer before returning to Malibu in time for supper. On the twenty-sixth, after dictation in the morning, we went to the NBC studios in Burbank, where a live television interview of K was done by Robert Abernathy.

On Sunday, March first at 2 p.m., K gave his first talk at the Santa Monica Auditorium. The hall, holding 3,000, was full, and about 300 had to be turned away. It was, to me, a superb talk. We came home and walked in spite of a light rain. K spoke the following day

and weekend, again to over 3,000 people, but on the ride home he said he had felt like someone singing to the deaf.

We sat up until quite late one evening while Krishnaji told me about the curious chain of events in his life and a seeming protective providence of which he had always been conscious. About the early accounts of his meeting masters, he said that he remembered something happened that was of spiritual significance; he knew that it happened, but could not remember details.

On March twelfth, with K driving, we went again to Lake Casitas with our picnic lunch, and then to the Lilliefelts' where, after a rest, K held a discussion with Ojai people he had known through the years—other than members of KW Inc. Alain came to Malibu for the weekend, and on the third and fourth the private discussion group came and both were videotaped. Another Ojai discussion was held on the nineteenth and still another weekend of Malibu discussions took place. In between all these, K continued his dictations and gave numerous private interviews. On the twenty-third his end lower right molar was pulled. It had been loose and infected and probably had been making him feel under par for some months. A local anesthetic, zylocaine, was used, and it came out easily, but on the way home in the car, K fainted twice.

Some friends who had just seen Rajagopal and the Vigevenos said that they were told that K wouldn't see Rajagopal. On K's behalf I telephoned R and asked him to come with or without the Vigevenos to see K. He replied he would think about it and let me know. Later that day, Sidney Field and Laura Huxley brought a group of young people, sent by Dr. Weininger, to talk to K. When they were gone we walked in the garden and saw the great horned owl who had come to live in a eucalyptus tree near the garage.

On the twenty-seventh the Lilliefelts, Ruth Tettemer, Sidney Roth, and Donald Hoppen came for the annual general meeting of the KFA board. Alain flew down from Berkeley. The next day K, Alain, and I had an interesting discussion, which we recorded on audiocassette, and in the afternoon there was the seventh private discussion group, which was videotaped. A letter came from Rajagopal saying he could not leave Ojai to see K. The group's discussion on the following day was also videotaped, and afterward, on the remaining portion of the tape, K restated something of what he had said at the KFA board meeting about the future of Brockwood and uses of Foundations.

On the thirtieth K gave interviews to Rabbi Rabin and Rabbi Lyman, then, as always, in the late afternoon we went for a beach walk. The next day K, Alain, Miranda Dunne, and I went to lunch in Los Angeles at the Bel-Air Hotel and then to see a movie, *Airport*. We then drove Alain to catch his plane to San Francisco. He had decided to stay in California and planned to go to Europe, gather his things, and return to San Francisco. We said a warm goodbye.

On April third it was such a lovely day we decided to delay going to La Jolla. It was too nice in Malibu, and we took a long beach walk, posted a letter from K to Rajagopal, and

in the evening he telephoned K, saying he wanted to see him before K left. K replied he would ring him before leaving. It was a brief conversation.

The following day, April fourth, I packed our things, and K and I drove south on a hot, clear morning. We stopped for a picnic lunch in the car near San Juan Capistrano and then continued on to La Jolla and the house that Martha Longenecker was so kindly lending to K for his week of talks at San Diego State College. She and the Lilliefelts were staying nearby. We unpacked and then took a walk along the cliffs above the ocean. I made our supper, and we went early to bed.

On the following day, after an early lunch, we drove to the college, where at 3 p.m. Krishnaji gave a first talk in Montezuma Hall. We walked later and he spoke of the two months he spent alone in a cabin in Sequoia, of his shyness and avoidance of people, of going to buy his supplies when there were the fewest people around. He was shy even of the ranger who cautioned him to be careful on long walks and said that even as we were walking he would have been too shy to walk alone.

There was a second talk the next day, and on the seventh K had the Lilliefelts and Sidney Roth come to discuss legal matters. A past contributor to Krishnamurti Writings, Sidney Roth was concerned about what had been done by Rajagopal and offered to help in untangling the legalities of the situation. His lawyer, Harry N. Wyatt, on behalf of Sidney Roth, was offering constructive advice and did so that morning by telephone from Chicago. At this time, Mr. Tapper was having increasing doubts about Rajagopal's actions as he had failed to give answers to our questions, in spite of having reasonable opportunities to do so. The possibility of bringing legal action by the attorney general or by KFA or by both together was discussed. Krishnaji's reluctance to be in a lawsuit did not present a problem providing the trustees of KFA took the initiative. Mr. Tapper suggested that our lawyer, Mr. Leipziger, meet again with Rajagopal and his lawyer and discuss an audit. If Rajagopal was unwilling, he would be told that litigation was contemplated that would be brought by both the office of the attorney general and trustees of KFA.

On April eighth K held a large public discussion at San Diego State. In the afternoon, with Erna and Theo Lilliefelt, we went to visit the naval base in Coronado and were able to go on board the heavy cruiser St. Paul that K found very interesting. With his usual meticulous attention, he observed the ship with the enthusiasm of a young boy. On the ninth he gave a fourth and final talk at the college. At the house there was a 1929 copy of the *Theosophical Star Bulletin*. In it was a photograph of him; he glanced at it and said, "He must have been a very gentle person."

Back in Malibu, K followed the Apollo 13 circling of the moon. There was an inconclusive letter from Rajagopal and James Vigeveno, and a telephone call from Mrs. Porter. Nothing progressed. On April eighteenth K and I flew to England.

There was sun and daffodils at Brockwood, but the trees were still bare. K was tired and so was I, so there was rest and walks. K talked of the need for quiet, both outward and

within. There were trips to London for K to see a dentist, which resulted in two teeth being pulled at Brockwood, where the dentist obligingly came, accompanied by a nurse, and the whole thing went quite easily. Mary Links talked to K about the biography of him she was writing, and he discussed the mystery, as he called it, of what kept "the boy" unconditioned and the sense of something protecting him. It was a subject he returned to many times. There was shopping to do in London, and sometimes he came with me on errands in the country. He liked to drive slowly through the lanes surrounding Brockwood, often getting slightly and pleasantly lost and having the surprise of finding our way back. On one particular day we passed a house we both found lovely, set back from the road with a donkey grazing in the foreground. I made a note of where the road emerged to join the familiar A272 to Brockwood, but in all the years since I could never find that lovely house again.

K continued the book dictation, spoke to the school, gave private interviews, washed the car, and rain or shine we walked in the late afternoons. On May sixteenth we drove to London, taking a picnic lunch, which we ate in Richmond Park, and went to Mrs. Bindley's, where K slept for an hour, then went to the Friends Hall, where he gave the first of his London talks of that year. We drove back to Brockwood afterward. The second talk was on the twentieth. K felt it didn't get going well and it was an indifferent audience. We spent that night at the Digbys' house. Mary Links came with us while K saw his dentist the next morning, then we lunched at L'Aperitif. On the way back to Brockwood, K did the driving from Guildford to the house. On the twenty-seventh we went again to Mrs. Bindley's, where K rested until the third talk, a very fine one that went well; we had a picnic supper in the car on Wimbledon Common on the way home. This pattern was repeated on the thirtieth for the fourth and last London talk.

In early June, on the sixth, two cartons of bees arrived and were put in the new hives. K said later, "Now I feel this is a real place. It has bees! Bees are a marvelous thing." That day and on the following, he held a discussion with about 200 invited guests, mostly on violence.

When I brought him his breakfast on the ninth, he said that something different in meditation had occurred in the night, that it would have been described in the old terminology as "an initiation."

On June twelfth we were invited to tea by longtime friends of mine, Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers. They lived with their four children near Dorking. We drove there, getting caught in a cloudburst, which caused the car to stall for half an hour, but it was clear when we arrived. After tea we went out to an enclosed part of the garden where they had something to show us. The background to this began a few years earlier, when both of them went to Africa to make the motion picture *Born Free*. In addition to acting, they found themselves working with lions, an event that made the welfare of wild animals a central interest for them both. What we were shown was a handsome young male lion in an enclosure. He had a caravan to live in, plenty of space, and a rubber tire suspended from a tree to play with. He had come there as follows: Some weeks earlier, Bill had wandered into an antique store on the Kings Road in London, and after being shown

some furniture, the owner said, “Mr. Travers, I think I have something that would interest you in the back.” It was a young lion.

“Where did you get him?” Bill inquired.

“Harrods,” was the reply.

It seemed that at Christmas time, as an unusual gift, a lion cub was on offer. The young antique dealer was so appalled by this that he bought the little cub and took it home. He was able to look after it, and for a time exercise it at night in a churchyard when no one was around, but little cubs grow, and by now this young male was almost as large as a pony and his mane was sprouting. Things were getting difficult.

What ensued was that the Traverses agreed to take the lion to their place in the country and arrange to take this zoo-bred lion to Africa and teach him to live in the wild. This was what happened, but that afternoon Krishnamurti and I had the pleasure of seeing him inches away behind the wire fence. Both Ginny and Bill could go inside when they fed him, and K would have liked to do so, but they thought it unwise. For adults taller than the lion, there was an element of authority, but when their little youngest son trotted along the fence with us, he became prey in the instinct of the lion, which assumed a stalking prowl inside the fence.

In the days ahead, K held group discussions that were videotaped, gave an interview to the BBC conducted by the head of the BBC religious department, and gave individual private interviews as well. One evening he asked if I would carry on in the work when he was gone: “You have listened to all this.”

On June seventeenth K and I went to London by train for a fitting, then to the dentist, and then to lunch with Mary Links at their flat. Afterward they continued their discussion of his early life for the biography. The tape recorder didn’t work, so I took notes. On the train coming back, K felt tired and quite sick by the time we reached Brockwood. He coughed a lot and, though without fever, became slightly delirious. “He shouldn’t have gone to town. Who’s looking after him? He’s left the body. No, no, not that!” The next day he was shaking and weak at first, stayed in bed but felt better later and was able to read and watch television with a poultice on his chest. He was in bed for the rest of the week but got up for the group discussions on Saturday and Sunday.

He was well enough to want to wash the car on the twenty-sixth, and the next day we went to have tea with the Linkses at their country place in Blackdown, K doing the driving. We all went for a walk and then drove home through the lovely light of a summer evening. “Enjoy!” said K. “We had fun. Let’s enjoy ourselves.” And we did.

CHAPTER 17

On June thirtieth, 1970, Krishnaji and I drove via Fareham and Brighton to Lydd, he doing about half the driving, and had a picnic lunch in the car along the way. We flew the car and selves across the Channel to Le Touquet and went eleven miles further to Montreuil to spend the night at the Château de Montreuil. We took a walk along the battlements before supper; there was a sea wind blowing and swallows flying; K seemed both exhilarated and relaxed, pleased to be in France again.

In the morning we drove on to Paris, lunched with my father, did two errands, and drove on to Barbizon, where at the Bas-Bréau we had the same nice rooms as in 1968. We walked in the forest before supper and the following morning left, heading for Switzerland on the smallest country roads. At such times K seemed at one with the passing countryside, the winding road through small villages, pleased to be away for a time from everything except poplar trees, fields, and the wide sky. He would sometimes sing in a dreamy way, as if a hum to himself, but his hum would be a Sanskrit chant from long ago.

We spent one more night en route and then via Dijon crossed into Switzerland and Geneva. We stopped at the Hôtel du Rhône and then walked to Patek Philippe to have watches seen to and do other small annual errands. K rested the following morning, and in the afternoon we took the familiar road to Gstaad. Climbing into mountains gave a special sense of return; they were a presence in whose space one comes and lives for a while. It was as if for Krishnaji there was a silent welcome.

It was a reunion, too, with Vanda at Chalet Tannegg, and with Fosca. For the next few days, K remained in bed resting. Hay fever at that season was again present, and he stayed in. Vanda and I discussed his speaking in Italy in October, possibly in Rome and Perugia. We talked of many things, including whatever it was that seemed to protect K—something he felt and she sensed, too.

On July tenth Vanda left for Florence, and K and I drove to Thun, had a picnic lunch at the edge of the lake, fetched his Mercedes from its winter storage, and drove back to Gstaad in our separate cars.

At lunch K discussed with Herry and Hilda Moorhead the Indian schools and who would see that his teachings were carried out in them if funds were provided from Ojai. Who would see that they were used for K's teachings and not to buy tractors, etc.? He felt that, in India, many of the board were old members who cared about little but the status of the schools and didn't want any interference, even from K himself. Who had the teachings at heart?

In the evening he suddenly said to me, "Think of it! I have been talking in India, spending more time there than anywhere else, and there is not one person who listens and has changed."

“It is terribly difficult for people to change. They are what they are,” I replied.

K responded, “When I die, it will be over. What will happen to you? People aren’t serious. Are you serious? I’ve been talking here for forty years; I’d be a damn fool if I didn’t realize people are as they are. I’m not depressed by it. I will go on talking.”

On the afternoon walk the following day, he said that what would happen to me after he died depended on what I did and was then—i.e., the change in me. He asked me if I felt any presence of my husband after he died. I said yes. We discussed what is evidence and what is imagination. I said that I had felt it strongly but neither saw objectively nor heard anything; it was an intrinsic sense of presence and communication and real to me, but I could not offer objective evidence to another. K said, “You can tell the difference between imagination and a something.” He said he wished he could remember how it was when his brother died. I asked how one could assess such things. I said that I could not assert certain things because I could not see how they could be proven, but I paid attention and did not deny them. I mentioned the conversation with Vanda in which she said that neither she nor I had theosophical conditioning that could account for her being spoken to through K when he was unconscious or for the words he uttered to me when he was sick on June seventeenth: “He shouldn’t have gone to town. Who’s looking after him?”

He then spoke of change and listening: that if you really listened and saw, it erases the habit, the previous imprint. The new then functions in the mind, and whenever an action of the old pattern arises, the mind alerts the conscious attention. He said that my habit of frowning remained because I hadn’t seen the importance of changing it. If I had, the old pattern would have been erased. He said the body sometimes takes time to relearn, but the mind is instantly alert. Therefore to listen, to see is to change. Lack of change is inattention. “Make a note. I will talk about that,” he said.

One day at lunch with the Biascoecheas, K asked Enrique to tell me about the dream he had before K was found as a boy in which Mrs. Besant with a young Indian said, “This is the world-teacher-to-be.” The dream was so strong that Enrique, who was addressing a theosophical meeting, told that a boy had been found before he knew of it officially. “What was he like when you saw him?” K asked, but Enrique was only able to describe what he himself thought, not what the boy was like, except that he was very warm and friendly.

“Write it down, sir,” said K, and later said it would be interesting for Mary Lutyens’s biography.

That afternoon a friend brought her nephew to see K, a boy of about sixteen who had become mentally disabled from an injury in childhood. “Are you asking me to try to heal him?” The friend was silent. K explained about healing, which sometimes works and sometimes doesn’t. The silence deepened, and then K said to bring the boy each day.

The talks had begun in the tent. K spoke on freedom, authority, and comparison as a basis of fear. In response to a questioner asking if it was possible to learn all the time, K said, "You block yourself with such a question. If you are watching there is nothing to learn." People swarmed around him afterward as he walked up the path. I had to edge the car through them to reach him. He wanted a drive before going to Tannegg, so we went toward Lauenen. The snow on the mountain at the end of the valley was brilliant in the summer sunlight.

The Lilliefelts arrived from Ojai, came to lunch, and we caught up on news. There was a letter from James Vigeveno in the usual vein—that it was all a personal matter between K and Rajagopal. K refused to touch it and had me open it. When I began to read it to him, he made me stop, had me jump through it and tell him the gist. I read most of it to him nevertheless, feeling he should know. Each of these letters had seemed something unclean to him. He would not touch or look at them. He had the Lilliefelts read it. A meeting of the lawyers was set for August sixth, and a summary of a settlement offer was due. We went for a drive in the afternoon, and K said, "Try to act from emptiness; find out what it is to do that. It is the way to live."

On July twenty-fourth K held a young people's discussion in the tent. Older people could attend but not interrupt. Almost as many came as for a talk. In the afternoon we went up over the hill and watched a machine clawing enormous rocks out of the river. We ran into Edgar Graf, who told K that he had arranged a large tent as shelter for the young—the hippies who came with little but their sleeping bags. On the walk back K asked me what I would do if he died. I asked him what he would want me to do, but he wouldn't say. Later he came back to it, saying how the line between life and death had always been a very thin one for him. Sometimes he had felt like disappearing. I asked if that meant dying. He said no, no, just going off where nobody knew him. I said that he had often told me that talking was necessary in what he was supposed to do; could living quietly, remotely, and just writing be sufficient? He said no.

The next day he gave his fifth Saanen talk, an absorbing one on fear and pleasure. He said that to be caught in them is the bourgeois mind; when you see in yourself the action of these, what happens? There is a greater sensitivity. You don't suppress or reject it; you see. The sensitivity sees joy, enjoyment that is different from pleasure. There were guests for lunch, and Mary Cadogan came and told him of reactions some people had that they could not get through to him. K listened and examined it, and said, "The speaker also feels you are not coming to him with great buckets. He says something, please take anything you want, and you say, 'Here, give me a little bit of that.' He doesn't want to push. He can pour, pour. When you say, 'This is not enough,' then he can pour."

Later in the village we passed U. G. Krishnamurti, who used to come to Saanen every year when K was talking, never coming to the tent, but speaking disparagingly of K to his listeners. As he came near K, he gave the Indian salute unsmilingly in a hunched, turned-aside way. After we passed, K said, "I felt something unclean."

During the sixth talk a young Italian shouted at K, who had been speaking about pleasure. K was quiet and then resumed, saying: "You take pleasure in violence, in anger."

The death of my father's wife took me to Baden-Baden on July twenty-ninth to be with him and my brother. I was back at Tannegg in the evening of the thirty-first. The days ahead were busy ones. Krishnaji held discussions with young people, and there was the annual meeting of the Saanen Gathering Committee; the Lilliefelts moved into the downstairs apartment at Tannegg, numerous people came to lunch. Publication matters were discussed with the French committee and Spanish-speaking one as well. Enrique Biascoechea brought Mr. Sendra and a lawyer from Puerto Rico, Mr. Faria, to these meetings. It developed that the Puerto Rico committee wanted their own Foundation, and it was rather aggressively expressed, which was not appreciated by some.

The public discussions began in the tent, and Krishnaji seemed to have enormous bursting energy. He continued to give private interviews to many who requested them and discussed future plans for talks. Anneke Korndorffer came to discuss the next year's Amsterdam talks and also spoke of the antagonism of Carlo Suarès, who was there, lecturing about the kabbalah but never coming to the talks. According to Anneke, he was filled with lies from Rajagopal. Nadia Kossiakof, of the French committee, also came to speak of this. I had rung Mme. Suarès and invited them to Tannegg for lunch, but she said she was busy. Nadia discussed the whole Suarès-Rajagopal matter with K, who was upset by it. On top of everything else, another Vigeveno letter came, saying that only K could save the situation without interference by the law. K again would not touch the letter or read it but had me tell him what was in it. K had a brief rest before another Saanen Gathering Committee meeting. At it, K asked Edgar Graf why, after he had been speaking in Switzerland for ten years, there were only about a dozen Swiss at the meetings and what to do about this. When they left we prepared for a walk, but such a thunderstorm came up with hail and heavy rain that we went downstairs and called on the Lilliefelts. K was tired. All the Suarès-Vigeveno-Rajagopal matters were a harassment to him. He slept poorly, his body disturbed, but he said, "You mustn't be tired," or it affected him.

K gave his seventh and eighth public discussions that ended the series. It seemed to me that these talks and discussions were the most intense he had ever given. All the Krishnamurti committees came for a meeting in which he talked about their function after his death. There was also much about publications, and he spelled out the fact that Vimala Thakar had no place in his work. There was a tea for all the Ojai people. K greeted them but soon went for his walk. When they had gone, I followed, saw his footprint along the muddy road and then his remote figure in his raincoat and beret coming along the path. He was tired but full of energy. The concentrated meetings seemed to bring him the necessary, almost limitless vitality. But they had now ended, and he would give no more interviews. He was restless at night. "They don't know how vast this is." He said he must start writing.

On August eleventh I brought Mme. Suarès up the hill to see K. She had sided with Rajagopal through misinformation from Mima Porter, according to Anneke and Nadia

Kossiakof, and was upset. She had been told that K had refused to see Rajagopal. Krishnaji explained why he wouldn't see Rajagopal alone but had tried repeatedly to meet him. She had a story that Gérard Blitz had resigned from the Foundation because Rajagopal was right. Krishnaji pointed out that Blitz had joined the Foundation a year after he had seen Rajagopal. Alain Naudé was blamed for everything. K said his troubles with Rajagopal had been going on for ten years before Alain appeared. K didn't mention the attorney general being part of this but said that things were now up to Rajagopal if he wished to settle. He said he didn't ask her, or care what she did, but if she wrote to Mrs. Porter, to remember that it was the time for a settlement.

The thirteenth of August was a cloudless morning, brilliant in summer sunlight, and clearly the day to go for a drive. In K's car we set off down the mountain to Aigle and along the lake to lunch in Lausanne at the Grappe d'Or. We shopped for some socks and then headed back through the mountains via Bulle. The Dents du Midi shone in their crown of snow. Along the way, K said, "Shall we talk seriously?" and then said that no one had made the change; was there something he should do about this before he died? "I don't feel to blame." I began to ask what was an understanding of a statement of his, such as having an empty mind. He said he wanted to go into it but not that day; to bring it up again. The drive was a little too long for him; he was tired but still wanted to stop at the shoe store in Saanen where he found some walking shoes that pleased him. Later he said, "I come from far away."

Vanda's son, Alberto, and daughter, Paola, with her husband, John Cohen, who were staying in the downstairs flat, came several times to lunch. K was pleased to see and talk with them. On a walk along the river, he spoke to me about what he called the "second-rateness" of some of the early people: Rajagopal, Rosalind, the Vigevenos, the Suarèses, for example, who were around him because they were at hand and therefore served a purpose in a practical sense to whatever seemed to order things around K. He said the recent entourage were more mature, more thinking. In this there was his often-expressed feeling that something watched over and directed his life. He used the word "indecent" about Rajagopal and Rosalind. She once kicked him with her knee so that he was in pain for days, but he never felt angry; it left no mark on his spirit. Rajagopal had been as he was then from the very beginning. K and Nitya both felt an aversion to him. Rajagopal once told someone in India who wanted him to stay there that he must leave with K or K would forget him, "which was true," said K.

Another luncheon invitation given to the Suarèses was accepted, and afterward K spoke alone with Mme. Suarès and suggested she ask Yo de Manziarly why she hadn't attempted to find out the facts before she had turned against him.

The Lilliefelts left Gstaad. There were various people to lunch and always the afternoon walk. On one of these K said he read in a *Maigret*, which he was reading in French to practice French, the phrase, "his thought was faster than the words," and he realized that when he was giving talks he didn't think at all.

On August eighteenth, with K driving, we went to Thun to leave his car in storage for the winter. After a picnic lunch behind a little church at the edge of the lake, we boarded the small steamer that crossed over to Spiez. At the end of the lake, the high mountains, the Mönch, Eiger, and Jungfrau, were heavy with new snow. At Spiez we took a bus up the hill to the station. At lunch K had given most of his rice to the swans, so we went into the buffet, and he had a bun and some tonic water. The train to Zweisimmen, where we changed to one to Gstaad, delighted him. He stood all the way, absorbed as a child, with his hands in their driving gloves holding the edge of the window, lost in looking out, with a remote, absent look that silently saw all the passing valley. Later he said, "I like to go on trains; you see better. I must go on more trains." In the days before he flew, he used to watch from trains in India the vast country unroll. In Gstaad we bought our paper, took a cab up as far as the Palace Hotel, and walked the rest of the way up the hill.

The next day Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh and the Biascoecheas came to lunch. Mrs. Lindbergh talked about ecology and the concern of her husband for conservation. She spoke rather intensely, both assertive in conversation and direct but with a trace of shyness, too. A very nice, very perceptive person. K was pleased to see her. We went later to the bank to arrange some financial things in which he gave me power of attorney, and he accepted the same from Enrique Biascoechea over certain funds. We then took a last walk of the season over the hill to the river. Later he said, "Since the train ride I have felt very far away."

Section Five

CHAPTER 18

The morning of August twentieth, 1970, was cool and gray. We said goodbye to Fosca and drove in the Mercedes toward the Geneva airport, where I gave up my car to the Mercedes dealer from Thun as part of an order for a different one the following spring. We flew to London and were met by Dorothy Simmons and drove off through the rain to Brockwood. K was very silent and remote. He said he had been "far off" since the train ride two days earlier and that when he was in that state in the past, if the Rajagopals had asked him something, he would reply, "Anything you say." His face was an austere mask in the car, but he returned enough to greet people on arrival at Brockwood.

The next day K held a meeting with the Simmonses, Doris Pratt, Donald Hoppen, and me. There had been a dissension in Brockwood over the presence of someone who was not a member of the staff; Dorothy was tense and grim-faced. K took in the situation and really blazed at all of us. "When you have tried reasoning, talking with them, and it does no good and you don't want to use threats, what do you do?" He hammered so hard at Dorothy—the others kept silent—that I was afraid she would come apart, so I drew some of his fire and what a fire it was. "You can't walk away from it—you have to educate them!" The end of it was that we have tried discussion and they have turned that into a game of contention. "We are through with that. This is the direction of Brockwood—not your direction—but the original direction for which it was begun. Do you want to come with us? And if so, it will be an answer in action and not merely verbal." It was 7 o'clock by the time this meeting ended.

The Lilliefelts came and stayed in the West Wing guest room. A young American, who had been in Saanen, arrived and said he would like to join Brockwood. This was good news to me until K mentioned to me that this young American had expressed a feeling of K's death and that he would be present then when K was 77. This shocked me so that I felt sick and never wanted to hear of this young man again. K was impatient with all this. "You must face it," he said. "I don't know why you all make so much fuss about death." I said I would face it when it came but didn't care to face trivial references to it conversationally. Later he said, "I think I will live quite a lot longer. Or pop off anytime."

In London on August twenty-ninth, there was the first joint meeting of KF London, as it was called then, and KFA. Present were K, Mary Cadogan, Dorothy Simmons, George Digby, David Bohm, Hugues van der Straten, Erna and Theo Lilliefelt, and me. The post had brought a letter reporting in detail the August sixth meeting between our lawyer, David Leipziger; Rajagopal's lawyer, Mr. Loebl; and the representative of the attorney general, Mr. Tapper. In it we learned the disturbing news that Mr. Tapper had proposed that Rajagopal be permitted to carry on publication of post-1968 material, which all of us thought was non-negotiable. K felt that perhaps R was wanting to settle with him, was not really wanting to carry on that work but wanted a rapprochement with him and would hand over things to him personally. This and all matters to do with an India Foundation, Spanish-American one, and Australia too were discussed. The next morning there was a

long talk between K, Hugues, and me about the impossibility of the Tapper publishing proposal for Rajagopal. Erna cabled our feelings to David Leipziger and drafted a stiff letter to follow.

At lunch Dorothy gave a résumé of the instant hostility of the latest pupil from the U.S. He wanted to leave after being there two hours because of his hair. It had been suggested that he keep it reasonably clean, neat, and not too long. Hair was one's most sacred subject in those days. We took a long and lovely walk that afternoon. K had dictated a conversation on the meaning of cooperation in the morning and said he had decided to start a new book on education, giving views of parents, students, and teachers. Mary Lutyens would be ready to edit it in January, so he wanted to work on this every day. He began the following morning.

Brockwood began to fill with people, and on September fifth, a bright sunny day, Krishnaji gave the first of four talks in a tent put up in the field beyond the swimming pool. About 600 people came, and the following day there were half as many. In an adjacent tent, lunch was available for all, including K, who ate standing up from his paper plate as the more confident people came up to speak to him.

He also held a meeting with the school at which he enunciated the intention of Brockwood, which was intelligence, which was sensitivity and freedom. Freedom was being free of one's own conditioning. He enlarged on this theme in the public discussion in the tent, saying that the fragmented, conditioned mind could see that it was patterned as it happened, and that instantaneous perception freed it. At the next school meeting he continued saying what Brockwood was about, the meaning of freedom, and, in this, what is discipline? What do we do if, after discussion and agreement, someone doesn't follow through, is disagreeable, and perpetually disregards what has been agreed? Do we punish—which is a repellent act—what do we do? It is the recalcitrant person who punishes himself by pulling away from intelligence, from the offer to live in accord and friendship, from the learning process. It had been almost a detective story wondering what K would come to. Later he told me that he had no idea where he was going; it just came out.

Our lawyer for the American foundation, Sol Rosenthal came to Brockwood on September thirteenth for a meeting with Krishnaji, the Lilliefelts, and myself. A proposal was thought up to make to Rajagopal by which he would be invited to join us, become a trustee of KFA and KF London, via a cordial letter from Rosenthal and David Leipziger to Rajagopal's lawyer, Mr. Loebl. It would say that K would come to Ojai on his way to Australia in the autumn and would then invite Rajagopal into the fold. The specifics of this would be worked out by the lawyers later. This was discussed as essentially what Rajagopal might want as an ultimate face-saver. Afterward the English trustees met Rosenthal, the proposal was discussed, and they gave their assent to inviting Rajagopal to join KF London.

The next day K met with the Lilliefelts, the Digbys, Dorothy Simmons, David Bohm, myself, and Dr. Balasundaram, who was at Brockwood, to discuss the Indian Foundation

and relations between the three. The question of K's position on KF India was brought up but could not be settled until Pupul Jayakar arrived. K raised the question of what was his and everyone else's responsibility in all these matters and bore down on Balasundaram as to whether the Indian schools really work at the teachings. He pointed out that this was necessary if support was to be given by the American trustees.

The Lilliefelts left, but Pupul Jayakar arrived on September seventeenth. She, K, Balasundaram, and I met to discuss KF India's relations with the other K Foundations. She suggested annual meetings of at least one member from each Foundation so that trust could be built. Topics to be explored would be the needs of each Foundation, publications, matters of overall policy, and any other pressing matter. She had been shocked when she read some of the legal data unearthed about Rajagopal. K then told her and Balasundaram in complete privacy of what had been decided during Rosenthal's visit: to offer Rajagopal membership in KFA and KF London in return for all KW Inc. archives and assets. They both welcomed the idea and approved. We discussed K being on the KFI board. There had been resistance to this in India on the theory that as a religious person he should not hold a secular position, but it had also been strongly felt in the West that, after the betrayal by Rajagopal, no organization bearing K's name should exist without his having full powers in it. She said that if K disapproved of anything, everyone on the India board would do what he said. Later in the day I voiced my own doubts about my own election as an Indian trustee. She said it had been a gesture and it didn't matter if I couldn't attend meetings. She seemed to understand that it wasn't feasible to have representatives of each Foundation on all other boards but thought the idea was a good one in principle and hoped that annual meetings of representatives from each would have the same effect.

Balasundaram left on September nineteenth. K continued his dictations of the education book. In the late afternoon, taking Whisper with us, K and I went for a long walk coming back across the fields and into the Grove. We no sooner entered than there was an extraordinary silence. Neither of us spoke, and we walked as if we didn't want to tread on the grass. There was no wind, an utter quiet; the great trees were like silent, living guardians of something: witnesses. There was a sense of something sacred, a presence that was total stillness. When we came out, latched the gate, and continued across the field, K said, "Did you feel it? It was something holy; one didn't even want to step on the grass. Whatever there is about this place it is centered there, not in the house." After supper Pupul Jayakar and I talked in the drawing room. K was above in his room, and while we sat there that strange quality came in the room. We were speaking of K.

On the following day, September twentieth, a conversation began at breakfast in the West Wing dining room when Krishnaji sat with Pupul and me and the subject of kundalini came up. K questioned Pupul on whether her observation of what happened to him in Madras and Ootacamund in 1948, when she and Nandini Mehta were present, could have been kundalini. She said that at the time she had written a detailed account and given it to Rajagopal who forbade her to keep a copy. She and Nandini had been staying at Vasanta Vihar when they heard K groaning in his room and went in, fearing he was ill. He had looked at her and said, "Are you Rosalind?" She said no, and he told them to stay in the

room and not leave him alone. He said, “Krishna has gone away.” And then put his hand over his mouth and said, “I mustn’t say his name. He doesn’t like me to say his name.” He was in apparent pain, sweating, and faint. This happened again later the same year when he was staying in Ootacamund with Maurice Frydman. It would start around 6 p.m. and last sometimes until one in the morning. He told Pupul and Nandini to stay in the room but wouldn’t have Frydman there. He would faint, and an extraordinary beauty came into his face. Pupul described what was happening to him as seeming a total cleansing of the mind. In reply to K’s questioning her, she said that she wouldn’t describe it as kundalini, which is a result of conscious, deliberate meditation on chakra centers, in lotus pose, and the result of great effort. She said it is the result, or rather release, of great energy, that brings about various powers, etcetera, but Krishnaji’s experiences were different. Leadbeater, who knew at least something about kundalini, couldn’t explain what it was in K’s case. She said that in kundalini there is a breaking of energy into the mind, like an explosion, but pointed out that Krishnaji never seemed to have been caught in conditioning. He was interested and questioned her at length. He had no memory of all this. In one of the episodes he had said, “The shining ones, the great ones are here.” Two days later Pupul left.

Dictation on his education book continued. There were discussions with the school, and he gave a filmed interview to the BBC. There were dentist visits in London, a fitting at his tailor, and lunch with Mary Lutyens and Sacha de Manziarly. For a change we took the train from Winchester. K was very pleased; a better train, partly new scenery, some yellow fields flew past. He was “lost” and far away. Later he tried to put it into a dictation, “an emptiness and stillness, which lasted all day. That is my rest.”

October sixth was a day of packing, but in the afternoon we left it and went for a last walk down the lane between the fields. The sky had dark clouds with bright sun illuminating the earth. There was the lovely color where the fields were plowed, honey-buff and pinkly brown. The air was bright and clean with a sharpness of autumn. We ate blackberries along the hedges and shared some with Whisper, who had learned to catch them in mid-air from K.

The whole school was out on the driveway to say goodbye the next morning. Krishnaji shook hands with each one of them. There was warmth and affection in every face. It was a touching and gentle farewell, and we rolled off to Heathrow with Dorothy in the Land Rover.

A letter had just come from Erna, which I read to K in the car. It said that Rajagopal might telephone K, and if he does, the lawyer suggests that K tell him that he will pass through California on his way to Australia and might see him then. But under no circumstances should K see him alone. Either I or Erna or both of us should be there as witnesses to what is said. We said goodbye to Dorothy, checked into our respective airlines, and sat together in the departure lounge. It was crowded; humanity was a scruffy lot, and K was all elegance and simplicity. His Rome flight was called first, and he went off with the grace, exquisite manners, and face lit with affection that only he had.

My own flight took me to Paris, where I stayed with my father. In the evening Doris Pratt rang from Brockwood to let me know that Rajagopal had called from California for K. Doris had said that K was in Rome. Soon the telephone rang again. It was Vanda's voice and then Krishnaji's telling me that Rajagopal had just rung in a very pathetic voice saying he wanted to see K as soon as possible in California. K replied that he was planning to go there on his way to Sydney. Rajagopal said he wanted to see him to tell him he loved him and to see that things were all right. K said he would think about it and telephone when he reached there. Rajagopal said that their meeting was more important than the talks in Australia; he wanted to set things right and be his old self. K said to me that he thought Rajagopal was afraid he would die and wanted to mend things with him. He asked me to tell Erna but have her keep it quiet.

Two days later Vanda and K called again to say that Rajagopal had telephoned again. Vanda had asked him not to speak to K, who was resting, so Rajagopal gave her the message that if K didn't "withdraw," Rajagopal "for technical reasons" would be forced to go to court to defend himself and K would be "exposed"; that he loved K and the reason he was calling was that K must see him in California. I asked both K and Vanda if Rajagopal had said he would go to court or it would go to court. K put Vanda on and she wasn't sure but said that Rajagopal had asked if I was there, and when told I was in Paris, said that K would never have done all this but for those around him.

There were no more telephone calls from Rajagopal. Krishnaji was resting, going to the cinema, and sounded relaxed. He was to speak in Perugia on October sixteenth. Due to my father being ill, I had postponed leaving for the United States until the seventeenth, and on that morning, K, on returning to Rome, telephoned to inquire about my father and my plans. I told him I was about to leave for the airport, and he said he was going to suggest that if I should stay that I wait and go with him later. I said that if he wanted me to accompany him I would, but that I would still have to go to New York eventually to settle everything there. So we talked a little, and I went off to the airport and flew to New York.

After seeing my mother on Martha's Vineyard, I returned to New York and arranged where Krishnaji would stay during his New York talks in the spring, talked to the management at Town Hall about the arrangements, and at Harper & Row discussed his new book, *The Urgency of Change*, and publicity plans for it. All that done, I returned to Malibu on October twenty-seventh. A blackened, ravaged landscape was the sad sight, but although the fire, which had poured through that part of Southern California a few weeks earlier, had burned all the brush in the canyon, the house and that of my friends, the Dunnes, was spared.

CHAPTER 19

On November first, 1970, Krishnaji flew from Rome to Brockwood, and on the third he flew to Los Angeles. He was not downcast by the fire damage but rather expected it to be

greater devastation and said, “It will all grow back.” We had supper on trays in the living room, and there was a serenity and sense of peace in the house.

The next day a trip to the dentist was needed, but we came back for lunch, and in the afternoon the Lilliefelts and Ruth Tettemer came to see K, talk, and have tea. Earlier I had talked to Sol Rosenthal, who had rung Mr. Loebl, Rajagopal’s lawyer, to prod him for a reply to the offer for R to become a trustee of KFA and KF England. While still in Rome, K had had an abusive call from Rajagopal.

A quiet, peaceful day followed. K slept most of the morning and afternoon. For the afternoon walk we went round and round the garden. I spoke to Alain in Berkeley, inviting him for the weekend, and he flew down the next day. He and Krishnaji held long talks on the states of mind of people and young people in particular. A drug-oriented society was Alain’s description. Rajagopal rang and told me to give K his “personal, not my legal, greetings.” On Sunday the eighth, the three of us had a long breakfast and talk in the dining room. K said that if one is serious about inner things, the means come about—one doesn’t have to worry about it. Alain left in the afternoon, and K and I had a beach walk. He asked me to telephone Radha Sloss and give her his greeting, saying that he had not been feeling well but would ring her on his return in March.

The next evening Rajagopal rang. K wouldn’t speak to him and told me to tell him that because he had been abusive on the telephone in Rome he would not talk by telephone. If he had anything to say, he should write to him. Rajagopal replied angrily, “I will never write to him!” and rang off. Later he rang back in a different tone. Would I talk to him? Then ensued a long exchange: K had destroyed him all over the world; people think he is an embezzler, etcetera. I tried to get through and said that, first of all, K had not attacked him, on the contrary, and that if he wanted a reconciliation to reply through Loebl to the settlement suggestion we had made; that was the door to a solution that we all wanted in deepest sincerity. By his non-response we could only conclude that he didn’t want a settlement. “How can I work with people who think I am an embezzler?” Then he said there would be no settlement until there was a meeting between him and K, that it was a personal matter. I said that K had said that there was nothing personal to discuss—only what concerned KW Inc. and the Foundation. “What Foundation?” he said. “You aren’t in this; it is between Krishnamurti, Rosalind, and me.” I repeated K’s statement and that K had been repeatedly willing to see him and that in every instance Rajagopal had prevented it. His last telephone call to K in Rome was an example: He had been disagreeable and abusive. “I didn’t abuse him! He is a liar, a hypocrite, and a coward; he hides behind women.” (Vanda and me.) I finally rang off.

The next day was one of packing and also a telephone talk with Sol Rosenthal, who reported a discouraging reply from Rajagopal’s lawyer, Mr. Loebl. He wanted to know if our offer to Rajagopal rejected Attorney General Tapper’s suggestion (incorrectly quoted by Loebl) that R would get copyright to post-1968 material. In the evening Rajagopal again telephoned wanting to speak to K. K told me to tell him that he had again abused and insulted K in his conversation with me and therefore, if Rajagopal had anything to say, he should write. Rajagopal was angry and I said goodnight and hung up.

The next day, November twelfth, we had an early supper, and Amanda Dunne drove Krishnaji and me to the Los Angeles airport, where we boarded a Pan-American flight for Australia. We landed in Honolulu around midnight, and in the soft tropical air we walked forty-five minutes briskly for exercise and circulation around the airport waiting room. A different plane took us on across the vast ocean.

We landed in Sydney in the morning. The press and television interviewed Krishnaji, and then he was met by Reg and Mavis Bennett, Spencer Englich, Donald Ingram Smith, and Mrs. Marsha Murray. We were taken to Manly, a suburb of Sydney, and to a very nice apartment on the eleventh floor of a new building above the harbor with a splendid view of the bay. They had kindly thought of everything and arranged to come each morning with whatever was needed and to make lunch.

There was a television interview at some length, but the broadcast gave only about a minute of what Krishnaji had said and most of it dwelt on the story that still pursued him about his 1925 arrival in Sydney, when the Australians thought he would arrive walking on the water. The Bennetts kindly took me on a drive where I saw koala bears, emus, and wombats, all kinds of brightly colored parrots, and learned firsthand that kangaroos have soft fur, but K, who knew all this, stayed in to rest.

He held two public discussions in Mona Vale and on November twenty-first gave his first talk in Sydney to an audience of about 1,500. It was an election day, and some rather rowdy young, who happened to be passing out papers at the polling place next door, came in and called out rough questions. One came down to the edge of the stage and challenged K on a question of social change. K's answer quieted him to silence.

There was a second talk on the following day, a most intense one, and in the middle of it a young man climbed onto the stage and sat himself self-consciously at Krishnamurti's feet. K, taken aback for only an instant, asked him to move further away and continued the talk where he left off.

Krishnaji had been questioning the Bennetts on what it was like in the Leadbeater days, why people accepted him, etcetera. They suggested K talk to Harold Morton, who had been one of the group of young people around Leadbeater, and he came to lunch on the twenty-fourth, a white-haired, pink-faced man with an aged adolescent look that some men retain late in life. He spoke with detachment and a tinge of humor about those distant days. K questioned him about why people believed in CWL—as Leadbeater was called—and Morton replied that they wanted to believe in all of it, in the supernatural, i.e., his supposed clairvoyance, and no one really dared question him.

K asked him if Leadbeater had been homosexual, and Morton replied that he was. He said that he knew it was so from two sources: one from a boy himself and the other was the boy's father. K was appalled that a man would so use his position of trust with young people. The clairvoyance was discussed—its apparent genuineness in predicting Krishnamurti as the World Teacher-to-be and also in foreseeing the sinking of a ship that

turned out to be the Titanic—but also the doubts when he cabled for news of one of the boys who had already died.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

Earlier that morning K had stood on the balcony that looked out at the vast harbor of Sydney, watching the departure of the aircraft carrier SS America. He said it would be fun to be its captain. He would like that.

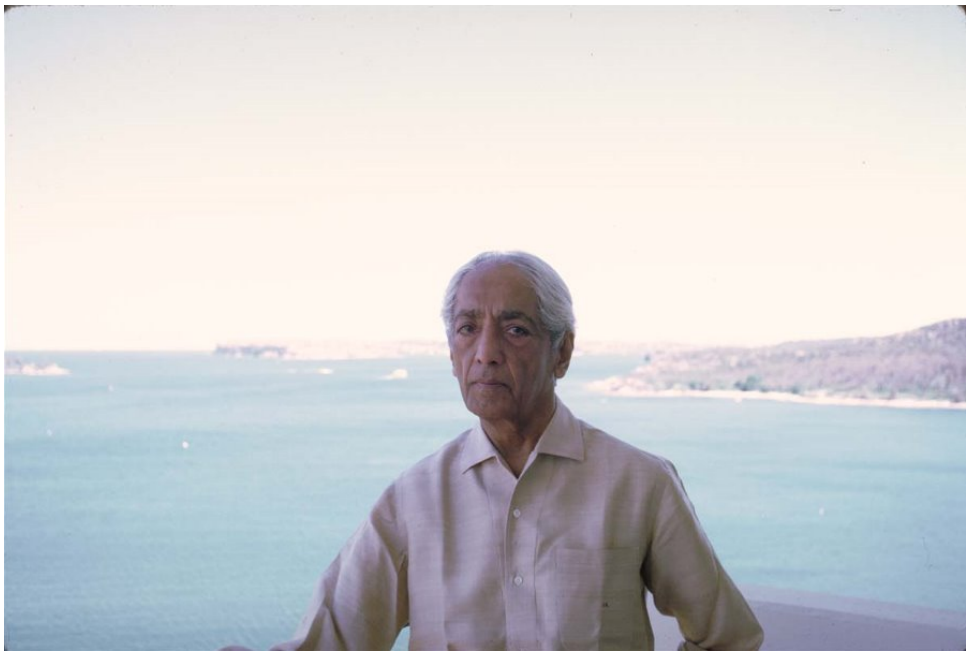
K gave his third talk at the Sydney town hall, and on the twenty-sixth he was interviewed on television. He paid little attention while the interviewer, named Ross Saunders, read passages from *The Penguin Krishnamurti Reader* on belief. Then K demolished belief and organized religion and went on with a fresh clarity until the end of the half-hour, covering a great deal with simplicity and eloquence.

The fourth talk was on the twenty-eighth. At the end he spoke of beauty, asking if it is in the object—the sky, the white sails in the harbor, a Velázquez painting (which had sold in London the day before for £2,200,000, which I heard on the radio and told him about at breakfast)—or is it in you? He said as long as there is a space between you and the object there is no beauty. Only when there is no self is there beauty. He was tired when we came back, and we skipped the walk.

But the next day, after the fifth talk, he said to me, “I don’t feel as if I have been working here.” He said he wasn’t tired because he had done nothing when not talking. He had slept, read, and walked. No private interviews. He told me to reply in the U.S. to interview requests by saying there would be no interviews.

He held a second private discussion in the apartment on the thirtieth and was pleased with a cardigan to match a beige pullover I had found for him earlier. If I were to see

something I thought he would like, or some good detective stories, I was to buy them for his arrival in Malibu. “I like new things,” he said with his face alight, as a child.



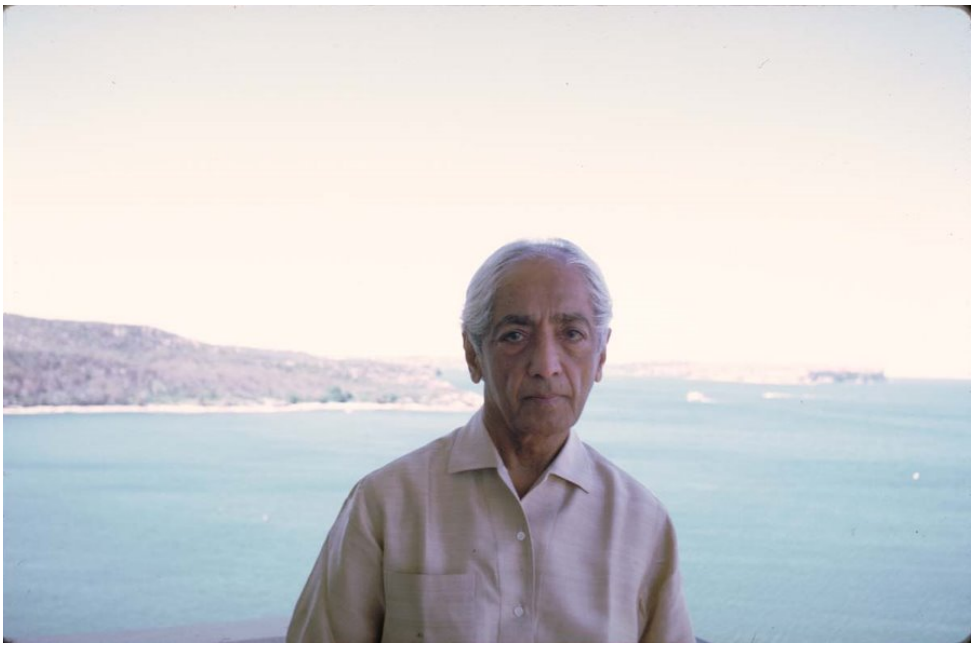
Copyright Mary Zimbalist

On the following evening he told me to write only letters that could be read by anyone, as his mail was not secure in India, or even at Brockwood, as letters could be opened by mistake. About Rajagopal he said that I, Erna, and Roth’s lawyer must discuss what would be best to do and not wait to consult him. He would not be part of litigation, but if we decided to pursue Rajagopal, then “all the better.” He said there might be immediate decisions to make and that he trusted me to make them. If I were acting for him, according to the thing itself and not because of my personal feeling, I would be right. He said that Rajagopal had stolen, and that he, K, would not accept any telephone calls from him or any of his emissaries. He said that the questions might be about money, and we (KFA) should decide.

That was the first thing he wanted to tell me, and another was that he was feeling increasingly “far away” lately and perhaps was becoming “as I was as a little boy—vacant.” He said that I must look after things, somehow do things anonymously so that people would not resent it. “We must figure out a way.” He talked about the book he was working on and felt it should have another five chapters. I was to send him a list of questions that are asked for the student section of the book. He might add to it. I asked him about a part in which he had said, “You have raised a generation with regard for nothing.” He agreed that it was too harsh and that I must change it. He said he felt very well.

The next day was December second, and we had finished breakfast and were ready to leave at 9.45 a.m. The Bennetts drove us to the airport; I checked Krishnaji through tickets and passport control. There were people to see him off. He had that remote look,

and it was hard to have him go alone on the long flight to Delhi that went ten hours via Hong Kong and then another six and a half hours to Delhi. It was a hot day, and he was wearing a gray cotton shirt. At the airport he wandered off and stared, while waiting to leave, as he so often did in airports. He shook hands very formally with all of us and went to his plane. We all waited and watched it take off and become a tiny white dot in the sky. Later in the day I flew back to California.



Copyright Mary Zimbalist

CHAPTER 20

1971 began with Krishnamurti in India on his usual schedule of talks and conferences. I remained in Malibu, largely transcribing his dictations of his education book and sending them to Mary Lutyens for editing. During this time I was telephoned by Rajagopal, asking me to come to Ojai, which I did on February twenty-fourth. I reported this and all other matters to K, and he wrote regularly in return. The meeting was at Rajagopal's house with Mima Porter present; it was a two-hour conversation. It was in no way decisive.

Returning from India, Krishnaji flew from Bombay to Rome on February twentieth, then to Brockwood on the twenty-second, and then arrived in California on the twenty-fourth in good health and energy and looking splendid. He slept most of the following day, but we talked at length, and he taught me new breathing exercises—pranayama, which he had just learned from a sannyasi from Bangalore.

After four days of rest, K had me telephone Rajagopal and invite him and Mima Porter to Malibu on K's behalf. Rajagopal said he couldn't leave Ojai, would we come there? It

was agreed, and the appointment was made for March third. In the meantime, on the second, K began a new dictation tentatively entitled *This Is Meditation*.

On the third we drove to Rajagopal's house—he in bare feet and K elegant in flannels, turtleneck jersey, and tweed jacket. Mrs. Porter was half an hour late, so we sat and made social chat. K, quite relaxed, talked casually of things and doings in India. This continued for some time after Mrs. Porter's arrival. Rajagopal seemed nervous and unable to begin the serious conversation or say what he had asked K to come and hear. Krishnaji was the poised and dominant one, and finally he asked Rajagopal to talk about whatever it was he had to say. Rajagopal began what became a tirade: K had attacked him, blackened his name, etcetera, etcetera. Krishnaji explained why he broke with KW Inc., said he had completely lost contact with Rajagopal due to his refusal to inform him and probably there had never been a real relation between them. This seemed to shake Rajagopal. The exchange continued, K stating facts in the situation and Rajagopal increasing in antagonism. At one point, when I referred to his inconsistencies, he tried to silence me by saying I was protecting K. I said I was replying to what he—Rajagopal—had said and for a moment it looked as if he would go to pieces. He shook. When pressed by logic he veered off and tried to muddy the issue. At the end of three hours, he said that K must retract all criticism, announce publicly that he was mistaken, that Rajagopal had done nothing improper, and apologize. Then, perhaps, the right climate could be set to discuss what should be done with KW Inc. and KFA.

The following day K wrote to Rajagopal saying that he had come to try to find a basis for some contact with him, that it was up to Rajagopal to respond in deeds—that his action would be his reply; it was up to him. There was no response until a letter came to K on March twelfth from Mima Porter hinting at "personal matters" between K and Rajagopal and that Rajagopal was hurt by K not coming openly to tell him sincerely what had happened surreptitiously. That this was the crucial matter Rajagopal wanted to clear up in private conversation with K; hence Rajagopal's exasperation when K only wanted to discuss KW Inc. affairs and not "that cadaver that is rotting between you and him." And, she added, that Rajagopal was the victim. To this K wrote to her: "If there were problems between Rajagopal and myself, I do not see that it is anyone else's business. The fact is that there are no personal matters that need discussion between Rajagopal and me. The constant implication of something personal is a very obvious attempt by you, by Rajagopal, and others to evade the serious issue of KW Inc. and your grave responsibilities to that Trust."

On March twenty-first Rajagopal wrote to K, saying that it was obvious that K wished their personal, friendly relationship to cease, but that he intended to continue his work for the teachings. On March twenty-fourth K had me ring Rajagopal to say that K wished to see him and Mrs. Porter and that he had something very serious that he wished to say. A date was set for a week later, then subsequently postponed by Rajagopal.

During this time Alain came down twice from Berkeley and stayed at the house. On March twenty-sixth he came with Professor Jacob Needleman and his wife and made an audio recording of a dialogue between K and Needleman. Over that weekend I recorded

two talks between K and Alain. Also around this time K held two discussions with students at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles.

On April second the next meeting with Rajagopal took place at his house. It was a hot day, and Krishnaji said he wanted to be outside so we sat on a balcony. Mima Porter was also present. K had brought a list in his own handwriting of the points he wished to cover. He said it was his last attempt to bring order into the situation. He spoke of his reasons for the break: Rajagopal's refusal to inform him and consult; the limited activities of KW Inc.; the systematic elimination of K as the founder, plotted by Rajagopal; letters from James Vigeveno, Byron Casselberry, and Mima Porter, all of which were threatening, and those of Vigeveno and Casselberry were considered extortion by our lawyer; Porter's broken promise in Paris about the archives; the Noyes settlement offer from Rajagopal, which he later denied; Rajagopal's using KW Inc. money to fight K; Rajagopal showing letters and spreading personal stories to various people and hence publicly.

Rajagopal and Mrs. Porter were silent through all this. Krishnaji spoke slowly, almost hesitantly. Mrs. Porter then took exception to his saying she had done nothing and said she had written to him in 1968 that Rajagopal would hand over everything to him. K said he had not received that. I reminded her that she had written that Rajagopal loved K and that they should talk everything over in the autumn and settle things then, and that when K came to Ojai, this had turned out to be a brush-off and not a real offer. Rajagopal then said that he had been accused, that "your lawyer had dug up information," and that he must have the chance to refute it. Mrs. Porter continued about letters of criticism received by Rajagopal, and I said that the ending of all this, if it was so distressing, was through the open door of the settlement offer—a dignified reconciliation and joining of forces. To Krishnamurti's saying that KW Inc. funds were going to lawyers, Rajagopal replied that our funds were doing the same, and I replied that not a dollar of public donations had been spent for this purpose—only private, special money given for that purpose was used for legal fees.

Rajagopal was insistent that only a public vindication would satisfy him, that reconciliation with K was not enough. We said it was then fruitless; that he chose to push it to court. He said we were doing that—that we offered reconciliation in one hand with a gun in the other. We started to leave. Rajagopal said he wanted a private conversation with K and then the work, etcetera could be allocated in discussion between all of us. K said he would do that. He said he was too tired then and had to leave. He went out to the car. I rose to leave, and Rajagopal said he had the "Dodge papers," which I had requested for K. These turned out to be a statement from the First National City Bank in New York and a checkbook on an account in K's name in a Security Pacific Bank in Hollywood.

Following on this was a day or so of rest. Going to a movie seemed an idea, but to one possibility—a film called *Wellington*—K said, "What! Go to see my favorite hero defeated?!" I never quite understood his fancy for Napoleon. The afternoon walk was simply around and around the garden, and I lost my daily efforts to prevent his carrying out the dishes to the kitchen. K said, "If I can't do it, I'm going back to Madanapalle!"

“You want to be the Rishi of Rishi Valley?” I asked.

K: “Yes.”

On April fifth we went back to Ojai for a trustee meeting of KFA at the Lilliefelts’, and in the afternoon we went to Rajagopal’s. He and K talked on the balcony while I sat in the car and was joined an hour later by Mima Porter. We didn’t discuss anything serious, and in about twenty minutes Krishnaji called us to join him and Rajagopal, saying that they had completed a personal discussion and he wanted Rajagopal to repeat to me his proposition. Rajagopal described it as the offer he had made through Col. Noyes in 1968 with some modifications. I asked why he had withdrawn that offer and denied it? Rajagopal said it was because K had “demanded the archives be turned over to him.” I pointed out that that request was made after Rajagopal had sent word that K would have to go to court to get a tape of the talk he had given the day before in Ojai and had also refused him his own manuscript. “I deny that,” said Rajagopal.

“You can’t deny it to me,” I said. “I came to this very door with Alain Naudé on Krishnaji’s behalf to ask for it and was refused admittance.” I said that I could not remember the details of the Noyes memorandum and would he have Mr. Loebl send it to our lawyers? Rajagopal replied that he didn’t want to do it through Loebl and that he and Mima Porter would draw it up and send it to us. Then all of us and our lawyers could consider it with Mr. Tapper, and if we had an agreement all the lawyers could draw it up in legal form.

All through this Rajagopal was alternately irritable, ready to fly off the handle, and insistent, which made K try to stop him from hammering points, and this in turn made Rajagopal madder. I tried to quiet it in order to get him to say what it was he was proposing. He wanted, of course, a statement from K withdrawing accusations.

We left, and Krishnaji told me the personal side of their discussions. Rajagopal had accused him of injecting himself into his divorce proceedings with Rosalind. K told him of her visit to him and me in Malibu. It was a question mark whether Rajagopal knew about it but probably did. Another question mark was whether Rajagopal had secretly tape-recorded what K was saying. As we were driving up to the entrance of Rajagopal’s house, my last words had been please to remember that this might happen. “I completely forgot,” said K. “I looked at the mountains and forgot everything.”

We went back to the Lilliefelts’ and talked a while then drove home. On the way K said he felt free of a weight—the weight of Rajagopal. It wasn’t until later that he wondered if he had said too much. He said he had done everything he could to reach Rajagopal, to go far beyond halfway in trying to solve the situation, that he must never see Rajagopal alone again. “I don’t know how to deal with people like this. I would be vague and agree to anything. That is what happened in the past.”

Two days later a memorandum came from Rajagopal on the settlement basis he had mentioned. It proposed to turn over “part of the real estate,” but it was so oddly worded

with “assessor’s value” and ”cash value” that it was unclear whether he would give it or sell it. There was no mention of Arya Vihara or the KR Trust or the Annie Besant Trust. He wanted funds for salaries for KW Inc. It appeared he would keep the assets he had transferred to KR, the archives, and some of the land. What KFA would get was problematical. I read it to Erna on the telephone and then to David Leipziger, who would discuss it with Sol Rosenthal. After doing so they did not think the memorandum would lead to a settlement but thought we should reply in the form of a letter from Erna, Ruth Tettemer, and me, as trustees, keeping K out of it, and asking for clarification of Rajagopal’s points while stating that we were continuing, because of the long delay, to explore other avenues of action. Erna was to draft the letter.

Erna, Theo, and Ruth came on the ninth with the draft, much of it by Leipziger. Erna and Theo had looked up the county assessor’s map and found an eleven-acre piece of land formed part of twenty-three acres of the Happy Valley School, which seemed to indicate that Rajagopal would keep most of the fifteen acres around his own house. Erna, Ruth, and I were the committee of KFA to sign the letter and with whom he would have to settle, as K didn’t want to be part of settlement negotiations. Erna retyped the letter with some small changes, and we signed it.

Sunday the eleventh began with the great-horned owl making his sound in the pale dark before dawn, and a Bullock’s oriole was bathing and preening his feathers when the shining morning grew. K had slept well and had his breakfast when he said he felt he should telephone Radha Sloss because he had said he would. What ensued was a tirade from her, hammering at K. Her father might go to jail. K said it was up to Rajagopal. He had been offered a settlement to wipe out the past, but Rajagopal hadn’t taken it. If he settled K would make a public statement of reconciliation. “You should make it first,” said Radha. “You care about money!” She repeated this over and over when K said that it was up to Rajagopal, that the way out had been offered. “I don’t accept that. You told me three years ago you wouldn’t have anything to do with KW Inc. as long as he was head of it.” Like both her parents she reiterated what was said in the past as though the present didn’t exist. Her blistering nag had Krishnaji shaking, worse than in his meetings with Rajagopal. He was exhausted by the time he was able to end the conversation. An hour later she rang back and said her father had offered a settlement and had had no acknowledgement. K said it would reach him Monday or Tuesday, “other people are busy, too.” “You’ll be gone. Who is he to deal with?” K said he was out of it and KFA would reply. When this conversation was finished, K said he would never see any of them alone again, that I must remember this and protect him from this sort of bullying. I asked if I had his permission to answer immediately, if they should telephone, and handle it directly without going to him to ask what he wanted said. He told me to do it myself.

The next day, April twelfth, we flew to New York and stayed at a small flat that belonged to my father. Two days later we flew to Washington and the Shoreham Hotel, where K had been asked to speak before the American Society of Newspaper Editors. That conference was the next day and its focus was on the future. The time was short, and though K spoke forcefully and to the point, he felt afterward that it was a waste.

We flew back to New York where, on April seventeenth, he gave his first talk. He had been sick to his stomach at lunchtime and ate almost nothing, but after a nap that lasted until four and a cup of rose hip tea, he went to Town Hall for the first of his New York talks. The hall was full, and people had to be turned away. K showed no sign of weakness and almost from the beginning his voice had the deep tone that was to me an "otherness," coming more often far into a talk. The audience had a large proportion of young people in it who seemed to listen intently. K was dizzy and far-off afterward, and seemed almost faint, but when we returned to the apartment, he wanted to sit at the table where we had supper and even wanted to turn on the television. "It helps me unwind," he said. In the talk he had said the worst crime is to be in conflict, and later he told me to remember to tell him, "Knowledge is the basis of the mind being hurt." During the talk a man had brought a brilliant red rose and put it at his feet, and later, when he seemed to cough, someone else brought him a paper cup of water. K put it on the floor of the stage and, seeing the flower, he tried to put its stem into the paper cup of water. Still later he said to me, "That man on the platform must know a great deal," and we talked of pain as against suffering. "Pain can be felt organically or through sensitivity, but suffering is when the mind holds on to it."

The next day he was feeling well and gave his second talk at Town Hall at 5:30 p.m. During the day he had spoken of Rajagopal and Rosalind and what makes people go wrong. I asked if there was ever a time when Rajagopal and he would talk about the teachings, about all the things that we talked about, and he said never.

Throughout the week we went for walks and did some shopping. Mr. Clayton Carlson, the recent head of the religious books department at Harper & Row, brought Mrs. Rosen of *Time* magazine to interview K, and on another day he was interviewed by CBS Radio. One evening he suddenly said to me, "Angels are looking after you. They will look after you when I am gone." He repeated it, and the following day asked me if I remembered what he had said. I repeated it and asked what he had meant. "You should have asked the man then," he said. "Probably it meant you are protected now and will be after I am dead."

On April twenty-fourth K said that in the night he felt as though his brain were being operated upon. There was pain, and the body was "frightened." Had I been awake he would have talked to me and "gone off." The odd thing was that I had been quite widely awake in the night. At lunch he seemed "off," remote, a little unconnected, and said he felt quite empty. At 5:30 p.m. he gave a very great talk (the third at Town Hall) on relationship, "corruption is the absence of relationship," love and death. He spoke for one hour this time and then took over half an hour to answer questions. He looked exhausted as we sat down to supper, still in the state of the talk, his hands cold. Then he relaxed, and television acted like an aspirin.

The fourth talk was on the twenty-fifth. We took the Lilliefelts to lunch at an Italian restaurant the next day and discussed KFA matters. There had been no reply from Rajagopal since our letter to him. On the evening of April twenty-eighth, we flew to London.

CHAPTER 21

Spring was just beginning at Brockwood; the trees were still bare but the daffodils were bright. After two days' rest, we drove to have tea with Mary and Joe Links at Blackdown, their country place near Haslemere. Alain, just arrived from California, was there. We all went for a walk through the bluebells.

K spoke to the students and to Mary Cadogan and the Digbys. Then, on May fifth, 1971, we flew to Paris and stayed at the Plaza Athénée. The purpose of the trip was for me to see my ailing father and to pick up the new Mercedes I had ordered earlier for delivery in the spring. There were a few shopping errands to do in Paris, and while I was with my father, K went to a cinema with Marcelle Bondonneau. On the seventh the car was brought by the dealer, Mr. Moser, who drove it from Thun, Switzerland. It looked quite splendid, K was pleased, and we had the luggage put in and then went back into the hotel for a pleasant lunch in the Régence restaurant. In the atmosphere of such a restaurant, Krishnamurti's elegance made him the embodiment of every aristocracy the past had ever produced. He was wearing his navy blue blazer, the best cut of his Huntsman clothes, and looked superb; also as innocent as a beautifully mannered child. We felt festive: the new car, the delicate smells of a very good French restaurant, the ease, the fun, the expectation of the drive. There was also the lighthearted sense of adventure that often came at such times. For me there was the fun of providing fun for him—minor but decorative embellishments to amuse him and to which he was as responsive as that child. Then, for the first time in the new car, we drove up to the Étoile and on, heading north. It drove as though on air. K had me go slowly to break in the car, and he took the wheel for an hour. We reached the Château de Montreuil, where we had the rooms of our first visit, then had dinner, feeling very well. Later the next day, K said he had a strong meditation in the night. For some reason he seemed to have them in those odd hotels, as if his being away from people's attention being focused on him had something to do with it. I had been afraid the trip would be tiring for him, coming on top of everything before, but he said no, it broke the presence of people. We left Montreuil in the morning for Boulogne and took the hovercraft to Dover, in thirty-five minutes, our first time in one. K stood up the whole way, absorbed in looking out the window. We drove across southern England on a warm, sunny day, stopping for a picnic lunch somewhere west of Hastings. Montreuil had made us sandwiches that turned out to be huge—half a baguette with good Normandy cheese and butter. We drove along the south coast almost to Portsmouth and then inland until reaching the lane to Brockwood by 6 o'clock.

On May tenth we went to London and lunched with Mary Links and Alain. K and I went afterward to Mary's at Hyde Park Street, and he told her essential history of his years with the Rajagopals, which she had not known. He had me describe the atmosphere when I was in Ojai with him and Alain in 1966 and the reasons for my estimate that both Rs had worked together to try to dominate and control K.

The next day, after he had given the new car its first wash in the morning, K and I drove to Heathrow to meet Nandini Mehta, her daughter Devi Mangaldas, and her two young children, who had all come from spending ten days with Vanda Scaravelli in Rome. They stayed in the West Wing until flying on to Toronto on the sixteenth. Then, on the seventeenth, Krishnaji and I flew to Amsterdam, where Anneke Korndorffer met us, and we went to Huizen, where Professor and Mrs. Van der Ven were lending K their house for his visit. They were there to greet him and then left, we unpacked and K, Anneke, and I had supper. There was a meeting of the Krishnamurti Stichting the next day: Anneke, Professor Van der Ven, Tilly Von Egmond, and Mr. Perizonius. Present and future activities were discussed. For one of the afternoon walks, K and I revisited the lovely wood near the barn we had lived in four years earlier.

Krishnaji began his Amsterdam talks on May twenty-second at the RAI, where the audience overflowed the main hall into another. It was a long and strong talk. We came back for lunch, and after a rest and tea we went again to walk in the little wood. There were three more talks, and then, also at the RAI, K held a discussion with several hundred sad and disheveled-looking young people. We flew back to Brockwood on the twenty-seventh.

At tea at Blackdown, with Mary and Joe, an Indian-edited book of K dialogues was discussed. K agreed to read it and subsequently worked on its revision. Pupul Jayakar came for two days, and K discussed the dialogues with her. She corrected two of them her way. K was invited to speak at Bedales School and did so. I went briefly to Paris to see my father.

On June twenty-second Krishnaji felt ill. He thought it was something he had eaten but had no special symptoms. He simply felt he couldn't get up and so stayed in his room, either in bed or sitting in the armchair. He said, "I feel if I went through the door, I could die. The wall between living and dying is very thin; it always has been with me. Suddenly it will be there. Not today." He told me I must not be upset by his illness or it would upset him and he would not tell me. He seemed better by evening and ate a fairly good supper. He was well enough the next day to do a filmed question-and-answer session for Dutch television with a Mr. Van Praag in the hall of the West Wing, and later we went for a walk with Dorothy's dog, Whisper. Two days later K had a fitting in London, and for the first time we lunched at Fortnum and Mason. L'Aperitif restaurant, which he liked, was no more, so Fortnum was tried because it was conveniently near his tailor, next door to Hatchards for books, and because it was relatively quiet. He had been free of hay fever in town, but back at Brockwood he coughed badly at night. Two days later he was well enough to give a very good talk to the students on what was the most important thing in their lives. "For me it is to be nothing."

On June twenty-ninth we left Brockwood and drove to Dover, found the hovercraft had been canceled, and so took the ferry to Boulogne. We spent the night at the Château de Montreuil, and in the morning K said he had slept well because of the lifting of pressure, which builds up when he stays in one place and people's attention concentrates on him. With him driving part of the way, we headed for Paris, but I was at the wheel when we

neared the city. On long drives I sometimes slipped off my shoes, and on that day, after rounding the Étoile and coming down the Champs-Elysées, I fished for my right shoe and bumped a car that stopped suddenly in front. Small damage mostly to the grill of my car and only a broken taillight for the furious driver, who thought I was Swiss because the Mercedes had Swiss plates. My one thought was to get K quickly and without delay to the Plaza Athénée, so with apologies and an offer to pay for the damage, I opened my purse, and the man crossly took all the visible francs—enough for a series of taillights. From this K happily admonished me through the years to "never change your shoes in the middle of the Champs-Elysées."

After I had seen my father, we had an early lunch the next day and, hoping to avoid the July first traffic, headed south. Once out of Paris we drove slowly, Krishnaji full of delight at drifting through the countryside, until we reached Saulieu, where we had a good dinner and spent the night. The next day we continued on through Dijon, stopped for lunch in Dole, and reached Geneva and the Hôtel du Rhône in mid-afternoon. Ensued the customary errands of ordering ties—carefully choosing ones for Joe Links and a few for himself, and then to Patek Philippe for his pocket watch to be regulated. He took evident pleasure in this being meticulously done. The following day, July third, after lunch, we drove along the lake to Lausanne and then up the familiar road into the mountains. The air was bright with summer, and in the fields machines were tossing the mown hay, a sunny scene, but alas hay fever for K. Vanda and Fosca were waiting at Chalet Tannegg, and it was good to see them. K spent the next few days in bed. Vanda and I talked and walked. We discussed his health, and she delayed her departure for Florence until after Dr. Pierre Schmidt had been consulted and sent remedies for the congestion in K's chest.

A thunderstorm cleared the air, and by July thirteenth K felt better and wanted to come with me to Thun to fetch my car, which was having its grill fixed from the encounter in Paris. K drove, and on the way said he had had a marvelous meditation in the night. I asked what made it "marvelous," special? Was it intensity, content? He said, "Both," but when I asked if it really had content, he said, "Of course not." Was it a feeling without content, without words? He said yes. And that it was in sleep; it continued when he awoke and got up in the night and when he went back to bed.

My car looked pristine again. Mr. Moser had a brochure on the latest Mercedes sport model, and K's eyes brightened. We drove back in the two cars, mine following. It was touching to watch the little silver car, faultlessly driven, winding precisely along the road, the head and shoulders just showing through the rear window.

In Gstaad Erna and Theo Lilliefelt had arrived from Ojai. They had no news from Rajagopal but said he had until July fifteenth to show cause to the attorney general why we should not file suit. Balasundaram arrived and so did Mary Cadogan, the Biascoecheas, and Pupul Jayakar. There were discussions on publications and various Foundation matters. Pupul wanted India to have copyright, and this led to lengthy talk. I finally suggested permission to publish for India but copyright retained by England, and this was accepted. Pupul also resisted K being on the KF India board, saying it was

unsuitable for a religious man to have to do with business matters, but this was an essential to the two Western Foundations after seeing what had happened in KW Inc. In the end Pupul agreed to some special title for him such as "Founder." She and Balasundaram left, Sacha de Manziarly came for a few days, Mar de Manziarly was also there, and the talks began. On the twenty-third we picked up Dorothy and Montague Simmons and again went to Thun, where an order was placed for a future Mercedes with the present silver one being used in trade. We took the little lake steamer to Beatus for lunch.

The Apollo 15 astronauts landed on the moon, and K watched it with interest on television but found it sad that a flag was planted there. It was hot in the tent where he gave his talks, and he felt tired and almost sick but continued to see people, and when the seventh talk was over he began seven daily discussions with the audience. He invited the Simmonses to move up to Tannegg, where they could get more rest than living in their Land Rover in the Saanen camping ground. There was a meeting of the Saanen Gathering Committee; I spoke to Vanda in Rome, and we renewed the Tannegg lease for the next year. There were guests for lunch, constant things to be discussed and settled, but always the afternoon walk along the river, and another trip with Dorothy and Montague on the little lake steamer, this time to Interlaken and back to Thun. We had a picnic lunch with us and in the four-and-a-half-hour trip, K stood much of the way, watching the deep jade of the waters and the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau mountains, majestic in their snows. It was a peaceful, faraway day.

On August fourteenth a cable came from David Leipziger saying he had met with Mr. Tapper and Rajagopal's new lawyer named Rothman, at his request, in which a settlement was discussed along the lines of the memorandum we drew up. In it Rajagopal and the KW Inc. board would resign, and control would pass to KFA plus two or three others with publishing or educational background. All property, archives, etcetera were to be turned over; Rajagopal was to do some limited editorial work, but the copyright would go to KFA. Tapper wanted KFA trustees to be California residents but K not to be a member because of his age and constant travel. He thought that KW Inc. might be retained as the easiest way to accomplish things rather than dissolve it. Leipziger wanted a swift reply from us that he could tell Tapper, who would present it to Rothman, who would have a reply from his client within a week. K said, "I knew something had happened." Meanwhile, Erna and Theo had left, but I caught them at a hotel in Geneva and told them that K wanted them to come right back, which they immediately did, moving into the rooms downstairs that the Simmonses had just left. They arrived in the afternoon, and the four of us talked for two hours and then rang Leipziger in Beverly Hills. Erna took it all down in shorthand for an hour.

On August nineteenth, as Erna, Theo, and I were finishing breakfast, Krishnaji came in and began a conversation until it was time for all of us to leave for lunch at the Biascoecheas'. He commenced casually by asking when we might have word from our lawyers on results of the Tapper settlement proposal to Rajagopal. Then he asked, as he had so often, what went wrong with Rajagopal. He had been intelligent, able when young, chosen for the work by Leadbeater though never really liked by him, nor was Mrs.

Besant close to him. He was the son of a district judge, had an air of expecting to be waited on. He refused to do anything with his hands. In Ojai it was K who always cleaned up after the dog, and Rajagopal always had reasons why he couldn't do the washing up. Had Rajagopal remained a Theosophist at heart or in fact all those years? Did he go with K to lead K back eventually to Theosophy? K didn't think so. Erna remembered a conversation with Rosalind about "returning" the Happy Valley School to the TS when Erna was working there years ago, and that Rosalind Rajagopal considered herself the representative of Mrs. Besant. Also that Annalisa Rajagopal (his second wife) joined the Theosophical Society after marrying Rajagopal. K spoke of the incessant quarrels vented on him by both Rajagopals and that it was surprising they had not shot him. Rosalind had taken a hammer and hit him on the head while in a car; in India she had tried to hit him with a bottle, which was witnessed by someone there; had told him to jump under a train once in a station; and had hit him in the groin with her knee so that he had been unable to walk for a day. Why, I asked, had he not turned away from such people after all this? "I don't know," he said. He spoke of the protection of the boy when he was young, always two initiates to accompany him, having the right food, the necessity for the body's protection, etcetera. But if the body was attacked by Rosalind, why was she tolerated both by him and whatever powers were looking after him? Why did no one help him out of this situation until Alain and Mary came along, and then Erna and Theo Lilliefelt? I asked him if Rajagopal and Rosalind ever tried to influence him in his speaking. "Never," he said. "I would not have tolerated that." Suddenly it seemed clear to me. I asked if it were that to a personal attack he would do nothing, but if an attempt was made to influence the teachings he would not have tolerated it for an instant. "What would you have done?" I asked. "I would have left," he said.

Section Six

CHAPTER 22

We left Gstaad on August twenty-second, 1971, in the early morning while it was still dark, crossing into France and stopping to buy croissants for our picnic breakfast at a little turning by the side of the road. We reached Paris in the early afternoon, went to a John Wayne movie, and had supper in our rooms at the hotel. There were two days of rest, some shopping, and another movie; and on the twenty-fifth we drove on to Montreuil for the night before going on the hovercraft from Boulogne to Dover, and so to Brockwood in the late afternoon. It was good to be back. All was beautiful and peaceful. K resumed dictations; we went to London for K's dentist and lunched with Mary L. and Alain.

There was a large crowd for the beginning of K's Brockwood talks on September fourth, and everyone, including K, had lunch afterward in the adjoining tent. In the afternoon of the sixth, as we were preparing to go for a walk, my brother telephoned from Paris that our father suddenly had a very high fever. I reached Paris by midnight and sat with him all night. In the morning the doctor said it was pneumonia. Father was slightly improved and able to recognize my brother and me briefly. He was better the next day, and I flew back via Southampton to Brockwood by the time Krishnaji awoke from his nap. We walked across the fields.

There were four talks in all and many meetings on committee matters. George and Nelly Wingfield-Digby stayed in the West Wing, and they gave Krishnaji some of their beautiful China collection, which he placed in the drawing room. After the talks there were dentist trips to London, and then the school opened and K had regular meetings with the students and discussed plans to enlarge the dining room with Ian Hammond.

On October sixteenth there was a last walk with Dorothy across the fields, the country glowing in autumn beauty. We had supper downstairs and then, with the luggage loaded in the car, and all the school there to say goodbye, K and I drove off to Southampton, where we boarded the Normandy ferry. We had staterooms for the overnight crossing to Le Havre and debarked at 7 a.m. After breakfast along the autoroute, we reached Paris and the Plaza Athénée. Mary and Joe Links were in Paris for an exhibition and came to lunch with us. Mr. Moser came to take the car for winter storage in Thun, and then Mr. André Voisin came to discuss with K his doing an interview in French for ORTF—the French television. Krishnaji agreed. I went to see my father, who was much better, and the next day, October eighteenth, the interview for ORTF was filmed in a sitting room of the hotel. This was continued the following morning—a total of four hours in all. It was the only recording K did in French, a language he loved, but it was more of an effort for him as he had spoken it so seldom in recent years. Before going to France or Switzerland he would say to me, "We will talk only French for two weeks before we leave," but seldom stuck to it.

On October twentieth I went with Krishnaji to Orly, where he flew to Rome. On my return to the hotel there was a letter from Erna saying a counteroffer had been made by Rajagopal wishing to keep the K&R Foundation and $400,000. This was unacceptable to Mr. Tapper, who was to call in KW Inc. members in a last-ditch effort to settle. If it failed, a complaint would have to be filed. I read this to Krishnaji at Vanda's in Rome. He said that Rosalind tried to telephone him there saying she wished to see him "not about the dispute." K sent a reply via Vanda that he did not wish to see her about anything.

I stayed in Paris with my father for a week. On the telephone, K said he had made no decision yet on whether to go to India, as the political news with Pakistan was still tense. On October thirty-first he gave a public talk in Rome. By November second I was back in Malibu and learned that Rajagopal's lawyer, Mr. Rothman, had told Mr. Tapper that the KW Inc. board had refused to see him unless he had a substantially better offer to make. Mr. Tapper had no such intention and therefore authorized our lawyer, Mr. Leipziger, to file a complaint. I cabled this to Krishnaji in Rome and wrote to him. On the sixth I received a letter from him saying that he had decided against going to India, not because of war possibility, but because "the body is rebelling against it and needs a complete rest," and he would come via Brockwood to Malibu. In another letter he wrote of being very tired, worried that he might be involved in the Rajagopal case. Erna and I talked about the necessity for him to be totally shielded. I spoke to Vanda in Rome, who said he was all right and just tired. He came on the phone and I reassured him about the case and also about financing the building of what was called the Cloisters at Brockwood, designed by Ian Hammond.

On November fifteenth Rajagopal and his wife, Annalisa, were served with papers in the complaint. On the nineteenth Krishnaji flew from Rome to Brockwood, and on the twenty-fifth I went to the Los Angeles airport to meet him. During the drive I had a familiar but curious sense of awareness of every foot of the road, of the other cars, as if something was taking charge. Each action became, as he had so often told me, responsible to something other—some purpose behind his life. In some way it seemed intently important that he had changed course and was coming at last for a thorough rest. I could see him, second off the plane, and soon he was out of customs and truly there, looking bright and very well in spite of accumulated fatigue and the long flight. There was a moment in the car, turning onto the freeway, when I thought he was about to faint, but touching his arm lightly seemed to prevent it. It was only when we were unpacking in his room that he suddenly fainted toward me so that I could only break his fall. It lasted only about two minutes, then he was all right, took a shower, and insisted on having his supper tray in front of the television news. He was wound up from traveling, chattery, and full of sparks, but his simple supper came up, as had the food on the plane. He brought me a letter he had written in Brockwood and one for that day, written on the plane. He wrote, "There was a right action when the Order of the Star was dissolved; there was a right action when the castle and land were returned; there was a right action when he broke with Rajagopal, and there is right action now. We are dealing with a crook, unscrupulous, utterly unreliable, and deeply antagonistic, with considerable hate. Action—any action where he is concerned—will have in it elements of distortion. We are

not concerned with him; he's unbalanced and self-centered. It is not the money we want nor that property, not the manuscripts, etcetera. I feel that money was given with great devotion, sacrifice, and love. To those people who gave, we are responsible. And what is our responsibility? People, including Signora [Vanda], have said to me, is it not violence to embark on the path of lawyers? Signora was wild about it. Personally, money, etcetera is nothing. But to leave it all in Rajagopal's hands seems and feels totally wrong and not right." And then, "Right action under any circumstances is always true and from that everything flows easily. It is like a flowing river. The flow of the river is not inaction; its action is of itself from the beginning to the end. There's a right action in this."

And later: "One must be a complete outsider and so the most true revolutionary; then action will be incorruptible. We must act as outsiders with Rajagopal."

After he had a day of rest, the Lilliefelts and Ruth Tettemer came for lunch; we talked at length about what to do with the Rajagopal matters. K spoke of right action, as he had in his letter, and asked us what was right action. So far it had been right, he felt, and so did we. He repeated that it was the devotion and sacrifice of people who gave what they often could not afford to him and to the teaching that made him act to rectify the misconduct of Rajagopal. He wondered at what point was right action complete. "Must I go through a bitter struggle to either winning or defeat, or might it be achieved by going as far as removing it from Rajagopal's hands?" All this was searchingly discussed. Each said that it was for K to decide and we were prepared to go completely in whatever direction he felt was right. It was finally felt that we should go, as we had so far, a step or two at a time and to begin with a deposition from Enrique Biascoechea, who was knowledgeable about KW Inc. history; also to ask for an inventory and seek an injunction to prevent Rajagopal from disposing of KW Inc. funds. At the end of the afternoon, walking back from closing the gate, he said: "I feel full of beans!"—which, considering he had not had a nap and talked all afternoon, was cheering. But the most compelling thing he spoke of during the discussion was the need to protect the body in order to do the work, and he spoke of the closeness of living and dying and the protection of this. When I asked him about it, he said that those who are attached and cling to things experience death, but when death [meaning psychological death] is close to life, then there is protection. The next day he said to me, "I will live twenty or more years. You must be well to take care of me and outlive me." He said it was part of a plan and that Vanda felt this too. She couldn't do it, and I had been appointed.

A trustee meeting was held in Ojai on November thirtieth at which Krishnaji temporarily withdrew from the board to avoid participating in litigation. He suggested Theo Lilliefelt as a substitute member and this was carried. It was also decided to invite Alan Kishbaugh to become a member. Earlier in the morning he had a chiropractor treatment from Dr. Edna Lay, who said his body was bone-tired, but K said his mind was bursting with energy. The need was to slow down and let the body rest and catch up.

There was rest and gentle walks around the garden, but he wanted to come with me to town one day to do errands. We had a quiet picnic lunch in the car on a shady side street in Beverly Hills and then tried to find some things he needed, but after a glimpse of

rapacious Christmas shoppers—"those monstrous devouring women," he called them—we fled. In the car on the way home, he let out a cry, put his hands over his face and said, "Stop! I'm going to faint." I couldn't stop in the traffic but said I would catch him with my right arm and did. After about two minutes he was all right, and we went on home in a light rain. He said he felt lost after the ugliness in the store. "Those monstrous people." The physical sensitivity seemed to preclude going to many public places where there were extremes of roughness, crowds of vulgarity and violence. There seemed increasing disorder in people. He said the body clung to me for its protection. As so often, he spoke of "the body" not as himself but as an entity that was his responsibility to maintain in health.

More enjoyable was another day's trip to see the movie *The French Connection*. French lessons with the aid of recordings became a daily event for a while, and K dictated a piece for the *Bulletin*. Most afternoons we walked on the beach as the slanting winter sun neared the horizon. There was a solitude at that hour with few people and shore birds stitching the receding waves for their supper.

After giving one long interview to a friend, he was tired and told me "no more interviews," but the next morning he said he had awakened in the night with a sense of joy and felt the room was filled with people—"eminent, holy beings" who seemed there when something happened in his brain. We did French lessons all morning and in the afternoon went to a Clint Eastwood movie in Santa Monica. The tiredness continued, and at times he was remote, as if aware of other things in the house, "something going on in the head," he said, but then he would like to go to a movie again, which we did and the pain was relieved but resumed when we came out of the theater. Coming back in the car he fainted.

A few days later he again spoke of it being according to a plan that I was there to help him: "The body must be protected." If my husband had lived, I would not be doing this. He denied that whatever providence is in charge exercises life or death—"Not that! That would be terrible"—but, as I was free, the decision was made to have me be the guardian. He recalled his brother dying and his own feeling that Nitya wanted desperately to live in order to look after him; that if Nitya had been properly looked after and stayed in one place instead of traveling about with K he might have lived. But perhaps the boy [K] needed to be alone. He looked at a large photograph of himself when quite young and said, "He is unformed."

Alain came down from San Francisco, and we had a nice non-Christmas Christmas, comfortably at home, talking over a long breakfast, going to a movie in the afternoon, and coming home to supper by the fire. The next day at breakfast, K said, "I may go back to Madanapalle."

I replied, "How would you live in Madanapalle?"

Krishnaji, "Oh, beg around."

There was wind all night, but December thirty-first was a bright and beautiful day. In the morning Krishnaji dictated a piece on what was the bourgeois mind: self-centered, deriving ego from material things and concepts, but more than that it had a quality of inelasticity. The wind was less in the afternoon, and we walked on the beach at low tide. The sheen on the sand was a path to the setting sun and a blessed ending to the year.

CHAPTER 23

Krishnaji began New Year's morning of 1972 by looking at the Rose Parade on television, saying, "These people are crazy!" Later in the afternoon he watched the end of the Rose Bowl football game with a little more interest. The first few days were brilliant sunlight and gale winds, but in the late afternoons we could walk on the beach. K began to do some talking into the tape recorder beginning with the discovery of "the boy" and the early years and another tape on Rajagopal.

Sidney Field telephoned that his brother, John, died suddenly, Krishnaji spoke to him, and Sidney came to lunch on the sixth and described his continuing sense of his brother's presence. K talked to him at length.

On January ninth we drove to Ojai and, at the Lilliefelts', K tape-recorded his answers to questions posed by Albion Patterson, Erna and Theo, and Ruth Tettemer on his concept of the World Teacher. We lunched with them, went for a walk, and drove back to Malibu. On the next day Enrique and Isabel Biascoechea arrived in Los Angeles, were met by Theo, who brought them to Malibu for tea, and then went on to Ojai. Enrique had come to give a deposition in the suit against Rajagopal. He and Isabel came to stay with us in Malibu, and on January fourteenth I drove Enrique to David Leipziger's office, where Erna and Theo met us, and the deposition took place.

It did not go well; Enrique seemed constrained, did not appear to remember or make clear what he had to say. He and Isabel left the next day for San Francisco. K and I took a picnic lunchbox and drove to Ojai. Erna told me that Enrique had taken her aside in utmost confidence and told her of Rajagopal's blackmail in 1946. Enrique had given money for K's use and when he questioned Rajagopal's handling of it, including insisting that some of the checks be made out to Rajagopal personally, Rajagopal had told him that K was not the perfect individual that Biascoechea imagined, and that Rajagopal could prove an involvement with his wife. The implication was clear: that Rajagopal was threatening to reveal this if Biascoechea didn't withdraw his criticism of Rajagopal. Biascoechea asked Erna never to tell K about this; Erna told him that we already knew Rajagopal might try this and that our lawyers were aware of it. The sad part was that Biascoechea had kept this to himself all those years, thinking he was protecting K. It also was interesting that Rajagopal said this in 1946 and pretended to be shocked when, according to Rosalind, she had told him the story years later. I told K about this on the drive back to Malibu. He said that he was willing to give a deposition if it became necessary, but asked if we had gone as far with the case as was necessary morally—which was why the whole thing with Rajagopal had begun.

On January nineteenth Sidney Field again came for lunch, and K talked to him about reincarnation in reply to Sidney asking if it were possible that anything of his brother, John, remained. K said it would appear that the thought, the feeling of a person, if he were someone very attached to life or to some particular thing, might linger for a while.

Two days later K wanted to talk to Erna and Theo again about the Rajagopal case, so we lunched with them in Ojai. On the way home K said, "I lived in discord and degradation with those two [Rajagopal and Rosalind]. I never discussed anything serious with them. I was relieved when Rajagopal wasn't there. When in London, I stayed with Mrs. Bindley or Lady Emily. When in Ojai we led parallel lives. I lived my own inner life; I liked to look at mountains, trees, birds, to walk, work in the garden raising vegetables, plants. Rosalind has no more inner life than a chicken. She doesn't know what it means. Though she talks about art and good taste, and all that, she has no idea of it at all."

On another day K held a discussion with about sixty-five young people at the Lilliefelts', taped on the Nagra, and in the afternoon held a trustee meeting about education plans and publishing. A new KFA trustee, Alan Kishbaugh, joined us.

Alain Naudé came down to Malibu for the weekend on the twenty-fourth and, regretting that K's conversation with Sidney Field about his brother's death and its aftermath had gone unrecorded, we taped a discussion deriving from that. Later Sidney listened to it and confirmed that it was as he remembered the conversation. On the following day K and Alain talked about masters, which I also taped. Three more dialogues between them were recorded over the weekend.

On the twenty-ninth K spoke of a feeling of a fire of energy in his head during the night, that memory was the source of the self, and on the thirtieth he said, "I woke up at three with a sense of extraordinary fire, light, burning in the mind. There was no observer. I wanted to test whether there was an observer; the testing was from outside, but the observer didn't exist. There was only that and nothing else. The fire penetrated the whole being. I sat up and it lasted three hours."

Part of whatever this feeling was continued, as a few days later he spoke of waking and seeing for a brief moment that it was as if something were being done in his inner brain. The feeling disappeared and was replaced by a sense that he mustn't pursue it. These times seemed to be good ones for him, as on the fourth he told me he hadn't felt so rested since the war—i.e., the 1940s.

He liked at times to come with me on errands in town. Gravely aloof, he would stand aside but quietly observe everything. On one particular day he chose to come with me when the car needed new tires. It took us to a bleak part of town, and we tried to go for a walk while waiting, but there was a sense of danger on those flat cement stretches, and we returned to the tire place, where K stood watching them being fitted. On the way home he said, "We shouldn't have gone there."

Walks were usually along the beach, where sea wind, seabirds, and space to the horizon were his companions. One evening, at supper on trays in front of the television, I made the mistake of saying something when he was "far away." It was a physical shock that caused him to shake and he felt it all night, so sensitive had his body become.

It had been planned to film a series of dialogues between Krishnamurti and scholarly representatives of different persuasions. One of these was a professor of sociology at San Francisco University and Jesuit priest, Father Eugene Schallert, who came to lunch in Malibu to discuss the project with K. It was agreed upon, and on February fourteenth we left after lunch to drive south to La Jolla, where Mrs. Martha Longenecker had kindly lent her house to Krishnaji for his stay. The next day he rested in the morning, and in the afternoon we went to San Diego State, where the Tibetan, Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche, with two followers arrived to do the first dialogue. Alain, who had arranged the meeting, was there too, and afterward they came back to the house for tea. The dialogue was somewhat surprising, as the Rinpoche spoke very little. The next day Dr. Allan Anderson, who taught religious studies at San Diego State, did a similarly videotaped discussion, and this was followed on the seventeenth by the one with Father Schallert, after which K, Alain, and I drove back to Malibu. An audio discussion was taped there with another Jesuit, Father Daniel O'Hanlon.

After this busy week there was rest and quiet, and we were alone. One day Krishnaji told me that I should write some of the things he told me, and on February twenty-sixth he said to me, "I must have been mad to put up with those two [Rajagopal and Rosalind] all those years. It wasn't till I was away from them that I matured, that things began to flower. I wrote the *Commentaries* here, there, everywhere. It was like a prison with them. They had no interest in all this, only in their ugly little miseries. She wanted to degrade and humiliate me as if she owned me. In India she quarreled and made such scenes; she wanted to drag me around and sightsee, show that she could make me do what she wanted. Signora's mother wouldn't have Rajagopal in the house because he drank. I used to live there for months alone. Signora and her husband would be traveling and would come sometimes to see that I was all right."

I asked, "What did you do?"

K said, "I took long walks alone. I was shy of the peasants and used to find ways to walk where they wouldn't see me. I am affectionate by nature. I like people, but those two kept everyone away. Pinter warned me. He said, 'Look out or you will be excluded by Rajagopal from everything; find out.' He helped me write a letter to Rajagopal, who never even bothered to reply."

I said, "Why didn't Pinter help you, knowing you couldn't do it alone?"

K responded, "How could he come to Ojai? I probably would have said, 'Leave it alone.' If it hadn't been for you, the Lilliefelts, Naudé, and the Simmonses, I couldn't have done any of these things. I wouldn't have known how to begin. I feel so relaxed. It is three

months since I came here. I haven't had such a rest in years. Sometimes there is so much meditation at night I can't sleep."

The next day was a soft and gentle one. K was absorbed in a detective book all morning. At lunch he said how awful it would be to have to go to an office every day—he couldn't do it. I asked what, to him, would be so bad about it? "To have to get up and go to the same place every day." I pointed out that he led a most disciplined life as it was, doing almost the same thing each day, but he shook his head. We agreed we would both have a terrible time getting a job. We considered gardening but it was too strenuous; suggested he could prune roses, but that was very seasonal and then would starve the rest of the year; he suggested he would make a rare butler, but he said he couldn't stay up in the evenings. K said, "No, I like what I'm doing, but I couldn't do it for money. I couldn't have written the *Commentaries*, all those books, if it was for money. It was because I liked it. I guess I would have to become a beggar, but you can't do that in this country. I'd have to go back to India, but I'd have to beg for a ticket."

I asked jokingly, "What would you do with all those Huntsman suits?"

K replied, "Give them away. Oh, I could sell them and get a ticket to India. They'd love it if I came and put on a sannyasi robe; they'd say—at last! I'd find some quiet place near a river with lots of trees."

I said, "You couldn't take the Philips razor; would you grow a beard?"

K, "Oh yes, but I'd shave my head. I'd find some very small village."

Me, "North or south?"

K, "Better the south. It's too hot and too cold in the north. But they'd find me. They'd come and say, 'You can't live this way, sir, let me get you a good cook.' I'd say no. Could I come and wash your yellow robe on a rock in the river?"

Me, "Do they have women sannyasis?"

K, "I don't know—yes, they do. There was one once; I was spending a couple of months by myself—just Mama's [Madhavachari's] cook to look after me—and every afternoon I had to pass the village where a woman sannyasi had a hut. She sat with disciples, and one came as I passed and asked me to come. I said there is no reason to come, I am nobody, but he said she would welcome whomever it was, so I had to go and sit on the ground. It was clean—fairly clean—and she spoke a little and then asked my name. I said does it matter? Must I give my name? She said it was as I wished, and so I said my name. She said are you?—and mentioned many things. And after that she was there every day when I passed. You know, I've wanted to do this—to go off. I nearly did once…when was that? Oh, long ago. Before the war; back in the '30s. Mrs. Besant used to be concerned. She used to say, 'Remember, you have a very delicate body. You must take care of it.'"

In the evening K watched Ringling Circus on television. There were seven superb tigers, and the delight on his face had all the excitement of someone very young. Later he asked me if I had written that day.

March first was a hot, bright day. We took two pots of vegetables and rice and drove to Ojai. In the car K said, "Last night that emptying of the whole vessel of consciousness went on. Out of it came a feeling of something tremendously strong. It went on all morning. I felt it when I was having a bath."

Erna, Theo, Ruth Tettemer, and Albion Patterson were at lunch. Afterward, questions were put to K, mostly by Patterson, and I recorded it on Nagra. Patterson asked if the colorful story of the boy, K, might not make people think that special qualifications were necessary for understanding the teachings and that ordinary mortals were ruled out. K said that people are generally more interested in someone other than themselves, hence the personal interest in K. He said that man is attracted to mysteries. K was clairvoyant, saw his dead mother, etcetera. Occult things attract. Then he said, "I feel we are delving into something which the conscious mind cannot understand. There is mystery which one must approach with extraordinary delicacy. Conscious mind cannot do this. I am not creating mystery out of nothing, which would be a blackguardly thing to do."

He said that to enter into this one must be aware without any illusion, not cover up ignorance with illusion. "I feel there is something much too vast to put into words, a tremendous reservoir which, if the human mind can touch it, reveals something which no intellectual effort can reach. Now what is that? Are you asking that? I hope not, but are you? That is seeking truth; the quality of a mind that can go into that would interest me if I were inquiring—which I'm not because it doesn't happen that way."

He said there is no path, no system. A mind must discard every illusion. Then only are you really honest. "What then is that which they've all talked about? Never put into words, but it is there. I know it is there."

He said the word is not the thing, and if one comes to the thing, one doesn't use the word, so there cannot be a satisfactory answer. During the session he seemed to be undecided whether to talk at all about "the thing." His expression was one of wondering intensity. Later he spoke of perhaps doing another tape in the future on that same subject. The following day he added a little tail to the tape saying he had no ill feeling toward the heads of the TS who opposed him after Mrs. Besant's death but had really no relationship with them.

In the days ahead we were quietly in Malibu, most afternoons walking on the beach. K read a report of some research that predicted the collapse of the world economy in seventy years unless growth, birth, and pollution were drastically halted. He asked what was the individual's answer to such catastrophe? He said the response must come not out of the problem, out of compulsion, but out of freedom. One must live rightly.

On a day in Ojai there was a meeting at the Lilliefelts' with John King of the Kern Foundation, Joy Mills, and Helen Zahara of the Theosophical Society Headquarters in Wheaton, Illinois. Ruth Tettemer and Albion Patterson were also present. K explained most vividly why his books should not be published by Quest—the TS publisher. After they left, other Ojai people came to question him about the Rajagopal case, and he made it very clear to them that if Rajagopal wished to settle it must be handled by the lawyers and the attorney general.

On March fourteenth in Malibu, he said that in the night meditation had been so intense that he wanted to get up. And also that at one point he had felt something evil outside and looked out the window. He said it was as if when there is great good, evil is attracted: "It comes sniffing around."

Alain came down from San Francisco to tape K's talks in Santa Monica, which began on March eighteenth. Alain went ahead to set up, but when Krishnamurti and I reached the auditorium at 11 a.m., a process server backstage handed him a summons for a deposition just as K was about to go on stage to speak. Without missing a step, he handed it to Theo Lilliefelt, went out, and gave a one-and-a-quarter-hour talk.

The summons was a cross-complaint by Rajagopal et al. against K, the Lilliefelts, Ruth Tettemer, me, and Sidney Roth. Erna telephoned our lawyer, who was shocked at service just before a talk, but not surprised at a cross-complaint. Krishnaji, Alain, and I had lunch at home in Malibu, and Erna and Theo came by on their way to Ojai. K was very sharp on analyzing Rajagopal's actions. Later to me he said of Rajagopal, "Judas isn't in it," i.e., Judas was pale by comparison.

There was his second talk in Santa Monica the next day, one with tremendous force, much of it based on a question handed in the day before on the difficulty of being free and yet part of society, and there was a third one on Saturday of the following weekend. Before the fourth, K said to me, "I have been living on two levels the past two days." The talk was a superb one on the energy that comes when thought is ended.

Afterward Alan Kishbaugh came to lunch, bringing Frank Waters, an anthropologist and writer on Native Americans. They arranged to do a taped discussion the following morning. Later we went to see the movie *The Godfather*.

On Tuesday, March twenty-eighth, we drove to Ojai to stay with the Lilliefelts. Erna had spent the day at Rajagopal's deposition by our lawyer, Sol Rosenthal. This was continued the next day. Meanwhile, K held the first Educational Gathering, in this case a meeting and discussion with about forty invited people, mostly professors, a few psychiatrists, etcetera. I taped it on the Nagra.

K had not slept well the first night. He said he felt "the psychic crossfire of those two across the valley," meaning Rajagopal and Rosalind. But early on the second morning, he came to me and said, "Come. I want to show you this place." We went out on the driveway and looked westward down the valley and to the mountains, and K was half in

tears at the beauty of that place he loved so much. The air was filled with the scent of orange blossoms, and he had me listen to a hum, which was bees—thousands of bees gathering nectar in the groves. I said that if he would like it I would find a house there and sell Malibu. He wouldn't even let me finish the sentence, but later came to thank me. That night he hadn't felt any disturbance and slept well. The silence there was good for him; not even a sound of the sea.

That afternoon, after a walk, he told me what had happened in the night: "I never had this before, this feeling of meditation. I woke up this morning at five with a feeling from my center, from my heart, that filled the whole valley. It went on for a considerable time, and from that it went to my head and was a most extraordinary thing. It has been pursuing me on all the walk. When I was talking to him [a lawyer who had come to see him], it was just a voice talking, there was no reaction, it was just happening."

After a few days back in Malibu, we returned to the Lilliefelts' in Ojai on April fifth. At supper K brought up a subject he had raised with me earlier: what should be done by the Foundations when he died. He spoke at first of support for people who might travel and speak, but the Lilliefelts and I wondered how such people could be chosen. Only K should make such a choice. I suggested a Krishnamurti Library, to house the books, tapes, etcetera, where people could come to study quietly, could be part of the answer. The rest we all felt was to pursue very actively continuing to publish all his books. K then jumped to what should be done if KFA received the Ojai land from KW Inc. He felt the Oak Grove and adjoining land for parking should be kept while he continued to give talks, and that the rest be sold except for the McAndrew Road property. The office with the archive vault was to be kept for that, Pine Cottage could be rearranged into a library/discussion center, and Arya Vihara could be fixed for his living space. When I spoke of the sense of contamination there, he said, "Oh, one night there we will sweep it away. You must do the house; no one else." He said India should make Vasanta Vihar into its center for a library, etcetera, and continue the schools and publications; England similarly should continue publishing and support Brockwood both as a school and center. He spoke of my having the use of the Brockwood West Wing for life, which I said I couldn't possibly do, and he said, "I say you must have it. What you do is up to you, but you like England, and it should be your home there."

Erna pointed out that probably all of us only had about fifteen years to carry on. K said, "I am going to live another fifteen years." He mentioned cremation, scattering of ashes, no ceremony, no churches, temples. Erna said that all these matters should be legally recorded as his intentions.

The next day, April sixth, Erna went with Sol Rosenthal to the third day of Rajagopal's deposition and came back afterward. K was visibly shocked at Rajagopal remaining a Theosophist and at supper asked how could a man who had corrected the talks be a Theosophist at the same time.

K had also given an interview to Fred Volz of the Ojai Valley news on his views of Ojai, its quality in the years he had known it. The next morning he was out early looking at the

mountains and down the valley. The scent of orange blossoms was a warm sea, and the mourning dove and the bees were its sound. K seemed absorbed in it. Later he talked again about making the eleven acres on McAndrew Road a center for study of the teachings and a private place for him during his lifetime, and again he spoke of being appalled that Rajagopal was a Theosophist.

On the eighth Krishnaji gave the first of two talks in Libbey Park in Ojai. I had set up the Nagra to record on audio, and it was also videotaped in color, arranged by Sidney Roth. A large attentive audience listened. Most of the talk was on thought, but K spoke of the beauty of the valley and preserving it. Later he came into the kitchen where I was making a soup that he liked. He stirred it and sniffed it appreciatively. At the table he talked again of Rajagopal—his refusal of K's healing, his self pity. "'People will always look after you, but no one will care about me,'" K said, repeating Rajagopal. K wondered how, with the extraordinary protection that had characterized his life, "those two" [Rajagopal and Rosalind] were allowed to come into it.

On Sunday, April ninth, K's talk was a strong one of tremendous energy. Bill Quinn, of past days in Ojai, spoke to him briefly afterward, almost in tears. In the car K was shaking from the outpouring of speaking. It had been broadcast live on radio and was videotaped. We drove slowly back to the Lilliefelts', followed by a hippie. K spoke to him, but he was too choked up to speak to K. Later, when we left, he was waiting by the gate to see K again. At lunch K gave Alan Kishbaugh a summary of what Theosophists believe—some of it very funny. We then had a trustee meeting, and K and I drove home to Malibu in time for supper. It had been a long and full day, but he wanted to watch *High Noon* on television, a diversion from all that had gone on.

On Monday K found Mary Lutyens's *Candles in the Sun* in the bookcase and leafed through it. He read to me a part in which Lady Emily and others resigned from the TS, and Mrs. Besant offered to do so too when K broke with it. "And yet Rajagopal didn't," said K. "How could he remain with it? This is worse than stealing money." At lunch, after reading *Candles in the Sun*, he spoke of "protecting the body," how necessary it was. That afternoon, while crossing the beach road together, K paused and a car came along very fast. I called to K, who was just out of my reach, and he said, "I see it, I see it." He had an odd tendency to not act quickly when there was danger from traffic. He would say he saw it as if that were enough.

The next day, April eleventh, we took a picnic to eat in the car. We did some errands in town and met Erna at the law office, where Sol Rosenthal and David Leipziger conferred with K about his deposition the following day. They gave careful instructions to "listen to the whole question, be sure it is understood and to answer only what you know or remember." Erna came back to Malibu and spent the night.

In the morning, before we left, K asked me again to write each day "what it is like to be with the man from Madanapalle." He said I must be able to write well. He had been reading Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa* at my suggestion because its style meant much to me. He said, "Do this. It is more important than all those letters you write. Spend an hour

or two each day." My notes of that day read: "Where an hour or two each day is to be found—God knows. I am drowning in desk work, hopelessly behind. There are days when I cannot even read the letters I should be answering—but he is right. Do it! As he would say." That evening he was confident about the day ahead.

Sol Rosenthal came at 9:30 a.m. Then a court reporter, then Terry Christensen, Rajagopal's lawyer, his assistant, and completely unannounced Rajagopal, Mima Porter, and Annie Vigeveno. I met them on the driveway and walked ahead to warn K and Erna. It was a shock to K and an angry one to Erna and me. We sat at an extended table in the living room with K facing the ocean. Rajagopal sat himself opposite K so I sat just behind K's shoulder to draw the baleful stares of Rajagopal. He had an ancient simian look: tense, tight-mouthed, hands clasped and twisting, an air of decay about him. His eyes were angry, moving as at a tennis match to the questions. He would stare at my stare, not wanting to cede, and I had a calm feeling of sending what I thought of him along the wire of the stares. Porter and Vigeveno sat on a sofa, Vigeveno hidden behind dark glasses with a tense, pursed mouth. Porter, with her craggy, ranch-hand face, sat in frozen attitudes, twisted or with her hands over her face. They both looked old and dead.

Krishnaji spoke in a deep, slightly hoarse voice, slowly, carefully. When he became tired in the afternoon, he had difficulty concentrating on Christensen's questions and asked often for their repetition. During the break for lunch, he went into the dining room and his body shook from head to foot. He went to his room and lay down for half an hour, and then it resumed until 4:30. In the morning Christensen had asked for long explanations of theosophy and what had happened in the early days. I thought he might be trying to tire K before the more pertinent questions. K answered carefully, giving sometimes more than necessary, and making no derogatory references to Rajagopal. It was so against his nature to speak critically of someone that even in this context he could not do it. He also, out of politeness, left margins for doubt in some of his answers, as though not wanting to contradict Christensen. After it was over he looked drawn. When we saw that the others had come, Erna had called Theo to come too and he rushed from Ojai. He accompanied K on the beach walk, and K came back looking much better. Erna and Theo both spent the night. K was shivering a little when he went to bed.

The following day was another even longer day of deposition. Again Rajagopal, Annie Vigeveno, and Mima Porter lumbered in and sat as before. These two days were the only ones in which I had ever seen Krishnaji cross his legs; at moments of fatigue he did so. Rajagopal again sat opposite, silent but with an attitude of injury and indignation. Porter stared out the window with the vacant eye one sees on senile wards. Vigeveno was controlled and hidden, but she provided the only humor for us. Before the meetings I had put a telephone in the living room and, suspecting that Christensen might be instructed to get the new unlisted number, I had removed it from the phone, leaving the old number underneath on the instrument. In late morning Mrs. Vigeveno asked if she could use the telephone, and when she had finished, she scurried back to her purse, opened it and surreptitiously wrote on a scrap of paper inside with Rajagopal looking over her shoulder—the old number, which they already had. This made Krishnaji laugh repeatedly in the evening after I told him. Christensen, in a loud shirt and tie, gold spectacles and

ring, with sharp eyes and polite words ably and doggedly put forth his questions but seemed uncertain of what would come from K or how to deal with him. Rajagopal asked for a break in mid-morning because K had forgotten having seen Joy Mills of the TS a month earlier in Ojai. This was corrected.

The day before, Christensen had left copies of letters he wished to put in evidence. We had read them. K had not. Some were sad—K apologizing to R for having lied to him and mentioning a betrayal. These had been written at Rajagopal's insistence. K was asked to confirm his signature on most of them but not the content, as he had no memory of them. Christensen had shown us only about a dozen, as he was supposed to under an agreement with Rosenthal, but he offered some forty in all. There was much back and forth in all this as the deposition continued, but when we stopped for lunch, it looked as if the questioning might be prolonged into the next day.

Christensen had not yet moved into anything touching on Rosalind, but there were signs of it coming closer. K lay down after lunch, and I took Sol in to speak to him before the resumption. K was sleeping in his bed like a child, infinitely touching. After awakening, Krishnaji motioned Sol to sit down on the end of the bed, and Sol told him he was doing very well—eighty-five percent marks, he said, and K listened as if he were taking an examination in school. We went back in and it was agreed to try to finish that day. As the afternoon wore on, K, looking so frail in his jeans, blue shirt, and sweater, seemed to become smaller, and also seemed to gain a different strength. He began to speak on his own level—of trust and friendship in the early days that allowed him to leave everything to Rajagopal, of how that trust was eroded by Rajagopal until it was gone, and he had to break with him. Toward the end Christensen was asking if it could meet with K's approval that KW Inc. could republish already-published books not through the TS press. K did not accede to this readily; he continued to speak of lack of confidence in Rajagopal. Trust once broken is gone. Finally Christensen asked, if the court found that KW Inc. could do that, and KFA did the rest, would K accept it? K replied that one must accept the court's decision, and if both organizations shared the work, then that would happen and "God help them both." It was over. Sol stayed on a little while. He had got it into the record that K repudiated a letter of his to Rajagopal years earlier as a "will" saying that Rajagopal should carry on the work and appoint his own successor after K's death. Sol suggested that K draw up a separate, more binding document to counteract that before leaving California.

We all felt euphoric that it was over. Sol told K that he scored 100 percent for the afternoon, and K was both shaking and laughing as the strain was beginning to unwind. He asked Erna and Theo to spend another night, and after Sol left we locked the gate and all walked around the lawn. At supper we felt a little giddy that it was over. K watched *Ironside* on television and went to bed.

The next morning there were more sober thoughts on awakening. The thing was not over. Much in K's testimony could be pulled down because he did not remember things. But his evident truth and the trust that he gave and that Rajagopal abused is formidable.

Two days later K said I must have a secretary for the letters, etcetera. He said I spend all my time working when I should be quiet, think, read, write, and keep around him a serene atmosphere. If I were tired, it tired him. I must do everything to be well, to stay well. If anything happened to me—if I were in a hospital he couldn't be with me, etcetera. He joked about "the Master only speaks once!"—an old Theosophical saying—so I must pay heed. During the evening he said something was happening; as if someone were in the room watching, something was happening to him—an energy. He said he understood something about living a very, very prolonged life. He chided me about not having noticed something in the room. It was because I had not been quiet. We had watched the Apollo takeoff from Cape Kennedy on TV for another moon voyage. Phil Dunne, next door, called to say to look in the western sky and there was a sickle moon with Venus on its tip. It was so beautiful, so extraordinary; K held up his arms at the sight, his face alight.

Two days later K spoke again of something strange happening, not to be described, but an energy. On the way to the beach in the afternoon, he mentioned it again, and I asked him what he had spoken of as a very long life. He said these things were in it for him:

1: Late maturing. "I am still maturing."

2: No conflict.

3: Absolute quiet at the center of the brain. "There may be noise outside but the center is quiet."

4: There must be goodness—never hurt anyone. If you have, you must apologize.

5: Virtue.

6: Love, affection, kindliness.

Erna, Theo, and Ruth came at noon, and we held a trustee meeting. K drafted a statement, which Sol would put in legal terms to prevent Rajagopal from having any voice or control in K's affairs in the event of K's death, and naming KFA to carry on. He also spoke of certain things for us to remember:

1: His hand-written manuscript, which Rajagopal had refused to turn over, that was brought to Ojai by Vanda Scaravelli in the early '60s to be kept in K's archives. He said it was on meditation and "otherness." Its existence could be confirmed by Pupul Jayaker, Nandini Mehta, Madhavachari, and Doris Pratt.

2: Rajagopal's character, an example of which was that when Rajagopal's mother was dying he sent her fifty rupees, to which Madhavachari added some out of embarrassment.

3: Rajagopal's remaining in the TS when others resigned when K broke with it.

He talked too about an illness he had in India between 1956 and 1958 when, as a result of some antibiotic, he became paralyzed for a month. He had gone with Madhavachari to stay in Srinigar at a place put at his disposal by the Maharajah of Kashmir and had been unconscious for three weeks with very low pulse and blood pressure. When the others had left, K and I went for a walk, he on the beach and I at that point on the road above because of trouble with my leg on the slanting sands. Blackbirds were singing, swaying on the mustard stalks. It was colder. I could see K skirting the waves, having to jump aside sometimes, his firm step, hair flying in the sea wind—a slight, strong, indomitable figure having his walk and off somewhere in "otherness," though he would turn sometimes to see if I were there and wave.

CHAPTER 24

Friday, April twenty-first, 1972, was a lovely Malibu morning, clear and peaceful. Before we left the house, Krishnaji had me walk out the front door then come back in, both of us sit quietly at the table by the window, and then we left. Filomena was going with us, and she went by taxi while Amanda Dunne drove K and me to the Los Angeles airport. We took a 9 a.m. flight to New York, where my brother had a car to meet us and take us to the Ritz Tower, where again we had my father's flat plus a studio room for Filomena. The next day, Mr. Narasimhan, who was then *chef de cabinet* for Secretary General of the UN Waldheim, as he had been for U Thant, came at noon to see Krishnaji. Waiting for K, he told me that he was fifty-seven and had all sorts of health problems. A few minutes later K came out, quick, smiling, wearing a new brown knitted shirt, gray flannel trousers, and his sandals. He had a look of health and well-being, cleanliness, the elasticity and spontaneity in his face of a child. Twenty years older than Narasimhan, he looked thirty years younger.

In the afternoon K felt like going to a movie—"the temple," as he often called it—so we did and saw something with cops and robbers chasing each other through the canals in Amsterdam—entirely satisfying. On our return he switched on the television and watched an interview with the anthropologist Margaret Mead. He said he would like to talk to her. "She is bright, but it is all on one level. I think it takes something else." Then he said he again had been thinking that he didn't want me to do all the letters. I should read and keep track of what was being thought, scientific things, psychiatry, etcetera and tell him about them. And we should do dialogues. I should find out what to read to be informed. "Aldous used to tell me those things."

The next day K slept a lot, and I went over papers so that I could dictate replies to a kindly friend who had offered to help. During lunch he watched the Apollo 16 astronauts walking on the moon, bounding about, and exclaiming in a style that seemed to go with Americans on the moon. K thought it would be interesting if there were some beings who would say to them, "We are more advanced than you. Don't spoil our moon with your aggressive ways." Later we saw the capsule take off like a sudden balloon.

"Will is isolation." He said this the next day to some people who had come to see him. Later he said to me, "I was surprised when I heard it. He hadn't said that before. What do you suppose makes him say something new—and see immediately that it is true?"

To one of the group, a young man who was a teacher and asked how one could establish a relationship with a group of unruly students, K's answer was on bringing about a little quiet in which relationship could commence, and through that relationship one moves toward the cultivation of the student's intelligence. Then come the facts and content of knowledge.

Earlier in the day I had been to Carnegie Hall, where K was to speak, and talked to the manager about lights, recording, K's chair, etcetera. It moved me to come to Carnegie Hall for K. It was as if there were a quality; as if its walls had absorbed from all the beauty of sound that had echoed there. Toscanini concerts in my young days had given me a reverence for the place. To come there for Krishnamurti was very fitting.

On another afternoon we went to a movie, *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis.* K liked it in part because it was in Italian, and he was struck by the soaring sound of what I thought was Kaddish sung at the end. To me it was music that tears the heart out, and it seemed to move him very much. Suffering, greatness, and eternity are in it. On a walk afterward he spoke of it again and said that Arab music too can have that quality. "Why have Jews been so persecuted? Because they have been cleverer than others? They were not allowed to do so many things, they had to be intelligent to survive." Later he spoke again of sorrow: "Sorrow, real sorrow, is without self-pity, but for most people sorrow is self-pity."

Erna and Theo came to talk with him, and he spoke optimistically about the case, jumping to the conclusion that "Rajagopal is through." We did not share that hope. The mystery, K said, was why Rajagopal and Rosalind were ever permitted to come near him. "You've no idea how careful they [the TS] were – Masters, the body must be looked after, no one rough or rude, no violence must come near him." Listening to him it sounded like an admission of the existence of Masters. I said this to him when we went for a walk before lunch. "No," he said. "I didn't mean Masters, but something has acted, something has looked after things. I don't think, I know that." Then about Rajagopal he said, "I think it is that evil is attracted to good. Its presence is a lure."

Saturday, April twenty-ninth, was a bright and sunny day. A car and driver took us to Carnegie Hall for Krishnaji's first talk. It was at 11 a.m., the hall was almost full, and everything seemed right. I felt moved to tears when he slipped through the back curtain and sat on a chair before the microphones. He looked so slight a figure and yet he dominated instantly the entire hall. The plain orchestra chair and his sitting on it became a throne in some forgotten recognition of what was majesty. The old hall was at last a truly fitting place for him to speak. His voice joined, for me, the resonance of all the sounds that had seasoned those walls.

During the week in a room in the Cooper-Hewitt Museum made available by its director, K gave individual interviews to people who had written to request them. On the walk back from 90th Street to 57th, I asked him if preferably interviews should go to those having emotional problems or those who might have an understanding of his teachings. He said the latter but added, "but those poor people."

On arrival at Carnegie Hall for the third talk, the manager said that Leopold Stokowski was in the audience and would like to greet Krishnamurti afterward. K's talk ranged over the question of order of a new dimension, an order not to be cultivated from the outside but coming from observation, a choice-less awareness. Only the man who perceives without distortion will have the energy to change, will then, with others, make changes on the world. The understanding of disorder is order. There was much else, but afterward K waited backstage until Stokowski came. They bowed, shook hands with great dignity, and mentioned how long it was since they had last met. [K later said it had been first in Ommen and then in Ojai, when he brought Garbo with him]. Each seemed to give an appraising glance at the other as if noting what the years had wrought. Stokowski was then ninety and still conducting. He had a concert the following night, and the manager said he had made a box available to Krishnamurti and his friends. K slept in the afternoon and that evening, while having supper, the television showed an English curate doing an exorcism on someone possessed. K spoke of having done it in the past.

It was Filomena's birthday the next day, so we celebrated it at breakfast and then she came with us to Krishnaji's fourth talk. It was to me a tremendous one. He asked if there was anything beyond time—something eternal, incorruptible? He said it required a mind that is religious, without dogma, belief, or theory, free of any authority or its own. He spoke of the quality of the mind that perceives wholly being beauty. As so often happened in the depth of his talks, his voice would deepen and seemed to emanate from a source at the core of his being.

Two days later, on May ninth, we said goodbye to Filomena, who returned to Malibu, and Krishnaji and I flew to London. It was a late spring day when we drove up the lane to Brockwood. The copper beeches were unfurling tiny leaves, and we saw the fine stone path that was beginning to be laid when we had left in October. K was eager for a walk, and we went with Dorothy and Whisper through the grove, across the fields, and back along the lane. K slept nine hours that night in the marvelous quiet of Brockwood.

May twelfth was Krishnaji's seventy-seventh birthday, but so totally did he always brush it aside that we made little of it. However, it was also Dorothy's, and we made a little more of that. K and I had to go to London to sign some legal papers and, as there was a rail strike, we motored to Michael Rubinstein's office in Gray's Inn. I enjoyed the worn stone steps, the Georgian windows looking out on a great plane tree said to be favored by Francis Bacon. What we signed was the division of the K Foundation unto two entities: the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust Ltd. and the Brockwood Park Krishnamurti Educational Centre. This had some tax and legal advantages, but the same people were on both boards, so it was humanly the same.

On the fifteenth we flew to Paris, I to see my father, whose health had been declining, and K to do some errands. We stayed at the Plaza Athénée, ordered some shirts at Charvet, and lunched at Au Pactole on the Blvd. Saint-Germain near my father's. It was a change for Krishnaji, a restaurant where the food was excellent, the walls dingy, smells of good cooking in the air, and people doing serious eating. The cook was the owner, and the maître d'hôtel was not unsympathetic to our vegetable needs. K liked it, and his eye darted about, taking in everything, including a very fat priest in monk's habit who ate and drank interminably. We somehow got to Lobb for K's shoe fitting, dodging the path of Queen Elizabeth on a state visit to Paris, and so to the Plaza, where Marcelle Bondonneau and Nadia Kossiakof came to tea and to discuss the work in France.

The next day Au Pactole fell out of favor when they had no green salad. K was aghast. "How can these people live?" he said, looking about at the very copiously fed clientele. Mar de Manziarly lunched with us and Sacha, with his wooden leg and pain from a recent car accident, joined us for coffee. He came back to the hotel so that K could treat the pain. When he left we went for a walk and a little shopping at Givenchy, and when K took his nap, I went back to be with my father.

After seeing him again the next morning, I came back to the hotel and found my car there, delivered from Thun by Mr. Moser. He, K, and I discussed K's new car, the purchase of which was delayed until the following year. Mr. Moser left, and K and I lunched pleasantly at the Plaza before leaving in the car for Le Havre. About an hour out on the autoroute, the car stopped for no reason that we could tell. After about five minutes, it was all right and we continued. We found the Normandy ferry but went looking for a restaurant called Monaco. After a light supper we boarded the ferry and had the usual neat cabins and a smooth crossing.

Back at Brockwood, the days went in familiar ways: K talked to students and to staff, we went by train to London for lunches with Mary Links, Huntsman matters, and K began tooth sessions with a new dentist, Mr. Thompson. One appointment lasted an hour and a half, and he stood it very well, but that night he said, "The body feels it has been attacked."

He said, too, on another day that strange things were going on in his head. "The head is burning." On another day Mary came down to Brockwood to talk about his biography, and that evening he suddenly said to me, "Are you my brother? For a moment I felt as if you were."

On June twenty-sixth we left Brockwood after supper with, as usual, the whole school waving K goodbye, and we drove to Southampton for the night ferry. There was the same comfortable cabins and smooth crossing to Le Havre. We were at the Plaza Athénée by mid-morning, and I went to see my father then rejoined K for lunch in the hotel garden, went for some fittings, and then to a Hitchcock movie, *Frenzy*—not too pleasing—and we walked back to the hotel.

After more time with my father, on the twenty-ninth we left Paris at noon and found the way to the autoroute heading south. After Fontainebleau, the country unfurled in great rolling space—the beautiful stretches of middle France. K was delighted. The Plaza had provided a picnic. They didn't understand sandwiches very well, but there was plenty of fruit, and we ate it in one of the prettier parkings off the autoroute. Then on into the afternoon and rain, leaving the autoroute at Villefranche, and came to a small village, north of Lyon, where we had rooms at La Reserve, which was quiet and nice. K chose to eat in the hotel dining room and wished to order in the normal sequence instead of beginning with fruit as he usually did. So we had a good meal built around omelet and *haricots-verts*.

The rain was gone in the morning, and it was a lovely sunny day with drifting clouds that obligingly made parasols over the car. We stopped at Orange for lunch at Le Provencal. K was pleased because I had parked the car in a garage, and I was pleased because the restaurant was somehow real in a way that luxurious ones seldom are. This one was rather dark, and with it being very bright outside, it was cool and a refuge. There was shabby, flowered paper on the walls, very clean white table linen, an ancient motionless woman at the caisse, and a smell of good cooking. We ate local melons, so good there was nothing left but the rind, and when the cheese came, we ate local ones we had never tasted. K chose a chevre with rosemary in it. Afterward we walked to the Roman amphitheater, and K liked the massive front of it. We drove on to Avignon, where it became very hot and we were caught in traffic jams. We tried to see the Palais des Papes, but it was a confusion of cars and crowds, so we escaped after a look from the car window. We crossed the Rhône, seeing the bridge *ou l'on y danse*, and at Villeneuve-les-Avignons, we found our hotel, Le Prieuré. We rested and then dined in the garden. Krishnaji, elegant in his infinite dignity and grace, watched all the other diners, diagnosing their ills from the fact that they ate too much and "all that meat…Don't they know it's bad for them?" There was a wind that made the leaves swim in the trees.

July first was a cloudless morning, and we left Le Prieuré and drove westward looking for the Pont du Gard. At one point K said, "Turn here, turn here!" so vehemently that I felt struck and shaken, as if I had been about to run over a child. Being so open to him it was devastating, and I could hardly drive for a while. But we came to the Pont du Gard, a Roman aqueduct built at the time of Augustus—huge and splendid. K liked it, and we drove on toward Nimes. The countryside reminded both of us of California and so did the bright Provençal light. At Nimes we saw the Maison Carré and found it beautiful, saw the amphitheater, and drove on, K navigating the map, to Aigues Mortes in the Camargue. We left the car outside and walked through the fortress walls and into the tiny town. It looked as if it were built for very small people who lived in it and defended it until the sea capriciously withdrew, leaving it no longer the port from which St. Louis had launched his crusade. We drove on across the Camargue, less wild than we expected, came to Arles, and found the amphitheater, and went on to Les Baux and the Hotel Oustau de Beaumanière. We had rooms in the manoire—quiet with a terrace and a little pool. We rested, bathed, and went up to the hotel for a dinner of elegant excellence. Afterward we drove up the hill and looked at the illuminated rocks of Les Baux and then went early to bed.

That had been on July first, and the next morning we left and drove toward Cavaillon, stopping in a village where we bought goat cheese, black olives, biscuits, peaches, apricots, and cherries for our lunch. The country was Van Gogh—rows of black-green cypresses. A wind was blowing, and when we drove through tunnels of touching trees the leaves were flowing green waters over our heads. At Cavaillon we headed north on the autoroute but soon left it, and gradually the country was no longer Provence, and a more northern light and quality came. It was almost cold when we stopped at a little clearing and had our picnic. To stretch and not drop crumbs in the car, K stood outside with that far-off child's stance he sometimes had, "that boy" that he was and in some ways remained, a slight figure of grace, off in his own perception. We drove on, taking a small road that led through Rumilly, past Aix-les-Bains, and, according to Sacha's excellent planning, we came to the Swiss border at Saint-Julien-en-Genevois. The Haute-Savoie was beautiful: fields, farms, trees, and hills turning into mountains. The farmhouses became massive against the winters. We came immediately down into Geneva and were once again in the little narrow rooms at the Hôtel du Rhône.

The next morning held a brief visit from Narasimhan, Krishnaji's watch being seen to at Patek, two ties ordered at Jacquet, and after lunch we were again on the road along the Lac, and climbing past Lausanne via Oron and so at last to Gstaad; 1,013 miles and a week from leaving Brockwood. Vanda was there, with Fosca, and it was lovely to see them again.

Except for afternoon walks, K spent most of his time resting in bed until the talks began on July sixteenth. His inevitable hay fever at this time of year came but didn't affect his ability to give the talks. Alan Kishbaugh was there, and when Vanda returned to Florence when her daughter and family were due, K invited Alan to use the downstairs room.

In his second talk on July eighteenth, he spoke of insight, which is intelligence seeing without conclusions. The mind without conclusions is without fear. The only security is that of intelligence. It was a talk with many things in it and tremendous power. Afterward he walked rapidly up the path along the river, pursued by a man with a camera who had been asked not to film him. I caught up to him with the car, and we drove slowly toward Gsteig. "The body is too excited" to have gone back to Tannegg immediately. When we did, there were letters from Erna about the Ventura lawyer, Mr. Stanley Cohen, who was to be the local attorney with Sol Rosenthal.

Radha Burnier came to lunch. This was K's first meal at the table since arrival. He told her some of the Rajagopal case events and the background to it. He took no rest but talked until 4 p.m., when he went for a walk with Alan Kishbaugh and I drove Radha back to her hotel. After the walk we had tea, and K sat and talked with Alan and me until 7 p.m., partly on somewhat supernatural things: his sense of unease when darkness comes and he is outside. Once, years earlier, in Ashdown Forest, he was walking alone, it became dark, and he felt he was being followed. He reached the house exhausted and had to rest "for several days."

In Madras, a year before this conversation, he came to a temple and felt this threat. He said he stood and "said something."

I asked, "A special thing?"

K replied, "Yes, a particular thing, and gradually it oozed away."

I didn't ask him then what it was, but he spoke earlier of Christians making a sign of the cross and Hindus uttering the word "Om" to ward off evil. He told too of being asked, when young, to heal a "possessed" woman. He went to see her and she looked up at him and became quiet and normal. He told too about Mrs. Jayalakshmi going one night to a temple considered very holy where she felt such great danger that she fled in her car. K said it is not supposed to be good to "talk about dark powers as it somehow gives them energy." He said these things are "*on dit*"—i.e., gossip, but he said too that one mustn't tamper with such things, and he did have this unease about being out at night, and extra precaution being necessary for those around him, as if we were part of his protection and therefore liable to attack by whatever is evil. "Evil is attracted to goodness wanting to destroy it." Alan talked about an odd sense of threat when he camped by an Indian burial ground in the U.S. southwest and it ceasing when he put on a Hopi medicine man's bracelet. At supper he said to me that he felt a sense of being there to protect K when he was with him.

Isabel Biascoechea brought a woman who was hysterical to K; he calmed her somewhat by placing his hands on her head and told her husband to take her away from Saanen. "Take her to the movies, take her away from 'all this.'" They had been before Saanen to some meetings where people were attempting some kind of prolonged meditation.

A letter by James Vigeveno had been brought to K to be delivered directly to him. K gave it to me, asking me to read it and tell him what it was about, as he didn't want to touch it.

It belabored K for attacking his lifelong friend, Rajagopal, and had an underlined hint that it might still be possible to settle things out of court. With K's concurrence I sent it to Sol Rosenthal and showed it to Erna and Theo, who had just arrived.

Balasundaram had also arrived, came for lunch, and told K of going to talk to Madhavachari about Vasanta Vihar. He was in charge of it, ostensibly for Rajagopal, but it had been found that legally it was owned by the Dutch Krishnamurti Stichting, which had transferred it to KFA. As Madhavachari was a member of KF India, Balasundaram persuaded him to talk it over with Pupul Jayakar, but at the last moment he balked. K asked why Madhavachari was behaving this way. Balasundaram guessed that it was his allegiance to Rajagopal.

K's fifth talk on July twenty-fifth was on suffering and conflict and finally pleasure and joy. He spoke with almost explosive energy. Afterward we drove to Chateau d'Oex before returning to Tannegg for lunch. A letter had come from Sol Rosenthal on the Vigeveno letter suggesting how K might reply, should he wish to acknowledge it. In the

afternoon Nadia Kossiakoff brought Miss Delachaux of the French-Swiss publishing house to see K. She wanted to do a hardcover and paperback book and asked for suggestions. We talked a little, and I referred her to George Digby. Then K came in, and she asked him if he was a mystic, and he recoiled somewhat in distaste. "What is a mystic?" She saw it as one who tries to get in touch with mystic beings. K said that implied search and explained the projection of a Catholic having mystic experiences of Jesus, or a Hindu of Krishna, "all within conditioning. Religion should be outside of that." She asked about intuition, which K always found a dangerous word that could be only projection. She asked what is the subconscious? K replied, "The repository of conditioning." He said thought other than technical thought divides, and when this was hard to see, he explained about national, religious divisions, which are all products of thought. And so it went. Through all this he sat with the relaxed grace of a young boy. As he was tired, he was slightly hesitant to reply in French, in which the conversation had gone, but he addressed himself with total attention to her questions. Apart from all that he said, there was always an aesthetic experience in watching his expression, posture, and gesture that was limitless. When the conversation was over, I drove the two women down to their hotel, went to get the *Economist* and some detective books for K, and on the way back had the surprise of finding him waiting on the road. He had walked down but felt too tired to climb back and thought he would see me. He had been there only a minute when I came by, as if something had neatly arranged it. We went up the hill, had verbena tea, and he went to bed.

The next morning he dictated a reply to the Vigeveno letter, keeping in mind the advice from Sol Rosenthal. To me it was all right but too long, as the Vigeveno letter had been insulting and this dignified it too much. Once dictated, K kept revising it, toning it down, and planned to discuss it with Erna and Theo.

The sixth talk was the next day, given with the same blazing energy. On the way back he said that he had had no idea what he was going to say when he sat down, but added, "He said some new things." We drove to Gsteig afterward before returning to Tannegg, where the Digbys, the Lilliefelts, Mary Cadogan, and Alan Kishbaugh were at lunch. We then had an all-afternoon Publications Committee meeting, at which much was sorted out.

Erna and Theo came the next morning and discussed the draft of K's letter to Vigeveno; it was amended slightly and sent. Then there was the annual meeting of the K Committees and Foundations. K discussed their functions after his death and mentioned the case against Rajagopal. The dates and number of Saanen talks for the following year were set. Over some protests that there be fewer for the sake of K's health, he insisted to keep to the then number—seven talks and seven question-and-answer meetings. At lunch were Anneke Korndorffer, Balasundaram, Erna, Theo, and Alan K. It was decided that the Dutch Stitching would join KF India in a case against Rajagopal for possession of Vasanta Vihar, as it, being a gift from the Stichting to KFI, had not been registered. Pupul Jayakar wanted KFI to share in the copyright and rights to publish abroad, which was what she had pushed for the previous year, and was against the existing agreement. Balasundaram put this forward, though he seemed to see the necessity of keeping

copyright in one place. All this and more was discussed, and it was tiring for K, who had no nap and went alone for a short walk.

July twenty-ninth followed and was a similar day. The Digbys, Lilliefelts, and Balasundaram joined K, Alan K, and me for a discussion that lasted through a buffet lunch and tea until 5 o'clock. It largely concerned the contract with the Dutch publishing house Servire. Its head, Mr. Verhulst, came with his new partner, Mr. Fazul Inayat Khan, a leading Sufi and head of a Sufi publishing house. This was something with which K did not want an association. Inayat Khan was questioned by K and told K that he considered K's teaching and Sufism as all one as they were all searching for truth. "One moment, sir," said K and proceeded to disabuse him of this: the teachings say no ways, no methods, etcetera. Khan coolly yessed K. There were pointed words between Balasundaram and Khan, who made it clear that he was trying to establish himself through the use of K books in the U.S., where he then had no outlet. Verhulst and Khan then left, and it was decided we should not extend the contract after consulting Michael Rubinstein. The rest of the day was devoted to Indian publishing problems.

Balasundaram said that the new book, *Tradition and Revolution*, was not based on tape or shorthand notes but on notes made afterward from memory. This was disturbing news. Balasundaram made a strong push, once more, for a share in the copyright, which didn't succeed. It was an exhausting day.

On August second Krishnaji began seven daily question-and-answer sessions in the tent and also gave numerous private interviews to people who had requested them. There was also a tea for the Ojai people who were there. Alan Kishbaugh left, and the Simmonses moved up from the camping to the downstairs flat.

When all Krishnaji's work activities were finished, we went on drives with Dorothy and Montague, including one to Villars, where he and his brother Nitya had stayed in the early '20s when Nitya had tuberculosis. Later, in around 1957, Rajagopal had left K there in Montesano, the same hotel, giving him just enough money to pay his board plus fifty francs. It was a quiet hotel with families and children. We had lunch there where K used to have a table alone in a corner by the window. He told us of Rajagopal having written to Vanda, who was in Gstaad at the time, telling her not to communicate with K. When Rajagopal left after several days there, on one of which he was drunk in the dining room and called K names in a loud voice, he told him, "You say you are never lonely—well, now you are going to find out what it's like—what the rest of us feel." "But I never was lonely," said K. "I could have just stayed there." He went for walks all day in the hills, never spoke to anyone, even when the hotel manager wanted to introduce him to some guests. He left when it was time after about two months to go somewhere he was due. He went by train, changing twice, to Chamonix, where Mr. de Vidas had met him. I was close to tears at lunch, seeing him there where he had been happy with his brother so long ago, and then later left alone by the malevolence of Rajagopal. We had taken a table near the door; unconsciously I must have felt K's reluctance to enter the room of people. He sat, turned away from them. There was a quality to his shyness that was different in that room—the painful shyness of someone much younger, vulnerable. I could see him then

behind a wall, far away, and yet content to spend his days walking in the hills, as in Ojai, in his distant state. Rajagopal's attempt to hurt him didn't work.

"But why did I put up with it?" he asked us. "I just accepted it. I suppose because there was no one else to turn to." I felt haunted seeing him there, obedient, accepting circumstance and cruelty because there was no other choice, but untouched by it inwardly. It was things like this that made the case against Rajagopal necessary. The property, etcetera was unimportant. Rajagopal must never be able to touch K.

Dorothy and Montague left, but before they did, several people were invited to lunch, including Mr. and Mrs. Suarès. A friend had said that they spoke venomously about K and his teaching. Nevertheless Krishnaji said they should be asked for lunch, along with Marcelle Bondonneau. I fetched them up the hill, everyone being very polite, and K came in the room with his eager smile and greeted them nicely. The conversational ball was kept in the air throughout lunch, but K said later that they were not at ease with him. Suarès, who looked to me like a gray rat, nibbled away with gusto at Fosca's spinach ravioli and, on saying goodbye, put his hand on K's shoulder as if in friendship, but it seemed entirely false. Marcelle stayed on a little and said that she and Mar de Manziarly see the Suarèses rarely in Paris, but when they do, K's name is no longer mentioned or they could not get on. One wondered why they wanted to get on in that case. Marcelle said that Yo de Manziarly had gone to India with Annalisa Rajagopal to see Satya Sai Baba.

I thought this shocked Krishnaji. I felt shocked that an old friend's betrayal should be seen by him. "What was it with these people?" K asked, and I wondered if it was that each one of them wanted something from him, and not getting something tangible they could grasp, they turn on him, cluster together, and reinforce each other's resentment. Rajagopal harvests this. They may have no real liking for him but their anger at K drives them to Rajagopal. Are people more neurotic around K or was this a normal level of random humanity?

With guests gone it was quiet in the house. K rested, and we walked in the afternoon up over the fields to the river and the Turbach road. I was able to go on the walk, as I hadn't since hurting my leg in Geneva. He said again, "You must take care of yourself as you must outlive me. I will live at least another ten years, till I'm ninety, probably. You must live beyond that. You do not belong to yourself anymore."

That was on August fifteenth. The next morning I went on errands and to listen to the Menuhin rehearsals in the Saanen church. In the lovely light of Mozart quartets and the sunlight on the wooden pew rail, I kept seeing K in Villars and now up in his room at Tannegg, the infinite wonder of him, fragile, extraordinary, to be cared for, served, and cherished. At lunch with a few friends, he was far away but came back to the conversation when it touched on the Buddha, the hierarchy of masters, and over them the Maha Chohan and then the Buddha. He explained where most of it came from: Tibet. And later on the walk he talked of Jesus. I asked what difference it made whether he lived or not? Wasn't what he is said to have taught either true or not? "It wasn't very original,"

said K, “just to love one another.” I asked if it wasn’t a way of saying no self, which seems at the core of most religions. K said yes, and that Akhenaten had said it too. He had been reading a book on Egyptian history.

The next morning he said he had not slept well. He said that meditation had been so strong that the back of his head felt on fire. It wasn’t pain—it was a flame so severe that he had to read to stop it before he could sleep again. But nevertheless he wanted to come with me to Bern, where I had to get his French visa. We reached there before noon, when everything closes, but a letter was needed from the Indian embassy, so we went looking for a vegetarian restaurant with a garden that he remembered. Only after eating downstairs did we learn that the garden was upstairs, but we had a nice meal, clean and quiet. The visa matters were eventually settled, and we were off to Thun, where we talked to Mr. Moser about a SLC 280 3.5 Mercedes for the next year’s delivery, which K wanted to be able to take in the United States.

On the nineteenth I had a telephone call from my father’s housekeeper in Paris saying that he had fainted. I spoke to his doctor, who said it was cerebral and he could do nothing about it; it was a general breakdown in the body’s functioning, and for the first time he was not responding to medication. I telephoned my brother on Martha’s Vineyard and had difficulty reaching him. K came in during a pause in this, and I told him what was happening. “Are you worried?” he asked. I said that worry is when there is something that could be done to change things; this, it appeared, could not be altered. Krishnaji then asked, “Do you feel something in this room? The atmosphere?”

Me, “I don’t want this to impinge on you.”

We went into his room and he said, “Do you feel the difference? Perhaps it is because you have been filled with this. We are all going.”

Me: “Tell me, oh sphinx, when does one stop coming and start going?”

K: “Oh, I guess at birth—no, probably at ten to twenty years. I’ve never seen someone die. I wasn’t there when my brother died; it would have been terrible. In a way, I am gone when I walk, or sometimes when I am reading, I am so far away. Not when I talk. Then I am all there. But otherwise I’m getting farther away. That is why you mustn’t let them give me a general anesthetic, knock me out. That would be the end.”

Me: “What if you are in pain? Hurt?”

K: “I don’t think it will happen like that. Then sedation, but not out. If you died first”—long pause—“but I don’t think you will. You must outlive me, and I will live another fifteen or twenty years. I don’t know that, but I feel that. And when he goes—you must not commit suicide as you did when your husband died. Should you go to Paris to see your father now?”

Me: “No, we will follow the plan we already have to go there Wednesday.”

K: “I couldn’t drive the car alone. Maybe to Bulle or Nyon, but the body couldn’t [drive] all the way.”

On August twenty-second I spoke to people in Paris. The doctor had just seen my father. Nothing more could be done; death was very near. I telephoned my brother, who was about to fly to Paris. K and I lunched quietly; I didn’t tell him the news. At 3 p.m. the telephone rang: Father had died in his sleep. Krishnaji came into the room as I was hanging up the receiver. “I felt it had happened,” he said. “I felt it from you.” I rang my brother again and told him. K made me rest a while, and then we went for a walk as far as the river.

With our packing finished, we loaded the car to leave early in the morning. On the walk K had said that for most people death is perhaps a reabsorption into their conditioning.

August twenty-third. We said goodbye to Fosca and were in the car and on our way by 4 a.m. In France we stopped at Lons-le-Saunier for croissants and had them for breakfast with fruit at the same edge of the road as the year before. K drove for about 100 miles on the autoroute. We reached Paris by 1 p.m. and had our picnic lunch in the Bois where we used to take our walks. Then we went to the Plaza Athénée, and I rang my brother, who had arrived in Paris with his wife in the morning. He came to see me, and then we went to the apartment. I got back to the hotel in time to order K’s and my supper in our rooms.

On the drive in the morning, he had spoken of death. “I don’t like to speak of your father,” he said, “but what happens to a man like Rajagopal?” We talked of this, and later in the evening he said the following, which I wrote down verbatim: “Take a man like X, who is suspicious, jealous, secretive, concerned with his security—physical security. He is, after all, the product of his environment, his culture, his pattern of behavior. He may have peculiarities, his temperament, his so-called character. His mind is conditioned by the class he was born in and so on. And when he dies, and that is what we are talking about, what happens to him? He has not come out of his environment, he has not made anything of life; he is merely reacting within his conditioning, which may be very clever, cunning, artistic, but he has not come out of it. He is part of the whole quivering mass. He may think he will reincarnate, be reborn, or absorbed into something greater, which is his hope and comfort, but basically he is still the result of his tradition, of his forefathers, his environment. He has not come out of it, so he is absorbed into his basic conditioning. This sounds cruel, but as you observe, he is part of this humanity. As he was in life so he is in death. To live with death every day is to deny totally this conditioning. So to die to conditioning every day is to live a life of a different dimension.

There was a funeral service on Friday, August twenty-fifth, and later in the afternoon Krishnaji and I left Paris and drove to Le Havre and the night ferry for Southampton.

Section Seven

CHAPTER 25

1972

Back at Brockwood, there was quiet and rest. For the first few days Krishnaji settled into doing little beyond the afternoon walks across the fields. Then came papers to fill out in the legal matters in Ojai—so-called "interrogatories." Then came trips to London for dentist and Huntsman fittings, with in between the enjoyment of lunch with Mary at Fortnum. We went also to Chichester to a matinee of Christopher Fry's play, *The Lady's Not For Burning*, the tickets for which had been arranged by the Frys, longtime friends of mine.

The enjoyment of all this was struck a blow by the attack by Arab terrorists on Israeli Olympic athletes, a shocking savagery. On top of this, Col. Noyes arrived suddenly from Ojai bringing settlement talk from Rajagopal. Part of it was Rajagopal keeping funds for him to carry on publications, at which Krishnaji told Noyes that, had he known Rajagopal remained a Theosophist all those years, he would never have let Rajagopal touch his writings and would have asked him to get out of KW Inc. We both said that if Rajagopal had a settlement suggestion it must be made through his lawyer to ours. All this upset K's stomach, and the following morning, when it was known that the Arab terrorists had shot all the Israeli hostages, K was moved to tears and sent for Noyes, whom he told that what Rajagopal was doing was similar in lies and violence. Noyes said he had telephoned Rajagopal, who asked him to put suggestions in writing. We reiterated that Rajagopal must make any suggestions he had through his lawyer.

On September ninth Krishnaji's Brockwood public talks and discussions began and were well attended by well over 1,000 people. As before, they were held in a large tent with a second one adjacent where food was available. Krishnaji again ate something lightly upstairs after the talk but then returned to the tent to eat a little more, which he did standing as people came up to speak to him.

After these meetings were over, he needed more dentist work. On one of these, he endured two hours of drilling in preparation for a bridge after which we were able to quickly catch a train back to Petersfield, but coming back he fainted in the car. I was able to catch him, and he was unconscious for about two minutes. His face was swollen and he had pains in his head for a few days but nonetheless spoke to the school when it reopened and, as always, walked in the afternoons.

On October eighth he had a dialogue with David Bohm, taped on the Nagra by George Carnes, with Saral Bohm, Dorothy, Doris Pratt, and me present. They discussed what was intelligence, and at one point, far into the discussion, K put the question: What is its source? David was silent, and K later asked me if I had noticed the change of atmosphere in the room when he asked that question. Then, at the end, he suddenly began to speak of another way to communicate: that is, to speak to the unconscious. "That is affection," he

said, “that is love.” To me, later, he said, “I am going to speak to you that way.” The next day he did. He said that he had noticed that I had neglected my body, that for reasons he didn’t want to inquire into, I was highly nervous physically, that it showed in my face, that I had tried to correct it from the outside through will, through the conscious mind when he had pointed out mannerisms. I had responded with effort or depression, all of which were superficial responses. He said, “I am now talking to a deeper level, out of affection; it is from this level, from the inside, you must listen and change. If you do this, in a few days you will be different; there will be an awareness in your body.” He said that after my husband died I had abandoned my body, neglected it. Now I was greatly changed and was aware in many ways, but still not in the well-being of the body. He would speak at that level to me, to my unconscious, during the coming days.

The next day he again said to me, “I am speaking to your unconscious mind. I feel it doesn’t feel it is important or you would have changed. Do you know what it is to be quiet?” As he was saying this, I saw that certain habits were offshoots of tension. I didn’t feel tense or nervous but somehow to get things done I built up a steam of energy, which had a quality of tension that felt like being in high gear. I saw that this wasn’t necessary, that it actually wasted the very energy I needed, and I saw it from the inside—that quietness was what was needed and that if that core were there, things could be done without that false tension. Quietness inside. I understood. Later that morning, in the kitchen while doing the dishes, K said he felt a difference in me. Then, later in the evening, he said, “You have taken the first initiation. Do you know why you have taken so long? When you do it will be the second initiation.”

On October fifteenth Krishnaji, Dorothy, Whisper, and I went for our usual walk across the fields. We had supper downstairs, and at 8 p.m. everyone collected in the West Wing hall to say goodbye to K as he left, and so, with warmth and smiles from all, we drove off to Southampton and the Normandy ferry.

The morning in Le Havre was clear, a mist rising, and poplar trees were etched in their winter twigs against the pale light. We stopped for a poor breakfast along the autoroute but were in Paris and the hotel by 10:30 a.m., unpacked, and then went to lunch with Mar and Sacha de Manziarly in the Rue Jacob. Sacha had not been well since his motor accident in the spring. Krishnaji put his hands on him to heal.

The following day, Marcelle Bondonneau and Nadia Kossiakof lunched with us in the Régence restaurant in the hotel. They had put together a new Krishnamurti entity in France comprising four members, one of whom must be domiciled in France and own property there. They were Mlle. Isabelle Mallet, who lived in Normandy in a house designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, Mme. Samuel, Mme. Banzet, and Mme. Betsy Debass. The purposes of the committee were strictly to disseminate Krishnamurti teachings through his talks, books, tapes, and films. Nadia had worked very hard over this, publications, and the television interview. This last was the one done in Paris the previous year, and I was able to see the broadcast of the first half of it that night. K went to sleep and so did not see it, but I stayed up and was very pleased. It was all in French, K spoke clearly and eloquently, his accent was good, and the minor trips in gender and verb tenses

were inconsequential. André Voisin, the interviewer, did an excellent job—really listening, subtly smoothing words when K didn't get the ones he wanted and lightly raising essential questions in the teachings. It was professionally shot in black and white.

There was enthusiasm the next morning from Marcelle, Nadia, and Mar, who took credit for her family giving Krishnaji his good French accent years ago. She said she had just been to Ojai, saw Rajagopal, "but we didn't talk about anything, we just laughed." She asked if we couldn't put in the *Bulletin* that Rajagopal hadn't stolen anything; he had been doing his work since 1922 and hadn't taken a thing. I explained that we had a lawsuit going because Rajagopal refused information about finances and refused the settlement the attorney general had offered. And I pointed out that Rajagopal and Mima Porter were suing K and the rest of us. Mar said that she loved K and her sister Mima and didn't feel in the middle.

Krishnaji and I packed and took a morning flight from Orly to Rome. On the plane he said to me, "You must take care of yourself, eat properly, walk two miles a day, you must be well, you must outlast me. No unnecessary trips." I said I had promised to see two friends. "Then go quietly," he said. "You must have no accidents. It takes away energy from something else. Do everything quietly. Then everything will be right."

Vanda met us at Leonardo da Vinci airport. I went to Hotel Raphael and Krishnaji stayed at Vanda's flat on Via Barnaba Oriani. Some weeks earlier, Filomena in Malibu had had a slight stroke. It was diagnosed as a spasm from hardening of the arteries to both brain and heart. I discussed it with her and with Amanda Dunne, and Filomena wanted to go to her family in Rome. Miranda Dunne was due to go to Florence, and it was agreed she would accompany Filomena to Rome. They were both there when I arrived, Filomena looking well, and we had long talks about everything. Vanda kindly had us to lunch then and on subsequent days. K and I took long walks in the adjacent Villa Glori. "Is your subconscious working?" he asked. Miranda left, and I went for two days to Florence. On returning to Rome, I stayed at Vanda's, and on October twenty-ninthKrishnaji gave his first talk in Rome at the Teatro dell'Arte, a very fine one, to an overflowing audience.

The next day we walked in the Villa Glori, and he said, "Pay attention to your unconscious. It may want to tell you something now. Do not take too long to change. You are quiet inside now. It will tell you something and you must be alert and quick to respond—otherwise it is harmful." He also talked of what was negotiable or not with Rajagopal. A letter had come from Noyes, and K dictated comments on this to me.

The next day, October thirty-first, we walked again in the Villa Glori, and after lunch Filomena and her son drove me to the airport, where I flew to Paris. I spoke to Vanda and K the next day, and then, on November second, Krishnaji rang to tell me that Rajagopal had telephoned him to say that whatever happens he loved him as he did in the beginning. K told him he could settle things, and Rajagopal replied, "It is out of my hands." I felt sickened at Rajagopal's duplicity and attempt to manipulate K. He said to me it was no use being upset; it was done and might mean something. He was still quick to hope that Rajagopal would behave decently. That afternoon I flew to New York and, after a long

wait in customs, reached my brother's flat. He and his wife Lisa and I talked until very late.

While in New York, I spoke to Erna in Ojai and reported to K. On November fifth he left Rome for New Delhi, where he gave his first talk on the eleventh. On the thirteenth I returned to Malibu.

In his first letter from India, K wrote that on the flight from Rome there had been a delay in Athens, and the airline had assigned him a room in a hotel, where he had to share it with a man who was smelly and snored all night. Never again should Krishnaji travel alone. He also described the bus trip back to the airport when they passed the Acropolis, and a woman passenger never even looked up. To K, the Acropolis was one of the greatest splendors of the world.

From Madras Krishnaji wrote that he had had to answer questions from Rajagopal's lawyers about the ownership of Vasanta Vihar and had learned that Madhavachari had given all of K's private letters to him to Rajagopal—a thorough betrayal that I had suspected.

CHAPTER 26

1973 began with Krishnaji in Rishi Valley and then in Bangalore, from where he wrote and where I cabled him after a hearing in the Ventura court, where Judge Heaton granted the motions on our behalf made by Stanley Cohen, our Ventura lawyer, including access to KW Inc. records. Throughout his stay in India, Krishnaji wrote, and I in turn replied and kept him informed.

On February first he flew from Bombay to Rome, then to Brockwood, and on February ninth to Los Angeles and so back to Malibu. He rested; we talked and walked and often went over next door to the Dunnes', where Amanda Dunne was recuperating after serious surgery. Krishnaji provided healing. On the seventeenth we drove to Ojai, where there was snow on Topa Topa, the mountain K used to climb. At the Lilliefelts', there was a trustee meeting and general discussion of all plans. We drove back in the afternoon, and K said that even as far away as Ojai he could feel something happening for Amanda's health. On another day we went to a movie in Los Angeles, and on returning along the beach road Krishnaji gently fainted and then half-fainted again a little later. "I felt far away," he said.

On March seventh we drove to San Francisco and the Huntington Hotel. Alain came to tea and came again the next day when, with Erna and Theo, we all five went to Trader Vic's for lunch.

Afterward, we went to the Masonic Hall, where Krishnaji was to speak and which was conveniently next to the Huntington. He was pleased with it, did microphone and light adjustments while he was there, then returned to the hotel. The next day he rested; we

lunched in the sitting room and in the afternoon drove to Golden Gate Park, where Alain joined us for a walk and came back for supper. The apartment, as well as a sitting room, had a kitchen where I could cook.

Krishnaji gave his first of four San Francisco talks on March tenth in the Masonic Hall, which seated more than 3,000 and was very well attended. Alain did the audiotaping and came for walks as well as lunches in Chinatown and in various small restaurants. K went to see Mrs. Blanche Mathias, an elderly friend from earlier days. Jacob Needleman came to see him. The Lilliefelts and Alan Kishbaugh were there; and after, we went to walk in Muir Woods and K dictated a *Letters to the Schools*—the first of a series he wanted to do on freedom. When he didn't want to go further afield, we walked ten laps around the little park opposite the hotel. We left on March twentieth and drove south. The Big Sur road was closed, so we came on Route 101 through rain, sleet, hail, and a touch of sun, stopping for a picnic lunch in Pismo Beach. K did some of the driving, and we were home in Malibu by mid-afternoon.

K rested in bed for two days, getting up only to do ten rounds of the lawn in the late afternoon. But on the twenty-fourth he was back in form and held a discussion with Erna, Theo, Ruth Tettemer, Albion Patterson, Alan Kishbaugh, Sidney Field, and David Hall and his wife, Felicity. At a second discussion with the same group—this one on education—he spoke of the need for a school because we were in a time of violence, a "dark age." He said there was a residue of both good and evil that exists in itself. "I am not speculating. I know this." He said we must bring up children in goodness—an umbrella of it sheltering them. As to having a school, how were we to have it? He said we were already in this goodness or we would not be there. Were we willing? We were.

There was further talk of a school in the succeeding days; we went to see the aquarium at Marineland, K dictated further *Letters to the Schools*, he continued giving healing to Amanda, and on April fifth we drove to Ojai, where we stayed with the Lilliefelts. At supper, we talked, and K spoke of a sense that they and I had been sent by something to look after him, that we must be responsible, keep control of the schools, and also be prepared to handle whatever a coming tide of energy would bring. We must keep things in our hands.

On the seventh, in the morning, he gave the first Ojai talk, held in Libbey Park. At supper with Erna and Theo, he spoke of the horror of his life with the Rajagopals.

A second talk took place the next day, and in the afternoon we went up to the top of Sulphur Mountain to look at it as a possible place for a school. Krishnaji gave numerous private interviews, and on the following day spoke to the students at the Thacher School. In the afternoon we drove home to Malibu.

It was back to Ojai for two more talks on the next weekend. There was further discussion of a school, and K spoke of our perhaps building a cottage in Ojai. Again, in Malibu, his head was hurting, and he rested. On the nineteenth Dr. Allan Anderson came to lunch,

and there was discussion of his doing videotaped discussions with K in San Diego the following year.

On April twenty-third we flew to New York, stayed briefly at the Ritz Tower, and on the twenty-fifth flew to Paris. We had the usual rooms at the Plaza Athénée. With no sleep on the flight, K rested but had such a severe cramp in his right lower leg that he almost fainted. Hot compresses relieved it. We did errands the next morning and had Marcelle Bondonneau and Mar de Manziarly to lunch in the hotel. There was much talk of the early days with Mar, K asking what the young K was like. Sacha had been taken to the American hospital, so we went there with Mar. Sacha looked gray and seemed unaware of how ill he was. K spent about ten minutes alone with him while Mar and I talked to the nurse about tests, the results of which were not yet known. When K and I left, he said to me, "Never let me be in a hospital. I would rather die quietly at home." It was the first time he had been in a hospital in years, and the atmosphere disturbed him.

The following day, April twenty-eighth, the car was delivered from Switzerland by Mr. Moser. After lunch with my brother and his wife, we put the luggage in the car and it wouldn't start. The doorman got it going it using a cable, which I quickly bought as a precaution, and we set off for Le Havre. It stopped once on the autoroute but started again, and I left it in the ferry queue while we walked to the Monaco restaurant where we had dined before. Luckily the car started and we got on the ferry, but in the morning in Southampton, it had to be pushed off by hand and then started with the precautionary cable. It was a lovely, misty morning, and we came serenely to Brockwood, where we talked all morning with Dorothy, and then K slept the rest of the day.

On the thirtieth a telegram came from Mar saying that Sacha had died the day before.

Krishnaji's seventy-eighth birthday came and went without mention of it, as he preferred. He spoke to the school, to Mary Cadogan, to the Digbys, and gave interviews. One day he, Dorothy, Doris Pratt, and I drove to the New Forest for a picnic and went on to Buckler's Hard, a small, fifteenth-century village where Elizabethan ships used to be built. We drove on to Christchurch, but the drive was too long and K was tired. There were meetings with the staff, trips to London for errands, and K dictated letters. One of these was to the Happy Valley Foundation formally asking it to make land available in Ojai for a school. On June first Mar came for the weekend. She showed Krishnaji and me letters written by Nitya to her in the early twenties. They were very touching to me, so alive, humorous, ironic, a bit snobbish, and somehow sad, as though that world was tiresome to him. He wrote, "Theosophy is the most boring thing of all." K was moved by the letters. He said, "I saw what it was like, but he was much more mature than I."

On June eighteenth Ruth Tettemer and Albion Patterson arrived and were joined by Pupul Jayakar, her daughter, Radhika Herzberger, with her two children, Sunanda and Maya, and also Sunanda Patwardhan, Achyut Patwardhan, and Balasundaram. The next day Alan Kishbaugh and the Lilliefelts arrived. Erna reported that Rajagopal had made insufficient replies to our first interrogatory. On the twentieth the Digbys arrived, Mary Cadogan and Mary Links came, and the meeting of the three Krishnamurti Foundations

began. K opened with moving words on trust and working together, and there was discussion on whether the Foundations should continue and in what form. The next day a meeting of the English Foundation and Publications Committee dealt with a new structure in which annual meetings would be called and would be ultimately responsible for all publications. Hugues van der Straten arrived, and in the afternoon, with everyone present, the thorny matter of world publications was gone into. India made a claim for sharing copyright, but it was resisted. India accepted this, but after much work it was given the right to publish in its own territories. A better feeling was achieved with more trust and cooperation.

On the twenty-fourth K spoke to the school in the morning, but the Foundations met in the afternoon and finished the agreements. Mary Links then urged that all Krishnamurti's ashes be given to the Indians when he died. The Americans thought this too sectarian but didn't speak up.

On July third we left Brockwood and took the ferry from Southampton to Le Havre. After one night in Paris at the Plaza, we drove south on the autoroute to Chalons, where we took a smaller road through Lons-le-Saunier and finally found a quiet, shady lane where we had a picnic lunch. We then drove on through Morez and via the Col de la Faucille into Switzerland. We were in Geneva and at the Hôtel du Rhône by 6:30 p.m., hot and tired. I spoke on the phone to Vanda, who had just arrived at Chalet Tannegg, We had supper in our rooms, and K said, "No more of these long motor trips—too much."

In the morning we did a little shopping—ties at his favorite place and Patek Philippe to have his watch regulated. Narasimhan lunched with us, and then we went off along the lake, past Lausanne, and up into the mountains via Oron, stopping in Bulle to buy some Gateaux Bullois. We went on through driving rain to Gstaad and Chalet Tannegg, where Vanda and Fosca had all in order. Meanwhile, in Los Angeles, Amanda was undergoing yet another operation. In the car Krishnaji had said, "I will think of it at night. One is quieter then." The next morning there was a cable signed "Dunnes" saying the operation was successful and the doctor pleased. K said, "I woke up happy." And I sent a cable from both of us.

Quiet days followed; K resting and doing a few *Letters to the Schools*. The first Saanen talk was on the fifteenth. Felix and Elena Greene came to lunch, and there was talk of China and India. K said, "What does it all mean, building dams and societies, etcetera? Unless I have a reason to live, all the rest has no meaning. I am savage about that."

The second Saanen talk was so intense I was exhausted at the end. He put incalculable energy into it. There was just K, Vanda, and I at lunch. Later, she and I discussed Tannegg matters over supper, and in the morning she left for Florence. That day his old friend from early days, Pascaline Mallet, came for lunch. He had not seen her for years, and it was my first meeting. She was the official head of the French committee.

Dorothy and Montague Simmons moved up from the camping ground to stay in the downstairs flat at Tannegg. They came on the afternoon walks. Various people came for

lunch, for tea, and for discussions. K dictated letters to Erna about the case and to a reply from the Happy Valley Foundation, which had said that perhaps a bit of the land there might be available—maybe. To me, it was insulting, but K wished to pursue it.

The weather turned cold and wet but softened by the time of the seventh and last talk on July twenty-ninth. Then cold again for the start of the seven daily public discussions. There were many meetings for K with various people, a busy and demanding time, but finally it was over, and on a lovely August eighth, K, the Simmons, and I drove to Thun, had our picnic in a little park, and then at Mr. Moser's we took delivery of K's new Mercedes 450 SLC that was ordered two years before. K, with Moser, drove it back to Tannegg while the Simmons came with me. My car then went back to Thun for winter storage with Mr. Moser. K looked totally pleased. He drove it the next day to put a little mileage on it, and then we went, again with Dorothy and Montague, to Thun for its first service. While this was being done, we went to Beatus for lunch and then on to Interlaken on the lake steamer. The Mönch, Eiger, and Jungfrau were clear all day against the summer sky, and we came back relaxed and content to fetch the car of which K later said, "It is like a crouching tiger."

The next day we washed the crouching tiger, Krishnaji carefully, meticulously seeing to every detail. Dorothy and Montague left for Brockwood; it was quiet in the house, and K was feeling remote and "off." Packing followed; after that and final errands, we loaded the car and went for the last walk of the summer; the usual way up the hill, across the fields, and into the woods to the river. The car was ready to go before bedtime.

On August fourteenth, after saying goodbye to Fosca, we left Tannegg at 4 a.m. in the new Mercedes. A golden moon lit the valley, and then an orange ball of sun took its place as we drove along the autoroute past Lausanne. K was driving: "Now I know I can drive this car." I took it climbing the mountains. We stopped at one point, and K left his driving gloves on a tree and we went back to find them. "I could have wandered off in the forest; the body is off—I've never felt it quite like this." Into France, we bought croissants in a village in the Jura and ate our picnic breakfast in the little side road where we had done so the previous two summers. We rejoined the autoroute at Chalons. I had slept less than two hours, and K wanted to drive again, so I dozed. There was a heat wave all over Europe, but the air conditioner in the new car meant a comfortable drive. We had a picnic lunch with us, but didn't fancy the parking as we neared Paris and wound up eating our lunch in the Bois de Boulogne, near where we used to walk. There were prettier places, but K liked the familiar one, and we sat a long time under the trees. We reached the Plaza Athénée by 5 p.m., had long cool baths, and ate a delicious supper of fruit and soup. By 8 p.m., I fell asleep.

The next day was a holiday in France. After eleven hours of sleep, K felt rested, and we floated through the morning in complete relaxation, lunched in the garden under umbrellas, luxuriously, quietly. At 4 p.m. we walked to the Champs-Elysées, where a Burt Lancaster film was playing. It was the usual nonsense, but K observed the southwest desert mountains and his head pain stopped. "I didn't know what was happening. I just watched."

The following day he said of his head pains and faraway feeling, “These people usually remain in one place, surrounded by their disciples; the Buddha walked eighty miles, but that wasn’t very far. This body was made sensitive, and it rebels at being pushed around in strange places.”

I asked, “Shouldn’t it stay in one place?”

K replied, “If you mean Brockwood, no. It may come to that, but not now.”

At 4 p.m. we left and drove slowly to Le Havre, K doing about half the driving, which lessened the pain in his head. We boarded the Normandy ferry, had a smooth crossing, and landed in Southampton at 7 in the morning, August seventeenth. At Brockwood we unpacked; K cleaned the Mercedes’ engine and worried that it could not be put in the garage because Dorothy’s Cortina was stored there. “It will rust, we must cover it,” he said, but Dorothy, Montague, and Doris arrived in the Land Rover, the Cortina was moved, and the Mercedes was saved from the night’s dew. K’s head was hurting him, and his face looked drawn. “I wonder how long it will last?” he said. Later he spoke of the headaches as if the tremendous energy that went into the talks subsides and the body’s protest and fatigue then surfaces.

A draft of a settlement agreement in the Rajagopal case came from our lawyer, Stanley Cohen, which K reviewed. People began to arrive for the Brockwood talks, among them Reg and Mavis Bennett. Ian Hammond and Robert Wiffen came to inspect their architectural work on the new Cloisters building, and there was talk of an assembly hall. I was able to tell K that, after the payment due on the Mercedes, there was still some money left in the account, and he said it should go toward the assembly hall.

There were a few quiet days when, with Dorothy, we walked, pruned trees in the grove, and picked blackberries along the hedgerows.

A letter from Erna came saying that Evelyne Blau had visited the Happy Valley land that had been suggested for a school and that she, the Lilliefelts, and Ruth Tettemer all felt we should abandon that as a possibility.

Krishnaji began the first of his four Brockwood talks on Sunday, August first. As in the past, he had a little something to eat afterward in the quiet of the West Wing kitchen and then returned to the marquee where everyone else was lunching. The weather was benign, and the audience was numerous. On the Tuesday and Thursday, between the weekends, he held question-and-answer sessions. By the last and fourth talk, there were easily 1,500 people attending, but K felt there was too much of a holiday atmosphere, not enough seriousness. The next year should be more austere.

On September thirteenth we lunched with Mary Links at Fortnum. She had had queries about the text of one of his books edited in India. K was impatient with it, had dictated revisions of it to me, and said it could not be published as it was. This was discussed at lunch. K decided that I should go through it and consult him on parts I thought needed

editing or elucidating. He would then correct it, and it would then go to Mary for final editing. At the end of lunch, Mary spoke of the beauty of K's letters, their originality, and asked him if he would keep a notebook in which he would write a word, a line, anything each morning. K told her of the curious thing that had happened the night before the first Brockwood talk on August thirty-first. He had woken during the night feeling as if a ball of light were being placed in his head. He stayed awake observing it for about an hour.

Lunch was followed by an inevitable dentist appointment for K, but then we did errands and shopped for a notebook for the planned writing and suitable pencils. He wanted a thick one with fine lead and was pleased by what he found. Putting down our shopping bag was a self-conscious thing. "It hasn't a bomb," said K to the clerk. London and other cities were being harassed by the IRA with bombs being left in shopping bags.

The very next morning Krishnaji began writing in the new notebook and did it daily in spite of giving interviews, speaking to the school, going further to London for dentist, Huntsman fittings, talking again to Mary for the biography, and, as always, taking long and striding walks across the fields in the beauty of the turning season.

We left Brockwood on October fifteenth and flew to Rome and to Vanda's flat on Via Barnaba Oriani. K rested and continued his notebook; various people came to lunch and to talk to him, and every afternoon he and I walked in the nearby Villa Glori. I spent time with Filomena and her family. On one day Krishnaji, Vanda, and I lunched at Villa Medici with Comte de Roland, his Japanese wife, and Mme. Cassadó, widow of the cellist Cassadó, and also Japanese. There was discussion of Krishnaji being invited to speak in Japan in 1974. Mme. Cassadó was leaving for there the next day and would write to me about it.

There were conversations about the necessity of work in Italy being handled by a committee and not by one or two individuals. Krishnaji also made it very clear that if there were a school in Italy, it must be run by that committee but not bear his name. This was consistent with his wish that only schools he could visit, and therefore for which he could assume responsibility, should use his name. He also refused the request of the Swiss photographer, Guido Franco, to be interviewed on film for use in something Franco was showing on French television about the gurus Sai Baba and U. G. Krishnamurti. This too was consistent with his wish not to be mixed with other things.

On October twenty-eighth K gave a talk at the Teatro Eliseo. It was his one public talk in Rome, and he put a great deal into it. About 900 people attended, and about 600 of them used translation devices. Afterward Vanda had around eighty people to lunch. In the afternoon I finished going through the education book, and K and I walked in Villa Glori. The film director Pontecorvo was at lunch the next day. He was making a film about Jesus, and Krishnaji suggested a more interesting subject would be why the human mind so easily falls into superstition. On the afternoon walk he again cautioned me not to do unnecessary things, not to take chances, to drive with care, and avoid unnecessary travel. Also to train my body as I would a dog.

On October thirtieth, there was a discussion for invited people at Vanda's, largely on the difference between recognition and seeing. In the latter there is only seeing and no center as the self. Another discussion followed the next day, also a good one. Then, on November first, Krishnaji flew to Bombay on Alitalia, and I flew to New York.

After visiting my family, I returned to Malibu on November thirteenth. From India, K cabled that he had received a cable from Rajagopal and asked what was happening. Our lawyer, Stanley Cohen, advised K not to reply, and he followed this counsel. A tentative draft of a settlement of the Rajagopal case was in the air, and, after discussion with Erna, Theo, and Cohen, a draft of it was sent to Krishnaji.

On the nineteenth I received K's first letter. It was written in Rishi Valley between November fifth and twelfth. He wrote every day, and when two pages were filled, they would be sent. I, in turn, did the same so that there was a flowing sense of communication. He had gone to Delhi, but a scheduled trip to Rajghat was cancelled by an airline strike and uncertainty of trains. He had told KFI that he could no longer speak in so many places. From Delhi he went to Madras.

CHAPTER 27

Krishnaji left Bombay for Rome on January thirty-first, 1973, and then flew to Brockwood on February second, 1974. On the fifth Dorothy telephoned me that he had been refused a visa for the U.S. I telephoned the visa department in London to protest and was told that it was being issued at that very moment, and so he would be able to fly to Los Angeles the next day.

In the meantime, on the fifth, Erna and I met at the Ventura County Courthouse and went over points in the latest settlement agreement draft drawn up by Stanley Cohen, which had only just reached us. At 2 p.m. Sol Rosenthal, Cohen, and Deputy Attorney General Laurence Tapper arrived, and Judge Richard Heaton took them and Rajagopal's lawyer, Terry Christensen, into his chambers, where they remained for three hours. Sol was the first to come out and told Erna and me that he felt a settlement was going to occur. Mr. Tapper had been very helpful and was going to insist on a yearly audit of K&R, which Rajagopal had refused. There was talk also of making Rajagopal pay for the $40,000 vault built in his own house at K&R's expense.

All this was good news to have for Krishnaji's arrival the next day, February sixth. He was the second passenger off the plane, and after a time came out of customs carrying his Vuitton bag, looking elegant and tired but wonderful. "Travel is hell," he said. We drove home to Malibu, talked, unpacked, and talked some more. He wanted to hear Walter Cronkite on the television news, and we telephoned the Lilliefelts. It was peace to have him safely there, but the next day I spoke to my lawyer about the possibility of his having some sort of resident status to avoid visa difficulties. That evening he was too mixed up in time to sleep well. "Things have been going on, exploding in my head. Something is

going on." He told of plans of the Bangalore school and that Mary Lutyens had finished the biography.

Days of rest followed; some trips to the dentist, too, and then up to Ojai for a trustee meeting with Erna, Theo, Ruth, and Albion. He reported on India and Brockwood, and we discussed the case and school plans. He asked, "How will you judge a student? Will it be with your prejudices, likes, dislikes? Will you be aware of these, of choosing with your own ego? It is a sin to turn down a child who comes to you, who may be the right one. It is a tremendous responsibility. If you feel that responsibility deeply, you will act rightly."

On February sixteenth we left at 3 and drove to La Jolla, where again Martha Longenecker had very kindly lent her house for K's use during the videotaping at San Diego State University of a series of discussions with Dr. Allan Anderson. Martha was there to receive him and so was Sidney Roth, whose interest and help contributed to the video project. Martha checked me out on how the house worked, and Tibet, her cat, made us welcome. Then Martha and Sidney left, we had supper, and K slept.

There was a gasoline shortage, and by careful driving we had used only half of the car's supply, so I was able to drive one more mile and lay in a supply of food. K rested all day until we took a walk around La Jolla. We had supper on trays by the television, and a program came on showing Baba Ram Dass (i.e., Richard Alpert), Timothy Leary's old partner in LSD matters at Harvard. There were ashram scenes of pompously serious, bearded, turbaned types doing what was billed as kundalini yoga. "God bless America," said K. "They will embrace anything." Later he watched a little of *Upstairs, Downstairs* and was hoping Sarah, the scullery maid, would disrupt the dinner for King Edward VII, but bedtime intervened.

The videotaping with Dr. Allan Anderson began on February eighteenth at San Diego State University in their television department. There were to be ten days of dialogues on the general theme of what place knowledge had in the transformation of man. They were recorded in color, using three cameras. That morning they did one hour, then paused, and did a second hour. We came back to the house for lunch and walked a little in the afternoon. Then supper on trays by the TV and early to bed.

At 7 the next morning, in the dark, I queued behind a dozen cars at the nearest gas station; it took half an hour, but I was able to get a full tank, and we went again for the third and fourth dialogues. In the car he said, "Energy is not thought. Remember to remind me."

K suggested that Dr. Anderson challenge him a little more and it went well. This continued through dialogues nine and ten on the twenty-second and was followed by two days of rest. On the twenty-fifth they did numbers eleven and twelve, but K was very tired. He that day decided definitely against going to Japan in the autumn. "It is too much. I am seventy-nine." We agreed also to not motor anymore to Saanen. Long drives were too much.

On the twenty-fifth, on the way to San Diego State, K said, "I think I will take charge of the discussion." It went very well. It began with religion, which he said was a gathering of energy at all levels that would bring about great attention, without frontiers, and from there move to understand what thought cannot reach. He spoke of man's original closeness to and love of nature, but priests took over as interpreters and relied on fear to influence man away from worship of beauty. He said current religion was a degradation, a circus, utterly immature; that the real meaning of religion was a state of mind being so attentive that the unnamable could come into being. Only out of that attention can one see what is actually happening. To pay attention means to be quiet. The quality of mind that can perceive something beyond the measurement of thought is religion, is sacred.

On the twenty-eighth they finished with recordings numbers seventeen and eighteen, deciding not to do more, and in the afternoon, after saying goodbye to Martha Longenecker and thanking her for her hospitality, we drove back to Malibu. K was tired, as dialogues were more tiring than talks, but he felt it had gone well.

A pleasing thing had happened: Krishnaji's Mercedes, which had been shipped from London, arrived and was already in Oxnard at Dieter's Motors, where we went to see it. The Green Beauty, as K called it. One could ask for special license numbers, and K chose KMN. This derived from the days when he and his brother had some of their things marked with both their initials. So KMN stood for Krishna Maria Nitya, though this was kept unexplained. Maria had evolved from the prevalence of Marys—Lutyens, Cadogan—so K took to calling me Maria instead of what had been "Mrs. Zimbalist."

On March eighth the KFA trustees brought about ten possible teachers who might be involved in the school, and K discussed what the school should be. The two sisters, Drs. Siddoo, who were planning a similar school in Canada, were also there, as was Asit Chandmal. He and Alan Kishbaugh stayed to lunch.

This was also the day that Krishnaji regained his manuscript of what was subsequently published as *Krishnamurti's Notebook*. It was a handwritten-in-pencil daily record begun in June 1961 and continued for seven months. In it he described states of consciousness and perceptions in ways he had never done before. When he ended it, for safekeeping he had asked Vanda Scaravelli, who was going to California, to carry it to Ojai for his archive. Since then, Rajagopal had refused to return it or even give Krishnamurti access to it until, in the movement toward settlement, it was exchanged for the audiotapes made by Albert Blackburn in 1968 of K's conversations with Ojai people in Saanen regarding his reasons for disassociation with KW Inc. These Rajagopal wanted destroyed. The manuscript was conveyed via Rajagopal's lawyer to Stanley Cohen and delivered this day by Erna and Theo to Krishnaji. It was something immensely beautiful and moving, perhaps the closest of any of his writings to the innermost of his mind. He asked me that day to read it, and subsequently I dictated the text onto cassettes from which it was transcribed by a secretarial service. That night he again said he had the sudden feeling that he would live another ten to fifteen years: "The body must last." And repeated that I must outlive him.

On March eleventh Erna heard from Mr. Cohen that Rajagopal wanted to know K's personal reasons for wanting control of his pre-1933 books. She gave on the telephone a substantive draft of a reply, which K rewrote and had ready for the next day's meeting of the KFA board. The re-draft by R's lawyer, Christensen, was gone over, and after a quick lunch, Erna and Theo drove K and me to Stanley Cohen's office in Oxnard, where we went over it with him. It was Krishnaji's first meeting with Mr. Cohen, and he liked his spirit of getting things done. The next meeting was to be in the presiding Judge Heaton's chambers. Erna and Theo drove us to Dieter's Motors, where the Green Beauty Mercedes was ready and shining. We drove it home at last to Malibu, with K at the wheel most of the way. That evening he said, "We've accomplished a lot today."

On the fourteenth Erna spoke to Mr. Cohen and reported that Rajagopal was balking at pre-1933 publications control by K, but Cohen was holding firm. Archives were to be housed in the K&R office and not in Rajagopal's vault in his house. KFA was to receive the $30,000 value of that vault, which had been built using KW Inc. money, on Rajagopal's death or if he sold the house. Cohen was to put all this into legal form as soon as possible.

On March sixteenth and seventeenth Krishnaji gave public talks in the Santa Monica Auditorium. Two more talks were on the following weekend. When these were completed, Erna gave a copy of the letter addressed to K and KFA from Mrs. Porter, the Vigevenos, Mr. Weideman, and Austin Bee refusing the settlement. They were in a furor over K's wanting publishing control of his pre-1933 material. Alan Kishbaugh came back for lunch, and Erna and Theo joined us. We discussed the case and also the offer we were about to make for some forty acres of Ojai land for a school. K gave us a blinding challenge whether we wanted to go ahead with the offer in spite of the settlement apparently blowing up. "If it is right, it will come right," he said but added that we each had to feel it was right apart from any other consideration. Erna and I signed the offer for the land.

Krishnaji held a public discussion in Libbey Park at Ojai on March thirty-first. The night before was spent at the Lilliefelts', and in the early morning K was outside, looking down the valley, seemingly lost in the radiance of what he saw. "This is Ojai," he said. "You must see it." I suggested that perhaps his love for it, the beauty of the land, touched his consciousness all those years in ways that had made endurable what he went through with the Rajagopals. Coming home in the car, he said I was right.

We went again to Ojai the following weekend for another public discussion in Libbey Park. Afterward, at Erna and Theo's, Krishnaji went into plans for the school and spoke most persuasively about Mark Lee becoming its director. This was agreed to by all, and when Mark and his wife Asha came in the afternoon, the directorship was offered to him, and he accepted. Shortly after this, our offer on the forty-acre piece of land as a site for the school was rejected, but discussions on what the school should be like were continued.

One evening, after the usual supper on trays in the living room, Krishnaji watched a film on television, and when I came in to mention that it was quite late, he had a staring, faraway look. He said, “Sit down quietly.” After a while he described a “precipitation,” something so strong in the room that he was prepared for it to become “manifest” (i.e., visible in some way). It kept him wide-awake, and in the night he had to sit up because it was so strong. “I never felt it like this before.” All the next day he was somewhat far-off.

On April sixteenth we flew to New York and once again stayed in the small flat in the Ritz Tower. My brother lent me his car to drive to White Plains for K to have a medical checkup by Dr. Max Wolf, who had examined him in the past. He found K generally very well. There was a slight thickening of his vocal chords but not a tumor; his blood pressure was 110/69; weepy eyes was a blocked tear duct, a common condition; the tremor in his hands was not Parkinson’s; and there was only a very slight hardening in his arteries. Blood and other samples were taken for testing.

Erna and Theo arrived and reported on where things stood with regard to land for a school. As to any attempt to get some of the Happy Valley land, K said Rosalind’s hostility to him and all of us made it highly unlikely. “I cannot do it,” he said. “I will not talk to her.” It was felt we must start clean to create whatever K wanted without strings or being beholden to the Rajagopals.

On April twentieth K began his New York talks at Carnegie Hall. At the stage entrance, there were three police cars in front and the entrance was full of policemen. A telephoned bomb threat had been made by a man speaking with an Indian accent, and the bomb was said to be timed to go off when Krishnamurti began to speak. All people with packages were being stopped. K was unaware of all this, gave an excellent talk, and the only difficulty was the inadequacy of the public address system. It was only afterward that Erna told me what had happened, though the sight of police made me guess. I didn’t speak of it to K. I was often uneasy when he was in front of large, unknown audiences, but when thinking about it then, there was a curious sense of hovering protection and reassurance.

He gave his second Carnegie Hall talk the next day. Erna and Theo came by afterward, and K said something to me about the necessity of living without shock or strain. It was then that Erna told him about the bomb threat, but he brushed it aside, saying, “I must live at least another ten years.” The following morning he spoke of “a marvelous meditation in the night” and “I must find out what to do to live another ten or fifteen years; there is so much to do.”

During the week we went to see Dr. Max Wolf and had a good report medically. He also saw Mr. Narasimhan and a number of others, including a group for a discussion that was held at the Cooper Hewitt Museum, where its director, my brother’s wife, Lisa Taylor, made available a room for the meeting. We also saw some movies, including one about some very winning dolphins. K was carried away and cried out in alarm for them and then said reassuringly to me, “Oh, it’s a cinema,” as if he just remembered it.

After two more talks at Carnegie Hall on April twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, we flew back to California on the thirtieth. Home in Malibu on a lovely afternoon, we both felt better away from New York and in the clean and quiet peace of the house above the sea.

CHAPTER 28

On May seventh, 1974, all KFA trustees came for a meeting and stayed to lunch. K asked what it was that seemed to be blocking us—the loss of the forty acres we had tried to buy for the school. Everywhere else—Brockwood, India, etcetera—things were going ahead, but in Ojai we seemed to be blocked. He said we had put too much dependence and, hence, strings to the Rajagopals, the outcome of the case, getting KW Inc. or Happy Valley land. We should go ahead without that. He went into why Ojai, the reasons for it, his affection for it, the feeling it was meant to be, trustees living there. Erna pointed to my feeling that the Happy Valley land and Arya Vihara were being poisoned by the Rajagopals and we should start anew and clean, on our own. K spoke of a center where he would spend more time. Also, as we had no response from Christensen on the settlement agreement, I telephoned Mr. Cohen saying that we were all together and felt that, if there were no response in the next few days, he might sum up these events to Judge Heaton to ask for a hearing and a trial date. The other trustees went off determined to find better land than the forty acres. K filled them with resolve and energy, as he always did.

On May tenth Krishnaji came into my room while I was at the desk; while we talked, there was that remote look in his face, and very suddenly I felt the curious sense of something present. It was as if there were an inaudible sound. His face had a look of inward listening, infinitely austere, away. He said, “It is strange. Do you feel it? Do you write down when these things happen? You should.” A little later, he said that he could sense when the two Rajagopals didn’t know where he was, that when they knew he was there, it was as if they “beamed” hate at him. I asked if he felt it at Brockwood—did it reach that far? He said no. I then asked if it would not be worse if we lived in Ojai. “No, I can turn it away. They would try to prevent us being there,” he said.

“Could they?” I asked.

“No, they couldn’t,” he replied. We could buy land like anyone else. I asked why he didn’t turn away any emanations from them if he could. He said he didn’t try to. “They might change. People do change.”

On May fifteenth we drove to lunch with Erna and Theo. Beforehand, I had telephoned Mr. Cohen, who said that Christensen was stalling and not returning his telephone calls. In view of this, he was to go ahead and sum up where we were to Judge Heaton and ask for a trial date. At lunch K again asked us what was blocking us in Ojai. He suggested that by hanging our plans on the outcome of the case, we were dependent on Rajagopal, and that was wrong. We also discussed whether we should try to get land primarily for a

center, without a school, a place where K would spend three months a year and discuss with people able to absorb his teachings. Ruth and Albion joined us, and we all went to see a house nearby for sale. It turned out to be a tacky house, a messy place, and K and I both disliked it. He said to me, "You have spoiled me. I couldn't live in a place like that." Then we went to the other side of the valley, climbed a hill, and looked down on a beautiful untouched valley, rolling golden fields, oak trees, and wooded mountain—everything that was loveliest in Southern California as it was a hundred years ago. It would have been perfect.

On the drive back to Malibu, K spoke of insults he received constantly from both the Rajagopals; her first calling him "a swine" in Sequoia, his shock, and when he told Rajagopal, there was only a shrug; their forcing him to go to drive-in movies and eat in tacky restaurants, which he hated. He spoke again of the time in India when Rosalind tried to hit his head with an empty bottle. Sunanda Patwardhan was a witness. He said he put up with all this because there was nothing he could do, no one to go to. He spoke of his sense of helplessness. He said that he wondered, when I went out, if something happened to me, what would he do? I said he would call the Dunnes, who were next door, but he said he wouldn't know how and would be too shy. I realized I must never go out unless there was someone there to protect him. I felt in tears at his helplessness and sense that he must put up with whatever was done to him. There was a total vulnerability, and it was also part of what made his face light up with delight at flowers on a hill as we passed or the blue of the sea.

A few days later, we met Erna and Theo at Mr. Cohen's office in Oxnard. He had received from Christensen revisions of the draft agreement. One was to make thirteen acres of land permanently empty around Rajagopal's house, even after his death, thereby enhancing the value of his place. We agreed to some things, not to others. K signed a successor trustee document by which he named successors to himself as trustee of K&R as specified in the settlement if it were to go through. In order, these were myself, Erna, Theo, Alan Kishbaugh, and Ruth Tettemer.

Early one morning, when I pulled back the curtains in my room, there was, only a few feet away, a doe standing delicately on the edge of the terrace, an amazing sight, for that part of the garden was entirely fenced. Hoping Krishnaji was awake, I very quietly went to see, and he came. We stood very still while the doe came so close to the window that her breath misted the glass; then, after a little while, she moved across the lawn and tried to jump the nine-foot wall but failed and fell, to our dismay. But unhurt and without haste, she went around the house while we followed from within. Then she completely vanished. We never figured out how she got in or left, but it was a quite magical apparition, and K was delighted. There were deer in the hills, but they were never seen on our side of the highway.

On the twenty-eighth there was to be a meeting in court on behalf of K and all of us. I telephoned Mr. Cohen to make it clear to Christensen that if there were no settlement that day, we would not accept one on the same terms later on. Among things we were willing to accept then, but not after further delays and the effort and expense of preparing for

trial, was the matter of letting Rajagopal's legal expenses be paid out of settlement funds. At 6 p.m. Mr. Cohen telephoned saying, "I think we have a settlement." I relayed all this to Erna. K and I walked in the garden; Malibu was beautiful, cool, clear air and sunlight.

The next morning Erna spoke to Cohen and said it sounded right to her. Alan Kishbaugh came, and K went with him and I went with Amanda to the airport where, at noon, K and I took a nonstop flight to London. As usual, we had the forward seats, poor food, and a movie we had seen—*The Sting,* but K liked to watch it without sound, seeming to enjoy it more because he knew what was coming. At that season so far north, it was never dark and there was no sleep, but we landed at Heathrow at 7 a.m. and drove with Dorothy to Brockwood, where all the school was out on the driveway to greet Krishnaji.

Brockwood was in bloom; the green of England, the May trees, the blossoms on the chestnut trees joined all the loveliness of Malibu in a blessed continuity. We saw the addition to the dining room, the Cloisters planting, and the look of the Assembly Hall, at that point a twelve-foot height of octagonal excellence. In a surprising ration of energy, I kept going and unpacked all morning, slept after lunch, and at 5 p.m., K came and said, "We must walk!" So, with Dorothy and Whisper, we went gently through the Grove where the azaleas, the rhododendrons, and the handkerchief tree were still in flower.

Settling in and catching up on rest and sleep filled the first few days for K, though, of course, he spoke to the school. Then a trip to London—the classic shape of such—by train from Petersfield. There was something festive and warmly familiar about coming up to London, especially the first time of the season. Waterloo was so exactly the same, K's immaculate elegance making his way to the taxi rank, pigeons scuttling, people cutting straight lines to the various gates, the satisfaction of seeing there were enough cabs—neat, clean, spare, and deft London cabs. We get in. K says, "Savile Row, I'll show you where." And off we go across Westminster or Waterloo Bridge. We began, of course, at Huntsman, where K had a fitting, and then walked through the Burlington Arcade to Fortnum and Mason, where Mary Lutyens lunched with us at the usual corner table by the window. She told about the biography: John Murray is to publish it in London and Farrar, Straus, and Giroux in New York. K said he wanted to read the beginning part of it, about the childhood and early days. On another day, we lunched with Mary at her flat. She showed the many photographs she had collected for the biography. Among them were some of Nitya that K looked at a long time. He remembered his love for his brother but had trouble evoking his face. This happened with other matters, an inability to conjure up the look of things or people, and yet he could readily identify long-ago faces when shown a photograph. It was at one of the lunches with Mary that he suggested the subtitle for the first biography—*The Years of Awakening*.

A musing remark by K: "I'd like to talk to someone who could discuss the brain with me, who can challenge me. I'll have to do it myself."

Mary Cadogan and the Digbys came to lunch at Brockwood and to discuss publications. A new book, tentatively entitled *Beginnings of Learning*, was in manuscript form. I gave a report on the status of the Rajagopal case. George Digby was now retired from the

Victoria & Albert Museum, and it was felt that it would be nice if he were again offered the chairmanship of the Publications Committee, so K invited him. George turned peony-colored and said he would like to think about it. Later, he left a little note for K saying of course he accepted.

Lunch with Mary Links, a fitting at Huntsman, and visit to his dentist took us to London again. We stopped at an exhibition of Andrew Wyeth paintings, which K liked, one in particular, but alas it was too costly.

On June thirteenth Mary and her daughter Amanda Pallant came down to Brockwood for K's talk to the school and for lunch. Afterward, K, Mary, and I discussed his 1961 writing, the manuscript we had finally extracted from Rajagopal and which was now entitled *Krishnamurti's Notebook*. Mary at first thought of it being privately printed by KFT and offered only to the mailing list but then veered toward a wider field. I felt it was in a sense something sacred, a testimony of K's inner mind. In the midst of this, which took place in the West Wing kitchen, K started asking Mary things about the biography and then suddenly asked her if she would write the second volume. She said she would, and if she did it she would want to do it differently, with the personal part only a background and the main part a chronology of his teachings, told in his own words. It would be an enormous work, starting with a reading of everything he had said through all the years. "But will you do it?" said K.

"Yes, I will," she said.

"Good," said K. "Then that is settled, because if you didn't, the Indians would want to do it. I will tell them you have undertaken it." Pleased, he went off for his nap. Mary and I talked all afternoon. I felt a wave of all being well at this decision. Mary's way of working—a scholarly, no-interpretation, using the original texts to tell the tale way—was to me the right way to report Krishnamurti. The point of this second part of his life was his teaching and not the personal events. That focus would be well handled by Mary.

At another lunch with Mary in London, she and K fell to talking about Leadbeater. K said that CWL must have done something that made the young K dislike him. He couldn't remember what. She said he was a rather brutal man; she doubted it was anything homosexual—he would have been afraid to make any advances toward K—but something must have caused the aversion. He said perhaps reading the biography would bring it back. After lunch, he went to see Mrs. Bindley. She was more frail and tottery, but her mind was as sharp as ever.

Assorted K remarks: "I will live at least another ten years. After that the door will close."

On another day, coming out of his room where there was a western on the television, he said, "I'm going to Missouri to be a dirt farmer. Like everybody else." And one morning when he got up, he said happily, "I'm off to Tibet. With Mistinguett."

M: "Because of her beautiful legs?"

K: “Her legs? Because she’s so ugly!”

On June twenty-third he held an absorbing discussion with the school. Thought was a small activity of the mind. Was there another activity which is timeless? When afterward I said how good it had been, he said, “I knew something was going on in the brain these last few days.” He had mentioned having had a good meditation. I asked him about the distinction he appeared to make in the book between meditation and “that otherness, that immensity.” He asked what it said. I said that it seemed as if there were something in him—a state of perception of which he was capable, whereas the “otherness” appeared to come to him and enter his consciousness. “That sounds right, but they are not entirely separate,” was his reply. When I spoke of “the manuscript you wrote,” he said, “It’s not my book, I didn’t write it.”

On the twenty-fourth a letter came from Erna to K reporting on the state of the case. The attorney general was working out the wording of a settlement with Rajagopal’s lawyer, Christensen. Balasundaram had sent necessary explanations of what was required to end the suit over Vasanta Vihar in Madras. Then the main news of someone saying that the Happy Valley Foundation was about to lose its educational use of the land unless it got such uses going, and therefore we should again try for some of it for our school and center. Erna had decided to “take the bull by the horns” and went to see Rosalind, who had control of Happy Valley. The latter confirmed that the land had to be used for education or it would be rezoned for agriculture. Her board would consider our application at their July meeting. They would not sell but would perhaps offer a ninety-nine-year lease for $1 a year. She gave permission for the Lilliefelts to look at the available land. She also gave a long justification of her contention that Mrs. Besant had not intended the Happy Valley land for K. Erna kept her temper, didn’t debate, and stuck to its future use. Since then she, Theo, and Ruth Tettemer walked over the land and found a part from which one couldn’t see the other buildings. They thought we should apply for that if K and I agreed. I read the whole letter to K; we talked it over, but he seemed rather distant.

The next day on the train to London, he asked me to tell him again what Erna’s letter had said. There was the obvious advantage of the land being suitable and the cost being nil. Rosalind had said we were “greedy” last year and had asked for all of the land—which wasn’t true—but the impending settlement must have been a factor. K dictated a cable to Erna to be signed by us both: “Please gladly proceed with what you proposed in matter of land.” K then said, “It is strange; four days ago, when I was going down to lunch, the thought came—I said, ‘Nitya, do something about Happy Valley. They are such silly people; see that something happens about this.’”

In a conversation with K about interviews, he said, “When they are open they want you to read their letters. Other times they have a mask on, and I am deceived. It’s not my business. You come to see me and you are serious; you ask me to look. I never offer my opinion, but then it is clear—I can go ahead. But others say, ‘Look, not too deeply.’ I go as deeply as they want me to. If they want me to go a mile, I go a mile. X never did. I

wish he had; that's what makes me uncomfortable. If you are able to perceive, you must be in a meditative mind."

At lunch at Fortnum with Mary and Joe, all the remaining transcribed pages of K's handwritten manuscript were given to Mary. She was to edit it, and then how to publish it would be decided. A few days later, the Digbys came to spend the night at Brockwood. K had me tell them about it and let them read some of it.

On July first we left Brockwood, and Dorothy drove us to Heathrow. We had a peaceful picnic lunch in the car at Runnymede by the edge of the river. Ducks were busy, there was wind in the willows, and K watched the aircraft in the sky. A busload of children came with food. One little Sikh boy wore a pink turban. "Nonsense," said K. "Turbans are awful, smelly; they should pull it off him." But he was feeling merry. When Dorothy offered him Ribena, he said, "I only drink champagne."

We took a BEA flight to Paris along with a planeload of the worst of tourists: fat, messy, unsuitably dressed, and talking loudly to each other about buying things. K stood observing, remote, an aristocracy of centuries about him. We came by taxi to the Plaza Athénée and to our usual comfortable rooms. It was pleasant, and I felt the sense of having brought K safely to a shelter, a necessary shell around him, clean, quiet, with adequate food, and something he is used to. The luxury was what provided those other essentials. "Without you I wouldn't be here," he said. "Thank you for looking after me." We went for a little walk and to a pharmacie for toothpaste and came back to supper in our rooms. K had stopped twice at the windows of a patisserie. "It makes me hungry," he said, so we had tarte aux pommes for supper, but alas, it came up.

Section Eight

CHAPTER 29

We were in Paris on July second, 1974, and went shopping at Charvet for shirts and to Lobb for shoes, all carefully chosen by K. Then Marcelle Bondonneau lunched with us in the garden at the Plaza, and Nadia Kossiakof came for coffee. Nadia had negotiated the publication by Stock of *The Awakening of Intelligence*, translated by Mme. Duché. K had me tell them about his manuscript (*Krishnamurti's Notebook*) and left while I was describing it. Both were very moved. After K's rest, we went for a small walk and after supper in the rooms watched a television documentary of the 1939 war and a Nixon-Brezhnev meeting in Moscow. "People are mad!" said K. In the morning he had said, "There is something going on, even in this room, a marvelous meditation. That thing is going on. It started here last night. It was good to get away from Brockwood; the atmosphere was too infantile."

Mar de Manziarly lunched with us the following day. She asked K about Sai Baba, who her sister, Yo, thought was marvelous. K gave a vivid picture. Mar justified it by saying that most people couldn't do what K spoke of and hence needed to be told and given something to do. This argument was always puzzling—i.e., a false medicine is better than none. While this went on, we had the best tarte aux framboises ever eaten, and then after K's rest, he and I walked to a movie on the Champs-Élysées—*Serpico*—nonsense, but done with style and suspense. K was pleased.

On July fourth we left Paris by the Gare de Lyon, Mar coming to see K off. He said that the last time he was there was with his brother. We were in the last car, and K quickly found a window at the end where he could watch the fields of France go by, the green stalks of barley with golden-to-orange heads, poppies among them, and the wind twirling it all into flowing color. K stood all the way to Lausanne, looking out. The train was smooth, and he was pleased with this way of traveling. Mr. Moser met us and delivered the gray Mercedes at the Lausanne station. We put the bags in, drove up through the city, and took the Oron-Bulle road. It was a marvelous afternoon through the rolling green of fields and mountains. "We are back in our country," said K. He remembered the Gâteau Bullois, bought the past year, but the shop was closed. Coming into Gstaad, K spied two women walking ahead. "It is Miss McCann and Tapas," he said, and it *was* Tapas, never before out of India in all her many years. We stopped and K walked back to them. Tapas prostrating herself to touch his feet startled a passing Swiss. On up the hill, we arrived at Chalet Tannegg, where Vanda and Fosca had come the day before. K went to bed, and Vanda and I talked long over supper, bringing her all the news.

A cable came to K from Balasundaram in Rishi Valley about a letter from Erna saying that an agreement about Vasanta Vihar could not be made as part of a KFA settlement. Did K want them to continue their case in Madras? K dictated a cable replying yes, most strongly, and then dictated a letter going into it more fully. Later, Balasundaram telephoned from the Madras lawyer's office, and K spoke to him. They feared that it would be much harder for them to get Vasanta Vihar, which Rajagopal was claiming

belonged to KW Inc., Ojai. I asked Balasundaram to send evidence of R's taking that position to Erna as quickly as possible. I then reached Erna by telephone about all this. She reported that the Happy Valley board meeting had taken place and she was hopeful that we might get some land. The conditions had not yet been enunciated. K thought that if we got some land, eventually we would get all of it. He was always optimistic.

On July twelfth I woke up thinking about K's weakness the day before when he had hay fever, did no exercise, and stayed in bed all day. His door was closed until almost 8 a.m., when he appeared almost shaking with energy. "I'm fine, fine!" he said; he had been thinking of the essentials of a center in Ojai and everywhere else. He had me write it down: It must produce people so intelligent they would be basically religious and with that intelligence would function in every field—politics, art, business, and every form of social relationships.

A letter came special delivery from Erna telling of the Happy Valley situation: Rosalind had drafted a letter before the meeting was held, not saying no but a yes that was in effect a no. Erna telephoned her to ask if KFA members should be available on the day of the meeting on August sixth. Rosalind said no and brushed her off.

K, still in a blazing state of energy, told me to write further about the essentials of a center: We should keep the school in a corner, separate from the center. He wanted a school for older children. The center should have a meeting room to hold two hundred, a kitchen and dining room for one hundred, and housing for thirty to forty people, there on invitation to discuss, etcetera. He wanted to keep the Oak Grove for talks, including half the land to the east of it, "in case we want to build something there and sell the rest." He said if we got the Happy Valley land he should fly to Ojai and meet everyone interested, including all the valley people, to ask for their support. This was to be somehow in September. "We must start building immediately." I pointed out that we had no funds even to pay Mark Lee's salary. "You're always talking about money," he said impatiently. I said I would never speak of it again.

I wrote all this to Erna, and K dressed and came with me to post it and visit the tent. A young boy was sitting behind bushes as we came out, watching the chalet. His face shone shyly when he saw K, and he stared until we drove off. K was pleased with the way the tent was set up, and we went to the camp to see Dorothy and Montague, who had just arrived in their Land Rover. Doris had come with them and was in her flat. K had lunch in bed, and later, on the walk in the woods, he said suddenly, "I woke up early and something extraordinary happened. It was as though this [wide gesture] were enormous, spreading out to take the universe."

M: "'This' being consciousness?"

K: "More than consciousness. It went on for more than an hour."

M: "Did it fade then?"

K: “No. You know how this is—it is there somewhere.”

We walked only as far as the river. He climbed up on the masonry bank to look at it, and then we turned back. He asked me to walk ahead and leave him to walk alone more slowly: “I must work.” In the wood, by the small stream, he called ahead to me and said he would sit there a while. I went on to where the wood ends, the open hillside begins, and one sees the splendor of the two valleys and the glaciers. I sat there on the bench for about twenty minutes, and he then passed me and went on to Tannegg. When I returned, he was coming out with rubber gloves on to clean the Mercedes engine. Full of energy!

I had been wondering, and mentioned it to Vanda, whether there was anything in the fact that almost every summer, just before his talks in Saanen, he had a low period, was weak or sick, and then a crescendo of energy before the talks—as if something puts the body into “low” in order for some other force to gather in him.

The talks began on Sunday, July fourteenth. The tent was almost full and the talk long and intense. The next day, at lunch with guests, there was speculation about where K should speak in Rome. Vanda feared the talk could be a target for bombs if announced publicly too far in advance. That day a bomb had blown up a part of the railroad station in Rome—“una bombezza,” said Vanda. Later, on the walk with K, I speculated what would happen if people really said no to fighting, to wars. The aggressors would take over, K said. You couldn’t let them do that; you would speak up; get people to not cooperate with that, do no work. The Russians or anyone else couldn’t control the world if everyone refused to work. “You’d have to talk, organize it ahead of time. At the last minute, it’s too late.”

M: “Isn’t it already too late?”

K: “Maybe. Now I must get woolly, I have to talk tomorrow.”

I said no more but walked ahead so he could be alone. In the wood he called to me, “Maria, remind me of these words: ‘Idea creates conflicting energy.’”

Later, when I went to give him some drops for hay fever, he said, “If there is a bomb in Rome, I must tell you what must be done.” At my recoil of shock, he said, “Shall I write it out or tell you?” At that moment his supper tray was brought in, and he said it wasn’t the moment to discuss it. In the evening I asked Vanda how real the talk was of bombs. “It is always possible now in Italy,” she said, and on the television news came pictures of the damage in Rome. Then why have him talk there? One talk she thought would be all right. It was his mention of it that gave me concern. In New York, with a similar scare, he had brushed it aside, saying, “Something looks after things.”

The next day, Tuesday, July sixteenth, Krishnaji gave the second talk and spoke of seeing the whole. Vanda and I lunched alone and went in for coffee when he had finished his tray and was reading a Le Carré spy story, *Tinker, Tailor Soldier, Spy*. We spoke a little about the talk and K’s reply to a question on how you are going to change people who are

only interested in enough to eat, etcetera. K said he was talking to "you here in this tent. If a few change, the world could change. Other ways, old ways, of war, reforms, systems, etcetera have resulted in the present chaos. Only change in the psyche can alter the world…But I'm thinking of Thursdays' talk," he said. He had again spoken in the morning of thought being matter and now, sitting on the bed, he said the following: "When there is a cause, the energy created by that cause is the energy of thought as matter. Meditation is without cause, without past, time, or form. Why is thought divisive? Because it is the past, it must be fragmented. As long as there is a cause, there is the past. If there is no cause, there is no past, no time. The Greeks were concerned with form and the manipulation of matter. They made a prototype of beauty, etcetera. They never went into the question of form being matter. A prototype is the result of mentation; form is the cause, the cause is the result of time, etcetera. Everything is in terms of matter: gods, Jesus, etcetera, the symbol is created by thought. In the West, matter is most important; material and from there to God, which is thought to be nonmaterial, but it is a thought and hence matter." And, "You cannot organize the world unless there is the other; there must be the whole. There must be energy which is of intelligence, which is not of matter. For it you must negate. Form and matter are considered two different things. You need form to build a house; it is dictated by culture, economy, etcetera," and, "Food: Starvation is not a concept. Food produced needs but needs distribution. If the distributor has a concept—nationalism, for instance—there is chaos. It must be done according to idea. Organization is not according to politics but according to physical facts. One may ask what has that to do with my daily life, but daily life brings in the implication of all this." And, "Matter: Is there anything beyond matter? One sees one is on this side of the river, suffering, in misery. What is one to do? Ordinary men, living in this world, oppressed, suffering, want to break it, but don't see the whole thing is wrong. When I see it, passion makes me break it," and, "Life and death are always close together." (To MZ:) "Don't think it is only over there."

Later, we walked to the river. The reply to the KFA application for Happy Valley land had come, forwarded by Erna. A letter signed by Rosalind said the offer would be considered. K asked me to repeat what it said. He speculated that they might be wondering why we would want that land when we were going to get KW Inc. land in a settlement. He tentatively wondered if, since Rosalind's daughter, Radha Sloss, had made an overture toward him by asking to see him in Bombay, he might write to her to push the land matter. I said little, as he called it a reaction, which it was. It began to rain, and we came back soaked.

Vanda left for Florence on July seventeenth. Dorothy and Montague came up to the chalet for lunch, and K invited them to stay in the downstairs flat instead of in the Saanen camping ground where they had been. He had been having his lunch on a tray in his room when there were guests but came in before and after, which worked well, as it rested him, but he could also see people.

On July nineteenth, in spite of rain, K wanted to go ahead with a day in Geneva. Dorothy and Montague came too. We lunched at the Hôtel du Rhône. He was pleased with the food and ate a lot, for him. "I will have ice cream." He chose fraise ice cream, which had

become a favored dessert in restaurants, and he ate it all. Dorothy and Montague went off on their own errands, and K and I hurried across the Rhône to Jacquet. Going to Geneva had become rather a ritual, and somehow the repetition each year was part of the enjoyment. Old and nice ways.

At Jacquet—"Bonjour, Monsieur Krishnamurti" as he comes in—the order book appears with his *commandes* from past years—snippets of the tie materials pasted on a page. The new samples are put in a heap until all are seen. Then he chooses. Apparently, my taste was considered reliable, so comment was sought. Seven were ordered and, yes, they would be made up and sent to Gstaad. We went back to the hotel to meet Mr. Narasimhan, who was pessimistic about the state of the world—problems were too big and close to being out of hand, but he was cheerful all the same. K had me tell him about an application for British citizenship and that it looked as if K could only get it at the discretion of the secretary of state, then Roy Jenkins. Narasimhan said that he was his friend and would go especially to London in September to ask him to act on it. We then went out to see his new Mercedes, and he left. We walked back to buy some cereals and olives, and then inevitably K thought of a reason to stop at Patek Philippe and have his watch checked. The Geneva ritual again—tie choosing, Patek, etcetera—they were something light, inconsequential, Krishnaji's fun in a life where fun played a very tiny part. He was buoyed and pleased and not tired. "Those were very nice ties," he said as we whisked past the Rhône, and on the drive back along the autoroute, he said, "Let her go 100." I did and the car did—briefly. We were back in the chalet by 7 p.m. Going to bed, he said, "Those are very nice ties. I will give the others away."

The Saanen public talks and then public discussion meetings continued and so did meetings with Brockwood people. There were reports of criticisms of Brockwood, and K invited all who were critical to come to talk to him. Except for Donald Hoppen, others never turned up. The Siddoo sisters came to talk to him about their school in Canada. He gave them permission to use his name and told them to work closely with KFA. A German group wanting to start a school also came to talk to K.

The fifth and final public discussion was held on August fourth. People were leaving, the weather was turning. Sunday, August eleventh, was a gray morning. Snow had fallen during the night on the nearby Wasserngrat. K had slept well, and after breakfast he told me there were two things I must do: I must talk to Dorothy and make her realize that she mustn't let Brockwood just go on as it had. There must be the "other"; she must give herself time and attention to be open to that. "Otherwise I won't just go on talking to these people, they must be ready for it. If not, I will withdraw, not suddenly, but instead of three months I will stay there two months, then one—you follow? Second: You must look after the whole, then everything will come right. It looks as if we will get the Happy Valley 100 acres; then I must live in Ojai, not Malibu. As long as I live, you will be with me; you must think of that, and probably you will outlive me. You would live there and Brockwood as long as you live, but you must have someone to look after you. You have no one. You must think of that and have someone."

I said that my life and activity, to the degree that I could help, went to him in his lifetime and to his work. It was the determining thing, and though I had no desire personally to live in Ojai, he and his work were my life. So we could build a proper house there for him that I would pay for, and it would belong to KFA when I was gone. He spoke of precision—watching how one lives, watching one's memory, avoiding carelessness, not letting faculties slip. He said one must train the mind. Mrs. Besant didn't; she wore out her mind, used to breakfast on coffee and bits of orange. He said he didn't think I would be ill and that he watched over me when we were apart. "I see to that, but you must be attentive."

The next day, Dorothy came on the afternoon walk. That evening, she and I went to a Menuhin concert, and I was able to talk to her as K wished. I asked her if she minded my being a sort of telephone wire between her and K, conveying not my opinions but his view. I told her he suggested she have more time to go into the things he had been talking about during the discussions of Brockwood. Later, he told me that on the walk he had "felt like almost disappearing." His head was bad, and he was physically hypersensitive.

The Simmonses left for Brockwood, and on a warm, clear morning, and K and I drove to Thun. K wanted the car checked before we took it to England. We walked to the ferry steamer, but it had just pulled away. I suggested a taxi, but K said, "Let's take a bus," so we did and went around the lakeshore to Merligen and the Hotel Beatus. We lunched on the terrace, and K observed the people. Two sparrows alit nearby, and K surreptitiously fed them crumbs. As we finished, the steamer came by and we went across to Spiez and back to Thun. The Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau were clear and splendid. "Goodbye until next year," K said to them. The car had been found in good order, and we drove back through the valley. A quiet, pleasant day, but after he got back, K's head began to hurt: "This has been going on since 1922."

Tapas came for lunch the next day. In spite of the heat, he and I walked, and he said, "I feel far away, as if I didn't want to speak or touch anything."

On another day, I was reading a Castaneda book, and K asked what it was. I told him the part about "entities" in the wilderness and at night the feeling of danger. K nodded and told of the sense of antagonism he had felt in a park in Madras when he went there at twilight. Also a similar feeling in Ashdown Forest years ago. He said that Mrs. Jayalakshmi had told him about going to an ancient temple at night and the sense of evil there. I asked if darkness opens the mind to such perceptions because the limited senses make one feel vulnerable. Partly that, he said, but more than that. He said he wouldn't walk at night on the path we took every afternoon, that many forests have a menace at night. I asked about Sequoia, where he lived alone in a cabin. "I never felt it there, it was a friendly place, but I never went out at night. I was always back by 6 p.m."

That evening, K said that the story of Rajagopal should be written down, telling all that he had done. K said perhaps he would do it, a bit at a time. He also said that if we did the house in Ojai he wanted to make a document "as chairman," ensuring my living there for my lifetime and also at Brockwood.

The next day, on the walk to the river, I asked him if he had seen psychological changes in me. Did he think I was caught in conditioning? "No," he said, "you are not attached. Not to me, not to your house, or any ideas. You were attached to your husband, but not now. That is why you must consider carefully this matter of building in Ojai." I asked why it was important. What was of sole importance was what was needed for him. "Because there is no one to look after you; you must carefully consider. I shall write a letter, as chairman, because of that, to Mrs. Lilliefelt about your having the house." That morning, he had me send a letter to Evelyne Blau asking her to keep in confidence what I had written about our thinking of building a house in Ojai for K's use. Until we are sure of getting the land, it might cause added antagonism and prevent it.

Further on the walk, he said that if one is not attached one cannot be hurt. I pressed him for some psychological noticings. He said that sometimes the mind is slow to see things: to think about that. Then he said that when he died, there must be someone to see that everything continued—not the organizational part, but the spirit. Later in the evening, he looked far-off and said, when asked, that his head was "going." I felt it was somehow not restful for him there after the Saanen meetings were over.

Tapas walked up the hill with two delicate little handkerchiefs, for me and for Fosca. K persuaded her to stay to lunch. They talked of magic in India. Tapas was Bengali and was in the Ramakrishna movement in her youth. She walked 500 miles once as a sannyasi, though she wasn't wearing the saffron robe. Leaving Saanen, she was going to Brockwood with Frances McCann. K and I were leaving too, so it was a day of packing. We loaded the luggage into the car before going for the walk. The weather broke as we were coming back from the river: thunder, lightning, and rain. It would be cooler for the drive. K spoke again of the intense physical sensitivity he was having—overly sensitive to touch, especially his head. "Something is happening," since the intense meditation three weeks earlier.

On August nineteenth, the alarm clock rang at 3:15 a.m. Krishnaji was already awake. Fosca made me a cup of her good, strong Italian coffee. She would stay to clean and close the chalet before returning to Florence. We said goodbye and were winding down the hill in the clear, clean night air by 4 a.m. The storm had changed the weather and had gone, but all day there was cloud cover shielding the sun and keeping it cool. We were on the autoroute when K, who lately had been a little uneasy in the car, said he would drive to settle down. He drove until we began the climb to Saint-Cergues and the border. It had calmed him, and we stopped at Lons-le-Saunier for croissants, hot from the oven at that early hour. We had these with our picnic breakfast at the roadside place of the last years, but it was rather cold, and K had seen an inn a mile back, so we went there for something hot—verveine tea for him and café au lait for me. Feeling better, we drove on through Chalons-sur-Saône, where we joined the autoroute. We reached Paris by 1:30 p.m. and once again ate our picnic lunch in the Bois, where we used to walk. A woman who appeared to be a prostitute stood on a corner, and when we drove past her, we were both shocked to see she had a misshapen face, that of a dwarf. "I feel as though she were my sister; what would I do if she were my sister?" By 2:30 p.m. we were at the Plaza Athénée.

We spent a quiet morning at the hotel before going near the Champs-Élysées to find a place that sold thin jeans, but the place was junky, crowded, and it all made K queasy—not good for him to be in such places in the state he was in. So we returned to that example of another style, the Plaza A, and had a slow, relaxed, and delicious lunch in the garden. After a leisurely departure for Le Havre, K drove for a while, which relaxed him further. Unfortunately, we passed a bad accident involving a car that had rushed past us earlier, but police were in charge, and we went on, reaching Le Havre and Monaco, the restaurant of past years. We dined, but K kept saying, "This is the last time here. After this we fly. No more driving." We took the Normandy ferry at 9 p.m. and had the usual cabins and a quiet crossing.

CHAPTER 30

It was August twenty-first, 1974, and a gentle summer morning when we debarked early in Southampton. Mist was rising in the hollows. Krishnaji said, "You are back in your England again," and so I felt, smiling, and full of affection for that lovely countryside. As we drove up to Brockwood's front door, Dorothy was opening it, and we had breakfast together in the West Wing kitchen. Then we slowly unpacked and later had a walk in the late afternoon. Days of rest for K followed, the large tents were erected, and other preparations for the talks went on, and on the twenty-eighth, Mary Links came down for lunch and to talk to K. There were questions on his occult powers not dealt with in her biography. K described it as a faculty he could have but didn't choose to use: "Like reading other people's private letters." We went over with Mary questions on his citizenship application form. Later, George Digby signed the form, and later still, K signed it before a commissioner for oaths in Winchester.

The opening Brockwood talk was on Saturday, August thirty-first. The tent was full, and the weather was forbearing. Krishnaji ate lunch afterward in the food tent. This meant his standing up while bolder people came up to speak to him and others stared. On the next day, after the second talk, he again had fruit and salad upstairs in the kitchen and then went back to the tent for the main dish. On Tuesday there were gales and heavy showers, but he held the public discussion nevertheless and said afterward that it was a good one. There was continuing steady rain on Thursday, so we filled the tents with straw to sop up the mud and a good discussion was held. Two large beech trees were uprooted by gales, but the third talk was held on Saturday, and in the afternoon, undeterred by mud and heaving canvas as the wind tore at it, Lakshmi Shankar sang in honor of Krishnaji. The sun came out at last on Sunday for the final talk.

On September twelfth, we went to London, bought six detective books at Hatchards, and joined Mary for lunch at Fortnum. K questioned her on what Nitya was like and later said to me, "I was interested to see what the brother was like because the last few days it's been haunting me. Am I very polite? The last few nights I dreamt of him, a peculiar dream. He and I were talking, Rajagopal came in, and we pushed him. [Was it] a deep-rooted distress, or pain, or suffering, or a sense of fun?"

M: “Were the dreams painful?”

K: “Sometimes he’s on a train, I try to catch it and can’t, or he’s falling into a river, and I try to catch him and can’t.”

M: “What about fun?”

K: “Sometimes we’re laughing.” K told me to watch him “as I’m very far off.”

M: “When did this physical sensitivity come about?”

K: “Before Gstaad.”

M: “All of a sudden?”

K: “Slowly. It began with the head, of course, when we came back to Brockwood. Sometimes the sensitivity precedes the head pain; sometimes they go together.”

M: “Did you have it today in London?”

K: “I was lost.”

M: “And at lunch?”

K: “A little bit.”

M: “Did the haircut bother you?”

K: “Little bit. I told the barber to go slow.”

On the thirteenth Mr. Narasimhan flew to London from Paris after writing to the home secretary, Mr. Roy Jenkins, about Krishnaji’s application for British citizenship. He spoke to someone at the Home Office and telephoned K from the airport before flying to New York.

During the next five days, K held continuations of the Tannegg-Brockwood discussions begun in Gstaad. The German would-be school group attended and so did the Siddoo sisters. He met with the latter and Tapas, and they called their organization the Krishnamurti Education Centre. K was to be honorary chairman, J. Siddoo to be president, S. Siddoo vice president, and a Mr. Smith secretary-treasurer. I was asked to be on the board but suggested Erna instead. Its constitution was discussed.

On the twenty-third we lunched again with Mary at Fortnum. The subtitle of the biography was discussed. The tentative one was *The Years of Unfolding*, but K didn’t like the word “unfolding.” Afterward, we went to the dentist, Mr. Thompson, who had warned K that he might have more tooth troubles needing extraction. I was worried, and

K was prepared, he said later, to have them all out in one terrible swoop that day. I waited outside and then was called in to help decide to pull one upper left molar, next to the eyetooth, which was infected. Yes, said K. So Novocain, X-rays, and a firm pull, a horrid noise, and it was out. I was again awed by K's hands—fingers outstretched and relaxed through it all. Mr. Thompson commented on the rarity of this—how it makes muscles relax. K then had to lie down for ten minutes after which he said he felt fine. One more tooth might have to go. It was raining, and the nice secretary helped me snare a cab to get K quickly to Waterloo. He didn't have to wait, and in the cab he said that he had told the body what it must prepare for if all the teeth were to come out. "I have trained it," he said. On the train we were able to get into an empty carriage. He looked perfectly well and read a detective story all the way back. I was glad when he was safely into bed and had his supper tray. I was suddenly very tired by 9 o'clock. He said I had suffered for him. Maybe, but I went to bed thankful it was over.

On September twenty-fifth K said the subtitle of the biography came to him in the night. It was *The Years of Awakening*. He was pleased, so was Mary, and so was the publisher, John Murray. K also said he had awakened at 4 a.m. "as though I was completely purged of everything. The mind was washed out, clean, and healthy, and much more than that, a tremendous sense of joy, ecstasy."

The school term began, and K talked to staff and students. On September thirtieth John McGreevy of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation arrived to do a half-hour television recording of Krishnamurti to be part of a program entitled *People of Our Time*. He began filming the next day in the West Wing drawing room and walking on the lawn. It required K to speak on a subject for a specified number of minutes and also to do a voiceover audio recording of his reading passages from the Penguin Reader. K said he had never done that, but he tried it; he seemed to think his own words, which he hadn't read, were rather apt, and so it was easier. When he had to talk to the camera in a close-up, it was suggested he talk as if he were looking at a person. K said he didn't look directly at people when he talked, as it might be an intrusion; he didn't want to read their minds.

The filming continued for another day and a half. K was getting bored with it, but it seemed to have gone well, according to John McGreevy.

I had asked a Brockwood staff member, Harsh Tankha, to get for Krishnaji's room a good hi-fi system, and it was installed on October fourth to K's satisfaction. We played various records, including ones by Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli and Sviatoslav Richter. When I asked him what they were to him, after a pause, he said, "One has sun, the other snow."

October tenth took us to London, and after fittings and Fortnum lunch—ice cream! His face lit up when he ordered it. We bought some recordings for the new player and then to the dentist. Mr. Thompson said further extractions could wait until spring. A cable had come from Erna saying an agreement to settle the case was on its way for K's and my signature. "I feel nothing about this until we know the other side also has signed," he

said. And then, “I don’t know why I’ve been dreaming for the last two days. Long ago and far away.”

A scientists’ conference with Krishnaji had been arranged, and David Bohm, as chairman, went over the agenda at the first meeting on October fourteenth. It was held in the West Wing drawing room with long tables set up in a rectangle. The participants were Dr. David Brett (physics), Dr. F.J. Capra (physics), Dr. Elizabeth Ferris (alternative medicine), Dr. Gordon Globus (psychiatry), Dr. Brian Goodwin (biological sciences), Dr. Julian Melzack (philosophy of science), Dr. Robin Munro (biophysics), also representing and reporting on the conference for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., Dr. Karl Pribram (research in brain structure), Dr. David Shainberg (psychiatry), Dr. Montague Ullman (psychiatry), Dr. Sudarshan (physics) Prof. Maurice Wilkins (biophysics, DNA Nobel prize), Dr. David Bohm (theoretical physics), and Dr. Joe Zorski and Harsh Tankha (teachers at Brockwood in physics, chemistry, and math respectively). Present as observers were Saral Bohm, Dorothy Simmons, George Carnes, Ted Cartee, and Mary Zimbalist.

The general topic was “What Place Has Knowledge in the Transformation of Man and Society?” Each participant in turn gave a talk. K listened and occasionally asked questions. It wasn’t until the fifth day that K gave his talk and continued on the sixth day speaking of meditation, and after a discussion he spoke on death, which the group had asked him to address. The meeting ended on the nineteenth, and by the twentieth all were gone.

While this was going on, K received a letter from Enrique Biascoechea saying that he had lung cancer and was having chemotherapy. K immediately wrote to him. Also received were the papers on the settlement agreement, so on the twenty-second K and I went to London to have our signatures notarized. On the train coming back, he spoke of Mrs. Besant long ago telling him he was protected by two angels, but he mustn’t be too demanding of them. He said that the body must live much longer “because the brain is untouched. I see the body must be much more protected, more alone.”

The scientists who had met at Brockwood, had met with the students at the students’ request, and the students had told them that there was fear in the school. Dorothy was upset and depressed by this, and Krishnaji talked to the school about the whole question of fear. He also persuaded Dorothy into coming with us to Rome, and we flew there on October twenty-fifth. Dorothy went with Frances McCann to stay at a pensione, and K and I stayed with Vanda in her flat on Via Barnaba Oriani. K rested for the first few days and walked in the nearby Villa Glori, but on the thirtieth, he had a sore throat. A doctor examined him the next day and said he had viral laryngitis and prescribed a cortisone inhalation and aspirin. K did not look well and was to give a public talk the next day. I took his temperature at 7 that morning; it was 100 degrees F, and his throat was very sore. He also had a pain in his right ear. The talk was canceled for that day, but he forbade canceling the next one. He switched to homeopathic remedies, the ear pain disappeared, the throat pain lessened, but in the late afternoon his temperature was 101 degrees F. The fever dropped to 98 the next morning, and he was determined to speak the

following day, though he had hardly any voice. Vanda and I were strongly against it, but he said, “The body is getting ready. It is my job.” In the morning, his temperature was unchanged but he was scarcely able to speak. Vanda and I continued to be opposed to his attempting speaking, but we remained silent to not influence, and it was his decision. He decided not to speak that day or the next and went to bed. Some of us went to the hall, where a recording of his third talk at Saanen on July twenty-fifth was played to the restless Roman audience who walked about, chatting and smoking.

On November fourth Dorothy heard from Montague that Enrique Biascoechea had died. K recoiled when I told him. He was surprised at how soon it had happened and kept thinking of Enrique. Dorothy returned to Brockwood.

The next day, a cable came from Erna saying that the settlement agreement in the lawsuit had been signed. At last this long matter seemed to be ending. K discussed what to do with the land, Arya Vihara, etcetera, at length with me so that I could bring his views back to the other trustees. He also, that day, did a filmed interview of questions put to him in Italian by a Dr. Modugno, answered by K in English.

The following day, November sixth, Krishnaji had a very serious talk with me. He said that I would be going to Ojai as his representative, that I must keep my mind open without personal opinions; I must be in relation to Krishnamurti a thousand miles away, have a feeling for it. Decisions would have to be made in a very non-personal way. I must have an alert, very quiet body capable of reception. He said Krishnamurti could not decide from India, that I must decide about what was right and then telegraph him. The whole body must be quiet all the time to know what was right. If I represent K, I could not allow other elements to enter consciousness. I must telegraph my arrival in New York and in Ojai. “K would be watching over.” I must train the body to be still, to sit for half an hour without moving for a feeling of quiet, and this was very serious.

The next morning, November seventh, Vanda and I drove with Krishnaji to Fiumicino airport. Frances McCann, who was also going to India, met us there. We watched K walk out across the tarmac and board the huge aircraft. Waiting for takeoff, we suddenly saw coming down the center of the terminal a parade of a very large carabiniere walking ahead of a very small Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, smiling coyly and carrying a large bouquet of flowers. Suitably pious and humble-looking devotees followed their master, and all headed out and across the field. We realized with hilarity they were on the same flight as K. It was only later that we heard what ensued. Krishnaji had the seat furthest forward; the Maharishi and devotee sat several rows back. A while after being airborne, the stewardess brought the flowers to K, who expressed thanks but gave them to her. In time, K had to walk down the aisle to the toilet, whereupon a devotee leapt up to give his seat to K. Politeness won for the moment, and the Maharishi said he was going to change the consciousness of India and invited K to go with him. It took some disentangling, but K escaped and regained his seat.

The following day, I flew to New York, and after talking to Erna in Ojai, I cabled Krishnaji in Delhi that the attorney general's representative, Mr. Tapper, had not yet signed the settlement agreement, but when he did, it would all be formalized in court.

I stayed with my brother when in New York, went to see my mother on Martha's Vineyard, and then flew to California on November twentieth. A cable came from K on November twenty-fifth in Benares saying all was well and that a letter was on its way. From then on, he wrote daily, posting letters when two pages were full. From Benares he went to Madras on December second. From there he wrote that he had seen Mr. Madhavachari and told him without mincing words about what he had done [in siding with Rajagopal in the lawsuit]; that he "cannot wash his hands of the business, it is immoral, not Brahmanical. One has to do penance to wipe all this before one dies."

On December twenty-sixth Evelyne Blau joined me in Malibu, and we drove to the Ventura County Courthouse, where we met Erna and Theo for the hearing on the settlement of the lawsuit. The presiding Judge Heaton met in chambers with the lawyers for both sides and Mr. Tapper of the attorney general's office. Then, in open court, Judge Heaton announced approval of the agreement and the closing of the case. After speaking by telephone to Rajagopal, his lawyer Mr. Christensen told us that keys to the buildings on McAndrew Road were to be had at a real estate office. We went there, but there were no keys and no telephone call had come. We went to Pine Cottage and Arya Vihara, where a caretaker refused us entry. We then left and telephoned Stanley Cohen, our lawyer. Later, after I was back in Malibu, Erna rang to say that the real estate office had the keys.

I wrote all this in full to Krishnaji. On December twenty-ninth, in Ojai, Erna, Theo, and I went through all three houses—Pine Cottage, Arya Vihara, and the office building, all empty of furniture except one table, a day bed, and a leather suitcase initialed KJN with the address Adyar, Madras, India. It was from the days when K shared clothing and possessions with his brother, Nitya, and combined both their initials.

It was a cold, clear, and marvelous day in Ojai with snow on Topa Topa and all the mountain range. I walked all around the Arya Vihara land and found higher up, among the avocado grove, a large majestic oak tree that seemed to reign over all that was there. After lunch, we went to the Oak Grove, talked at length, and I drove home.

So ended the year with the sense that Krishnaji had regained outward things that had been taken from him and been freed from the exploitation of those who had betrayed his trust.

CHAPTER 31

The year of 1975 began with Krishnaji in India, from where he wrote of daily happenings, and I reported back to him. At one point he wrote that the government was trying to appropriate Vasanta Vihar and asked if we could get a quitclaim from Rajagopal

to the property. We had agreement from both lawyers involved to send a copy of the court agreement. Meanwhile, I saw to painting and basic furnishing of the cottage.

In Bombay, Krishnaji had a fever that prevented his talks on the eighteenth and nineteenth of January, but on February second he flew to Rome and I spoke to him at Vanda's. He said he was over the infection, his voice sounded well, and he was flying to Brockwood on the fourth. After four days there, he arrived in Los Angeles looking better than I had feared after the fever in Bombay and all the traveling since. We came back to Malibu and he had supper in bed, but, though tired and half-falling asleep, he wanted to go on talking and staying up. The next day he had meals on a tray, slept most of the morning, but after lunch he gave an account of events in India. He also said he had felt sick through most of his time there, never really over the flu he had in Rome in October. He had found India socially and politically in greater disturbance. He spent two hours talking to Mrs. Gandhi, felt sorry for her and the enormity of problems. There was conflict and indifference at Rajghat between students and teachers. Students walked out in the middle of one of his talks as a demonstration, not against him but against teachers. He met both sides and found much antagonism, but hoped that Ahalya Chari and Upasani would pull the place together. He also found deterioration at Rishi Valley and told Pupul Jayakar, Sunanda Patwardhan, Achyut Patwardhan, and Balasundaram that unless there were a change in the schools, they would "not see my face again." This had the effect of a bomb.

On February eleventh, a lovely clear day, with Krishnaji driving his green Mercedes, we went to Ojai, where we met Erna and Theo and went to the Oak Grove and adjoining land. K had forgotten how beautiful it was; he was surprised and very pleased. We then drove to Arya Vihara, and for the first time since 1966, K went through the house. In the west bedroom on the ground floor, he said, "My brother must have died here," and "Dr. Besant used this room." In the hall he said to me, "What quarrels went on here!" We walked through the orange grove to Pine Cottage, and K went through it and the office rapidly as though wanting to get away from something repellent. "I couldn't spend a night here. Too small and closed in. I have been spoiled by Brockwood and your house; I need space." We went to the Lilliefelts', and with them, Ruth and Albion, and later Mark Lee, we discussed everything at length. K thought that the land at the west end would be good for a school, but he asked if any of us wished him to try to get the Happy Valley land. None of us did; so it was to be the west end. We set dates for his talks in April in the Oak Grove. Coming home in the car, he said that he felt the houses were contaminated, but if he lived in the cottage, it would change.

The next day, we drove to Los Angeles and the office of Dr. Lailee Bakhtiar, where he had his first appointment and checkup. She said his blood pressure was 130/80 and there was excellent circulation in his extremities. He also had a cardiogram, and blood was taken for testing. While this was going on, I told her of his wish never to be in a hospital. She said she understood and respected that, and if ever he were ill, we would try to manage at home. Later, he told me he must never be given anesthesia that would make him unconscious—only local. "I might not come back," he said with a small laugh.

On the fourteenth we went again to Ojai, met the Lilliefelts, walked again in the Oak Grove, and spoke with an architect about having a school building nearby. K spoke of concentrating everything in the west end and keeping the McAndrew Road property private. He said that he didn't like the cottage or office building, and if he were to use Arya Vihara, it would have to be pulled down and begun all over again. But later, going home in the car, he spoke of trying the cottage and using it part time, but keeping Malibu as the main place.

Another day, he said he felt like saying something he didn't know how to tell me. It was a feeling recently, like one that he had years ago at Adyar, standing outside and looking up at their chambers before his brother had died. It was a feeling of emptiness, of no association at all. We unpacked two suitcases found at Arya Vihara—one a magnificent crocodile bag with his initials. It contained some kurtas and lots of socks. Some had JK woven in them, and one pair had the initials JKN. It was as if they had been left there years ago by his brother when they shared their clothing. The cupboard was lined in cedar and smelled cedar-y. K was interested in the clothing but wanted to give most of it away.

Erna telephoned that she had just discovered a land easement made by Rajagopal and the Vigevenos a few months earlier running between their land and Krotona, making that part of KFA land virtually unsalable.

Dr. Bakhtiar reported on results of K tests—all excellent. His lung X-ray showed all was clear but bore old scars, probably from his youth when he surmounted infections. His cardiogram was normal, as was blood count, blood sugar, kidneys, and liver. His only difficulty was allergy, for which she suggested remedies.

During these days, K rested and did most of his walking around the lawn. Movies took us to town occasionally. On February twenty-sixth, we drove to Ojai with a truck behind us carrying things for Pine Cottage. The Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion, and Mark came to go over an article on the meaning and function of the school that K had written the day before. Erna stayed to lunch—a first meal in the cottage. Theo joined us, and K asked them, "What is the right thing for Maria about a place to live in Ojai?" I was a listener, not a participant, in this conversation, K silencing any comments. His feelings about the cottage were quite different that day. When we had arrived he had walked in and out and off among the trees. But during the meeting he kept looking at the room, exclaimed at the comfort of the chairs I had installed, and for the first time noticed the curtains recently hung. "The feeling is changing," he said. He mentioned it again on the way home and said "the body" was now feeling relaxed, sleeping was better, and meditation was coming again. It hadn't in India; the body was too tired.

On March third we drove to Ojai and moved into the cottage for the first time. On the way, with K driving, we stopped to buy a notebook as the sight of the bright yellow wildflowers along the beach road had made him feel like writing again. On arrival we took a walk up toward Thacher Road, and people passing in cars recognized him and smiled to see him there again. After supper, he seemed disoriented, had that look of listening to something. It had begun in the car, though he was driving, and by bedtime he

looked as if he didn't know where he was. All was strange; he wanted me nearby, and I slept on the couch in the sitting room.

Before we left Ojai, Theo came over to tell me that he and Erna wanted to lend K their house if the cottage wasn't right. They came for lunch and there was a useful discussion of a center for several purposes. One was having a sort of retreat in which we would offer quiet and a chance for people to go into themselves, with K's teachings, on their own, with an absence of outside structure or program. At 4 p.m. we drove home to Malibu, and K discussed our redoing the cottage completely into a proper house.

Discussions continued in Malibu on the school, a center, the arrangements of buildings on the land, etcetera. Trustees and Mark Lee took part in this. K felt there was a need for a place where people could come to explore the teachings in their own lives during the months he was not there. To begin with, trustees should be available, not as interpreters, but to discuss and explore. Later I asked him if he thought them capable of that kind of discussion in his absence. "That's what I was trying to find out," he replied.

A second meeting was held, with architects also present, in which a master plan was discussed for the Oak Grove land. K had earlier dictated a memorandum on the quality of buildings, which would convey protection, security, space, and freedom. He spoke of a monastery he had seen outside Florence that was so much a part of the land that you did not see it until you were very close. It had quiet and dignity and was a sacred place. It was decided that there should be a maximum of only two students to a room. Later he warned Erna that he felt Rajagopal would try to prevent KFA from getting the balance of KW Inc. funds through K&R.

That night he didn't sleep well, so he stayed in bed the following day. We had supper, as usual, on trays. When a noisy western came on television, K's face changed, eyes became heavy-lidded, far-off. I felt the change, motioned to turn off the television, but he shook his head. "Do you feel it?" There was something electric close at hand. He didn't want to speak of it.

The next day, March fourteenth, he had slept well. The "something" had continued. At lunch he asked if I was keeping a record of these things. "You should keep a complete diary." I asked what relation there was between what had happened and the noisy television. He said that a movie rests and relaxes the mind, then the other comes. He used to go to movies deliberately for this rest. Later, we washed both cars. In the evening, he said, "It is still going on—I wonder why? Maybe because of the talks—I don't know, I don't ask."

On March seventeenth, in the afternoon, we flew to San Francisco. Alain Naudé met us and drove us to the Huntington Hotel. We had the same suite as on previous visits—quiet, dignified rooms. We went for a walk, bought some fruit, and Alain stayed for supper. K told Indian stories. Alain suggested that so much yoga might be making K over-sensitive, leading to his hay fever. The next day, the three of us went to Ghirardelli Square and had a Chinese lunch, which K liked. Alain took K back to the hotel for his

rest while I shopped for groceries. Later, I walked Krishnaji to Mrs. Mathias's and did some more marketing while he visited her. She had become almost blind, and he put his hands on her head to help her eyes. He was walking up the block when I went back to meet him, and there was once again the extraordinary feeling of seeing him walking toward one—the whole meaning of the world seemed centered in that advancing grace. We walked six times around the small garden in the square in front of the hotel. In the evening he said that there was a great deal of evil in the world; then he added that he didn't like to use the word "evil." "Discord" was better. And it was caused by organized belief. "For instance, Christians say Jesus is the only one, our god is the only one. It excludes everything else."

In another conversation, he said, "Dogma always makes for division and therefore is evil." We spoke of killing, and he said that organized killing results from dogma. Christianity had resulted in organized killing. I spoke of human responses to things that intrude—insects, rats, etcetera. K said there was a difference; it was not organized killing, but done because they came into a place not theirs. I said they considered it theirs and if an intruder came, for instance, with a knife to attack him, I would do anything to defend him. He said the difference in that is a spontaneous reflex to protect. But killing a human being is still wrong and the destructive animal—the gopher, coyote, etcetera must not be allowed to destroy whatever it wants. He told of a fox he saw stalking chickens in Ojai; he watched it come slowly close then let out a great shout. The fox disappeared and never came again.

Dorothy and Montague had come to San Francisco for the talks and came over to the hotel with Erna and Theo. K had gone alone to Mrs. Mathias to treat her eyes. She lived across the square, and he came back carefully, crossing with the traffic light as he said he would. When with me, he wanted to cross anywhere. We all went again to Ghirardelli Square and had a Chinese lunch, then returned, and he rested before we walked down and back up the hill in the late afternoon. At supper there was the curious otherness in the room. To me it was like clear, invisible running water in the air. K noticed something in me and asked if I were upset about anything. I didn't try to say more than that I was fine because it was the night before his talk and silence seemed best.

On March twentieth K rested all day, and at 6 o'clock walked next door to give his first talk in the Masonic Hall. It was a good audience. He used a new word—the "scaffold" of the self. Afterward, he had to wait a little backstage to recover. Later, he said, "Knowledge is always the outer." The following day, we lunched with Mrs. Mathias. Though almost totally blind but knowing where everything was in her apartment, she moved about without hesitation. In talking, she looked at one as if she could see. Conversation went eventually to the Rajagopal case. She said many were hurt by K. He asked who. She said, "Well, I was." K explained that what he considered in this, as he had when he dissolved the Order of the Star, was what was the right thing to do. Mrs. Besant had been hurt, though she came to say, "If the World Teacher is doing this, it is right." K said that he had tried for years to get Rajagopal to inform him, consult him, etcetera, and that he had received either nothing or abuse. Were people hurt or was it their image of how things should be? K had me tell my conversation with Rajagopal in 1971

when he said that working together was a plot against him. I also told her about the conversation with Judge Kenny, who told us to go to the attorney general, who eventually said that Rajagopal must be pursued because of "grave impropriety with regard to a charitable trust" and directed us to commence litigation in which he would be co-plaintiff. I told her that K was not involved in this but was brought in when Rajagopal and his people countersued and served papers on K as he was about to give his first talk in Santa Monica. When we left, there was a tearing gale and rain. K was almost swept off his feet, we clung together and managed to go the two blocks to the Huntington, half-drenched and with an umbrella turned inside out. Later, Alain came to tea and stayed for supper.

On Saturday, March twenty-second, K gave a second talk in the Masonic Hall, a vivid, splendid one of tremendous vitality. I made lunch in our rooms, and he slept all afternoon. The third talk was on Sunday, and afterward Alain, the Simmonses, the Lilliefelts, Alan Kishbaugh, and Kathy Harris came to the hotel, and we all went to lunch together in Ghirardelli Square. K had no rest, as when we came back, he saw a Dr. Feldman from Argentina, who was interested but had never heard K speak until that day. On Monday we went again to Mrs. Mathias for tea. She said she "now knows us," but I wondered if it had made a difference.

The last talk was on Tuesday, March twenty-fifth, completing the series. Alain joined us for supper. We packed the following morning, and K went to give Mrs. Mathias one more treatment. I walked over to accompany him back, being still queasy at his crossing streets alone, then made lunch out of the remains of our larder, and Alain came to drive us to the airport.

It was good to be back in Malibu. Work done on the lawn, new shrubs, and orange trees looked at home. K said, "This is a nice house," and he was eager to see the barn owl, which looked down on us owlishly on arrival. Krishnaji seemed to like being there more so than in the past. Talk of selling and moving to Ojai had subsided.

Section Nine

CHAPTER 32

After returning from San Francisco to Malibu on March twenty-first, 1975, within two days Erna telephoned that Mr. Cohen doubted that Rajagopal would listen to his lawyer about the easement on KFA land and wanted a meeting of all of us. That day at lunch Krishnaji said suddenly, "I realize now how they deliberately forced me to go to cheap places, to try to break my dignity. I had to go to those places where you eat in the car [drive-in restaurants], ride on buses. I didn't care, but that is what they tried." Then he said, "It is extraordinary, I feel such an energy. It must be having good food." So we went to town, did some errands, and he went to the dentist. Coming home, when we turned up the coast, the hills were very clear against the blue sky, and he said, "Look at those mountains. That is God."

On another trip to town, while he was again at the dentist, I went to get some special lined paper for his notebook. He had been wanting to start writing again. "Must I write every day?" Of course not, I said, only when you feel like it. "But I like to do it in an orderly way," he replied. When we came home, Erna telephoned that Barbara Lama, a stepdaughter to Albion Patterson, had been killed in a plane crash near Katmandu with Edmund Hillary's wife and daughter. I told this to K; he listened, and after a few minutes he asked me to repeat it. A little later, he said, "One shouldn't die violently. It is too much of a shock."

M: "Is it a shock to the one who dies?"

K: "Yes. It should be willingly, healthily."

M: "Few people die willingly."

K: "I'll talk to you about that another time."

But he went on to tell me of a time, years earlier, when Kitty Shiva Rao was with him on a flight from Delhi to Benares and the plane came into thick fog. Kitty, sitting beside him, became panicky, and K took hold of her hand, saying, "If we're going to die, we're going to die. Let's do it happily." She calmed down, but soon the plane lost altitude and she began to get hysterical. K spoke to her again, and then they came below the fog and landed.

On April first Krishnaji began to write again. He wasn't comfortable at the desk, so I arranged a folding table in front of his window. He said he wanted me to read what he wrote and to "correct it" without consulting him. There were only very minor bits of syntax that went wrong, because he probably didn't read what had gone before when he paused. I doubted that he reread any of it when he was through. He again began with descriptions of nature and then went to what he wanted to say. That day it was on space

and division. In the evening, on the television news, there was such anguished suffering of refugees in Vietnam that K stopped me from watching, as I had wept so on another night.

The next day he wrote again in the morning, “the skill of intelligence is to put knowledge in its right place” and “intelligence comes out of the understanding of the whole consciousness of man—yourself,” and “freedom from the known, every minute, is the essence of intelligence.” He wrote this before a meeting with trustees, etcetera about the school. In the afternoon I went to meet Dorothy and Montague at the airport to bring them back to stay a few days at the house.

I had sent a formal letter to Rajagopal saying that K wished to see his archives. Erna telephoned that afternoon and read the reply to Stanley Cohen from R’s lawyer, Christensen, saying yes to seeing “books and manuscripts” but that letters and archive material were “not yet in order.”

In the morning, on April third, K said, “Something has been happening since that day in San Francisco. My head is almost to the point of bursting—full. All last night it went on and the night before—a tremendous attention inside the head, a physical feeling. It’s going on now.” (A far-off look on his face.) “All energy is concentrated there inside, in eyes, head.” After doing his third notebook piece, he stayed in bed all morning reading a book about whales and dolphins but got up for lunch with the Simmonses. Afterward, we listened to a recording of the singing of humpback whales.

On Saturday, April fifth, we took Dorothy and Montague to Ojai, K driving part of the way. We went first to the flat in the building next to Pine Cottage, where they were to stay, and then to the Lilliefelts’ for lunch. Erna had telephoned Rajagopal to confirm the appointment to see archives. Rajagopal had sent his reply through his lawyer—“as Mrs. Zimbalist is represented by counsel”—but this time he had been unable to speak immediately and had to call back (after fixing a tape recorder? as we inevitably wondered). He wanted to know who was coming. Erna replied she hadn’t asked K, but it would probably be K, MZ, and herself. Afterward, we speculated about Rajagopal setting out to try to upset K before his talks. I suggested he postpone his visit and only Erna, Theo, and I go the first time. K was to decide.

On the seventh, K and I stayed in Pine Cottage. He again wanted me nearby, and I slept in the sitting room. In the morning, I went with Erna and Theo to talk to Mr. Cohen about the easements Rajagopal had given himself and the Vigevenos in 1974 over the land that had now become KFA’s. These easements would stay in effect indefinitely and prevent KFA’s use of the land. We agreed that we did not want, as we could, to reopen the case on the basis of fraud but to first put it to Mr. Tapper of the attorney general’s office, as this represented a dissipation of charitable assets to private persons and was self-serving. If nothing came of this, we could start a separate motion to right an illegality. Mr. Cohen felt it was good that we exercise our rights under the settlement agreement, which would occur in the next day’s archive visit, and we should keep a record of any noncompliance

by Rajagopal. When we got back, Krishnaji had decided he would go to that meeting. He had spent the morning writing in his notebook.

On Wednesday, April ninth, K, Erna, Theo, and I went at 11 a.m. to the K&R office to see the archives. Rajagopal met us and sat at a table in the greenish, prison-like office. K sat behind and slightly apart, and did not look at Rajagopal after the initial greeting, Indian-style. Rajagopal had an angry, simian look, the glare of the disturbed. He talked resentfully for forty minutes. Why did we want to see certain things? The case was over, but he had been held up to vilification all over the world; he was friendly, but we were not—I had refused to talk to him on the telephone; he couldn't say when the archives would be ready; he was very busy; why did we want to see archive material edited by Mima Porter? He said there were no manuscripts left over from the *Commentaries*; said all archives had been turned over to K&R; said a large shipment of archive material, shipped from Holland by Folkersma at the start of World War II was lost; that Jinarajadasa had agreed to send him letters that were in the TS but never did. He wanted to go into our archives since we could go into his. He went on and on, mentioned the Indian case still pending. Neither Erna nor I said the obvious, as the purpose of all this seemed to be to talk endlessly and show us nothing. He kept making references to K, who spoke not a word until Rajagopal said he had once had friendly relations with K "but now he won't speak." Then K stood up, looking very tall and rather tense and aloof and said, "I will speak. If you want that friendship, you will resign from everything and do penance. That is all I have to say." He crossed the room and went out the door. Somehow everyone was standing; Erna, Theo, and I stayed. "What did he mean?" asked Rajagopal angrily. We said he had heard what K said; we weren't there to explain or interpret, we were there to see archives. He started to say something like "it is all off," and I said, "Are you refusing to show us archives? We are here for a very simple physical thing—to begin to see the archives." Angrily, reluctantly, hit by what K had said, he opened a couple of file drawers. They contained thorough, well-kept files, transcripts of discussions. He seemed to turn to showing things as an escape from K's statement and, as if dealing with a sick person, we showed admiration for the way things were kept. We then were let into a back room of book stacks from all over in various languages. We asked for what K had requested: Mrs. Besant's letters to K as a boy, and he even offered to photocopy them for us. Then there were albums of photographs, tiny wonderful pictures of K and Nitya as children. R denied having letters between Mrs. Besant and Leadbeater about "the boy." Erna during this was laying bases for future visits. Earlier, Rajagopal had claimed archive material was given to him personally, which we thought might result in much being in Rajagopal's own vault in his house. He claimed that day that all archives were in the K&R office.

We left and met K down the road; he had been in the Oak Grove. Our first comments were that Rajagopal was a sick personality. Theo felt sorry for him and later at lunch said he wanted to go to see him to point out what his resigning would do. K enlarged to us that Rajagopal's resigning would be the penance. Theo telephoned a number of times, always getting a busy signal, and finally reached Rajagopal, went to see him, received a diatribe, and left. K wanted Erna to tell Rajagopal that he—K—wished to come to see certain things without Rajagopal being there.

During the rest of that day, K did a videotaped interview on school plans and education for the local station; Dorothy came with us on a three-mile walk. Mark Lee said Rosalind had telephoned, and when asked about rugs that K said should be at Arya Vihara, as they were given to him, she said they had been stolen, and she was sorry K thought she was a thief. She said they were stolen from Arya Vihara. Theo said the reporting of the theft gave the place as Upper Ojai, which meant she took them with her when she moved.

A disagreeable letter to K came from James Vigeveno. K wanted it answered, so I drafted a reply, though feeling it was not worth answering. K also again wanted Erna to telephone Rajagopal that K wished to see archives without Rajagopal being there. He did not want to even see or speak to Rajagopal. Erna felt it preferable to delay the call until after the coming weekend of the talks. Reg and Mavis Bennett arrived from Australia, and it was a pleasure to see them again.

Saturday, April twelfth, was a cloudless day with warm sun but a frosting of snow still on Topa Topa. In the green Mercedes, we drove to the Oak Grove, where, at 11, Krishnaji gave his first talk there since the autumn of 1966. There were many people, many children, and many dogs. It was profoundly good to see him once more in his own place. Afterward, he walked down the road a bit until I could catch up with the car. He said he liked talking in the Grove but had no familiar feeling about it. We had lunch in the cottage, and he agreed with Erna and me to ignore the Vigeveno letter. Erna telephoned Rajagopal to say that K wanted to come to see the archives we had seen, the Besant letters, photographs, and also Pupul Jayakar's account of what had happened to K in Ootacamund in 1947 or 48. This was something she wrote for Rajagopal, and he had not let her keep a copy. At first Rajagopal said he didn't have that—then, well, he couldn't remember, then Tuesday was not convenient for him, and he hung up. Erna rang back and said they must have been cut off and that it wasn't necessary for him to be there. He got very angry and said it was a personal thing with him and he had to be there. "Supervision is not required," said Erna. "I will be the judge of that, you must write and give me time to think about it," he said.

Erna: "We are giving you notice now."

R: "You can't come Tuesday."

Erna: " You are refusing?"

R: "You can bring a sheriff and break down the door." And then he hung up. A footnote was Al Blackburn saying that the Vigevenos were more antagonistic than ever.

The following day, Sunday, April thirteenth, K gave a magnificent and powerful talk, number two in the Oak Grove. Among other things, he spoke of the difference between reality and truth. Reality is of the mind and thought; truth cannot be touched by either. He came back to the car saying, "That talk exhausted me," as well it might. Later, he said jokingly, "In the old days, they would have said, 'The Lord spoke today.'" He wanted to eat on the hill where the Hookers, at his request, were putting on an inexpensive

vegetarian lunch. He sat a long time in the car before we walked over there. Later, after a nap, he saw the two Siddoo sisters. They were planning to open their school on Vancouver Island in the autumn of 1976. We walked to the Lilliefelts' for tea; Erna had sent a letter via Byron Casselberry, to Rajagopal saying that we were coming on Tuesday to see archives and did not want supervision.

The Monday was all gray skies and drippy rain. K wrote in the morning and gave a taped interview to Donald Ingram Smith for Australian Broadcasting. Mr. and Mrs. Kornfeld saw K afterward and, while waiting to see him, talked to me about his being filmed. At supper he asked about a magazine, *Ananda*, that Tapas had sent him. I read him parts of an article in it by E.A. Wodehouse about George Arundale, criticizing him for carrying on ceremonies in Benares in 1929 when Mrs. Besant had asked K to preside at the TS congress in her absence. Out of politeness to him and his views, she had decreed no ceremonies. K remembered it vaguely and smiled. He said Wodehouse wrote very well but gradually died of laziness. He looked at the magazine. "We were all very young then." He said that some of all this should be put together in a book. I read him another chapter on Hindu versions of the Lord Maitreya. It said that Maitreya was foretold by Gautama to refuse Buddhahood until humanity was enlightened. I asked him, "Will you become a Buddha?" "You mustn't ask that," he said. "It doesn't work that way; those people made it all into a hierarchical affair."

On Tuesday, April fifteenth, Krishnaji, Erna, Theo, and I went at 11 to the K&R office. Rajagopal was there and so was Austin Bee, who was seated at a desk and never rose or gave more than a glance. We went in the back office, the safe was open, and there were some things we had asked to see. Rajagopal stood there, and Erna said we wished to look at things in private. He bristled—"This is <u>my</u> office," but finally went out, refusing to close the door and saying he probably didn't have to mention it but things couldn't be taken out. Erna and I just looked at him, and he went away. K felt pain in his stomach from the violence of Rajagopal. I got him to sit down and went through photograph albums with him, pictures in 1913 and 1914 in Taormina and Cornwall, and very early ones in 1909. There were many more that K looked at, but Erna handed me five pages to read, handwritten by Pupul Jayakar, describing the events in June 1948 in Ootacamund, when K was "off," in great pain, saying, "They have burnt me so there can be more emptiness"; of being so close to death but not wishing it "as there is so much to be done"; of something happening on the walk but not being able to remember it; of fearing that pieces of him were left on the road; and of a great power filling him. It was overwhelming to read. We were to ask R for a photocopy, but, to be sure of having the text, I read it quietly to Erna, who took it down in shorthand. K by then had finished looking at the photographs and wanted to leave. He did so and walked down the road while Erna and I gave Rajagopal a list of things we would like copied. There was back-and-forth on his copying versus our taking them to be copied. We suggested that Erna and Byron Casselberry go together to the photocopier, but apparently he didn't trust Casselberry either, as he preferred to copy them himself. There were questions to me on when we were leaving, was Erna going too? We left.

Being firm had been the effective move that day. We came back to the cottage for lunch. K asked how those people's minds possibly worked. Austin Bee, for instance, with his rudeness.

That afternoon there was a meeting on the schools with K, the Lilliefelts, Ruth, Albion, the Lees, the Simmonses, and the Siddoos. K went into relations with parents, participation of trustees, etcetera. It lasted until after 6. He still had pain in his stomach from the morning, but a simple soup made it better.

It was cold in the Oak Grove the next day when K held a public discussion on education. Questions were not to the point, but, as always, he drew them into a whole. He wanted to sit quietly in the car afterward and have me do the marketing, so we had a late lunch. He slept afterward, and we took a long walk with Erna and Theo. During supper he looked back at the years in Ojai and said he could have been killed or injured on his long climbs in the mountains, but "they" [Rajagopal and Rosalind] didn't think of it or care. He said he used to like to drive around Santa Paula to Ventura and back, about fifty miles. He said he used to go alone to places like Cleveland, Toledo, and Seattle to talk. Somebody must have bought the ticket, but then he went. Maybe Jadu was there. He told of staying with Theosophists in New Zealand, who washed all the dishes in a pan but didn't rinse them. This so appalled him that he told them he was very good at washing up and could he do it? "If you insist," they said. "So I got two pans. They were nice people and caught on."

There was a trustee meeting, and it was decided to go ahead with one building on the Oak Grove land without waiting for a donation drive. K wanted to get going there, and also he wanted to redo the cottage, to which I agreed. We talked about how to arrange it into two bedrooms with two bathrooms and to keep his front sitting room, which he said was a good place to write. On the north side we would have a new wing with a living room, kitchen, and dining space, a guest lavatory, and a small office.

A letter came from Nelly Digby saying that Mrs. Bindley, alone in her house, fell on the stairs and broke her femur. Poor lady—she was discovered the next morning lying at the foot of the stairs. Distressing news.

It was a lovely day for the third talk. Driving through the valley, the beauty of the morning, of the earth in all its faces, of other mornings driving with Krishnaji was a radiance of Ojai, Malibu, Hampshire, France, and Switzerland; a shine of beauty everywhere. The talk was on the meaning of time, suffering, and death; a talk that washed the mind clean. There were many people and those immediately around him appeared hypnotized. We sat in the car about ten minutes before K felt like moving.

It was another cloudless morning with a rising scent of orange blossoms on April twentieth as K gave his fourth talk in the Grove on the religious life. To be psychologically nothing. Afterward, he stood for a while by the car, Alan Kishbaugh standing guard and walking him through the crowd. After lunch, K rested a little, saw some people, and went briefly to a tea party at Arya Vihara. After supper, he went there

in his dressing gown to say goodbye to Reg and Mavis Bennett, who were returning to Australia.

The following day, April twenty-first, we packed, the cottage was put in order, and K, Erna, Theo, and I went to the K&R office at 11 a.m. K remained in the car, but we went in as Rajagopal opened the door. Austin Bee, at the typewriter, looked up, and this time I made him reply by saying, "Good morning, Mr. Bee." Erna did the same and he muttered a good morning without rising. Rajagopal said, "Isn't Krishnaji with you?" I said he would remain in the car and would like to see the manuscript of the *Commentaries* there. "I haven't got them," said Rajagopal. "I think they were destroyed." We stared at him in shock. I said did he mean that he had destroyed K's original manuscript, written in his own hand? He said it had been published, that was their custom, and he wasn't sure what had happened. I said he kept very orderly records—how could he not be sure what had happened to such an important archive? He said he didn't wish to answer questions, we had come without friendly spirits, with all sorts of interpretations of the agreement; the court would have to settle it or we could bring the sheriff; there were things that had to be settled about Harper and Row. This was a reference to their putting KFA as the entity to be written to in a new edition of the books. He implied that K had broken the agreement by telling him to resign. I said that we had shown considerable politeness and forbearance in the face of his tirades, which he had offered instead of our seeing anything. The word "forbearance" apparently registered. We said that he had repeatedly jibed at K for not speaking to him and that finally, when he did it again, K had said, "I will speak," and that if Rajagopal really wanted to be in their old state of friendship he must resign and do penance. I said that K now wished me to tell him that, until he renounced everything and established a relationship with K that was not based only on the legal settlement, K did not wish to see him. And that if he had anything to say to K, to write to him directly and not through other people like the Vigevenos. By this time, Rajagopal was so angry that I couldn't tell what he took in. He started to say, "This is <u>my</u> house—"

"House?" said Erna. "Office."

He caught himself. We said it was the K&R office and under the agreement we had the right to come there and to see the archives. He implied we had seen the archives—he decided what was archive material. Erna said that so far we had not seen anything in Krishnamurti's hand; where were other manuscripts? He said, "You have the manuscript" [meaning the one that became *Krishnamurti's Notebook*]. We asked if he meant he had nothing else, and he said he would say nothing more and wouldn't answer questions. I said he was both refusing to show us things or to answer questions. Erna turned to Bee and said, "You are a trustee. Do you concur in this?" Bee replied, "Whatever Mr. Rajagopal says, I agree."

Erna: "And the other trustees?"

Bee: "They agree with Mr. Rajagopal."

Rajagopal had typewritten transcripts of the *Commentaries*, which of course were not what we had asked for, and other material for which he wanted signed acknowledgements from K and Erna. We refused for K, and Erna signed for herself. Rajagopal said his lawyer had told him to make these available and he was doing so as a favor to K. He said we should leave and he would not speak further. Somewhere in this I said that we had no wish to discuss anything with him and had wanted to see certain things without his supervision. This, he said angrily, he would not allow. We left in a blast of his anger and semi-hysteria. His rages were like tantrums. All this took place in about fifteen minutes. We found K down the hill and went back to the cottage to collectively try to remember all that was said. Erna made notes and we telephoned Stanley Cohen. He agreed that Rajagopal deciding what constitutes archives was untenable and he would begin by telephoning Christensen.

Dorothy and Montague left for Los Angeles and a flight back to England. K and I left for Malibu but stopped in Oxnard to look at a suggested car for me. At that point we were using K's green Mercedes, but I needed a car for my own and everyday use. A large station wagon was tried and was just what I didn't want. K's interest in cars was engaged, and he went and talked at length with Dieter, the car man. He came back looking quite pleased and said he knew just what I should get—a diesel Mercedes. Not another Mercedes! All that was needed was an economical, small car that could carry things, a Volkswagen, but K felt it was unsafe for either of us to go about in too small a car, and the excellence of Mercedes was firm in his mind. We put off further car talk, and he took the wheel for the coast road to Malibu.

While driving, he asked me if I was too tired for a question. I said I was tired only of the car question. He then asked me if anything had happened to me in the preceding two weeks—was I changed in some way? I asked what he meant—what was he asking about? And I went over various things that had happened from my point of view: firstly that the Rajagopal matter, though unpleasant (and here K apologized for my being subjected to it) didn't really bother me. He said, "I could see something must have happened when you came out, but you hadn't reacted." There had been some behavior on the part of Al Blackburn, but that wasn't to me worth talking about. But his talks had had an extra stretch of something in the Grove—something in them seemed to open up in his words, and I had felt that. The school seemed to be rising, and things were beginning to happen. Staying in the cottage I had liked, and I explained that I reacted to places, to their beauty and character, more than to the people around. He listened to all this but said he felt there was more. Something had happened to him. "I haven't been tired—an added vitality," and that he felt something I was perhaps not aware of had happened to me. I said that what had meant most to me in his talks was his speaking of nothingness. "That's it!" he said. "Now we won't talk about it for the moment." But he went on to say that we must make a change, have more leisure and quiet. So we came home to Malibu, the new grass had taken root, the flowers were bright, and the ocean murmured.

Krishnaji rested the next day and was reading the book on whales—their enormous brains, and the fact that, until man, they had been menaced by nothing—and it had made him see something. He called me in and asked me to remind him to tell the others that

"the school must provide security to the students—a vast protection in depth." Then he added, "That's what they did with me until those two monsters came along." A letter had come from Anneke, enclosing a copy of one she had written to Rosalind. It was full of friendship and warmth but also put a few home truths. K thought it good enough but said she didn't realize it would be ignored. To me, though I understood Anneke's fondness for the past and her wish to find good in old friends, all that was washed away by the evil that had been done to K. I said that though I did not hate or wish ill to them, there could never be a question of affection. It would be hypocritical to say otherwise. So we got out the *Oxford Dictionary* and looked up "affection." In the end, Krishnaji said what he meant was "compassion," and that I understood.

CHAPTER 33

On April twenty-eighth, 1975, Krishnaji and I flew to New York, where we again stayed in the Ritz Tower in what had been my father's apartment. The next day, we went to the Carnegie Endowment Institute, where Dr. David Shainberg had assembled about two dozen psychiatrists, psychologists, and social workers to meet Krishnamurti and talk with him. The very first question raised was on fear. Krishnaji immediately went beyond theories and specific fears to examine and ask what was fear itself, its central root? Was thinking a central cause? One questioner said thinking is how we master fear and cope with it. K suggested that without understanding the nature of thought one couldn't understand fear. Some thought fear was helpful—i.e., about danger. K asked if that was fear, and also asked could we not be totally free of fear? He said that self-preservation in the face of danger was not fear. Someone raised fear of the atom bomb. K asked, what could one do as an individual against a monstrous system, and what was the good of being frightened? What was one to do? Could human consciousness be affected—not consciousness of India or America, but human consciousness? He said it could be affected very deeply. "If my consciousness is transformed, it will affect world consciousness." Someone spoke of helping others, and K said, "I wonder if I can help another," and asked, what was desire to help, what was the motive? He was asked if it were possible to be free of fear. He said that, for him, yes, it was possible. To do that, it was necessary to go into deeper levels and find what is fear. One questioner said he worried about being free of fear because fear was the start of evolution. K said there was no evolution; in becoming, there is uncertainty, insecurity. "I question the whole idea of 'me' evolving." It wasn't a process that involved time, distance, length, volume. He went into concepts, abstractions. The word was "wastage" of energy. He said that where there was choice there was no freedom. He questioned that anyone was an individual. Someone brought up mysticism, and K said that in describing a thing as mystic you are putting it away, out the window. "Time was necessary to grow," someone said, and K said, "I question that."

K spoke of energy when there is no choice, but only awareness. The "how to do it" is the eternal question and that implies time, conformity, authority—all denying freedom. He went into images, experience (projection). He said, "There are no truthful answers to a hypothetical question." A man said that K didn't read books, but why did he write them?

Why didn't Buddha [do so], call it quits, and leave the world? K replied, "Tradition says when a man reaches the highest he is concerned with humanity. Out of love he teaches."

Questioner: "Why do you talk, write, have foundations, etcetera? Is it with hope someone might hear you?"

K: "That's it."

Questioner: "What are the chances someone might hear?"

K: "I don't care."

Questioner: "But you are interested in humanity."

K: "I put my heart into it. If mankind is transformed, they could lead a different life. If they don't want it, what can I do?"

He went on to tell the story of the young robbers covering their ears as they passed a teacher talking of goodness. The youngest trod on a thorn and accidentally heard, "Be good, don't rob," and thereafter was changed. One therapist said he loved to help. K said, "If you love, you will find a way. Then everything will come right."

That evening we watched on television the ending of the Vietnamese war as the U.S. completed the evacuation of encircled Saigon. The long and wretched U.S. involvement was over. The next morning, though he had not slept too well, he spoke of "ecstatic energy in my head" and said he had never had it before.

He certainly gave outward signs of extraordinary energy in the second session of the psychotherapist meeting. It was a continuation of the previous day and began with the question: Can thinking know when thought is relevant? K asked, what was relevance? Reality was that which you think about; was truth to be thought about? He said there was knowledge, reality, and truth. Truth had nothing to do with the real; was there action not based on knowledge? He said that all our actions were based on concepts projected by thought, and therefore all action is non-action. He asked if there was an action, which was not analytical but perceptual, not acting according to conclusions. And he asked if they saw that analysis was not whole. He spoke of Vietnam and asked, "How do we observe it? If you are not different from it, you are responsible for it. As long as I remain a Hindu, I create war. When there is division, there must be conflict, as long as I have a formula, a belief, I create division. The negation of division in me is whole action." Then he questioned there being such a thing as psychological security. We need physical security, but because we seek psychological security, we invest it in things—my house, my wife, etcetera. "I seek psychological security in another and find it in an image I have created about that person. I question there is any security for 'the me.'" One questioner said, "We reinforce what the patient brings in." Another disagreed and said, "Eventually, we negate the divisions." K then said that brought in time. "Discarding means negating now, not in the future."

Someone asked if growing wasn't in time, and K asked if there was psychological growth for "the me." A questioner said yes. K asked, "What is 'the me'? A word, a conditioning." Someone asked about the role of emotion in wholeness, and K asked why one separated feeling from thinking. "Don't they all belong to the field of thought? Can you separate the moment from the past or future? Who is this entity we wrangle with until we find it is created by thought and therefore not truth?"

A questioner said, "You are challenging some bases of our work. Gestalt says pretty much the same thing. If we can apply what you say, we can help our patients to this wholeness." K then said, "In dialogue both you and the patient see that neither is whole and, in that, there is no longer the analyzer. Neither understands the whole, but because both are really serious, something is seen. So is there a 'me' at all?"

Later, he asked, "Is there action which is not me acting? As long as a 'me' is becoming something, there is no security. Becoming <u>is</u> insecurity. See that there is no security in the idea of 'me'; the 'me' is nothing. If there is nothing of the 'me'—that is security. In nothing there is security. It is the psychological search for security in the 'me' that creates division, which prevents security for mankind." And later still he asked, "Is there a 'me' in truth? In reality there is, but in the knowing of the self there is no 'me' at all."

The next day, May first, we took an evening flight on Air India to London, arriving the morning afterward to a warm welcome from Brockwood. The new assembly room had been completed and was found handsome. Krishnaji spoke to the school there for the first time four days later. He was relaxed and pleased to be at Brockwood again and to be able to walk across the fields in the afternoons. I found him sorting out some of his things and standing in his toweling bathrobe, wearing a black woolen hat Fosca had crocheted for him. "This is my life style!" he said, laughing. Later, in Dorothy's office he said, "Look, the spirits are after it!" Outside the window, the head of a broom was waving back and forth eerily in the wind. He laughed as no one else could laugh—all laughter and merriment.

On May ninth Mary and Joe came for lunch, and she gave K the first and only copy at that point of the biography *Krishnamurti—The Years of Awakening*. On the dust jacket was the upper part of the photograph of him taken in front of the Gobelins tapestry at Eerde. I read all afternoon while K slept, and then we went for a walk and talked about the book. He asked, if it would really interest people, what would they make of it? I said that in the first part, which was all I had read so far, there might be inevitable questions about Theosophy and masters: If masters existed, why all those communications from them were reported then and nothing since. K said, "It is simple; the Lord is here."

I asked, "Do you mean that those communications were necessary to prepare for that?"

K replied, "Obviously," and then added, "I just thought of it."

I then asked what was one of the don't-answer-me-if-it-is-a-wrong-question categories: "Am I being dense or insensitive not to perceive such things, or am I simply not being spoken to?"

He replied, "You are doing what you should—looking after K. There may be no need to communicate. You have been with me how long? You are perhaps used to certain things."

I began to tell him of the account in the book of the curiously full reporting by the young K of his "initiation"—so unlike his descriptions later, but Dorothy came along the lane to join us, and the conversation about the book ended. K did speak about wanting me to attend school meetings, which I was not doing because of Dorothy's reluctance—embarrassment, she called it. But when he told her he wanted it, she of course accepted nicely and with a bit of humor.

The next morning, I put the biography beside his breakfast tray. He said he wasn't going to read it, but I thought he might read parts of it, and so he did, starting with the discovery of the boy. He asked how far I had read in the night, which was up to 1920, and how it seemed. I said that so far the mystery of his becoming what he grew up to be was deepened by the book. Working from his letters to her mother's and the latter's diary, Mary drew a picture of an entirely immature, partly Victorian child, surrounded by jealous and competing friends. So much talk of love seemed childish and unreal. His endless letters to Lady Emily seemed odd. "I write to you every day," said K. Hardly in the same vein, I pointed out: not "dearest Mummy." K said the boy was not conditioned, that he was fed all the TS stories, but it was superficial; it went into his head and out. If he had been conditioned, he said, he would have gone on in the TS way. I pointed out that many people had changed belief or views, but he said this had been different: he was empty, moronic. What made him awaken? He said he thought that slowly, drop by drop, he was awakening, changing, that there had been no real conditioning. He was untouched, and the very slow maturing was important; care of the body was important. "I have right food and all that. I may live to be a hundred. We'll celebrate that instead of eighty," [his birthday being two days later]. I went later to a staff meeting for the first time.

The next night, I read until I finished the biography, moved to tears by what he went through, the extraordinary fact of his enduring all that early time, the chicanery and pretentiousness of so many of the people around him, and his becoming all that emerged. Or was it there always, dormant, slowly growing like a delicate plant in him until it, or he, was ripe? It was midnight when I finished, and I realized it was almost exactly eighty years since that child was born in the small house in Madanapalle. The story, or perhaps Mary's telling of it, made it seem very close, not long ago. His brother Nitya seemed someone I knew then, not decades in the past. It was an odd sense of knowing something from very deep in the subconscious, and what moved me most at that moment was "that boy's"—K's—tremendous optimism, enthusiasm. At eighty, he shone with it even more than when he was quite young, but then he was always younger in spirit than anyone, young in a radiant way.

On his eightieth birthday, he waved aside all greetings and said, “I think I will live another twenty years, and then you can celebrate.” I said I would hold him to it, but who would push my wheelchair to the celebration? He said the body should last because it was looked after, because there was someone who cared who looked after him. Someone who didn’t want something. Later in the day, Dr. T. K. Parchure arrived from India. It was his first visit.

The next day, we went by train to London and, in the pleasant groove of things, went straight to Huntsman, where K disappeared in the fitting room and I read *Country Life* until he reappeared. Some patterns [samples of material] were looked at, and then we walked to Fortnum to meet Mary for lunch. We talked all the way through about the biography, which K was reading in pickings. He was pleased by it and showed that he was to Mary. I gave her a copy of the notes Erna had taken of Pupul Jayakar’s account in the Ojai archives of the 1948 events in Ootacamund.

Back at Brockwood, there was a review between K, Dr. Parchure, and me of K’s health matters. K had asked Dr. P to be with him as much as possible and look after his health. In the meantime, Doris Pratt had read the biography and asked K heatedly why he had had to suffer so and did we all have to go through that? He replied that to come upon something new, to discover, one person had gone through it in order to be able to point [it] out to others.

On the eighteenth, after talking to the school, K did a taped discussion with David Bohm on what was reality and what was truth. He was enthusiastic and wanted to continue such discussions each weekend. He was also continuing to read the biography each morning, and his liking for it was growing. Of Mary, he said, “She must have worked very hard.” Mary’s meticulous research had made her ask Doris to look up an old book of records she had kept in 1961 showing where K was and what were the references in the beginning of his *Notebook* manuscript. In it, he spoke of going to an airport, others noticing something, etcetera. The airport was London, and the others were Mrs. Bindley; Doris herself, who had forgotten; and Anneke Korndorffer. K himself remembered nothing of it.

May twenty-first was a warm summer’s day. I made a picnic lunch, and we drove through lovely countryside, smelling of sun, fertilizer, and growing things—a delight for me. Less lovely but familiar to K was Wimbledon Common, where we had our picnic sitting on a bench under trees. K looked as young as when he walked there fifty years before and lived at West Side House with Miss Dodge. We went on to Putney Hospital, where Mrs. Bindley had been since she fell on the stairs in her London house a month before, broke her hip, and had lain on the floor all night until the cleaning woman came in the morning. Her hip had been operated upon, and she was convalescent. She was asleep when we came in. I took her hand and told her quietly that Krishnaji had come to see her. In her sleep, she said, “Lovely, lovely, lovely,” touchingly responding to the words she must have understood subconsciously. K took her other hand and looked at me with distress, wondering if she were perhaps only half-conscious, but then she woke up and was her old bright self, delighted to see him, eager with questions, and banging her hearing aid to make it work. We told her a little about the Ojai school plans, the visits to

the archives, and meetings with Rajagopal. She said she would be going home as soon as her son could find someone to care for her. We left, K saying we would come to see her there. “I would rather die quietly than be put in a hospital,” he said when we were outside. It had been a considerable thing for him to have gone to this one, and it was a convalescent hospital and relatively less distressing, but his feeling was keen.

K had told Dr. Parchure that I must outlive him. When I asked him why, he dismissed it with, “You know very well why.” Dr. P told him what he was trying to do to my leg in massage to help the blocked circulation. It was helping but differed from what K did, which was to heal. Dr. P had hearing difficulty, and K treated his ears and told him not to think of his hands, or a cure, not to want something, just to be quiet and open. Then perhaps something could get through. K told him that his own energy was not depleted when it went to someone this way.

Amanda Pallant, back from Rome, said that Vanda had been struck by a car in Florence, was bruised but all right. On being telephoned, she characteristically said it was nothing. K spoke to her, getting almost no information. David Bohm came for the weekend and did a two-hour dialogue with K, continuing the subject of truth and reality. Dr. P. participated a little. Dorothy, Saral, and I were present. K spoke again to the school the next day, perhaps a bit over their heads, but it was very interesting. On thought: Is there thought without word or image? To see something is true is an action outside of thought. When I brought K his supper tray, he said cheerfully that he had a message for me from the Great White Brotherhood, thanking me for looking after him, but I mustn’t spoil him. He spoke again to the school a few days later and said afterward, “I will teach them in spite of themselves.”

There was another lunch at Fortnum with Mary and Joe, in which Joe asked K about Theosophist beliefs in masters and “that Scots one” [Maha Chohan]. It could be difficult, listening to K, not to think he put credence in their existence, though he did not say so.

On June sixth there was a scientists’ meeting at Brockwood. Included were Professor Maurice Wilkins, David Bohm, David Shainberg, Drs. Goodwin, Butt, Peat, Munroe, and Parchure. Also Harsh Tankha and Joe Zorski and some students, chosen by the latter two to be observers, as was Michael Rubinstein. No formal papers were read this time; they went straight into discussion. Two days later, Dr. Julian Melzack and his wife, Dr. Elizabeth Ferris, joined the meetings. K gave a private interview to Dr. Ferris, whose father was very ill. The meetings ended on June ninth.

K’s hay fever kept him in for several days. Usually during his breakfast he listened to records, and one morning he said, “I was playing the Beethoven [ninth symphony], that loud part, the demonic energy part, not reading, lying here like this, and I felt this odd feeling, as if death came—everything was going through a little hole, and I realized it mustn’t happen, and so it came back. I have felt a little of it for a couple of days—as if death were like that.”

M: “So near?”

K: “Like that. Through this little hole.”

M: “Was it different from when certain things happen in your head?”

K: “Maybe.”

M: “What was it made you realize it shouldn’t happen?”

K: “Oh, you know.” [Laughs.] “I have to try on that suit. I remember Sasha had a fitting, and he died without it. That mustn’t happen. You must go now [to Winchester], and drive carefully because I have to live. I am tired. I must be getting old. Of course I am old, but I feel tired.”

I went off to Winchester and errands but was feeling that the day, which was factually bright, had gone gray, as if the light had gone out of it. It shook me. It was too soon, he had too much to do, and he was more alive than anyone.

The next day, K was sick to his stomach and stayed in bed. A letter came from Erna describing a hearing for a use permit by the new owners of the old Zalk house on the hill above the KFA land. KFA was protesting this, and Rosalind had testified for the permit. K’s explanation of her hatred was the old one of “the fury of a woman scorned” and added that went for Rajagopal, too. Erna said that stories were being circulated that Rajagopal had felt harassed by us during K’s visit and had had to be looked after by Austin Bee and his wife.

Krishnaji was well by the twenty-sixth when George Digby telephoned with the sad news that Mrs. Bindley had died the day before while still in Putney Hospital.

Section Ten

CHAPTER 34

On June thirtieth, 1975, Krishnamurti and I left Brockwood and flew to Paris. Coming in by taxi from Orly, the familiar road signs were reminders of past arrivals by car, but K said, "I am glad we are not going to drive." It had been fun when we did, and those long drives across the wide summer spaces of France were deep in my affection, but they had become, for K, more effort than was necessary. We had our usual rooms at the Plaza Athénée, unpacked a little, and then K wanted to walk—his first in over three weeks. There was no pollen in Paris—just good whiffs of benzine. We made two small purchases on the rue Marbeuf and came back. "That is enough," he said. Supper was in the rooms, and we listened to President Giscard give a talk to the French people before their summer holidays. "La France est solide! Ne vous enquiettez pas; soyez calme." It was ironic to hear such lofty assertions in a time and world where chaos was always possible.

The next day I met Nadia Kossiakof downstairs in the hotel, and we talked until K joined us. Nadia had been working with Mme. Duché on the translation of *The Awakening of Intelligence* into *L'Eveil de L'Intelligence* and had done a great deal for its publication. She wanted to tell me this and to speak of a meeting that afternoon between K and journalists. Nadia had been ill and was worried about her mother trapped in the civil fighting in Beirut. I gave her a copy of the biography. K appeared and was warmly sympathetic, inviting her to stay at Brockwood and rest. She didn't want to eat and so left, but Marcelle Bondonneau joined us for lunch in the garden. K had a small nap afterward, and then we went to Mar de Manziarly's flat in the rue Jacob for the meeting with journalists, chosen and arranged by Nadia and the head of Stock, the publishers of *L'Eveil de L'Intelligence*, a M. Christian de Bertillat and M. André Bay. There was also a youngish man named Bernard Chevalier, who wanted a twenty-minute radio interview with K, and a François Closets of television, who did most of the questioning. K had been reading *L'Eveil* to activate his French for this meeting, and it worked well at first. In the taxi, he had said, "I'm going to talk in English." I suggested he start in French as it appeals to the French even though one makes mistakes, but as he became tired he spoke less readily than usual. It was better when he explained more complicated things in English. He spoke of the conference theme: What is the role of knowledge in the transformation of man and society? And what will change man since knowledge hasn't and can't? There was much on *la pensée*—hard for them to see its limitations. K then came to "Time must have a stop" and there being another energy when it does. He left them with that hint, and we walked to the rue de Beaune and a taxi back to the hotel.

On July third we flew to Geneva and were met by Mr. Narasimhan, who took us to lunch at the Palais des Nations, after which we went to Patek for the annual watch regulating and to Jacquet, where several handsome silks were chosen to be made into ties. K was very pleased. One more old-world grace and skill was still possible. We then drove in a rented car via the route du Lac, then up around Lausanne, and the familiar road to Oron, Bulle, and through the valley to Gstaad. It was warm and sunny all the way, and we kept

exclaiming at the brightness of colors, the many greens, and the blaze of flowers. Geraniums in window boxes seemed on fire. We reached Tannegg, where Vanda and Fosca had arrived and all was ready and welcoming.

K rested and took all his meals in his room but "put his hands" on Mar de Manziarly, who was there for the talks, when she lunched with Vanda and me. She had had a heart attack during the winter. The Siddoo sisters also came and showed their plans for their school on Vancouver Island. Krishnaji reiterated his suggestion that architecture should be "not Canadian, not American, European, Japanese, but totally new." By the eleventh, he was up and went to see the tent and also the Simmonses, who had just arrived. In the evening, he said, "Do you feel a different atmosphere in the house? It is because I'm about to talk."

It was on July thirteenth and a perfect summer day that K began his Saanen talks. The tent was set up in a different way with benches on the ground and a raised platform on the south side. Isabel Biascoechea was there and came for lunch afterward—the first time we had seen her since Enrique's death the previous November. A letter came from Erna recounting that the Ventura court had ordered Rajagopal's lawyer and ours and one trustee from each side to meet to iron out the remaining difficulties—the matter of land easements, archives, and details in the K&R charter. K said that he wanted the activities of the Ojai educational center to be decided by himself, plus David Bohm and me. This he communicated briefly to David when he came to lunch. Vanda's brother and sister-in-law were also there, and on another day Isabel brought Enrique's daughter and her husband, Alfonso Colón, to the house. The latter agreed to stay on as president of the Fundación Krishnamurti.

I felt rather childish when a slight fever and swollen gland was diagnosed as mumps by the two Drs. Siddoo. Where and how I got that was unknowable, but, as Krishnaji was immune from having had it in the past and I kept away from others as much as possible, it didn't amount to much.

On July nineteenth Radha Burnier came to lunch. Krishnaji talked to her in private beforehand, asking about conditions in India and saying he needed advice he could trust before October on whether it would be safe for him to go there and to speak, as he always did, freely. He trusted her opinion and that of Achyut Patwardhan. He lunched in his room but joined us afterward. Simonetta di Cesaro was there, and he questioned her and Radha on their reactions to the biography. In particular what were the reasons "he"—"the boy"—had remained untouched by conditioning, etcetera? He put forth various explanations: ill health, malaria, etcetera keeping the boy too weak and unimpressionable; reincarnation, evolution through lives; Maitreya keeping him uncontaminated, vague, backward. Simonetta said with a definite voice that she believed in reincarnation. Radha asked, if so, what reincarnates? K took it up and wove possibilities: The self is thought, memories, conditioning, etcetera; when the body dies, a strong ego is part of the stream of selfishness, a manifestation of that. That manifestation may occur again, but why call it K—i.e., a particular individual? It is that stream manifesting. Also genetics, social conditioning, all sorts of other factors could be in it.

When Leadbeater saw no selfishness in the boy, how was that? As selfishness can manifest, so can unselfishness, but then what kept him that way, untouched? A protection? Protected by whom? K left it there. But he seemed intent on pursuing those matters, examining the mysteries surrounding those early years. He also said that, within the "selfishness" stream, an awareness of that state can occur, and there is no longer the selfishness. This could happen at any time to anyone, he said, if the person truly looks.

The next day there was the fourth Saanen talk. Dr. Dagmar Lichti came to greet K. Vanda had a young German physicist, Dr. Fritz Wilhelm, to the house, and K met him briefly. Vanda left for Florence on the twenty-first. On the twenty-second, K gave his fifth Saanen talk, he slept before lunch, and in the afternoon he saw Dr. Colón and Mr. Sendra. He had summoned them to find out about reports of Mr. Sendra's "guru" behavior while touring South America. I put on the cassette recorder and left. Sendra described his "meditation." "So you became a little guru," said K. Later he said the conversation tired him. "That man is not straight."

Radha Burnier came to lunch the following day, and again K spoke to her at length about his going or not going to India. He said he would not go if he could not speak freely or if an exception were made for him. He would not speak "with the permission" of Mrs. Gandhi. He looked to Achyut Patwardhan for advice on whether to go and felt that Pupul and Sunanda took it too lightly or impulsively.

Dorothy and Montague moved up to Vanda's room at Tannegg from the camping, and K had me tell them that he didn't intend to talk twice a week to students who don't understand or don't care. He would talk to staff and to serious students who would treat it as a privilege.

After the sixth talk on the twenty-fourth, K discussed further with Radha Burnier the conditions in India that would prevent his going and repeated that he would not talk if others were not also free to talk. I took Radha down to her hotel. She was flying to India that night.

Mary Cadogan came for a lunch, and I added Fritz Wilhelm, the young German teacher K had noticed as "looking serious" in the tent. He stayed afterward to listen when K and David Bohm did a taped discussion. Saral and Dorothy were also present. Another visitor was Mr. Mirabet of Spain, who came to give K a donation for the work. A gentle, generous man, he did this annually and reviewed with me that day a list of funds he intended to go to K for his work when he died.

To give Fosca some needed rest, Krishnaji and I took Anneke to lunch at the Park Hotel. We told her some of the Rajagopal story since the settlement. She was appalled and said that she had written to Rosalind telling her to return Happy Valley to K but unsurprisingly never had a reply.

On the twenty-ninth of July, I went with Isabel Biascoechea by train to Geneva. Enrique had set up in her name an investment to which she had the income for life. He had given

power of attorney on it to K, and he was to receive the principal on her death. Isabel wanted me to have a similar power of attorney, and it was executed at the National City Bank. In case of K's death, it was to go to his work. During the day, K had rested and gone for his walk. After supper, he talked very seriously and critically about Brockwood. "Why should I go there and talk to these empty-headed students? What is the point of it? It is going to become a third-rate school. You are a trustee, what are you going to do about it? It's not my job." I asked how I could change what he hadn't. "Find out," he said. "What am I doing there? Not one student after three years!" I said that I had never been optimistic about the schools. He said that schools were right. "What will I do? I may never go to India again. I like Brockwood, it's a nice place, but I'm not going to talk to those morons who don't know what it's about. I'm not going to stay there three months. It's your responsibility—if I'm gone, what would you do? This afternoon I felt like going off. I can't talk to you unless you are objective." I said I would call the other trustees who were still there—Dorothy and David Bohm—and talk to them. "There's no creativity," he said and then tried to change the subject by asking about my lame leg.

I kept waking in the night thinking of what he had said and what was needed. But when he came in the morning to do my leg, he was in a changed and bright humor. Had I got over his "tirade?" he asked. At breakfast I told Dorothy that K wanted the three trustees—herself, David Bohm, and me—to meet about the policy of choosing students for Brockwood and what to do to bring them close to the teachings. Then I telephoned Edgar Graf and said that K wished me to make an announcement about the KFA school and that I would be in the tent to answer questions the following day. When I told K about this, his face lit up, pleased, with the look that makes anything doable. "Doesn't it make you nervous?" he asked in the car. I said I didn't look forward to it but didn't mind. His look earlier was my talisman. On arrival at the tent, I went in and spoke briefly before he came in, and then went around and sat inside, as that day my mumps quarantine was over. This was the first of the public discussions. There were no questions on the biography. K took one mainly on the "stream of selfishness." When you really see that you are that stream, that there is no self apart from it, the impact does something to the brain cells, and one is out of the stream. Mar de Manziarly came to lunch. K ate in his room, but we talked and she asked me a little about Rajagopal. I told her about the disagreeable archive encounters, his withholding part of papers saying he had burned K's manuscripts. Mar was in the middle—close to her sisters but devoted to K.

The second public discussion was the next day, and at 5 p.m. I went to the tent and talked about the Ojai school to about fifty people. On August second, after the fourth dialogue, Narasimhan came to lunch. He was to give his opinion on whether K should go to India that winter after his return from there in early October. After supper, Krishnaji dictated a letter to Pupul Jayakar, which I typed and gave to Padma Madholkar to take to Pupul in Delhi. The fifth and final Saanen dialogue completed the very fine series.

Mme. Duché and Marcelle Bondonneau lunched at Tannegg, and K talked alone afterward with Mme. Duché. Afterward, Dorothy, David Bohm, and I had a KFT trustee meeting on choice of students and interest in the teachings among students and staff at Brockwood. K joined us later. On another day, we took Nadia and Nicolas Kossiakof to

lunch at the Park, and on August sixth K and David did a discussion, taped by Yves Zlotnicka, with Saral, Dorothy, Montague, and me present.

Quiet days followed. Various friends came to lunch, K rested, and we walked. On one such day, August seventeenth, it was lovely to wake up and not look at the clock, realizing the day was empty. K looked rested, young. He read and slept all morning. At lunch I asked him about things he had said in the sixth talk on the "stream of selfishness." When a person dies, he had said, the stream goes on. I asked if that meant the stream was outside and independent of the human mind—it having been created by thought? He seemed to be saying yes, but that I wasn't putting the question properly. He said he would go into it with David Bohm. He said you could talk to a consciousness. And then unexpectedly, "I talk to the tiger." There was a large, colored poster of a tiger that I had pinned to the wall in his second room where he did yoga. "I think you can talk to consciousness. I talk to tiger consciousness—be careful, avoid man, kill discreetly." We each read detective stories and slept in the afternoon, then went for a walk. I dined with Hugues and Suzanne van der Straten and daughter Marjolaine, who was coming to Brockwood as a student. I brought Hugues up-to-date on general KFA matters, including the situation with Rajagopal. Both he and Suzanne had liked the biography. Hugues inevitably was curious, he said, about K's account of masters, initiation, etcetera. Suzanne was not curious. It was nice, as always, to spend an evening with them.

The next day at lunch, K asked me what the van der Stratens had said about the biography. Hugues's question was one that would inevitably arise. We began to talk about it, and K let me fetch the cassette recorder to tape the rest of the conversation as we sat at table. About the events in the book, he said he literally had no direct memory, that much of the time his brain was empty, the recording of thought was not there or was only superficial. He said the boy's recording system was deficient, and he questioned whether there had been an imprint in his brain cells. There were peculiar phenomena, and one should go back and question not so much what the boy experienced but why that boy was not conditioned. He said that, on the day we were talking, something similar was happening with regard to his going to India in the winter. He said he was not going to make a choice; that would be wrong. "What will happen will be right."

The starting point of examination was that the boy was untouched—as an actual fact. Then we could start examining the description of the initiation. He couldn't see how the boy could stay in the room three days. He wasn't drugged. Peculiar things were going on. The whole starts from a mind that was not conditioned, not "diseased." He said the rest was all minor—like going to a cinema and repeating what he saw or dreamed, but though it must have been extraordinary, it left no mark. I said it must have left a faint mark deep in the mind. "I doubt it," he said. "I've tried but I can't get it." I said that he seemed to have forgotten important things yet trivial things remained—for instance, his recognition of people in photographs of early years. I asked if there were an inhibiting action—not suppression—but because, unlike other people, he looks directly without a screen of memory acting. He said again that from the beginning the boy was never conditioned. It was a whole phenomenon from birth. And he asked why he hadn't wanted power, money, when he was surrounded by such. None of it apparently touched him right from the

beginning. He said, “Unless you answer that, the rest is meaningless.” He spoke of his brother’s death, which he could not remember. Why was he not conditioned when everything around him worked to condition—the Order of the Star, the adoration, candles, etcetera. “That is what I would like to investigate.” No imprint on the boy, though he was ill, had malaria, all the happenings up to age thirteen, the “peculiar head all the time.”

Later, on the walk, we spoke a little more. I said his lack of interest in power or money was not necessarily so mysterious. It could simply not be his nature, as it wasn’t in some people, though they were exposed to it, but no conditioning at all was more mysterious; as if his mind never took the stain that experience leaves on other minds. He agreed to this simile.

K dictated another letter to Pupul questioning, apart from the then political climate, his coming to India, for what purpose or value. He pointed out his physical organism was now over eighty and should consider how best the next ten or fifteen years should be spent. He said he had the right to ask and should ask why in all the years not one person in India had been totally and completely involved, dedicated, to living the teachings. He said that those in India, and those in America and England, must consider how most usefully he should spend the rest of his life for the teachings. He also asked if they had received Mary Lutyens’s book. She had sent copies to several of them in India and, in a letter he had received that morning, Mary said she had not had a word of acknowledgement or comment, nor from Pupul, to whom she had given a copy at Brockwood in June. Only Shiva Rao wrote. K said that this was Indian. “They don’t thank, they take things for granted, feel themselves superior.” Pupul looked at the Lilliefelts and Brockwood people as “middle class,” Madhavachari looked down on all non-Indians, and Shiva Rao was distrusted by Pupul and others who thought he was an American spy. She and others would never answer political questions in front of him and, when she had Mrs. Gandhi to dine with K at her house, she never included Kitty and Shiva Rao. K was feeling severe toward all this. He had read in the *Herald Tribune* that India had cut off telex and telephone for the correspondent of the *New York Times* for not “self-censoring” and had also refused entry to an Israeli member of a textile convention to be held in India in November. The other members consequently canceled the meeting. K said with vehemence, “I would like to start a political party—not left, not right, a global party!” He repeated it while watching the evening television news. We looked at each other, and then more quietly he added, “God forbid.”

On Friday, August twenty-second, Nadia Kossiakof telephoned from Paris that Marcelle Bondonneau, who had left Gstaad on Monday, was in an intensive care ward in the hospital with gallbladder trouble. Mar de Manziarly also telephoned that the outlook was grave. The next day the news was not good; she was on an artificial kidney machine. On Sunday, on return from the walk, K received word from Nadia that Marcelle had died that afternoon. K said he had not foreseen it (when I asked) during his conversation with her six days ago. “I could not get through to her, she was too nervous.” She had been a warm and longtime friend.

The next day, August twenty-fifth, we said goodbye to Fosca, drove to the airport in Geneva, and flew on SwissAir to London. Dorothy met us, and we were soon in the warm and sunny beauty of Brockwood. The quiet seemed extraordinary, and K said how noisy Gstaad had become.

CHAPTER 35

1975

Back at Brockwood, Krishnaji was increasingly doubtful about going to India. All the advice from Radha Burnier, Achyut Patwardhan, and even Pupul was to wait until things were clearer. By September fifth, people had arrived for the talks, the house was full, and the field to the south held the two large marquees and tiny tents of the campers. The Digbys were in the West Wing guestroom. Anneke had come, also Pascaline Mallet, Madrisa Samuel, Gisela Elmenhorst, and Mme. Banzet, who brought a large and welcome donation. This brought cheer, too, as Ian Hammond and Robert Wiffen gave the doleful news that there had been extra bills from the builders for work costing between £8,000 and £10,000—money we didn't have. I offered to sell the Mercedes, but K and Dorothy both said to wait and see how things stood after the Gathering.

On September sixth Krishnaji gave his first talk in the marquee, which was overflowing. The weather was good. He began by asking what was correct action for survival with freedom in a disintegrating world. It was a topic he had suggested to David Bohm for a conference in Ojai in the spring to follow. Dorothy was cheered by the fact of having cleared £1,300 from the sale of food provided in the other tent after the talk. In the afternoon, there was a meeting on German publications. In the second talk the next day, he spoke of fear and pleasure, and it seemed to me the most complete one ever on those questions. That was on Sunday, and on Monday K talked to Balasundaram about Rishi Valley and all the work in India. As he was talking, he made the decision not to go to India that winter. At his instruction, I made notes of all that was said at that meeting and a subsequent one with Balasundaram two days later.

On Tuesday K held a discussion in the tent, and, in spite of rain, many came. Rain or no rain, we walked across the fields in the afternoon. A second public discussion went well on Thursday, and a third long discussion with Balasundaram followed on Friday on matters at Rishi Valley and the work in India, which K approved and added to. He discussed all this in a letter to Pupul as well.

A third talk was held, and the fourth and a final one was on Sunday, September fourteenth. In spite of rain, Terence Stamp brought Ravi Shankar, Alla Rakha, and their group and all had lunch in the tent, after which Ravi Shankar and Alla Rakha gave a benefit concert enthusiastically received. By suppertime, it was all accomplished. K had poured out energy, had had no rest, and no walk but was nonetheless very well. Balasundaram left for India, taking all the notes of what had been discussed.

The talks being over, there was time for a little rest before the small tide of young student faces returning to school. As always, Krishnaji spoke to the whole school.

It was time for a trip to London on the twenty-fifth. K had eaten breakfast too quickly, had pain in his stomach, and was walking bent over. "I may not be able to go," he said, but it passed, and he went. Having to catch a train sometimes made him tense and hurried though having ample time. Topazia Alliata, who had been staying at Brockwood, was on the same train and talked all the way to Waterloo about the Italian "committee" and the antics of one of its members who appointed people no one else knew to head "K groups" all over Italy, at which no one seemed to know what was going on. A more old-fashioned member was distressed by all this and the fact that no one on the supposed committee saw any of the financial accounts nor seemed to take any action about it. K said, "You are all irresponsible," and that it was preferable to have nothing going on than things as they were. He wanted the *Bulletin* discontinued in Italy, the mailing list turned over to Pietro Cragnolini, who was titular president, to send out any necessary notice of meetings, etcetera. With most of this Topazia agreed, but then the subject of Rajagopal came up, and she voiced the opinion that he should not have been pursued at law. Both K and I pointed out as strongly as possible that the common thread in these matters was the legal responsibility and accountability for charitable funds. If someone steals from one personally, one may or may not choose to call the person to account, but no such personal decision is permissible by a trustee of a charity. We put it thoroughly and clearly but did not seem to get it across. Bringing trouble to Rajagopal was "making people unhappy." I asked if she saw K in trouble, would she go to help him? Yes. Well, that was precisely why action had been taken to protect Krishnaji and his teaching. We finally arrived at Waterloo, got her into a taxi, and went for a separate one. K bumped the top of his head on the doorframe and sat down looking dazed. We proceeded to Huntsman and its more soothing atmosphere, and then to Fortnum and lunch with Mary and Joe Links. Topazia had said that Vanda was distressed at thinking Mary wanted Krishnaji's letters for the second volume of the biography, and Mary was distressed at this interpretation. She said she wouldn't ask for letters but only memories of events in K's life. The new volume was to concentrate on the development of his teachings.

The next day, I flew to Rome for a brief visit with Filomena. At lunch with Mary and Joe, K had seen her mother's turquoise rings on her finger and wore it for her during the meal. It was believed that he "magnetized" things, so that morning before I left, he wore my rings for a short time, told me to come back safely, and then put them back on my finger. I felt they were indeed a talisman, his protection.

Vanda, who was to have come to Rome from Florence, was prevented by a train strike, but we talked by telephone and I told her about Mary not wanting private letters but only reports about K for posterity. Vanda agreed and said we would talk about it in Gstaad the next summer.

I flew back to England on September twenty-eighth and had K's supper tray ready when he came in from his walk. The next day, I told Mary of Vanda's willingness "to do whatever" for the biography. Mary told of her mother's ring becoming "dazzling" after K

had worn it through our lunch. Joe, who wasn't given to imaginings, said it was the first time he had known firsthand of such a thing. I told K, who nodded and said it worked better with precious stones than gold, and is best if worn at night. We went for a walk with Whisper through the softness and smell of autumn leaves. I felt such a love for that countryside and was deeply grateful to be there. In the evening, I listened to the tape of the dialogue K had with David Bohm (#10) two days before, when I was in Rome.

The next morning, K came in saying he had such a strange feeling he couldn't describe it. He had woken at 5 a.m. "feeling something strange" and that it increased when he got up at 6:30—"a tremendous energy" flowing inside. Part of it might have been a premonition of a cable that arrived, signed by Pupul, saying that Achyut, Sunanda, Balasundaram, and she agreed that "under present circumstances" it was better that K go to California that winter. He said he was glad of their agreement and was going to do that anyway but preferred not to go against people.

There were further talks with David Bohm and to the school. I was to go ahead of Krishnaji to the U.S., and so, on October fifth, I left Brockwood. The ring episodes with Mary's and mine had put it in K's mind to act on one I had with a stone in it. This he wore for several nights and then instructed me to wear it until he rejoined me. I went to Heathrow by taxi and flew to New York. After a visit to my mother on Martha's Vineyard, and a few days with my brother in New York, on October fifteenth I moved into the apartment in the Ritz Tower that I had used for Krishnaji's previous visits. After putting in some food for our supper, I went to the airport to meet him. Most of the passengers already had come out of customs when suddenly he was there, glancing about for me, all grace and shine in his new tweed jacket, flannels, and jersey shirt. He had asked for the visa to last until May fifteenth, longer than they generally gave for a tourist, so he had to see a special immigration inspector who questioned him: Would hostess (me) be responsible for him all that time if he should be ill, etcetera? Where would he stay in New York and with whom? (With Mrs. Z.) Did he have any funds? Luckily I had urged him to carry his travel checks. He apparently won over the inspector, who gave the desired time. We took a taxi to the city and went for a slight walk and to a health food store, where he chose various things. We had an early supper, and he was soon in bed. It had been cold at Brockwood that morning; he had awakened very early; the time difference and travel were taxing. I was tired too, but life was in order and peaceful again with his presence.

The next morning, we went to see Dr. Max Wolf, who had treated him in the spring. He lived in White Plains, and on the drive the color of the autumn leaves, still on the trees, delighted K. On the way, we talked about possible filmed dialogues that were being urged by Mrs. Kornfeld. David Bohm, of course, but who else might be good? K finally thought of Naudé, who he said had the capability: "He's our man." With Dr. Wolf, he discussed meditation, not medicine. Wolf had a book on Transcendental Meditation from a patient. "Throw it out," said K and told him about the process of desire on brain cells. Also K showed him some breathing exercises. Dr. Wolf said K's heart was very strong and was in proper position. It had apparently been slightly pushed to the center. His arteries (seen through the eye) were those of a thirty-year-old. A test showed that the

implantation he had given him on the last visit was seventy-five percent successful, and he gave him another. We came back to the city and were feeling tired of New York. K suggested we do everything necessary and then stay in all afternoon. While I cashed a check in a bank, a woman bumped into K, who said to her, "I beg your pardon." "Why should you beg my pardon!" was the belligerent reply. We had lunch and a feeling of relief at being through with New York. "The body is galloping to Malibu," said K. He took a nap, and later my brother came by. They discussed the state of the world.

After another trip to Dr. Wolf to learn the results of some tests, on October eighteenth we were packed and ready before breakfast. C.V. Narasimhan, just returned from India, came by to see Krishnaji at 9:30. At 10:30, in heavy rain, we left for the airport and flew to Los Angeles. On arrival, on a gently sunny California afternoon, we were met by Alan Kishbaugh, who remarkably got all seven bags into his BMW, and, after stopping to greet Amanda and Phil Dunne, we were home in Malibu. The house and garden were in perfect order, well kept by Elfriede. Alan stayed to tea, and then we had supper on trays and so to bed in the blessed quiet and peace of that house. Only the ocean made its murmur. I felt deep thankfulness to be there again with K.

It was that same sound that told me where I was in the morning. Unpacking and putting things in order were the unwinding that gave the sense of being at rest, at home. K felt rested, too, and glad to be there. In the afternoon, some of the younger Dunnes came over. K talked with them for a while, and when they left we drove down in his green Mercedes to the market. Later I listened to the tape of the K and David Bohm discussion on being without desire they made on October eleventh after I left Brockwood. We talked about his being, as he said, unable to visualize, to imagine with a picture in the mind. It seemed as if in him memory communicated in the conscious mind without images.

October twenty-third was a clear and beautiful day, and we went to Ojai, K driving happily and exclaiming at the coloring of rocks and mountains. Lunch was with Erna and Theo, and discussion was about the school. Ruth and Albion joined us, and we went over to the school. Mark Lee and teachers, David Moody, and Elaine Needham were there. We drove home in time for supper. Two days later, Mark came down to Malibu and K talked to him alone.

We went again to Ojai and again to the school. K saw some of the changes at Arya Vihara, met three of the children and Michael Krohnen, who was doing the cooking there. K talked to the teachers and trustees and asked how they would cope with a child, such as one he had just seen, aged ten, who, when introduced to K and me, didn't get up? How to bring about consideration, not by coercion, example, etcetera? Mark, Moody, and Needham had no answers. K's was mostly to get to know the child, find out his interests, etcetera, and then, through relationship with the child, be able to encourage these other qualities. K drove us home, even though it was dark, slowly with great attention.

On October twenty-seventh Evelyne Blau was invited to become a KFA trustee, and she accepted. Alain came down from San Francisco for the weekend. Krishnaji, he, and I went over to the Dunnes' and later walked on the beach. It was good to see him, but to

both K and me he seemed to have moved away from the work, no longer as interested, and not really at ease. K said he felt Alain no longer could do the videotaped discussions he had envisaged. He was too far from it all. There was regret in this.

In another conversation, I asked him what he meant by a remark against giving a part of the body to someone else—organ donation such as a kidney or eyes—after death? He said he was against it for himself "or anyone around me." It was hard to get his reasons. They seemed to be that giving part of one's body, especially if one had been concerned with sacred things, would give some sort of power to the donee to effect a residue in consciousness. Equally, accepting something, such as a blood transfusion, was to be avoided. One would have to know a lot about the donor. K would not take a transfusion, he said. He spoke of responsibility for the body and especially the brain. He felt remiss if he cut himself, for instance, and the time in September in London when he hit his head in the taxi, he checked himself carefully: "Have I hurt it?" He spoke of the ring he held and had me wear from the time I left Brockwood until he rejoined me, and asked me to wear it then if I went to town without him. A quality of protection.

Some quiet days followed. There were trips to Ojai. Radha Burnier was there and lunched with us. There was talk of India and the work. There was also suggestion of a separate trust being set up in Madras to which Vasanta Vihar could be conveyed. K cabled his approval to this. Radha was named one of the trustees.

In Malibu I asked K about what level in the brain does the ordering of "duty," what wakes one up and points to things to be done, etcetera. How much of it was simply memory, conditioning, a notion of order, but this could have too much activity? Should things be seen, dealt with, and then there be a space of emptiness? He told me I was sometimes slow to drop conclusions, and that I pointed out difficulties rather than let things unfold. "You are dealing with something different here" (meaning him and what surrounds him). Also he said that he would like in the discussions with David Bohm to go totally into one subject and not "jump from thing to thing." At lunch, after listening to a bit of his October fourth talk with Bohm, he said, "I have wondered if, when I talk, I think. I don't. No memory. Language is memory, you have to use it. You see the tree and you describe it, you use the words, but perception has no thought. There is no thought operating except that of language."

We spoke about imagination, and he said, "When there is total detachment, there is not imagination, it is a picture without any content, any distortion." He said that he had woken up that morning at 2 a.m., couldn't sleep; then meditation began, "a feeling of elation, exultation."

That afternoon, he started a possible series of discussions on education with those involved in the school, and in the evening he turned on a television broadcast of the motion picture *Judgement at Nuremberg*. I had to leave it at the scenes of the concentration camps. K watched and then came in to me: "What is the matter with humanity? This is monstrous! People are this way everywhere." He was shocked.

November sixteenth was a more cheerful day. We went to collect the car I had ordered in the spring to replace my old car. It was a gray 240 diesel Mercedes sedan. K was pleased with it, and we drove it home slowly in the way he thought correct. “It is a new car! We must take care of these two cars and make them last for years.” We came back, showed it to Amanda and Philippa Dunne, and went for a walk on the gleaming beach. He was pleased and full of laughter, so that day shone.

The following day we left for Ojai in the new car with K driving. At first, he said, “I am a little shy of it,” but, looking very pleased, he proceeded slowly—not over forty miles per hour and laughing at our pace. “One sees everything this way.” We talked about American people “being taught to be selfish and need pleasure” by movies. We had been looking at some on television. Out of this came mention of the school, and I questioned teaching being able to do anything but minimize mistakes, feeling that the most that could be done was to point out and remove impediments, the mistakes of thought, conditioning, ambition, ego, etcetera. It seemed to me that perhaps its widest reach makes a better human being, but for a Krishnamurti or a Buddha, there must be something inherent in the child, something in the direction of but beyond genius. Nothing in K’s education or surroundings had influenced what he was. K then said that it was like oil in the earth, there waiting to be reached. The children we teach cannot be taught to reach it, but there are young people capable of touching it. He implied we must find them, or the ones we can teach might have such children. They must be turned in that direction. He seemed to agree, or at least not disagree, with my saying that even if a person were able to shed all the “mistakes,” the errors, it would not bring “the other.” He spoke of an extraordinary meditation the previous night. I asked if he could describe it a little, and he said it was not describable. I asked him if there was a quality of light in it, that so many reports of religious experience spoke of light—enlightenment? He said that it did not seem light but the closest description would be emptiness. As he said that, it seemed to me that the light I had experienced was just that—still in the realm of experience. And that there was no experience in what K spoke of.

In Ojai, K spoke for a while to people at the school and then we lunched with Erna and Theo. We had to leave before 3 p.m. because of slow driving and K not wanting to drive in the dark. We stopped at Dieter’s, where K’s green Mercedes was having its 6,000-mile service, and he drove it home while I followed at forty miles per hour.

During this time, Mrs. Gita Sarabai and her daughter, Palevi, had been coming to lunch in Malibu, and they brought the painter Lee Mullican and his wife. Evelyne brought Cynthia Wood, whom she had met at one of the Krishnamurti talks in San Francisco. There were further meetings with those involved in the school and architect discussions about buildings that would be needed.

December sixth was a beautiful morning, and up I was early to cook a pot of the Spanish rice K liked. I packed the green car for Ojai. We left at 10 a.m., with K driving it, and I following in the gray diesel. We left the latter at Dieter’s for its 500-mile service and went on in the green. K said he had awakened in the night with an intense feeling and the sentence, “Suffering and the remembrance of suffering are still in the field of the self.” At

the cottage, we unpacked and then walked to the Lilliefelts' for lunch. At 2:30, in the schoolroom of the cottage, K held a discussion with parents and teachers. It went well. We took a late walk as the sun was setting and came back by moonlight.

On the seventh we went to the Oak Grove for a meeting with architects and trustees, walked all over the land, and discussed school buildings. Philippa Dunne and her husband, David Nelson, joined us and came back to the cottage. K showed them the place, Alan Kishbaugh came too. After lunch there was a trustee meeting and then another meeting with architects in the Oak Grove. A further meeting was held the next morning, and the architects left. They were to send suggested plans and estimates. Erna, Theo, and Evelyne Blau lunched with us in the cottage, and later we walked with Erna and Theo. The following morning, a Mrs. Katie Marx was introduced to Krishnaji. She had come from Michigan to be able to put her two boys in K's school. We then left Ojai, stopped for the grey car, and were home in Malibu for lunch.

On December tenth, we flew from Los Angeles to San Francisco to lunch with Mrs. Mathias, and then flew back in the afternoon. It was a nine-hour expedition, but K was not too tired. We drove again to Ojai for K's education discussion and spent the night there. Back in Malibu, on December fifteenth, Jackie and Sarjit Siddoo came to talk to K about their school in Canada. During lunch, a cable came from Kitty Shiva Rao, and one from Balasundaram too, saying that Shiva Rao had died that day of a heart attack. A further cable came from Balasundaram the next day, saying Subba Rao had just died. The latter was, in the early days, an old Theosophist who left the TS when K did, and later became principal of the Rishi Valley School. K felt his death very much, he said, because "Subba Rao has always been with us." Shiva Rao had been part of those around Krishnaji and his brother in India, and was sent by Mrs. Besant to teach them Sanskrit in England. He later was a politician in the Indian government and, together with his wife, Kitty Shiva Rao, was host to K when he was in Delhi.

On December nineteenth we drove to Ojai in the afternoon. On the road, K said to me, "Watch and have the mind empty." And then, "It is beginning—the head. A pressure from the back of the head in the brain."

We met Erna, Theo, and Mark Lee in the Oak Grove and walked about looking at a site for the assembly building. K was not satisfied with the architects' suggestion for it to be on the hill among the trees. He liked a place near the Grove itself at the edge of the meadow. We walked across Besant Road and around Rajagopal's place. "That crook!" said K in a resonant voice. Over at the cottage, we looked at a newly made copy of film made in 1925 that was found in the cottage basement, hidden away. The laboratory to which the Lilliefelts took it said they had not seen such old film and that it was nitrate film and dangerous to keep. They copied it well and it showed reels taken in Ommen by a Swedish man in which were Krishnaji, Mrs. Besant, Rajagopal, Jadu, Lady Emily, and many familiar faces that K recognized. It was amateurishly filmed and shot in such brief lengths that it was hard to see, but it showed the young K as very much a boy, though he was all of thirty. K said later, "He must have been developing slowly, the mind wasn't mature yet." He asked afterward how it seemed to us. Mostly rather childish. The Liberal

Catholic Church processions looked rather shocking in a K film. Mrs. Besant seemed old, feeble, and not at ease. K seemed more curious about our impressions than having any of his own.

That night, K slept until 8 in the morning. “Eleven hours in bed—that’s good!” In the afternoon there was another discussion at Arya Vihara, but it didn’t go very well. There were too many who weren’t versed in his teachings and awkward in discussing. We walked afterward.

On the twenty-first we spoke with an architect about enlarging the upstairs flat in the building next to Pine Cottage by extending both rooms to include their exterior porches. K then saw two Italian boys who had flown from Turin to see him, and at 3 p.m. there was a tea at Arya Vihara for old Ojai hands. K soon slid out and went for a walk. On his return, Mark Lee showed the second batch of the old films from the Pine Cottage basement. These were in Adyar 1925. There were Leadbeater, Arundale, Wedgwood, Jinarajadasa in robes and miters; K, beautiful in Indian clothes; then a brief shot in 1924 of Nitya. Watching all this there were exclamations of surprise and recognition and from K: “Slowly! Slowly!” when the film was too quick and abrupt. He sat and talked afterward to Erna, Theo, Mark, and me. He hadn’t wanted to watch the film with anyone else present. For me, the young K, though eager and smiling, was being polite rather than part of it all. The short glimpse of Nitya moved me very much, and during the meeting at Arya Vihara I kept thinking of him there, the sadness of his dying there without his brother. I kept wanting to say to him, “See how it has all turned out—K has become everything, listen to him.”

Before lunch, K had a very far-off look while sitting with Erna and Theo, and at lunch he said to Erna, “You asked about the process; it began here—pains, fainting. It was probably kundalini, but I am very skeptical about these things. I doubt most who say they have had it.”

We went back to Malibu. Fritz Wilhelm arrived and stayed a few days before going on to Ojai. On Christmas Eve all the Dunnes came over for dinner. K came to table and sat up the whole evening until it was over. On the twenty-sixth K held a discussion in the afternoon. Present were the Lilliefelts, Evelyne Blau, Alan Kishbaugh, Ruth, Albion, Fritz, Ted Cartee, and Philippa and David. Tea followed.

We were alone again on the twenty-ninth; a lovely, quiet day, warm as summer. On the beach walk we watched the pelicans fishing. On the thirtieth K said we must “do something extravagant,” so we went to the movies for the first time since the previous spring. In the car going to town, he said that the feeling he had in his head “left it feeling more powerful.”

M: “You mean more energy?”

K: “That’s it. Much more energy. I never felt this before.”

We stopped at the health food store for some things and then met Alan Kishbaugh at a Mexican restaurant. K had enchiladas and tostados, and it all seemed to agree with him. He had suggested Mexican food and that morning he had resumed an egg for breakfast and more kefir—all for added protein. We then went to the Westwood Bookstore for a supply of "thrillers" and saw a movie, *The Man Who Would Be King*. It was satisfactory, and K vouched for the authentic look of Indian trains during the British Raj. We came home to a long letter from Balasundaram about the settling of the Vasanta Vihar case and the Krishnamurti Trust Madras.

December thirty-first was a quiet day at home. We walked on the beach at sunset, the sand shone with reflections of the sky. One walked dazzled in the slanting light, floating, lost. We had supper on trays as usual and listened to a television broadcast of K's favorite—Beethoven's ninth symphony. Von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic were playing, and K watched carefully the way he conducted, eyes closed, with an inward look that seemed to shape the music. So the year ended in the peace and blessing of Krishnaji's presence.

CHAPTER 36

The new year of 1976 began with a clear morning and the quiet joy of Krishnaji's presence. His face was the first seen, his voice spoke the first words. Then each did exercises. We made breakfast together and played a new recording of Gregorian chants. One of the Dunne girls lunched with us and we talked while Krishnaji napped. On awakening, he and I washed the new gray Mercedes. It was cold, and fingers grew numb inside the rubber gloves. We walked across the canyon to wish Amanda and Phil a happy new year.

The next day, January second, we drove in the new car to Ojai and settled into the cottage. It was cold there, too, but was snug with the heater on. The following day a meeting with architects was held in the Oak Grove, and at the Lilliefelts' there was a discussion with teachers and parents. Afterward, K went for a walk with Fritz Wilhelm and asked him if he would like to join us and be the director of the educational center in Ojai. Fritz accepted. This was discussed over lunch in the cottage with Erna and Theo, and afterward there was a small group discussion in which K came to a new expression of what can happen when conditioning is understood and stopped. He said that then there is something original.

"Eleven hours of rest," said K happily on awakening on the fifth. Over breakfast he talked at length about seeing what his presence had done in Ojai and the need to spend extended time there. This pointed to a need to expand the cottage to be a proper house, and we talked about this and what architect to choose. He said that Ojai, Brockwood, and India should be brought together. He said he put faith in Sunanda and Balasundaram, and wanted Sunanda to come to Ojai and to Brockwood to be in contact with the rest, and for him to work on her. He said that David Bohm, Fritz Wilhelm, the Lilliefelts, and I must talk in the spring about what the centers were to be. He said Brockwood had reached a

level as a school, but that was not enough. It was too limited, it must "flower as a European oasis. I must do this [the centers] before I die."

I was to go into the hospital for a minor operation on my leg, and K said that he wanted to stay alone in the cottage on the weekend I was in hospital rather than stay with the Lilliefelts. "Something is happening here. I feel safe here now; I don't want to interrupt it."

We came back to Malibu in time for lunch and looked at samples of curtain materials for the expanded apartment over the office next to Pine Cottage. The walls of the bedroom and sitting room were to be pushed out to include their porch area, thereby doubling them in size. K was pleased by this and chose a chintz rather like the one in his Pine Cottage sitting room, which he still exclaimed over on each arrival. After lunch he said his head was "beginning again." We walked on the beach and gave persimmons from Ojai to the Dunnes.

January ninth. We again went to Ojai, K driving the green car. It was another cloudless day, though rain was predicted. One was impatient for rain at that season. We traded seats halfway, and I drove while K chanted in Sanskrit. We stopped for cheese and special coffee. Erna came on the walk and said that she and Theo would stay next door in the office if K were to stay alone in the cottage the following weekend.

At supper, K said I was slipping into habits of not controlling my body—why? Was I worried about something? My operation? I said no, only fatigue sometime. I feel well, have plenty of energy mostly, but it runs out sooner than it had. He said I was much more energetic at Brockwood. "What will you do if I die? Will you stay with it?" Yes. "No, I am asking it wrongly," he said. "Do you feel something in the room?" I had and did, and strangely the tiredness I had felt disappeared, as if a transfusion of strength had been given.

The next morning at breakfast, he said to me, "I once saw a face. I have been feeling that face all night. Something happens to me here."

M: "Something curious happened to me last night when you were talking to me. Did you know that?"

K: "Yes. I will tell you sometime. Not now."

He went on talking about being there, in Ojai, it was important, and that he might return while I was in the hospital. He talked about living in Ojai—without Malibu. Would I mind giving up Malibu? I said I loved Malibu but was not attached. My home was where it was best for him and the teachings.

After lunch, I went to meet Mar de Manziarly outside her sister Mima Porter's place where she was staying and brought her to the cottage. Then, with K, we walked to Arya Vihara for his discussion with teachers and parents. After returning Mar to her sister's

gate, K, Alan Kishbaugh, and I walked in the dark. K told Alan more young trustees were needed. “I want to involve you more.” At supper he said to me, “I will live another fifteen years and you another twenty.” He had an intent look and I asked what it was. “I feel that other thing,” he said. I was aware that I had not felt tired at all that day.

The next day, January eleventh, Krishnaji asked Erna to come to the cottage to talk about my remodeling it and perhaps living there for good. How to handle it? Erna felt Louis Blau, Evelyne’s husband, could advise. I made lunch and again fetched Mar de Manziarly at her sister’s gate. She, K, Erna, Alan, and I ate and afterward were joined by Ruth Tettemer, Albion Patterson, Mark Lee, David Moody, and Ted Cartee.

K continued the question of if there is something original and not in the realm of knowledge and self. Do we see that we live in conditioned thought? Have we dropped concepts? To see the false and ask the question, remaining only with the question and not accepting answers “even from God himself.” To truly ask is to not know and from this something different can be. It takes great energy and attention to remain in a question.

In the car coming home to Malibu, I asked about the face. He said he had seen it often, “out there like that bush there.” A face only, not a body. I asked if it moved or spoke. “No. I have been seeing it since that night [January ninth] not outside, but inside. It usually means it is moving into this body.” I asked if it could presage his “going off” and, if so, should he stay alone in the cottage while I was in the hospital? “That will not happen when I am alone. The body must be looked after.” I was still feeling an absence of fatigue. We talked further about the cottage and living there. Philippa Dunne and her husband David were waiting for us when we reached Malibu. They were to stay in the house with K until he went to Ojai.

The next day, January twelfth, Amanda drove me to the UCLA Medical Center in Los Angeles, where I checked into the hospital and the following morning was operated on for a skin graft on my ailing leg. I had a spinal anesthetic and was conscious throughout. It took about one and a half hours, the biopsy was negative, and I was able to telephone K by 1 p.m. He telephoned me the following day before going to Ojai with Theo, where he stayed alone in the cottage and took his meals at Arya Vihara. He held teacher–parent discussions. The graft on my leg took, and I was able to come home in an ambulance on the nineteenth. That afternoon Theo brought Krishnaji back. There was a sense of peace and blessedness in the house.

At breakfast the next day, Krishnaji talked further about remodeling the cottage. Charles Rusch, one of the architects who had been consulted about the school buildings, had spoken to Charles Moore, who apparently had said he would be delighted to do something about the cottage. This was very good news, as Charles was one of the finest architects alive as well as a very congenial person. K was concerned about my finances. “You must be able to live as you do now, be able to travel.” He agreed that my job was to look after K. Then he said that at Ojai he had had a feeling that he must offer a chance to Rajagopal and Rosalind to redeem themselves, to expiate their sins before they die, that he must do it so that they could not refuse, for if they did, it would be worse. A greater

damnation? asked I. “Yes,” said K. He had talked to the Lilliefelts the day before, who must have been shaken. I listened without comment. “Rajagopal was a Brahmin. I want to tell him that.”

In another conversation he reminisced about Aldous Huxley, remembered his telling K that it was nice to hear English spoken again after all his years in California. He remembered too a time in Rome when Huxley came to attend World Health Organization meetings. “We used to walk in the Borghese Garden in the mornings, and then Huxley went to the meetings. I think they bored him.”

K went to Ojai with Alan Kishbaugh to hold discussions and spend one night. I was still confined to bed because of my leg but was able to dress for the first time and get up on the twenty-sixth, when K returned with Theo in time for lunch. During this, he talked very seriously to Theo about my having the right to live in the cottage during my lifetime and his wish to ensure this. At 3 p.m., Charles Moore and Charles Rusch came to start talking about redoing the cottage. The conversation led toward using thick adobe walls, Italian patterned floor tiles like those used in the Malibu house, and possibly solar or radiant heat. All this pleased K. In the evening, he treated my leg and later told me he had felt a presence as he did it before his trip to Ojai and that it remained in my room instead of following him “as it usually does.”

In another conversation the next day, he said, “My life is uncertain and because it is uncertain it is enduring. You must carry on. There is something more in my life than K, and that operates. It will do what it wants; no one can prevent it. What I feel for you is without attachment and therefore it will endure. I am coming with you to talk to Blau. I want to tell him this property in Ojai is to be yours. I may be there. Because you have taken the responsibility for K, you must be protected.” He said he had felt I should not be alone without him. He felt it on the weekend when he was away, and he wanted to come with me even on errands for a while, and even with me when I went next to the doctor. He felt that place [Malibu] was no longer safe; the city, its violence, was spreading. “This house is no longer the refuge it was.” He spoke of the possibility of his “going off”; he said that once at Brockwood only Whisper’s presence prevented it. I asked what it meant. Did it mean he would die? “Maybe,” he said, but it seemed as if he dismissed that as minor. The “going off” seemed the point, and a different sort of disappearance. But he spoke again of the body living another ten or fifteen years. He spoke too of the importance of Balasundaram and Sunanda carrying on the work in India. He said Pupul was finished, “too pulled by selling cloth.” Her being able to spend only three days at Rishi Valley showed her boredom. It was important that Sunanda be around K in Ojai and Brockwood to learn. Also Alan K., Fritz Wilhelm, and Mark Lee should be in on discussions between him and David Bohm about what centers were to be. “It will come out; it always does.”

He spoke about rescuing “those two” [Rajagopal and Rosalind] from damnation. Why? I asked. “Because they have been close to the teachings and have rejected them—therefore the greater damnation.” Mar de Manziarly was still in Ojai because her sister Yo had a car accident. We had spoken to her that morning by telephone. K dismissed Mima and

Yo as selfish people but seemed to find that petty alongside the evil of the two Rajagopals. The larger the sin, the more he seemed to feel they should be rescued from its consequences. Later, after lunch, he said he was tired and his head hurt. It had begun when we talked seriously. But he added that "if it were not for K" my operation would not have gone as well as it did.

The next day at lunch, he said, "I have had two things going through my mind all morning. One was a Buddhist temple at Adyar with a pond where he [K] used to go. And the other—do you remember the rooms where I used to live? Below that, by the river—the boy used to go there in the early morning when he first lived there. He would stand there, lost. I wonder why this memory has drifted up?" He had looked a bit "off" all morning. He picked up Mary's biography in my room, opened it, and stood smiling faintly at a very early photograph of himself and his two brothers.

It was January twenty-ninth when we went to Beverly Hills in the afternoon. For two and a half hours, we talked with Louis Blau in his office, firstly about K getting immigrant status in the U.S.—the "green card." We should try to obtain it under the special category of religious leader. There were endless forms to fill in, and I said I would undertake to give all possible data. Then Lou went into a strong statement that sounded like the one K had come to make—i.e., that I must be in a position where I could live in the Ojai cottage the rest of my life with privacy, protection, etcetera. To this end, he and his office would advise me on how best to buy the house and land legally from the Foundation, and also how to dovetail a sale of the Malibu house and the tax matters involved. I was to provide three years of my tax returns, brokers' statements and cost base of Malibu. I was rather taken aback by all this but saw that it would result in expert professional guidance. I had a moment of thinking it was going a bit far but then realized there was this odd phenomenon of events happening around K. Things start to move and then comes a curious going with them—and it being right. K was rather amazed at the complications of business, but he liked and has confidence in Lou. It was after 7 p.m. when we got home.

The next day, with K driving, we went to Ojai, where Charles Moore met us at the cottage for lunch, Michael Krohnen providing it from Arya Vihara. We figured out the floor plan for remodeling the original cottage, which was to be kept as it was except for minor changes to make it a bedroom wing, enlarging K's bedroom and bath and keeping his sitting room. To this was to be added a new wing of adobe brick containing a living room, a small study, and a dining room combined with kitchen. Charles Rusch joined us later, and a lot of progress was made.

The next day was cloudless, warm, beautiful, and disturbing, for it was the last of January and no much-needed rain had fallen. There was to have been a Happy Valley board meeting to which Erna was to have gone, but a touch of flu interfered. Theo went in her place with Evelyne Blau and Mark Lee. K talked to them, saying, "We are the righteous, they are the unrighteous," but it was felt that if there were any opening of their wanting to be more friendly, we must meet it. When they returned, they reported that the Happy Valley lawyer had held forth, but that Rosalind had seemed more friendly. Evelyne and Theo told them that we were starting a school in the west end but might be interested in

part of the Happy Valley land for a future high school and suggested a possible lease. The lawyer objected to parts of this, so we were to consider his points, but generally the matter was left open on both sides. Both Erna and I took a dim view of all this, feeling it was a waste of time and energy dealing with Rosalind, and what would we do with the land if we had it? We had enough problems with the west end plans. "We would hold it," said K. Evelyne and Theo lunched with us in the cottage, and in the afternoon K held a discussion with teachers and parents at Arya Vihara.

February first was again cloudless. "Another beastly day," said K. Alan came to lunch with us, and K held a discussion in the cottage. Present were Ruth, Albion, Evelyne, Cynthia Wood, Mark and Asha, Dr. and Mrs. Greene, Dr. and Mrs. Marx, David Moody, and Michael Krohnen. K spoke on the mind being within the field of knowledge. Later, he and Alan walked and I rested. We had our usual supper, and each was deep in a book.

Rain came at last on February fifth. We drove to Ojai in the afternoon, and K said, "Do you feel the atmosphere here?" The next morning, it was bright, and we walked down the driveway to look back through the orange trees, heavy with fruit, at the mountains crowned with snow. Topa Topa and the whole northern range was white. Later, clouds gathered, and it rained all day. Erna and Theo lunched with us in the cottage, and K brought up "saving the souls" of Rajagopal and Rosalind. I had said earlier that I was without hatred for them but personally would prefer to have nothing to do ever with either of them. K said they had both spat on the teachings, which was such a dreadful thing that he felt they should be given a chance before they died to expiate it. All of us seemed to feel that Rajagopal was incapable of that, but K felt he should have one more chance. I pointed out that Erna, Theo, and I had gone to considerable effort to extricate K from the swamp he had been in with those people and that even a touch of it again was repugnant. K said it was not a question of that, but, because they had been close to the teachings and betrayed them, they were damned. That was a word I had begun but he now used. Later, when we were alone, I told him that everything I had said for myself personally I meant all the way, but these were things he must decide, and in responsibility to him I would do things I would not do on my own. We left it at that.

Rains fell for the next few days while we were in Malibu. K came with me when I went to have my leg checked by the doctor, but stayed in the car. I was able to go for walks when we returned to Ojai, where meetings with architects and the discussion groups continued. On one night in Ojai, K walked in his sleep. I must have heard him bump into something in his room, for I woke up suddenly and totally. He came into the sitting room where I slept on the sofa. I spoke to him and he said, "Maria?" I put on a little light and he was standing against the wall, facing it. He woke up with the light and went back to his room and bed, falling immediately and deeply asleep. I could hear his breathing—that of deep sleep. I stayed awake a long time. In the morning, he said, "I must have walked in my sleep. I've never done that." At breakfast he said, "My head here [back part] feels as if it were expanding [in] great silence, air, and light." He gestured and laughed. In the night, he seemed to have walked in his sleep again. I was again instantly awake at 1 a.m. when I heard him walking in his room, spoke to him, and he responded and came in. "I wonder why I do this?" He went back and slept immediately. Later, on the drive back to

Malibu in the car, he said his head was suddenly bad and asked me to drive at 50 miles per hour. Suddenly he said, “I almost fainted just now.” Several times he put his hand over his eyes and groaned. “It’s pretty bad.” Along the coast road, near Decker Canyon, he fainted for about two minutes. The seat belt held him gently, so he didn’t fall into my lap as in past times. When we reached the house, he said he was all right and jumped out to open the garage door. We carried things in and, in his room, when I asked, he said, “I’m all right, don’t worry, I never faint when I’m alone.” So I went to fix our supper.

His head was bad in the night and, though better in the morning, there was still some pain. The deed for the new Krishnamurti Trust Madras arrived, and Krishnaji signed it. This was the entity formed to hold Vasanta Vihar as a result of the court case there against Rajagopal. We went to have it notarized and mailed it to Radha Burnier, now one of its trustees. We walked on the beach, but K was tired on return. News from Balasundaram was that he had hepatitis and his coming to the U.S. was impossible.

Section Eleven

CHAPTER 37

On February twenty-seventh, 1976, we left Malibu in the morning with Krishnaji driving his green car. Along Zuma Beach he said, "Have you any paper?" I found a scrap and wrote what he then said: "A strange thing happened this morning. I was sitting quietly—a sort of meditation—and suddenly there was absolute silence, a withdrawal of everything, and it was like death. There was this body sitting quietly and this truth of not existing anywhere, a complete death; and if I hadn't felt, by Jove, this is getting too far, I don't know what would have happened. It was absolute nothingness. It felt as though if that state continued the body would die. There would be an end of everything."

M: "Was it similar to the times on a walk alone when you felt like going away?"

K: "It was much more intense this morning."

M: "When did it happen?"

K: "After I'd seen you." [About 7 a.m.]

M: "Before breakfast?"

K: "Oh, long before breakfast. There was a period when the back of the brain was tremendously ventilated, as though taking deep breaths and being filled with air. It went on for some time."

M: "How long?"

K: "It may have been two or three minutes or more, I don't know."

M: "When you felt it was getting too much, was it then instantly out?"

K: "Oh, instantly out."

M: "What do you think it is?"

K: "I've had it before but it was in the sense of going away—withdrawing is the wrong word. It was absolute stillness. I think it has to do with what happened in the brain, the expanding, getting ventilated, really air going into it; a slight strain as though a new, fresh brain had been put into it. It sounds so damn silly." [laugh] "A totally uncontaminated… [brain]."

He drove on in silence for a while. I watched the ocean and then tried to describe what was for me the reality of seeing, a wholeness in which are all the senses—the seeing of

color, its depth, movement, and form are felt not only in the eye but with all the body, and it comes when there is no thought going on. It is the same with listening—to music, to wind, to the sea, to a voice. K listened carefully and seemed to understand and said it was so.

In Ojai Evelyne Blau and Cynthia Wood lunched with us, and afterward Cynthia told K that she was willing to become a trustee. He said he would raise it with the rest of the board. He then held a private discussion in the cottage. It was on thought and its three realities: that of nature, of objects created by thought (machines, discussions), and that of thought itself (ideas, imagination). Understanding the illusion of thought is truth. In this K began a dialogue with himself. "Since you won't question, I will do it." And he did both ends of a dialogue. He was pleased with this device, and in the evening said he was going to do this in future sessions.

He had been annoyed with Albion Patterson, "not annoyed but jolted" by his comments and felt Patterson was interpreting. "The beginnings of a high priest." He also said that he had been thinking of Rajagopal and Rosalind and no longer felt an attempt on his part to help them "repent," undo the evil they have done, would work. "I think I will leave it alone." Descriptions of Evelyne and Mark Lee on meeting Rosalind seemed to have brought the picture of the same petty, conniving woman. He described her anger when he used to heal: "Why do you do that!" and her walking out when he used to talk to the Happy Valley School teachers. She didn't come to discussions. "She was too stupid to understand." And he retold her comment when *Commentaries on Living* was published: "Did you write that? You couldn't have. It must have been Rajagopal." A friend told Erna that after many conversations with people in the valley that she thought the aim of the Rajagopals had been to destroy Krishnamurti and the teachings. K was somewhat struck by her thinking that, and he said on this evening that it was probably true. He came in before going to bed and said, "When there is understanding of reality, there is infinite order. And law and justice are inherent in reality."

The next day, March first, Erna and Theo came to lunch, and K told them that he felt Albion Patterson was becoming an interpreter. He had Ruth Tettemer come over and talked to her about it. She suggested K talk to Patterson.

We drove back to Malibu, and on the way he said his head was bad most of the time and had been bad that morning. Then: "I feel like doing something extravagant; what shall we do, Maria?"

M: "Shall we go to a movie? Go dancing? To Las Vegas?"

K: [laugh] "That would be punishment."

M: "What would be extravagant?"

K: "I don't know."

He was tired after supper.

On March fifth we were again off from Malibu to Ojai, Krishnaji driving. After a while he said, "The curious thing is happening. A new thing is being added to it. This morning it was so easy; it has become quite ordinary, it is there—nothingness, a vast nothingness. The new thing I've felt [for] a few days—something, that word *sacred*—something totally holy, sacred. I don't know what it is."

We were driving along the coast and when we came around the big rock, there across the flat plain was the mountain Topa Topa above Ojai that K cherished and had climbed in past years. It was that day white with snow. "What a country this is! Real California. I wish I could remember what it was like in 1922." Then, "Maria, we must have that house, a jewel, austere, holy. Nothing extravagant or showy." A pause, then, "Thank you for having me here."

The night before I had gone to bed tired and distracted from searching through papers concerning my inheritance of the Malibu house, which would be needed for tax purposes when it was sold. The papers were sad, and K must have felt it, for he said in the car that he had felt very close. And when we spoke of the coming arrival of David and Saral Bohm and my going to the airport to meet them, he said he must come. "I must be near you as much as possible." Did he feel a danger to me? "No, but it is good for me to be with you."

At lunch with Erna and Theo in the cottage, he talked about the house we would build and someday he might live only there and at Brockwood. Not India, he said. He asked if, "when we have K&R," if Rajagopal's name could be removed from the *Commentaries*. "It doesn't belong there." He again spoke of the remark that the two Rajagopals were out to destroy him and his teachings. "I think that is so." Then he told Erna not to worry about a thing.

"It's all worked out. Everything will come right." He laughed as he expounded on this exuberantly.

In the afternoon he held a discussion in which he went into how to handle a child who is self-centered and gets attention by behaving badly. "Can you move his attention from himself by creating another attention which he will want? Instead of giving him the personal attention which he wants, you move the attention away from him with the same intensity; you divert his energy…I talk to 8,000 people in Bombay about things that are the opposite of what they want. This is my problem—how to reach them. I point out something that is true, get them to look at it, not as opposed to something else. I appeal to their unconscious. There may be an unconscious movement for change, and this same thing may affect parents to send their child to this school. The same quality may affect the child. There may be an unconscious demand, urge, that we cannot go on living as we have in violence. So there are two things: to direct his attention, and talking to his unconscious. You mustn't put him in a position of resisting. He may be here because of something else, sent here—not by parents. Therefore, my responsibility is much greater."

Further discussions took place on the next few days, and on March eighth K talked alone to Albion Patterson and faced him with his speaking against people. He said a religious person should be gentle, patient. Patterson said K was impatient. K said, "I am not impatient, but you repeat over and over things I've already said." He told Patterson that he was criticizing Brockwood and the Ojai school to others. Patterson denied it all and said it was just his way of talking—hyperbole—exaggeration picked up from his years in Latin America. K told him he was setting himself up as interpreter of the teachings. When Patterson denied saying things about the school to the Lilliefelts, K called them in and they had it out. Then we drove home to Malibu.

A cable came from Balasundaram saying that Vasanta Vihar now belonged to the Krishnamurti Trust Madras. On March eleventh I went to Louis Blau's office, where he, Erna, Theo, and I discussed KFA finances and Lou suggested that, for tax reasons, I should buy the whole McAndrew Road property before enlarging the cottage. Later it would be returned to KFA. I came home late and found Krishnaji waiting in the dark at the turn in the driveway in his white bathrobe.

Architects Charles Moore and Charles Rusch came to Malibu the following morning with tentative floor plans which we discussed until it was time for K and me to go to meet Saral and David Bohm at the airport. We brought them back to Malibu for the night. The next morning we took them to Ojai and the newly enlarged upstairs guest apartment next door to Pine Cottage. At 11 a.m. there was a KFA trustee meeting at which Cynthia Wood was elected and which lasted all day except for lunch at Arya Vihara. I went out of the meeting when the question was discussed of selling the McAndrew property to me, prior to my enlarging the cottage to make it a proper residence for K, and the terms of its return to KFA. They agreed, the meeting ended after 5 p.m. and we all went for a walk.

The next morning K talked with David about what a center should be, and in the afternoon they did a dialogue together, which I taped. During it, K said, "All causation is mechanical" and "All thought leads to sorrow." Again there was a long walk. On March sixteenth Sunanda and Pama Patwardhan arrived and spent two nights at Malibu, and then we took them to Ojai.

A conference had been planned to discuss the theme: "In a Disintegrating Society, What Is Right Action for Survival?" The participants were mostly scientists and largely chosen by David Bohm. It was held at the Lilliefelts' house. The first meeting was in the morning on March nineteenth. David was chairman and asked K to open the meeting. He spoke of the essence of religion being to discover what is truth, reality. When that doesn't exist there is degeneration. The transformation of the individual is the transformation of the world, using the word individual in the sense of whole, indivisible. During the discussion, Professor Sudarshan asked whether there was such a thing as another state, and K replied, "I would say there is, but not to be experienced." K said all thinking leads to suffering; all religion is based on thinking. Does death lead to immortality, can a human being learn what death is, a state of timelessness? He said, "A man who suffers lives in darkness." He said that there is a quality of mind which is free from thought; everything based on thought is time-binding; time is the essence of suffering. If thought

spills over into timelessness, then it is illusion. So thought must see its limitations and stop there, without any effort, or compulsion. “If I see the limitation, then begins real meditation, then I can explore what suffering is. If I see the whole, it is not suffering.”

Krishnaji easily dominated the meeting without wishing to. Most of the group was silent. He spoke with forceful eloquence and an occasional gesture for emphasis of fist with thumb up. The morning meeting ended and moved to Arya Vihara, where Alan Hooker and Michael Krohnen had lunch ready on the patio. The afternoon session was joined by Margaret Trudeau, wife of the Canadian prime minister, who was there at the suggestion of one of the participants. She had asked to be incognito, and the Lilliefelts had invited her to stay with them. She listened attentively and took notes in a small book.

On the second day of the conference Dr. Anthony Wilden, professor at Simon Fraser University in Canada, arrived with a young woman and man. Erna explained that no more observers could attend, but since they were there they could stay, sitting by the door. Wilden seized a folding chair and stormed in, placing it and the girl just behind K and next to Mrs. Trudeau, saying, “Hello, Maggie” to her. He then went to his place at the conference table and sat looking baleful.

K began the conference talking about the mind and consciousness not being separate. After a short time Wilden made a lengthy, scornful speech about all present consciousness being a result of socioeconomic conditions since 1720. Apparently there were no egos before that, and we were all middle-class mentalities. That was what should be discussed. His behavior continued to be increasingly scornful, rude, and he told David Bohm, who disagreed with one of his statements, that he didn’t know a goddamned thing about what in hell he was talking about. Krishnaji was gentle, firm, and tried to lead him into reason but without much success. Luckily he was not present at the afternoon session.

Margaret Trudeau said she had never met him and that no one ever called her Maggie. She said that some weeks earlier in a television interview she had been asked what had influenced her and she had mentioned Krishnamurti. Wilden heard it, telephoned, and invited her to the conference. She wanted to come but was uncertain about the invitation and wrote to K, which caused me to telephone her and clear it.

The afternoon session was calmer. Krishnaji spoke of part of the mind being mechanical because that which has cause is always mechanical. He asked if there is a portion that is not mechanical. He said that understanding pleasure and ending fear and sorrow is necessary in order to go beyond thought. He asked if living without ego is possible—can we act without conclusions, images? Can we prevent image-making and wipe away ones already there? Thought is always limited and because of that it creates images. It is insanity that creates images. A question was raised on why perception doesn’t always work the first time. K asked if we are conditioned to the process of time, to gradual seeing. He said, “If we gave complete attention—but we don’t. We are not willing to give our lives to this. We are concerned with our own clarity, not clarity itself. If you listen with no resistance, if there are no barriers, then you have it, you’ve seen it. In total

listening the problem is finished." He said we rationalize first and then try to perceive. Perceiving is direct insight. "Let the question answer you, not you the question. Perception is timeless. Correct action is always timeless."

March twenty-first was the third day of the conference, and Anthony Wilden turned up. He had met Margaret Trudeau outside and spoke to her so aggressively that she was shaking and said to me that she was frightened. Before I could reply, the conference began. Krishnaji commenced by asking what was correct action that is not born of an idea, and what follows when there is action in perception? Wilden listened only briefly and began a tirade about his having been met by violence when he had arrived. He had been told his friend couldn't attend, but others had wives there. I said he had brought two people uninvited and because of the size of the room we had been unable to invite many who wanted to attend, etcetera. He said he didn't know the man who had come with him. I said that he—Wilden—was a guest of the Foundation and was being asked to go along with the circumstances provided, but he ranted on, refusing to calm down, began stuffing his papers into a briefcase, put on his jacket, got up, and shook a book at everyone, saying something about "If you want to learn—read this!" (a book by him) and then defiantly pulled out a cigarette and lit it. David Bohm pointed out that no smoking had been requested. "That's what I mean!" said Wilden, then threw up his hands and said, "Let me go!" A small chorus of "Well—go!" went up, and he left. It took most of the rest of the morning for the conference to settle down. It turned out that David Shainberg had only thumbed a book by Wilden and got the impression that he was interested in Krishnamurti. On that sliver, he had invited him.

The fourth day produced its own slightly different problems: One of the participants felt that Mrs. Trudeau should be made a participant and this led to all observers being included and some wished that personal problems be discussed. Two in particular wanted to go into the "violence" that had arisen on a personal level. This colored the fifth day, and on the sixth and final meeting, David Bohm came beforehand to the cottage to talk to Krishnaji about how to proceed. At the start of the meeting, K talked about silence and then proposed everyone being silent for fifteen minutes. At the end of this he asked the person who had raised personal matters if he still wanted his problem gone into. The man replied that he had seen it was in himself and so the discussion was released and went on to considerable depths. In the afternoon it was ended, and most people left.

March twenty-sixth, the next morning, David Bohm and David Shainberg came to the cottage to discuss videotaping dialogues that they would do together at Brockwood in May. Erna came in afterward while we had breakfast. "Thank God for Mrs. L.!" said K later. At 12:30 he gave an interview to Dr. Renée Weber, who had been in the conference and taught philosophy at Rutgers University. She stayed to lunch at Arya Vihara with the Bohms, Lilliefelts, Patwardhans, Mark Lee, and Michael Krohnen. The conference was discussed and, in certain Hindu concepts, K explained the TS hierarchy. While doing so he realized he was describing a version of his own. "Mustn't mix it," he said. There was that curious atmosphere as he was speaking. We drove home to Malibu.

CHAPTER 38

A few quiet days ensued in Malibu. Sunanda came down from Ojai to stay, there were walks on the beach, we went to a movie, and I went to talk to an immigration lawyer for information on K obtaining legal residence in the U.S.

On March thirty-first, 1976, we returned to Ojai for Krishnaji's public talks. Besides Sunanda and Pama Patwardhan being there, Narayan, Shakuntala, and their daughter, Natasha, arrived; so did Mavis and Reg Bennett, and Asit Chandmal. There was a sudden cold wave on the day of the first talk, April third, but the audience was large. K noticed the Vigevenos and greeted them nicely. Rajagopal was seen in the crowd at the public discussion on the sixth.

On April ninth at 11 a.m., Sunanda, Pama, Asit, Erna, Theo, and I went to the K&R office to see Krishnamurti's archives. As according to the legal agreement we were to give notice of visiting, Erna had told Mrs. Vigeveno nine days earlier that we were coming. She said it was necessary to ask Mr. Christensen. Erna replied that we were coming under the settlement agreement and nothing further was needed. Mrs. V. was to let her know the next day and didn't. Erna spoke to Mr. Cohen, who said to go ahead. We arrived at the K&R office, which was locked. We all walked up to the Vigeveno house and an agitated Mrs. V. opened the door, saying that Christensen had tried to reach Mr. Cohen and Mrs. Lilliefelt and couldn't (Erna had been home all day and no call came to the office); and we couldn't see the archives. We introduced the Indians, who were trustees of KF India and only in Ojai briefly, etcetera. No. Erna then suggested her telephoning Christensen then, since he had tried to reach her. Mrs. V. then reluctantly let us in and was a long time finding the number, dialed it, Erna spoke to him, and then I did. He said it was not convenient for his clients; "reasonable" rights of visiting must be settled before we could go. I asked what they could consider more reasonable than nine days' notice and an 11 a.m. weekday visit. He reiterated that it was not convenient. I said that convenience defined by them could prevent our ever having access. He said we must settle this, and I suggested he be more responsive to Mr. Cohen's letters and telephone calls so we could end this charade. I put Erna back on, who was much gentler, and we left. On getting back to the car the Indians suggested going directly across the street to Rajagopal. Erna and I said we would not go, but urged Theo to accompany them, and they went. Unshaven and in a bathrobe, Rajagopal met them, greeted Sunanda enthusiastically, they sat on the porch and he said he was helpless—it was his lawyer's advice. Then he invited Sunanda to come the next day and he would show her everything. Asit said he was leaving that day and would like to see his Aunt's [Pupul Jayakar] account of the Ootacamund K's event. R said he didn't quite know where anything was. Sunanda said she would let him know and they left.

Over lunch at Arya Vihara, we recounted it all to Krishnaji. Sunanda, Pama, and Asit were shocked by what they had seen. Sunanda became tearful. K said that Rajagopal was a scoundrel, that it was insulting to invite her while refusing entrance to the rest of us. Sunanda said it was awful to see a man so deteriorated, a tragedy for him. I said it is always a tragedy when a person behaves evilly, Hitler was a tragedy, but my sympathy

went to the victims of such people. Rajagopal had in the past and continued to spit on something we all considered sacred. That was what we had seen. Later Sunanda telephoned Rajagopal that she wasn't coming.

K gave his third and fourth talks on the weekend and held education discussions in the afternoon. The Siddoos, Tapas, Patwardhans, and Narayans, etcetera were there, and afterward Sunanda and Pama left. Mrs. Mathias, who was staying in Ojai with Mrs. Porter, came several times to see K. I went to meet Charles Moore at the Pacific Design Center to look at tiles and appliances, and went over plans for the cottage, returned to Malibu for supper with the Dunnes, and was back in Ojai by 8:40. On the fifteenth, at the public meeting, K tried holding the discussion with three—Fritz Wilhelm, Narayan, and David Moody—in which the audience could join. The subject was the same as that in the scientists' conference: "In a Disintegrating Society, What Is Correct Action to Survive in Freedom?" In the afternoon he held another meeting at the cottage on activities in the center and then had a walk down Thacher Road. There were similar discussions the next day. Erna and I talked to Stanley Cohen about whether to sue Rajagopal for noncompliance with the settlement agreement and decided to try first through Christensen with implications of a suit.

The sixth and final talk was on April eighteenth to about 5,000 people. He spoke on religion, meditation, and beauty. We came back to the cottage and packed before one more meeting with David Bohm, Fritz Wilhelm, the Lilliefelts, and Alan Kishbaugh on plans for the Adult Center, which Fritz was to move to Ojai to direct. We then left Ojai and came back to Malibu in time for supper.

During the next ten days, there were more meetings on enlarging Pine Cottage, I went to collect forms to fill out for Krishnaji's residence permit, we went to movies twice with Alan Kishbaugh, walked as always on the beach, and the Narayans came to lunch. He had been to Canada and it was decided that he join the Siddoos and create a school and center there.

On April twenty-sixth, on a clear and marvelous morning, we were packed and ready to leave for the airport when Alan came at seven. Krishnaji drove with him, and Amanda followed with me after goodbyes to Phil and Philippa. K and I flew to New York. My brother had sent a car to meet us and we were back in the familiar little flat in the Ritz Tower by 6. The next morning Narayan's brother came to see K, and later my brother took us to lunch at Côte Basque. He had been reading Mary Lutyens's biography of K and talked at length about it. The reason for stopping in New York was for the psychiatrist conference put together by David Shainberg to which we took Sunanda and Pama and later to lunch afterward. They came back to the flat and talked at length. On April thirtieth we flew to England and were met the next morning by Dorothy, Doris, and Ted Cartee. The trees were just beginning to leaf at Brockwood, the school term was beginning that day, and it was good to be there once more.

Krishnaji decided that in addition to talking to the whole school he would also have meetings alone with the students. This they liked very much. Apparently they all sat on

the floor and emerged for lunch looking very pleased. People came to stay—Pascaline Mallet for a few days, and Aditi Mangaldas, Nandini's granddaughter, came for three weeks. It was Krishnaji's eighty-first birthday on May twelfth. He came in as I was ironing in the pre-exercise dawn. A disdainful "Oh" was all he said in dismissal of his birthday. He was jokey and shiny in the kitchen while we made breakfast. Later the *Guardian* book review department rang up wanting to interview him about the *Notebook*, about to be published, and the BBC was sending a radio interviewer too. "Why are they interested?" K asked and brushed aside the obvious reasons. He spent the morning in bed, reading and sleeping, but when he saw Dorothy later, as it was her birthday too, he was full of "happy birthdays" to her and then, "That takes care of that!" In a great wind, he, she, and I walked four miles across the fields. K was glowing with vitality. In the evening we watched a long *Kojak* on TV.

Two days later I went to the U.S. embassy in London to file Krishnamurti's application for an immigration visa for permanent residence—the "green card." When I got back to Brockwood, Jackie Kornfeld had arrived to stay during the videotaping of discussions between Krishnaji, David Bohm, and David Shainberg. She had suggested these and had arranged and donated the costs of the project. The video equipment was set up in the West Wing drawing room, and on May seventeenth, the taping began. It continued daily that week, seven dialogues in all. It was done with professional equipment and skill, and the results were very good. It was done on two-inch color tape, using three cameras. K had a large clock off-camera and kept the timing and pace on track. These discussions form the series entitled *The Transformation of Man*.

On the second day of the taping, K said to me in the evening, "I had the most extraordinary meditation while sitting at breakfast. I went off. I must be very careful. You know death is very close. You mustn't look like that when I mention death. It isn't that. It is a complete emptiness, nothingness."

The videotaping was completed on May twenty-first, and the following week Krishnamurti was interviewed about the publication of *Krishnamurti's Notebook* by BBC radio, and also by Angela Neustatter for the *Guardian* newspaper. K, who had hay fever during the taping, was finally able to go for a walk again. On June first I went to London and the Indian High Commission for a police clearance needed for K's immigration application. Narayan came with me and was very helpful. We saw a Mr. Vethakhan, secretary for education, who expedited the whole thing and took us for lunch at an Indian restaurant nearby. I later went for K's and my tickets to Paris.

In the days to follow, K talked to the school, and we went to London for his dentist and to Huntsman for fittings. When the *Guardian* review of the *Notebook* appeared, K gathered it wasn't much, and said, "I will review it!" and dictated an anonymous splendid review, laughing as he went along.

A few days later, on June twenty-first, we lunched with Mary Links at Fortnum and K gave her his review of the *Notebook* to read without telling her who wrote it and watched her read it with a merry look. I thought she would guess, but she didn't. At the end, she

asked, and there was much laughter. After lunch K took a taxi to his dentist and returned by himself to Huntsman, where I met him. These solo flights made me nervous but seemed to please him. Back at Brockwood we watched tennis at Wimbledon and golf at the U.S. Open. He said he had dropped golf totally when he moved away from where he played. "Interesting," he said. "I was very good at golf and playing the flute [in Paris] but that went away too, as if I was only to do this, everything went into this." [talking]

A heat wave settled on southern England, but life at the school went on. K talked to the students, and in one interesting discussion he spoke of registering only at the biologic or technical level but not at the psychological—a "thin, thin surface registering without reaction, or the psychological me." The heat continued climbing, 104 at Wimbledon and 95 in London—said to be the highest ever, but it was time to pack.

On Tuesday, June twenty-ninth, we were up early, all was in good order, and Dorothy drove us to Heathrow, pausing for a picnic lunch at Virginia Water, where we found some shade and a wisp of breeze. British Airways took us to Paris, landing for our first time at the new Charles de Gaulle airport. Paris was even hotter than England, and only the lobby at the Plaza Athénée was air-conditioned, but in spite of the heat, we took a walk to stretch our legs. Then supper in our usual rooms.

The next day we lunched under parasols in the hotel garden on melon, gazpacho, tiny haricots verts, tagliatelle au gratin, and fraises des bois. Nadia Kossiakof joined us for coffee, gave publication news, and health reports too. Mme. Duché, who had a slow cancer, was working on three translations: *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, *Tradition and Revolution*, and *Krishnamurti on Education*. She also said that Carlos Suarès had terminal cancer. I later asked K if he wanted to do anything about the Suarèses? He said no. They didn't want contact with him.

The heat was withering again the following day. We were able to do a few small shopping errands, and lunched again in the garden, which managed to seem cool with flowered awnings, shrubbery, climbing vines, and birds, impeccable service, and very good food. It was a popular place with people who seemed to have walked off the pages of the nonsense thrillers we read. After a small rest, we walked to a cinema showing *Butch Cassidy et Le Kid* that I thought K had seen, but if he had, he had forgotten, so it was a success.

CHAPTER 39

On Friday, July second, 1976, we flew from Paris to Geneva, picked up a blinding green Opel instead of the expected BMW, and drove into town for the annual errands: to Patek for watch inspection, to Grand Passage for a few small things, and then to Jacquet, where K chose silks for ties for Joe Links and himself. Then, going along the lake, we set off for Gstaad. The air became clean and cool. Switzerland was dry but without the scorched look of France. K was thirsty, and we stopped for apple juice. The country above Lausanne was beautiful as ever, and the air tasted of mountains. Finally Gstaad, cool,

green, and rained-upon. Vanda and Fosca were in the chalet, and all was clean, quiet, and serene. The mountains were imperturbable, as ever in snow. I unpacked and disappeared into sleep.

How narrow the limits are in which the body can function properly. K and I were both revived the next day. It rained a little, there were a few errands to do in the village, and K had his hair cut. On Sunday there was news of Israeli commandos rescuing 100 hijacked hostages on an Air France plane held by terrorists in Angola, while in Gstaad K was visited by the two Siddoo sisters and their guest Tapas. They brought mangoes and told of buying thirty-two acres and a house by the sea on Vancouver Island for their school. They showed photographs and wanted to start it in September. Narayan was discussed as director. K had received a letter from Sunanda saying that Balasundaram was thinking of relinquishing the principalship of Rishi Valley.

On Tuesday, July sixth, Mr. Rusu came to see K in the afternoon and said that he had been at the point of death in the hospital several months ago and that K had come to him for eight hours and saved his life. He also claimed to have met the Lord Maitreya. K didn't comment to Mr. Rusu on this but was dismissive about it later to me. He went for a walk, and I drove Mr. Rusu home.

In the morning, K told me of "a strange happening" and then, while at his lunch, spoke of it again to Vanda and me and dictated the following: "Before beginning asanas, he generally sits quietly, thinking of nothing, but this morning a strange happening took place, most unexpected and in no way invited, and besides, you can't invite these things. Suddenly it appeared as though in the very center of the brain, the head, right inside, there was a vast space in which was unimaginable energy. It is a part, or it is there that nothing whatever is registered—for that which is registered is a wastage of energy. If one can call it, it was pure energy in a limitless space, a space that had nothing but this sense of immensity. One doesn't know how long it lasted, but all during the morning it was there and, as this is being written, it is as though it was taking root and becoming firm. These things are not really the thing itself. Basta. I'd better go and eat."

On Wednesday, July seventh, K received a letter from Pupul saying she had just met the prime minister and "have arranged everything regarding your visit here this winter. I told her that KFI was anxious to invite you to come and hold discussions and talks in India this year, and we wanted to talk it over with her so that there would be no embarrassment on any side. She assured me warmly that 'Krishnaji is most welcome to come and speak here.' I then told her that you would be holding discussions and public talks and she said there would be no problem and that this arrangement would be 'perfectly all right.' She knows of your talks and has read several of your books. I have also told her that if any local arrangements have to be made in Bombay and Madras, where the public talks will be held, I will tell the chief minister that this matter has been cleared with her and she has asked me to do so. There is, therefore, no problem of any kind and you should go ahead and fix your pregame to come to India accordingly. I am prepared to stand absolute guarantee."

K also received a separate letter from Pupul, dated twenty-fourth June, 1976, from Bombay, saying that she and Nandini had been writing all they could remember of the incidents in Ootacamund in May–June 1948. This was an attempt to fill in the missing parts of the record written by Pupul at the time and given to Rajagopal for safekeeping, but missing from the photocopies he provided KFA in the spring of 1975, as called for in the settlement agreement. Pupul stated that during the incidents she wrote down every night what had taken place. She and Nandini were living at a nearby hotel. K was staying with Miss Hilla Petit and Maurice Frydman. She described K's pain in his spine, nape of neck, and tooth. K had asked her and Nandini to sit quietly, not interfere, and not be afraid, not to touch him except to close his mouth if he fainted. And on no account to leave the body alone. He tossed on the bed, had fits of shivering, would call out for Krishna, and then put his hand to his mouth saying, "I must not call him." The body appeared to be only a shell. In this state the voice was frail, childlike. Then, suddenly, the body appeared to fill with a vast presence. K would sit up cross-legged, his eyes closed, the fragile body would appear to grow and fill the room, and there was a palpable, throbbing silence that poured into the room and enveloped them. They remembered one incident vividly: "K in great pain, his stomach swollen, tears pouring down his face, suddenly fainted, and his body became intensely still. The traces of pain and fatigue were wiped away. The face was greatly beautiful; there was a radiance, a light that illuminated it, and a sense of vastness that we had never witnessed. A quality of sacredness filled the room. For moments he lay unmoving, then his eyes opened. He saw us and after some time he said, 'Did you see that face?' We said yes but could not say anything else as we had no words. He lay silently and then 'the Buddha was here.' And then after some time: 'You are blessed.' Most of the time in the room we had no part to play in what was happening, and yet we had a role we couldn't understand. We questioned him during the day, but he became vague and would not explain. On most occasions, while the pain racked him, he spoke of trees and wind and rain, nature, its storms, and its vast silences. There was nothing personal in him during the incidents, no emotion, no relationship to us. The ordeal appeared physical and yet next day left no traces on his face or body. Not a word said by him had psychological overtones. What he said was totally impersonal. The sense of the sacred permeated the room and the atmosphere on every occasion." It is signed by Pupul Jayakar and Nandini Mehta and dated 23 June 1976.

Krishnaji didn't read it for quite a while. He said, "We'll read it together later." And then put it off. When I asked him about it later, he said, "I've seen it. I'd be shy to have it read out loud."

The next day, Edgar Graf came to lunch with Vanda and me. Later I went to tea with the Siddoos and Tapas. K wanted me to talk to them informally. I didn't bring up the subject of Narayan, a situation I would sooner stay out of, feeling they should work it out for themselves.

Vanda had been urging K to see Iyengar, who was in Gstaad for a few days. K wanted nothing to do with him and would not take a lesson from him. Vanda had showed him the yoga stool which he said was all right for K, but to avoid the rush of blood it gives to the head, part of the weight should be on the forearms. Vanda persuaded K to let Iyengar

come to greet him before leaving. Later K said he was a man full of arrogance and self-importance.

Sunday, July eleventh, Krishnaji's first Saanen talk of the year took place in the tent at 10:30. I had exchanged the fearfully green Opel for a smaller pear-colored Fiat, and sitting in it waiting by the chalet door, it was a time of wonder come again; another year, the Alpine shimmer of light, a sense of such quiet blessing, the immanence of his stepping through the door and into the sunlight, all grace and on his way. The tent was almost full. I found a seat near the book table. In the evening Scott began showing the videos in the tent of Krishnaji's discussions with David Bohm and David Shainberg. These continued throughout the week, as did the talks. Topazia Alliata came to lunch. Evelyne Blau came to talk to me about KFA matters, then Mary Cadogan joined us and they met for the first time.

On the fifteenth, Krishnaji gave his third talk, an extraordinary one on seeing with all the senses, a total seeing that is without psychological registering. Vanda's brother, his wife, and Suad Al Radi came to lunch, and K questioned her on the Near East. The next day, Mar de Manziarly gave Vanda the news that Carlo Suarès had died that morning in Paris of cancer.

"Poor man," said K.

On the sixteenth, there was the annual meeting of all the K committees. K began it by telling of Suarès's death. Scott Forbes gave a report on videos, Evelyne Blau spoke about the Ojai school, and Jackie Siddoo spoke of the Canadian one. Mme. Duché came in a wheelchair. She had not been well and, according to what was quietly said, she had cancer but was hoping to complete the translation of three of Krishnamurti's books: *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, *Krishnamurti on Education*, and *Tradition and Revolution*. The *Notebook*, she said, was the hardest. "How do you put 'otherness' in French?" She came to talk to Krishnaji privately on the nineteenth.

July twenty-first. Vanda left for Florence. The talks continued, people came to see K, and he watched the Olympics on television. One early morning, while I was doing yoga, Fosca tapped on my door and said there was a young woman "come to see Signor Krishnaji." I went to the front door and there on the doorstep she stood, rather pretty, dressed in a dirndl skirt, organdy blouse with nothing under it, but with a determined look on her face. She had come for her appointment. I explained that there was no appointment and that Mr. Krishnamurti was probably sleeping. "Then wake him up." I said I was sorry, but one never disturbed him. She held her ground, and I finally ran out of things to say and politely had to close the door. On going back to my room I began to wonder if she had really gone and went around to the kitchen, which looked out on the driveway. There in the center, on the cobblestones, she was lying flat on her back. Realizing that at any moment the milkman might swing around the corner and, not expecting to see a body lying there, might bring about a disaster, I went out and spoke to her. No reply, just staring eyes. I wondered about epilepsy, but at that moment Mme. Matti, the caretaker of the chalet, appeared, took a look and said, "Elle fait du théâtre."

She went to summon a taxi, which quickly appeared, and luckily the driver was a woman. There was no response from the body on the cobblestones, but the owner of the chalet came out and with his added help we were able to hoist her into the cab and send it down to the office of the doctor who was also something official in Gstaad. It seems that on arrival she stepped nimbly out of the cab, saying there was nothing wrong with her and she could not be held. I believe tea and soothing words were provided. Otherwise it was a quiet day.

The next day, July twenty-fifth, K gave his seventh and final Saanen talk, and Dorothy and Montague moved up to the chalet from the camping ground. K rested, but on the twenty-eighth he began the first of daily public discussions in the tent. He also talked with Fritz Wilhelm about the adult center in Ojai and also with the Siddoos and Narayan about Narayan's going to their school in Vancouver to be its principal and form an adult center there as well. K dictated a memorandum of agreement. He also dictated a letter to India saying that he would be coming there in November.

On August seventh Mar de Manziarly rang from Paris to tell Krishnaji that Nadia Kossiakof was ill in the hospital, but though very weak, wanted him to know that she was resolved to live because she still had work to do for him.

The following is a quote from my notes:

"On August tenth, Dorothy and Montague left Tannegg, steaming stylishly down the hill in their Land Rover to pause and collect Doris in Saanen before setting off for Brockwood. The house became immediately quiet; withdrew into privacy. Krishnaji felt it. Curious how we make divisions. Mme. Walsh and the Mattis are below and the proprietor creaks overhead and plays Mozart piano pieces to himself at suppertime, but here in the middle, our territory has its own dimension in space and atmosphere. Yesterday Krishnaji found me in tears reading about his brother's death. I had been sifting through Mary's biographies for K's addresses and whereabouts. The U.S. visa people had sent a revised application form, which called for listing every address at which he had lived, even for less than six months, since 1911. Mary's meticulous biography has made it possible. But I read parts as I go, and finished wanting to cry and cry. 'Why?' asked K. I tried to tell him it was because of all the pain he had to go through, the physical pain, Nitya torn away—why? He was left with all those foolish people, but most of all, it was for his own undimmed, undeterred passion to convey the teaching. I have never seen a moment of discouragement in him. I think I cried at the wonder of his existing and it was what I felt in India, where it seemed as if there were an enormous scale with all the pain, confusion, and suffering in that country of millions on one side, and on the other, balancing it all, the slight and infinite figure of Krishnamurti. So it was today with the whole of humanity with its ghastliness and K balancing it by his existence—one human being in whom beauty and goodness shine. I felt the wild wish to be able to give everything, to die for that. So when he asked me what I felt, this is what I tried to say. He asked me if I was still keeping a diary and to put it down. Did I do so? I said no, that I wasn't writing about myself. 'But you must,' he said. 'It gives it a bite—

what you see, what you feel.' I wonder if I can. I write all this under severe restrictions at times. I should change."

By August eleventh, for Krishnaji's visa application papers, I was up to 1965—my own time—but it is pages long! Endless travels. I ache with a protective impulse to smooth, to make everything right for him. Vanda rang from Florence and said she will return Friday or Saturday for a week of checking his yoga. We walked to the river and saw its flow on a certain rock that is its pulse for us. K watches the water run and his face is alive and eager, as that of a child. There was thunder as we came through the woods and drops began to fall as we reached the chalet.

In the next couple of days, I was able to complete the list of K's addresses from 1911 to 1976, needed for his visa papers, and sent them off to the U.S. embassy in London.

On August thirteenth he came into the room, picked up a copy of *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, opened it at random (page 180) and after a few moments said, "Quite good." Then, "Is it as good as that?" pointing to a book by Laurie Lee that I had said I liked. I read him a sentence of his own describing a rock in Rishi Valley, as pure writing style quite apart from what he had to say. He made dismissing sounds as he did when one says something he considers a compliment. I said he should write some more. "Maybe I will. But if I start I won't do anything else. Talking is what I do, not that."

Radha Burnier had arrived in Gstaad and came for lunch. K had his on a tray in his room but came in afterward and talked to Radha most of the afternoon, mostly on India. Things were outwardly smoother, more efficient there, but fear still existed underneath. Pupul seemed to see only the positive side of what was happening and didn't seem to want to look at realities. Radha and Achyut had difficulty in talking to her freely, but Radha felt that, with the prime minister's statement to Pupul that he was welcome to come to talk and with the personal guarantee of the prime minister, that Krishnaji could safely come. I took Radha back to her hotel later, and K took a nap until 6 and then sleepily realized it was too late for a walk.

In the evening, Jackie Kornfeld telephoned from the U.S. to say that station KGBH in Boston was enthusiastic about the K-Bohm-Shainberg videos and tentatively wanted to broadcast them. She asked about editing and suggested Sunanda to do it, but I suggested they submit transcripts from the tapes with any changes they might want, and they would be submitted to the KFT publication committee for decision.

On August fourteenth, Radha Burnier came again for lunch and K did not want to miss his nap and walk time. The conversation was in part about C. W. Leadbeater: Did he have real insight? They thought he had a little, which, because of his conditioning, etcetera, he embellished and made personal. "He was a materialist," said K. Radha said Arundale was an intensely possessive, jealous man who didn't want his wife Rukmini (Radha's aunt) to go anywhere without him. "Amma was the only real one," said K. Radha said that in the Vasanta Vihar court settlement, in the spring, a small cash sum was to come to the Krishnamurti Trust in Madras. When she went to collect it, she was told that Rajagopal

had had it sent to him in Ojai, in spite of the court order. It was less than $100. She also said that Rukmini was trying to get on the board of trustees of Vasanta Vihar with other of her people in order to try to get it for herself. We all three wondered if this was also a Rajagopal ploy. Then the conversation went to other things: the meaning of yoga, karma, what dies at death? K put it that the stream of thought, self, conditioning, etcetera continues and it manifests again. The individual consciousness, as we know it, is of that stream, and unless a person changes he contributes to that stream. When he dies, matter dies; thought is matter and so dies. What he was remains part of the stream. That stream becomes part of a newborn human being, and so it goes. The stream is the karma, not something individual. Only when one steps out of the stream is there a new dimension.

On August twenty-first Vanda had returned to Gstaad and was there when we said goodbye to her and Fosca on a lovely morning. The day before, I had exchanged our little car for an Opel large enough to carry our luggage. We drove via the Col du Pillon down to Aigle to join the autoroute along the lake. K had chosen this route because he liked to see the two large cypresses just above Aigle. “Ciao, amici!” he would say. The new road brought his child’s smile and absorption in looking. His sense of interest and wonder is part of the joy of being with him. His pleasure, too, in the Patek clock in the airport, exact to fractions of seconds.

We flew British Air to Heathrow, where Dorothy, hot and distracted, met us when we finally emerged after an endless wait for the luggage. The change in England since we left in June was dismaying. Drought had withered the fields, grass was brown, tired leaves on trees, the sun was malevolent. Brockwood was tepid in the downstairs rooms, but the brown lawn felt like steel wool. I hadn’t the heart to go in the grove. We unpacked and didn’t walk.

Section Twelve

CHAPTER 40

Soon after our return to Brockwood in late August 1976, we went to London to lunch with Mary L., then a dentist inspection for K, and Erna and Theo arrived from Ojai. There was much to discuss in the days ahead. Fritz Wilhelm also arrived and so did Margrete Heising, whom he was soon to marry. The Digbys arrived from their new home in Dorset, and Pascaline Mallet arrived from France.

The weather cooled a little in time for Krishnaji's first Brockwood talk on August twenty-eighth. The tent was filled and overflowed outside. Mary and Joe were there and came upstairs for fruit and salad before we all went back to the tent for the main course. I was included in the publications committee meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening the videotapes of the Bohm-Shainberg discussions with K were shown. The next day, K gave his second Brockwood talk, and in the afternoon he walked with Dorothy, Erna, Theo, and me in rain, rapturous rain. That evening, he watched *The Bridge on the River Kwai* on television.

On Tuesday and Thursday, K held the public discussions. Radha Burnier had half our lunch upstairs in our kitchen. K gave a tremendous talk on September fourth, and there was discussion of his wanting meetings of trustees in March in Ojai to examine the work of the schools, their future, etcetera. The next day he gave his fourth and final Brockwood talk for the year, and again it was an overwhelming one. Mary and her daughter, Amanda Pallant, were at the book table; I joined them, and we all had tea upstairs later. People began to leave, the house became quieter, K dictated letters and discussed KFA matters with Erna and Theo. K and I signed a revised KFA charter and revised agreement of the law case settlement. On the ninth, K began meetings with the staff on applying his teachings while giving academics.

On September thirteenth, in spite of having had a cold for three days, K declared he was well enough to go to London. Mysteriously, he seemed able to throw off colds in contrast to his hay fever, and so we went to London: Huntsman and the dentist. His face looked pinched on the train, and it was a cold day with light rain, but the Huntsman fitting pleased him, and we went on to lunch with Mary at Fortnum. She had a copy of the Avon paperback of the biography to show him, which looked quite nice. He told her of the two meetings with the staff at Brockwood, the first of his plan to teach them, and all of us, how to convey his teachings mingled with academic subjects. He also talked very seriously about a month of meetings in Ojai in March on the future of the schools, the work, etcetera. He and Mary thought a few—perhaps three—should be responsible for seeing that the teachings were kept alive, active, unaltered, and un-interpreted after his death. K thought Sunanda, Fritz, and I might be the three. To my own surprise, during the two meetings with the Brockwood teachers, something had begun to come alive about this where a blank had been. K wanted Mary to think about this—could she come in March? We went to Hatchards next door for books, and then Joe very thoughtfully came and picked us all up. K had his appointment with Mr. Thompson, the dentist. Two lower

front teeth were loose and would have to come out. We had luck with a quick taxi to Waterloo. In the train, K again spoke about Sunanda, Fritz, and me. I said he would have to educate me. He feels people would accept and trust me. I had no such optimism. He said he would have Sunanda take notes of anything he tells her and Fritz in India during the winter, and send them to me. I was to keep the Lilliefelts informed.

I asked him about what had come up at one of the teacher meetings: his demand that we transform the students instantly, completely. Was that possible? How was it that he had not done it while speaking for so many years? "I've wondered about it," he said. He thought that Mrs. Besant had once said that the teachings were so enormous, the light was too strong. "It is too much, and people go blind. But when you die, the light will be there but the personality won't."

On Wednesday, September fifteenth, we went to London and directly to Fortnum for lunch, and talked about the immediate assessments the mind makes on seeing people. For example, at a glance one recognizes Americans. K watched a man at a nearby table and guessed he was an artist. I asked if these images that were so instantaneous were a part of data gathering by the mind and wrong in terms of his teaching. "With me, I am vacant most of the time except when I'm talking," he said. "I see someone, I may know it is Miss Pratt, but my mind is empty." I said it seemed as if one sees facts and images but keeps the score open, so to speak. One keeps looking, not letting the image obliterate what was seen. K seemed to assent to this, but I was not sure, in case he was feeling a little vacant that day.

We walked to Huntsman, where he fitted a pair of thin trousers and chose a greenish-beige tweed for a warm pair. Then we struggled for a taxi—he on the corner of Cork Street and I on Savile Row. We got to Mr. Thompson's, where K went in to have his two lower middle teeth pulled. They were loose and worn away. Sitting in the waiting room by the door, I could hear him and Mr. Thompson laughing. Soon the nurse came out to say he would soon be through, which was my signal to find a taxi. One wouldn't wait but a second was cheerful and sympathetic, and I sat in it to be sure. Then, in a minute, out came Krishnaji, making a gesture that it was all nothing. He had a little Novocain, no pain, and the bridge now had new teeth that looked totally natural. I asked him if his own teeth might have a healing quality. He said yes, we should have saved them. He said too that healing cannot be taught or transmitted to another. It is strongest in a person with the least self. I asked if he could heal himself. "No, but if you put your hand on me and I touch your hand, it helps."

Monday, September twentieth, 1976, Erna telephoned from London, where she and Theo were pausing between Majorca and their return to Ojai. At 11:30 a.m. K held an intensive two-hour discussion with staff, mostly on fear, putting himself in the role of the student. It was a good discussion. Later, Balasundaram, just arrived from India, came on the walk with K, Dorothy, me, and the dogs. It was a warm day; the earth breathed with the damp smells of autumn. It was for me a lovely land that moved me, and I felt dissolved for moments in its rolling fields. The air, so filled with earth and sky, was everything. The day before, coming back from the walk, Jim Fowler was there with the horses and

persuaded me to get up on the little bay. Being suddenly on a horse again after so many years was a delight. I rode over to K with all the instantly alive reflexes and pleasure of long-ago horse days. It would have been marvelous to ride at Brockwood, BUT the stirrup leather and flap of the saddle was exactly where my most fragile skin graft was, where the ulcer was a year before, and where there was hardly any cushion of tissue under the graft.

On the twenty-second of September, we went by train to London and the U.S. embassy to have affidavits by K and by me notarized on the particulars of his birth. These were in lieu of a birth certificate required by his U.S. immigration visa application. An eager older woman worker appeared to introduce a shy younger one who had recognized K. He shook hands and made his slight bow. I wished it had happened in the immigration section, which was as impersonal as a factory. We walked to Fortnum, where Mary and Joe joined us for a pleasant lunch. Afterward, Joe took K to Truefitt for a haircut. I did some errands and joined K at Huntsman for his fitting. By then it was raining hard, and the taxi world was elsewhere—what to do? But luck manifested in the person of the father of a Brockwood student, who caught sight of Krishnaji through the Huntsman window and had a car parked across the street. He kindly drove us to Waterloo, and all was well. I was sleepy in the train and dozed but woke to watch K reading a detective novel we bought at Waterloo, his lips moving faintly with the words, his fingers seeming polished as he held the book. The grace and beauty that was so limitless in his face could be watched endlessly, wonderingly. In the evening, we watched a television interview of a Soviet dissident writer. “We are talking about the same things,” said K when the latter said that change could not come from without but from within.

On the twenty-sixth, K gave his first talk of the new term to the students. He looked quite splendid in his new beige trousers and brown jersey, and seemed no more than thirty years old. His face was alive, quick, full of laughter and shine. He spoke about listening and what it can be. In the afternoon, Mr. Santhanum from Madras came with his son to tea. When they left after 5 p.m., K, Dorothy, the dogs, and I walked down to the lodge and across the fields. There were many mushrooms in the fields. The air was soft, warm, and moist; the grass was green, green at last—all the delights of England.

On the twenty-ninth, we went to London, did assorted errands, and joined Mary for lunch at Fortnum. Mary was uneasy about using the K–Bohm discussions as the main part of the next book of talks. She said they sometimes sounded as if David was interpreting K’s teaching to him. I described how these took place in the afternoons after K’s nap and that he often came in rather sleepy, and David would recapitulate where they had left off previously. Mary still felt it shouldn’t be a book at that point. K seemed to see this but said he let David do a bit of the talking at the start. I told her that the videos of K’s discussions with David Bohm and David Shainberg had been accepted for broadcast by station KGBH in Boston.

K then began to talk rather intensely about India: that nothing had been done there in all those years—would Sunanda be able to handle it? He felt she was still immature. We all doubted that India would accept a Westerner being in charge one day. He suggested a

group—David Bohm, the Lilliefelts, Mary L., Mary Z., Dorothy, possibly Fritz W., but it didn't sound too good. In the train later, he said to me, "I want to talk to you."

October first. K saw Tapas in the morning. After that he told me that we must have a serious talk about the work. He said that I block myself by defending and saying that things are impossible. I am not free. The Lilliefelts had not gone into things deeply; the Indians were good at repetitive inquiry but not free. "That is what is left at the end of sixty years. So really there was actually no one. Perhaps someone might turn up, but actually there was no one then."

What to do? "Mary Links could not do it either, nor could others. We must take things as they are and work from there. There's you and Sunanda. In India I will meet Sunanda, Achyut, Pupul, Ahalya, Radha B., and Balasundaram. The best are in England—you, David Bohm. In Ojai there is only the Lilliefelts, you, and Fritz Wilhelm, if he proves right. He will be on trial in India this winter. India sometimes makes people crazy." I asked if there had ever been anyone. He said, "Jadu and Rama Rao had capacity but Rajagopal drove them away. In India—leave it open. Radha might have something but Theosophy is her job; she can't leave it. What to do with these few? Build everything as though I'm going to die tomorrow. At Brockwood there is David Bohm, Mrs. D., and you. At Ojai there's the Lilliefelts, you, Fritz, Mark Lee, and David Bohm. You and David Bohm are kingpins between the U.S. and England. Both are liked and trusted. In India, Pupul may be finished or might come out. Sunanda will cooperate with you."

He said I must remind him in India to talk to those who would come to Ojai in March to have complete confidence in each other. He said, "The point of all this is to keep the teachings fundamentally and vitally in the schools. If the schools don't vitally reflect the teachings, they are better cut loose." He wanted me to talk to Mrs. D. about her defensiveness, lack of pliability. I pointed out that her qualities and David's complemented each other and might succeed at Brockwood, and since he was stuck with me, would he please hammer on my head? "I will," he said. He didn't want me to go to India that winter, saying the climate was too difficult and that I must keep healthy for all this.

October third. It rained all day. K spoke to the school and visitors on love and suffering and the connection between them. Tapas left after lunch. David B., Scott Forbes, Joe Zorski, and I finished editing the transcripts of the videotaped discussions Nos. 4 and 5 between K, David Bohm, and David Shainberg. In spite of the rain we walked with Dorothy in the afternoon. In the evening I asked him why he was talking so much about "after my death"? I reminded him he had said recently that he would live another ten to fifteen years. "That still stands," he said. "Luckily my brain is alive as ever and will be until I die."

On October seventh I went ahead of K to London to get his Italian visa and then met him after he had come in on a later train at Mary L.'s for lunch. We spoke of publishing some of the K–Bohm discussions in a book of mainly Saanen and Brockwood talks. The Digbys had suggested it as a compromise to publishing all the discussions which some—

mainly Mary—felt gave a wrong effect on paper of David interpreting the teachings to K. Joe came in after lunch and drove K to the dentist. When I met him there, he had a gleaming new and spare bridge. We caught a taxi to Waterloo and the 2:50 p.m. K dozed on the train and kept waking himself up with what he calls shouting—more of a sudden start and cry. "I don't know why I do it. I've tried to figure it out and never could." It happened when he was in a light sleep, dozing. There were no dreams in it, and he had done it for years.

The next day I fetched Mary Cadogan at Petersfield. K spoke to the school, and after lunch he talked with Mary, Dorothy, and me about David Bohm "assuming the mantle" when K is gone. All felt that David didn't want it, was a good man, and was devoted to K and the teachings. The difficulty was one of being able to talk and go into things without assuming authority. K was bothered by Dorothy's "defending" and not having new ideas. And he said again to me that I see difficulties and not how things can be done. He spoke of getting good teachers from Brockwood, Ojai, and India together. Later, we watched a television series on "Victorian Scandals," and that particular one on Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh's trial for publishing a tract on birth control. "Amma didn't look like that!" said K, and the same of Bernard Shaw. "She never talked to me about Bradlaugh. She talked about other things, but not about him. She said, 'Jinarajadasa shouldn't be the head of the TS because he liked to look at naked women.'—Oh, Amma!"

On the following day, October ninth, K reviewed his statement written in June for the *Bulletin* on his being responsible only for schools under his direct supervision and therefore only those could use his name. It was to be printed in the next issue. He then talked to Narayan at some length. He was pleased with Narayan and felt he would do well. K had asked him if things didn't work out in Canada, would he go to India? Narayan said of course he would, which pleased K. He was pliable, which was lacking at that point in Dorothy. "She isn't moving forward. What will we do if something happens to her? Brockwood will fall apart." He was disturbed that there wasn't anyone else and she had not found anyone else as a backup. He wanted me to talk to her, as she became so upset when he did.

Professor Maurice Wilkins arrived for the weekend and stayed in the West Wing guest room. David Bohm held a meeting in the afternoon. Only six students attended with staff and visitors. After supper, Dave, Scott, Joe, and I worked on editing of Nos. 6 and 7 of the K, Bohm, and Shainberg video discussions.

The next day, Krishnaji spoke to the school—mostly on what love is (i.e., when there is no self) and on beauty (when there is no thought). The students seemed to see the latter more easily. It was a tiring session for K, as he had to put very much energy into their understanding. Then there was much talk at lunch. A French lady, Mme. Maroger, visiting the school with her son and his daughter, Ariane, a possible student at Brockwood. Mme. Maroger had long been interested in K's teachings and discussed it with a group of her grandchildren and their friends. Both she and her son spoke fluent English. After lunch, the son, Jean-Michel Maroger, gave me a cassette of one of K's Saanen talks into which he had inserted a French translation between sentences in the

natural pauses in K's speaking. He asked me to give my opinion of it and said it had come about for French friends who attended the talks but needed some help in English. They found it very helpful, and he wondered if he could have permission to do this. I listened to it and was enthusiastic. It was like having someone beside you quietly translating verbatim into French what K was saying without interrupting. The listener still had the full sound and content of K's voice but with help into the other language. I thought it should be welcomed, and so it was. It became the way of translating into various languages thanks to Jean-Michel Maroger's imagination and skill.

Fritz Wilhelm arrived at Brockwood. He and Margrete had married, but she was to remain in Denmark while he went on the Indian tour after which they were both to go to Ojai for his duties there. On the afternoon walk, K raised with Dorothy the question of who would run Brockwood if she and he were not there. Dorothy thought a group would try it in March when she would go to Ojai for K's meetings. She suggested Joe Zorskie, Scott Forbes, Stephen Smith, Shakuntala Narayan, and Ingrid Porter. K was very urgent and also belabored her about not taking enough rest. Everyone at Brockwood had too long of hours and much work. Later, he charged me with the same. He seemed to raise this when he himself was tired and when pressure was inescapable and he was about to leave with many things to be done. It seemed as if my own fatigue affected him, though I tried to keep it to myself. His objection to both Dorothy and me was that too much energy went into the necessities of everyday work and not enough to the teachings. He was right, of course.

On October eleventh we went to London, where, after the pleasure of a fitting for K of a pair of handsome tweed trousers, we walked to Fortnum, where Mary Lutyens joined us for lunch. K took the conversation again to the question of who should see to the teachings being kept alive in the schools and centers—Sunanda, me, and possibly Erna? Mary felt three a better number than two and said that K should leave it as a request and instruction, as it could only be done that way and not as a legal matter. K then needed a look at his new bridge by dentist Mr. Thomson, and in no time we were off in a taxi to Waterloo. Such a day, so much the familiar trip to London with K, had an added fondness because it was so familiar. He dozed a little in the swaying train, "shouting" twice but only a little because there was another passenger in the compartment, also dozing. I felt sleepy, too, and quiet in the warm happiness of seeing him opposite, the beauty of his sleeping face, the grace and neatness of his hands. There was a wordless peace in such moments.

On the evening news on television, we saw in Rome on Via Barnaba Oriani that three Palestinian "Black Tuesday" terrorists had broken into the Syrian embassy, which was downstairs from Vanda's apartment. They were after the ambassador, who wasn't in, and they were captured. Vanda rang the next day from Florence and was leaving for Rome to see what had happened. She telephoned again when there and said the building was an armed camp and she had to show her passport to get into her own apartment. She was uncertain whether K should come there. He talked to her, and it was decided to postpone coming until October twenty-second.

The next morning—October fourteenth—K decided to talk to the students and then rest until his departure. I changed all ticket reservations and went to the student meeting. A question they asked was on meditation, and K talked about thought, a chattering mind and quiet mind, and mentioned seeing with all the senses. This gave me a chance to ask what he meant by that: Was not memory involved, i.e., I see the wind in the trees, hear it, feel it, but the tactile sense of rushing wind, cold, is partly knowing that feeling. I was not out in the wind, etcetera. K replied that looking with all the senses implies looking without a center, a self that looks.

There were gale winds and heavy rains all day. We stayed in and rested a little; the pressure of leaving was off for a few days. I wrote to Pupul about K's increased need for rest and described how he then was living while talking: meals alone, one day a week in bed, etcetera.

On October seventeenth, Narayan, David Bohm, and Fritz Wilhelm had planned to have a discussion, and K said he would sit in "as an observer." Dorothy and I were also present. Once there, K, of course, participated. The three began by discussing how a child learns: by motor learning, action learning, through touch, etcetera. After a bit, K jumped it way forward to insight. Can consciousness be aware of itself? He said if insight is not acted upon, it dies. He spoke of observation in which there is no distortion; distortion is the me. And he said there was no action before insight; if there is action, it is the action of learning. Dave said that humans handle their lives through the action of learning, therefore insight must be of a different order. To K, he said, "You say insight comes before action. What is it? Perception?" K replied that it was fragmentary perception. "Insight implies holistic action which affects my daily life, the way I live, feel, love." Dave said that then motor learning is a limited perception and insight is what is whole. K spoke of having picked up his biography by Mary Lutyens and read his dissolving the Order of the Star "and I said, 'How did he do it? He had tremendous insight—he did it.'" He went on to say that insight doesn't come out of learning. Dave pointed out that K emphasizes observation, learning. Was it not necessary? K replied that it helped free the mind. Narayan said that K had once spoken of the art of listening, the art of looking, the art of learning: the three arts—do they precede insight? K said, "They open the door, but it doesn't mean there will be insight, K didn't do these, he simply said, 'This is absurd.' The point is how we move out of the pattern. Looking, listening, learning is in the pattern. Can you have insight without compassion? But K then didn't know the meaning of the word. There is an outward going and an inward going. Most of us are outward going, linear. That man, K, was entirely inward going at that time. He was not an extrovert; there was insight. That is what I want to get at. I wish I could study him…Can consciousness become aware of itself? Is there a mirror in which consciousness sees itself—the three arts?"

Dave asked, "What does it learn?" K replied, "Its content. I think it can. I say yes it can. Can consciousness listen to itself without an outsider listening in? Can consciousness listen to itself? What happens? Nothing happens. There is empty space—absolutely nothing. No observer, only that."

"What is insight? If memory will not lead to insight, if it is not totally different, what will bring it? Thought won't. There must be a certain foundation: the foundation is non-self. Insight is in the absence of self. When consciousness is aware of itself and there is nothing, then there is insight. That nothing is insight. Insight is emptiness and non-self."

"Consciousness becomes aware of itself and there is nothing. No content. How am I to communicate this? If education isn't the flowering of human beings, it has no meaning. Without love, compassion, there is no fine mind. No fine mind without insight, observation."

At the end, he said, "This morning, when I played Sutherland's Bellini [a CD of Joan Sutherland singing excerpts of Bellini] there flashed a great delight I missed in my youth. I said, 'what the hell are you looking for out there? It is here.' That was insight."

There was packing to be done and last-minute matters, but by breakfast on October twenty-second, all was in order, and, as always, everyone in the school was out by 9:45 to wave goodbye to Krishnaji. Dorothy's car was ailing, so it was in Doris Pratt's mini that she drove K and me to Heathrow while Ted Cartee followed in his own car with our seven bags. The girl at the Alitalia check-in asked me if K was the author of *Commentaries on Living*. I said yes firmly; she was dazzled, and for whatever reasons, our bags went through without charge. At passport control a white-haired immigration man recognized K and said, "My wife will be thrilled to hear I've met you" with such enthusiasm that he forgot to stamp K's passport. The flight was delayed, but Vanda and Topazia Alliata were there to meet us in Rome. K in a crowd looked like a falcon, aloof and very beautiful. At Via Barnaba Oriani, only two bored police were outside, the terrorist raid of twelve days earlier seemingly forgotten. Fosca was welcoming, and lunch was waiting.

On the following day in the afternoon, Vanda drove K and me to the edge of Villa Borghese, where we walked across the gardens to Piazza di Spagna, and we caught a taxi back. K was ready to walk the whole way, so enthused was he at being there, but it would have tired him.

The day after that, October twenty-fourth, we walked twice around the nearby Villa Glori. I spoke to him about the pattern that so often seemed to follow insight, leading to breaking of concepts and freedom, but then there could be a stiffening into a new pattern, which becomes dogma. It happened in religion, society, etcetera. Mao advocated perpetual revolution every five years or so, and this became violence and power struggles. In religion it was obvious and seemed the peril to K's teaching. He picked it up immediately. "Freedom is movement," he said. "When I am gone it must go further, deeper." I said that between the Buddha and him there had been 2,400 years. Who was then to go deeper than he? "Write it down, write it down! We must talk about this in March when there is the meeting."

We came back to the flat, where there were about fifty people to meet K. He spoke on a question someone asked—what is the now? After an hour and a half of careful

explanation that the now is the past meeting the present and not carrying over to color the future, a young man said he didn't understand, there was no change in him, and why did K have organizations, foundations? K answered, but others said that was off the track. Pietro Cragnolini was there, looking thin with some sort of leg trouble. Barabino was also there. I asked him to please hand over the Italian mailing list, which he was resisting doing. He was aggrieved at Cragnolini, abruptly telling him the year before that he was no longer the Italian secretary and that I had said so. I said that I had delivered the message from K that the Italian committee should decide if Barabino, who was too occupied with Biella [the school] should be replaced. It did not communicate. I urged him to talk to Vanda, as he was still a member of the committee. Finally everyone left, the lights failed, and we had supper by candlelight.

October twenty-fifth, Vanda was very friendly and warmly bade me goodbye. I sat with Krishnaji while he had his breakfast and said that I had the talk of the day before in Villa Glori very much in mind. He had me repeat it and write a memorandum of it to take with him. "First, there is freedom, then insight, then revolutionary action. If it stiffens into a pattern, then follows dogma and power. Freedom is movement. When or if insight becomes knowledge, then dogma follows. Freedom from self brings insight. When there is insight, there is radical transformation. When fundamental change does not take place, then there is pattern, dogma, power. It is the function of the Foundations to see this does not happen." I added the word "psychological" before "revolutionary action" in his memo—which, of course, was what I thought was meant, but in that time and world he should not have been carrying notes on revolutionary action. Words used in a religious sense could be viewed differently in the violent eyes of the time. He blessed me, as always, silently, deeply. I was to be careful about unnecessary travel. Travel in his service was watched over. I felt empty of or removed from anything but his service, his teaching, and its purpose.

I left Rome for New York and, on a flight that left half an hour later, Krishnaji flew to New Delhi.

CHAPTER 41

Krishnamurti was still in India when the year of 1977 began. I was at home in Malibu, and letters went back and forth. On January fifth, I was able to reach by telephone the very helpful person at the U.S. embassy in London with whom I had filed Krishnamurti's application for residence status, and learned with enormous relief that he had an appointment for a visa interview at the consulate in London on January twenty-sixth. I cabled this to him in Bombay. Fortunately, the date fell just within the few days between his arrival in England and his continuing on to California. On the eleventh, I received a form for K from the embassy, forwarded to me by Dorothy Simmons, and after studying it I felt I should be there, as Dorothy, who would otherwise be the only person to accompany him, knew nothing about the detailed application that I had made out. Before going to sleep that night, I decided to go and booked an air ticket the next day. A letter

from K said he would not stop in Rome but fly directly to Brockwood on January nineteenth. This was followed by a cable saying he would do that on the twentieth.

I spoke to him on his arrival at Brockwood and flew there the following day. Dorothy kindly met me at Heathrow in spite of my asking her not to, and by 9 a.m. we pulled up at Brockwood and K, who was watching, met me in the front hall. I made breakfast on trays, and we talked all morning. He told me about meeting Mrs. Gandhi alone for over an hour before a dinner party in Delhi on his arrival, her nerves and tension, the trouble in her eyes, his offer to put his hands, her becoming quiet, her weeping, her eyes becoming better. She asked to see him again the next day, came, and sat a long time without speaking. She said she was "riding a tiger," was not afraid of being eaten but didn't know how to get off. K did not reproach her for what she had done but was gentle with her and held her hand while she wept. On joining the others, she refused to sit until he was seated. A friend who had known her for years said she was visibly changed after the meetings with K. That week she freed political prisoners, lifted some censorship, and called for elections.

K also described enormous crowds at the Bombay talks. Rajneesh sent his people to listen and if possible touch him because "he is a living Buddha." Film people were coming to the talks, and he was mobbed afterward. Further news was that Balasundaram was giving up the principalship of Rishi Valley, was to take six months off, then travel around kindling interest in K's teachings in India. K said he was going to offer the principalship to Narayan. He said Sunanda had too much to do at Vasanta Vihar to come to the March meetings, but Radha Burnier and Ahalya Chari were coming for India.

After lunch, I took a nap and then walked with K, Dorothy, and the dogs. The clear, gray, wintry air cleaned the lungs and took away all trace of sitting all night and yesterday for 6,000 miles. The austere light, bare trees, and smell of leaves touched something deep in my head. This walk on that winter road with K seemed to contain all of life.

That night, I slept ten hours and could have done more but heard K open the door, so we made breakfast and talked. K then had David Bohm join the conversation to speak of the adult centers and their possible pitfalls—the danger of people expecting "explanations" of K's teachings—the delicate perils of interpretation. K said one could take a position saying, "I have some understanding of what Krishnamurti said; I am interested; let us explore, examine together." He later talked alone to Narayan and offered him the principalship of Rishi Valley. Narayan was concerned about whether all KFI members would back him and said he would think it over and answer in a few days.

The following day, I went to London and the U.S. embassy to confirm Krishnamurti's appointment to present his visa papers. I had the file with me, but it was not looked at then. I telephoned Mary Cadogan, had coffee and a pleasant talk with her, and caught a slow train back to Brockwood. K had been speaking to the school.

Wednesday, January twenty-sixth, the long-awaited day began at 4 in the morning. Brockwood had no hot water at such an hour, so baths were out, but we had a proper

breakfast in the kitchen and, with Dorothy in her car, were off to London before 6. K's first appointment was with an embassy doctor at 9, but we had come into town so swiftly that we reached his office by 7:30. There was one parking place on the street, and we sat in the car until 9. Others had the same appointment, but they ran things quickly. K had a chest X-ray, some blood taken from his thumb, and we were out in half an hour to Grosvenor Square where, again, there was one vacant parking space. Dorothy stayed in the car while K and I went in to the consulate, gave the whole file to a clerk, and waited. Krishnaji sat by a window, quite relaxed, and observed the traffic. Another half hour went by and then his name was called. I went in with him to the interview. The imagined opponent of the last months, the possibly hard-eyed, indifferent bureaucrat—the consul on whose whim everything swung—turned out to be a vice-consul, a young woman with long, blonde hair and blue, starry eyes who went to school in the San Fernando valley and rose out of her chair saying, "Oh, Mr. Krishnamurti, I've been looking forward so to today; I asked to be allowed to process your papers!" There wasn't a question. Everything was in order. "This is about the biggest file we've ever had!" It would all be ready in the afternoon. We were finished by 11:15. It was done!

We all went to Mary Links's, who was waiting to give us shelter, a place to eat our picnic lunch, and for K to rest. I urged that afterward he return to Brockwood with Dorothy while I stayed to pick up the papers at the consulate. "No," said K. He had a better idea. "We'll go to a cinema!" He had seen *Raid on Entebbe* as we passed the Marble Arch theater—just what he wanted to see. It went on at 2:15 p.m., so I drove K, Mary, and Dorothy there, left them, and went on to Grosvenor Square, where, once again, on this fateful day, parking luck held. I took a walk, but my mind was so on the visa and papers that I couldn't go to look at paintings or drop in at Mallets to be enticed by furniture, so I soon went and sat in the consulate. At 4:30 p.m., I was given the precious papers—an enormous sealed envelope to be given to the immigration officer on arrival in Los Angeles, containing, among other things, K's X-ray. I got back to the car before the parking meter ran out and just got to the theater to pick up the moviegoers. Dorothy drove us back to Brockwood, and I fell a little asleep on the way with relief and exhaustion. My job was done. I telephoned the good news briefly to Erna. Then a blessed feeling of bed and real sleep.

The next morning, it was good to wake up knowing it was accomplished. For K, the high point of the day was the cinema. He dictated some letters and received one from Narayan accepting the principalship of Rishi Valley. K then wrote about it to Pupul and Pama Patwardhan. Mary and Joe drove down to lunch, and we talked most of the afternoon. Krishnaji told them in detail of his meetings with Mrs. Gandhi and the feeling among some friends that changes in Mrs. Gandhi as prime minister took place after her meetings with him. He also described enormous veneration toward him that winter by crowds in India.

The weekend was quiet. Relaxed after the accomplished tasks of the short and unexpected stay at Brockwood, it was pleasant to tidy things and be ready on Monday, January thirty-first, to be off to Heathrow and accompanying K to Malibu. He smiled when he said good morning and saw that I was alert and ready to go. It was a cloudless

morning with frost, white in the shadowed edges of the fields. Dorothy was driving, and we waved goodbye to the assembled school. There was plenty of time at the airport to case WHSmith for paperback detective novels. We were carrying the enormous and precious visa papers, sealed by the U.S. embassy, to be delivered on landing in Los Angeles. We had the two seats K liked—all the way forward—where one can put up one's feet on the bulkhead. There was a movie, but K's headphones were not working, and he would not use mine. Sitting across the aisle I could see him fetch some writing paper and begin writing me a letter as he always did on this long flight and the last leg before Malibu. I had written one to him too, but watching him holding the pen so carefully seemed at that moment as extraordinary as the vast sky out there or the Greenland mountains we had just passed, the curving crust edges of buff scalloping the endless snow. The sun turned some of it pink as it tried to set, but we were faster than the sun or turning Earth, and it would outrun us only when we turned out of the race to land.

We went into immigration together and handed over the envelope. "The thickest we've had," said the officer shuffling through it. I saw a copy of *Krishnamurti on Education* in the file. The man then stamped something, handed K a little card with K's photo on it and said, "You are now a resident of the United States." Clutching at last that precious "green card"—which wasn't green—we went on to find our two bags, passed through customs, and out to where Alan Kishbaugh was waiting. He drove us home to Malibu and left. K, at last in his room, sat on the bed and said, "I may faint." He stayed there quietly for a few moments, then got up, turned, facing the bed, and fell forward on it. It lasted about a minute and then he came to. Later, he said he had thought in all the noise and confusion at the airport that probably he would faint later. K spent the next day in bed, sleeping and reading. He said, "I don't dream anymore. Somewhere in Madras or Rishi Valley—I forget which—I dreamt Rajagopal was chasing me and when I woke up I said this is silly to keep thinking of that man: that is enough. So I went into it and I haven't dreamt since."

On February third, Evelyne Blau and the Lilliefelts came to lunch in Malibu. Krishnaji talked about India and various plans for the schools there, but later he spoke to Erna, Theo, and me very seriously and challengingly. Were we flowering, and, if not, why not? Who would be responsible in the future and right then, as if he were dead? He said he had realized in India for the first time that there was no one to carry on. He spoke of the Buddha having had only two disciples who understood, and they both died before the Buddha. Why was there no one? He said he knew the easy answer—that nothing grows under a great oak, etcetera, but what would we do? He knew what he would do if he was one of us: he would say, "I have listened to that man, and I have understood a little bit, I am going to talk about it." He said we must make the new trustee, Cynthia Wood, understand, be serious. Talk about it. Then he said, "I'll be around to help for another ten years—maybe fifteen." The next day, he asked me if I had felt the change in the room when he had talked seriously to Erna, Theo, and me.

On the tenth, a midsummer day, he had slept nine hours and said he woke up feeling as if he "had been dancing." In late morning, Charles Moore and his fellow architects, Bart Phelps and John Rubel, came, bringing a maquette of the proposed changes to the cottage in Ojai. K made some suggestions, and they stayed to lunch.

The next day, on another lovely morning, we left early for Ojai in K's green car with him driving. Near the big rock, he said, "You must see into this brain, learn how he thinks. Amma and Leadbeater said this brain had been prepared for a thousand years. It is a special brain, it will probably get better the longer I live, and I will live another ten or fifteen years. You are twenty years younger and you must outlive me. I must find someone, maybe it is you, someone to carry on who has understood something. It is useless to say it now, but I wish I had met you forty years ago."

We went to the Oak Grove School building, where the pavilion was almost finished, then to the cottage, where all the little children were waiting to greet him. Everyone was on the shy side. Mar de Manziarly, who was staying with her sister, Mima Porter, came and joined K, Erna, Theo, Evelyne, Ruth Tettemer, Mark and Asha Lee, Ted Cartee, and Michael Krohnen for a nice lunch at Arya Vihara. Later K talked in the cottage to Erna, Theo, and me, asking if I should really build onto the cottage—was it worth it? He raised the question of whether he would get as much rest there as in Malibu. The factor was the psychic pressure people concentrate on him. Few know he was in Malibu, so he rests well, but everyone assumes and thinks Ojai is where he is. This is what happens in Gstaad. He said he could cut off the feeling but didn't like to. We discussed this, and he finally said he could avoid it by going away for a day occasionally to Santa Barbara or somewhere, as he does at Brockwood by going to London. Erna and Theo said they felt it vital that I live in Ojai. K said again some of what he had said to me in the car about getting inside his brain, etcetera. "We are responsible for the teachings, carrying it on. One has understood something and speaks out of that." I raised what he had said about only two of the Buddha's disciples having understood what he said, and both of them died before he did, yet Buddhism had been alive and a force all those years. K's teaching exists, is living. But he wanted more—someone or some group who could speak out of its own understanding. I felt Erna and Theo were troubled by this, not feeling they could speak, only back up K or someone who had that capacity. K asked if we could see into his mind. I said from long listening that, often when he was questioned, I felt I knew what he would answer but not how he would bring the questioner to understand it. Apparently the Lilliefelts wanted my help and presence.

As to the rest and privacy, it was agreed that all activities, including the adult center, must be as soon as possible concentrated in the west end of the valley, leaving McAndrew Road private. We then came home, K driving part of the way.

On the thirteenth, he greeted me with a "Happy Birthday" unexpectedly, as it was a fact I tended to ignore. Then, looking mischievous over lunch, he said, "I am feeling TISMIC." It seemed that was what he and Nitya said about people putting on "mystic" airs. On the fifteenth, a hot and beautiful day, at lunch he said, "You believe what you already know, you see what you have already seen. Therefore you never see anything." We were discussing how people equate everything with past events. Also he told me how he wanted a letter answered that came from a library lumping him with Vimala Thakar, U.G. Krishnamurti, Bubba Saint John, etcetera. He suggested, "Krishnamurti has made it very clear for the last fifty years that he does not wish to be connected with any group or person, for he considers that they are all reactionaries, traditionalists, and accepters of

spiritual authority. They allow themselves to become followers and so deny totally what he has been saying for years, which is to be a light to yourself. Do not follow anybody, don't accept the authority of any guru." We then went to movie *The Cassandra Crossing*—nonsense, but enough suspense to divert and rest. At home, he said, "I feel rather tismic."

We went again on the eighteenth to Ojai. Going along the beach road, K said, "During the last three or four months, something has been happening during sleep. It sounds silly, but it is a sense of ecstasy, as though the brain were trying to assimilate a depth. A depth usually means shallowness. It isn't like that. It is a depth that is the opposite of shallowness. Dreams are usually superficial and have very little meaning. I have hardly any dreams."

I asked how he perceived it.

K: "When I woke up, there was a strange feeling that I haven't had before."

M: "Is it that the brain is touching something it hasn't touched before?"

K: "Yes, that's it. It is something the brain hasn't touched before. It isn't an experience. In that sleep there is a greater penetration into something thought can never touch."

M: "What happens to most people is that something is seen and the brain tries to understand what it is. How is this different? Is it outside of what the brain can investigate?"

K: "The brain is trying to understand it, trying to find out what it is."

M: "When you say the brain, do you mean thought, or is the brain without thought?"

K: "No, not thought."

A little later, he said, "Do you remember that night when we were sitting quietly and there was something in the room? That has been happening more. It happened in India a little."

I asked him about the pain, and he said it was going on slightly all the time. I asked if the "otherness" of the *Notebook* and this that he was speaking of was the same. He said, "Yes, yes. But I don't remember the other. It is gone."

M: "Though you don't make a comparison, you know what I mean?"

K: "Yes."

In Ojai, we met with other trustees and discussed going ahead with building plans and school matters. K went into the intent of the school. He said if he were a parent he would

send his child to us so that he would be intelligent enough to live in society as a total being. It was after 7 when we reached Malibu.

Krishnaji spent the next day in bed, except for a walk around the lawn in the afternoon. In the evening, I read a review of a book about fairies and asked K when was it that he used to see them. In England, he saw them when they lived at Ashdown Forest; he saw them all the time. Sometimes he was afraid to walk at night, but he couldn't describe them to me. He had forgotten. Could Nitya see them? He couldn't remember. Did he see them in India? Probably. Could he see them today if he tried? Maybe. Probably I could see them in the grove at Brockwood. Why then and not later? "It was after coming from India. Later probably he became more sophisticated and didn't see them."

Going to a movie had its attractions, and we drove to some in afternoons—preferably ones with a little action, not too much amour and, if possible, handsome scenery in the background. Usually there was a pause at the health food store on the way back. In the car, a query: "I was wondering how you came into all this? It must have been planned."

On February twenty-fourth, we left early for Ojai. Conversation in the car turned to atmosphere, the good or the bad. I said that for me there was in the village of Ojai a strong sense of something disagreeable, of nasty people. I asked, "Do you know why?"

K: "There <u>is</u> that."

M: "You can see it?'

K: "There is animosity, there is conflict, there is envy."

M: "Why is it there?"

K: "Because people who feel that way go there, contaminate it. That's all."

We talked a little further, and K asked me how I met it. I said I did nothing about it, just sensed it, but the larger relation for me in a place was to the land, the beauty, the hills, the ocean, the light. And K said there must be no resistance, no antagonism. "There is compassion. There is no self, nothing one was defending and there <u>was</u> the extraordinary beauty of the hills and light. There is no self in this, but there is a goodness that can be invoked or be allowed to form a circle through which the other does not come. But as long as one resists or has some antagonism to the bad, the good cannot be."

We met with other trustees, as well as Charles Moore and Murray Silverstein to look at designs for an assembly/adult center. It seemed more or less to please. They were to do a model and make several additions—plans for single rooms where thirty could stay. All lunched at Arya Vihara. Moore, etcetera left, and trustees agreed to ask Zelma Wilson to design the classroom building. Then K, Erna, Theo, and I walked down Grand Avenue. It was dark when we came back, and a car swerved to avoid a bicycle without lights and

came very near K and Theo walking about twenty feet behind Erna and me. K and I spent the night in the cottage.

In the morning, K said he had slept badly, had nightmares. “Evil ones were trying to push me, fight me, and I was trying to make a circle around myself but it didn’t work and finally I woke up. I was trying to make a circle around the house. I knew you were in there, and I was trying to a make circle.” When I asked him about why the circle didn’t work, he said, “Well, it did, because I woke up.” He had cramps in his right foot and had to crawl on the floor with it. Then he went to sleep, and the other foot had a cramp and again he had to crawl to relieve it. Then we started to talk again about making the circle, and he said it was something he didn’t want to talk about. I said was it magic? He said, “Yes, sort of it.” I asked if he had learned it—was he taught it? He said no, but he knew things like that. I asked why it shouldn’t be told to other people. I said I wasn’t asking him the magic itself, but why it shouldn’t be told? He said, “I have an instinct about it. I’ve never talked about it.” Then he said, “Do you remember when we first came to this house? [Pine Cottage] I wanted to run from it, it was bad, it was all wrong. And then we came and stayed and it became all right and it got better. Do you remember that?” I remembered. And out of this he told me he does this thing whenever he comes to a house—Brockwood, Malibu, the cottage, or presumably Chalet Tannegg, or a hotel room, he does what he called drawing a circle around the place, and he said that when he is not with me it is difficult for him to do it—when I am traveling or away, yet even when I go to town in the car alone he does it to some degree to protect me. In this there was what I gathered was the crux. One does not protect, as he put it, “Maria or one’s self. There is no self in this because there is no opposition. The intrinsic part is the non-self and non-opposition.” He spoke of angels—not angels as sentimental beings—“that blah,” as he put it—but an invitation to the good, to beauty. The subject we had discussed before of my feeling antagonism in Ojai came up again and my not reacting to that but being open to the reality of the beauty of the valley, the hills, in which there was no self, and he said, “Yes, you know that now, now move from that; no opposition, no center, but invitation to the beauty and the good.” And he spoke of there being the forces of good, the forces of evil. “The forces of evil are enormously widespread. You sense it tremendously in the world today, you see it in the brutality of the wars, the killing, the torments, the hurting of animals, and destroying of the loveliness of nature. But there is the enormous force of good.” He wanted me to talk to the Lilliefelts about it, not from him but to talk about this non-centered, non-self fed sense of the other. He said that he did many things but that magic mustn’t be taught. There were things he could do that if I learned on my own I think he implied I could not do. He spoke of arriving at Vasanta Vihar the year before, and the house was filled with the bad, and they made the mistake of not taking him to his old rooms but to his new rooms upstairs. Somehow, he fainted, and Sunanda, who didn’t understand those things, left him alone, but finally when he came to, he did this thing and it became good. I said there would be great pressure of the bad on the places in Ojai, and he said it was simple to change that. “It is not strong enough. One makes something different and good.”

At 11 a.m. he held a discussion with parents and teachers at Arya Vihara. We left at 4 p.m. and drove slowly home. On the way, he said that I must learn to heal. “It is to be

without self, with compassion. Not for the person—but compassion." I asked if he could heal himself? He said no, but then said, "Perhaps I could if you put your hands and then I put mine on yours."

The next day, the Dunnes were having friends to lunch, and Krishnamurti's doctor, Lailee Bakhtiar, was one of them, so I asked her to stop by ahead of time. She examined his chest, compared the X-rays taken recently in London with ones taken two years earlier. All was well. His blood pressure was 120/80. She said he had chronic bronchitis, which an antibiotic could clear, but it would probably recur. She gave a prescription for a cough mixture to thin mucous and suggested it was time he saw a urologist.

On February twenty-eighth, Dorothy Simmons and Mary Cadogan arrived from London and were met by Mark and Asha Lee, who brought them briefly to Malibu on their way to Ojai.

On March first, K and I went to Beverly Hills for K's appointment with the urologist Dr. Marvin Hausman, recommended by Dr. Bakhtiar. He took K's medical history and examined his prostate. He found no enlargement but recommended an IVP (dye and X-rays of the bladder) for further checking. K found Dr. Hausman a quiet, gentle man, as Lailee had said. We went on to K's barber for a haircut and then parked in the back of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, where we had our picnic lunch in the car. We then drove to Westwood, where K saw a movie, *Network*, while I had a meeting with Charles Moore and Bart Phelps on designs for Pine Cottage. I was back at the theater by the time the movie was over, and we drove home to Malibu.

Section Thirteen

CHAPTER 42

On Wednesday, March second, 1977, we packed in Malibu and after lunch drove to Ojai and moved into the cottage. Dorothy Simmons was in the downstairs guest flat next door, Saral and David Bohm were in the upstairs flat, and Mary Cadogan was staying with the Lilliefelts. Margrete and Fritz Wilhelm, Radha Burnier, Ahalya Chari, and Alan Kishbaugh were at Arya Vihara. At 11 the next morning, Krishnaji held the first meeting, to which the two Siddoo sisters also came, as did Evelyne Blau, Ruth Tettemer, Albion Patterson, and Mark Lee.

K began by saying that he wished to discuss what would happen when he died. The books, the tapes, etcetera were not enough. Who would be the overall guardian to see that the teachings were protected and that there be no division between the Foundations? There should be a group who had known K, been with him, who had the perfume of knowing him, had understood something of the teachings, who will go about and convey that understanding and talk about it. The group should be formed during K's lifetime; a group of those who have not only known him but are respected by others and who have no other interest but this. Only such a group will hold things together.

We lunched at Arya Vihara. Later K, Radha Burnier, Ahalya Chari, and I went for a walk, and Erna joined when we passed her house. In the evening, they all dined at Arya Vihara, but Michael Krohnen brought soup and salad to the cottage so Krishnaji and I had our supper on trays as usual.

It had been suggested that all but K meet on our own on the days between meetings with K. So we did, and there was the beginning of a good discussion. Meanwhile, K received David Weideman in the cottage, and he was invited to join us for lunch. A television was installed in the cottage, and K decided we would watch only news, not just anything that comes up. K felt he would sleep better.

The second meeting with K was held in the morning of March fifth. He raised suggestions made by India for an "apex group" of representatives of the Foundations without power or authority but as guardians of the purity of the teachings, to discuss major problems and hold Foundations together in spirit and structure. This rose the hackles of some. It was clear that K wanted it to guard against separation and do what he had been doing, know what was happening in each place, pointing out what was needed, and urging improvements, etcetera. But equally clear was an initial pulling back from what was seen as a "special body." The word "apex" was especially bothersome. Theo, in particular, saw in it all sorts of implied spiritual authority.

In the afternoon, Ahalya came and sat on the front verandah of the cottage, and we talked intensively about the work, the schools, and the need for teacher training; the matters that affected us all. K came out after his nap and he, Ahalya, Radha, Dorothy, Alan Kishbaugh, and I walked down to Reeves Road and back.

On our return, K switched on the television, and there were President Carter and Walter Cronkite answering telephone calls from the public. K kept saying, "This man will change a lot in this country." He would have liked to telephone in a question—through me. The question was: "This country and people are lacking respect, integrity, and morality. What can be done about it?" K said no one had asked a moral question.

Without K, we met on the morning of the next day, and there was continued contention about the "special body" suggestion, with Theo unable to let go of his fuss about the word "apex." He also challenged, somewhat aggressively, Radha Burnier's continuing position in the TS and its Esoteric Section. She said she would give a reply but not then.

The third session with K followed on March seventh. He asked what their reaction would be if he appointed one or more "at apex"?

"Dismay," said Erna.

"Grave psychological disturbance," said Theo.

"Well, I'm not going to," said K. "The idea of apex was a group to hold all this together. No apostolic succession. Don't suspect India is trying to put something over. But how will these Foundations be held together?" As the discussion progressed, the idea grew that people from each Foundation should go to India with K that year, and in addition there should be annual meetings of the whole group. This was tentatively agreed to, and we were to discuss it among ourselves. We then went on to talk about the adult centers—a name K didn't like. He said he knew what he would say to people who came to it if he were Fritz or one of us. "'I've heard K talk. I've understood what he said. I'm not speaking my own feelings. I've put aside my own capacities and am here to convey what I have understood.' Discuss it, work at it so that they catch something of that. Not my own notion—totally impersonal. The trustees are representative of what they have heard, understood, and live." K slept after lunch and was tired on the walk with Dorothy, Ahalya, and me.

At the next session with K, on March ninth, he asked what would prevent someone, when we were all gone, from taking over everything? How could we ensure that would not happen? What will keep everything moving, flowering? "What am I to do? Everything else is secondary. It is the main thing occupying my mind. I'll go on talking as long as I can, travel as long as it is physically possible, not to the end—I don't want to die on the platform—but it is my responsibility. The Foundations haven't felt this, so it is my responsibility. What am I to do? This has been in my mind for a couple of years." He then went into the analogy of a baby: If one has a baby, one cares for it, etcetera. "This is my baby," he said, and it became clear that the rest of us felt it was his baby, not ours. No one had an answer to what the Foundations could or should do with *his* baby. He spoke of the disintegration into ritual, etcetera after the deaths of the Buddha and other teachers. How can it be kept alive? He said, "Because it has never been done, it is possible. That is the challenge." He said the Foundations are the vessels in which the thing goes on flowering. "Can A hand it to B? I will find the answer. It may be that there is no answer.

If that is so, it is the right answer." The power he put forth in this was overwhelming. I felt turned inside out, unable to move for a while after it was over. Others just sat motionless. I felt emptied of everything but the stream of it. How often a river image describes, and did in that most vivid dream, years earlier, in Gstaad of the rushing gray river and the majestic redwood tree. K's purpose, his teaching, was the stream. I entered it long ago and there was only the stream in my veins, mind, heart. The bits and pieces of self wash away. I walked back to the cottage and sat on my cot. K came in and quieted me when he saw I was shaking. After lunch, he saw the Siddoo sisters, who told him of their plans for starting their school in Canada. We then drove to Malibu.

On the way, I asked him if there were such a thing as genius, in its real sense, in the field of religion—an innate, born genius, as in other fields, and, if so, could it perhaps be necessary to be able to do what he was suggesting? He understood my question and seemed to be pondering it. Could this explain the not catching fire when he had lit the flame? I told him of my own image that morning, as he talked—the feeling of my strange and compelling dream. He was the spring, the clear pure water had become a vast lake. The Foundations could keep the water clean and pure, but only he was the spring. So we came home to Malibu.

The next day, March tenth, we went early to Beverly Hills, where K had an X-ray of his kidneys and bladder. We returned for lunch to Malibu, and after a rest drove back to Ojai. Krishnaji held his next meeting with the trustees and said that his and the Foundations' responsibility was to the light of the teaching. The Foundations were to understand the tremendous depth of it. He said, "I feel responsible to see this thing is conveyed fully, not partially. It is your responsibility to understand it. It is not a one-way street. If you feel total responsibility, you will have capacity, then it happens. Capacity comes as one gets into it. So my responsibility is to see that each member of the Foundations understands. If some are not so involved, what shall we do together? What is preventing it? Is not flowering a tremendous issue to you? It may be there all the time—this crisis. Crisis has no motive. To ask how to bring about a crisis is too silly. Either it <u>is</u> a crisis, or it is not at all. If it is a crisis, it will happen. Crisis is a tremendous need to understand. I would be at it, watching, questioning, seeing if my mind is conditioned, ambitious. I would work at it, investigate, feel I've <u>got</u> to find out. If flowering is not happening, it would be a crisis, a challenge. If Foundation members realize it is not a crisis to them, then it will take place. My responsibility is to feel the tremendous crisis. I've been wondering the last few days what it was. I see it now. If that is my responsibility, what will I do if you don't [realize the crisis]? Walk out? Or work at it? Give it a time limit? What is my responsibility? To go to a new group and go through all that again? My tremendous responsibility is to see that you flower, and yours is to see that it becomes a crisis in your life. But if it doesn't, what shall I do? Another group? Same problem, so I can't leave this group. I'm beginning to see something: knowing if I leave this group it will be worse, utterly futile, a waste of colossal energy. I can't divorce. Do I put up with it? I refuse. I have to do something to make you change. I am going to stick to it."

Everyone seemed stunned, silent, and deeply moved by this, sitting without moving.

After lunch, K and I drove Ahalya Chari and Radha Burnier to Malibu, K doing most of the driving. Everyone was having the weekend off. On arrival, I spoke to Dr. Hausman about the results of K's X-rays. He found a "small obstruction," was 85 percent sure it was in the prostate but said there was a 5 percent possibility of a tumor and wanted to do a cystoscopy to find out. An appointment was made for March twenty-eighth to discuss it.

We spent a quiet weekend, K resting in bed, except for coming to the table for lunch and walking in the garden. Ahalya, Radha, and I talked, rested, and read. We didn't leave the place until Sunday afternoon, when we drove back to Ojai.

March fourteenth, at the trustee meeting, K asked what would bring people to the centers. He said that if he had come to the Buddha, it would have been to find out how he thought, how his mind worked, why he said certain things, to understand his mind, to be in that atmosphere, to see the quality of the Buddha. He said that when K is gone, people would come saying, "'You have spent time, gone into it with him, so being there you must have captured something.' This is fundamental: then you can discuss fear, etcetera." He said the books were all right, but greater depth is not reached that way. Some other quality was necessary; some quality that cannot be reached through this [effort on this level], though one must be without fear, sorrow, etcetera. That is not the end. He said, "You haven't asked for this. When you want it, you get it. And don't spend a whole life laying the foundation. Something much more must take place."

Again the impact of what he said left most of us silent and overwhelmed. It was cold, and we had lunch inside Arya Vihara. I went to Ventura for electric blankets. It was so cold in the cottage it was hard to sleep.

The next day, March fifteenth, K and I drove to Cynthia Wood's in Santa Barbara. The trustees were there, and so were architects to show revised plans for the school building. These were approved, and a go-ahead was given. We drove back to Ojai slowly through the hills, and K smiled all the way and was amazed at the profusion of avocado trees newly planted.

Mary Cadogan came to the cottage to talk to me, and K joined us. She mentioned the worry of some over Radha's position in both the TS and K Foundations. K said he would talk to her privately before it was brought up again in meetings. We spoke too about the implications of what he had been telling us and asked if his presence would make it more possible for us to carry on. Something more than what we had learned would be at work. Later, alone with him, I tried to say what I had seldom mentioned but was the ground for me—that, with all my being, I wanted to go all the way in this. I said too that throughout it I had seen that wanting, willing, seeing is not the way, that it moves against realization, but that there remained a burning center that cared only about what he called "much more." I spoke of "opening the window," and he said to speak of it in the meetings.

March sixteenth, at the trustee meeting, I asked about the "open window" through which the wind may come. K said that "laying the foundation [understanding fears, etcetera]

demands the other. If one understands a part, one understands the whole. Laying the foundation brings about a movement. The volume of water brings the movement. Movement brings energy. In laying the foundation, not taking too long—compress it, then there is momentum, energy, movement. Then discussion would take place on a different level verbally or nonverbally." Later, he said, "Can we act as if K were no longer here? What would you do?" and "If you have imbibed the teachings, you are the teacher."

Then, "You have a deep well; don't go to it with a little bucket. For God's sake, use K. Learn. You've got a short time. It's the responsibility of the Foundations to suck that dry." As it continued, it was clear that one went to the well with no bucket. In the afternoon, K had a long talk with Radha about her positions in both the TS and KFI. She seemed not to have realized that there might be a contradiction. He told Dorothy and me afterward that he had not advised her how to act but to look at the whole of it. He pointed out to Dorothy and me what a difficult decision Radha faced.

The next day, Krishnaji talked to Mark in the morning on the difficulty of finding teachers. In the afternoon, he talked alone with the Siddoos. Erna went with Stanley Cohen to the planning commission hearing on a permit for K's talks in the Oak Grove. Also present were Annie Vigeveno, Austin Bee, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, who had bought the Zalk house. Mr. Kelly voiced opposition because of noise, pot holes in the road, etcetera. We received permission in spite of the objections. K was shocked at Rajagopal sending Bee and Vigeveno to oppose the Oak Grove talks.

The trustees' meeting on March eighteenth began with David Bohm suggesting we start with where the video series he and David Shainberg with K had ended. The subject was the "sacred." What followed was considerable exploration of guilt and responsibility. K rather denigrated responsibility in favor of the much larger and encompassing compassion. "Compassion can never be wrong," he said. "Compassion can never be inadequate in any circumstances. If action comes first, it leads to guilt. Let compassion act. If you are the world, which I feel most profoundly, compassion arises. Sacred is the sense of wholeness. To live at the point of wholeness is a tremendous thing. The teaching is concerned with all of life, and out of that comes compassion. K feels you should enter into this sense of compassion, so he is working at it. You are asking what do we do about this and that—the school, administration, etcetera, and K says stop all that and come into this and you will answer rightly. I won't feel guilty if you don't. I want you to, but it would be a horror if I felt guilty or disappointed. So it is my job to see that you come in. And isn't it your job to see that others come in? But first come here."

"Do we feel guilty because we can't do it? Churches have said you must renounce and there began the guilt. Are you listening consciously or unconsciously? Conscious is reaction. Deep listening is without response. That may be the answer. At that deep level, there is no you and me. At this [superficial level], there is. There is something extraordinary in this. You are listening to K on the surface and you are making an effort to go down there and listen. It doesn't work that way. Can you listen without movement? That may convey what K wants to say." He said that, for instance, he had listened to

Hitler that way and saw instantly what he was. “If you listen at a deeper level [without words] as Foundation members, something entirely different takes place—about the schools, centers, etcetera. Then you are the teachers because you have moved from the periphery to the very center of it. If you really listen in silence, you are there because there is no me, you, the world.”

After lunch at Arya Vihara, we drove back to Malibu, and the following morning, March nineteenth, we flew from Los Angeles to San Francisco and went by taxi to Mrs. Blanche Mathias’s apartment, where K talked to her in private for an hour. She had been having distress over what seemed hallucinations and had appealed to him to understand what was happening. He said her over-sensitivity from illness had made her pick up these things. He didn’t say what else he told her but indicated to me that I already knew how to deal with such things [no center, no self]. We had lunch with her, and afterward Alain came and drove us to his flat, where he took down K’s symptoms to suggest homeopathic remedies. He then ferried us to the airport, and we flew back to Los Angeles, the car, and so to Malibu in time for supper.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we drove to Ojai in time for an 11 a.m. meeting with the trustees. After an hour of discussion on procedural matters, Krishnaji asked if responsibility for flowering rested on all Foundation members. Would we all help each other to bring about in the center a sense of otherness? He said we all talked about guilt, but it was an enormous subject we had not dealt with thoroughly. He said, “I do not think we are demanding of ourselves the highest. We are still saying we can’t do it, it’s <u>yours</u>, we will explain <u>your</u> teachings. If it is yours [the Foundations’], it will not be polluted. I thought yesterday, how do we go through with this? K says, come over in this and drink as much as you can, involve yourself totally, and I fear you are saying it is too much—we don’t know how.”

“In the centers, when someone asks, will you be able to deal with it—not as individuals? Have we solved what we met to discuss—what will happen when K is gone? Or is it insoluble? It has become something I have to do something about.” He spoke of a mine of gold; were we going to stop at the edge of the cave? What are we going to do about the mine of gold? “I’m going to pursue this for the rest of my life with the Foundations. It has happened that we are together. My job is very clear for the next ten years. Whenever we meet I am going to push this thing. What is your dharma? A good word, but spoilt. Dharma means sustain the original, if I may use that word with tremendous hesitation. It is not understood in the West. So what is one to do as a member of the Foundation when K is gone? K has said this mine is a sacred treasure. I leave it to you. What will you do with it? My dharma has become very clear in these meetings. Apart from the public meetings, it is to pull and push you into the cave. I feel this tremendously. I accept that. What will happen at the end of fifteen years? What will you do?”

March twenty-first. Mrs. Gandhi and her son, Sanjay, both failed to win parliamentary seats in the Indian election, and the Congress party was defeated. K was not surprised and wondered what she would do. That afternoon, Radha Burnier, Mary Cadogan, Dorothy Simmons, Erna, and I went to the K&R office to see the archives. Mrs. Vigeveno

admitted us but was totally unresponsive when we asked for material. She said there was no inventory and that she was not there to help us. We saw no manuscripts, no letters to K. Mary tried to telephone Rajagopal but was refused use of the telephone. Radha asked to see material sent from Adyar and received no answer.

The news on the twenty-second was that Mrs. Gandhi had resigned as prime minister. K felt a certain responsibility as he had told her to do whatever was right. And apparently she did.

At the trustee meeting, there was discussion of the relationship between K's teachings, K's words, and truth. Was there such a thing as K's teaching or only truth? Was he talking out of the silence of truth or out of an illusion of truth, the "noise" of illusion. How to find out? Who was to judge? Was it out of the silence of truth or out of reactions, conditioning? "As I don't know, I listen, putting aside personality, influence. I am questioning my own questioning. Can I listen to what he says with an abandonment of the past? Then there is a different relationship to him. I see all the dangers of thought. I am listening out of silence."

The twenty-fourth of March was the eleventh and final trustee meeting. There was a continuation of how we know whether K is speaking truth. David Bohm said insight might see it was true, and having seen it, one can logically work it out. So perception comes at intervals, or is there one perception that never ends? When K dies, the Foundations were to be "guiltlessly," totally responsible to their own perception, insight of the truth K has spoken. One perception is enough; it opens the door. So there is insight all the time. There is never confusion. Would further action confuse perception or would perception never be confused? Mind seeks security in insight. In real perception [complete], there is no confusion. Perception is never partial, but there could not be perception if one's daily life is in disorder. Any conclusion is detrimental to perception. So what is perception? It is without attachment, fear. There is perception only when there is no division between the observer and the observed. In the act of exploring, the act of watching, there is insight. There was the analogy of washing a window through which one looked. The art of watching cleans the window. K said he had never done this, it was never necessary, and David Bohm asked, how then did he know if someone else could? K said, "Because you see it instantly. Must you go through all this, or do it instantly? In seeing the observer is the observed, seeing the working of it, one sees the totality. I think that is the only way."

He was asked if was possible for a human being to see it all at a glance—total perception? K said, "No human being had refused to go through all this [fear, etcetera] and said I won't operate in my conditioned response. If he did, something other might take place. Something other does take place when you look at the whole thing. Yet that man [K] never said that; he just did it. Demand for the essence of excellence washed everything else away. It is possible. One must have a passion for excellence. Total insight is the flame that burns away all confusion. Don't you then act as a magnet when you are passionate to bring about transformation? Passion may be what is missing. It is missing—ask for it!"

After the meeting, we all went to the Ranch House, where I gave the luncheon. The Hookers arranged it nicely, and we ate indoors as a light rain was falling. Later at the office, there was a meeting on brochures. K talked to Ahalya, then he, she, Dorothy, and I took a short walk. It rained too in the night.

The next day, March twenty-fifth, there was snow above the valley on Sulphur Mountain. Mary Cadogan and Dorothy Simmons left for England, and Ahalya Chari went to San Francisco. David Bohm gave a radio interview about Krishnamurti on station KPFK, which we listened to with Erna and Theo at their house. K held teacher and parent discussions on the two following days, and then we returned to Malibu.

K had an appointment with Dr. Hausman at his office in Beverly Hills, where he showed us the X-rays of K's kidneys, which were fine, but the bladder was affected where the prostate was enlarged and exit narrowed. There was a thorough discussion of what should be done. I asked for the prognosis if nothing were done, and he said there would be an eventual stoppage. If done soon, the operation was relatively simple and minor but more complicated if postponed as infection would occur, the kidneys would be affected, also these dire consequences could happen suddenly during travels or in some place without adequate medical facilities at a time when K would be not only older but not in his, as then, excellent overall health. This decided K that it must be seen to here and soon.

K expressed his wish not to be unconscious; his mind must not be made artificially unconscious. Dr. Hausman said a local (spinal block) was very customary and would be done if K wished. K agreed to this. Dr. Hausman explained that there is often a loss of blood in this operation and would K accept a blood transfusion if necessary? K said no to someone else's blood. Dr. Hausman then asked if he would accept his own blood, and K said yes, of course. So he was to give a pint on two different occasions in advance in case it were needed. I said I wanted to be able to stay in the hospital near him, and Dr. Hausman said this would be arranged. The date for surgery was set for May second, and K agreed to convalesce in Malibu for the month of May. K made all these decisions as Dr. Hausman presented them. He saw the necessities, and afterward said he was watching the body to see if it accepted. One other thing he explained to Hausman was that his body had never been invaded—i.e., cut into, and Hausman explained that in this operation there is no incision; entrance is made through the natural opening, the interior of the bladder is looked at, and a small section of prostate around the neck of the bladder is reamed out. The stay in the hospital should be four or five days, then rest at home. K said the muscles of his bladder were very strong, due to yoga, and this makes urine push back into the kidneys when the exit is blocked. We left and did some errands on the way home.

Two days later, K said he was determined to attend the Shainberg psychotherapist conference in New York at the end of April, before the surgery here in May. My brother said we could stay in the Ritz Tower apartment. We went to town and, while K had his hair cut, I fetched cheese enchiladas at the farmer's market, and we had a picnic of them on a shady side street in Beverly Hills. Then we went to a movie, *The Domino Principle*, and came home in time for a walk in the garden. There was a telephone call from Blanche Mathias: her hallucinations were gone after K saw her in San Francisco.

CHAPTER 43

On March thirty-first, 1977, Diane and David Shainberg and their children, Steven and Nancy, who had been staying in Ojai, came down to lunch in Malibu with Krishnaji and me. It was a pleasant visit.

The next day, Alain Naudé rang on his own behalf and Theo's to say that May second, the proposed date for surgery, was bad astrologically. "How superstitious are we?" said K, but on the ignore-nothing-for-his-good theory, I asked Dr. Hausman to change the date to May ninth, which was all right, according to Alain.

K and I drove to Ojai in time for lunch. Afterward, we took Ahalya, who had returned from San Francisco, to look at the Oak Grove, which was ready for Krishnaji's opening talk the next day. Everything seemed in order, and there was fencing neatly around the perimeter. We had to get permission to hold the talks from the county that year.

Saturday, April second, had clouds but no rain, and at 11 a.m., K gave his first talk and spoke on the need for security—the only security being intelligence. The talk was recorded in color on video by a Santa Barbara television station for the Foundation. A Mr. Sperling of the Ventura County Planning Commission that gave the permit was there to inspect. An estimated 3,000 people attended. Afterward, K went over to where Alan Hooker had organized lunch, but after appearing, K came back to the cottage, where we had lunch quietly.

April third. K gave his second Oak Grove talk and we lunched there. In the afternoon, I typed letters to Pupul and Sunanda for Ahalya to take to India. I gave them the news of Krishnaji's coming surgery. Ahalya came on the afternoon walk with the Lilliefelts and Alan Kishbaugh, and then we said goodbye. Her presence had been a pleasure.

The next day, the Bohms came to say goodbye. They were to go to New York, but before leaving, K and David talked and the conversation turned to the subject of evil. My notes of this missed some of the beginning but the following is what I have:

K: "There are other forces. You may use the word *evil*. There are people in the world who are evil."

DB: "Would you say force penetrated beyond the ordinary communication?"

K: "They penetrate only when <u>that</u> interest is not in charge."

DB: "What is not clear to me is, suppose there is an evil person making evil through his words and actions, but suppose I don't see him, he is somewhere far away."

K: “But there is a very well-known phenomenon—I can think about you happily with affection and care—or I can hate you.”

DB: “Now does that hate affect you when you are far away?”

K: “Yes, that’s what I mean.”

DB: “Then there is a transmission of thought?”

K: “Oh, obviously, obviously.”

DB: “Yes, well, it’s important to get it clear because it contradicts what people usually accept. But you are quite clear on that, quite sure of it?”

K: “I’m quite sure. Personally, when I go to a place with which I’m not familiar, where I haven’t lived—say, when I first came here after ten years—I came through that door, I felt appalled. I said it to her; I ran out.”

DB: “How is it now?”

K: “Nothing. It’s all gone.”

DB: “But what happened?”

K: “The other thing is stronger. It cannot be touched. That’s why, when the doctor said to me do you want it [anesthesia] by injection or total anesthesia, I said I did not wish to be unconscious.”

DB: “It occurred to me, you say these people are caught in confused thought, nevertheless there is a transformation possible whereby they get [something] out of it. Would you say, suppose you took an anesthetic and were caught and an evil thought took hold of you…”

K: “Oh, but I don’t want to go through all that, of course.”

MZ: “Is it relevant to ask what is the difference between the unconsciousness of anesthesia and sleep?”

K: “Oh, that is entirely different. There it is natural. This is unnatural.”

MZ: “Because it is imposed?”

K: “You’re forced, you’re driven out.”

DB: “Now, with sleep, would you say there is a kind of attention?”

K: “Oh, yes, that intelligence is watching.”

In the afternoon, Isabel Biascoechea, Alfonso Colón, Mr. Riesco, and Sendra came to see K and more or less had things out. Sendra had an elaborate plan by which the Fundación would do all the work of his publishing ventures and pay him and his wife for life. It was rejected. K left whether Sendra should remain a trustee to other members of the Fundación, but with a strong implication that he resign or be asked to leave by the others.

On April fifth, K held the first of the public discussions in the Grove, and on the following day, while he spent the day in bed, he dictated a letter to Rajagopal saying he would be coming to see the archives on April fifteenth and was concerned by the report of trustees that none of his manuscripts were there. He would be coming to see them and also letters of Mrs. Besant, C. W. Leadbeater, and Aldous Huxley.

After the next public discussion, various people came to lunch, including Pascaline Mallet and Gizelle Questiau. There were public talks on April ninth and Easter Sunday. In the evening, with great seriousness, he told me that I must be watchful of him after the operation, that the line between life and death was very thin for him, and that I must remind him to be watchful.

The next day, I wrote to Dorothy and Mary Cadogan about his plans to have the operation and to stay in California through May. K saw Sendra alone, who tried to undo agreements made at the last meeting with other Fundación members. K said no. We walked later, and in the evening he spoke to me again about not letting him slip away in the hospital. I must talk to him, remind him “to be very watchful after the operation.” He said that the body for the last three days had been resisting the operation, and that the danger was that he—K—might suddenly say, “that is enough,” and slip out. He said that the line between life and death was always there; it had happened to him in the past, it happened there in Ojai when he was walking in the mountains, it had happened in India where he “goes off” and “wanders away,” as he put it, and it could happen. He said he must not take any sedation, but in particular I must be watchful. I asked what I could do, and he said to talk, talk to him. It wouldn’t happen with strangers about, but after he comes back to his room after the operation. I must talk to him and remind him too in the morning before the surgery. I must also remind him before he donates his blood. I must be watchful. The night before, we had been joking about something—“a home loan,” which was being advertised on television—and I said, “Do you wish to apply for a home loan?” and he said, “Yes.”

“For what purpose?” I asked.

And he said, “For an operation,” which threw me because, since he made the decision to have it, he had not referred to it except factually, and suddenly in the middle of this joking conversation it came up. Later, I asked him if he didn’t want to have the operation: Did he wish to cancel it? He said no, it was decided. I asked him once more and he said, “No, if one neglects it and if there were a stoppage, it would be much worse.” But I must remind him.

He held the third public talk in the Grove on April twelfth. There were guests at lunch at Arya Vihara, and a question was asked about thought being matter. K said that thought as matter dies with the body, which is matter, but he implied that thought in some form enters a stream of consciousness and continues. I tried to ask him to clarify more specifically how this happens, but this did not seem the moment he wanted to do it. A question was asked about reincarnation, and K said that the body and mind die, but thought is like an energy put out by the mind; it is matter and continues, as evil exists, as the good put out by man exists.

In the afternoon, he called in Colón, Isabel Biascoechea, Riesco, and Sendra and chastised Sendra for his mixing Theosophy and K's teachings. He told the Fundación members that they must deal with this and with Sendra.

The next morning, he again spoke of my being watchful when he donates blood too, and that I must tell the Lilliefelts of the possible danger. At 9:30, Charles Moore and Bart Phelps came with a mock-up of how to link the cottage with the new wing. K liked it and a sample of gray roofing. While I was with the architects, K talked to Mark Lee about teacher problems. He remained in bed but had the Lilliefelts, Mark, Alan, and Evelyne come in to discuss teachers' salaries and other dissatisfactions. He said they must understand that what is being done is the main thing. Then, suddenly, he asked me if he could tell them what he had told me about the operation. He told them he had always lived a very fine line between living and dying, that he "mustn't slip away" in the hospital, that he had told me what to do. They were in tears. When others had left, he called Erna and Theo back and talked to them a little more about it.

April fifteenth. In line with our legal rights in the settlement agreement with Rajagopal, Krishnaji had written to Rajagopal informing him that he wished to visit his archives and mentioned planning to look at certain letters, manuscripts, etcetera. So he, Erna, Theo, Ruth Tettemer, and I went to the building on Besant Road. Austin Bee admitted us and Rajagopal quickly appeared. He said he didn't know where K's manuscripts were, and all the other material was his personal property. Krishnaji then left, but before he did, I asked K to look at the two first photographs I had found in an album, apparently put together by Nitya, as the writing underneath was his. These were of "Krishna, aged about five" and "Krishna's mother"—a separate photograph. K looked at them and then left.

CHAPTER 44

There were quiet days, K resting, walks, and one movie expedition, and May eighth, 1977 began with Krishnaji doing his exercises very thoroughly, and then Erna and Theo came to lunch. We spoke of the apparent immaturity of teachers in the school and of Erna having written to Mr. Cohen about Rajagopal's flouting the agreement on visiting the archives. She had also written to Rajagopal that she and Krishnamurti would come on May seventeenth to start an inventory of archives. There was discussion of the JK–Leadbeater letters and how one judges the credibility of them. I pointed out that there was then only one witness one could ask—K himself. He said that he didn't really accept his

own youthful testimony of seeing masters, etcetera as reliable. He didn't remember at that point, but he also pointed out that at that age he was very young, younger than his numerical age, was impressionable, etcetera. We had to interrupt this conversation and be off. The Lilliefelts went to a motel near the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital so that they could be there the following morning. K and I drove through a downpour of rain to the hospital and checked into the eighth floor, where Dr. Bakhtiar had ordered a private duty nurse who was on hand, a nice quiet young woman, sensitive and understanding. K had a large corner room with a table and couch, but they had also provided a room next to his for me. K did whatever he did to somehow "cleanse" the room to make an atmosphere, a protective something, and later he went alone into my room to do the same.

Lailee Bakhtiar appeared and talked alone with K, taking more medical history. Then the hospital pre-surgery routine unrolled: chest X-ray, blood chemistry, EKG, etcetera. It made it smoother to have Miss Mitchell, the private nurse. I talked to the dietician.

When we were alone, K asked me if I felt something in the room. I did immediately. A strong sense of—how to describe it? A presence, an intensity very quiet but there, perceptible to nerve endings, a perimeter in which there was something alive, vital, strong. It was something un-assessable, un-provable. I was aware of the danger of imagining, but it was clear and part of what I had been sensing in recent days—a strength in which emotion and self were absent.

K had said that morning that "the body resists this"—meaning the operation. I asked how the body expressed this, and he laughed and said, "I don't want to go," but in the evening he said, "It is all right. Can you feel the atmosphere?" and I could. Something was strongly around him. I spoke to him as he had told me two weeks earlier, to be attentive. He said it was not necessary, he had talked to the body. I was only to remind him in the morning to be careful "while I am in their hands."

Earlier, the anesthesiologist, a woman named Dr. Stoka, came and described carefully the spinal he was to have. She examined his back, discussed normal medication, which would be a tranquilizer and something to have a good effect on blood pressure, but because Krishnaji had never taken tranquilizers, there was the factor of his not wishing his consciousness to be lessened. I talked to her, explaining this and, without going into it too much, spoke of the good of her keeping a contact conversationally with him during the operation. All this seemed to be well handled. Cedars Sinai is an enormous building, but because it had only been completed and opened less than a year earlier, there was less of a hospital atmosphere. When K had his X-ray, we walked for exercise, K in his new gray viyella Charvet dressing gown, with the nurse leading the way, briskly up and down the very long empty hall. It was as it had been in airports between flights, like the one to Australia. There were Redon reproductions in the hall that K liked and stopped to examine, and he recognized the Van Gogh sunflowers as we passed. By this time, he was ready to sleep, had seen the sequences of hospital life, and seemed to think everything was well handled. So he said he was ready and felt "all is taken care of."

May ninth. Neither of us slept too well, and each got up at five. K did his breathing exercises and a few asanas. I spoke to him, “Be attentive, remember, be careful.” He said he knew the body was ready, everything was all right. He had shaved but didn’t have time for a shower. A bored attendant came with a gurney, and K climbed onto it on his own. He smiled at me. I said, “Stia attenta, non dimenticare.” He replied, “Non abbia paura.” I: “Sto con lei.”

As he was wheeled off down the hall, I followed until he went into surgery. It was 7:30 a.m. Erna and Theo came, and so did Evelyne. A private duty male nurse was able to find out that he would be out of the recovery room by 9:30, but before that, the surgeon, Dr. Hausman, appeared and told us that the operation was a complete success; K had come through it perfectly but he had found that the neck of the prostate was congenitally smaller than normal, so that with enlargement of the prostate there was almost complete blockage. The condition must have existed for years, and the operation should have been done long ago. He had enlarged the neck of the bladder. TURP is the name of this operation: trans-urethral-resection-prostate. It would take some time for the bladder to relax and readjust. Dr. Hausman would give medicine for this later. K had not lost much blood and transfusion of his own, which he had donated, was not needed.

He was back in his room by 9:45. Erna, Theo, and Evelyne came in briefly to greet him and then left. He had intravenous glucose all day and saline in and out of a catheter. Various testing went on, and K kept saying they wouldn’t do all this in India or in England. The thoroughness impressed him. He did breathing through a bottle to keep the lungs exercised. He drank fruit juice all day and said he was thirsty. He said he had some pain and was given Tylenol and codeine, but was inclined to go too long without it. Dr. Hausman came by just after noon and repeated that if he himself were having this operation, he could not want it to go better. K was interested to see the surgical instruments. When we were alone, he asked me if it had been my imagination the night before about the room. He said the body had not wanted to go through with it when he waited in the surgery, but he talked to it. The spinal went easily and wore off quickly. The operation actually took fifty-five minutes, he said, and time in the recovery too was not long. He told me that after quieting the body, he was without thought until he was back in his room. At his urging, I went out briefly and bought him *Time* and *Newsweek*.

Miss Mitchell came on duty at 3 p.m. We sat for a while, and then she went to order K’s meals for the next day. He wanted spinach and cheesecake. After she left, he took my hand and said to sit near, but not too near the bed. “This is the danger point. I feel like going off—not fainting, you understand.” I talked to him quietly as he has instructed me, but then he stopped me: “No, no, you mustn’t say anything, you mustn’t interfere. You mustn’t think about anything.” He had me move to the foot of the bed opposite him. His face became inward-turned, a slightly hallucinated look. This was interrupted by Lailee coming in to see him. Dr. Hausman had left orders for Demerol, if needed, and Lailee told the nurse, Miss Mitchell, to give him a tiny dose—what one would give a child. It was given to him, and he began to feel a dizziness from it. “Is this normal?” he asked several times. It cut the pain but soon made him sick to his stomach, vomiting several times. The hallucinating look increased and he kept telling the nurse to go and have her

supper, which she had done earlier. It was by now a little before 9 p.m. While she was out of the room, he told me, "I felt the body floating and there was a dialogue between death and the other, and death was winning." The nurse had returned to the darkened room, and this seemed to bring him out of the state he had been in. We were able to talk about this in spite of her comings and goings. He said there was nothing I could do, not to interfere. I pointed out that the presence of the nurse had brought him round, but he said, "It will come again tonight until it is settled." Soon he lapsed again into the "off" state and said, "Since 5 [a.m.] so many people have touched the body." And he began to count them. "About ten have touched me." There was a sense of violation in all that had been done to him, and soon he began to look about as though seeing things, making random gestures, raising his right arm, then, "Where am I?" [pause] "I've been wounded" [looking about]. "Where's my brother Nitya?" The voice was light, higher, almost a boy's. Then, "I want to join you, Nitya." And then, "I'm going away."

I had said nothing until this, but then said, "No, Krishna, you are going to be well, and strong." After a few seconds, he gave a deep-sounding cough, his normal cough, and his voice dropped to its normal level. He said, "That's better." And then, "I'm not going. I'll join you later, Nitya. Much later. Another ten years."

Later, he said, "One mustn't be burdened with the past." And still later, "You and I mustn't be in an automobile accident, so drive carefully." And again later, "I'm not a philosopher." Finally, after about an hour, he seemed to come out of it and spoke directly to me. "I'm all right now." The nurse had called Dr. Hausman, who said no more Demerol and had her lessen the size of the balloon in the bladder that kept the catheter in. This lessened the pressure and the pain. He was able to go through two more irrigations of the bladder without pain. After telling me he was all right, he fell asleep, and I felt assurance that he was through it. I slept on and off in the adjacent room, coming in to check. There was a young male nurse on duty.

May tenth. Krishnaji was reading when I came in at 6 a.m. No pain; the irrigations had not hurt. Lailee came in early and so did Dr. Hausman. K didn't want a solid breakfast, but I made a little of his usual muesli, and he ate it, saying, "Appetit vient en mangeant." Dr. Hausman ordered that the intravenous glucose be discontinued as well as the saline drip. K still had the catheter bag but was able to get up and walk in the room while the bed was being made. Hausman had ordered probanthine to relax muscles, but after one tablet K threw up again, and so all medications were stopped. After Dr. Hausman's visit was over, K dictated *A Dialogue with Death* as follows:

"It was a minor operation not worth talking about though there was considerable pain. While the pain continued, I saw or discovered that the body was almost floating in the air. It may have been an illusion, some kind of hallucination, but a few minutes later there was the personification—not a person—but the personification of death. Watching this peculiar phenomenon between the body and death, there seemed to be a sort of dialogue between them. Death seemed to be talking to the body with great insistence and the body reluctantly not admitting what death wanted. Though there were people in the room, this phenomenon went on, death inviting, the body refusing. It was not a fear of death why

the body was denying the demands of death, but it realized it was not responsible for itself; there was another entity that was dominating, much stronger, more vital than death itself. Death was more and more demanding and insisting, and so the other interfered. Then there was a conversation or a dialogue between not only the body, but the other, and death. So there were three entities in conversation. He had warned before he went to the hospital that there might be a dissociation with the body, and so death might intervene. Though the person was sitting there and a nurse [came and went], it was not a self-deception or kind of hallucination. Lying in the bed, he saw the clouds full of rain and the town below stretching for miles. There was spattering of rain on the windowpane, and he saw clearly the saline solution dripping drop by drop into the organism. One felt very distinctly and clearly that if the other had not interfered, death would have won. This dialogue was expressed in words with thought operating very clearly. There was thunder and lightning, and the conversation went on. Since there was no fear at all, neither on the part of the body nor the other—absolutely no fear—one could converse freely and profoundly. It is always difficult to put a conversation of that kind into words. Strangely, as there was no fear, death was not enchaining the mind to things of the past. What came out of the conversation was very clear. The body in considerable pain was not apprehensive or anxious, and the other was discerningly beyond both. It was as though the other were acting as an umpire, [in] a dangerous game of which the body was not at all aware. Even if it was, there would be no withdrawal from the scene. Death seemed to be always present, like one's shadow. Being concerned with the whole movement of life, death cannot be invited. That would be suicide, which would be utterly foolish. But death and life, or rather the living, in this peculiar phenomenon that was going on, the three were never separate. During this conversation, there was no sense of time. Probably the whole dialogue lasted about an hour, and the time by the watch did not exist. There were no words used but an immediate insight into what each was saying. Of course, if one is attached to anything—ideas, beliefs, property, or person—death would not come to have a conversation with you. Death in the sense of ending is absolute freedom."

"The quality of conversation was urbane. There was nothing whatsoever of sentiment, emotional extravagance to distort the absolute fact of time coming to an end, and the vastness without any border when death is taking part in your daily life. There was the feeling that the body would go on for many years, but death and the other would always be together till the organism could no longer be active. There was a great sense of humor amongst the three of them, and one could almost hear the laughter. And the beauty of it was with the clouds and the rain."

Here Krishnamurti was interrupted by the hospital routine. He said he would review it or add to it later. During the day, he got up and walked several times, and ate well. I went out and got some fresh cherries, the first of the season, which he said were very good. Evelyne came by for a minute. In the evening, he fell asleep naturally around 9 p.m. and slept well. I transferred to a room that connected to his and so had no nurse for the 11 to 7 shift. I went in almost every hour to check, and he was sleeping like a child.

May eleventh. K looked well in the morning and thought that a cheese enchilada from the farmer's market would be nice, so needing exercise and remembering it to be closer than

it was, I walked there and came back with three lunches and some grapes and cherries. The afternoon was harder on K. He had spasms each time a clot passed. Irrigation relieved it but only until the next one. Dr. Hausman came by in the evening just when all was well, said K was doing well and ordered the catheter removed the next morning. He had no sooner left than K had a bad spasm, which Miss Mitchell relieved by irrigation but it was a rough night for K. The floor nurses were not too good. I can't remember if I did more than doze.

The next day was Krishnaji's eighty-second birthday. It began quite miserably at 12:30 a.m. in the morning with pain. At 6 a.m., the catheter was removed by the floor nurse, not too efficiently, but it was out. The male morning nurse came on just before the first normal urination, which was painful and several more caused further pain, but each time it was slightly less. Dr. Hausman appeared and said K could go home the next day, but then Lailee came at noon and thought it might be wiser to wait another day until the fourteenth, giving more time to get used to things while still here and more time to rest before leaving the hospital. This was agreed upon. The afternoon nurse came as usual.

May thirteenth. Lailee came just after 9 a.m. to see K. Dr. Hausman came in the afternoon, saying K was fine and could leave the next day. He prescribed pyridium to ease the pain of voiding. Then he told us that the results of lab tests showed on one "chip" a tiny dot of malignancy. He said it was in the center of normal tissue, was just beginning, and was now out. He said that 80 percent of autopsies of men over eighty years show cancer of the prostate—it was very common, but the men usually died of something else. It is not a swift malignancy. In K's case, it was as if he hadn't had it: no need for special watching. He would examine K on his return to California next year, and because he now knows what K's bladder is like, he would be able to easily tell how he was. All this was further evidence of why it was a good decision to have had the surgery. K listened to all this with equanimity. Miss Mitchell was not really needed, but the continuity of care until his leaving seemed a good thing. She was very helpful in getting bits of equipment we would need at home.

The fourteenth. Lailee came by early. Her evaluation of the lab report tallied with that of Dr. Hausman. We were ready to leave early, but Dr. Hausman was delayed in coming to sign out Krishnaji. Dr. Stoka, the anesthesiologist, came to say goodbye, and so did Dr. Shkolnick, whom Lailee had called in to examine his chest. He said that K was doing well in bronchial matters, (i.e., doing headstands during yoga). He could be given antibiotics, but he was not sure they would help permanently, and they could have possible ill effects, so better to leave well enough alone. He then asked K about meditation, and K gave him a wealth of reply. Dr. Hausman finally appeared in late morning and signed K's discharge. K went in his dressing gown by wheelchair to the car, and so we came blessedly home to Malibu. On the drive, he observed everything as though for the first time, missing nothing. We had a late-ish lunch. All was quiet, and instead of air conditioning there was a gentle freshness from the ocean, the garden smelled of flowers and moist leaves, and quail called from the canyon.

May fifteenth. Each slept a lot. We telephoned Alain and Blanche Mathias and told all that had happened to both, including what K calls "the dot." We also told the Lilliefelts. K walked a little in the garden—it was quiet and beautiful. We played Mozart; the sea made a sleepy summer sound. Hospitals are anti-life—walls, plastic food, and air. The grass, sunlight, and ocean air were healing. K said he felt quite "washed out," but it seemed like the lassitude of relaxation after all that had happened. I too was losing the strain and slept as though deprived for a month.

In subsequent days, Krishnaji rested, walked in the garden, and read. On one of the days he glanced at a photograph we had copied from the archives of himself aged about five, as Nitya's handwriting indicated. Then he asked me what the face said. "I wish I could talk to you without words. Words distort. There is something I want to convey. I've told you about this other face that is somewhere there, there is that, and that boy's face, and then this" [pointing to his own face]. Then he changed the subject.

Alain visited and spent one night with us on May twenty-second, and we took him to the airport the next day on the way to see Dr. Hausman in his office. All was as it should be, but the normal feeling of weakness suggested postponing our return to Brockwood from June seventh to the fourteenth. Then, on the way home, K changed it to the twenty-first. On May twenty-fifth, he resumed doing his asanas and increased walks around the garden to eleven laps.

On May thirty-first, Krishnaji finished dictating the *Dialogue with Death* that he had begun in the hospital on May tenth. He didn't reread what he had said, saying, "I would only rewrite it," so began dictating: "Of course it wasn't death, K and the body, three separate activities on their own, but it was a humorous whole moving together without distinction among them." When in the evening he did have me read the whole piece to him, I pointed out that he had been speaking of death, *the other*, and the body, and now he referred to death, *K*, and the body, so he changed that sentence, putting *the other* in place of *K*.

"You know what I mean by *the other*?" he asked. I nodded, and he said, "The mind that is inhabited by K." Then he continued the dictation: "Words cannot describe this strange movement, which is essentially timeless. Putting this down in black and white on paper is the expression of thought, is the expression through words, and so the movement of thought and time. But the movement of death is not of time. So the description is not the described. However cunningly thought may try to capture it, death is beyond measure. It was a conversation without word, without thought, and so not of time."

Here he paused, searching for words, and said, "Don't look at me." Then he continued: "The sound of this conversation was expanding endlessly, and the sound was the same at the beginning and was without end. It was a song without a beginning or an end. Death and life are very close together, like love and death. As love is not remembrance, death has no past. Fear never entered this conversation, for fear is darkness and death is light."

When I reread this part to him in the evening, I couldn't continue for a bit as I was on the edge of tears, too moved. Then I went on and finished, and he asked if I had felt something then. I said I had felt something there, something listening. He said, "I had tears in my eyes." Neither of us had looked at the other; it was of course "death is light" which lifted something in me that was like a rising light. He finished the dictation: "This dialogue was not illusory or fanciful. It was like a whisper in the wind, but the whisper was very clear, and if you listened, you could hear it, you would then be part of it. Then we would share it together. But you won't listen to it if you are too identified with your own body, your own thoughts, and your own direction. One must abandon all this to enter into the light and love of death."

The architect Charles Moore lunched with us. A likable man. Among other things, we talked about the atmosphere in houses, and surprisingly K spoke of what he did to make a certain atmosphere when he stays in a new or strange room. He told Charles about things done in India that are mysterious: the story of a raving woman, the priest bringing a branch from a certain tree, carrying it around the woman, she quieted a little, then the branch was nailed to a tree and the woman was cured (i.e., the bad was captured out of her into the branch and nailed to a tree); then the holding up of the cross in Christian practice—"only it doesn't always work because the priest is not really religious." And, "You've heard of all these? Well, what I do is none of these." Then he smiled and said nothing more. Moore seemed pleased.

On June second we drove to Ojai for a trustee meeting and lunched at Arya Vihara. On the seventh, K saw Dr. Hausman again, and a slight bladder infection was found, which was the reason K was feeling tired. Sulfa tablets were prescribed. On another day, K came with me to town and looked at marble for the bathroom counters in Pine Cottage. Building bids were coming in on the remodeling. K had a haircut, and we came home.

Going to Ojai on June fifteenth in his green Mercedes, K drove more than halfway. We met with the architects about the plans for the school administration building, and Erna and I went to Ventura about a change in the conditional use permit for the McAndrew Road property. On our return to Arya Vihara for lunch, the school architects received the first bid on its construction and turned white. It was twice that of the professional estimator's figure and our budget. This was the same contractor who was going to send an estimate to me for the work on the cottage. It was so gloomy that everyone began to laugh, and K and I thought it time to leave. I couldn't turn the key in the ignition. K tried, Theo, Erna, Mark Lee, and Michael Krohnen tried, and so did the two architects, and the auto club man. So Erna and Theo drove us home to Malibu, and we had supper in the kitchen. After they left, I searched for something in my handbag and there was the key to the green car. I had been trying to use the one to the gray car. Total idiocy. K was very nice about it and saw I was tired and not functioning.

The next morning, he proposed that we go back to Ojai in the gray car on awakening, no breakfast, just dress and go, so we did, leaving at 6:30 a.m. There was mist along the ocean. "Be without thought," K said (i.e., just look, no reactive thought, no associations to what one saw). We went right to the cottage, where Theo was waiting and invited us to

breakfast, but we came right home. K drove his green car, which started right up with its own correct key. We had breakfast at home by 9:30 a.m.

On June nineteenth Albert Blackburn telephoned from Ojai that James Vigeveno had died of cancer two days earlier. Krishnaji asked me if I thought we should telephone Annie Vigeveno. I said I thought we should. I rang and spoke to her briefly. We both used first names. I said I hoped she would accept my sympathy, and she thanked me. Then Krishnaji spoke to her and said he remembered what a kind man her husband used to be.

The rest of the day was given to packing and to complicated telephone calls about Louis Blau's legal advice that I should acquire the McAndrew Road property before altering Pine Cottage and before selling the house in Malibu to offset certain taxes. Then Bart Phelps, Charles Moore's associate architect, came by with a copy of the specifications for the cottage. All this put me behind in packing, so I tried to persuade K to go to bed and leave me to finish, but it disturbed him for some reason and he kept coming in. So I stopped at 10 p.m. and when around 11 p.m. his quiet "Maria? Maria?" came from the hall, I was already in bed in the dark. He was pleased and went off satisfied to his own room and sleep.

June twenty-first. I rang TWA at 7:30 a.m. to ask if our flight would be landing in London or Paris, as there was some sort of rumor about this. They weren't sure, so I telephoned Dorothy at Brockwood for her to check before going to the airport. We were ready to leave by 10:30 a.m., when Alan Kishbaugh came. K went with him in his car, and Amanda drove me to the airport, where K and I left on TWA at 12:30 p.m. K slept a little before and after lunch. We had our preferred seats, all the way forward, and K exercised by walking in the aisle. Flying eastward, the sun soon set, but that being the longest day, it would soon rise. Amanda had kept remarking how well K looked, and so he did. It filled my heart to see him in his proper health.

Section Fourteen

CHAPTER 45

On June twenty-second, 1977, we landed at Heathrow and were met by Dorothy, Doris, and Ingrid. By 9:30 a.m., we were at green and beautiful Brockwood. Krishnaji went to bed for the rest of the day with lunch on a tray. I took naps but after supper went for a walk. The handkerchief tree was still in bloom, but the grove was somewhat devastated by rabbits after the fence was wired. What had been four garages were now classrooms and could be temporary sleeping quarters during the September talks. The place seemed ever better and always beautiful. I talked to Mary Links.

On June twenty-fifth, Mary and Joe came to spend the night in the West Wing. We had tea with K and then all went for a walk before supper. In the evening, Mary, Joe, and I talked at length.

June twenty-eighth. Borrowing Doris Pratt's mini, Krishnaji and I drove to Petersfield and went then by train to London. The city was in banners for the Queen's jubilee. K left trousers to be altered at Huntsman, and we walked to Fortnum, stopping to buy a jersey for Vanda. K was shocked at the price of £65 for this one. We had a pleasant and leisurely lunch with Mary L. While I went to the lavatory, K started one of his questionings: Was it chance or otherwise that someone turned up to look after him? Example—me. And he repeated again that the only thing he regretted in his life was the association with Rajagopal and Rosalind. He said what an extraordinary life he had had. This remark came after my return, when we were talking about the difficulties facing young people—Mary's grandchildren for instance—in finding jobs, etcetera. He said he had been so fortunate, looked after, always cared for. Did something arrange it all? Did it or they foresee someone (me) to come along who was interested and able to care for him? I asked him, without asking him to tell us anything he didn't want to discuss, if he knew more about this? He said he did, but, "It is not my job to go into that." Yet he had raised this question frequently. It seemed as if there was some mystery in it for him too, as there continued to be about "that boy"—his younger self.

We collected some detective stories at Hatchards and so back to Waterloo and Brockwood.

The next day, K rested and read. I packed, but he only started his packing at 5:00 and did it energetically in short order. All my letter writing was done—a rare summit. We watched Wimbledon—Virginia Wade defeating Chris Evert. K was for Evert. "Come on, Chris! I have fifty pounds on you! What's the matter, Chris?"

June thirtieth. Dorothy drove K and me to Heathrow, stopping for a picnic lunch in the car on the way. On the flight, an obnoxious man sitting across the aisle from K refused to stop smoking, though he was in a nonsmoking seat. I asked the steward to enforce it, but he seemed servile to the man, apologetic to me, suggesting we move seats. I spoke freely, which upset K. "It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter." Then to me: "If someone is boorish,

what can you do?" We landed at Charles de Gaulle and went by taxi to the Plaza Athénée. We took a walk around the block and then had supper in our rooms.

The next day, we rested all morning and lunched in the hotel garden where Nadia Kossiakof joined us for coffee. She and her husband, Nicolas, had enthused over their visit to the United States. Freedom was there, they felt. "Tout est politique en France." We spoke of Mme. Duché and her quiet death.

The next day, July second, we flew to Geneva, rented an Opel Record, large enough for the five bags and two camera cases, and found our way to the Intercontinental Hotel, where Narasimhan met us and guided the way to his apartment building; he provided lunch, vanishing into the kitchen and refusing any help from K or me. A South Indian friend had provided the curries. He was pleased to entertain K, and soon we left and went down the hill to the underground parking garage opposite Patek Philippe, where watches were left to be demagnetized. We walked to Jacquet, which, alas, was closed, but K had the idea that we could find the Braun quartz travel clock he saw in Paris, and so we did at Grand Passage. He was very pleased because it only varied by sixty seconds per year. We made some other small purchase and at 3:30 p.m. set off for Gstaad along the lake, up through centre-ville Lausanne, at K's suggestion, so we came down into Oron by the long road that is like a toboggan run. We both remembered simultaneously, laughing, the place where we had seen the Swiss army with lights on their bicycle pedals looking like a caterpillar in the pre-dawn dark the last time we had motored from Gstaad to Paris. At Bulle, we stopped to buy gateaux Bullois and a glass of apple juice for K.

We reached Chalet Tanneg at 6:30 p.m.; Vanda and Fosca were there. K's room had lost its view of the valley to cupboards and a dressing table, and there were red Wagnerian carpets in the hall. Too tired to unpack, K went to bed. I took a shower and had supper with Vanda. We talked at some length, and I told her more fully about K's night in the hospital after surgery. I was staggered by her telling me that some years earlier, "before you were there," he had been examined in Geneva and the doctor told her that K had a tumor in his bladder that might be cancer. She never told K, and nothing further was done.

The next day, as a result of the drive, K had hay fever. It had been too hot to close the car windows—at least, he had refused—and so the pollen reached him. He stayed in bed and took homeopathic remedies. This continued the following day. I exchanged the Opel for a small Renault. Edgar Graf came to see K, who was trying to help his back. Vanda said that K's TURP operation had only been invented recently and therefore K would have had to have a full operation years ago—therefore, it was right to have ignored the Geneva doctor's diagnosis. Though this ignored the fact of two different organs—bladder and prostate—it seemed to have obliterated for her the possibility that if K had had cancer, as the doctor told her, he might not have been there that sunny day in Gstaad. My brain shivered at this sort of thinking. It became non-discussable, as she believed what she wanted to believe.

July seventh. I had received from Erna copies of various requirements from the Ventura building department for alterations to Pine Cottage, and a hearing was to have been held that day. Frances McCann, Simonetta di Cesaro, and a young Italian painter came to lunch. The Siddoos came at 4:00 to have K sign a lease of their school and adult center buildings for KF Canada from them at $1 for three years. They, of course, own the buildings. Scott arrived in the new Mercedes van rigged as a video center. He brought K's books and sun umbrella. As it was raining lightly, K walked down the hill while I went to the post office to pick up the K–Anderson video cassettes, air-freighted from Ojai to be shown in the tent during the talks. I then met K by the bridge, and we drove to look at the tent. He liked the yellow Renault.

July ninth. Dorothy, Montague, and Doris arrived in the Land Rover with no mishaps. I went by to see them; and Kathy, who bicycled with six other staff and students, came by, sunburned and smiling. Vanda, who is eating almost nothing and refuses all urging to eat more, looks ill. She ate a little at lunch but nothing at supper. K has scolded her, I have urged gently. It is worrisome. K and I walked to the river. A policeman stopped us, asking if we had picked wildflowers or mushrooms. They seemed to be protecting them. We felt very approving. Before retiring, K had me pick out his clothes for the next day's talk. He said goodnight with a thinking-of-something air, said, "Tomorrow I have to talk," and stretched his eyebrows. He was wearing the orange silk kimono dressing gown that stays here for the summers, a sannyasi color and very becoming.

July tenth. The day began with clouds, but the sun appeared before it was time to go to the tent for Krishnaji's opening talk. Vanda went with Mrs. Walsh, who had the downstairs flat. K and I arrived just before 10:30. In spite of the expected rain and it being the first talk, the tent was nearly full. Scott had four monitors and all the video set-up in the new Brockwood Mercedes van, and Mary Cadogan had brought from London the third Sony video camera that was needed, ordered ten days earlier in Los Angeles and brought to London by Donald Hoppen. So all was ready, and K looked well and full of energy. He gave a strong opening talk, laying the basis for there being no security in thought and coming to the fact that the actual and real seeing of this was the action of change and intelligence. In this there is real security.

K walked up the road right afterward. Scott had warned me that the mad girl who had lain in the driveway the previous summer in Saanen and appeared naked in the Oak Grove after an April talk, was lurking by the river, waiting "to cut him off at the pass"—as Scott put it. I asked Scott to walk with him a ways, and so nothing happened.

Vanda brought Mar de Manziarly to the chalet for lunch. In the car, K said, "I had no idea what I was going to talk about when I began." He had lunch in his room, though he sat with us beforehand. In the afternoon, Dorothy brought Mrs. Billimoria and Mrs Puri with things they had brought from India for K. Mangoes too. He talked amiably with them for a while. I took Mar to Caprices, where she was staying, then walked with Vanda and K to Alpina and back. K's face looked thin in the evening, but he did not appear to be over-tired, just normally tired.

The second Saanen talk, on July twelfth, was an intense one on authority, etcetera—a very strong one. It was hot in the tent, and the video lights made it hotter. When I picked him up on the road, he wanted to go to the shoe store in Saanen. It was cool there, and Mr. Kohli found a pleasing pair. We came back to the chalet, and at lunch there was Suad al Radi and a friend of Vanda's who wanted her son and daughter to go to Brockwood. At 4 p.m., I fetched Narayan up the hill to talk to K, and then the three of us walked to the river and back. Narayan stayed to supper with Vanda and me.

In the third talk on July fourteenth, K talked about skill, clarity, and compassion—new material. Later, he said it was like a triangle: the base was compassion. Hugues, Suzanne, and Marjolaine van der Straten, and Simonetta di Cesaro were at lunch.

A letter came from Erna saying the Ventura Planning Commission had approved a zone change on the McAndrew Road property for an adult education center and religious retreat, including permission to add onto the cottage. This, at last, opened the door to building. Also, a contractor named Max Falk offered "to build a house for Krishnamurti" without a fee, but when he saw the plans he said it was too extensive to donate his time. However, Bart Phelps, Charles Moore's architect assistant, was pursuing it as Falk was highly recommended by other architects. Narayan came again to talk to K about Rishi Valley, went on the walk, and both he and Edgar Graf stayed to supper with Vanda and me.

On July fifteenth there was the annual meeting of the International Krishnamurti Committees. Mary Cadogan opened it, Dorothy gave a good report on Brockwood, the Siddoos spoke of a September opening of their school in Canada, I did Oak Grove School, and Narayan spoke well about Rishi Valley. K handled his health question very well: "About my health, I'm fine. I had a very minor operation—nothing worth mentioning. The doctors say I'm fine and I expect to live another ten or fifteen years." Scott spoke about video matters. K also spoke about the March K Foundations' meetings but didn't mention why only four K Foundations were there. I added a footnote that it was only for Foundations with schools, hoping to make it explainable to the Spanish group present.

Mary C., Jane Hammond, and Mar de Manziarly were at lunch. Later, Graf brought two women from Lugano radio, and there was a taped interview with K. Later still, we walked. On the sixteenth, Vanda left for Florence. Krishnaji spent the day resting.

He gave his fourth Saanen talk on July seventeenth, full of fire. In the afternoon, Mr. Mirabet came to give his annual donation of $4,000. Krishnaji decided to give $3,000 to Brockwood and $1,000 to a Rishi Valley fund Narayan wanted to collect and keep in the West for book purchases and also for teachers' travel. I was to open an account for it in Ojai, and K wished to donate $500 of his Miss Dodge money to it. Narayan came at 4 p.m. and was told all this. Krishnaji was so full of hope for Narayan to make Rishi Valley what it was meant to be. He exhorted him, calling him "old man." We all then walked to the river, K saying, "This operation has done me good. I have more energy." Narayan stayed to supper.

On July nineteenth, Krishnaji gave his fifth Saanen talk. He spoke with great intensity on discontent, the necessity for it leading to passion and compassion, which is intelligence, and also on suffering, and has that to do with love? (No.) He ended with his story about a teacher addressing a room of pupils, a bird comes to the window and sings, the teacher listens, and when the bird finishes and flies away, he tells the pupils, "You have heard the lesson for today." It was one of K's talks that leaves me in tears.

After the talk, when he got into the car, he wanted to go again to the shoe store in Saanen for another pair of the lightweight shoes. We lunched in the dining room, and then he slept. At four there was a tea to which came the Patel family—all eight strong—as well as Narayan and Edgar Graf. There was talk of Indian politics between K and father Patel, disappointing to two sons, two daughters, and a son-in-law, and a daughter-in-law, who wanted to talk on other matters. The mother sat monolithically, the father voluble. After they left, we walked to the river with Narayan, who stayed to supper. K asked me to take Narayan shopping the next day for shoes, jeans, and a Lamy pen. K again said, "That operation must have done something to me. I feel such energy!"

The shopping expedition took all the next morning but was considered a great success, and Narayan went off looking pleased. Dorothy and Montague left the Saanen camping and moved into the downstairs flat at Tannegg. Edgar Graf brought a Swiss editor of a radio station and magazine to see K about doing an article on him and the newly translated *Talks with American Students*. He brought a translator to the meeting who recorded it all on tape, but most of the conversation was in German, with K gazing out the window. Dorothy came on the afternoon walk to the river. On return, an aggressive man from Granada came waving a letter from Fresia saying that "Princess Alliata" would arrange for him to see K. My saying that Topazia Alliata was not there only increased his insistence, so finally K saw him for a few minutes. Apparently, he had come all this way to ask on behalf of a woman K knew years ago the question: "Why did I marry my husband, who is now dead?" K replied, "How would I know?" and the man left, satisfied. "People are crazy," said K, and so did I.

On July twenty-first, K gave a sixth talk—an extraordinary one on death and love. Afterward, I fetched Mrs. Billimoria, Mrs. Puri, and Narayan to the chalet for lunch, and the Simmons were also there. Krishnaji came in before and afterward but ate in his room on a tray. At 4 p.m. he talked to the Siddoo sisters, Narayan, Dorothy, and me about having a teachers' training center in Bangalore. Dorothy took exception to "training," saying it couldn't be taught as a method, etcetera; it must be learned by doing. She got tense about it. "Defensive," K calls it. He rephrased it into a "teachers' educational center." Narayan spoke enthusiastically about it. Later, K asked me to speak to Dorothy about this defensiveness, as she gets too upset if he does it. She would become intense and somewhat defiant about things, and it annoyed K. He wanted me to "talk to her about it."

July twenty-second. Jean-Michel Maroger and his mother came to lunch, and K joined us at the table. Jean-Michel was inventing a way to insert the French translation in between natural pauses in K's voice on the audiotapes, and it worked very well. He invited

Krishnaji to where he and his wife, Marie-Bertrande, live near Blois. Later, K said it would be nice to go there. At 4 p.m. Edgar Graf brought a Mme. Geiser of the Swiss journal *Femina* to interview K. He was sleepy at first, rather vague, and then gave her an absorbing lesson in his teachings, leading her step by step into what thought is, conditioning, religion, belief, the future being a projection of the past, the observer and the observed. He said, "To see the whole is to see more than the parts." She asked, "You have talked for fifty years. Are you tired of it?" He replied, "I am not tired because I don't expect anything."

The next day, K received some Spanish people and a donation for the work, which he decided to divide equally between Saanen and Brockwood. He had lunch in bed, and at 4 p.m. Edgar Graf brought a German journalist, Silvia Schafer, to interview K for her paper. He was tired that day.

The twenty-fourth was a shining, cloudless morning, and I went at 6 a.m. to the river and back. All the earth was alive with the smell of new grass in the meadow and pine in the forest; the little stream and the bigger one down in the valley were louder, as if it was their time and all of nature was awake. It was a delight. Krishnaji had slept well and was feeling better. We went to his seventh talk and the final one of that series in Saanen. It was on meditation but began on decisions, went on to what it is to be without ambition, goals, will. He spoke of the space of the conditioned mind, but when there is no center, space is limitless. As he spoke, I saw him living in that infinite space, the rest of us tied in our pens, but in such a talk he lifted one high above the mountains to his sky. At the end, he put his hands together and said to the audience, "May I go now?" and left. I picked him up along the road, surrounded by people. We went for a short drive to Gsteig but then came back to the chalet, as Dr. Dagmar Lichti and her head nurse, Sister Laurie, came to see him for a half-hour. They left as Narasimhan and Simonetta came to lunch. K slept until 4 p.m., when he gave an interview to a Swedish man who had a brain tumor that had recurred.

July twenty-fifth. I walked from 6 until 7 up the mountain. It was wild and beautiful, and two deer bounded out of the woods, over a meadow, and were gone. I felt marvelously after all that and yoga. Krishnaji rested. Anneke, Doris, Dorothy, and Montague were at lunch. K came in afterward and reminisced with Doris. He asked why they didn't try to stop Rajagopal; see what he was doing. This upset Doris, who became argumentative, interrupting K, finishing his sentences for him. It tired K.

On the twenty-seventh, K began his daily discussions in the tent. The Reg Bennetts and Simmonses came to lunch, and K talked at length with them afterward. On the twenty-ninth, architect Bart Phelps telephoned me that the contractor Max Falk had submitted the lowest bid on redoing Pine Cottage. I asked him to talk to Louis Blau about it, but that I was for going ahead with it as soon as possible.

Discussion five was on July thirty-first. It was pouring rain, and unruly people made it difficult for K, but he dealt with it. Anneke came to the chalet for "hands." K slept until 4 p.m., when Dr. Frederick Leboyer, the author of *Birth Without Violence*, who had been

sent by Vanda, saw K briefly. K and I walked to the river, thundering with rain and boulders colliding. The next day, K gave Doris a two-hour interview in the afternoon.

August second was a shining morning, and we took an early train to Geneva. We were in the cabin next to the engineer's, and one passenger was allowed in, so K rode all the way down the mountains to Montreux in that forward cabin and emerged smiling: "I felt like a boy." At Geneva, we went to Jacquet, and he chose patterns for four neckties for Joe Links and four for himself. Then to Grand Passage to look at quartz clocks, and then we crossed over to Hotel des Bergues and lunched pleasantly in the Amphitryon restaurant. It was cool, quiet, snowy linen and flowers at the table, attentive waiters who served nice food with care—a little pool of vanishing amenities.

The next day, I went with Edgar Graf to look at possible quarters for the following summer if Tannegg were not available. We saw nothing satisfactory. A letter came from Bart Phelps saying that Max Falk, the contractor, would start work on the cottage the following week without waiting for my signature on the contract, which was still in the hands of Louis Blau. So we were launched, and it was interesting that all this seemed to flow of itself.

Frances McCann, Padma Mudholkar, and the Simmonses were at lunch. Frances described having seen a film by Guido Franco with bits of illicitly shot glimpses of K in it. On the seventh, Dorothy and Montague left in their Land Rover for Brockwood. Nadia and Nicolas Kossiakof came to lunch, and K came to the table. To give Fosca some respite, K and I lunched on another day at the Park Hotel.

Vanda returned on August tenth. She kindly tried to help my always-ailing leg with stretching exercises. Quiet days followed. Various friends came to lunch. The Menuhin concerts were on, and it was settled that we could rent Chalet Tannegg for the next summer.

On August nineteenth, Krishnaji and I said goodbye to Vanda and Fosca, and drove through rain down via Col du Pillon and Aigle to the autoroute to Lausanne where K urged going by the route du lac to Geneva. Our Swissair plane sat on the ground for over an hour due to an air traffic control strike at Heathrow, but Dorothy, Doris, and Ingrid were there to meet us, and we reached Brockwood by 6 p.m. The house was quiet, almost empty, and very welcoming.

CHAPTER 46

August twentieth, 1977. Unpacking at Brockwood was the first order of business for me, and for K it was resting in bed, and reading a good detective novel. On the second day back, he came downstairs to lunch. He, Dorothy, and I inspected the vegetable garden, immaculately kept by Alasdair Coyne and Jean-Michel. K was very pleased too by the "garden rooms" made from garages into classrooms, but about to be used by houseguests

during the gathering. We went then with the dogs for a walk across the fields, beautiful and wide with the enjoyment of being there.

A trip to London took another day of accustomed fare—Huntsman for a fitting, Hatchards for books, and to Fortnum, where Mary and Joe lunched with us. Joe drove K to his dentist appointment with Mr. Thompson, and later to Waterloo, where we caught a train. K gave Joe his Jacquet ties. All very pleasing.

On Saturday, August twenty-seventh, Krishnaji began his first Brockwood talk in the marquee. Mavis and Reg Bennett were there and so were Asit and Minakshi Chandmal. It rained, which made for some confusion, but K had fruit and salad upstairs before returning to the marquee for hot food with everyone. In the evening, Dorothy and I rearranged the chairs in the tent where Krishnaji spoke, and it went more smoothly the next day for the second talk. Mary and Joe came with her daughter, Amanda Pallant, and granddaughter Nikki. On that Monday, K held a taped discussion with David Bohm, Asit, and Dr. P. Krishna, professor of physics at Banaras Hindu University.

On Tuesday, August thirtieth, there was to be a public discussion, and K wondered how to work it out with so many people: appoint a few and let the others just listen? He spoke of this in the tent and then suddenly said he thought he would have a dialogue with himself. And so he did, most eloquently. The audience was very moved and many said, "At last he has someone worthy with whom to discuss."

On Wednesday, K talked with Reg and Mavis Bennett about the future of the work in Australia and also spoke with a Dutch woman, paralyzed with multiple sclerosis, who was attending the talks.

Thursday, September first, was the second public discussion day. K took questions from the audience and wove the subjects into what he wished to say. There were two more public talks, and then they were over.

On September ninth, M. S. Subbulakshmi, her husband, T. Sadasivam, and daughter Radha Viswanathan with her little daughter came to stay at Brockwood and for Subbulakshmi to sing for Krishnaji as she did in Madras. K welcomed them as the car drove up, both Subbulakshmi and Radha prostrated themselves at his feet, forehead to floor. They settled into the West Wing guest rooms, and at 6:00 in the school assembly, she began to sing. It was of extraordinary beauty, deeply moving; the sound seemed to float through consciousness, stirring a sense of forgotten memory beyond what one had known. She seemed to sing her heart out for K, and he followed it, telling me later it was more than she had ever sung at Vasanta Vihar. They left the next morning. Brockwood went back to normal, and K stayed in bed all day.

He had trouble sleeping during the night, felt a little dizzy briefly, had a pain in his right thigh, which was relieved with a hot pad, but all was well on the following day, and we walked with Dorothy across the fields. There was a sense of quiet presence in the air.

On another day, K said, “Let’s go out for lunch,” so he, Dorothy, and I drove south to look at the Channel and then inland a short way to Wickham where, in an old Georgian house on the square, we had a nice meal of vegetables from their garden, a mushroom omelet, and cinnamon ice cream. We came back, took a nap, and then went for the afternoon walk.

On September seventeenth, K talked to the staff for over two hours on what it is to live with intelligence, though what attitudes to talk to the students about sex was the precipitating question. Later, he saw the little Jenkins child he had seen the year before. She had leukemia and he had “put hands,” and this year she was better.

September twentieth. K talked to the staff on how to convey that intelligence is the absence of self. New students started to arrive. There was a welcoming tea for them, but also K talked to the staff on how to tell students that pleasure is an isolating thing. He also saw the little Jenkins child again.

By the twenty-fourth, all students had arrived, K spoke to them at noon with everyone present, but the next day he had a meeting with only students.

On September twenty-seventh, we flew to Cologne to visit the Janker Klinik in Bonn. Hard-faced men were staring at the disembarking passengers, looking for suspicious arrivals. One felt how close ordinary life had become to violence and horror. We went by taxi to Bonn and the Hotel Bristol, telephoned Dr. Scheef to confirm the next day’s appointment, and lunched in the largely empty dining room, where the head waiter turned out to be from Delhi, so Namaste, etcetera. Then we went for a walk to locate the Klinik, which was nearby, and K wanted to find a Braun clock to give to Pama Patwardhan. We came upon a Braun shop, and K’s face lit up with pleasure. We came back feeling successful.

We had supper in the rooms. Very suddenly, in the middle of soup, K’s face changed. He looked about with a listening expression. “Do you feel it?” I hadn’t, but then the room seemed vibrant, charged. He closed his eyes and I wondered if he would faint, but he didn’t. He came out of it, said his head was beginning to hurt, but finished his supper. He didn’t want to talk about it.

September twenty-eighth. He had slept well: “I had to, I was tired.” It was a scurry, but we reached the Klinik by 9 a.m., waited a bit—“We needn’t have hurried”—and sat observing the other people. I heard German spoken musically instead of the singsong of Swiss German. Then, suddenly, Dr. Scheef was there to greet us and show the winding way to his office. I had written a medical memorandum for each of us. He reviewed Krishnaji’s first and then sent him for relevant tests and discussed with me. He told me that K had clear sinuses but a bit of emphysema, normal for his age, and that we would meet the following day when results of tests would be known.

K and I walked back to the hotel at 11, rested and lunched, and during the lunch, he said, “It isn’t superstition, but I think I know what it was last night. Nobody knows this person

here, except a few nuts, and it is like the jewels" (put in the foundation of the houses to bring about an atmosphere). I asked if he meant that this something and his presence would have the effect, and he nodded.

September twenty-ninth. We had a noon appointment with Dr. Scheef. K's X-rays showed clear head and sinuses, only slight emphysema—"fantastic for a man his age." He gave him some medications to take and said he would like to see us the following summer to know the results of what he had prescribed. We returned to the hotel for lunch, and K said he was realizing how much more he could rest in a place where no one knew him. He spoke of going to France, somewhere in the country for a week or two. And said that he couldn't rest at Brockwood. Too many people. So we rested, walked to look at the Rhine, and then came back to supper in our rooms.

The next day, we left the Hotel Bristol and Bonn, went by taxi to Cologne, and flew to Heathrow four hours late due to air traffic slow-downs. Dorothy and Doris were patiently waiting, and we were back in Brockwood by 7 p.m.

K rested but spoke alone to the students, too. On October fifth, we went to London for his dentist appointment. He had a faraway, meditative look but came with me for a fitting I had, and then he had one at Huntsman. We lunched with Mary Links at Fortnum and told her about the medical meetings in Bonn. Both of us felt good effects from the medications prescribed by Dr. Scheef. Joe came by and drove us to K's dentist session, and we later went by taxi to Waterloo, browsed through paperbacks and magazines, and returned to Brockwood. K was still feeling far away.

In the days ahead, K talked to the students, and gave an interview to Maurice Wilkins and another to Alan Rowlands. There was another trip to London for his fitting. Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande Maroger came for a weekend, and Mrs Billimoria from Bombay came for lunch and K's talk to the school.

I was unable to get K's Italian visa in London because his passport was due to expire on November sixteenth. The Indian High Commission said they needed a week to issue a new one, but K said he would fly from London to Bombay directly. I rebooked his air ticket and found that his Air India flight paused for an hour in Rome. Vanda thus could see him at the airport. I telephoned Vanda about all this and also told her what was learned at Bonn.

CHAPTER 47

1978 began for me on a beautiful morning in Malibu. There were pleasing amounts of rainfall in the days ahead. I was back and forth to Ojai on house matters. I don't know how he got my telephone number, but Rajagopal rang to say he had "no ulterior motive" in calling, just wished a happy new year and had "always loved me since years ago." This was while Erna was writing from Madras, saying that Krishnaji had telegraphed a reply to Rajagopal after receiving my cable. She added that the talks went marvelously, were

strong and new, and K looked well and rested but had been in bed all the time in Madras. On January twelfth, Krishnaji cabled that he planned to fly from London to Los Angeles on February fifth, so I booked his ticket. Later in the day, his letter #5 came, written December twenty-seventh. It said Rajagopal had telephoned him that day. K later went from Madras to Bombay on January eighteenth, and began his talks there on January twenty-first. K's sixth letter took eighteen days to come.

Mark Lee telephoned to report on his and Asha's visit to Rajagopal, who had asked to see him. He had many questions about the schools, both in Ojai and India, and about the buildings on McAndrew Road.

On January thirty-first, K arrived at Brockwood from Bombay. On the telephone, his voice was strong, eager, and full of energy. It was so extraordinary to be talking to him that I forgot to ask more than "Are you all right? Are you well?" He had been and was, but I did remind him that he was now a U.S. resident with his "green card" and so must fill out a customs declaration. He asked me to find a porter who last year had said he could go into the customs area and help him with his luggage.

On Sunday, February fifth, there was a light rain. I went to the airport well ahead of time. Krishnaji's TWA flight was on time at 4:15 p.m. I saw him through a glass as he went into customs—smiling, bright. I had found a porter and tipped him to find and help K. Apparently all went well with the green card, and he came out smiling and hugged me in the lift where we went down and had a long wait for his bag. The highly tipped porter never appeared. We drove home through the rain, K talking a streak all the way. We had supper on trays in his room and, full of energy, he wanted to tell me everything that had happened since he left for India in November. In spite of getting up early, hours ago in Brockwood and the long flight, he was not sleepy. We talked for a long time about everything.

Krishnaji spent all the next day in bed alternately sleeping and talking. There was a stream of energy in him that he said had begun in Rishi Valley, as if something had opened in his head. I felt it strongly when with him. For the next few days, he continued to rest while heavy rains began, quite wild at night; the roar of the ocean and tremendous winds sounded like a devouring force. I went out at 1 a.m. with a flashlight to see if there was flooding, and K followed me. In the morning, the wind shifted to the west and the rain stopped, but there had been enormous damage all over southern California. Flash floods swept away cars and houses. Bridges were unsafe, and the Lilliefelts and Mark were unable to come down for lunch. So we stayed in all day, being quiet, reading. The television was not working, which made for peace and music.

The next day, February twelfth, Erna, Theo, and Mark were able to come. At lunch, K asked if "the schools were worth it." Mark gave a firm yes, so did Theo, but Erna didn't. I demurred. K said they had asked him in India to whom he talked. He said "to nobody" and because he was speaking to nobody, not seeking a result, there is greater energy. It was also evident that if one was nobody, one hears. He asked about Fritz's meetings, but both the Lilliefelts and Mark didn't want to talk about it until K had talked to Fritz

himself. Erna brought a statement written by Donald Ingram Smith at Rajghat recounting a meeting last April with Mrs. Vigeveno and the Blackburns in which it was said that the archives were in an air-conditioned vault under Rajagopal's house. No mention of his agreement with KFA.

On February thirteenth, it had rained heavily in the night, but after lunch at home we went to town, where Krishnaji had a medical checkup with Dr. Bakhtiar. All was well. The next day, the weather was clear and beautiful. Alain telephoned, just back from London, where he had visited Mary and Joe, and Florence, where he had stayed with Vanda. K and I drove to Ojai in his green Mercedes, himself at the wheel, smiling. The skies smiled, too. It was a perfect day for his first trip to Ojai and first glimpse of the new Pine Cottage building. He looked at it shyly. He met Max Falk, the builder, Erna and Theo were there, and Radha Burnier came. She was lecturing at Krotona. K looked at everything. "It is stupendous," he said. We lunched at Arya Vihara with everyone there to greet him. Afterward, he talked alone with Fritz Wilhelm. He talked about the cottage all the way home. He was pleased.

On the fifteenth, there was another trip to town, where he had a haircut. We lunched on Mexican food at the farmers market, and then at his urging went to choose material for clothes for me to wear in India—kurtas, bundis, etcetera—and took the results to the dressmaker, where he explained how they should be made. On the sixteenth he rested in the morning and spoke of the necessity for people to carry on, especially young people. This had become urgent to him. He wondered if Fritz could do the adult center. He spoke of the Buddha having had only two disciples who really understood his teaching—and both of them died before the Buddha: "That is sad." The following day, Radha Burnier came down from Ojai for lunch. We talked of what sort of people come to hear her talks and why, and from that to what people expect from K.

My brother and his wife, Lisa, came for a brief visit and, as it was his birthday, we celebrated at lunch. The Dunnes were there and left afterward, but later at my brother's invitation Artie Shaw and a friend came, and they all went out for dinner in Malibu while K and I had our usual supper on trays. Then next day, I drove my brother and his wife to Ojai, where they had never been, and saw the new house. We drove back to Malibu in the afternoon, and that evening I took them to the airport to return to New York. My brother offered the use of his apartment in Paris to K and me to use whenever we might be there.

After what had been a busy weekend, all was quiet, and K said, "The last two or three days in my sleep, in the brain, there is a quality of dreadful seriousness." In the morning, he dictated letters, including one that I was to sign to Rajagopal saying that Krishnaji had asked me to write to ask what his intentions were with regard to the exchange of telegrams with K in Madras about a meeting between them. The suggestion was that this be held in Malibu or at Arya Vihara.

Sarjit Siddoo telephoned about K's visit to the school in Canada. K said he would fly there on April nineteenth and return on April twenty-fourth, staying only at the school on Vancouver Island.

On February twenty-third, we did letters in the morning, and Krishnaji talked to me about the adult centers; the need for people. While we walked around the lawn, he spoke about giving me "understanding." There was nothing I could "do" to enhance that. It seemed foremost in his mind to transmit something: a profound understanding of his teachings.

The next day, the Lilliefelts, Evelyne Blau, Ruth Tettemer, and Mark Lee came for a trustee meeting and lunch. The next day, Krishnaji and I drove to Ojai, where he spoke to Fritz Wilhelm and others. Radha Burnier came to lunch at Arya Vihara, bringing a Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, both Theosophists. She felt they might influence the giving of some of the land at Adyar for a K school.

In the cottage, the floor tile in the living room was done and K was very pleased with it. It gave "a feeling of lightness," he said. He also liked it more than the floor tile in Malibu and felt there was already an atmosphere in the house. At 3 p.m. he talked to Fritz, Erna, Theo, Mark, and me about the adult center. Then he and I drove home to Malibu.

Two days later, we were in Ojai again to talk to the architects. K talked again to Fritz and then had Theo fetch Radha Burnier to discuss her accepting Rajagopal's invitation to visit him. She did see him on March first, and telephoned K in the evening to describe what happened. At first it had been chitchat about her family, then questions about how she got from Krotona to his house. He pretended not to know of the gate on his back property. Then Radha asked him what he was doing.

Rajagopal: "I'm very busy."

Radha: "Are you writing"?

Rajagopal: "I'm busy with the teachings."

Radha: "What do you mean?"

Rajagopal: "Busy distributing books."

Radha: "Are you going to see Krishnaji?"

Rajagopal: "Is he here?"

Radha: "Haven't you received Mrs. Zimbalist's invitation to Malibu?"

Rajagopal: "Oh, yes."

Radha: "I was in Madras when you telegraphed Krishnaji. Are you going to see him?"

Rajagopal: "That is personal between him and me. I don't want to talk about it."

Radha: “I want to talk about the archives. I was here last year when you wouldn’t show them. I have proof that letters were sent from Adyar. They were sent to Krishnaji, not to you.”

Rajagopal: “I don’t want to talk about this with you. You don’t know about it. It is personal between K and me.”

Radha said to K and me that she thought he might flare up. He didn’t, but he was like a stone wall she couldn’t penetrate. He had little subterfuges in conversation like pretending he didn’t know about the gate. She also said to Rajagopal that she had seen his recent letter to K and asked what he was quoting. He wouldn’t say. K asked her if she felt his mind was losing ground, becoming demented. Radha said it was clear, sharp enough, but demented in some way. “He is off the track.” She said he was nervous when the telephone rang twice. She was there an hour, between 5 and 6 p.m. She said he was without conscience; there was something evil about him. She was glad she went because she could tell the others in India that she had had a certain hope to be able to talk to him, reach him, and knew now it was impossible. In India, they had always had the feeling that we didn’t know how to deal with him because he was Indian, and that that had led to all the difficulties. She could now tell them, and they would believe her. She left the following day for India.

Rain dominated the next few days. Houses along the beach were damaged, earth started to slide along the ocean side of my hill, and Malibu was cut off from roads to the north and south. During lulls we could walk round and round the soggy lawn, but otherwise it was a quiet time of rest for K.

Finally, on March eighth, after an early lunch, we were able to leave for Ojai, going through an inland road, and reached the Lilliefelts’, where we were to stay until the thirteenth. All four of us walked up to Pine Cottage. Its exterior painting had been finished and was pleasing; David and Saral Bohm had arrived and were staying in the upper guest flat.

The next morning, there was the first of a five-day group discussion among about twenty people. Its subject was “Does knowledge deform the psychological structure of man?” The trustees, Bohms, etcetera, lunched at Arya Vihara. In the afternoon, there was a meeting with K of David B., the Lilliefelts, Evelyne, and Mark to discuss what was being done in the adult center and Fritz’s discussions. A second group discussion took place the next morning.

For the Pine Cottage living room, instead of curtains, I had planned sliding wooden inside shutters on which there would be a painted sunburst. Fritz’s wife, Margrete Heising, who was a painter, had kindly agreed to do the paintings similar to exterior shutters I had seen on an old chateau in Rougemont, Switzerland. K had chosen the color, a sannyasi orange for the living room, and she had done it very well.

K had talked alone with Fritz and Margrete about the adult discussions. They felt nothing was wrong and rather rejected the implications of K's questions. Later, I went with Alan Kishbaugh to Fritz's group discussion at the Pavilion. Evelyne, Erna, and Theo were also there, and all trustees felt it was going in the direction of group therapy, personal problems being aired, not Krishnamurti's teachings. I talked lengthily about it with K at supper.

The next day, there was the third group discussion at which K put the question: "Why do we make demands?" It was to be continued. After lunch, I met with Alan Hooker and Alasdair Coyne to plan the planting around the cottage. Alasdair had been in charge of the garden at Brockwood and had moved to Ojai. At 4 p.m. there was a meeting at the Lilliefelts' with K, David Bohm, Evelyne, Mark, Fritz, Margrete, and me. Everyone aired his or her views, and an improved relationship seemed to come out of it. Then all went for a walk.

On the twelfth, there was the fourth discussion meeting to which Mar de Manziarly came. She was visiting her sister, Mima Porter. Krishnaji went into incompleteness and what is completeness. Incompleteness was the root of demanding. In the afternoon, there was yet another meeting about the adult center, and it was more or less decided to continue it with more participation by trustees and less one-man control by Fritz. His self-confident certainty that he could handle it all was making K and some of us uneasy.

On the fifth group discussion the next day, I had a curious feeling, as if I were floating in the consciousness of K's voice, almost fainting at times, and moved to tears when he spoke of insight—different from understanding, which is arrived at slowly by degrees—insight was instantaneous, nothing to do with thought but the action of intelligence. When he spoke of this, it was as if he had taken off into the sky, a hawk soaring, free of where Earth people trudge along, and it pierced something in my mind. Insight is never partial—it is whole. Mar was at this discussion but left afterward. There was lunch again at Arya Vihara. I went over some building things with Max, and then K and I drove home to Malibu. The coast road had been opened that morning, and we came along it in the usual way, K driving. The native daisies that grow along a part of the road had burst with rain into a blaze of yellow. We arrived to find that Elfriede had done an enormous packing job, boxes and boxes. A worsening crack had come in the lawn near the slide. The drain had broken. At supper, Krishnaji said, "The house feels abandoned," and I couldn't bear to talk about it.

Some hot weather followed. On March fifteenth there was packing all morning. K stayed in his bathrobe, but we lunched in the dining room, watching the one remaining baby hummingbird in its tiny nest just outside the window. I went over to the Dunnes' in the late afternoon. K, walking on the lawn, waved across the canyon and then resumed his rounds, a bright clear figure in his white terrycloth robe. I came back to supper. Was this to be our last night in that very dear house? K felt this, and said he was thinking of it as he watched me walking over to the Dunnes', and thought of how many memories the house had for me in the twenty-five years it had existed. He hoped I would be happy in Ojai. "Nothing will ever be wrong between us."

The next day, packing began at 5 a.m. for me, but we had a quiet lunch while the baby hummingbird sat on the edge of his nest. He would fly in a few hours. At 4 p.m. we left in the grey car for Ojai and to the Lilliefelts' in time for K to see the evening television news, in which the former Italian premier had been abducted by terrorists in Rome.

At the cottage in the morning, stone masons, an electrician, a plumber and an alarm service man were all working, every room a mess. In a corner of the kitchen, I cleaned drawers and cut shelf paper. K came at lunchtime, we ate at Arya Vihara, and then I went back to the cottage. Ted Cartee and Laura Martin helped clean closets, etcetera, and curtains were hung in the bedrooms. By 5 p.m. there were the beginnings of some order. K said with some feeling, "It is a marvelous house," and that there was special atmosphere in it.

The next day, March eighteenth, I made K's breakfast at the Lilliefelts', where we were staying, and then went to the cottage. He held a meeting for parents and school staff, and I spent the day with cleaning and shelf paper linings, helped by Laura Martin. The bedrooms were clean and ready. At 5 p.m. Elfriede, her husband Fred, and Lorry, who looked after the Malibu garden, arrived with a huge moving van. An enormous job was done by them in moving almost all the contents of the Malibu house. There would be one more trip the next day. All Ojai friends came to help the unloading, and K came as we were finishing. Everything was piled in the cottage to be unpacked the next day. K again pronounced it "a marvelous house." At supper, he questioned the quality of the teachers in the school. "Where do we find people? What is happening to Americans?"

March nineteenth for me was unpacking, putting K's clothes in closets, etcetera, and K again held a meeting with parents and school staff. Lou Blau came with Evelyne to lunch at what we thought should then be called "the old house" instead of Arya Vihara, as that name seemed to upset some people. K said it meant "abode of noble people," but that seemed off-putting, too, so it was to be "the old house." Pine Cottage remained Pine Cottage, and the office building became "the guest house." Lou discussed various things with Erna and me and saw the cottage. Elfriede had brought the remaining things from Malibu, including tubs of camellias and other plants. I was glad to have them follow us, as they seemed living parts of Malibu. K slept all afternoon and walked up with Theo just as I was locking the cottage.

The next day was one of unpacking, putting K's room in order, making up the beds, etcetera while K held meetings with teachers in "the old house." We had supper with the Lilliefelts then came to the cottage and stepped through its door to live there. We had moved in. K asked me to leave him alone for a few minutes in my room to do whatever it is he does to bring something wordless—protection? Blessing? "Do you feel the atmosphere?" I did and felt it even more in his room. So we slept in this house blessed by K, his life there, and his presence.

Section Fifteen

CHAPTER 48

On March twenty-first, 1978, Krishnaji and I had our first meal in Pine Cottage's kitchen. He held another meeting at the old house with the teaching staff. Renée Weber arrived to do an interview with K for the new magazine *Revision*. Rajagopal telephoned the office and left a message for K to ring him. This K did the following day with Erna and me present. Rajagopal said he wanted to see him; K asked what he wanted to talk about, and Rajagopal replied, "For your own good, and mine," and that he wanted a two-hour talk alone. K replied that unless it was about Rajagopal returning everything to K, as he had said in his cable to Madras, there was nothing for them to discuss. Rajagopal hung up. He had stressed "for your own good," which sounded like a threat. K had also asked him if he were taping their conversation.

At 4, K held a first discussion in Pine Cottage with trustees, teachers, the Bohms, Alan Hooker, Frances McCann, and Sidney Field. These meetings were continued by K in the days ahead. The living room held a good number of people, and the acoustics were satisfactory.

On the twenty-eighth we went to Los Angeles on various errands and came back to Malibu. The Malibu house looked beautiful in spite of its emptiness, its serenity untouched. But part of the lawn had sunk a bit, and there was a large crack in the terrace. We went over to see the Dunnes and then returned to Ojai, K driving part of the way. We went to the "old house" to greet David Shainberg, who had arrived from New York.

On April first the sun was out, but the Oak Grove was too wet to be used, so Krishnaji gave his opening public talk in the Nordhoff school gymnasium. It was not a bad place but "not as nice as under the trees," said K, a little wistfully. "I don't know what to talk about," he said on the way there, but then, as always, it came to him. He spoke of the pressure of language: "It uses us—not we using it," and also the pressure of ideals. We had lunch in Pine Cottage, and, later, David Shainberg came on a walk. After supper, I went over to the "old house" and saw Carol and Joe Zorski from Brockwood, and Michael Mendizza showed slides of still photographs he had taken of K at a teacher discussion, used over K's voice.

The second Ojai public talk took place the next day, again in the Nordhoff gymnasium, an intense one, K making a razor-subtle point that thought is always old, knowledge is out of the past, but the awareness of this lets insight and intelligence in. When insight and intelligence take over, it is the razor edge of transition out of thought.

On April fourth rain made the outdoor public discussion impossible, so it was held indoors in the Ojai Art Center. Though a small, rather gloomy building, it produced a good, closer atmosphere. K gave an intense exposition of the observer is the observed. In the car coming back, he said, "I put a lot of energy into that." He slept after lunch, and I struggled with the mountain of paper at the desk. Later on the walk he asked me if the

people listening in the morning understood—what impression did they get out of it? I had a feeling that serious ones listened intently, some seemed to see it, but from a few remarks it seemed to slip away. Observer is *the* way to say it, it is K's way, but perhaps harder for most to grasp. K asked how else could it be said. I said that psychological terminology was inferior, and not his, but people mostly seemed to understand the word *projection*, the mind projecting its accumulated thought or knowledge onto what it observes, colors it with that, and thereby doesn't see. He said he would use the word *projection*.

We came back in time for Walter Cronkite and the news. Suddenly, in the evening, while watching a Hitchcock movie, he said, "I must have been born this way. I have never been through all that [thought, images, divisions]. What makes me see all this?" I suggested he never thought about those matters except when he was talking seriously. He nodded.

The next day, April fifth, we drove to Carpenteria, with Alan Hooker and Alasdair following in a truck, to choose plants for around the cottage—vinca, pittosporum, podocarpus, etcetera. In the afternoon, Alasdair, with an all-Brockwood team of helpers, planted everything. K said of his visit to the nursery, "I get absolutely vague." He had to retreat to the shade of the car when the sun became too bright, but he was pleased by the beauty of the hills, the full waters of Lake Casitas. The rains had furred the hills with green as we had never seen it, ceanothus was in bloom everywhere, pink wild flowers grew on steep banks.

There were countless people for lunch at the old house the following day. The Hookers helped Michael with the cooking. I went for roses and other flowers, and K helped me unload the car. He said, "In spite of all the people working, do you feel the atmosphere of this house? It is extraordinary." He was pleased, and for me this was like sunlight.

On the eighth there was snow on Topa Topa. The third talk was held in the football field of Nordhoff High School, K standing on a small stand in front of the bleachers, a shelter over his head but not from the sharp wind. K spoke further on pressure and toward the end asked how the whole of consciousness can be seen. Only when the mind is quiet, without thought, can this be seen.

We lunched alone. K slept all afternoon while the rest of us held a trustee meeting. Cynthia Wood's resignation as trustee was accepted, and she was made an honorary trustee with whom reports will be shared but not responsibility. Her generosity in donations had been very great.

On, at last, a beautiful sunny day, April ninth, K gave his fourth talk in Libbey Park Bowl. In the afternoon, various friends came to Pine Cottage and seemed to like its changes. Finally, we had our supper quietly. K said, "What a strange life—talking all the time."

On April thirteenth, K held a fourth public discussion in Libbey Park Bowl. These seemed arduous for him. It was as if he had to lift the whole weight of the audience's

mind. We lunched alone afterward, and then Evelyne came to report on her meeting with Rajagopal. The Lilliefelts and Alan Kishbaugh were present. The meeting was at Rajagopal's suggestion and was held in the K&R office living room. She had never met him before and said her initial impression was of an old, shuffling man, unable to find the light switch and dressed in a windbreaker and slippers. He sat in silence, putting it on her to explain why she had come, so she described KFA building plans and wondered if K&R could contribute. He listened, questioned her on details of the placement of buildings, etcetera, and then took over the conversation. He described his "martyrdom," his being faithful to the "real K," he himself had been "vilified" but "you will get it all when I am dead but only over my dead body." He said he must "settle personal matters" with K. Evelyne was there almost two hours. It ended with his agreeing to think over whether he could contribute anything within the rules of K&R. Erna said he couldn't because we had hedged him in so thoroughly in the settlement of the lawsuit. He could only use funds as specified—i.e., for donations of books to libraries, etcetera. In the afternoon, Ralph Gardner took photographs of K.

On the fourteenth, members of the Fundación came to see K—Alfonso Colón, Armando Riesco, and Juan Colell. Also Silvia Cardenas, publisher of Orion, Hugo Baldi from Argentina, and Mrs. Raquel Drassinower. K and I walked to the dip and back; it was cold and gray. The newspaper said it had snowed from Scotland to the Channel and was nineteen degrees in London.

On April fifteenth, K gave his fifth Ojai talk in the Nordhoff school gymnasium. It was a deeply moving one. He was tired afterward, and we had lunch alone. He slept until five, when there was a tea for all who had worked on setting up the talks, and K came to it for a little while. While I was there, I was telephoned by Jackie Kornfeld in Tuxedo Park, New York. She was in great distress at the death of her husband, Joe. We talked at length, and I then came back to the cottage, told K about it, and he spoke to her. It was rare for him to talk on the telephone and especially about such a serious thing, but he talked to her at some length.

His sixth talk was on the sixteenth and was again in the Nordhoff gymnasium—an extraordinary one that caused the audience to sit silent and transfixed at the end. Many were in tears, as was I. There was a sense of something overwhelming, sacred, of his having spoken from the depth of truth. When we reached McAndrew Road, hail fell and then a downpour of rain, and we were soaked getting from car to house; it rained all afternoon but finally stopped in time for a short walk. While K slept, Evelyne, Erna, Michael Mendizza, and I discussed a plan for which Evelyne said she could raise funds for outside the KFA mailing list. It concerned Mendizza doing a 16mm hour-long film on K. Mendizza would film K wherever he would be speaking that year, intercut with stills of the past—a sort of biography. It seemed a promising idea, though to me there were sensitive areas, such as the event of the pepper tree, which should be touched with caution.

On April eighteenth, we each packed a bag and left Ojai for Malibu. Theo was with us, and we had a light lunch from Elfriede and continued onto the IRS office for K's tax

clearance, which was needed before he could leave the country. We stopped for books—an Indian art book for Margrete Wilhelm and some detectives for K, and drove back to Malibu, where K and I remained and Theo returned to Ojai. The Dunnes's garden, mine, and the canyon had never looked so beautiful. The rains had made every wildflower bloom, every leaf a deep green. The house was beautiful by itself with almost no furniture. It seemed serene, blessed, and felt like my very skin. There was still a bed in each of the two bedrooms, a few dishes, towels, etcetera, so we could have supper as always and spend the night. K said his Ojai meditation came at 3 a.m.

The next day, I woke up to hear softly the ocean sounds; the quail came bustling across the lawn, which had sagged curiously in places. So much rain had caused it to settle. K said to me, "I'm glad they chose you to look after me. It might have been someone else." And then he said, "This room must have many happy and unhappy times for you." I saw the Roman nails in the beams and remembered how Sam had found them in Ostia Antica and told me to put them in the Malibu house "so it will last a thousand years." I told this to K, who said, "Why don't you take one out and put it in the house in Ojai?"

Alan Kishbaugh came and drove us to the airport, where K and I flew at noon to Seattle. We had a two-hour wait there before taking Pacific Airwest to Victoria. The vegetarian meal was so poor that in the airport we had a salad, some ice cream, and a Danish. K had never heard of that, but it came when he asked for a sweet biscuit. He spoke again about a Roman nail from Malibu for Ojai. He said, "When we came there yesterday, I felt Mr. Zimbalist." We reached Victoria at 5, both Siddoo sisters met us, and we drove to their school by the sea. K met only a few of the teachers and students and went to bed. I brought him supper on a tray.

April twentieth. Jackie and Sarjit gave me a tour of their place—well-kept gardens, lovely places above the shore with the lapping sounds of water, dear to my island ears. They had two cows, a newborn heifer, and the school has more milk and their own butter than it can use. And it is milk that tastes like milk. At 11 a.m. K spoke to students and staff on what a school is about: learning, freedom, and what those mean. The ten students were nice-seeming children. They seemed at home, pleasantly saying good morning. There was please-ing and thank you-ing, and they listened to K. The meeting was videotaped by the school, by a local television station, and Michael Mendizza, who was there to begin his filming of K, to be continued at Brockwood, Saanen, India, and Ojai. K had lunch with the children at one table, took a nap until 3, and then we went in one car with Jackie and Sarjit, a second car following with Michael M., Terry—a handy man at the school—and Mary Whitehouse, who tended to many things. We were on our way to see Wolf Lake itself. It was several miles into a thick forest, logged thirty years earlier, and thickly wooded with Douglas fir and alder. We walked to the lake, which was about a mile long, and we walked to the end of it—a two-mile walk each way, which K stood very well and chided me for suggesting to the Siddoos that it was a bit much for him. It seemed a crowded forest, perhaps because it had been logged, and all trees grown since were identical, unlike a natural forest. It would not have been my choice for a school's placement, but K tended to like large pieces of land. This one was 5,000 acres, and K spoke of it not only as a school but a college—an enormous outlay, when it would

probably cost half a million dollars just to bring in electricity, before the cost of clearing, roads, buildings, etcetera. “One mustn’t think of the money, but whether it is right,” said K. The two sisters listened willingly; Jackie seemed prepared to go to any length, Sarjit looked more to the practical problems. It would be a tremendous undertaking. I wondered if they were up to it and would have the energy to carry it through. They were not young, but K’s visions were undaunted.

On the following day, K spoke to the Wolf Lake staff in the morning, and in the afternoon Saral and David Bohm arrived. He had been lecturing in Vancouver. The rest of the day was spent in discussions. K talked alone with the children and later, in a milky sun, we walked with the Siddoos as Michael Mendizza filmed. Down along the gray pebble beach there were beautiful driftwood logs and the gentle lapping sound of the edge of the sea. K said to me, “One should only come here in summer.” He felt the cold perhaps because he was tired.

After a day in which he spoke to the whole school and guests, on April twenty-fourth we left Wolf Lake at 9 a.m. Jackie and Sarjit drove us to the airport, we flew to Seattle, changed, and flew on to Los Angeles, where Alan Kishbaugh met us and drove us to Malibu. K and I changed to his green Mercedes and drove to Ojai, arriving by 5. He said he did not intend to go to Wolf Lake again and felt that the Siddoos did not really understand what it was all about. He had done a thorough job there, but neither of the sisters, as he called them, really understood what was needed nor had the staff a clue.

CHAPTER 49

Back in Ojai, there was much catching up to do with the house. In the evening, at one point, while watching television, I asked K whether mankind’s impulse toward religion was a plea to make things better or something deeply inherent. “I think it is inherent,” he said.

On April twenty-seventh, 1978, we had a daylong trustee meeting. K came to it and made a statement on the future use of Pine Cottage when he and I are no longer alive. It is not to be lived in but used as a library, a place of study of the teachings. The night before, Rosalind Rajagopal had telephoned Mark Lee that she was selling the old Weideman property next door and offered KFA first refusal. It had two acres and two houses in bad repair. The price was $110,000. It was discussed at the meeting, and it was felt we should buy it. Her agent then tried to raise the price, but Rosalind said we should have it. We would have had to raise the money, for we had only enough for the buildings Max was doing at the school. The old Logan house is also for sale for $165,000 and should be bought, but we hadn’t the means. There was also much discussion about publications and some criticism of the choices of material. It went on until after 5—wearying.

The next day, Michael Mendizza filmed in 16mm a discussion between K, Fritz, Evelyne, Alan, Mark, David Moody, Laura Martin, and Carol Ondre. Later, he filmed K walking in the Oak Grove. I went to the bank with Erna and Ruth to sign before a notary the

agreement between KFA and me and temporary transfer of title to me of the McAndrew Road property. All this had been carefully worked out by Louis Blau. I was to pay immediately $10,000, then owe $165,000, paying 7 ¾% interest until that was paid, lease Arya Vihara and the orange groves to KFA, then give the whole place back to KFA, retaining a life tenancy.

On April thirtieth, Rosalind Rajagopal reneged on the sale of the Weideman property and tried to raise the price with higher interest rates and mineral rights. She told Mark it was "because I have so many trustees," a meaningless explanation because it is her personal property and doesn't belong to the Happy Valley Foundation. KFA's offer stood, but we would not change the price.

K dictated a statement to go in the minutes of the board meeting about the uses of Pine Cottage when he and I died. No one was to live here; it is to be a KFA library, a place of study and meditation, "as carefully explained in my teachings." It must not become a shrine, and as long as the KFA exists, it must not be sold.

On May fourth we were up at 5 a.m. Mark rang to say that Rajagopal had telephoned him saying he had to speak to K. Mark said that K was leaving this morning. Rajagopal said he would telephone through the office at 9. K had me ring him and say that he was calling. R thanked me rather unctuously, K came on the line, and the conversation was short. R said he sent his love and that he had not had the privilege of seeing him that year. K said he accepted that.

Mark had the school van to drive us to the airport. Everyone said goodbye, and we were off, going along the coast road. Mark asked if I wanted to stop at the Malibu house, and K said, "Let's," and we drove in. Elfriede and Lorry were working along the driveway, thinking to see us pass; we went into the house and Max, who was going to Brockwood too, saw the interior for the first time. I saw the partial cleanup of broken pipe, etcetera in the slide, done mostly by Lorry and Elfriede. The house again looked serene, beautiful, as part of me as my skin, its look, its feel, its sounds—not because of memories but because it is to me something alive, as is each tree and plant, a sort of trust that I have cared for from the beginning and when it was hurt by the fire. The feeling that day was probably the absurd one—not of losing it but of turning away from it, not caring for it anymore.

K, Max, and I took a night flight to London.

K slept a little on the flight, and when he woke up he watched the sun rise and chanted a little to himself, very quietly in Sanskrit. We landed at 7. Dorothy and Doris met us in the Cortina, and Scott came with the van. Spring was still young, leaves were just beginning on the beeches and oaks, and the daffodils were still there. Everyone was out on the driveway to greet K, who walked around a little and then went to bed. Dorothy brought lunch trays. I bathed, unpacked, and slept most of the afternoon in my lovely Brockwood room, feeling how blessedly fortunate I had been in places to live, how generous life was in this.

On May sixth Mary L. said that Vanda was in England visiting her daughter, Paola, and her daughter's husband, Jon Cohen, in Cambridge. I telephoned her, and she said she would come to Brockwood the following week. K got up for lunch but rested otherwise. He said he felt "washed out." I did too, but we took a gentle walk with Dorothy and the dogs up and down the driveway.

The next day, Mary and Joe came to lunch, and they, K, and I sat talking then strolled in the garden. They planned to summer at Brockwood again. For supper, K and I dined as guests of Dorothy in the theatre workshop, where the students taking a class in restaurant management served the meal. There were tables for four, candlelight, an excellent menu, live music (i.e., harpsichord and recorder by two students), and the food was very good. We dressed for the occasion—skirts for women and jackets for men. K said afterward, "I watched their faces; it is a hard world for the young: exams, O levels, what to do in life. Thank God I'm not young."

On May eleventh K, Max, and I took a train at Petersfield; Max got off at Woking to catch a bus to Heathrow and a flight back to California to start on the two school buildings. He had made friends with everyone at Brockwood and had helped the students build a solar pool heater out of two old radiators. The announcement at supper that a donation had been made by a kind friend of a pool cover started all the students turn smiling and clapping toward Max, who colored and made a shy bow. He took everyone's warm feeling with him. K and I continued on to London, looked in at Huntsman briefly, had his hair cut at Truefitt, and we then walked down the Burlington Arcade, across Piccadilly to Fortnum, with its smell of very expensive groceries, and so to join Mary at our window table for three, and the invariable lunch of fruit salad, cheese flan, grilled mushrooms, fresh spinach for K, and his *gaterie*—ice cream. He talked, and we talked about the uncertainties of people: who will be responsible when he is not there to hold all the work together as he then did. Mary raised again the need for him to clarify his will so that his letters will not be under the jurisdiction of the publications committee. All this has to be gone into. K took a cab alone to Portland Place while I went for some good cheese, new detectives at Hatchards, and then followed him to Mr. Thompson's. K had had X-rays, and they both came out to tell me considerable repairs were needed. K was worried about the expense. Mr. Thompson said he was sick that it would come to around a thousand pounds. I obviously said K was not to think about the cost, only what was best. Thompson said K was clearly going to live to be 100, and the new tooth work would last that long. So we left, caught a cab to Waterloo, and reached Brockwood just before Vanda arrived by car with Paola and Jon from Cambridge, where Jon was teaching economics for a year. This was Vanda's first visit to Brockwood. K took her on an immediate tour before he went to bed. Frances McCann and various Brockwood students, and Shakuntala and Natasha, who have visited Vanda in Florence, greeted her. It was nice to have her here. We talked at length.

The next day was Krishnaji's eighty-third birthday, but as usual he brushed aside any mention of it. I made breakfast for Paola and Jon before they left for Devon, where one of their boys was in school. K talked to Dorothy and me about members of Brockwood who are felt to be dependable and responsible. He wanted to talk to them right away, so at 4,

in the West Wing dining room, for privacy, K met with Dorothy, Scott, Harsh, Stephen Smith, Shakuntala, Ingrid, and me. The subject was responsibility for Brockwood now and after he is gone. Joe Zorski and Carol were about to leave, as they wanted to try living in the United States. Later, there was a staff meeting, and Narayan arrived.

On May thirteenth Pascaline Mallet came for the weekend; I explained to her why Krishnaji had decided not to go to Brittany as originally planned. She had made inquiries about quiet places there. The Marogers also arrived, bringing their youngest daughter, Diane. This was the first meeting with Diane, who was eleven but appeared much younger because of a disease from birth in which cells in the bones makes them very fragile and inhibit their growth. She was unable to walk but was a dear little girl, very bright, eager, and friendly. It was her parents' hope that K could cure her.

In the evening, Vanda and I talked. She had brought her record of the times in Gstaad in 1961 and 1962, when K fainted and another entity seemed to speak to her through him. Mary L. was to come the following day, and Vanda was wondering whether to tell her about it. They had met only once at lunch at Chalet Tannegg a few years earlier. I felt they should know each other and told Vanda I hoped she would wish to tell Mary about the notes she had kept. She said she had only recently come across the notebook while moving from her flat in Rome and felt that, though it was private and she had kept it to herself, she had not the right to do this indefinitely. "It is not mine." But she didn't know Mary L. "With you I feel like a sister, I can tell you."

So the next day Mary and her daughter, Amanda Pallant, came in the morning. Krishnaji talked to everyone, and then, after lunch, what I had hoped for came about: Vanda began to tell Mary about the events that began July 1961 at Chalet Tannegg—the period at the start of *Krishnamurti's Notebook*—when he was staying with her. K was in his room and suddenly fainted and then, as Vanda described it, his eyes became enormous and another being spoke to her through K's body. An extraordinary change came over the face. It happened on July eighteenth, 1961. The voice said, "Don't leave me until he comes back." Then, "He must love you if he lets you touch me as he is very particular in this. Don't let anyone come near me until he comes back." On the following day, it happened again. K fainted after trembling, the eyes became larger and deeper, and the voice said, "I feel very strange, where am I? Don't leave me. Will you kindly stay with me until he returns? Are you comfortable? Take a chair. Do you know him well? Will you look after him?" It was this last question that Vanda said, "Is why I am here." She felt she gave her word on this. She said that, for the whole month, K's face continued to change. There was no return of the other being but a "different look" would come over his face. He fainted once in the woods on a walk across the Turbach stream. She described these looks and the feeling around K at that time in language that seemed to copy K's own in the *Notebook*, which she was reading as he wrote it. Coming from her, not him, it sounded a little overdrawn, but she read most of it to Mary and me from her own handwritten account. Part of it described a time a year later, on May twenty-first, 1962, in Rome when K was ill with fever and became delirious. "It has been told to you to look after him; he should not have gone out, you should have told him. Do you know him? You cannot know him. How can you know the running water? We repeat a newer question: tell him,

take a pencil, tell him, 'Death is always there very close to you, to protect you. When you take shelter, you will die.'"

Mary and I guessed there were four entities in all this: the one who goes away—presumably K; the one who tells what should be done; the one with the great eyes; and then, probably, the childlike one who spoke to me in Gstaad when K was delirious. Mary and Amanda had to return to London, but it was a good meeting, and a bond was formed. Paola and Jon returned from Dorset just before they left, so Amanda met them too for the first time.

Paola and Jon spent that night at Brockwood and, before they left after lunch the next day, Jon had a long talk with K. "I lit a bomb under him," said K. The bomb presumably was to lead Jon to see he was wasting his life teaching economics.

I met Mary Cadogan at Petersfield, and we talked shop for most of the day. Vanda was staying on a few days. In the afternoon, K put his hands on the little Maroger child. "She is an extraordinary child. She sat absolutely still with her eyes closed," said K afterward. He both did and didn't want to talk about it. "One mustn't talk about it."

May sixteenth. The house was quiet, relaxed with only a few of us there. Vanda gave yoga lessons to Dr. Parchure and others. In the evening, she read parts of her notes on the 1961 and 1962 events to me, and I typed them.

The next day, Krishnaji put his hands on the head, arms, legs, and various bones of little Diane Maroger—something he has never done at such length.

On the eighteenth, K, Vanda, and I went by train to London. We lunched with Mary L. and Amanda at Fortnum. Afterward, by taxi, Vanda dropped K and me at his dentist and she went on to catch a train to Cambridge and Paola's. Mr. Thompson had studied K's X-rays and decided five teeth should come out, two to have crowns, and two bridges were necessary. He pulled two then on the upper left. There was scarcely any bleeding, and he said it was a good thing, as there was pus underneath. K said he was all right. Vanda had tried to persuade him not to have Novocain, and when I remonstrated in the taxi, K pinched my arm so I realized he would pay no attention to her. He had the Novocain and said afterward he couldn't have stood it otherwise. We got a taxi quickly to Waterloo and were back in Brockwood by 5:30.

The next morning, he had some pain but no swelling. He got up for lunch and treated Diane Maroger. "An extraordinary child," he said each time. Again it was a long treatment. He walked with Narayan and went to a staff meeting. A letter came from the man who in December had written to him about Padre Pio. In January, I had answered that he was in India, but that Krishnamurti knew about Padre Pio. I had added a p.s. that Padre Pio knew of Krishnamurti. The new letter appealed to me to explain the relation of mystical states of K and P.P. I read the letter to K and asked him how he considered the record of mystical experiences described in so many religious writings. He was skeptical

of most. He said, “I question that it is total vision. It is a partial vision, like a little harbor, the waters are of the sea, but it is without the width.”

On May twentieth, K gave another long treatment to Diane, who wept afterward because she said she felt so happy with Krishnaji. The house began to fill with weekend guests. Dr. Parchure and K decided that he might live to be 100, and therefore, said K, “I must live to be eighty-two or so.” Dr. P. worked on my back and foot each day, activating nerves, he said. It seemed to be helping. K spoke to the students alone. He was tired afterward, rather cold at lunch, and we only strolled in the grove. His teeth were hurting, eating was difficult, but he was without complaint and took it all as fact. His face was thin and tired, but with it all he had me send a letter to Pama Patwardhan giving his agreement to a schedule in India that included Rajghat and Bangalore—two more places than the previous year. This far ahead he would agree to anything, and then it would be too much when he came to it. Pupul wrote that she was coming to Brockwood in June.

On the twenty-fourth, I met Mary Cadogan at Petersfield, and there was a publication committee meeting, which K joined after lunch. The often touchy matters between Foundations arose; the next Indian book, *Insights*, was discussed—a compilation of discussions with K in India edited by Pupul and Sunanda. It was felt their English was unacceptable; what to do? K said that they claimed their English “showed how the Indian mind worked”—whatever that meant, and hence mustn’t be changed. It just seemed illiterate and hence an everlasting argument to placate the Indians. There was also more discussion of whether to publish further K–Bohm dialogues, which Mary Lutyens was still against. Erna and Theo had joined the fray in favor of them. K had been present in the afternoon throughout the discussion of the Indian book. I took the two Marys to the train afterward. The Links were going shortly to Venice. I came back to join K for a gentle walk in the grove.

There was another trip to London on the twenty-fifth, for accustomed reasons: K to Huntsman, I to the bank, lunch at Fortnum, book browsing in Hatchards, and with difficulty catching a taxi to Mr. Thompson, where he pulled a third tooth. K said the Novocain was painful; so was the extraction. “I yelled,” he told me later. I ached apart in the waiting room. We had trouble getting a taxi, too. K resisted fiercely all efforts to persuade him to wait until I caught the taxi. Especially when he was tired, my concern irked him, and he would try to carry every package, etcetera. He had made another appointment with Mr. Thompson. He did agree to let me ask Amanda Pallant to drive him to Waterloo afterward, but did not want to be driven all the way to Brockwood. The tooth that day also had pus under it. It had been hurting since we were in Victoria.

K said of the Maroger child, “I have never done it so intensely.” Both parents said Diane had more energy, more strength. He spoke to the school on the twenty-eighth, very movingly, from far off—that the religious life is to be free of the self. I was moved to tears, but later he felt that it had not been understood. “They are not able to see it.”

May thirtieth was going to London for another dental session of almost three hours. Four teeth were prepared for crowns; two teeth were extracted. K bore all this with total

fortitude. Amanda Pallant came to drive him straight to Waterloo. We immediately caught the 6:20 train and, though there were men standing in the aisles, we found two seats. I sat opposite and felt physically beaten by his face—drawn but bearing it quietly. It was 8:30 when we reached Brockwood. "I'm so glad you have a nice room to come to. Not one of those awful houses in Wimbledon," he said.

We went again to London on June first, and in the train he spoke again about the hours, two days before in the dentist chair, during which his mind was "empty." It hadn't struck him until afterward. In the taxi on the way to Huntsman, he said that only when Mr. Thompson asked if he was all right, if it hurt, he would reply, but otherwise his mind was empty. Then he said, "All this way in the taxi, coming from the station, there has been nothing in my head. It's getting more and more this way." Then he said that when he puts his hand on people, sometimes it was as if there were a flame. A little flame in the middle of his head. And that when he started treating little Diane Maroger, there was none for a number of times and then slowly it began to happen, and then he felt he was able to help her. He said that, for instance, when he put his hands on Sacha [de Manziarly], when he was in the hospital and dying, there was no flame and from that he could tell that he could do nothing.

At Huntsman, he chose material for two pairs of trousers, and then we walked to Fortnum. At lunch I asked him about his own response to seeing suffering in India or a poor bent man we saw shuffling along the Strand: Was what he felt a "reaction?"—and I knew he was thinking of his chiding me for reacting to his pain at the dentist. I mustn't because he feels it in me and doesn't want the burden on me. He spoke about going back to India in 1922 and the sights of misery were so appalling he could only walk at night.

June fourth, a man named Jeffrey Nicoletti in Philadelphia had been writing urgent letters to me, to David Bohm, and one came for Alain Naudé, which I forwarded. He was concerned with resolving K's teachings with the life and implications of the life of Padre Pio, whom he greatly revered, the latter having physical signs—stigmata, the ability to heal, being in two places at once, etcetera, which he regarded as evidence of sanctity—and then Krishnamurti's denial of faith, etcetera, and all that is involved in faith, belief in Jesus, etcetera. I read the latest letter to K, and he suggested that he and I have a conversation in which I put forth the question in the Nicoletti letter and see what happens. We did that then and there and taped it on the Uher recorder. K said that the phenomena of so-called sainthood were familiar in various religions and they could come about without the person having truly perceived truth. He spoke of waters in a harbor and waters of the sea: they are the same waters, but those in the harbor are contained—i.e., still within a framework—whereas those of the sea are boundless. He questioned any perception that didn't discard all religious dogma. It is partial and therefore not the ultimate. Nicoletti had mentioned kundalini and assumed that K had experienced it and that Padre Pio's experiences could be so described. K objected to the term, said he questioned most descriptions of kundalini as not being the real thing. Nicoletti also asked if Padre Pio would have considered K as a profound thinker but incomplete in not having perceived the meaning of Jesus, and would K consider Padre Pio as one who had helped people (through healing, etcetera) but who had fundamentally done them harm through

urging faith and belief? K said this was a question he didn't want to answer, to assess someone, "to say he is or is not." And he questioned comparing Krishnamurti and Padre Pio. I planned to have the tape transcribed and send a copy to Mr. Nicoletti.

CHAPTER 50

On June eighth, 1978, Krishnaji and I went again to London. At lunch at Fortnum, he said, "There is something in the head that is absolutely still, and that center of energy looks and sees. And when that is happening, the rest of the body is quiet, as though it were nonexistent." I asked, when that silence looks, does it record? He said no, and that is the point of it. I asked, "If I were to ask you what you see, do you know what you see?" He said yes. "The center of energy doesn't record—the tape records, memory records, but not the center of energy." He said, "A few days earlier, when news came about the Weideman house in Ojai being sold, he thought of Rajagopal. It kept coming back into his mind, and he said to himself, 'Why is this happening? No recording!'" And from then on he had not thought of it. I asked him if there was an action in this. He said, "Yes, there is, but I don't know what it is. In the center of the head, there is a sense of great space, stillness, and energy."

He said, "I discovered when I was putting my hands on little Diane—usually when I do that, I just put my hands on the person and look at the sky or the trees—but I discovered when I was doing it to her, *that* energy was not doing it, but that energy was there and is still continuing." I asked him if this were something new, something different, and he said, "Entirely. I am just watching it going on. It is an extraordinary kind of stillness. A quietness I have never had before. I mustn't talk too much about it." And as he said this, he gestured with his hand across his forehead. "I shouldn't talk about it. I talk about it to you, but it is something totally new; I haven't had it before." All this I recorded at the table on the Dictaphone. After lunch, we went to Mr. Thompson, who prepared a fifth tooth of K's for a crown, and installed a crown on one already prepared. It took two and a half hours, and we got back to Brockwood at 7.

June ninth, Dorothy met Pupul coming from an early flight from Bombay. She seemed more relaxed than in the past. On the eleventh, we talked all morning, and in the afternoon she and K did a taped dialogue in which she asked him if there had been changes in his teaching. He said no. This was held in the West Wing drawing room and was attended by five teachers, Dorothy, and the Digbys, who had lunched at Brockwood and earlier talked to Pupul about Indian publications. Also there were the Marogers and their cousins, Jean-Claude and Lucie de Grémont.

On the fourteenth, Pupul, Dorothy, Doris, and I drove to Stonehenge, which Pupul had never seen and wanted to. In spite of tourists and being kept at a distance, the stones retained their strange atmosphere, timeless presence, and silent mystery. We drove on toward Salisbury, looking for a place to have our picnic lunch, and chose a little slope by a small river—the Avon. We spread out rugs and ate as we watched the swiftness of the river, a sleeping swan on her large nest with her mate on guard in the river, eyeing us

sternly. There were little mud hens and their chicks diving for eatables; there were willows and wild roses, and I was lost again in the loveliness of this land. We went on to Salisbury and its cathedral. A pleasant day, which Krishnaji spent in bed.

The following day K, Pupul, and I went to London, K to Huntsman, Pupul to Hatchards, and all then to Fortnum to lunch with Mary L. Joe kindly came afterward, as it was raining, to drive K to the dentist and me to the Swiss embassy for K's visa. Unable to find a taxi afterward, I walked to Portland Place, where Pupul arrived too after rain and taxi problems. K had four crowns and a new bridge installed. Joe reappeared and drove us to Waterloo.

David Bohm came for a meeting in the afternoon on the seventeenth. Pupul gave a talk on India to the school in the evening, and left on the next day for New York, en route to Toronto and her daughter, Radhika Herzberger. Meanwhile, we had a visit from Lailee Bakhtiar, who met Dr. Parchure, and planned to send various vaccines for him to give to Krishnaji before India.

On the nineteenth a cable came from Mavis Bennett saying that Reg had died very suddenly. K, Dorothy, Doris, and I sent cables to her. I felt Reg was something rare in the original meaning of the words "a good man." I drove to Nelly and George Digby's in Sherborne, Dorset, eighty-three miles from Brockwood. They had made most attractive a sixteenth-century inn that was part of the Digby estate and lived in by George's mother until her death. It was charming as arranged by Nelly and George. There was another friend of theirs for lunch, and afterward we all went through Sherborne castle, built by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1594 and owned by George's older brother, who didn't live there, but it was open to the public. To me it was an ugly and depressing place, with towers and heraldic beasts like gargoyles, long corridor-shaped rooms looking out on a lake and a large park, considered splendid but to me bare of trees. George's father had been fox hunting-mad, with masks of foxes everywhere and the sporting drawings commemorating horses and famous runs. It had tinges of my own youth but seemed depressing and gave me a sad imagination of what George's childhood might have been like for him, such a different sort of person. I fretted too because I had trouble letting Krishnaji know that I had arrived safely, as I said I would. I finally got a message through that I was leaving, didn't stay to tea, but came whizzing back, passing Stonehenge again with young people streaming there for the summer solstice. I reached Brockwood in an hour and forty minutes, in time to fetch K's supper, but such jaunts were not enjoyable.

On June twenty-second Dr. Rahula, the Ceylonese Buddhist scholar, and Dr. Schlogel, a German woman sociologist who went to Japan and stayed twelve years in a Zen monastery, came for lunch; and at 4, K, they, Narayan, and David Bohm had a discussion, which was videotaped by Scott and student helpers. Rahula talked for fifteen minutes without pause at the beginning, was pedantic and not easy to understand. There was a sequel the next day both in the morning and afternoon. Much was evoked from K, but less from others.

There was one more dentist trip for K, a brief one, and then on June twenty-seventh K and I left Brockwood at noon with Dorothy and Doris, and Ingrid brought the luggage in another car, and once again we stopped for picnic sandwiches near Heathrow. K and I flew to Cologne and went by taxi to Bonn and Hotel Bristol, a totally charmless hotel with vile wallpaper in which I tended to see Rorschach test heads of ugly animals, but nevertheless, it was convenient and clean. I confirmed out next-day appointment with Dr. Scheef, and we went for a walk, K remembering more or less where we had been the previous September. We had supper in the dining room, thinking it would be quicker. It wasn't. The headwaiter was Indian and hence tolerant of our vegetarian peculiarities. K saw across the city a huge, revolving Mercedes star. He was pleased. I had the *Raj Quartet* by Paul Scott to keep me busy.

K liked sleeping under a continental quilt, which kept him nicely warm, though it was cold in Cologne. We walked the two blocks to the Janker Klinik shortly after 10. We saw Dr. Scheef at 11—a man in a hurry. Various tests were done, including a phosphatase said to show any cancer cells. We were out of there in a little over half an hour. While waiting, I began to wonder what it was that makes people and all nature cling so to life. What wants to survive? I spoke of it to K, who said he had never asked that; must consider it. He began to speak of pleasure, the always turning to it, and life being seen as pleasure or its possibility. I asked if it was the root. K said, "I'm not in it now; it's too big a question now." In a few minutes, he said suddenly, "The rock roses must be in bloom, and the creeper must have reached the trellis." So we talked about Ojai a little. We left the clinic and walked to a bank, where I got Deutsche marks for travel checks and walked back to the hotel for lunch, served quickly this time. After naps, we returned to the clinic at 3:30. Dr. Scheef said that K's tests were all right; he thought K's trouble was possibly a weakening of the sphincter in the bladder and gave a prescription to strengthen this, also 350 enzyme tablets. He was in a hurry, the telephone ringing constantly. He was to leave the next day for Jamaica. He didn't have the pink pills that helped K's hay fever but said he would send some to Gstaad. I was to keep up with enzymes and Vitamin E, and so was K, and we went off after paying K's bill of 155DM ($73). We tried unsuccessfully to fill the prescription as the chemist was closing, but we bought some cherries on the street and ate them in our rooms before going downstairs for supper.

On June twenty-ninth we left the Hotel Bristol and Bonn for the Cologne airport, and a Swissair flight to Zürich, where we changed planes for Geneva. There was a very thorough searching before boarding the plane. Good security. Two tough-looking women ran hands up and down every inch of me, and when the plane took off it wasted no time gaining altitude. Zürich was smiling in summer sunlight. In Geneva, we took a taxi to the Hotel des Bergues, where we had nice rooms, adjoining but not communicating, newly redone in an old-fashioned French style. K approved. "I like this hotel." Better than the Hôtel du Rhône, where we used to stay. We lunched in the Amphitryon dining room where, once again, it was pleasing in an old-fashioned way—snowy linens, two waiters serving deftly with style, quiet, mostly men lunching together, dignified, serious. K said to the waiter, "Nous sommes en regime," to cushion our vegetarian menu. We rested a little after lunch and then walked across the bridge to Patek-Philippe, where we fetched Krishnaji's steel watch, sent in March for cleaning and adjustment. K watched with

fascination the young technician who checked his gold watch. We walked on down to Jacquet for the annual ordering of ties; K choosing carefully ten, first for Joe Links and then for himself. The last two were at my urging. He didn't want more than Joe had, and at the end, his attention fled, as it often did in choosing material for suits or other things for himself. But he was pleased with his visit, spoke of Huntsman to the owner of the store who assisted at these annual choosings, and so with cordial handshakes and escortings to the door, we emerged on the rue du Rhône, walked past the fish store, and across the bridge to a chemist, where Dr. Scheef's prescription was filled. We rested a little at the hotel. I rang Tannegg, got a happy-sounding Fosca and then Vanda. They had just arrived.

We dined in the Amphitryon and had crème caramel—K's choice for "protein." I asked him at supper what was his earliest actual memory. He thought it was standing in his room in Adyar looking out at the river, utterly oblivious of everything else. Did he directly remember Nitya? Yes, but, as with other faces, it was hard to evoke. "I can recognize a photo and say yes, that is him." He seemed to remember more the feeling of the relationship. I asked him if he remembered Rosalind, and he said he remembered her beating him, hitting him "in the groin. Those two must have set it up. I was made to feel guilty all the time for something. I wondered if it was my fault. I didn't want to have those two in my consciousness."

The next morning, June thirtieth, they were digging a large excavation outside the hotel, and K was standing at the window when I brought him his vitamin tablets. "I like to watch all that." He noticed too a splendid Ferrari. We stayed in all morning. The concierge sent our bags to the station, and after a pleasant lunch on vichyssoise and omelet, we took an afternoon train, K watching the lake all the way to Montreux, where we changed to the little mountain train, and so up to Gstaad. From Monbovan on, K recognized every glimpse of the road we usually drove. "Now we are in our country." It had been warm in Geneva and was too when we arrived in Gstaad at 6, but recent snow had left white patches on the mountains.

Fosca, a bit too deaf to hear the bell, nevertheless looked well and her usual nice self, and Vanda appeared, welcoming and warm. Soon K had his tray in bed, Vanda and I ate in the dining room as always, and I unpacked before going to bed. Was it a sign of age to find ease in the familiarity of things? I thought not.

Section Sixteen

CHAPTER 51

July first, 1978. I woke up with the pleasant feeling I didn't have to get up but did. At noon, a Hertz man brought from Berne a bright green Renault—our summer's lift up and down the mountain. Just after noon, the Brockwood mini appeared with Donald Dennis driving and Dr. Parchure, Narayan, and Natasha. They were calling in before going to a chalet in Schonried arranged by Edgar Graf. "So healthy a place," said Dr. P., "how can anyone be sick here?" In the afternoon, K walked down to have his hair cut by Mr. Nicolas, who did it well. I drove him up the hill after we had bought some almond butter he had seen in Pernet's window. He was still off dairy food, in case it encouraged hay fever. I was waiting for Scott to bring a jar of Nagari from Brockwood so I could make tofu.

We settled into summer life: Dr. Parchure coming each morning to massage Krishnaji, and we began the familiar walks up the hill and through the woods to the river. Frances McCann came to lunch with Vanda, and K came to the table and talked to her for a while. I went to the village for assorted shopping, and K took an interest in what was in the shopping basket. Even a tube of toothpaste was noted as if it were a present. "Soon the new ties will come," he said. And, "Little things please little minds."

The tent was put up in the valley for the talks by the boys from Brockwood, who got free space in the barracks for their efforts. The opening talk was on July ninth, a very fine one on the sense of self. The tent was full in spite of cold, rain, and the value of the Swiss franc. Evelyne and Lou Blau arrived and were staying at a friend's chalet. They came to lunch the following day, and Lou told me they had gone to look at the Malibu house before leaving. He wanted to see the slide area, which was making the place difficult to sell. He felt I should do something immediately and suggested Max Falk should do it. K agreed with this and said that, if necessary, I should fly back there, and Lou agreed I should do so in order to arrange how it looked. In the evening, I telephoned Amanda and Phil Dunne, and told them what Lou had said and that I was going to ask Max to go and assess the problem. I asked if they would meet him there and think about the look of it for me. Of course, they said yes, and I was able to reach Max, explained it all, and he said calmly in Max fashion, "I will do it." K was pleased. "At last!"

On July eleventh, I fetched Dr. Parchure as usual at 6:30 a.m. The weather was clear for a change. K gave his second Saanen talk in the tent with enormous energy. At lunch were Simonetta di Cesaro, who had just bought a house in London, as she felt Rome had become too dangerous to live in, Dr. Parchure, and two friends of Alain, Dr. and Mrs. Mustart. He was a geologist, teaching at San Francisco State. K joined everyone after lunch and sat talking until six o'clock about all kinds of things, including the movement of continental plates, earthquakes, and ancient Indian history. When they finally left, K and I went for a short walk down the hill and back. K said it was possible that some sort of disasters might occur in the next year, and we should plan where we should be. Ojai,

we both felt, would be best. We could live there as simply as elsewhere. We should plan it a little and talk to the Lilliefelts. He said "Where I am, this body is, will be safe."

The next morning was fairly clear when I fetched Dr. Parchure at 6:30. I later went down to see Dorothy and Montague, deliver letters, and ask them if they would prefer to stay in the Land Rover in the camping grounds or move up to Tannegg when Vanda left. Doris had said they would sooner stay put. I suggested they do whatever really suited them. They seemed to lean toward staying in the Land Rover. I brought Natasha up for lunch, and Frode and Julie Desnick when I found them toiling up the hill. Vanda had invited them to lunch.

Max Falk telephoned to tell me he had been to Malibu, met with Amanda and Phil, also a County Building and Safety man. All had agreed to cut a three-foot terrace and put in railroad ties to hold the slide area. I agreed to this and whatever he felt was necessary. He said he would also put in steps down to the beach, which buyers were interested in. K was very pleased by all this. I took Natasha back, then interviewed a woman and her child for the Oak Grove school before going for the afternoon walk with K. In the evening, I telephoned Amanda and Phil and heard their agreement to the slide plan. The day ended in feeling all was well in hand and wonder at how helpful friends can be.

July thirteenth was clear and sunny. I fetched Dr. Parchure as usual, and K gave his third Saanen talk. It was more on the self and identity. "Where there is identity there is no freedom." After, we went to the shoe store, where he received his new walking shoes. At lunch were Suad al Radhi, Evelyne Blau, Narayan, Dr. P., Vanda, and me. K came in for coffee. Evelyne and I talked about Foundation matters until 4. Later K wore his new shoes on the walk and was very pleased. He started to say, "Do you think…?" and I said, "Yes."

"You caught my thought?" he asked.

I did. He thought he should have a duplicate pair for Ojai.

The next day, Vanda left for Florence but would return soon. Dr. Parchure helped arrange chairs in the sitting room for the annual meeting of the K international committees. Scott came early to regulate K's watches. At 11:30, the committees' meeting began, and K joined. Reports on the schools were given: Dorothy for Brockwood, the Siddoos for Canada, Evelyne for Ojai, and Narayan on India. It went on until almost 2 p.m. K had lunch alone, but Mary Cadogan, Evelyne, and Dr. P. had lunch at the chalet with me, and we talked fundraising. I fetched Narayan to walk with K while I took Fosca to the market. A hot day and tiring.

Dr. Parchure moved up to Tannegg, and on the sixteenth K gave his fourth Saanen talk to a packed tent. Afterward in the car, he said, "A lot of energy. How did you all stand it?" Jean-Michel Maroger and Diane were at the tent and came up later for K's healing. She was able to stand and walk one or two steps on her own though still wearing a brace.

I went to fetch Anneke to Tannegg for a K treatment and to have lunch. K gave Brian Jenkins an interview. At supper, I had a long talk with Dr. Parchure about K's health. He was watching carefully for any change to try to offset and minimize it. He questioned me on any changes I might notice. K's balance was not very good. Parchure said this was controlled by the anterior part of the brain and would be caused by a lessening of the blood supply. He had asked K about this: Would he continue throughout his life to have clear mental faculties? K, who put large responsibilities on Parchure for the rest of his body health, said yes, his mind would be clear. Something else was looking after that.

In that morning's talk, K was on the verge of talking about yoga and then veered away. I mentioned it after lunch while we were having what passed for coffee—i.e., a brown cereal called Pionier, and K said, "I am going to destroy it." We had talked about it on the walk. I had spoken of what seemed to me a yoga neurosis: endless preoccupation with it, hours doing it, teaching it, talking about it, as in the case of Vanda, Frances McCann, and many others. It seemed almost a narcissism in yoga, and yoga had become, according then to K and Dr. P., a form of gymnastics, not yoga.

Krishnaji's fifth Saanen talk was on the eighteenth of July. The Marogers came to the chalet right after for K to put his hands on Diane. Then, with K steadying her, holding one arm and her father the other, she walked from K's sitting room, across the hall, into the living room, and climbed into an armchair. For the first time in her life, she was walking, carrying her own weight. It stopped the heart to see. I thought, though how could I know, that Krishnaji put a greater healing power into that child than any other I had known about. Certainly at Brockwood he was intent on doing it. And she walked that day. Narayan was a witness, and after the Marogers left, he stayed to lunch and later left for India.

On the twentieth, K gave his sixth Saanen talk, a very moving one. He said everything one could want on "You Are the World"—the subject of the film that was planned. Michael Mendizza was shooting it. K wore a little microphone inside his shirt and a battery in his belt that broadcast his voice to the sound recording and camera. Later, Scott came and recorded on audio K talking on the subject with all of us joining in the discussion, but mostly K, which was to be used in the edited voiceover in the film. I walked the film people up the hill to show them K's usual walk place across the fields for filming the next day.

It was gray the next day in the afternoon, but after seeing Diane at 4 p.m., K went up the hill and was filmed by Michael, with Evelyne and Scott helping. Then K sat on the first bench and spoke for one to two minutes on nature: "If you are not sensitive to it, how can you be related to human beings?" Then he moved along to the other bench by the edge of the wood and did one minute on what brings people to those mountains, to the talks—the common problems that all mankind shares. It was cold, and there were spatters of rain as he finished, but, as usual, he did it superbly, altering what he said with each take, unable to repeat himself.

The cold the day before had tired K. He gave a treatment to Diane in the afternoon. I had ferried Anneke and Mar de Manziarly up to lunch. Anneke brought a book by Rajneesh in which he said some incorrect things about K, which she found funny. I did not find malice about K funny. Mar and Anneke chatted about the old days, Mar meaning to amuse, but putting on such an act that it was wearisome. There was something forced and a little desperate about it. It is sad when age doesn't bring ease. There would be a filmed discussion with K, and Jean-Michel Maroger, Anneke, and Scott Forbes.

On the twenty-third, K gave his seventh Saanen talk. He spoke for an hour and a half very movingly. Jean-Michel brought Diane to the chalet right afterward. I fetched Simonetta di Cesaro, Suad al Radhi, and Dr. Mark Brandes up the hill to lunch. The latter, a German archeologist, teaching at Freiburg University, had come twelve years earlier with Suad to lunch and had come that day especially to hear K's talk and again have lunch. Beforehand, K had joined us and talked intently with Brandes about the Sumerians. Brandes described how, before 2000 B.C., they began writing at first with little clay objects, then putting the imprint of those objects on clay, then drawings of the same objects on clay. K asked Brandes for an archeology view of where our present civilization is. There was a pessimistic reply. Civilizations destroy or tend to be destroyed. K asked if he saw, or some saw, what was happening: the enormous technological advances and lack of religious perception. Brandes asked, "What do you do?" K replied, "What will <u>you</u> do? Talk about it? Make people see?" K ate in his room and came in for coffee. Brandes had to catch a train, so I took them down and then picked up Scott, met Jean-Michel and Anneke, and guided them to Evelyne's chalet, where we discussed with the Mendizzas and Evelyne the content of the next day's dialogue between K, Jean-Michel, Anneke, and Scott. I came back as K was returning from a walk by himself. He was quite tired from the length of the morning's talk.

The next day, K was tired and didn't do exercises. He had a long talk with Dr. Parchure about India and Parchure's plan with K to search for people interested in the teachings. How to finance it? I did errands in the village and found books for K. At 1:30 p.m. Evelyne and Mendizza came to set up the camera and lights for the dialogue in the sitting room. At 3 p.m. Anneke, Jean-Michel, and Scott came as participants and discussed their opening question on what can an individual do in the face of a disordered world of violence, chicanery, etc.

At 3:30 Diane was brought for K's treatment after which the Marogers left for home. Later, K said to me that when he touched Diane's issue in her elbow, it was as if it were dissolving, becoming soft. After the dialogue was filmed, K went for his walk while close-ups of the others were done.

On July twenty-sixth, K held his first public discussion in the tent. There was rudeness and aggression from Mrs. Lulu Ani and the Norwegian boy, Christian. There was a loud complaint from Mr. Edward Ani that he had listened for forty years without any change in himself. Mrs. Ani harangued K that Mr. Ani's problem was because K hadn't explained things properly. K, Dr. Parchure, and I lunched quietly. We talked about a headline in the *Herald Tribune* that said the world had spent $400 billion in 1976 on

armaments, and from this he said that the question that morning was one he must answer. "I shed a tear inwardly when I heard it." He asked, as Edward Ani had, "I've listened for forty years and nothing has changed. What will make me move? A crisis? Sorrow? Pain? A devastating event? These are all outer. We depend on things to shake us. How am I to say 'Be intelligent without the event'? They won't listen. They will ask 'How am I to be intelligent when I'm not?' I would say, 'Do you really think you're not intelligent now? You, Maria, are a very good example. Would you have listened years ago, before your husband died? You went through a devastating event before you came to this. Take Mima Porter—all that money. She took the opposite direction because of money and money destroyed her. Look at Signora—yoga; it's her life now. Which means there are only a few who can be intelligent before the event, not after a motor accident, to say, 'I must drive carefully.' How do you help them before, not after? Only by walking with them."

Dr. P. and I had supper with Dorothy and Montague in their Land Rover. It was very nice and a delicious supper cooked by Dorothy on her two-burner camping stove. It rained outside, but we were snug and warm, and it was very pleasant. Dorothy was dismayed to find the Anis had reservations for the Brockwood gathering.

The next day, in the second public discussion meeting, Krishnamurti began by speaking of the $400 billion spent on armaments and then went on to answer a question on change. "See what is happening without seeking; then intelligence can enter."

I fetched Pascaline Mallet, Gisela Elmenhorst, and Magdalina Jasciuska up to the chalet to lunch. K came and sat with them afterward. At 4, Mr. Mirabet from Spain came, as in past years, to smile, shake K's hand, and give 7,000 Swiss francs, which K then gave to Brockwood. We walked up the hill, where Michael Mendizza and Scott were waiting to film K walking along the path and sitting down on the bench at the edge of the wood. It was done for use with a voiceover.

On July twenty-ninth, K gave his fourth public discussion in the tent, and afterward he had me speak to Mrs. Ani. I asked her why, in view of her hostility as shown in her aggression toward K and what he was saying, why she wanted to come to Brockwood. I also mentioned her association with U.G. Krishnamurti, and her joining in his malice toward K. She called her husband and I repeated my questions, and pointed out the limited Brockwood space made it desirable to give rooms to as many interested people as possible, so I questioned her coming. She said she didn't accept my descriptions. I said her behavior in the tent came across as anger toward K and, though I knew little about U.G. Krishnamurti, people inevitably brought tales of his animosity. As I had to pick up K walking in the hot sun on the road, this conversation was short. Her husband asked if he could walk me to the car and said his wife was abrasive. I agreed. The behavior of the Norwegian boy, Christian, was dismissed as, "Oh, we are all somewhat childish." I said we are all old enough not to be childish, and Christian's childishness can also be called common rudeness. I caught up with K and went back for Frances McCann. She and I lunched alone, and K joined us for coffee. Later, I took Dr. Parchure to a meeting with Evelyne Blau. The Mendizzas were there, and so were Dorothy Simmons and Suzanne and Hugues van der Straten. Evelyne was enthusiastic about two films about the K

schools but made it clear she could raise funds only for a KFA one. Dorothy was cautious about Brockwood, and Dr. Parchure was doubtful about India.

K ended this year's Saanen meetings with a fifth public discussion. Mr. Ani handed me a letter with a check to Brockwood for £150 "in case we couldn't fill the room" and a lot of other nonsense. Dorothy and Montague came for lunch. K and they were talking beforehand, and I was thinking that we had got through this year without any especially crazy ladies when at the door appeared a young German girl in a pink sari, demanding to see K. I made the usual spiel. "But I want to see him!" she burst out and tried to push her way in. It was the first time I had to stop anyone physically. I held the door and blocked her way. She was alternately cajoling and angry, then K sent Dorothy to back me up, and we stood firm until she was outside and we locked the door. Fosca reported that she stood around for quite a while. She was perhaps the "crazy one" Dr. P. had reported in the tent, and K said she pursued and grabbed him on the road.

K said he was against doing films about the schools, thought them a waste of monies needed for other things. Dorothy was not disappointed, feeling it would be difficult to convey the special quality of Brockwood on film.

Life became quiet in the next few days, familiar faces came to say goodbye, and different faces were walking about the village. Edgar Graf came to lunch and to report that everything seemed to have gone well. In spite of currency, he had received enough donations to cover the next summer's gathering.

A shy French boy, a musician, came to the chalet asking to see K. When told it was not possible, he said "Pourai-je parler avec vous?" So we did for a while. Shyness is so seldom seen. K saw Mr. Rusu briefly, and then we went for the walk. I reminded K of the safe box in Gstaad, and that the money in it belonged to him. He said, "As long as I am alive, nothing will happen to you, if you are careful."

On August fourth, Nadia Kossiakof came in the afternoon. We talked, and later K joined us. She described horrors in Beirut where Red Cross people were deliberately fired on, and old women and children shot. She asked what should be one's response to this? K said, "What can one do? If you see a child being beaten, you act, but are you committed to something? If you have commitment you are part of all that. If you see the danger of commitment, then you are free, and that intelligence acts."

On the sixth, a letter came from a man in Texas who asked, among other questions, why one slips back from moments of clarity. K dictated the following for me to quote in a reply to him: "If I may point out, time as movement is not involved in having insight into one's own nature and structure. Time is our conditioning, which is essentially thought. To perceive the whole movement of thought, in that very perception, thought is aware of itself as being limited. And any action born of this limitation must inevitably bring about conflict, pain, and suffering. If one actually, not philosophically, perceives the truth of this, the truth of the nature of thought, there is no falling away from that and coming back

to it. One must also bear in mind that there is no path to truth, and it can never be charted."

K had not slept too well the previous night. He skipped his morning exercises and rested all morning. He lunched with Dr. P. and me and then took a nap. I too slept after lunch. The air was moist and heavy, rather enervating, but we went for our walk to the end of the wood. K stopped as usual by the chickens, leaned over their pen and said, "Pourquoi vous ne sortez-pas?" There was a white cat in the new-cut field, K approached it, but it flattened itself in a wild way, prepared for takeoff, and shot away toward Elizabeth Taylor's chalet when K came close. Rain began as we reached Tannegg. In the evening, Vanda arrived from Florence and Crans, where she had put her grandson in a camp. On the television news, it said that the pope had a heart attack at Castel Gandolfo and had received extreme unction. K made no comment. When he said goodnight to me, he said, "Tomorrow I will send two angels with you, but not till tomorrow." I was to go to Rome in the morning to spend two days with Filomena.

August seventh had a gray morning. Krishnaji had slept well and was feeling rested. I felt secure in leaving him in Vanda's and Dr. Parchure's care, but there was an unease at leaving for outside reasons. He waved as I drove off at 10. It rained all the way down the mountain, and halfway down there was a sign: *Le Pape est mort.* At Geneva, I read that he had died the night before at Castel Gandolfo after a heart attack. My flight was an hour late in leaving and flew through clouds and rain to Rome. Filomena and her son, Mario, were there, despite my having said I would take a taxi. Filomena looked a little older but totally her dear self. All the family were waiting with a big greeting. I gave little presents to each; there were smiles, jokes, and the warm chatter of Italian family life. Filomena and I had supper alone—the perfect meal for me: fruit, including fresh figs, and then a mozzarella. We talked and talked.

We spent the next day talking at further length, but after that we went to St. Peter's as I wanted to see the Pieta, which had been restored after the attack by a madman. It was now behind glass, not very well lit, but moving as always. Preparations were being made for the lying-in-state of Pope Paul, whose body was to be brought to Rome from Castel Gandolfo in late afternoon. Many Japanese tourists were milling about. Filomena touched the foot of the San Pietro statue, worn to no toes from countless touchings. Rome, more than any city I had been in, seemed to reach further in time into a measureless past. Michelangelo and Bernini once again were a gift to eye and spirit, and the Baroque gestures of the saints and puti once more made me smile. Papal deaths seemed a part of my comings and goings to that city. It had been Pius when I left in 1958, and Sam used to stop by the piazza to see if white or black smoke would float from the chimney above the Sistine Chapel.

Filomena and I went on to Ponte Milvio for figs, mozzarella, and Parmigiano to take to Gstaad. The open air market, noisy and cheerful, made me feel there again: Filomena, intent, suspicious of every fruit; the salesmen young, relaxed, wooing the customers. "Even if you don't buy, vi ringrazio!" shouted one. At the cheese counter, Filomena said, "See that you give me the best!"

“Si, Signora, pensa a me.”

We had to go to another place for the freshest figs. Filomena packed then in grape leaves in a box, figs and cheeses wrapped and packed so perfectly they could ride in my suitcase.

Back at Filomena’s, Sofia Sanguinetti, who used to be at Brockwood, came to meet Filomena. Sofia then did acupressure, which was said to be very good, and it was my hope that she could give some relief to the pain of arthritis in Filomena’’s neck and shoulder. She was just right with Filomena, cheerful, confident, asking just the right questions, and explaining just enough. After examination, she said Filomena’s energy was good. Energy was the ingredient in everything at that point. It put me off somewhat, but I reached for any hope of any relief for Filomena. Sofia would start treatment at the end of the month and told me there would be no charge, which I said we couldn’t let her do but thanked her very much, and I left enough funds with Filomena to pay for the treatments. It would then be up to them, but I hoped. Filomena and I then had a nice supper and watched on TV the papal cortege come through Rome to the Vatican. The piazza was filled.

August tenth. After breakfast, I said goodbye to the family, and Filomena and Mario drove me to the airport, where, without delays, Alitalia left at 12:50 p.m. for Geneva. I felt glad to have been with Filomena and felt some good for her in my coming. She was relaxed and smiling. Mario was the one who looked older, not Filomena.

In Geneva, Hertz provided a strident green Opel station wagon, which I drove the Bulle way to Gstaad. When I left, K had said, “It will be fun to go off alone,” and that was usually so for me, but going away from him geographically for something out of the ordinary and therefore avoidable—it had a shadow in it. But now I was heading toward him; the drive wound its familiar way, and I arrived at 4:30. He was awake, and we went for the walk to the end of the wood. There had been snow and much had remained on the high mountains; very white and clean. K said that he and Dr. P. had demolished much of the nonsense about yoga to Vanda, and Frances, who was present, had heard it too. He seemed pleased. And he gave me the letter he wrote to me on the two days I was away.

Dr. Lichti was at lunch on August twelfth with some young people too, but their questions were trivial and a waste of K’s time and obviously a lost nap. We walked later and came back and watched the funeral of Pope Pius in St. Peter’s Square. K, watching, said, “I can’t feel a thing, can you?” A helicopter appeared, tiny over St. Peter’s dome. “Le Saint Esprit,” said K.

The next day was a packing day. A young American appeared on the doorstep wanting help with some project on a Greek island. He was full of energy and purpose but slightly mad. K saw him through the window and talked to him a bit but then turned him over to Dr. P., as he had some other notion of writing a book about the human body. Dr. P said he knew nothing about it. We brought the boy plates of food, he talked a streak, and finally accepted my saying that the Foundations couldn’t offer money or sponsorship of

his project. It would have been nice if all that earnest energy could have been turned in K's direction, but he couldn't see beyond his own view and lost the chance.

The next day was a sunny morning, and the mountains shone. Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I said goodbye to Vanda and Fosca and drove via Les Mosses and the autoroute to Geneva, leaving the car and flying over Germany and Belgium to avoid French striking air controllers. Mary and Joe, Dorothy, and Doris met us. We drove to Brockwood with Mary and Joe, who had spent the summer there but were staying one more night to be with us. Brockwood was green and beautiful after the heavy rains of the summer. We all had supper downstairs with the few who were there.

CHAPTER 52

August sixteenth, 1978. Mary L. and I talked most of the morning in the kitchen, and after lunch got the Mercedes out of the barn and gave it a little exercise. We talked about volume two of her biography of K. She had been making notes and wanted to go ahead but was wondering how to handle the Rajagopal story. We talked about it, and I said I hoped urgently that she would do it. Mary had turned seventy at the end of July, which was further reason to want her to continue.

K was awake from his nap when we returned, and in their car we went with Mary and Joe to Ovington and walked by the river. The clear, swift water, green water weeds, little ducks diving and swimming along the bottom, the slow sail of the swan, and warm smells of growing summer are things that gave a rapture. I watched the water and felt dissolved as though it ran through all my senses. That day, this countryside moved me beyond the splendor of the Swiss mountains.

We came back to the news that Mary and Joe's flat in London had been broken into. They left immediately; later Mary rang to say that nothing was missing, a crowbar had been used to force the door, but inside the burglar alarm went off and the intruder fled. Immense relief, for their flat was filled with personal treasures collected with their unerring taste throughout their lives.

The next morning, we went to London, where Mary and Joe met us at the station. Joe was given by K the Jacquet ties so carefully chosen and ordered for him in Geneva, whereupon Joe said he wanted K never to have to take a taxi in London again and drove us to Fortnum, where he left Mary, K, and me for lunch. During it, Mary questioned K on the schools. She had heard in a letter from Erna that KFA would need $950,000 by the spring for building the school and the yearly $100,000 we must raise over tuition fees to keep it going. K had not yet seen the letter about this but listened to Mary about the effort all this would entail. Joe drove us to K's dentist appointment, and I came back to their flat, saw the damaged door, now fitted with new locks, and was glad to see their charming things all there. Later, Joe drove K and me to Waterloo, where we bought detective stories and took the train home.

The day after that was warm, so K, Dorothy, and I walked the dogs in the grove. K asked, "Where are we going?" He spoke of Erna, who came into all this because of the teachings and now has to spend all her time worrying about money. Dorothy was, as often, immediately defensive, which hinders K's enquiry. Brockwood had reached a fairly firm footing, but he wondered if we should go ahead with the Ojai school—late in the day. "I could be wrong," he said. "Everyone is so busy making all these outward things happen that there is no time or energy for the inner." He long ago had been impatient with me for these same questions he was now asking. He seemed troubled but yet, that morning, when I played records during his breakfast, he was smiling, listening with enjoyment to Joan Sutherland singing Bellini. He said, "It is sentimental but it brings tears to the eyes." He rolled his eyes to the music. A romantic.

August nineteenth, after lunch upstairs, he said, "What am I doing here? These are children. I need someone to talk to, someone who will mine it out of me. I feel there is much more to get out. Someone who can discuss these things, but they can't."

M: "Has there ever been anyone?"

K: "No. Aldous was Christian in his upbringing; then he went off into Buddhism, Vedanta, and all that. He couldn't."

M: "Anyone else?"

K: "Rajagopal hadn't got the brains for this." (Shrug.)

M: "What about India?"

K: "They discuss but sometimes it forges something out of me. Achyut has gone into this, but he is too old now. He says he has failed me. Perhaps I will go away, leave all this. I must be careful or I will do that. I will do whatever is decided. Don't you worry about this or I can't talk to you."

I did not worry, was very still inside, but I too was failing him in this, and to fail K was a knife through one.

It was warm the next morning, and he was not feeling like the morning walk but slept instead. He was thinking about what we had talked about the day before. He said, "I will write to Achyut to get some pandits, and we will have a discussion and make a book out of it." My spirits rose a little. I worked in the tent set up for the public talks, and when K came down, he, Dorothy, and I walked in the grove and pruned bushes. We did it again the following day. He was fired to clear all deadwood, brambles, nettles, foxgloves, etcetera. There was work to do in preparing the West Wing for the gathering, and then a work party of everyone in the house, including K, attacked the weeds in the grove.

On August twenty-fourth, Evelyne Blau arrived from California just before K and I went to London. Joe, true to his resolve, met us at Waterloo and took us on to Huntsman. K

had his fitting, we lunched at Fortnum, and K then had an appointment with dentist Thompson. I did errands and went at 4:00 to Portland Place, but K wasn't finished until 6:00. He had been four hours in the chair. Mr. Thompson prepared five more teeth for crowns. Joe blessedly drove us right to Waterloo, where we caught a train quickly and were back at Brockwood by 8:30. A grueling day for K, but he said that he had "thought of nothing" the whole four hours.

August twenty-sixth was a clear, fine day for the first of the Brockwood talks. The larger tent of two thousand chairs was full, everything was very orderly, people came in groups of fifty—no racing for seats. K's platform was on the north side this year, with a little curtained space where he could tidy his hair. He was in fine form. We ate fruit and salad upstairs after the talk, and then returned to the tent for the hot course. He kept moving about so he didn't get hemmed in.

In subsequent days, the talks, which went well, alternated with prodigious continuing pruning. There was also a day when Mary and Joe came for lunch, and K continued the conversation with Mary and me about the necessity of fundraising taking the energies of everyone at the expense of the teachings. Mary had suggested the Ojai school project be stopped, but K said he had thought it over and it must continue.

The fourth and last talk was on September third. He spoke on meditation; the tent overflowed with people. I made an appeal for donations. K ate upstairs and then returned to the tent. Jean-Michel was there, and K set the dates for a visit to their place in France. In the evening, we watched on television the newly elected Pope John Paul I celebrating mass in St. Peter's Square. The we watched *The Goodies*.

In September, K began dictating the first of a new series of *Letters to the Schools* to be sent to Brockwood, Oak Grove, the Indian schools, and the Canadian Wolf Lake one. This continued daily, and weeding too was resumed. On the eleventh, there was another visit to London for fittings and assorted errands, while K had another two-hour dentist session. Joe again was the kindly transporter. When we reached Brockwood, Maurice Wilkins had arrived with others for a seminar.

The next day, K held the first seminar session. About seventy people participated. The topic, "What does it mean to be a light to oneself?" began things, but it soon veered off. The second day went better. The subject was fear. After lunch, K called Dorothy to discuss organization drowning the teachings—how to prevent it—but all this seemed too much for the staff after the gathering. Jean-Michel joined the discussion. K later said his time was underused during the European part of his year, he wants to talk less to students and more to the public and people capable of going with him.

On the third seminar day, relationship was gone into, but it was again mostly on fear. A perennial subject. A quote from K: "Thought is deviation."

Another London day on the fifteenth; mostly for the dentist. In the evening, Maurice Wilkins, David Bohm, and David Shainberg discussed science and K's teachings. The

rest of the seminar went well, and, for K and me, the afternoons were pruning and pruning.

On September nineteenth, there was the sixth and final seminar meeting. K discussed with a panel of David Bohm, David Shainberg, Dr. Parchure, Harsh Tankha, and me. Then it was all over, and all visitors left.

K spent two days in bed resting. I went to London for visas on the twenty-first and that evening took Frances McCann and Brian Jenkins to a performance in Chichester Cathedral of Christopher Fry's play *A Sleep of Prisoners*. The next day, we both went to London, where our lunch guests were Mary and Joe, Mary's daughter, Amanda Pallant, and Alain Naudé, who was there for a week before going to see his mother in South Africa.

Dr. Parchure left for India. Mary Cadogan came to Brockwood to discuss publication matters, K continued dictating *Letters to the Schools*, and with Dorothy we continued pruning in the grove.

On September twenty-ninth, Pope John Paul I died after a thirty-three-day reign. K dictated letters, I typed, students returned for the start of the new term on October first, and K talked to them very movingly.

On October second, Dorothy drove K and me to Heathrow, stopping for our usual picnic lunch in the car in a meadowy place. K and I then flew to Paris, where Jean-Michel met us and drove us to his and Marie-Bertrande's place in Montrichard near Blois. Diane, Marie-Bertrande, and Jean-Michel's mother were waiting for us. We all had supper and retired. K slept well and in the morning dictated a *Letter to the School*. It was number eleven and on corruption of the mind. His head began to ache toward the end. In the afternoon, he treated Diane, then Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande drove us to Amboise. We walked in the woods and along the Loire. In the evening, K had supper on a tray and we watched on TV part of the funeral in St. Peter's Square of Pope John Paul I—an echo of the one in August. The next day, K continued dictation, and in the afternoon, we all walked in the Fôret de Chaumont. Warm and gentle weather for the next few days allowed luncheons on the terrace under a parasol. He did dictations in the morning, treated Diane, and on one afternoon Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande drove us to Chambord. K went into the chateau to see the staircase. We came back to walk in the woods.

There followed two more similar pleasant days, and on October eleventh, after dictating in the morning, when all the Marogers were at lunch in the garden, K talked to them all afternoon, explaining his early history, Theosophical theories, etcetera. There was then a walk in a lovely wood filled with beginning autumn smells.

On October twelfth, K and I left La Mahaudière, the name of their house, with Jean-Michel and his mother, had sandwiches in the car, and at Roissy K and I flew to Heathrow where Dorothy met us and we were at Brockwood by 6 p.m. The days ahead

were filled with their gentle contents of letters dictated, talks with students, meetings with staff, and afternoon walks. One day I went to London alone to see my brother and his wife Lisa. We went in the afternoon to the Victoria and Albert Museum to see an exhibition that Lisa would have in her museum, the Cooper Hewitt in New York in January. They were flying to Paris the next day.

On October twenty-fourth, K talked alone with the students, and Louis Blau telephoned me that there had been a fire in Malibu but the house was all right. He said he was sending me papers to sign about a sale. I spoke to Amanda, who said the fire had come within three miles, and I telephoned Elfriede too.

On the twenty-sixth, we went to London, where Joe met us and drove us to Fortnum for lunch with Mary. I took legal papers from Lou to be notarized at the U.S. consulate and walked back to Bond Street as K was finishing his haircut at Truefitt. We caught a taxi to Waterloo and were back at Brockwood in time for supper.

The next days were spent doing last-minute things, and on October thirty-first, with Dorothy driving, K and I left Brockwood for Heathrow and flew on Air India, stopping for an hour in Rome, where Vanda, Filomena, and others came to the transit lounge to meet K before the flight continued on to India.

CHAPTER 53

November first, 1978. We landed in Delhi about 4:00 in the morning. Sunanda and Pama Patwardhan met us with a car at the aircraft itself, drove us to a VIP lounge where K, Sunanda, and I sat while Pama and Mr. Murli Rao took our passports through immigration, and fetched our luggage. The latter took quite a while, as one bag didn't turn up for about an hour. We then went to a floor above, to a sort of transit hotel for passengers, where there was a room and bath for each of us to rest in while waiting for the Benares flight. K wanted to change to his Indian clothes, which they had brought, and I was glad to shower, change to fresh clothes, and lie down a little. The room looked like a prison cell, but Sunanda had brought their own linen for the beds, and in spite of no sleep, it was refreshing. They had also brought a picnic breakfast, and then we went on to the other flight. Frances McCann was on that same flight. I dozed as we made bumpy landings at Agra and Kajurao, then to Benares, now called Varanasi, where hot, tropical air filled the cabin as the door opened.

Pupul, Ahalya Chari, Radha Burnier, and Upasani were there to meet Krishnaji. He and I drove to Rajghat with Pupul and Upasani. It was then I felt in India again. Before the eye saw, one knew it: the curious, intricate smell of India. Of what? Dust, spice, wood smoke, smoke from cow dung fires, incense, a tinge of oil in the air? As complex as Indian cooking, it would tell me I was in India if I were blind. The land was very green from the recent floods, the air much more moist and warm. The children, wandering cows and buffalo, dark faces, and brilliant colors, potholes, almost all faces turning to watch the car

pass, the eternal presence of poverty, life lived there against odds that would probably destroy me. So we came to Rajghat.

The school was on holiday; Diwali had begun the day before, but there was nevertheless a crowd to meet K. A young, shy girl gave me two bunches of tightly tied flowers. Ahalya, intent on making up to me for the lodging there in 1965, had prepared two rooms for me to choose between. Both were in K's house, and I took one on the floor below his, which only later I learned was Ahalya's own room. It was the familiar, high-ceilinged, plaster-walled room, cement floor with fresh-smelling matting, bed with mosquito netting, a dressing table, writing table, and a metal cupboard with a lock. The bathroom had a geyser; I could heat my own water and fill a bucket—a great luxury there. There was also a stool to sit on while soaping and pouring water which flowed across the floor and into a drain.

Pupul was in her own cottage not far away, and the others were in various guest cottages. Parameshwaran, who cooked everywhere for K in India, was on hand, and before going to bed that night, I gave him the recipe and ingredients to make tofu. We had a late lunch. K slept, but I unpacked, and by suppertime I was falling asleep at the table. They said the river had risen almost to the rim of the cliff in the September floods, but now the Ganga was quiet, sleeping, mild, returned to its ancient ways.

The next morning, I helped Parameshwaran with his first making of tofu. Then Dr. Parchure brought his wife for me to meet—a shy, charming, and lovely woman. I also met the young woman principal of Vasanta College, a Miss Sehgal. Our meals, cooked and served by Parameshwaran, took place in an upstairs dining room on K's floor. We had salads and all manner of very good food, immaculately clean, and carefully prepared. He was, of course, a Brahmin.

In the late afternoon, Krishnaji, with Ahalya, Upasani, and me, walked around a new-filled ravine, then down to the playing field. He did five laps, but I came back after three. Dr. Parchure gave me a foot massage, as both are swollen from the long flight and the heat.

On November third K held a small group discussion. Present were Pupul, Sunanda, Pama, Ahalya, Achyut, Radha Burnier, Narayan (who had just arrived), Dr. Parchure, Upasani, Rajesh (a nice, bright young man), also Krishnakutty, Frances McCann, Mrs. Parchure, a few teachers, and Mr. and Mrs. Deshpande. Mr. Deshpande couldn't see the relevance of discussing the self. Krishnaji had at him, but it only silenced him. K asked what had we all done with the gift of something true?

The next day was twenty years since Sam's death. How extraordinary life had been. I couldn't judge it, assess it from the outside. It was as if it was not mine to speak of; it had happened not at my planning. I went out early and stood watching the sunrise on the river, the slow, silent casting of nets from the fishing boats. There was something curiously still inside. The mind seemed to be silent, without much movement, listening, and it somehow wasn't mine. The possessor was absent, or had it merely stepped away?

K rested in the morning but was at the lunch table. Achyut and he had been discussing religious centers apart from the K schools, perhaps in cities where books, tapes, etcetera would be available and where people who were serious could be found to come to other small centers for a sort of retreat.

In the afternoon, Dr. Parchure came and walked me to his house, where his wife gave me tea. After tea, he left us alone to talk. She seemed very nice, unsure of her ability in English, which is quite proficient. I was touched by her wanting to talk to me.

On November fifth K held another small group discussion with the same cast. He used the analogy: "You have been given a baby. What have you done with it? Have you cared for it; is it the most important thing in your life?" Pupul spoke of "clouding over"—one has clarity, then it clouds over. K said, in effect, that you let this cloud over because you are not serious, you have not accepted the responsibility of the baby; you have not given your being, your total energy to this; this is not the whole of your life. It hit hard to most of the people there. He spoke with great force. At lunch, he lingered at the table, discussing whether Nagarjuna and Shankara had the insight of the Buddha, whether intellect brought saints to see the limitations, the futility of intellect, until there came an insight. Of the Buddha, and possibly Nagarjuna, he said that they were not intellectuals, though they had great intellect. He felt that they had insight born of compassion and from that came intelligence. He was doubtful about Shankara. Radha Burnier, Achyut, Sunanda, and Pama were at table. Radha said there was too little to be clear about Shankara, as all the subsequent Shankaracharayas wrote, it was hard to be sure what writing was original.

In the afternoon, Amru and Nandini arrived from Bombay. Nandini looked somewhat older, but her manner, as always, was gentle, friendly, and graceful. K was rather hoarse on the walk, did only two laps, said he was tired, came back, and started to talk to Nandini, but gave it up. I sent for Dr. P., fearing fever. It was 100 degrees. Parchure mobilized things, spent the night in a room nearby, prepared to fight the fever if it rose.

The next day, K's fever was normal. He said he had slept very well but his throat was sore and his voice hoarse. He was mostly interested in the tailor coming for a fitting, but he stayed in bed all day, and in the evening his fever went to 99.8. I walked around the campus with Nandini, Amru, and Mrs. Santhanam. Elections were imminent, and the country seemed fascinated by whether Mrs. Gandhi would be elected to parliament. If so, she would apparently become leader of the opposition.

On November seventh I went into Benares with Ahalya, Sunanda, Parchure, Narayan, and Upasani and bought some cloth for kurtas. The city seemed a nightmare of people, dust, dirt, crowding, noise, and a torrent of life that would be destruction if I were dropped into it. It seemed like the edge of a volcano, watching beings in it barely surviving, a ghastly carnival celebrating nothing. There were clouds of dust, refuse, every vehicle with horns screaming at each other; carts with shrill and deafening music wandered the streets pulled by tiny horses or a human being; donkeys carrying gravel and

herded by thin little boys. There were bicycles everywhere. It was an ordeal just being driven through it.

We stopped at the TS headquarters to pick up Radha at Shanti Kunj, where K and Dr. Besant used to live. The garden there, in its age, had a luxuriance and quiet that was astounding after the terrible streets. Radha, calm and clean in a white sari, didn't seem to mind the dust that poured into the car coming back. I had to wash out eyes, nose, and throat before going on with the day. But K had slept all morning and had no fever. He approved the three cottons I had bought for kurtas. Mrs. Gandhi had won her seat in parliament.

On November eighth K was much better, but he rested in bed, except for attending a KFI trustee meeting, to which I was invited. I explained the state of finances in Ojai; also the point of view of the U.S. and English Foundations that Krishnamurti and his teachings are one and our responsibility was to that.

In the afternoon I went with Pupul, Nandini, Amru, and Sunanda to a tea at an agricultural college. The German girl who had tried to force her way into Chalet Tannegg the previous summer was hanging around the gate. Pama stayed to dissuade her from being there except at the public talks. We drove then through villages of ruble, dust, swarms of people, and wandering animals, past camels slowly putting their large, flat feet down on the dirty road. Then, suddenly, there were fields of green that were a wave of beauty. We were on the road the Buddha once walked to Sarnath, and I thought how beautiful India must have been then with very few people and the land in its pristine freshness. I walked back in the twilight in a pair of what Krishnaji called sand shoes—sneakers in my childhood.

The next day, K was entirely well, and he held a discussion with all the students in the assembly hall. It was preceded by the children chanting as K sat cross-legged on a small dais facing them. The rising beauty of the chant and extraordinary grace and majesty of Krishnaji brought tears. There are times when this is limitless. The children were good at speaking up in spite of their shyness. Their sing-song English and heavy consonants required that K use Rajesh as interpreter.

In the afternoon, a motorboat ride up the river past the ghats was laid on. Nandini and Amru came, and so did Mrs. Padma Santhanam, Frances McCann, Rajesh, Krishnakutty and his wife, Mrs. Drassinower, and a Mr. and Mrs. Levitton—she handicapped from polio and who had to be carried or wheeled, a very affable woman, an instant first-name user. The great and sacred river was brown, and one realized that the city sewer was gushing into it just upstream from where the dhobis for the school washed the laundry. The bathing, teeth cleaning, and plunging in that goes on along the ghats made me feel green. Bodies wrapped in bright cloth were neatly queued at the burning ghats, waiting their turn. Seven fires were burning as we passed by; the air was heavy with smoke. Buffalos were being scrubbed by their owners half-submerged in the river, goats picked at invisible weeds on the cement. We returned in mid-channel. I felt no further impulse to visit Benares.

On November tenth, an Indian television crew that had filmed Krishnamurti's discussion with the children (in 16mm black and white) filmed another question-and-answer session with K. The questioners were Achyut, Pupul, and me. I was in for international effect. The man in charge had done his homework and made up the questions. We were each given two to ask. Mine were "What place has knowledge in man's search for enlightenment?" and "You say conflict arises out of desire and choice; they structure our lives. Can we be free of this?" In the afternoon, they photographed a similar session between K and a few students. This I missed as, before lunch, Dr. P. gave me something "for dust allergy," which turned out to be an antihistamine that made me sleep as though hit on the head. I came to at about 4 p.m. and walked with K, Pama, and Upasani around the perimeter of the place. K was tired in the evening and didn't eat much supper.

The next day, K gave the first Rajghat public discussion in the assembly hall. It too was filmed in part by the Indian television. He spoke on disorder. Afterward, he lunched at the table but went quickly to rest to get up later only to greet the governor of Bengal. Later, while he was having supper upstairs, Nandini, who with Amru had eaten at Vasantashram, came running upstairs saying that Mr. Levitton was in a temper at being told that he and his wife could not come to Rishi Valley, and had charged in, demanding to see K then and there. I went down and spoke to him. He was furious. I said the obvious things and that Narayan's decision was due to the physical limitations of the school, etcetera. He argued. I asked him why he couldn't accept it with grace, which seemed to choke him with rage, and he left. Narayan came a little later and said that he had told Mr. Levitton that at Rishi Valley they would not be able to provide aid for his wife's infirmity (i.e., someone to carry his wife around during K's stay when the school is so busy, as was happening at Rajghat), but that they were welcome to spend a few days later when some help could be provided. It was after this, while Narayan was eating dinner, that Levitton came to the table and said, "I hope you don't get a stroke and have to learn to live in a wheelchair." "He cursed me," said Narayan in a matter-of-fact voice.

On November twelfth K gave his public talk at 9 a.m. in the hall, overflowing with all kinds of people. It seemed a superficial audience, easily inclined to laugh. At times the questions came in such heavily accented English that K could not understand. K spoke further on disorder, on the seeing of it, which can bring about order. A man asked about dying. K said, "Have you ever tried it?" and reproved the laughter, going on to speak of dying to the self.

He lunched at the table, rested, then talked to Ahalya, Upasani, Parchure, and Rajesh about Rajghat. After supper, Pupul, Nandini, and Sunanda reminisced about K in the 1940s, his gaiety in those days, how Rajagopal came to hear of K's strange events in Ootacamund through grilling the servant then making Pupul swear never to speak of it; of the nastiness of Rosalind to K when she came to India in 1956, her berating him, yelling at him; of her convincing him that the CID was opening his mail; of her speaking ill of him to Pupul when Pupul visited Ojai. Pupul spoke of papers she had: notes of meetings between K and Jawaharlal Nehru; with Indira Gandhi; of marvelous things K used to say in discussions, which were not recorded.

The next day, November thirteenth, in the assembly hall, K held a discussion with the Tibetan Rinpoche and three other Buddhists, Achyut translating the Hindi when necessary, and Pupul, Radha, Sunanda, and Deshpande participating. The Rinpoche began with a quiet, almost whispered question about the observer and ending of thought. Another Buddhist held forth in Hindi and it took forty-five minutes before the basis of his question was accepted by all. K kept having to ask what actually happens in daily life in relationship, and the Hindi-speaking Buddhists kept going off in theory. More and more K was emphasizing the actual and dismissing the theory, the idea. This seemed the point where people balk, escaping into the idea of something and away from the thing itself.

Evelyne Blau and Michael Mendizza arrived to film K in India.

November fourteenth was a day of rest for K. Professor Krishna of the Benares Hindu University came with his wife for lunch. Afterward, he talked with K and told of what was happening then in university conditions, where threats with knives and guns were being made by students on teaching staff for grades, and when cheating on exams was detected. Later, I walked with K and Upasani around the playing field.

The next morning, Krishnaji called me before breakfast. He had had a feeling in the night that I was upset about something. I assured him I wasn't. At 9:30, he held a discussion with students in the assembly hall, which seemed over their heads. One Muslim girl asked, "Sir, what is religion?" K said it was what is when you know what it is not. They had trouble too with comparison and understanding that there cannot be love when there is fear. Again, he had trouble understanding their questions. Perhaps it was not only the heavy Indian accent but also a bit of deafness. I spoke to Dr. Parchure about it, and he said he would suggest hearing tests when we reached Madras. There was a certain critical stance toward the school at Rajghat. K often said, "This is all too difficult for you. You are not used to this," which, of course, was true, but it came across as criticism.

In the afternoon, he was filmed by Michael Mendizza with the littlest children outside the house and then at a tree planting. K, Upasani, Nandini, and I walked, then came back, changed, and went with K and others to a chanting by Brahmin priests.

The next day, Nandini and I visited the school art department, and in the afternoon Michael Mendizza filmed K walking along the path with the Ganges in view, and when it was done, K, Nandini, and I walked along the perimeter road. A village man came up the cliff from the river, saw K, and prostrated himself, touching his head to K's feet. K raised him up, greeted him silently, and walked on. A look of wild wonder and emotion was in the little man's eyes as he watched K, as though he had seen God. There wasn't adulation, as in seeing a famous person. It was wonder and adoration.

In the evening, Oopali, a former Rishi Valley student and now a professional dancer, gave a recital, and we went to part of it.

On the morning of the seventeenth, K talked to the teachers. I didn't go, thinking the less outsiders, the better. In the afternoon, Michael filmed K walking with his big sun

umbrella on the other side of the Varuna, the little stream running into the Ganges, and along the farmland. When this was done we walked to the eastern end of the KFI land and came back past the Sanjivan Hospital, where Evelyne and I went in. A Dr. Sharma and the one and only nurse, a most hardworking woman, showed us through. It was pitiful to see how much was needed. Later, Dr. Parchure talked to me at length about it, and about his early life as a country doctor living with his wife and two-year-old son in a thatched hut with poisonous caterpillars on the wall, crabs the baby reached for scuttling on the floor, and snakes falling from the ceiling.

On November eighteenth I went with Achyut, Radha B., Pupul, Nandini, and Evelyne to the Sarnath Museum. Pupul and Nandini left before lunch for Bombay. In the afternoon, I had Mrs. Krishni, now retired to Poona, to tea. I remembered her tireless kindness in looking after foreign guests' meals in 1965. She had an eagerness to talk that was part of her friendliness. Meanwhile, K was visited by the Maharajah of Benares. I did some packing easily and quickly, as the dhobi brought clothing well folded.

Section Seventeen

CHAPTER 54

On November nineteenth, 1978, the Rajghat school was out to see K off when we left for the airport at 8:45 a.m. Michael Mendizza filmed the departure, and Evelyne, in spite of fever yesterday, was there too. K, Achyut, and I flew to Calcutta. Friends of Achyut and admirers of Krishnamurti came to the airport with their families. They brought a three-course lunch, which was served to K, Achyut, and me in a private airport apartment. Wives, daughters, and sisters served it. A stubby, rather intense psychotherapy woman seized the opportunity by the throat and asked K intense questions, the answers to which left her face scrunched up in puzzlement. The last one was "Do you believe in God?" K replied, "Who invented God?" Shocked silence. Then, "Obviously man invented God." Everyone looked like a frozen frame in a moving picture. We were driven in a large private car to the aircraft, and at 2:30 we were off to Madras.

We were met by Pama and Mrs. Jayalakshmi, who gave K and me each a huge garland of roses and tuberoses and bead necklaces. Others were there, too, including Mrs. Santhanam, who lent her air-conditioned car to drive us to Vasanta Vihar. Madras was warm and humid but green and cleaner-looking than Benares. The air was soft and pleasant, not dusty and polluted. Vasanta Vihar had been painted white, which gave it a stately beauty instead of the stained yellow of 1965. There were shrubs and plants everywhere. Waiting on the porch were Sunanda, Prema Srinivasan and her daughter, and Vatsala, the latter arrow-thin with large, dark eyes that veered away when looked at, her speech and movement rapid and tense. She immediately asked me if I would like to take a walk, so down the drive we went in the dark and up the road a bit before returning.

Krishnaji's rooms were above his old ones, charmingly done—a sitting room with blue and white cushions, and a bedroom beyond a small porch. I was given his old rooms on the ground floor, a small sitting room, and a large bedroom and bath. It was clean, attractive, comfortable. I took a luxurious bath with ample hot water to fill the bucket. In that heat, bathing became almost a rebirth. We dined in the new dining room and kitchen building, once a garage, in the back of the main house with K, Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, and Vatsala, who had been living there for the past ten months. Early to bed after the day of travel.

The next day, K wanted to talk to Achyut, Sunanda, Pama, and me. We no sooner started than Mr. Santhanam walked in and sat down on the floor with the rest of us in K's bedroom. K was irked and wanted him gone. K got up, and Sunanda and I sorted his clothes for Rishi Valley. Achyut and Pama eased Mr. Santhanam into the sitting room and talked to him about land for the school his wife was running but which belonged to KFI. He finally left, and we resumed talking. K felt the schools had overshadowed the Foundation and the teachings by taking all the energy and resources. He wanted to change all that. Rajghat was discussed: the north splitting from the south one day and how to prevent it. Should KFI run the hospital, the rural school, etcetera?

Achyut gave the pros on this. Later, K came down and talked to me alone. “Do they know what I’m talking about?” At Rajghat he had felt “like going away.” Also, one night in meditation, he felt a tremendous force descend on him.

Later, he talked to me, wondering if what he spoke of was only words to the older people there, Pupul in particular. He wanted more young people in the Foundation. He then took me and Pama on a rather harried walk in the dark down the road, past a place where gypsies were cooking their supper on open fires, and it was again dusty and dirty. At supper, he talked about tradition. All religion is based on tradition and is therefore meaningless. I asked him if he was against tradition because it is secondhand, a pattern, formula, etcetera, or did he also deny the original perception of the first teacher, such as the Buddha? Did he deny that there had been truth for them, which might subsequently have been corrupted into tradition by those who heard it, didn’t understand, but passed it along? “Truth cannot be given to another,” he said. I asked what of a person who read in one of his books “the observer is the observed” and instantly saw the truth of it—not intellectually, but truly saw it? Tradition is not in that.

Achyut spoke of a conversation years earlier in which K had shown him the falseness of something that was weighing on him, and he had totally ended it. “But I have had other blindnesses.” K then said that insight in one thing shows in the totality of things. This seemed to upset Sunanda. “It is not one thing at a time,” said K. He asked, “What happens when I say that conflict harms the brain?” I said that I instantly see it as true, but it is memory and because I have experienced it. One swiftly finds it is real because it would recur—but I didn’t have to finish the sentence because, as K was sitting across the table from me, there was the nonverbal exchange that so often took place.

His statement that truth could not be given to another was clear. The person must see it for himself, but truth about the factual and psychological implications in his writings can only be communicated by one who has seen it. He further said that the understanding and therefore the wiping out of one impediment makes one see the whole field of impediments, and they cease to exist.

On November twenty-first I got up at 3:15 a.m., bathed, dressed, and had the luggage ready to load in Mrs. Santhanam’s car. Dr. Parchure, who had arrived the previous night by train from Benares, took my bags. Sunanda, Pama, and Mrs. Jayalakshmi were up to see Krishnaji off. Parameshwaran sat in the front, Achyut, K, and me in the back; and we left at 4 a.m., going westward on roads where lorries were coming from Bangalore with produce, and bullock carts, mountainous with hay, came slowly toward us. Bullocks’ eyes shone in the dark like cats’. As it became lighter, the village huts of mud and thatch, though very poor, didn’t have the squalor of the north. K took pleasure in the large tamarind trees along the road, telling me the villagers did not cut them as they gave valuable fruit, and each tree belonged to someone. Pale green rice fields appeared and the soft mauve plume of the sugar cane. We stopped once for petrol; little thin-legged boys were carrying pots of water on their shoulders to huts along the road. Some were of brightly polished brass, but too often it was a plastic copy. As we came near Chittoor, the landscape was like parts of California—low, rocky hills, but here the monsoon had left

river water and small lakes. K pointed to a shrine on a fairly steep hill and said he used to climb up there as a boy, or so he had been told. In Madanapalle, where he was born, there was all the comings and goings of a market town. “Beautiful downtown Madanapalle,” he said, laughing. Achyut explained to me how Rishi Valley came to be: Mrs. Besant had a Theosophical college in Madanapalle and offered it to K, who didn’t want a city school, so they searched and found land in the valley near the mountain Rishi Konda. The valley then had no name, but the choice was obvious. The school grounds became green with many new trees. Near the house where K lived a stream ran through a stone channel.

The school was waiting in front of the guest house to greet him. Frances McCann had arrived. Narayan gave me a room across from K’s on his floor. It was cool, clean, quiet country after cities and I felt very glad to be there. Parameshwaran, with two helpers, provided meals in the kitchen and dining room next to mine. K had been a bit hoarse on leaving Madras, and this was worse at lunch. He went to bed, admitting reluctantly that his throat became sore on the flight to Madras. The walk on the previous day in the heat and dust was a large mistake. Dr. Parchure arrived in the afternoon and said K’s vocal chords were inflamed. His temperature was 99, but it dropped to 98.8 in the evening. Earlier in the afternoon, I walked about, met Narayan’s sister, Indira, and then Narayan showed me the new guest houses.

On November twenty-second K had no fever. I went to a chanting assembly with Narayan, walked around with Frances a bit, and then came back and unpacked K’s trunk of clothes. Narayan brought Prasad, Indira, and Mrs. Thomas to lunch, and later to see a new thatched building for the lower school. It cost only $1,000 and was very handsome.

On the twenty-fourth I went to Madanapalle with Narayan and walked past the house where Krishnaji was born. It was on a narrow street of narrow houses and open drains. His house appeared very small; a tailor lived and worked in it. Upstairs was what a small sign said was “Sadhana Tutorial School.” The house must have been deeper in the back, for it seemed tiny. It was hard to imagine that little baby being born there over eighty-three years ago. It seemed mysterious. Perhaps it was a nicer street then. The smallness of everything made it seem part of another time and, of course, so it was. K showed no interest at all when I told him where I had been.

At lunch, he came to the table with a Mr. Gandhi, an architect, and Narayan. I had an idea to make the large end room where meetings were held into a handsome bedroom for K. It would have light on three sides and could easily be done. His present bedroom was small and dark. In the mornings he needed a lamp to read. Then I suggested enlarging the center room to include both verandahs, making it a large space for meetings. The architect said it was all feasible. In the afternoon, Vasanthakumari, a woman singer who was going to live and teach at Rishi Valley, sang for K. Palgat Mani Iyer, the great mrdangam player, also then living at Rishi Valley, was there.

The next day, Evelyne and Sunanda arrived from Madras. At lunch, K bore down very hard on what the Foundation was actually doing, questioned what he was doing there after forty or more years of talking, and there was not one person “who will work at it,

who will carry this flame through India." Narayan suggested an order such as a monastic order. K said, "He has no disciples. Don't call it that. Call it a group of people." He said again that he had probably another ten or fifteen years to live and didn't want to just go around. He questioned whether he himself had been "irresponsible" in not meeting half a dozen people and seeing that they had this thing. It was a knife in me to hear him raise a question that it could be his fault, after all he had poured out to others for so many years. Toward the end of the conversation, it was tentatively planned that he should divide his time in India between Rishi Valley, Vasanta Vihar, and Bombay.

Pupul, Nandini and her daughter, Devi Mangaldas, Achyutji, Nelly Digby, and Elinor Hawksley from Brockwood arrived in a van from Bangalore. K went for a walk with Narayan and me and met Jayalakshmi, her sister, and Narasimhan, who had come from Madras for one night. We continued the walk, and K saw the new thatched building at the rural center. Mr. Naidu, who was in charge of the farm, planting, etcetera, came along and pointed out new trees, which pleased K. Later, everyone but K had supper in the visitors' dining room.

K was ill in the night from something he ate, and so were others. He stayed in bed. Jayalakshmi and Narasimhan had breakfast with me and left after seeing K briefly. He felt better after rest and a semi-fast, and in the afternoon walked a little outside. By evening, he seemed well.

Scott and Pama arrived from Madras, having extracted from customs the video equipment Frances had donated to KFI and which Scott had come to set up and show people how to run.

On the twenty-eighth, K held a discussion with all teachers and trustees. Afterward, Achyut and I had a long talk on problems in the KFI, and in the afternoon K held a meeting with all KFI trustees to which I was invited. Krishnaji asked whether he should become its president, and Pupul said she wished to resign in his favor. She said she had once opposed his being president but now was for it with all her heart. K said that, as things stood at that point, he was holding everything together, that there wasn't a spirit of cooperation—why not? He said again that the schools had swamped the teachings. Why was there division in the Foundation? Pupul made an attempt to bring her differences with Narayan into the open, but she did it in such a challenging way that he flared up. I was asked how differences were handled in the USA and England, and I said that they were discussed and never became issues; that K was president in both the U.S. and UK because after the KW Inc. affair, we were intent on his having as complete power as possible legally, and beyond that we felt totally responsible to him. He spoke of cooperation—the feeling of cooperation coming first, and from that, everything must flow.

In the afternoon of November twenty-ninth, K held another meeting at which he again wondered if he were not being responsible for seeing that a few came to total understanding. He spoke again of the Buddha, who had only two disciples who

understood and they both died before he did. It is an ache to hear him wonder if it is his fault after sixty years of pouring light on everyone.

Narayan, Nandini, Devi, and I walked with him. A little village boy brought him a newborn baby goat, black and white and tottery. He held it, and the brown mother bleated protectively. A tiny flute sound came from the rocks on the hill, the player invisible; but it was a faint thread around our walk, and in the evening, sitting and talking with K, I could still hear it faintly somewhere.

November thirtieth, K spoke to the whole school in the assembly hall. It was filmed by Michael Mendizza. The young students spoke right up: "Sir, what is will power?" "Sir, what is desire?" This last from a tiny boy. K talked on learning and comparison and had a young boy and girl sit beside him, both of them entirely unselfconscious. A little boy with heavy glasses was utterly serious and honest. When K asked him if he saw something, he wouldn't say he did until he had considered it carefully. The children were wonderful, and K enjoyed it. "Tell your teachers NO COMPARISON!" he said, and Scott, who was recording the sound for Michael Mendizza, was laughing afterward, for K had a microphone under his kurta, and Scott could hear the children clustering around K and telling on their teachers, who do, of course, compare.

In the afternoon, K held another KFI meeting, which got so heavily psychological that it went nowhere. Narayan spoke of an area of loneliness that resists all awareness, and at the same time he insisted nothing was wrong with his relationships. Pupul before breakfast told me of nightmares and fears that affected her. There seemed to be an Indian tendency to turn things into abstractions, philosophic concepts, and not look into personal problems. In many ways, they seemed unable to see themselves.

On the walk there was K, Scott, and later Sunanda and Rajesh. We met small, dark-as-twigs gypsy women crossing the fields. Instant begging and chattering at us. K pulled out his pockets and so did Scott and I to show we had nothing, and they laughed and kept chattering. A second pair came along and the performance was repeated, except that K gave one his clean white handkerchief.

After supper, nine village men danced outside the dining hall. A tall one with a rattle moved to the center, calling the tune; the eight others danced in a circle, two older ones playing flutes with tassels on them as they danced. The others had cymbals. K came and stood watching, and soon the students began to join in, at first the older girls, then tides of little boys in their white pajama suits jumped in, then older people, some of the Brockwood students, then Devi, and even Nandini for a few minutes. K was laughing, his face alight with fun. He urged Pupul to join, and in a burst of enthusiasm for a few minutes, she did. "I want to dance!" said K and did a little, standing in the dark behind the circle of onlookers. At 9 p.m., we walked back to the guest house, and he was pleased and full of fun.

On December second K held a discussion with teachers, including some from Bangalore. It was mostly on comparison. I wondered how many understood. In the afternoon, there

was a concert: Palghat Mani Iyer on mrdangan, a little albino fellow on a little drum shaped like a camembert, and Vasanthakumari singing, accompanied by a young woman on violin. K sat in the center on a mat surrounded by young students.

On the third there was another teachers' discussion. It was, I felt, a difficult one for them; for instance, when he spoke of knowledge as "a means to livelihood and status," he kept putting the question, "With ten students in front of you, how will you see that they have no distraction?" And at one point, he asked them how they will make the ten students understand the whole existence of man. He also seemed intimidating in dismissing almost any reply with "You're not answering my question." At the end of an hour and a half, he made me feel thankful I was not a teacher. In the afternoon, he, Narayan, and I visited the dairy herd—graceful-eyed cows rhythmically chewing their hay. Little calves were shyly friendly.

On the fourth, at breakfast, K talked vigorously about forming small groups of religiously committed people. He swept aside the value of the schools. He was drastic. In the afternoon, with Nandini, Devi, and Narayan, we walked about four miles.

On December fifth, Krishnaji held a second discussion with students. Scott Forbes had set up the new video equipment was training three teachers to man the three cameras and one to be the director. It was used that day for the first time. K again had a little boy named Sanjay sit on his left and a little girl on his right. They were very bright children. K asked what causes fear, and Sanjay replied, "It is all in the mind, Sir." The older children didn't speak, but the young ones were quick and really listening. At the end, K asked everyone to sit quietly and asked if they understood why he suggested it. A little girl piped up: "Sir, it is to build up our energy."

On the sixth, Nandini and Devi left for Bombay, Sunanda and Pama for Madras, and K held a meeting for teachers at which he spoke of seven things to give students:

1) Protection in freedom

2) A sense of the religious and righteous behavior

3) Expectation of highest excellence

4) Love-affection, which is security

Then he added last years' list, which was:

1) A global outlook

2) Concern for man

3) Religious feeling

He kept asking what can we do as a group to give these to the children and how one is to have unyielding rectitude. He pointed out that other groups have a belief, an authority to hold them together, to give them energy, but he said the very denial of authority gives energy. Narayan spoke of a brotherhood of teachers, an absence of fear. K asked how he would bring this about. "By working you will not get it. You must get it and then work at it." Pupul brought up compassion as the central thing, and Narayan said, "If I see that I am the world, there is a root of compassion." K asked how they would prevent the children from being swallowed up by society. "Do you have a deep religious feeling? That is a rock and from there you live. Compassion means love, intelligence, an end to sorrow. Have you that intelligence? You can't give something you haven't got. You have to have this quality of creation, newness; not innovation or invention, but an endless source. A river with no beginning and no end."

Krishnaji, Narayan, and I crossed the valley and climbed a stone path to a flat mesa. It was dark by the time we returned.

On December eighth, Mrs. Jayalakshmi brought violinist T. Krishnan and he, with Mani Iyer, gave a concert. K held talks with teachers during the next two days, and on December eleventh, Pupul did a recorded question-and-answer session with Krishnaji. Present were Ahalya, Upasani, Rajesh, Pama, Scott, and me. Toward the end, he said there must be: 1. no comparison, 2. problems must be solved instantly, and 3. no sorrow. And he said that if someone were to ask why one should keep listening to K, he would tell him to listen constantly, as often as he could because "The flower is always new."

In the evening, the annual school ballet was held under the banyan tree. K sat on a mat with the children. Three little boys played mrdangam fiercely during the intermission.

December thirteenth, at 4 a.m., I was bathed, dressed, and ready to go with Mr. Anantaswami who came to drive K, Narayan, Pupul, and me to the school in Bangalore. Evelyne, Michael Mendizza, and Dr. Parchure went in a separate car. We left at 5 and arrived at 8 and were given breakfast in the Valley School guest house by Mrs. Anantaswami. We went to the school at 10, where Krishnaji spoke to the students, then returned to the guest house where he spoke to the teachers. The children were under twelve but spoke right up.

K: "Do you like your school?"

Children: "Yes."

K: "Are you afraid of your teachers?"

Children: "No!"

K: "What would you like?"

Children: "To have a hostel."

K: “Don’t you want to go home to your parents?”

Children: “No! Parents are always busy.”

The teachers were new at it but intent on having a good school, leery of having a principal but saw the need for one. While at the school, Michael Mendizza photographed K with the children. After lunch at the guest house, there was a short rest, then Mr. Hari Khoday, who had given the money for the school, and Pupul brought the first minister of the state to meet K. It was a sticky beginning, as nobody spoke, but finally K began to question him on whether there were people in India who saw what was happening to the world and were concerned. K spoke with charm and intensity, and the minister had the intelligence to appreciate it. Then we left and were driven back to Rishi Valley by Mr. Khoday, who had most kindly not permitted Evelyne or me to pay for some silks from his factory, which we saw and wanted to buy.

The next day, K, with two of the younger students sitting beside him on the little platform, spoke to all the students, and it went very well. At lunch, there were Mrs. Jayalakshmi and her sister, Dr. and Mrs. Parchure, Pama, and Narayan. In spite of a boil on Krishnaji’s neck, he walked down for a coconut tree planting. He planted the first one near the swimming pool. I planted one nearby, then he led a crowd down to the bridge and had each person plant one tree along the river. Jayalakshmi, Ahalya Chari, Upasini, Rita Zampese, Mr. Deshpande, Narayan and his sister Indira, the Parchures—all planted and most had to wade through the stream. Only Pupul evaded it by leaving.

The next morning, she left for Delhi to see Mrs. Gandhi. K’s boil was hurting him. He stayed in bed, but a Dr. Krishnamurti from Madanapalle came to lunch, and, with Dr. Parchure, the two doctors decided on an antibiotic, Doxycyline 100 mg, which K took in the evening. He was better the next morning as the boil softened and began to drain. He was able to sit in the other room and hold a teacher discussion. “A fact is never a fragment.” In the afternoon, I climbed the hill behind the playing field.

On December seventeenth, in the morning, K held a teachers’ discussion, and in the afternoon he held one in front of the guest house that was filmed by Michael Mendizza. Participants were Narayan, Prasad, Krishnakutty, Indira, Mrs. Rajan, and Venkatraman. Ahalya and I packed K’s clothes in metal trunks to take to Madras. Someone said that the U.S. and China had announced opening of diplomatic relations. News was as remote as the moon.

On the eighteenth, K held a discussion with students of the two upper classes with Narayan as the only other person. Afterward, Dr. Parchure opened K’s boil, using a freeze anesthetic that was so short-lived that he had considerable pain. But as soon as it was over and bandaged, he said the pain was gone and it felt much better. The question remained how he got it. He spent the rest of the day in bed reading. I, too, read all afternoon then went for a walk. The sky was beautiful, with round, rolling clouds. A sparrow hawk fluttered in place over the rice field, dove, but rose with nothing.

On the nineteenth, K spoke to the school, I packed, and it was learned that Mrs. Gandhi had been jailed for four days by the parliament and denied the seat she won in it a few weeks earlier.

CHAPTER 55

On December twentieth, 1978, at 4 in the morning, Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, Parameshwaran, and I left Rishi Valley in the Santhanam car for Madras, arriving at Vasanta Vihar by 8:30, to learn that all the others—Evelyne, Nelly Digby, Frances, etcetera who were to have left at 7:30 a.m., were prevented from leaving by danger of riots over Mrs. Gandhi going to jail. She was stronger in the south than in the north, and followers had attacked trains, newspaper offices, etcetera. Four people were killed in Bangalore, where Achyut Patwardhan, Ahalya Chari, Mrs. Parchure, Upasani, and Rajesh were to have left at 7:30 but were immobilized yet able to come the next day by train. Rajesh said he had questioned boys who were making trouble in Bangalore and asked what political party they represented. Their answer was fifteen rupees a day and assurance they wouldn't be arrested.

On the twenty-second, Dick Clarke was at lunch and presented K with the book he had just written about the early days. I asked him what he had meant at the end when he said that Theosophy took in Krishnamurti, the K Foundations, etcetera. He replied that Theosophy covered everything.

In the afternoon, the Rishi Valley vans and car brought the missing persons. It seemed that their troubles began in Madanapalle, when Ulrich Bruger, Gisèle Balleys, and Mrs. Ridley arrived there by car from Rishi Valley to catch a bus. A mob crowded around the car threateningly. A man said no buses were running and to return to Rishi Valley, but another group closed in and tried to force the doors open, telling them to get out. The driver edged the car over to the curb, as though to comply, then gunned the car, and they escaped to Rishi Valley.

After everyone had tea, I went for a walk with Krishnaji and Pama, driving past the TS entrance and Damodar Gardens, which KFI was thinking of leasing, to the beach. We walked then toward the river, a wind blowing in from the Bay of Bengal, but the wide beach was not entirely clean. The fisher folk lived on the beach and relieved themselves along the edge of the surf, so one had to walk along a road leading to the bridge that once crossed the river. K strode along, vital and indomitable-looking, past the TS, past the part of the beach where this strange story began and the young boy and his little brother were noticed. The road we took goes around the TS land, as K then did not wish to set foot on it.

Back at Vasanta Vihar, Pupul had arrived from Bombay after a crowded time at the airports. Everyone, including K, had supper at tables in a coco palm hut put up outside the dining room in the back garden.

On December twenty-third, there was a KFI trustee meeting in which there was discussion of Krishnamurti becoming its president instead of Pupul. He would give his answer the following day. A small college at Rishi Valley was also talked about. K underscored the need for new, good people. Rajesh said that a full sense of responsibility seemed to fade, perhaps because of the enormity of the teachings. K said that if he saw the truth of the teachings, he would start in a small way: "That, after all, it had taken [himself] fifty years" and "I can't do anything tomorrow. If I want to do something, I want to do it today. If I had heard the Buddha and his mind was too big for me, I would take what I understood and keep moving. He said, 'no time.' I would work on that. I don't know what he means. I would ask him. He says, 'I will do this.' I say no time. If I am angry, I end it now, not tomorrow. I won't let anything enter the field of time. I would ask if I have understood that—the word, meaning, the inwardness of it. I can't capture the immensity [of it all] but I can begin with that."

The next day, December twenty-fourth, Krishnaji accepted the presidency of KFI but wished that Pupul and Achyut, as vice presidents, would act as "buffers" with regard to legal and other matters in his absence or during any periods in which he would delegate his powers to them. Achyut demurred because he had accepted to start religious centers all over India and therefore felt he should not take on an official position, but Pupul made a plea to Achyut to accept nonetheless because he was uniquely able to protect KFI in Indian conditions at that time. He felt he wanted to do religious work on his own so that, if he made mistakes, they would be his personally. Pupul refused to be a vice president without him. K said that was blackmail. And he asked about his own responsibilities as president. Achyut said he would do whatever K wished, and K said that was not enough. Achyut then accepted. Krishnaji then asked what we could do to make all the K Foundations more responsible and active, creative, alive, and living the teachings. He asked if there were too many members too casually involved. He was concerned with the possibility of separation when he died. I asked about K's powers as president, and received their agreement that he could at any time, whether he was in India or elsewhere, overrule the vice presidents. K asked at length what were the responsibilities of the Foundation members and what do they do. "Am I spilling my blood on a rock? It's not worth it." K said our trust was in the teachings. "And that trust is your life." Our responsibility was to each other, to keep in contact not only verbally but inwardly.

At five, Shankar drove Evelyne, Nelly, Julie, and me to where M. S. Subbulakshmi was to sing. We had to queue to get in, and it was a moment to observe the audience: a high preponderance of what I thought of as South Indian Brahmin faces: rather fine with a distinct dignity. The event was like the opening of the opera in New York—women in their most gleaming saris, lustrous colors, diamonds in ears (and regrettably in noses). Subbulakshmi sang for almost three hours marvelously. So passed Christmas Eve.

December twenty-fifth. Between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m., the monsoon poured over five inches. At 9:30 a.m., Krishnaji held the first of combined Foundations meeting. The only non-Indian members were Evelyne, Nelly, and myself. Speaking of the responsibilities of the Foundations, K said, "The religious mind is without illusion." And later he said, "Sorrow is illusion." In the afternoon, Sunanda, Pupul, Pama, Nelly, Evelyne, and I had a

publications committee meeting. India had agreed to Harper bringing out the *Meditations* book in the autumn of 1979, in time for Christmas, and their own book, now titled *Exploration into Insight*, to follow early in 1980.

At 5 p.m., when the rain slacked a little, Lakshmi Shankar came to sing for K. It was held in the hall, and about thirty of us were there. Mrs. Jayalakshmi brought Mani Iyer, who sat beside Krishnamurti like a carving in dark wood. Their combined presence evoked singing that seemed to come from deep inside a reverie of devotion, substances of longing, sorrow, supplication. Lakshmi Shankar, sitting in the dark hall, became an ancient monumental figure. Her voice seemed to come from whatever was the Indian mind and heart, a distillation of centuries. At the end, she came forward, touched her forehead to the ground before Krishnamurti, and turned slightly to touch Mani Iyer's feet: obeisance to God and to greatness. That was that Christmas in Madras.

Rain continued in the night and all next day. There was flooding. K wanted to have others at the 9:30 meeting, but I reminded him that the K Foundation members had come all that way for meetings on Foundation matters, so the meeting was only with them.

On the twenty-seventh there was the final combined Foundations meeting. It was on subtleties of interpretation and what it meant to spread the teachings. He said we must speak out of what we understood. It might not be the totality of the teachings, but what we have seen we can communicate. The rain continued, and in the afternoon we finished the publications meeting.

The next day, though the rain continued, Pupul took Evelyne, Nelly, and me to the Handicraft wholesalers, where they proudly showed samples of their lovely cottons but almost all were unavailable. In the afternoon, I went again to town with Evelyne and Scott, who were looking for presents. The sights of the slums in the rain were numbing. Women were washing their cooking pots in the filthy street waters. An old beggar outside a shop angrily waved away a man and child, wanting to keep the foreigners (us) as his to beg from, and a snake charmer, catching sight of me in the doorway, waved his wretched cobra.

Nandini arrived that night, and so did David Shainberg and his son, Steven. The rain continued—fifteen inches had fallen during the week, but K was optimistic that even a little sun would dry it out for the opening talk the next day. He was bored with the rain and inaction, and wanted to talk.

On December thirtieth, wisps of sun gave hope in the morning. I walked down with Krishnaji to look at the driveway, where a lake there seemed to have diminished, but later, rain began anew, and it became obvious the talk could not be held in the garden, so K held a discussion in the hall.

On the last day of the year, the sun returned at last. At lunch, there were K, Sunanda, Nandini, me, and a Dr. Ravindra, a professor of physics and religion at Halifax University. In conversation, K said that a person with a total view could not be concerned

with the particular—i.e., such a person could never be a scientist, artist, etcetera. He or she would only be concerned with the totality: he would teach that; nothing else.

I asked about a person of genius, like Beethoven (as K liked him so much) who might be an egocentric man, but at moments of creation, could his ego be in suspension? This led to a discussion of relationship versus actuality. Actuality cannot touch truth, hence no relationship, as K defines relationship as a two-way thing. But truth can affect actuality.

CHAPTER 56

January first, 1979 Krishnaji came down to wish me a Happy New Year. He picked a little white blossom from the vine on the verandah and gave it to me. These have an intense, sweet smell. It was another clear, sunny day and a quiet one as K rested until his talk in the garden at 5 p.m., his second Madras one.

The next morning, he held a discussion in the hall with a small group sitting in a circle while a large group sat as observers. The subject was "What is a religious life?" and participating in the discussion with K were Achyut, Pupul, Sunanda, David Shainberg, Evelyne Blau, Nelly Digby, Narayan, Rajesh, Krishnakutty, and me.

In the afternoon, I went with Pupul and Nandini to tea at Mrs. Jayalakshmi's. Though she lived only around the corner, she came quite formally to fetch us in her car. There were two houses, one for her son and daughter-in-law, and the other her own. The two houses were separated by a pretty garden of flowering shrubs and stone statues of Nandi, the cow god. Parameshwaran was there to serve. "He belongs to me," said Mrs. Jayalakshmi. Apparently, she employed him first, and one felt that each played a correct and pleasing role in the other's life. It also seemed that there had been some barrier between Jayalakshmi, Pupul, and Nandini, and I had unwittingly brought about this tea party by asking if I could come to see her and bring Nandini. She showed us rather formally photographs of Krishnaji, at my request, which led to looking with admiration at her collection of bronze and stone statues; but what really broke the ice was our asking to see her collection of saris. She brought out superb saris of heavy Kancheepuram silk. Both Pupul and she knew the very weaver of some; she knew that Pupul's knowledge of them equaled her own, and her face lit up while talking about them. We were a proper audience. I spoke of one she had worn the previous week, a beauty of dark blue with turquoise panels, and she brought it out and gave it to me. It was splendidly beautiful and, with Nandini's help, I wore it that evening. Nandini put it on me, and then we went upstairs for Krishnaji's inspection. He looked very critically, walked around me, and then said, "Excellent. You can wear them." I relaxed into the sense of wearing something beautiful and therefore felt at ease, and was told I looked right by the critical eyes of the ladies, so I abandoned my assertions that Western women looked in fancy dress costume in a sari, and went off in this one to Prema Srinivasan's house to dinner. All but K went. Her house could have been in Beverly Hills but reflected her taste and care. There were flowers and sandalwood, a woman sang before dinner, and we dined at tables on a terrace. The food was meticulous and delicious.

January third brought another discussion with K and the small group while the larger group listened. At lunch were K, David Shainberg, Professor Ravi Ravindra, Nandini, Pama, and me. At 5 p.m., Nandini, Sunanda, Pupul, and I went to Prema's to see another sari viewing. This one was of samples she was collecting for an October showing in Bombay. I ordered a very pretty one, and Sunanda gave me a creamy cotton one she had from the previous sale.

On January fourth, there was a continuation of the previous discussions with the continuing theme of "What is a religious life?" but a professor from Madras University slowed it down with questions on technique.

During the discussion, Evelyne received a telephone call saying that her sister had died suddenly of a heart attack. She was deeply upset. Her husband urged her to fly home immediately, but she hesitated, wanting to finish the film work of K she had come to do. I arranged for her to telephone from Sunanda's room. K came in with me, saying to me, "You be there when I see her." He spoke to her, holding her hand with both of his. She didn't come to lunch but made her decision to complete her work there and then fly home.

In the afternoon, we went to look at a stretch of beach south of Madras, where there was land to build an enlargement of the school KFI. It was a flat expanse of sand, no trees or vegetation, and it was too far to bring children. K didn't like it at all. We came back past the TS Damodar Gardens, which was for sale, and K was keen for that. Evelyne joined us for supper.

The next day, while K spent the day resting, some of us went to Kancheepuram. I was with Nandini, Prema, and Scott. Prema was very informative historically, and she had arranged the day. We visited the big temple, seeing the temple elephant first. He was confined with leg chains, we threw him a large bunch of bananas, which he ate as if it were one, and seemed to sense our sympathy, holding up a leg that had a sore. I had a first glimpse of Brahmin priests—heads shaved to a pigtail or bun in the back, earring in right ear, of course a sacred thread, complicated dhotis swaddling them, then a large V of white ash with a vertical red line on foreheads, chests, and each upper arm. We were shown by the light of a paper dipped in oil that lit the statue of a deity in a dark shrine, then the head priest put in our cupped hands water with saffron and camphor to touch with lips and pour the remainder on one's head, a round crown was touched to each head, and some leaves put in each hand—all this a blessing. Prema had arranged a showing of the temple's jewels, which were carried forth in chests and taken out for us to see but not touch. There was a crown of gold for the god, inlaid with uncut diamonds and a huge emerald, smaller goddess crowns, some long necklaces, and—most exquisite—a little hand of gold with the palm encrusted with diamonds. All these were to be shown only at certain festivals when they ornament the statues of the deities.

We then went to another temple with a large and splendid Nandi facing it. Inside courtyards, there were niches with bas-reliefs of Siva and Parvati, many of Siva dancing, a smile on his face, right leg straight up alongside his ear and a bashful Parvati kneeling

beside him. This was Siva's dance when he out-danced his wife. Everything he did, she did until finally he won by the leg straight up. She was too bashful to do that. In another most charming niche, there was a Nandi dancing beside Siva, all smiles.

Then we went to a sari shop for the very South Indian and famous Kancheepuram heavy silk saris. I bought one for Mrs. Parchure, one for Evelyne, who hadn't come, and a green and red one for me. Then, amazingly, we were served lunch in a back room, brought by Prema. Lunch for fourteen! And even water, soap, and towels to wash our hands.

We then went to the weavers where these saris were made, and Pupul was greeted as an empress. She had known all of them when she was doing the handcraft business. The best weaver of all, now retired, was sent for and came quickly to greet and be greeted. Present wares were shown, and Pupul noted that the level had deteriorated since she was no longer involved. There were three saris left from her designs; Nandini bought two and I bought one to give to Sunanda. We came back to Vasanta Vihar, and K came to inspect the loot with interest and approval. Vatsalaji (Mrs. Parchure) was very shy but I thought pleased with her sari. So seemed Evelyne with hers—a red, very traditional one, and she wore it to the Santhanams', where all of us, except K, dined. I wore a gray printed sari, which Nandini brought and helped me put on.

January sixth. As I seemed to have embarked on wearing saris, I was glad to go to town with Prema to arrange the making of blouses and extra petticoats. In the afternoon, I put on a cotton sari by myself, which amused K when I appeared, but he approved. At 5, he gave his third talk, to me a very great one, which seemed to engulf the mind and dissolve it. I felt silent and disembodied afterward.

The next day, Ooma, a sister of Narayan, and her husband, Ramaswamy, were at lunch. She was shy, smiled slowly when you talked to her, but then withdrew into a quiet melancholy. K was teasing her and wooing her to leave a good teaching job at Delhi University to come with her husband and start a college at Rishi Valley. He was sweeping in his enthusiasm and disregarded all the practical problems involved. At 5, he gave his fourth talk on "Order is sequence in space." He had cough problems. Dr. Parchure brought him water and laid it on the dais, but K didn't see it until Kathy pushed it forward. The talk was tremendous. He went into fear, thought, the foundations of order.

On January eighth Mrs. Gandhi came to Madras to see Krishnamurti. She arrived with Pupul at 10:45 a.m. and spent an hour with him. She rested afterward in Pupul's room and before lunch met in the hall those who were lunching there—Evelyne, Nelly, Frances, Scott, etcetera. Then Pupul brought her to the upstairs dining room and left her with me while she went to speak to K. I asked her about the recent jail she had been in for a week and what it had been like. She answered quite readily: It had been a cell for six but she had it to herself. Beds were raised stone shelves. Hers had no mattress but a quilt to lie on and one as a cover. "I am used to a hard bed, so it was all right." Food was brought to her from her home, newspapers were allowed, and she brought books. The bars on the windows bothered her, which was a little surprising, as most houses in India seemed to have barred windows. She had hung blankets over the ones in her cell. It was

the cell in which she had put George Fernandes. On Christmas Day, thinking that the Australian girl in an adjoining cell might be a Christian, she invited her to lunch. The girl turned out to have converted to Islam and was in prison on a drug smuggling charge.

Krishnaji, Mrs. Gandhi, Pupul, and I were at lunch. K went out of his way to be the host, to entertain her and told some of his best funny stories. She listened expressionlessly until the joke at the end, then smiled. It was as if she were barely listening until a cue came to smile. K told these stories with such charm and enjoyment that it was always fun to listen, but there was no relaxation in Mrs. Gandhi. She was a smallish, very held-in woman, wore a black and white sari—not the taste of Pupul, but neat—had nice feet with cared-for toenails. She was uncertain about removing her sandals outside the dining room and followed what Pupul did. After lunch, she went off in her car, accompanied by an enormous, tough-looking bodyguard.

She reappeared in the big hall shortly after 5 p.m., when M. S. Subbulakshmi had begun to sing. Pupul went to sit by her. She listened without expression. One sensed a woman in whom there was little enjoyment or affection. After about forty minutes, she left quietly, and K got up to see her to her car. In the morning, she had spent an hour with him, and he said that they had talked for only about ten minutes of that time. The rest was sitting silently. I had the impression that if she gave up politics she would be left with nothing, without inner resources. The concert was very fine but too long.

On January tenth, Pupul left for Bombay. I went with Nelly Digby to the Madras museum to see bronzes and wood carvings, which I enjoyed very much. Nelly tended to twitch with criticisms, but in part I thought she enjoyed it. We stopped to cash travel checks, which took a long time. Between the heat and standing, my leg ached. K rested that day, and Scott left for Brockwood. We would soon all start moving westward.

January twelfth brought another expedition; Sunanda, Prema, Nelly, and I went in Prema's car to Mahabalipuram. En route we paused to look at a large hotel called Fishermen's Cove on a beautiful stretch of beach. There were temples by the sea. We wandered in, and then, sitting in the shade of a huge rock, we had a picnic breakfast supplied by Prema. She did everything so nicely and with such enthusiasm. We also saw the long rock carving of Lord Krishna, holding up a mountain against a storm, and a lovely carving of a cow being milked and licking her little calf nestled against her. There were other carvings too of gods, men doing difficult austerities, and a Nandi copying them. We came back with air conditioning in the car, stopped at Prema's beach house for coconut juice, and were back at Vasanta Vihar in time for lunch. Evelyne left in the afternoon for Los Angeles, and at 5 there was a concert by Palghat Mani Iyer and a Professor Ramanathan, who sang very well and told me he was teaching at Wesleyan.

The next day, there was a discussion at breakfast between K, Achyut, Sunanda, Radha, and me on what Krishnaji meant by "no recording." I asked him if he meant no recall. He said that in insight there is no recording. I asked him about his *Notebook* in which he described events that took place earlier. He said it was not written using memory. The words happened at the moment of writing.

Before K's fifth talk in Madras, Narayan spoke about the schools, and I made an appeal for donations, explaining a little about the English and American Krishnamurti Foundations. K gave a deeply moving talk on a religious life.

On January fourteenth Krishnaji called me, Achyut, and Sunanda to talk to him about the TS and Damodar Gardens, which he wanted to get for an enlargement of The School. Radha Burnier had told Achyut that the TS might want two of their members on the board, and K wanted to know what I thought. I said that, speaking for myself and perhaps for those like Erna and Theo Lilliefelt, it might feel that a TS member on a K Foundation board would be a blurring of his break with the TS. He was impatient with what I said. I stayed with it and pointed to his statement that he would not have allowed Rajagopal to edit his books if he had known he was still a TS member. K wanted this land and said I was being stupid. I said that might be, but he had asked me what I thought and so I told him. Achyut tried to minimize the importance of it, trying to make their demands acceptable. I said that Radha, because of her personal qualities, had been accepted in spite of being in the TS, but this rankled with some. Finally K said, "Do you feel it?" meaning something else at work. I said I didn't have his perception and the decision was clearly his, but he wouldn't accept that, saying, "It is your responsibility." I said he was trying to force me to say something I didn't feel. Either I said it or kept silent. Finally, we were interrupted, and so it ended, but later he told me he had felt "a presence" in the room as we talked, that one must remain open to "something" being at work. "The TS was meant to help the work of the World Teacher, perhaps this was an opening."

At lunch were K, Mr. and Mrs. John Coates, Joy Mills, Radha Burnier, Achyut, and me. Only at the end of lunch did Krishnaji bring up interest in getting some land. John Coats and Joy Mills said they thought it a good idea. It was agreed that some of us would look at land the next day. On leaving, Joy Mills asked K rather archly if he would like to live in his old rooms at the TS. He looked startled and a little suspicious.

At 5 p.m., he gave his sixth and final talk of that series, a long, profound one on many things. His voice was deep and from far off. He put tremendous energy into it and at the end sat in silence while the large crowd seemed not to breathe. As he moved toward the house people flowed in a tide around him, touching him in worship. He went upstairs alone, and some impulse made me follow. He stood in the dark and held me when I came to him. I felt he would faint, and he sank down on the floor. "Don't touch me now." I sat near him, and in a few seconds he fainted slowly toward me. He lay there several minutes, then came to and said he was all right, went into the bathroom, washed, changed from dhoti to pajamas and said he wanted to walk. The crowd had streamed away, and he went out and walked with Mrs. Jayalakshmi. At supper, he ate with everyone as usual and stayed far too long talking to the Bangalore school people—Kabir, Anantaswami, and one other.

At breakfast the following morning were K, Nelly, Radha, Achyut, Pama, and me. There was discussion of Sanskrit meanings, Buddhist doctrine, etcetera. At 10, Achyut, Pama, Sunanda, and I met Radha Burnier and John Coats and went to look at Damodar Gardens and then Besant Gardens as school sites. I surmised the TS needed money and would like

to sell. The price then was two lakhs an acre, which would have been prohibitive. Damodar Gardens had thirteen acres and suitable houses, but there was then a plan by the city to enlarge a road, which would ruin it. Besant Gardens was larger—about forty-to-fifty acres that could be used, but I had a feeling their demands would be stiff. During all this, K was meeting some students. He needed to rest but was not taking it. There was a quiet lunch.

On January sixteenth, at breakfast there were K, Radha, Sunanda, Pama, and I. A discussion began on reincarnation: There is the stream in which is thought, attachment, etcetera. Thought is a material process. When the body dies, if attachment has not been understood and ended, that attachment, that thought continues as part of the stream. It can manifest in another, but it is not reincarnation of a total person—ego. Ego is an illusion. The desire for reincarnation, the wanting another chance, is part of attachment, thought, the stream. Karma, cause and effect, is meaningless if one sees this.

At lunch there was a man from the newspaper *Indian Express* named Goenka. When Mrs. Gandhi came to Madras, she said she had come to see Krishnamurti and it was printed, so people were asking what he had said to her. Goenka asked K, but he smiled and shook his head.

Later, at 6 p.m., Sunanda and I went to a Kalakshetra ballet. Rukmini Arundale, hard-faced and swollen-looking, lumbered about in an orange sari, looking something like Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*. She didn't return Sunanda's namaste gesture. I didn't expect any recognition from her having come to tea at the thatched cottage in Huizen in 1967, but she eyed us as we sat waiting for the performance to start. We left after one act as we were due at Prema's for dinner. Krishnaji was there, as were the Parchures, and Prema's children. We also met her husband, who was something of an invalid.

The next day, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Henry came to breakfast. Afterward, Amru, then Sivakamu and her brother, Yadnya, came to greet K. Sunanda and I went with Padma Santhanam to visit The School KFI. It was a nice building of plaster halfway up, then lattice sides, and palm leaf with thatch on the roof. The children were ages two and a half to ten. They sang, danced, and did a little play—most endearing children. One little boy with enormous black eyes was as beautiful a child as I'd ever seen. A little French girl, looking at pictures by herself, not understanding English, was touching when I spoke to her in French, and came and sat next to me when the other children were dancing. Padma Santhanam was responsible for this school, and it was a fine job. She and her husband lunched with us at Vasanta Vihar.

At 4 p.m., I went to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Rex Henry at Olcott Bungalow in the TS. We sat on a porch and were joined by Dick Clarke. He was more than willing to describe an ES (Esoteric Section) meeting when I said I knew nothing about it. He said they met weekly, members only, and they had to be punctual at 8 a.m., give a password to get in, sign an attendance book, and then, facing "the Pictures" (of Masters), recite together some sort of salute, sit, and then the one conducting the meeting (Radha Burnier) would address them on something for forty-five minutes, after which there is some sort of

pledge, and the meeting is promptly over. He said she would speak on something like probation and Masters, and he had once asked her how she reconciled such things with her interest in Krishnamurti but got an inconclusive reply.

The next day, January eighteenth, Radha came to breakfast, and the conversation turned to George Arundale and his wife, Rukmini. Radha described Rukmini's neglect of him when he was ill and dying. Though a diabetic, he was fed sugar by some quack doctor. Rukmini would hang around with the musicians in the days when she still danced. Arundale would sometimes accompany her on tours, and young Radha was brought along to fill in a dance program when Rukmini began to be too heavy. It was Radha at these times who tried to help Arundale when he was ill. In his last days, he said to Rukmini, "You are a hard woman." So went the reporting of all this ancient history. K said he would like to ask the only surviving person "who knew the boy" what happened when he was found, which, of course, was Dick Clarke, so it was arranged that Jayalakshmi would invite him for lunch.

It was a very hot day and a little cooler at Jayalakshmi's when we went there at 12:30. K wore a dhoti and looked resplendent. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Rex Henry, Mr. and Mrs. John Coats, Dick Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Santhanam, Sunanda, Pama, and me. There was at first singing by a man from Kalakshetra accompanied by flute, mrdangam, and tamboura. During this, Subbulakshmi, her husband, Sudarshan, niece, Radha, and the latter's little girl, who was mentally disabled, came to listen. The child crawled over and sat half in my lap, the little empty eyes looking up at me.

After the singing, nine Brahmin priests chanted. They wore swaddled dhotis, had shaved heads, Vishnu marks on forehead and arms, earrings in one ear, hand rings, etcetera. They looked a little like Iroquois. The chanting went on relentlessly. At one point I thought they had gone beyond stopping and would continue all day, but some sort of high sign was given and it slowed down to an "OM" and ended. K handed out the rewards like diplomas: to each a dhoti, banana, and certain traditional leaves and a piece of paper money. They all plucked at the money. Somehow it seemed a business affair. In spite of their extraordinary appearance, they could all have come to sell insurance. They looked around, scratched themselves while chanting, everything was perfunctory, and they left.

The Subbulakshmi family departed, and the rest of us sat down to one of Jayalakshmi's sumptuous meals. I counted over nineteen separate things apart from sweets or drinks. Toward the end of lunch, Krishnaji began to ask Dick Clarke what it was like when they found him. Clarke seemed to remember it all clearly. K kept at him with questions, holding Clarke's left hand and ticking off the questions on his fingers. Sunanda took down in shorthand the whole conversation, which went on until 5 o'clock. The Coatses listened raptly to it, but he and Radha had to leave midway for a TS meeting. K seemed to feel that what "the boy" was like, and what went on in his mind, eluded him, for he kept asking questions. But for me, there was a true line throughout: the dreaming child who, when punished by the wretched school master, would stand on the verandah until told to leave, and who often had to be fetched home by his little brother, was the gentle, compliant boy who replied to his elders, "Whatever you say" when he was asked to do

something. He was polite and accepting but not really touched by their world. He learned outward things—manners, speech, witnessed the TS happenings, but it left little mark; he was elsewhere. He remembers vaguely standing by the river for hours, staring at it, vacant. This vacancy may have been some "otherness" that protected him and let whatever he became grow, mature very slowly. It protected him from much of the ugliness in later life, from the brutalities of the Rajagopals. It is there in the present when he is "off," when he sat in Hamish Thompson's dental chair for four hours without a thought. His reality, his native place is elsewhere.

I said all this to him later and at supper when we all talked somewhat about it. In the Rajagopal times, he said he was sometimes physically beaten, but he didn't resist their violence, as he had not resisted the ignorant schoolmaster as a child. It all left no scar, nor did the Theosophical beliefs condition his mind.

Later, on our return from Jayalakshmi's, we walked near the beach—K, Sunanda, Pama, Vatsala, who goes to Rishi Valley to teach, and me.

January nineteenth was very hot. I packed. I talked to K and suggested that, though he didn't speak definitively about what happened to him as a boy, and what the concept of Masters is; unless he makes some statement now, what he is supposed to have written as a boy (recounting initiations, going to visit Masters, etcetera) will stand as his testimony. I asked if I could read those words to him and let him consider if he wishes to comment. He thought for an instant only and then said, "All right. Remind me about all this when we get to Ojai, and I'll make a statement."

The next day, we were up at 4 a.m., dressed, and ready to leave by 5:15 a.m. Sunanda would be coming the following week, but K, Pama, and I said goodbye to Parameshwaran and all the staff and left for the airport. The day before, I had given Parameshwaran a dhoti and 700 rupees, and he seemed pleased and talked of what he would buy for his son, Mani. Ganesh, who cleaned my room, touched my feet in farewell. Nataraj had gone ahead with the luggage and tickets, so when we arrived at the airport, there were only the farewells. Jayalakshmi had more beads for Krishnaji and for me. I felt a renewed sense of friendship with her. The Henrys were there, and various others. We boarded, had a bit of wait until some fog burned away, and then flew off. The captain invited K, and me because I was with him, to come up to the cabin. The view there was a shining one. The complexity of the instruments at the controls of a Boeing 707 was beyond me.

We landed in Bombay and coolness—a marvelous, life-giving cool. To meet him were Nandini, Pupul, and others, and Asit Chandmal, in whose apartment we were to stay. Asit drove us into the city, which seemed part of the West with twenty-story buildings and traffic to match. Asit and his wife, Minakshi, and daughter, Clea, who was then at school in Rishi Valley, lived in a very modern apartment on the sixth floor, and had kindly given it over to Krishnaji during his stay in Bombay. He had one bedroom, I had the other. The servants of Nandini and Pupul's mother, who had cooked for K for years, were there—Vimabhai, a thin, ancient, smiling woman, and an equally ancient toothless man, and

there was also the Chandmals' maid. It was very comfortable, and there was also the extravagance of being cool. We had an excellent, simple lunch, and then Nandini's sons, Gamchan and Vikram, came to see K.

January twenty-first. The conversation at breakfast included Krishnaji, Pupul, Nandini, Achyut, Pama, Asit, and me, and was on whether "the flame" of the Teachings can be handed on. Is insight total, or can it be confined to a particular area or subject? A nap in the afternoon was followed by a walk around the racecourse, a good place to walk and the only open space for miles around.

On the next day, a handful of psychoanalysts, led by a Mr. Nathani, came to talk to K. They didn't seem to have a clue. Afterward, Pupul and Nandini took me to Cottage Industries, where I bought a silk sari. Another nap in the afternoon, and again we all walked around the racecourse.

January twenty-fourth. Krishnaji's first Bombay talk was in the evening at 6:15. I went ahead with Pupul. There was a huge crowd with the usual familiar faces in the foreground, Rajneesh's U.S. followers smoking pot, all kinds and ages of people. I sat with Nandini and family members behind and to the side of K on a small platform in order to be able to get quickly to the car parked behind. K came with Asit. In his talk he answered his own question, which he had been putting to us for days: "What is the cause of degeneration in this country and the world?" It is the intellect, its overuse. Everything is reduced to a theory, a concept. We do not see things as they are, holistically, but as theories. When K stopped speaking, he sat silently for a few moments. Nandini and I went to the car, only yards away, but as K rose, so did a wave of people pressing forward to touch him. He was caught against the wall by people kissing his hands, touching him with a hysteria of reverence. Asit fought to keep the door open and let him get into the car. It took minutes, and when he managed it, hands came through the window to touch him. K was a figure of compassion, touching as many hands as he could, saying, "Be careful, be careful." Nandini called out, "You will be hurt!" and the answer came back in Marathi: "It doesn't matter!" The chauffeur edged the car forward, but the crowd ahead obliterated the road. It took about ten minutes to drive the hundred or so feet to the street. In the morning, K had said, "What will I talk about? Well, I suppose it will come. The day it doesn't I'll shut up shop."

The next day, January twenty-fifth, K talked with Pupul, Nandini, Asit, Dr. Parchure, Achyut, Radha Burnier, Pama, Sunanda, and me about the events in Madras and Ootacamund in 1948 and similar instances in Gstaad and Malibu. This was in response to the question: What did these events mean? He said he remembered none of it. Pupul described her and Nandini's witness to the 1948 Ootacamund happening, and I described similar things that had happened to Krishnaji in my presence. K asked if we could have imagined it, and this was ruled out. There was too much similarity in our reporting, and there was also something similar in Pergine and when he was with Vanda Scaravelli. The conversation lasted until 12:45 and was taped on cassette by Asit. It was felt that it was a confidential record and should be kept confidential for a while in the three archives. No

clear answer emerged, but the subject needed further talk, and K seemed disposed to continue it.

Mr. and Mrs. Patel came to lunch, bringing fiery food. At 5 p.m., I went with Sunanda and Pama for a drive and had tea at an enormous new hotel, the Oberoi Sheraton. It could have been in Los Angeles, New York, or Las Vegas. I was dazed to find the *Herald Tribune* on sale, the first sighting since October. Apparently, England was deep in snow; Heathrow and Gatwick were closed. I dined across the street with Sunanda, Pama, and Radha on the twenty-fifth floor VIP penthouse of the *Indian Express* building. The flat had been lent to them and Achyut by Mr. Goenka, owner of the *Indian Express* newspaper.

On January twenty-sixth K held a discussion with about sixty invited guests. Not a good group for a discussion. At lunch, Radha gave me a list of the manuscripts, letters, etcetera sent to K in 1950 and part of the archives from the TS that Rajagopal was withholding from KFA. Nandini brought me a lovely brown-and-black cotton sari. There was a walk in the late afternoon on the racecourse. People had discovered K's walking there, and one determined family of three marched ten feet behind him all the way round.

On January twenty-seventh, Krishnaji gave his second Bombay talk in the late afternoon to an immense crowd on "Fear is based on thought and time." Again, he was engulfed by a crowd afterward. A man rubbed K's hand all over his face, another put K's fingers in his mouth, so that, when I finally reached the car, K was sitting in the car with his palms up and Nandini had to get his handkerchief and rub the itch on his nose. Hands—hundreds of hands—were thrust through the window, and K patiently touched them all as the car crept forward. People marched behind with their hands touching the car as though in that way they kept contact with him. One man before the talk demanded to be allowed to come and live on the landing outside the door to the flat. When Nandini said it was not possible, he said, "You are keeping me from my God!"

The third Bombay talk was the next day, an overwhelming one, deeply moving. The crowd again poured toward him afterward with what seemed a thousand hands stretching to touch him. He looked dazed, as he so often does after talks, but seemed to want to give something to each of them. His palms together, he turned to face them all and, when finally in the car, through the partly opened window, he let the thrusting hands touch his, as the car moved slowly forward. I felt unable to speak after such a talk but later had to go to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Parekh, Rishi Valley parents and hosts to Narayan, Prasad, etcetera. Radha, Achyut, Pama, Sunanda, and Frances were there. I came back directly afterward. K was in bed reading and feeling all right. That vast energy that is in him is beyond explaining.

On January twenty-ninth, there was an all-morning KFI trustee meeting to which I was invited. K had a letter from Jean-Michel Maroger saying that Diane had fallen down a stone staircase at school in Blois and broken her left femur, a clean fracture. As this was a shorter leg, there was hope that because of the fracture it might be made equal in length.

It seemed extraordinary that no other bones were broken in such a fall. Could it be that K's healing had made the child stronger?

January thirtieth. Devi took me on last-minute shopping for presents. We lunched with the Chandmals, and later, after a nap, went for the afternoon walk on the racecourse. K's voice was getting hoarse, the racecourse was windy, but he wanted to walk anyway. On our return I learned that in the morning he had told the KFI board that he would give six talks in Bombay the following year, instead of four, and would stay in India into February. I asked why as many talks in Bombay as the whole of the U.S.? I tallied the talks and discussions with schools and groups in India (thirty-seven) and said I was not asking for an equal number in the U.S. but two less in Bombay. K said, "We'll see," which was evasive, so I appealed to Pupul to cut the program for his well-being.

January thirty-first. I went with Nandini, Sunanda, and Frances to Bal Anand, Nandini's school for small and very poor children. Rajesh took me to the nearby home of two of them—a room about twelve feet square where twelve people lived. It was so dark I could scarcely see. A woman was washing clothes on the pavement under a water spigot. The mother and father made signs of welcome; they had offered Rajesh food. At 6:15, Krishnaji gave his fourth Bombay talk, and again the crowd was immense and surrounded him afterward. With some, there was a delicacy and reverence in touching him, not grabbing his hands, but touching them quickly and lightly.

After the talk, I would have sooner been quiet, but after several postponements, there was a dinner for Nandini, Devi, and me at Mr. and Mrs. Tantia's. It was late; the younger daughter, Sudha, came for us with a car. They lived nearby in a large, dark flat. We dined at a long table with the men all on one side, i.e., Mr. Tantia, Gancham, and Vikram, and opposite Devi, Nandini, Mina (Gancham's wife), and me. Sudha and her mother were at the ends. Mrs. Tantia, whom K is treating, has emerged from being almost totally withdrawn to a semblance of normalcy. She looked somewhat like a ship in sail in her sari, had great, soulful eyes in which little seemed to be going on. Her daughters seemed more adult. Mr. Tantia was pleasant and chatty. They wanted to come to Brockwood and Saanen. I gave information but feared they envisaged being with K constantly, which might be disappointing.

February first. I packed and had a long conversation with Dr. Parchure, who reported his talk with Krishnaji in the morning. As his doctor, given the responsibility for K's health, he needed K to tell him whether he wished to do everything as fully as he wants and then "disappear," or did he wish to live a long time and conserve the body strength? If it was the latter, said Dr. P., the intelligence of the body was either not functioning or not being listened to. "Your body is giving you signs," but K pays no attention. The falling sick to minor infections here in India was a sign of a lowering of the bodily resistance. K wasn't giving it the necessary rest to build his strength. His feet were constantly swollen in India, another sign of lessened function. K was somewhat impatient with all this but listened. Dr. P. said he must have a day of total rest after each talk, no two-hour discussions at the breakfast table. He must have at least one meal a day in bed (feet up, not hanging down), and he must rest before traveling to a new place and also on arrival.

K's voice was hoarse, a sign he was overusing it. That day, he should have rested, but tides of people came to pay respects and say goodbye, bringing useless presents of huge boxes of dried fruit. In the afternoon, I found the mad German girl who had tried to force her way into Tannegg sitting in the dining room. I put her out. Mrs. Billimoria sent a mother with a son who wants to be a woman, and K talked to them both. Finally, they all left, and only Pupul and Nandini were at supper. K went to bed afterward, and so did I. I managed to sleep intermittently until midnight.

February second. Pama had taken the luggage, tickets, and our passports last night, so there was little to do but dress and be ready to leave the flat at 1 a.m. Asit drove K, me, Pupul, Nandini, and Vikram to the airport. A crowd was waiting to see K off—Achyut, Ahalya, Upasani, Frances, and many others. A VIP lounge was provided. Krishnaji was dressed in his Huntsman jacket and trousers, and I was back in slacks, sweater, and shoes and stockings—my native costume again. The flight was called but not for us. When the British Airways plane was loaded and ready to go, the signal came, and K, Pama, and I drove in a chauffeured car to the foot of the aircraft steps—very VIP. We didn't have the first row in first class but the second. Not quite so VIP!

The flight was to have been nonstop to London, but after three hours, we came down to refuel in Bahrain. K and I for exercise paced the length of the very well-kept air terminal. We had left Bombay at 3:20 a.m. and were due at Heathrow at 7 a.m., but it was 9:30 a.m.when we landed. We had to wrestle our seven bags—not a porter in sight. I went looking for a trolley, and in my absence K lifted six of the bags off the turntable. He then found a trolley and was annoyed when I wouldn't let him load and push it alone. Doris was waiting inside, and Dorothy and Ingrid were with the cars. They had brought overcoats for us. The cold air and wintry beauty of the countryside made my spirits soar. Snow and ice had kept cars from using the lane, but it had warmed and rained the day before, and the sun was out. There were only patches of snow, and a warm welcome at Brockwood. We both felt dazed from travel but there was a sense of coming home. Everything looked so clean; it was a luxury to drink water from the tap, to read news of the world, to eat simple food. It was a delight to be there. I slept in the afternoon after K had had lunch downstairs and then gone to bed. It was happiness to put his tray together for supper. Everyone is smiling, but, alas, Scott is ill in his cottage with hepatitis. He must have caught it in Damascus on his way back.

Section Eighteen

CHAPTER 57

February third, 1979. It was lovely to wake up in Brockwood, to light a fire in the fireplace of my bedroom, exercise a little, then make a delicious breakfast of buttered toast, porridge, etcetera, and eat it slowly at the table in our little kitchen. The tall trees were bare and beautiful, and the sun came to spend the day, wiping away the silver frost that covered the fields at daylight. My whole organism felt different, somehow back to normal, the swelling and pain fading out of my leg and foot. The constant heat was a relentless physical attack in India, or was so for me. How narrow is the margin of health in these matters and obviously different for each body. K's swelling is leaving his foot. He thinks it is due to the carrot juice he now drinks. I think it is the absence of heat. He got up for lunch, after which he took a long nap, and then with Dorothy and the two dogs we walked up and down the driveway. The cold air felt as if it were cleansing my blood. I telephoned Filomena in Rome, and it was good to hear her voice. I also telephoned Vanda in Rome, and K spoke to her, too. Earlier, I had spoken to Phyl Fry. The sounds of friends' voices make one smile inside.

February fourth. Yesterday's sunshine went off behind clouds, but the day stayed dry. Mary and Joe drove down in mid-morning, and we talked at length. K joined us, and we went to lunch. Afterward we sat upstairs in the little kitchen over coffee, biscuits, and talk. After they left, K took his nap, and neither of us felt like going out for a walk.

The next day, Doris lent me her little car, and I went to Petersfield and caught the 9:20 a.m. train to London. There was a dustman's strike, but the English are tidy and pile their refuse neatly in black plastic bags. The city seemed otherwise normal and more relaxed and quiet at that wintry time of year. It had the gray air I remembered from the two winters Sam and I spent in London when I had the private pleasure of exploring the city in that misty vapor that seemed the breath of London.

This day I met Paul Anstee, who did the furnishing of the West Wing when we acquired Brockwood, and at Christie's we looked at a Japanese vase he had seen as lamp material I had asked him to find for Ojai. We had a sandwich in a basement place nearby, and went back to the auction, bid and bought the vase, and I brought it back to Brockwood in a shopping bag in time for the afternoon walk.

On February sixth, Jean-Michel and Marie-Bertrande Maroger arrived for two days. Mary Cadogan came to lunch. We talked to them all, and Krishnaji agreed to go to France sometime that year, probably in October, to do a video interview answering questions from French students. We discussed Indian matters with Mary Cadogan. At lunch, she described her meeting Rajagopal with her husband when they were in Ojai. He was the kindly old gentleman and spoke only well of K. All the rest of the day I packed, washed, ironed, and all was in order by bedtime.

On February seventh there was a foggy morning. I made our breakfast and was ready to leave early. The Marogers said goodbye as they were going to London before returning to France. Elinor Hawksley provided a shopping bag on wheels to carry the just-bought vase by hand to Ojai. Dorothy drove Krishnaji and me, and the Carneses followed with the luggage. We left at 11:30 a.m. and went past the cottage so Scott, isolated by hepatitis, could wave goodbye.

At Heathrow, we learned our flight at 1 p.m. was delayed due to fog preventing its landing. We sat in the TWA lounge reading and surviving on two cheese sandwiches until our flight came in at 3:30, and we took off an hour later. We had the two single seats in the nose that K likes, and he took the one on the left, which he prefers. We read newspapers, magazines, and thrillers all the ten-and-a-half-hour flight but also slept fitfully. We landed in Los Angeles at 9:30 a.m., but it took an hour to get our luggage and go through customs. Mark Lee was waiting with the school van and drove us along the coast road through Malibu. I was too numb from travel to feel the difference, if any, of not coming home to Malibu. Erna, Theo, Michael, and Ted were waiting to welcome K to Ojai. The house was filled with flowers, in exquisite readiness, Elfriede's doing. They left quite soon, and K, quite wide-awake, walked from room to room: "Do you feel the atmosphere? I'm glad you have a beautiful house to live in. It is more beautiful than Malibu. And you have a beautiful room to live in—what's that place we've just come from?—Brockwood." And so we had come back.

February tenth. At first K stayed in bed most of the time, and naps assailed us both in odd hours until inner clocks were adjusted. K said he had felt full of the atmosphere of the house almost to the point of fainting in bed yesterday. He said when he goes in the living room, it is so strong "it is like a temple: one goes very quietly." It is interesting that it is the living room—a new construction, unlike his bedroom and sitting room, which are the old cottage where he lived for so long. The living room is the new wing, built in 1976/77.

The next day, Krishnaji wanted to talk to Erna and Theo, and so we did, all morning, and in the afternoon we visited the new school buildings, which are handsome, larger, and better than visualized. The school classrooms are woven among the oak trees in a random way that can be added on to and don't look institutional. We saw the new vegetable garden and wandered through the Oak Grove. Jackie Kornfeld was urging K to speak in New York. I repeated what Dr. Parchure had said in Bombay about K's health, and K let us agree to say no.

On the thirteenth, I drove to Malibu and talked at length to Amanda and Phil Dunne, a quiet joy to see them again after nine months. I then went across the canyon and saw what had been done to terrace the lawn space after the earth slippage. It looked nice but there were disquieting new cracks in the ground. Elfriede showed me fine-line cracks in the tile in the living room. It moved me to tears to see the much-loved house again, but it had been well cared for by Elfriede and Lorry, the gardener who was there, weeding along the entrance. The garden was healthy and tidy. It remains a blessed place no matter what geological strangeness was going on.

I left and went into town on errands and came back to Ojai through rain. It was dark, but K came out with an umbrella in his bathrobe and helped carry in the packages. He said there had been an interesting talk at lunch. My brother and his wife, Lisa, telephoned as I got in to wish me a happy birthday. K doesn't remember or consider birthdays, which is as it should be. Michael had left salad and soup, so we had our supper. During washing up in the kitchen, Krishnaji said he had become uneasy alone in the house when it became dark, had locked all the doors and windows. "I don't know what I was afraid of, but it was gone the moment you were here." Then, a little later, he stood suddenly still and said his head was bad, giving a cry: "What is happening? Why is it so bad?" I watched lest he faint as he returned to his room. He sat on the bed, several times appearing to start to faint, and then coming to. Then he was sick to his stomach several times, vomiting in the bathroom. "Is this going to start again? Why?" At one point he wanted to go back to the kitchen to finish the dishes to interrupt what was happening but was persuaded not to. He was able to do his teeth, wash, etcetera, and then went to bed promising to call me if it got worse.

February fourteenth. K's head was bad all day. He got up for lunch and later walked with Erna and Theo. Lou Blau rang to tell me of an offer on the Malibu house. He will make a counter offer. K's head was too bad for him to get up in the evening. He watched television, looking tired and in pain. He said it had not been as bad in years.

February seventeenth. K's head was better, though pain was still in the background. It subsided when he was doing something and returned when he was quiet. But in the morning he suggested starting a new series in his *Letters to the Schools*, so he went to it, dictating to me letter number 25, which would be sent out next September first. He had completed the twenty-fourth, capping off a year's supply, before we left Brockwood for India in October.

New teachers and the Hookers were at lunch at Arya Vihara. After an afternoon nap, we walked down to the Lilliefelts'. K had said to me, "We should see more of them and gossip together." So we took them the pot of soup Michael delivered every evening, and had a pleasant supper there. Conversation got onto the TS and the ES (Esoteric Section) and what the young Krishnamurti had thought—Masters or not, etcetera. K said of his memory that he chiefly did not remember things about himself. He did remember and corrected Erna on where people were living in the TS headquarters but said that wasn't about himself. He repeated the one vague memory he described in India of standing by the Adyar River, "utterly empty and having a good time." I asked if he could directly remember Dr. Besant, and he said he could a little, but only in her latter years.

On February eighteenth, K was dictating *Letters to the Schools* number 26 when the doorbell rang and there was the Russian physics teacher, whom Vanda brought to the Rome airport to meet K as we were in transit to New Delhi in October. His name was Alexander Ledigenski. I telephoned Theo, who came right over and talked to him in Russian until we all met for lunch at Arya Vihara. He sat next to K, who questioned him about Russia. Afterward, Fritz Wilhelm took him to find lodging and introduce him to other Russians.

On the twentieth, a Mr. G. N. Dalal from Bombay, who had been here for two days, left, and Professor Ravi Ravindra and his Canadian wife, Sally, who had once taught at Rajghat, arrived at the Lilliefelts'. They had been shown around, and we all lunched at Arya Vihara. Fritz taped a discussion at the table on what was meant by "knowing." After K had his nap, everyone went for a walk around the block. The Ravindras were to leave the next morning to return to Halifax, where he teaches and where they live with their two children.

On February twenty-fifth, Krishnaji lunched with the Lilliefelts and spent the afternoon looking at the school buildings and walking all over the land there. I had left after breakfast for Malibu and the Dunnes'. We spent a happy morning sitting on the terrace and talking, then had a lunch of toasted cheese sandwiches, which Amanda said I had taught her to make years ago in Los Angeles. Malibu was beautiful, the sky and ocean quietly blue in a clear, golden air. Across the canyon, the place was green and silent. It was a very happy day. I left at 3 p.m., marketed, and was making soup for our supper when K returned from his afternoon with the Lilliefelts.

On the next day, there was the last eclipse of the sun this century around 8 in the morning. The garden was in a curious twilight. From the kitchen window, I saw Krishnaji in bare feet and only his nightshirt out on the path. "I wanted to see the eclipse!" I persuaded him into warmth and a denatured but closer view on television. Later in the morning, he talked alone with the Siddoo sisters, who had arrived the night before. In the afternoon they, K, the Lilliefelts, Mark, Fritz, and I discussed the problems of Canada and the Wolf Lake School. It was costing them a great deal of their own funds, just as it was then, with only twelve students, and unless they spent millions more on land and building, it could not expand on the present site; exactly what I had foreseen—and how annoying such foresight is and what had happened. They had no idea what a school entailed. In summing up the situation, K said he was not urging them to do anything, but his descriptions of "If you are serious you will ask what is right, not the cost" carry an overwhelming pressure. He was impatient when I pointed this out, and he denied it was pressure, then gave the example of his telling Narayan to be willing to give his whole life to Rishi Valley "or never mind, die, starve, it doesn't matter." The Siddoos said they could afford to carry on, but if they then fold they will be impoverished.

During the next few days, K held discussions with parents of Oak Grove, and we went to Santa Barbara the inland way, where K was pleased at the fullness of water in Lake Casitas. The Siddoos left, still wanting to do something about their school. Louis Blau telephoned me that I need to "do something" about improving the condition of the earth on the ocean side of the Malibu house. But how?

On March seventh, I went to Malibu and met a geologist, Richard Ramirez, about the earth movement. He said there were two remedies: a huge earth removal to ease the weight, or draining underground water via pipes similar but more extensive to what had been done before. He said he would draw up plans and get a rig to do it. The county had plans to do something, but it might take three years. My needs were immediate. He left. The house was quiet, beautiful, and alive. Its familiar sounds: one's foot on the steps

down to the bedrooms, door sounds, wound around my heart. Fred, Elfriede's husband, was there, and together they lifted one of the ocean stones in the garden into the car, and I brought it back to Ojai, meeting K walking with the Lilliefelts.

The next day there was a KFA trustee meeting, all about finances, so K stayed in bed. We continued in the afternoon. Professor Ravi Ravindra arrived from Halifax. K had asked him to come back, as he wanted to talk to him about being involved in the work somehow. He hadn't said what he had in mind and threw it back to the Lilliefelts and me—what did we think he could do? K talked to Ravindra alone.

I talked to Louis Blau about having Ramirez go ahead with a geologic plan, and so the house was temporarily taken off the market.

On March ninth, Krishnaji, Ravindra, and I had breakfast in the kitchen; then K said they would continue talking in the living room. I lit the fireplace in the living room for the first time since we moved here; and when K came in and saw it, his face lit up with pleased surprise, which is my pleasure to see. Around 11, he called the Lilliefelts and me to join the conversation, and while we talked, he stood, thumbing Mary Lutyens's biography with the familiar look of an abstracted child. At 4 p.m. there was a K, teachers, and parents discussion, and afterward we went for the walk.

The next day, Ravindra had breakfast here. I did not think he was interested sufficiently to change his life and join us in Ojai, and he left after lunch for England but agreed to K's suggestion that he might become a trustee of the Canadian K Foundation, since he lived in Halifax. This would come as a surprise to the Siddoos. He said he would "help" in finding scientists to discuss with Krishnaji. He was to visit Brockwood on his present trip to England and would speak to David Bohm, whom he knew slightly. K said, "We don't want to lose you."

March thirteenth had both of us, without breakfast, going to our doctor, Lailee Bakhtiar, to give fasting blood samples for our annual checkups. K had a slight earache, and she gave him a prescription for drops. When I asked him on the way home how the ear felt, he said, "Better, I think the antibiotic scares it." After the blood giving, we had the prescribed breakfast at Lindberg's, which was acceptably quiet, and spent the required two-hour interval before the second blood sampling shopping for books. When all was done, we drove to Malibu to meet the geologist, who said there was a need to drill four or five wells in the lawn to pump out the water. I told him to proceed. It seemed as if everything had gone wrong there since we left the house. After stopping to see the Dunnes, we returned to Ojai, Krishnaji driving and looking pleased and at home behind the wheel. In spite of the long day, he said he wasn't tired. The outing may have diverted him.

On March fourteenth, there was political good news from Israel and Egypt agreeing to peace proposals at last. It seemed that President Carter deserved immense credit for having gone all out to bring this about.

I took K to the Oak Grove School, where he talked with the children, and meanwhile I fetched Mar de Manziarly, who is staying with her sister for a month, to join Erna and Theo and us for lunch. There were a number of telephone calls about the necessary drilling in Malibu. The next day, Elfriede telephoned that the geologist, Mr. Ramirez, said that rain was coming and the lawn needed to be covered by plastic. She wanted my permission to go to the hardware store to get this, and luckily she and Lorry, the gardener, were able to spread it in time. Meanwhile, in Ojai, Krishnaji talked again with the children at the school, and it was photographed by Michael Mendizza. At lunch at Arya Vihara, there was a Jerry Dunn who interviewed K for a Santa Barbara magazine.

On the sixteenth, Dr. Rahula and Professor Jacques Maquet, head of anthropology at UCLA, and his wife came to lunch, and afterward there was a taped discussion.

On March twentieth, K and I drove to Malibu, where Elfriede served us lunch. Philippa Dunne came over to say goodbye before returning to Connecticut. I watched her walk up the path as she and her sisters had done all their lives. We left and went to Dr. Bakhtiar, where both of us had the completion of our medical annual checkups. K's blood pressure was 130/80, cholesterol 190, uric acid 7 (it was 10 the year before), blood sugar 90 fasting, and 110 after food. His blood count was fine and so was his EKG. The only question was a stomachache which occurred at times. When he showed Lailee where he felt the pain, she said it was the gall bladder area and suggested an upper gastrointestinal X-ray. This he resisted, saying the barium swallowing would make him sick. We were finished by 4, but K wanted to do some shopping for jeans and another track suit to wear while doing his morning exercises. We came back to Ojai along the beach, with K driving his usual stretch. It had been a rather strenuous day, but he said he wasn't at all tired.

In the days ahead, the Bohms arrived; K and David resumed their discussions with some participation by a group from San Francisco selected by Fritz. There were seven of these meetings. And considerable rain kept falling in Malibu. But April first was a beautiful, clear day, both warm and cool, clean and shining. K had planned to come with me to Malibu. He wanted to wander around the place while I went across the canyon to see Miranda, who had just arrived, but the night before he had felt tired, as well he might after the past week of group discussion with people who contributed little, so he stayed home, lunched with the Lilliefelts and Bohms, and talked with them until 4 p.m. Meanwhile I drove sedately in the green Mercedes, as I had been feeling poorly, and also didn't have a full fuel tank. Due to the gas shortage, many gas stations were closed on Sundays, but a hunch that I would find one in Oxnard enabled me to fill up, and I went on to Malibu.

Though I hadn't seen Miranda in almost two years, it seemed no time to either of us. We sat on the terrace and talked of her life as a news reporter at a television station in Buffalo, New York, where she had been investigating the chemical dumping in the local Love Canal, which disastrously affected people living there. I sat with Amanda and Phil for a while, and then went over to look at the earth situation. Elfriede's husband, Fred, was trying to siphon the previous week's rain out of the plastic sheeting. The cracks in

the earth were deeper and wider, and nothing had stabilized, though a week had passed since more drainage pipes had been put in to carry the water to the bottom of the canyon. In spite of this, Malibu was at its loveliest, the hillside covered with wild daisies and nasturtiums blown down from seeds we had planted years ago. The ocean and air were shining and, but for the earth cracks, it was all peace and beauty, a quiet beckoning to stay in a trance of light and spring on this deceptively lovely edge of the continent. Instead, I left, bought food we needed, and drove back to Ojai. K had discussed the Fritz situation with the Lilliefelts and the Bohms. It was not yet clear. I made soup and artichokes for our supper.

On April seventh Krishnaji gave his opening Ojai talk in the Oak Grove. Though it was cloudy, no rain fell, so for the first time in two years he was able to speak there. He looked quite splendid. He consulted me on what he should wear, and I urged his heavy mustard-colored Huntsman corduroy trousers with a cream Indian cotton shirt and taupe cardigan; all very becoming. Age vanishes, his face unlined. He began his talk differently, speaking of goodness, what it is not, why man doesn't have it, how no system, belief, etcetera will bring it about; how only in understanding oneself can a different dimension come about and man can go beyond. He spoke quietly, with that depth of voice that usually comes toward the ends of his talks, but that day it was there from the start. A large audience, in spite of the gas shortage, came and listened intently. I sat on the ground where I must have sat years ago when I first heard him. His presence, his voice, the atmosphere of the Grove made me feel my life had begun there all those years ago—was it thirty-five?—on that day. Later my life became close to his. I cannot say how it came about; it happened. I did not imagine it, seek it; it happened, and I have been blessed beyond describing. On the way back in the car, he said, "I was so filled with *that* I was trembling." And coming through the village, he said, "Drive slowly, I want to faint." He bent slowly forward but didn't quite faint. He was all right when we reached the house. Alan Kishbaugh lunched with us. I had cooked early the first lunch since we returned from India. It was pleasant to be cooking again; it is part of the itinerary of home. Later, we walked with Erna, Theo, and Alan.

The second talk in the Oak Grove was on April eighth. He stopped neatly after an hour, and ours was the first car to leave. We came back on the winding quieter roads, and K said, "The minute I stop talking my head begins." He looked close to fainting but didn't. I had made lunch earlier, and again the Lilliefelts and Alan ate with us. Though tired, we walked, but on the way he felt sick to his stomach and said he had eaten too much. At the Lilliefelts, he took some bicarbonate of soda, vomited, and felt better. Only a little vegetable juice for supper.

K's third Ojai talk was to a large crowd in the Grove on April fourteenth. I sat on the ground up the hill, and could hear as perfectly as if I were a yard away. The beauty of the trees, the fresh grass, air alive with ripening summer, and something blessed in that Grove was the substance from which his words emerged. We drove back slowly and, as usual, he lay down to rest while I finished cooking our lunch. For the first time, Alan Kishbaugh brought a friend, Stella Resnick, a psychologist. K talked to her a little about what she does. At 4 p.m., some of the South American members of KFL came by. In the

evening, on television we watched a film of Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers about the young lion we had seen at their place in Sussex.

April fifteenth was Easter Sunday, and K gave his fourth talk in the Grove on another perfect spring day. Lakshmi Shankar and her entourage were to have arrived for the talk, and Evelyne had arranged for her to fly back from her singing engagements in Chicago to sing in Ojai at a benefit for the Oak Grove School. After the talk, Krishnaji seemed close to fainting in the car but didn't actually faint. He lay down at the house while I completed cooking. Erna, Theo, Alan, and Stella Resnick lunched with us, but Theo had to go off to cope with Lakshmi Shankar, who had gone to Rajagopal's by mistake. Mark brought her, her daughter, and son-in-law, an older man who played tabla, and his wife, here to greet K briefly. They touched his feet, and we all sat for a while before Mark took them to Evelyne's cottage to freshen up. K and I drove to the Oak Grove pavilion, where at 4 o'clock Lakshmi sang most beautifully to Krishnaji and an audience that had donated to the school. Refreshments were served afterward under the trees, and K stayed until Lakshmi had left. She seemed a nice woman. She sang shlokas and bajans that she knew K would like.

On April seventeenth, Krishnaji held a third public discussion in the Oak Grove. Michael Mendizza photographed it and had David Moody ask, "What is the relation between love and freedom?" and to this K added "responsibility." Walking out, K passed Austin Bee, who was standing behind the cassette stand. K stopped and asked, "Who are you, sir?" Bee gave his name, and K shook hands with him. When I reached the car, a figure was standing in the shade behind it. At first glance, I didn't see who it was, and then, as I opened the door, I saw it was Rajagopal, rather shrunken, face more wizened and monkey-like. He stared at me, and I said, "How do you do, Rajagopal," but didn't go to him. K was approaching, and before he reached the car he greeted a Frenchman who was waiting to salute him. K then went to the side of the car, saw Rajagopal, but didn't recognize him. "Who are you?"

"I'm Rajagopal." He gave K a package. "This is for you."

K took his hand and held it, and then R said he must go, people were watching. He walked up the road, and K stood looking shocked and disoriented as he sometimes does after a talk. He had sent word to Blackburn to speak to him, but now told him to go to the cottage. He got into the car and urged me to drive away quickly. He looked at this hand, which had some sort of a scent that R used, and it disgusted K. "What is the matter with my hand? It is not my hand." He held it out the window and said several times, "It is not my hand. It has touched something unclean. That man is evil!" He held it without touching anything as he did in Bombay when the mob had soiled his hands. Both Blackburns were waiting when we reached the house. Krishnaji asked them to wait and we went into the laundry, where he washed his hands thoroughly. He then spoke to Blackburn and asked him not to use his name when giving talks.

At lunch, with Erna, Theo, Alan, and Michael there, he dictated a letter to Rajagopal suggesting they talk things over. Only then did he open the package, which turned out to

be a quartz wristwatch. “He knows I don’t wear a wristwatch. I will give it to Narayan.” He felt clean again after washing, and later we took a walk.

The next morning, while I was out, Rajagopal telephoned and called again during lunch, and when I answered he said he just wanted to point out that instructions for using a quartz watch were in the box. I asked him if he wished to speak to Krishnaji after lunch. He said no. I asked him if he had received K’s letter. He said, “What letter?” I said that it had been posted the day before, and if he hadn’t received it, it was probably in his letterbox. K made me rest after lunch. He claimed I was overtired, and this seemed to irritate him. Later, he said I made gestures and faces. Possibly I did, but his irritability seemed to me a sign of his own fatigue as well.

April nineteenth was another beautiful day for K’s fourth public discussion in the Grove. It lasted for an hour and a half. After a quiet lunch, forty people came later to a tea, mostly for people who had come from a distance for the talks—from Canada, New York, South America. A letter came from Rajagopal, or rather an envelope addressed to me, but with JK initialed under my name. It was a brochure about the watch.

April twenty-first. K said I was still moving my hands and mouth unnecessarily, and he was determined to stop it. He sat opposite me on the floor and was absolutely still for some minutes. He said Brahmin boys used to be taught this. I found it very easy. At 11:30, he gave his fifth Ojai talk in the Oak Grove. We had lunch alone at home. He napped briefly, and at 4 p.m. we went to a formal dedication of the Oak Grove School buildings. We went through the main house with Mark and architect, Mr. Gammel. Then, with a large crowd looking on and helping, K planted a sizable fig tree, a kind that becomes enormous: *ficus macrophilla*. Next, with architect Zelma Wilson and builder Max Falk, K went through the school classrooms building. K wanted and designated where a wooden fence should be put around the Oak Grove itself. He said he would make a statement for posterity that this part of the land must not be built upon or used for purposes other than quiet, serious ones, etcetera. We came back and showed Mr. Gammel and colleagues Pine Cottage.

The next day, April twenty-second, K gave his sixth talk in the Oak Grove and completed the year’s series. A very beautiful talk. Mrs. Vigeveno was standing behind the car when I came out. I went up to her and asked her how she was. She said she wanted to greet K and give him a note from Rajagopal, which said that he, Rajagopal, knew of nothing that needed to be settled between them but wanted to see K “once more.”

At 4 p.m., there was a trustee meeting, mostly to discuss Fritz Wilhelm and the adult center. Present were K, Erna and Theo, Ruth Tettemer, Alan Kishbaugh, Mark Lee, David Bohm, and me. K was uneasy about Fritz, had had no contact with him, feared it was all intellectual with him, that he might be serious about the teachings but has no passion in it. He suggested that Margrete, his wife, had lessened the spirit for it that Fritz seemed to have had when he joined us. The next day, K had an hour of talk with Fritz. I went to the first meeting in the main house at the school where parents and staff talked with the Brockwood people who were there.

On April twenty-fourth, Krishnaji dictated letters, including one to Rajagopal saying he was sorry that R had again closed a door between them; that K had wanted to talk over, among other matters, the archives, which were his and not R's. He said the door was always open "wherever I am."

Dr. Balasundaram had arrived in Ojai for the last two talks and was staying with Colonel Noyes. Mark Lee had invited him to lunch at Arya Vihara. Krishnaji had another talk with Fritz on the twenty-fifth.

The next day, during lunch, Rajagopal telephoned me to ask what K was doing "during the next few days; when was he leaving?" I told him he was leaving on May fifteenth. "I hope I will see you," said Rajagopal, and he hung up. In the afternoon, K held a discussion mostly with David Bohm, but trustees and Oak Grove school staff were present, and some joined in. A question was whether separateness was caused by desire.

On April twenty-seventh, Krishnaji asked Erna and Theo to come after breakfast to talk about the Fritz Wilhelm question. He felt strongly that it was not going to work out, that Fritz didn't have a feeling "for all this," had no communication with him, and that it was all talk. We questioned the whole adult center activity.

On the twenty-eighth, there was a trustee meeting, which K attended, and so did Mark Lee, Fritz, and Margrete. Arya Vihara was discussed, who was to live there and what activities would take place. When Mark and his wife, Asha, would move to the Oak Grove School, Fritz and his wife would move into the upstairs flat. Michael Krohnen would remain where he was; the west room would become a library for Krishnamurti books to be available for visitors; the east room would be for listening to tapes, and the center room would become a quiet room. There was talk of the need for a certain atmosphere. Also K raised the question of deciding whether visitors or teachers could share rooms with unmarried partners, and it was decided they could not. Then it was decided that only permanent residents, i.e., Fritz, Margrete, and Michael, could live there except for times when Krishnamurti talks were on and there would be visitors from other K Foundations. Fritz and Margrete agreed to all this, but perhaps too readily. Later K was full of doubts about them, and increasingly felt Fritz did not understand the teachings and saw it all only intellectually.

The next day, April twenty-ninth, K asked Erna and Theo to come after breakfast to talk about the Fritz situation. He felt strongly that it was not going to work out, that Fritz did not have a feeling for it, had no communication with him, that it was all talk. Erna and I felt we should let Fritz and Margrete have a try. Theo was more pessimistic. Fritz and Margrete were not at lunch, and walking back from Arya Vihara, David Bohm told K in confidence that Fritz was quite upset and, though Fritz didn't say so, Dave felt they may want to leave. K told this to Erna and Theo, so that we could consider what to do if they were to leave. At 4 p.m., K held a discussion with Dave, the rest of us, and Oak Grove teachers—a continuation of the subject "Is thought based on desire? Is there an action not based on this?"

May first. Each morning K would sit opposite me on the floor to teach me to be still, not move my hands and face unnecessarily. Then he did a vigorous massage of neck and back to help circulation in my leg and avoid headaches. Sometimes he joked with me when I thanked him. “I must help my benefactress.” This particular morning, he said, “I wouldn’t do it if I didn’t care about you. Remember that.” Pause. Then, “Well, I guess I would, but you know what I mean.”

Evelyne and the Mendizzas were at lunch, and at 4 p.m., K and I joined them at the school where K was filmed walking in the Oak Grove. He was bored with so much filming, but luckily this was the final chore of it for him, though it took almost two hours. A note came for K from Rajagopal containing a sentimental poem on friendship with two blue lines underneath that this was what he would feel all his life “and afterward.” K was so disgusted he barely glanced at it. It was one of those “Friendship is when…” etcetera cards. Temptation to reply “friendship isn’t when one steals” was resisted. Balasundaram had come the day before to talk to K for an hour. He had seen Rajagopal and said he had urged him to return the archives and be friendly before he dies. He said Rajagopal refused to discuss the archives, was keeping things to defend himself “in case they attack me” and said “they are hoping for my demise.” Balasundaram himself headed off Krishnaji’s asking him for the return of the Rishi Valley tapes that he had taken when he left by weeping and saying that K and his teachings meant everything to him.

On May third Krishnaji talked to Fritz and then was joined by Margrete, Mark Lee, Erna, Theo, and me, and we talked anew about the adult center and use of Arya Vihara. There was a different atmosphere and more constructive talk. K “really worked,” he said, at getting through to Fritz, and everything seemed better.

The next day we learned the British elections had resulted in a defeat for Labour and win for the Conservatives, with Margaret Thatcher becoming prime minister. K took a dim view. In mid-morning, we went with Erna and Theo to Santa Barbara where, in less than five minutes at the IRS office, we got K’s tax clearance, which he needed as a resident each time he left the country. We drove back along the beach and then through the mountains, passing Lake Casitas.

At lunch, K asked what each of us would do if we had lots of money, “something extravagant!”? None of us could come up with a sufficiently frivolous answer; good works were out. K, laughing, said, “I would probably keep buying the newest Mercedes, not going anywhere, just washing it every week.” I thought I might keep Rajagopal tied up in law courts until he handed over everything and did penance.

We queued up for gas in Ojai behind about ten cars. The shortage was beginning to tie up California. At the house, Balasundaram telephoned to say goodbye and that Rajagopal had rung him six times the night before, asking if we had sent him as an emissary.

I was to go to Malibu the next day for the start of earth moving on my hill, and K wanted to come. He wanted to drive his green car but had been shy to do it the day before with the Lilliefelts, as “they might worry.” I had to skip lunch to go to the bank for a cashier’s

check for the county engineer as surety for pilings to be put in the "toe" of the hillside in Malibu. Amanda and Phil Dunne came in the afternoon, and we spent a pleasant time talking. Phil took the check to deliver to the county office in Malibu for me. All this had become an unending problem.

May fifth. We left the next morning in the green car, with Krishnaji driving the part he liked from the poplar trees on the Pacific Coast Highway. We went right to the Dunnes' and walked down into the canyon, where I discussed and signed an agreement to move earth. I came back up to the Dunnes' terrace, where we ate with Amanda and Phil the rice salad and fruit we had brought. K was amused by a newspaper article Phil read about the antics of California's "Governor Moonbeam." We watched the Kentucky Derby on television, won by Spectacular Bid, and then went over to our side of the canyon and looked at the deterioration of the earth. In some places the cracks were eight to ten feet wide and five feet deep. It was hard to know how to cope with it until the slippage stopped. Except for the disaster area, the place looked beautiful. The roses were in full bloom. We gathered an armload and drove back to Ojai, Krishnaji again at the wheel for the first part. "May I talk seriously?" he asked as we were a way's up the quiet, empty road. "Because I care for you, I could never leave you. That could never change. There is something sacred in it. People don't understand this." He was thinking about what he would say the next day in discussion with staff on the business of relationship. He had been sorting out in conversation the differences in the seriousness of relationship.

In the afternoon of May sixth, there was a discussion with staff, which was a continuation of the meeting a week earlier, an examination of relationship in which there is no self. Afterward, Theo brought K five little silver boxes, gilded inside, and put in each tiny pieces of jewels. This was Theo's gift and project, and he was very intense about it. We sat around the table as he arranged it all before K, then K stayed alone with them for about five minutes, and did whatever he does, while we sat in the living room. K closed the boxes, then called us back, and the boxes were put in a bag, which K would keep on his person for some days. Later, a box was to go in the school building in some secret place, and one in the Oak Grove; the others to be kept for the future. There was, of course, one in Pine Cottage, put in the foundation by Theo when it was being built, and one was similarly put in the main house of the school. This is an ancient Indian notion of bringing a certain atmosphere, a religious quality, to a place. K joked about it lightly but it was his idea to do it, eagerly accepted by Theo as his task.

On May ninth K dictated letters, including one to Rajagopal replying to the clipping R had sent him on friendship. Alain Naudé telephoned that he had had to turn back from driving to Ojai for lack of gas. He had just received his U.S. citizenship.

Later in the day, K received another letter from Rajagopal, and had me telephone him to refute his accusation that KF India had published a collective works "in complete violation of the letter and spirit of the settlement"; also his statement that he had not removed anything from the archives. Ensued an interminable, impossible conversation. Points made included that KFI had not published any collected works, that the only collected works I knew of were by Chetana, the publisher in Bombay. I had met its head

in Bombay and asked him if he were publishing with Rajagopal's permission, and he said he had done it "up to a point." R didn't pursue this, and said, "Never mind about it." I then spoke about his denial of having removed archives; did that mean he was restoring the missing material? He replied, "All the letters that you and others have been claiming do not belong to the archives. Everything that belongs to the archives is there." He said the archives were not defined. I said that, on the contrary, they were spelled out in the settlement agreement. He denied that the letters, the material sent by Jinarajadasa for K, belonged to the archives. He replied that if there were anything specific that K wanted to see, he should list such things specifically, and he would make a copy. He denied that he had withheld part of Pupul's account of events in Ootacamund, even though Pupul had said much of it was missing in the copies he had given. R replied that if K wanted something he remembered, he would make a copy if it were there, but they must know exactly what it is, and it still may not be there. "I don't claim anything as mine, but everything that has been sent for the archives is already in the archives." I asked if, as he had once said, originals had been destroyed by him. He said, "I may have. If they are gone, I have not got them; I can't produce them. For the last fifty years I have been doing this work. What is the reason you question me now?" I said that he was not giving reasonable answers; if he had the manuscripts, was he willing for K to look at them? He replied, "He can see anything he wants in my house." He said there were only typewritten manuscripts not in Krishnaji's handwriting. I asked what had happened to the originals; they are the most valuable and precious part of any archive material. Rajagopal replied, "He can see whatever there is, but he must ask exactly what manuscript, not generally this or that. He must be specific. Whatever is not there cannot be produced. If you don't believe me, I'm sorry." I asked again about Pupul's statement, and he said, "Why should you accept her statement? She may have forgotten. Anyway, nothing can be done about it. I can't produce them. If you don't believe it, and he doesn't believe what I am telling him, it is too bad. I do not want to talk to him indirectly. There is no point in talking. For ten years I have been trying to talk to him not in connection with these things. I have been treated as someone who has done something wrong. I am not coming to him as a penitent. I am talking of that. It is not possible to divorce the work I am doing, to live completely isolated; there are things which are of concern to both of us." I said that we are all trying to find some way so that things can be sorted out in a friendly way and to establish an amicable relationship among us all.

The twelfth of May was Krishnamurti's birthday, though, as usual, he waved away any mention of it. It was a very hot day, but the adobe walls kept the new wing of the house comfortable. I did desk work, including a letter to Rajagopal putting on paper variously what I had said in our latest conversation.

On the fourteenth, K washed the gray Mercedes before it was put up on blocks in the garage for the summer, and the next day I finished packing when the telephone rang; it was Rajagopal, saying he was "verbally acknowledging" my letter. He also asked if K and I were going to New York. "I just wondered in case I want to telephone."

The next day, we left after lunch at Arya Vihara and drove with Mark to LAX, checked in, and I sat, guarding our hand luggage, while Krishnaji wandered with Mark to the

window, looking out at our 747 aircraft. He noticed a crack near one of the doors. Pretty soon, it was noticed by some of the ground crew, and instead of loading and taking off at 5:30, we sat until 9 and left at 10 in a substitute airplane, which stopped to refuel in New York at 5 a.m. K and I walked around the airport for exercise, re-boarded, and flew on to arrive at Heathrow at 6 p.m.—a relatively quiet time there, and we quickly had our luggage and met Dorothy. It was 9 p.m. when we reached Brockwood, but it was still light. Students and staff were on the driveway to greet K. We had supper alone in our little kitchen. "How quiet it is," said K. And how green Brockwood was, though the spring had been cold and late. We went straight to bed and deeply to sleep.

CHAPTER 58

It was good to wake up in Brockwood. Though it was only a little after 4 a.m., I felt like getting up, and so unpacked, bathed, dressed, and all was in order before getting breakfast—a satisfaction. Krishnaji slept most of the morning but got up for lunch. Narayan was there, and so was Venkatachalam and Mrs. Premilla Rajan. Dr. Parchure arrived from Bombay in the evening. I talked to Mary L. She and Joe had just come back from Venice.

The next day, May eighteenth, 1979, I talked with Dr. Parchure at length. Later, Krishnaji, Dorothy, the dogs, and I walked across the fields. I felt again the wordless love for and beauty of that land. I went to a staff meeting at 5 p.m. and eased into Brockwood life as if it were an uninterrupted thread from Ojai which, of course, it was.

On May twentieth, K talked to the school in the morning. John McGreevy, who had done the Canadian Broadcasting film on K, and his colleague, Jennifer Pancher, came to talk and stayed to lunch. He had just done a series on cities of the world seen through the eyes of various people: Leningrad with Peter Ustinov, and a just-completed one on London with Jonathan Miller. McGreevy said Miller was going to do a series of his own and should talk to Krishnaji. At 6 p.m., the students performed Anouilh's *Antigone* in the Assembly Hall. Daphné Maroger played Antigone. K attended and stayed for all of it. He thought they were "very good." There was a Greek supper afterward. The whole school seemed happy and united.

On the twenty-fourth we had a London day where, after errands, we lunched with Mary L., and she told Krishnaji she would do a continuation of his biography after she finished a book about her grandfather, Lytton, when he was viceroy of India, then one on her father, and then do K's. She said she had figured out a way to do it without it being a whitewash of the troubles with Rajagopal. It would be on Krishnaji's teachings with much less personal material than the earlier one. K was pleased, and I felt a large sense of something good happening, for I had feared she might not want to continue. Joe had met us at Waterloo, and kindly came again after lunch to drive K to the dentist, and then drove us both back to Waterloo.

In the next few days, K spoke to the school, dictated more *Letters to the Schools*, and held a meeting with all the school—both students and staff, and discussed student exchanges between Brockwood and India with Dorothy, Narayan, Dr. Parchure, Venkataraman, Mrs. Rajan, Scott, Julie Desnick, and Kathy Harris.

Meanwhile, I spoke to Dr. Scheef in Bonn. We did not plan to go there that year, but he said he would send medications to Switzerland. There was another trip to London and the dentist, where some pus in K's gum was treated. We had lunch with Mary and Joe at their flat, and K talked to Mary about the biography and the question of what gives him insight. Was it the Maitreya theory, K's own development, or was it some other thing manifesting? K said he didn't know; had a feeling he shouldn't ask, but perhaps in going into it with Mary and me he could find an answer. Mary was eager to talk to him about these matters and planned to come to Brockwood in a few days.

On June first Radha Burnier arrived for a fortnight. Krishnaji still had some pain from all his dental treatments, but he was cheerful and laughing when he read in *Time* magazine that some called Mrs. Thatcher "Attila the Hen." That afternoon, he held a staff discussion on what is opinion.

The next day, Dorothy drove K, Radha Burnier, and me to London with a picnic hamper of lunch we intended to consume in the car in Hyde Park, but it was crowded, so we found a shady spot on a side street. After lunch, we went to an Indian film, highly recommended by Pupul: *The Chess Players*. On the way home, Krishnaji intently quizzed us "what has man done in these thousands of years?" Developed outwardly but not inwardly.

On June third the Marogers, with their daughter Diane, arrived. K spoke to the whole school at noon, and in the afternoon he treated Diane and then had a long talk with Jean-Michel, Marie-Bertrande, and me about Diane. Her bones were getting stronger, but she had not grown in height and her classmates in school were shooting up. It was becoming acute for Diane; she had talked to her sister, Ariane: "Will I marry and have children?" Marie-Bertrande was afraid she might become seriously depressed later on. K was very intense: "I would give my life to her, if I could." I had been silently thinking the same. K talked at first as if he were telling the parents what Diane was facing—something they had faced and worried over for years. He told them about Isabelle Mallet, who was disabled and fell in love with him. "I was too young to understand what she really wanted. I liked her, went to see her every day, but was too innocent then to understand." He spoke of a woman in Madras with a broken hip whom he saw, and she was cured. There was also Fresia, whose cardiac X-rays changed overnight. "What we need is a miracle," he said.

On the fourth, Mary L. and her daughter, Amanda, came at 11. K, Mary, and I sat in his room, and he talked about the biography—what kept him "vacant" as a boy? Either some power that wanted to manifest—the Maitreya theory, or something in the boy, an evolution through incarnations—(which K said let in superstition) or a power of goodness that entered the boy? "I've always felt protected," he said. "If I enter an airplane, it will

not fall." But he kept asking the same question: How was it that the boy was vacant, and what kept him that way? We stopped while he got dressed, and Mary and I talked alone in the drawing room. After lunch, we resumed there, with K continuing the same enquiry. I took notes. Toward the end of the discussion, he said that perhaps he could not answer it, but perhaps Mary or I could, and if we did, he would know if it were right. He said the Maitreya, or reincarnation theories, were "suspect." It would mean that it was restricted to him and the teachings "are that all can achieve this, it's not worth it otherwise." In the evening he talked to Narayan, with Dr. Parchure and me present. K was concerned that Narayan might become authoritarian, set in his ways, as others had before him.

June seventh. K and I went to London, where Joe Links generously met K and drove us to Huntsman. We shopped for presents for Vanda—a beige jersey from Peal's, and bought some books at Hatchards. Then to Fortnum, where we lunched with Mary L. and Alain Naudé, who had just arrived from San Francisco. He was going to see Vanda in Florence and then see Dr. Kunzlie about a homeopathy book translation. It was a pleasant, talkative lunch, but K felt he had lost touch with Alain. "He has left us." I thought K meant the teachings as well as us, though on the surface we were friendly and had much to laugh and chat about. Joe, again the endlessly kind man, drove K and me to the dentist, Mr. Thompson, who removed the stitches from K's previous week's gum operation, and in fifteen minutes we were off to Waterloo station.

K continued to treat Diane each day. On June tenth he spoke to the school and Balasundaram arrived. He and Narayan had not spoken for some years or since Narayan took over the principalship of Rishi Valley from him. It seemed a good thing for them to be thrown together. K asked the Marogers to stay another three days. He told me that when he treats Diane, the room becomes "filled with something."

In subsequent days, K dictated more *Letters to the Schools*, talked to the school, and held videotaped conversations with teachers. Mary L. also came to discuss and talked to K about what she will write in the further biography, while I took notes. On June twenty-eighth he held a video-recorded conversation with Shakuntala, Scott Forbes, and me.

Then it was packing time again, and on July first we flew to Geneva and the Hotel des Bergues. We rang Vanda at Chalet Tannegg, where she and Fosca had just arrived. The next morning, we did the annual Geneva errands, and then in a rented Ford Fiesta drove off along the lake to Lausanne and so via Bulle up into the mountains to Gstaad and Chalet Tannegg.

K rested in the immediate days. Dr. Parchure arrived and came daily to supervise K's exercises. He brought saddening news of Verna Kruger at Brockwood, who has a malignancy, which was worsening. K wrote to her, as did I.

On July eighth Krishnaji gave his opening Saanen talk on "thinking together." Later that day, Dorothy, who was by this time in Saanen, rang Brockwood, and was told that the doctor had judged Verna having only days to live. Ingrid went up to give Verna messages

from Dorothy and told her K's and my letters were on their way. She responded and then quietly died.

July tenth. Krishnaji gave his second Saanen talk. It was largely on "what is a good society?" He was bothered by hay fever. In the afternoon, he saw Diane, who was stronger and able to walk and stand without support. In spite of his having bronchitis the next day, he saw Diane and also Anneke Korndorffer. Dr. Parchure came in the evening and slept in the adjoining room.

On the twelfth, K had no fever, his voice was very hoarse, but he would not cancel his talk. His voice cleared somewhat. Diane fell from her cycle and fractured her upper right leg. Jean-Michel telephoned to say that she was in traction and they would stay there until she could be moved to their home in France.

On the thirteenth there was the annual meeting of all the Krishnamurti committees from different countries at Chalet Tannegg, at which K spoke about the role of the committees and on the prevention of interpretation. The meeting was continued in the afternoon without K but at Chalet Haldi. Jean-Michel came to look at the downstairs apartment in Chalet Tannegg for Diane and her mother. This he rented, and we provided a middle room where her traction bed could get through an exterior door. A van brought her in the bed, and Brockwood young men carried it carefully down, where it just fitted. K came down to see her. The next day he gave his fourth Saanen talk, and Dr. Dagmar Lichti lunched with us and Dr. Parchure.

On the sixteenth, the Siddoo sisters came to see K and he dismissed Sarjit Siddoo's notion on a monastic aspect of a school: celibacy was not required.

K gave his fifth Saanen talk on the seventeenth, and in the afternoon he was interviewed for Dutch radio. A letter from Erna gave news of a generous donation from Mrs. Essie Bates to start a school in Ojai, and a Mrs. Abravanel came to tell K she wanted to start a K school in Greece. Mar de Manziarly and Anneke came to lunch with K. Dr. P. was there too, and later Pascaline Mallet came to tea.

On July nineteenth, K gave his sixth Saanen talk. In it, he asked, "Can we discover a central fact that will answer all our problems?" and "Knowledge is part of ignorance because it is always incomplete." He spoke of observation, action, intelligence "from these come love, compassion. When there is compassion there is no pain, conflict, suffering."

Later, on the way to the tent for his seventh talk, he said, "What will I speak about?" And when he began, he asked, "Why are you so quiet?" and went on to speak about that, also what is one searching for, and that a healthy mind is a still mind.

The talks ended, but on July twenty-fifth the five daily discussions began in the tent. In the second one, K spoke on love, what it is and what it is not, and then on listening and what prevents listening. On the fifth and last meeting, a young Norwegian boy was loud

and insulting, demanding that Krishnamurti "reveal his secret," something he supposedly withholds. It was ugly, but K held the meeting together and went on. So ended the year's Saanen meetings.

The next day, July thirtieth, Jackie Siddoo came to say goodbye to K, who told her not to hesitate to close the school in Canada if it didn't work out. The Marogers, who had been there in Saanen throughout the meetings, came to lunch. K had been seeing Diane each day, and an X-ray showed her leg was healing well.

On August fifth, a cloudless, shining morning, K "did" my foot and said it was less swollen. He ascribed it to my exercise the previous day, when I had climbed the Wasserngrat with the Marogers, and said I should walk more. I said yes. He responded, "You say yes—when?" So I went up the hill and into the woods, where it was so cold my hands were numb, and then in the sun I held them out and the sunlight warmed them.

At breakfast I had had a long talk with Dr. Parchure about K's health. He has low blood pressure, slow pulse; with age metabolism slows, and Dr. P. tries to keep K's body fit and stimulated through exercise without tiring him. K inclines to overdo, push his body; he was no longer a good judge of its capacities. He would seldom stop an exercise on his own. Dr. P. watches his face. If K glances at him, Dr. P. interprets it that he needs to call a halt. He explained to me what might cause Krishnaji's fainting; the vagus nerve controls the heartbeat. K's pressure and pulse being low—fatigue, shock, a trying atmosphere, etcetera—can cause insufficient blood to the brain and precipitates a state below consciousness and so unconsciousness. He spoke of the likely manner of K's death: he didn't feel it would be caused by disease or of a heart attack in a sudden seizure way but rather a slowing down of the body. He told me if K became unconscious with cold hands and feet, I should rub them to stimulate circulation, lest he slip away, but he thought K will know the time of his death and tell me, and then there should be no interference. During that day's massage, Dr. P. talked about some of these things and K brought it up at lunch. Dr. P. was able to get Krishnaji to see the problem of getting him to realize his own capabilities, to harbor his strength and energies.

We brought up the subject of the public discussions. K had come to think it was the unpleasantness in the tent on the last talk that had left him so tired, and he agreed that we should try the old way of having written questions from the audience and his answers rather than the recent "dialogues that don't work with a thousand people." We also brought up the "interpretation" problem—his having told trustees to speak had the danger of interpretations. I told him of my recent conversation with a man who seemed pleased when I cautioned him that I was speaking without any authority, and I could see him going off and saying that the people around K don't know what he is talking about. K laughed and said, "You can't win!" He went back to the health question and said he had always felt protected. Something—a "they"—was looking after him for the purpose of the teachings. He felt "they" would decide the time and manner of his death, and he would know it. He asked Dr. P. how the Buddha died—apparently of eating bad food, but who knows, really.

K slept in the afternoon and so did I. We went for a walk to the river, and after supper I read to him excerpts from Mar de Manziarly's diary, which she had given me for the archives. There were parts of letters from Nitya, one in which he spoke of tiring things—"And the most tiring of all is Theosophy"—and his descriptions of Leadbeater's boys in Australia: "They were all kings and saints in former lives, but now, unhappily, Australians." K's face lit up with laughter and youth. "It's strange I can't remember him," he said, but his laughter had a bright flash of recognition in it. "I wonder what he would have done if he had lived? But that is speculation, and we mustn't speculate." There is, for me, a feeling of sadness when I read about or think of Nitya, whom I never met, but for whom there is a sense of loss.

On August sixth, I taped K's replies to a letter from Pupul wanting to know about his "missing years"—the war years, 1939 to 1947, when he was in Ojai—what did he do, whom did he see, etcetera? She said he reappeared in India in 1947 "differently."

Vanda returned on August ninth, and on the tenth I flew to Rome to see Filomena, returning to Gstaad on the twelfth. On arriving at Tannegg, K was looking out his bathroom window, which looked out onto the driveway. "I knew you were coming; the Deva told me."

The thirteenth was a lovely morning, but I felt more like moving slowly than climbing the hill, so I started packing for our departure on the fifteenth. Dr. Parchure said he had talked some more to Krishnaji about looking after his health, and K had agreed to be mindful of draughts, etcetera and listen when I suggest covering his throat when he walked at Brockwood.

In the afternoon, I drove K to the village for a haircut, and we came back and walked to the river. He said, "I want to talk to you seriously. Please listen. You must outlive me. I am going to live a long time, and you must be well. I can't have another person look after me, so you must take care of yourself. I am looked after"—he pointed up—"by the clouds. You understand? You need to rest, to be alone. I see that is good for you; so when you go back to Ojai, you must arrange it and not be typing Foundation things, dealing with the everlasting letters. I will write to you but you mustn't have to deal with all the nonsensical letters people send. I will give those to Sunanda." I asked him if, apart from looking after him, was there another reason I should survive him? "I have no one else but you; I'm not being selfish." I asked, apart from that, was there something I must do when he is no longer alive? "Could be," he said. "Someone must see it doesn't go to pieces." We talked about the responsibility of Foundation members to talk or not talk, but he didn't make it any clearer. There shouldn't be a ban on talking, but there mustn't be interpretation of the teachings. Other people will, but Foundation members must not, but where is the line? He was critical of Pama Patwardhan for having spoken on a tour he and Sunanda had just made with the videos, because he felt Pama didn't understand the teachings. It was all right for Sunanda to have talked. Pupul wouldn't talk. But she was about to write a book. It will inevitably be seen as a book written by someone close to K and the Foundation: Where was the line in all this? He said he would go into it and had changed his mind about urging people to talk, but he seemed then to drop the subject.

Talking of Ojai, he said he wished we could find a little place we could get away to where no one would know where he was. Somewhere near the beach? Near Santa Barbara, perhaps.

The following day, August fourteenth, was the familiar packing. After lunch with Vanda and Dr. Parchure, then a bit of nap, we went for the last of that summer's walks to the end of the wood. He paused by the bench at the edge of the field, stared at the mountains, and said, "A l'année prochaine." The packing was finished, and we were ready to leave in the morning.

That morning was clear. We said goodbye to Vanda and Fosca, and left at 10 a.m. for Geneva, going via Les Mosses, Aigle, and the autoroute. We flew to London and had a lengthy wait in immigration amid crowded returning vacationers. Dorothy was there to meet us, and Jim in another car took the luggage. Brockwood was in deep summer beauty. We all had supper downstairs, and K wanted to take the Mercedes around the lanes a little to be sure the battery was charged. We both felt the good of being back.

The next day, Krishnaji, Dr. Parchure, and I took a morning train to London. Joe met us. Parchure went his way, and K came with me to the bank and to Culpepper for sundries, after which we lunched with Mary and Joe at Fortnum. It was good to be with them. Afterward, Joe took K to the dentist while I had a haircut, and then Joe drove us back to Waterloo.

The subsequent days were quiet. We did some weeding and pruning in the grove, K gave an interview to John Briggs for an article, the Digbys came to lunch and to discuss publications. There was another day in London for dentist reasons, and on our return Scott and Kathy arrived from the U.S., having just gotten married in Maine. Preparations for K's Brockwood talks kept the house busy, and by the twenty-fourth, there were 140 people at meals in Brockwood.

On August twenty-fifth, after his usual oil massage by Dr. P. before breakfast, Krishnaji gave the first of his 1979 Brockwood talks. After fruit and salad in the West Wing kitchen, we went back to the tent for another course, and I announced a change of discussion plans, asking for written questions, which would be given to K. We walked later with Dorothy, and I made yogurt in the evening.

The next day, the weather was better, and K gave his second Brockwood talk, a deeply moving one on "Senses have no past and knowledge is part of ignorance as it is always incomplete." Mary Links and Amanda were there, also the Hamish Thompsons, and John Briggs. K, Mary, Amanda, and I had coffee in our kitchen before a short walk at 5. Dr. Parchure had asked me to observe K's exercise, which K thinks is unnecessary.

On the twenty-seventh I did exercises with K. Later, he and I sorted the more than ninety questions that had been handed in for the discussions, and I typed the ones he chose. The news was full of an IRA bomb killing Lord Mountbatten and a grandson in a boat in Ireland.

The following day, K held that year's first Brockwood public discussion, using the new arrangement of his reading a question, answering it, and going on to the next one. He covered five that day, and it went very well.

On the twenty-ninth there was a KFT trustee meeting with K, Dorothy, David Bohm, the Digbys, Mary Cadogan, Dr. Parchure, and me. We went into what K wanted us to do about speaking on the teachings. The decision was to speak only out of one's own understanding, making it clear to others that it is only that. The Foundations are not spiritual organizations and have no spiritual authority.

K gave the third talk on September first, had no lunch, as his stomach was upset, but sat with Mary and Joe while we had coffee in the kitchen. At 2:30 p.m. there was a publications committee meeting at which it was decided not to publish at that time the rest of the K–Bohm dialogues but to make them available at centers for people to read on request. Tentatively, the next published book might be on questions and answers. K came in at 5 p.m. to take Dorothy and me away for a walk.

K's Brockwood talks were completed on the second, and on the fourth, Dorothy and I drove Dr. Parchure to Heathrow to fly to Bombay. On the fifth, the Mountbatten funeral was held in Westminster Abbey and broadcast on television. I watched it on K's set while he read a detective story in bed, now and then glancing at the screen and making caustic comments on how silly it all was. His objections to royalty were all he saw in it. I found it moving in the sense of something deep in the bones of British ways and feelings, splendidly expressed in a kind of language of form that is part of this country, a majesty of tradition in the squalid face of the evil of the murder and an affection for the man himself, a pageant of honor to an uncommon Englishman. K had no use for it but endured my watching with an occasional comment. We walked in the afternoon.

We went again to London on September sixth. Looking out the train window past office buildings, K shook his head: "I could never do that, I couldn't." What would you do? I asked. "I don't know," he replied. "Something else!"

I continued, "What if there were no choices? What if you were on the dole, or were a black eighteen-year-old unable to get any job?"

"I'd do something about it. I am a revolutionary."

Joe met us and dropped us at Huntsman. K fitted two trousers, we walked to Hatchards, then joined Mary L. for lunch at Fortnum. The second volume of the biography was discussed, the question of how he got to be the way he was. He said the choices were: 1) a biologic freak; 2) a medium; 3) a late maturing mind. He said that if he were writing, he would consider very carefully; or was it something else? He would be with the person and study him, question him. He (K) would discard the freak; the medium. He said he had matured very late, really when he was sixty-five! After that, he would never put up with what Rajagopal and Rosalind did. He would throw them out. Mary said that Rajagopal didn't realize how K had changed, and so attributes the problems to "wicked

influences"—mine. Later, we walked to Truefitt, where K had his hair cut. I bought some coffee, and cheeses and chocolates for K, and Joe drove us back to Waterloo.

In the next few days, Krishnaji dictated more *Letters to the Schools*, we worked on rhododendrons in the Grove, and walked. On September eleventh, after the dictation, he told me that earlier in the morning he had been sitting very straight in bed, mind empty, and there came a feeling "as if something were pouring into my head. It lasted almost a minute and was not imagination." In the afternoon, we went for an earlier walk than usual, and then Dorothy, K, and I went out to dine at the Old House Hotel in Wickham, feeling very festive. I ordered our vegetarian fare ahead of time: we had an intricate salad, then a quiche of spinach and tomatoes, new potatoes, string beans from their garden, and for dessert K chose crème brûlée with amazing relish and no ill effects. We were back by 9:30. A fine evening.

On September thirteenth, Krishnaji began a seminar on "The world is becoming increasingly violent and disordered. What can we do as human beings to change it?" About eighty people took part. In the afternoon, K talked to David Bohm and me about Erna Lilliefelt's suggestion that K reconsider accepting the Templeton Award. He still felt it would be wrong to accept an award for teaching. He also talked at length about KFA's financial problems with the Oak Grove School. He continued the seminar each day, but on the seventeenth he changed the subject to "What happens when there is no sense of individuality? What is action without the actors?" That morning he had said a curious feeling came on him. "I felt like a young boy." The sixth seminar on September eighteenth completed it.

On the twenty-first he dictated a long letter to Erna about the Ojai school, work in the U.S.A., and his continued aversion to accepting the Templeton Award. We continued work on the rhododendrons. On the twenty-seventh Jean-Michel Maroger arrived with his daughter Daphné—she for the school and he to assist in a videoed discussion to be held the next day between K and Jean-Louis Dewez. It was a one-hour discussion in which the questions were in French and K replied mostly in English. Jean-Michel was to translate these for broadcasting in France. In the afternoon they did a second hour on education.

On September thirtieth, the Brockwood school term began, and K spoke on what it was all about, and the next day he spoke alone with the students. He did this again on October fourth. I went to staff meetings. On October seventh, K spoke to the whole school, and in the afternoon, when we walked with Whisper, he said, "How lucky we are to live in this beautiful place."

There were a couple of trips to London in the days ahead, dentist inspired for K, and on the sixteenth, Pama Patwardhan telephoned from Bangalore saying that K's Benares meeting was cancelled due to electricity and water shortages. Plans were for K to go to Madras and then to Rishi Valley.

On October nineteenth, Mary L. came for the weekend with us, and by 11 she, K, and I were seated around our kitchen table to go into questions Mary had for the second

volume of the K biography, which she was to start when she had finished the Lutyens one on her father. I was reading her book *The Lyttons in India*, which had just been published. K talked to her and me on material for his biography, in particular that the teachings are for everyone. Mary went over many parts of his life, but one important clarification was K's explaining again that though he was perhaps born with a certain temperament, apparently egoless, free of most human's usual shortcomings, and though he went through the suffering of the "process," this didn't mean it had to be the same for others. Out of whatever he was, he had spoken, and if one understood it, a change could come about. There was much talk about the "emptiness" of the boy and why the adoration and all that went on didn't corrupt him. We tried to find out what he means by "no memory." It was clear that he had very little memory as we usually think of it, but he seemed to mean "no reaction" rather than a blank. He also remembered things in his life as a result of being told about them by someone else. In the evening, Mary and I talked at length. It was good to have her stay with us, and the next day K, she, and I met again on the biography questions. It was his language that was Theosophical in the early days, not his beliefs. Later, he found his own language. We lunched in the West Wing dining room and later walked across the fields. David Bohm arrived at suppertime. The next morning, we had one more conversation about K's life, and then Joe came and fetched Mary back to London.

We saw Mary again on October twenty-third when we lunched together in London at Fortnum. Mary brought it out strongly that if Radha Burnier remained both head of the Esoteric Section and a KFA trustee, especially at that point when Damodar Gardens and some of Besant Gardens were leased to KFI for a school, no one would believe that Krishnamurti was not connected to the TS. K said he would discuss it in India, and did not want this connection in any minds. I gave Mary the typed notes I had taken of K's and her conversation at Brockwood about the biography. It developed further in talk at lunch that, in Mary's view, Rosalind and Rajagopal didn't care if Krishnaji lived or died. K told a new anecdote I had not heard, that Rosalind had knocked him down the concrete steps in the patio at Arya Vihara and he was unconscious. It seemed there was no end to the ugliness to which he had been subjected.

Two days later he received a letter from Mary again strongly questioning Radha Burnier being a KFI trustee while she was also head of the ES. He did further dictation on *Letters to the Schools*.

On October twenty-sixth, K remained in bed, we lunched on trays, and then I drove in mist and rain to East Dean for tea with Phyl and Christopher Fry. Christopher came out to the car, welcoming and showing me changes in their garden, which was blooming with dahlias, snapdragons, and roses. Phyl, very dear as always, was perhaps a little more abstracted, but she remembers all sorts of details. It was her manner that sometimes made her seem to come from far away when she spoke. They had some new paintings to show me and planned to go to Vienna in the spring of 1981 for Christopher to direct *The Lady's Not For Burning*. As always, I felt deeply glad to be with them. Our once-in-a-while afternoons, having tea by the fire, meant very much to me.

I drove back carefully through the rain. Krishnaji had admonished me intently to drive carefully. He had seemed increasingly to want me on guard. “Do nothing unnecessary and be careful.” At 8 p.m. Mary Cadogan telephoned. She had been rung by Erna who, on her and Theo’s return from Canada, had received the text of a book of Krishnaji’s poems being brought out by Rajagopal. They were disturbed to find *The Path* (1924) included in spite of the settlement agreement statement that K didn’t want anything pre-1926 included in further editions; also there were “insane” changes of text—sequences and words. They wanted a protest letter from the publications committee if K agreed. He stood beside me as Mary Cadogan told me all this, and said he would absolutely not agree to any changes. Mary Cadogan telephoned this to Erna. In the meantime, it appeared that Rajagopal had learned from Clayton Carlson, editor at Harper’s, that Erna had seen the text and objected. Rajagopal said he had the right to edit. Erna said he had tampered, had no right to change words, etcetera. He said, “You are trying to frustrate me. We will have to see our solicitors.”

The following day, October twenty-seventh, Krishnaji dictated a letter to Rajagopal refusing permission to make any changes. He and I both talked to Mary Links about this and also about her letter to K on Radha Burnier’s trusteeship in KFI and position in the ES.

He said that morning that the past three weeks of rest had been remarkable. “Something extraordinary has been happening. I can’t describe it.” He said he must remember it and do it in the future. The doing his exercises in the morning, then spending all day in bed, including lunch on a tray, then getting up for a good walk, then back to bed, seemed to be the recipe. His reading, sleeping, watching television, seemed to let him relax and rest at a more thorough level. But he did say at one point that as soon as he really rests, his head starts the usual pain. However, his seeing and saying how good the rest was made me happy to the point of tears.

October twenty-eighth. There was frost on the lawn, and it was fifty-nine degrees in my room. I kept my electric heater in K’s bathroom to turn it on when I got up at 6 so it would be warm for his bath. In my own room I lit a little fire in the tiny fireplace. It was nice if you sat right in front of it, and K liked it when he came to me for help with two of his exercises. He would sit and I stretched his elbows over his head, also pull his arms straight up while pressing his back in with my knee.

I talked to Mary L., who suggested *The Path* might be acceptable to K as it was written in Ojai after his experiences began there. I fetched a copy from the archives and gave it to him. He thumbed a few pages and listened to my reading a letter in the biography that he had written to Lady Emily in 1922. Later, I read it all—a strange and beautiful outpouring. K agreed, and so did I, that it could be republished providing Rajagopal made no changes in any text. I rang Mary Cadogan to tell her this so she could tell Erna when the latter called. K lunched downstairs with the school. Summertime had ended that morning, so we walked at 4 p.m. across the fields. It was cold and became dark soon after we came back. The earth smelled of autumn, the grass in the fields was dry as hair; we

heard the whistle of the steam-powered Watercress Express that went between Alton and Alresford. I began to pack.

K rested in bed the next day. We lunched on trays. Much of the morning went in telephone conversations with Mary L. about Rajagopal, *The Path*, etcetera. K revised his draft of his letter to Rajagopal, which I was to send to Erna and in which he said the agreement called for no changes in text and, that while *The Path* was written before 1926, he might consent to its republication providing no changes be made in any of his writings. Mary Cadogan had learned from Erna that R had revised *The Path* into poem format. Mary Links suggested that K appoint me to make decisions on these publications matters during his absence from the U.S. K then gave me a written letter of appointment.

The next day, October thirtieth, K had me make a note to do a *Letters to the Schools* when he returns on "When attention is profound, it includes everything." I suggested he do one on man's impulse to worship—what is it? It was a gray day, and though K's hoarseness had gone, it was better not to go out. He packed, I packed and went over things to be done by Edna Cleeve, the housekeeper, and kept packing, doing laundry, ironing, putting things in order until all was done by 10 p.m. K came in, as usual, before bedtime to put his hands on my head, and eyes—the delicate blessing of his touch. He went to sleep at 8:30.

The next day, I was up at 5 a.m., made our usual nettle tea, sterilized the dishes, as we had been doing each day, K did his exercises, and so did I, against the long hours of sitting in the sky; bathed, dressed, and had the bags ready by 7:30. I also packed two large cheddar cheeses for Krishnaji to take as presents; India then was not great on cheeses. We had our breakfast in the kitchen. He had been telling me I must be very careful, very attentive when I drive. I asked if he had a feeling that I was to have an accident? He said that when he is with me nothing will happen, but I must be careful because there is danger to someone very close to him. "Where there is good, the evil wants to get at it; can't touch him, but will try to hurt the one who is close to him." So I must be watchful, attentive. At breakfast, he said, "Give fifteen minutes a day to sitting quietly, finding out what is attention. Go into it deeply." He gave me a letter to read on my flight. His flight to New Delhi on British Air was to leave at 1:45 p.m., and Dorothy and Doris were to take him. Mine to Boston was two hours earlier, and Ingrid kindly offered to take me in her car. All Krishnaji's things were in order. He blessed me. My whole life with him was a blessing. Some of the school were out on the driveway to say goodbye, and Krishnaji was standing in his white bathrobe in the kitchen window above. It was an aching pain to leave.

K's flight was to arrive in Delhi, nonstop, to be met by Pama and Pupul. They were then to continue to Madras, arriving there by 9:30 a.m. local time. My TWA flight was only slightly late leaving, and once airborne, I could read K's letter, as he instructed me. It was short and said everything I cared about. He had written, "Partir est un peu mourir. Be exceedingly watchful. Be very attentive driving. This attention must flow from the inner to the outer. What a beastly day. Stia bene e sempre sia benedetta." It was as if his hand was touching me, coming with me; the piece of paper carried his care and blessing.

Landing in Boston at 2 p.m., one saw below the new Kennedy Library, opened ten days earlier. It was a struggle to get three bags to the customs inspector. There was only one porter for the whole hall, but I was able to get a taxi driver to help me get to Air New England, where my brother had booked a flight across to Martha's Vineyard. It was dark as the small plane stopped at Nantucket and continued to the Vineyard. My cousin Lorna Livingston met me and put me up most comfortably in her little house. I went over to see my stepfather, who was upstairs in bed and sadly deteriorated from my last seeing him two years earlier. He was almost blind and seemed only marginally aware, as my own father had been in his last days. Lynn, a very nice nurse, was looking after him and there was a nice young cook and relief nurse.

* * *

This is as far as Mary got with her unfinished book. She completed this chapter in 2007, at the age of 92, and she had been diligently writing this book since soon after Krishnaji died in 1986. She had expressed how physically difficult it had become to write over the years (her eyesight failing, her ailing leg not liking the upright typing chairs), but she was content that all she had wanted to say about her being in Krishnaji's presence had been expressed in our interviews and her readings of her diaries with me.

This chapter ends the project of ***In the Presence of Krishnamurti***, unknowingly begun in August 1994.

Scott H. Forbes

May 2015

Notes for the Reader

The conventions that are used for this unusual material may not be familiar to all readers, so that a few explanations at the start may be useful.

Almost the entirety of the material is transcribed conversation. Consequently, the American convention of double quotation marks (“) to denote conversation could be used, but would be so pervasive as to clutter the text. Therefore, the convention of leaving them out but only implying them is used. As a consequence, the next set of quotation marks denoting quotes within quotes (‘) is used as the first set of quotation marks the reader will see. However, as Mary is often reading from her diaries in these transcribed conversations, and it seems important to distinguish this from general conversation, the single quote punctuation mark (‘) is used mostly to distinguish such material.

Whenever Mary is quoting Krishnamurti or anyone else, double quotation marks (“) are used.

The transcribers of these conversations have agreed to another convention that seems useful in understanding this material, and are consequently being passed on to the reader. All five transcribers of this material have commented on the joy and especially the laughter is these conversations. While the joy seems impossible to denote, laughter is not; and it seems important to do so as laughter can change the meaning of what is read (e.g., “Oh, we can’t do that” reads differently to “Oh, we can’t do that” [Mary and Scott laughing]). There was so much delight in Mary’s life with Krishnamurti, and they often had such fun doing small things together (and this, again, has been commented on by all the transcribers) that it seems important to translate this to the written page. Transcribers have denoted non-verbal aspects of the conversation they thought were important by writing out what they heard inside square brackets ([]).

The transcribers also, in trying to maintain as much of the voices as possible, wanted the readers to know when there were significant or poignant pauses, and this they did by putting three dots (…) between words.

Of course, as in most conversation, there were in these conversations a great many of what linguists call “place holders” (e.g., um, ah, hmm, etc.). These clutter written text, so they are, for the most part, left out. However, sometimes, they denote that a person is thinking, or that one person in a conversation in agreeing with what the other person is saying (e.g. mm hmm); and when it seems germane to the conversation, they have been left in, though usually with a transcriber’s note (e.g. [affirming]).

An important part of our verbal communication is how emphatically we say a thing, and it seems right to give the reader of these conversations some sense of that. While we have many ways in conversation to emphasize what we are saying, this material only uses three: a normal emphasis (e.g., “I was very unhappy.”), a greater emphasis (e.g., “I was *very* unhappy”), and the top emphasis (e.g., “I was <u>*very*</u> unhappy.”) This denotation of

emphasis was not done by the transcribers, but by the editor when proofreading all the transcripts. So, although there is clearly some subjectivity in the use of this denotation of emphasis, it is at least the consistent subjectivity of one person.

Many people might disagree with all of the small every-day details that are included in this account, feeling that they are insignificant next to the esoteric aspects of Krishnamurti's life. But this is an account of what it was like to be with Krishnamurti, and that was a seamless blend of the every-day and the esoteric. In fact, Mary felt very strongly that due to the nature of Krishnamurti's presence, every-day things often seemed unusual. This phenomenon is discussed twice. At any rate, small every-day things make up a large part of all of our lives, so it didn't seem right to leave those out of an account of being in the presence of Krishnamurti.

There are also various names used for Krishnamurti. In India, ji is frequently put after at least part of a person's name when speaking about someone for whom one has affection as well as respect. Consequently, Krishnamurti was often called "Krishnaji" by many, and is usually done so in this text. In the same way, Mary was often called "Maryji" or "Mariaji" (Krishnamurti called Mary "Maria") in India. Also, Krishnamurti frequently referred to himself as "K," and those around him sometimes did the same. Mary did not often refer to Krishnamurti as "K," but she did occasionally. However, in her diaries she often calls him "K" for what usually seem to be reasons of brevity. In this text, whatever version of Krishnamurti's name ("Krishnamurti," "Krishnaji," or "K") is actually spoken, that is the one that appears.

Scott H. Forbes

March 2013

A Sample of Readers' Responses

I just finished reading Issue #1, what a joy – a half and then full smile on my face the whole time. What a witty sense of humor she has. I was there, sitting with you both, quietly, listening. Thank you for this opportunity. She seems to be one of the few people that can talk about K and what he was saying with… a grasp that only someone who … oh, words fail me – but I'm sure you understand what I mean… without distortion. I really, really love her sense of humor and feel something unique and special is happening in those interviews, K seems there, in a sense.

Washington, USA

I am so appreciative of the work being done of making Mary's diary available. It is the highlight of my week to read each issue. I feel as though I am right there listening to you and Mary talk about her extraordinary time with Krishnaji. The diary is providing much to ponder, and causes me to reflect, sometimes, painfully, about what I am doing with my life. It is such a blessing to have encountered Krishnaji, and I cannot imagine what was like for her to be so close. I feel such a responsibility to live what he pointed to, as it was such a great fortune to meet him, and study what he talked about. It is not often that a human being gets to meet another human being like he was, and I can feel each day I do not pay attention, or live fully, I am failing to live at all. Thank you for the prodding that comes from this project.

New Hampshire, USA

In the Presence of Krishnamurti transports me to a time when Krishnamurti was alive, speaking and energizing the schools in India, England and the United States. It was a unique time when a great teacher travelled the world speaking intimately to thousands of people with no other objective than to show them the true meaning of freedom and what it means to live responsibly in this world.

In this truly remarkable work, we see the great care and concern for Krishnamurti by those around him. Mary Zimbalist's observations are loving, gentle and respectful. Yet, these are not the remembrances of an unquestioning "disciple" but rather chronicles by someone who was there at the center of things with questions of her own.

She, like others, knew that this was rarefied air and she took particular care to record it accurately without distortion so others might one day have access to it.

As one who was close to Krishnamurti for many years, and to Mary and Scott and others around him, I am thrilled that this document exists. It gives the reader a sense of who Krishnamurti was. It serves as both an introduction and adjunct to the body of his work.

California, USA

Thank you. Am very appreciative of your hard work, for your assistance in getting subscribed. Super grateful. I read some the other day, beautiful and elegant.

New York, USA

The reason I wanted to get in touch with you was to tell you how much I have enjoyed reading excerpts of In the presence of K. It has really brought the person alive in a way that no other book on him has. 'The man from Seattle'**[1]** cannot complain any longer. I thought the presentation itself is brilliant. The conversations between you and Mary Zimbalist enriching the diary entries and bringing them to life. Much thanks.

Bangalore, India

When I first heard about the project to publish on the Internet the "Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist", I was against it. For me those precious Memoirs needed a book, or several ones, easy to consult. Nevertheless I took a subscription. After the 7th or 8th issue, I realised that, for the first time in history, we could follow – practically day by day – the life of an exceptional person. As I kept on reading, I discovered in Mary Zimbalist a superiorly intelligent woman, constantly working with only one priority: Krishnaji. And at the same time as she assumed so many different task, she had a bad leg wounded since infancy...!

I consider that she contributed an essential part to Krishnaji's teachings and that her devotion and love was essential. Furthermore, the Memoirs' reader is able to consult the transcript of several Saanen talks and at several places benefit of the possibility to hear Mary reading her diaries.

Mary's picture in the issue # 42 conveys for me a blend of inside quietness with enormous strength. It is exactly what I felt the few times I have been in contact with her. It is with a deep love and respect that I conjure up her image.

In conclusion, thanks to her, we benefit from an exceptional document of the life and teachings of Krishnamurti.

Paris, France

We are lucky and blessed for the opportunity to read the memoirs of Mary Zimabalist.

India

Sorry for my poor English…

The work of making public the day to day of Mary beside K brings me life. Probably will have more when all who had a direct relationship with K have gone.

I think it is a good idea for the links with public talks … that help to better situate the story of sometimes very ordinary life … also the inclusion of unpublished private images.

I remember my first encounter with Mary in the summer of 1985. I was working with Len Peters erecting the platform for the talks in the big tent at Brockwood. Mary came to take a look at the works with Dorothy, and I could not avoid thinking that K had a very attractive partner.

(Len told me ….G. you have a dirty mind…!!)

My second encounter was 16 years later at the Centre, during a breakfast. She came to my table and I immediately recognized her. We had a friendly conversation and for first time I was aware of the tone of her voice… the same that now I listen in every issue.

My appreciation of the records … is of a huge support of Mary to K... and a beautiful love story…

Italy

The 100th anniversary of Mary's birth is in a few days and as I sit here writing about it, I feel the veil not lift exactly, but become thinner, into that atmosphere that is "other" (not "The Other", just "other").

I have learned something more about relationship. Mary's memoir doesn't simply speak of relationships, or relate stories – the relationships actually come into being as I read: Mary and Krishnaji, Mary and you, you and Krishnaji. There is an extraordinary care in these relationships. Love, affection, friendship, of course – and a level of care that makes me want to care for my relationships in a more precious way, in a way more like that. I think this has to do with "state of being" that you and Mary talk about. Remarkably, some aspect about "state of being" as I understand/experience it comes through in the memoirs—with you, with Mary, with Krishnaji.

There is a heightened realness that comes through. Mary is so present with herself, with the past, with you. She is so willing to talk about her own limitations frankly, honestly; she is fierce at times, and opinionated, and frustrated, and funny. You have used the word "devotion" at times in the issue introductions (as in "Mary's devotion to Krishnaji") and I have struggled with this because what comes through to me is something more mutual than devotion, less separate. What is that? What is devotion and love and deep affection and mutual regard all rolled into one? I think that there has not been a relationship like

this in my experience (even though I have been blessed with many wonderful relationships) so I have no words to describe it.

Reading issue by issue, chronologically, the reader watches Mary's internal development. She changes, before our eyes. The questions she thinks to ask Krishnaji later on take on a depth and probing absent in the earlier issues. She becomes less tentative and steps fully into her role and life with him. She becomes.

And I often laugh out loud. This happened just last night when I read, "M: The next day was the seventeenth. 'Krishnaji saw Palevi and Mrs. Sarabhai at 9:30 a.m. A professional tree pruner began work on the big eucalyptus trees along the driveway. After lunch, Krishnaji and I went to town in the new diesel Mercedes to order mats for it. It drove very nicely, and we were both pleased.'

On the eighteenth, 'Krishnaji again saw Palevi briefly. I was at my desk all morning. Tree pruning continues. We walked on the beach.' See, there's nothing on these days.

S: Well, it's still nice to have it.

M: You don't think that boredom has long since paralyzed [*S laughing*] the listeners to this saga?!'

S: It's an endurance test."

The ongoing joke with you insisting on every detail and Mary rolling her eyes and teasing you for being so meticulous (to put it nicely) allows us eavesdroppers to feel the affection between you. I know of no other way to say this. Listening to Mary play off you is delightful.

It is so different to read of the esoteric aspects of the teachings through this dialog. When you and Mary engage in a sidebar (so to speak), working through an aspect of what K said, as a reader and as one who has tried to understand and practice the teachings myself, this is enormously helpful to my own ability to contemplate the teachings.

In the Presence of K is not simply an outsider's peek into what it was like for Mary to be in Krishnaji's presence. Through the memoir, I too am in his presence and in Mary's. In a world that seems to be coming apart more and more, this is my gravitational pull, the place I return to. You told me once that when you asked Krishnaji why he was here now, meaning on this earth at that particular time in history, he responded, "The tears of humanity called." They are still calling, and through the memoirs, Krishnaji is still here. I am not talking of solace, but of the possibility of freedom.

One passage is a brilliantly portrayed description of the most mundane aspect of daily life, the next is a less interesting description of daily life, and then without warning I am reading something truly profound that I have never heard in quite that way anywhere else. Like any conversation, or any diary, it has its own pacing with thoughts and tasks

that come and go, but the real treasure is that it is just life. And in being "just life", we see how profound and astounding "just life" really is. Even as extraordinary a life as the ones that they led, it is still "just life".

There is information we would never otherwise know – we know of the "Process" from other books, but let me tell you I have had a fraction of what K went through with his teeth and it is almost unbearable. All those trips to the dentist, the teeth out, the bridges, the crowns – if one has never gone through that, it is hard to convey just how difficult bad teeth and ongoing dental work can be. And more than any writing of K's, or transcriptions, or recordings of talks, one gets a sense of what sensitivity is, in a coarse and dangerous world. We want to develop that sensitivity and yet know that there is a price to pay, even for someone like K. He suffered, and still he gave and gave and gave. That comes through in a way that hadn't in other sources, due to Mary's concern and documentation. Having this knowledge makes him more remarkable, not less, for all he did and how he lived.

California, USA

Being allowed to share in this personal conversation between you and Mary and silently sitting in on Mary Zimbalist reading her diaries continues to move me and makes me feel very fortunate. My wish to get to know as much as I can about K and how he lived his life…to soak up everything K did, said and wrote is strong and ever present, and at the same time gently answered as we go along with the memoirs.

These memoirs are also allowing me to learn about Mary's role … in the caring and facilitating K to do the work and much more… something which Mary sounds so modest about, just like the personal physical discomfort of her leg.

Reading about the caring for each other, the intensity of their travels, the meetings, the organising, and correspondence dealt with, the sporadic moments of privacy and Mary's sensitivity to all K's physical needs make me realise time and time again how very special it must have been to be in K's presence for Mary and all of you belonging to the inner circle.

My thanks to K, to Mary Zimbalist, and to all those who have been, are and will be involved in this special and historical project are immense.

Gouda, Holland

Thanks for dialogue with Mary on "In the presence of K" and making it available to us! Since K died I have been waiting for Mary's biography to come, but the way you have done it is much better than a book!

Apart from the teaching to explore K's daily “normal” life and to see the facts of it and how he related to practical problems is a great inspiration to be even more rational with the verbal and practical activity.

The Issues also gives important hints to published or unpublished documentation in the archives that would have been very interesting to look into.

Oslo, Norway

This is a great record. For those who have really studied the Teachings, each episode has meaning far beyond the mere words with which the recollections are recorded.

Australia

Just writing to thank you again for these memoirs, Scott. They are truly fascinating, and to be honest a bit addictive. Mary writes so well – often poetically, evocatively, touchingly. We look forward to their resuming in the new year.

England

I want to add my voice to all those who deeply appreciate the publication of the Memoirs, and for the knowledge of the extraordinary part Mary had in Krishnaji’s life. I think her contribution was immeasurable both in helping Krishnaji bloom, and in helping us to understand Krishnaji in expanded measure. Thank you for taking on this project.

England

Thank you for this opportunity and for helping bring this wonderful work to fruition. Humanity is forever indebted to Mary for her invaluable contribution; her immense love for K and the teachings and by extension for humanity. There are no words that can adequately express our gratitude other than to earnestly live the teachings with the same unconditional dedication and love as she cared for K and the teachings.

Florida, USA

For me Mary’s selfless devotion washes away the bad taste of the Rajagopals.

England

The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist provide a rare historical glimpse into the mundane, the profound and mysterious life of Krishnamurti beginning in the late 1950's. Personally I find great value in how Krishnamurti is perceived and reflected in the mirror of the relationships that surrounded him, the composition or character of each mirror affecting uniquely the image being reflected. The essence of the so-called teachings, what Krishnamurti's insights and descriptions point to, is unknowable. The wind can't be caught in a paper bag. What can be known is what the unknowable is not. Scott and Mary's efforts help us discover the difference.

California, USA

The MZ memoirs will forever remain a mirror through which people can see themselves. In the end, readers will view the work, and the events described, through the prism of their own conditioning.

For those who are capable of unflinchingly facing the "what is" of human existence, I strongly commend this enterprise as a valuable tool of enquiry and self-discovery. The work contains unpublished photographs of Krishnamurti as well as links to the Teaching itself and many will find this aspect rewarding as well as enriching. I read the MZ memoir every week first thing on Tuesday mornings.

Western Australia

We're grateful for making these memoirs available. Not only do they fill in blanks regarding some aspects of Krishnaji's life, but they're poignant. Mary's phenomenal dedication to looking after Krishnaji, with such steady energy and obvious deep affection, made her a godsend to him, it's clear. For us the memoirs succeed in fulfilling Krishnaji's wish that Mary convey what it was like to be with him. Thank you so much.

England

I think this is an extraordinary project. These are intensely personal memoirs, told in an easy humorous conversational style. They give enormous insight into the teachings of Krishnamurti because they include so many details about daily life. I think learning about what made him laugh, things he liked, people he was close with, illuminates what he taught and wrote. The love and respect that is involved in this project gives us a unique perspective on Krishnamurti and his teachings, and on two very special people he trusted to tell his story. Thank you for completing this project after so many years of work.

Upstate New York, USA

Knowing JK made me believe in extreme spiritual beauty.

Knowing MZ gave me a lesson in austerity, delicacy, punctuality and her devotion for JK was like a fresh breeze of the unknown.

Mexicali, Mexico

The thing that is remarkable about Mary's memoirs is really her integrity. I get the sense she seeks to be this white background that protects and just lets K be himself. You know, no ego, no self-interest. And she is an avid listener, very intelligent, and her humor is quite sweet (and wicked) too. And you know, where she did not know the details she says so. Your camaraderie is very sweet, and the interviews style has the perfect balance of letting her speak and probes.

I always thought there was an element of "gossipyness" with some of the biographies, and a little bit of smugness about having access to K. I am amazed, again, with Mary Z just being present. I do hope there are more of her conversations with K about the teachings as those sections are really fascinating. I think he sought to teach her in a particular special way and we get to share that.

Anyway, these are my first heartfelt responses!

California, USA

FOOTNOTES:

[1] Krishnaji frequently used 'the man from Seattle' as what seemed to be a rhetorical device in discussions with teachers in his schools indicating that people from remote places might ask what it was like to have known Krishnaji. Interesting discussions often ensued.

About

Jiddu Krishnamurti (1895—1986) was perhaps one of the most original thinkers of the twentieth century. A man of extraordinary insight, a speaker, and writer, he was also an educator who started ten schools internationally in his life-time. He has been a remarkable source of inspiration to people in a great many fields, including education, psychology, and philosophy.

Mary Zimbalist (1915—2008) was an actress, model, and the wife of Sam Zimbalist (producer of many films including the Oscar winning *Ben-Hur*) who began asking serious questions about the nature of life and death, and first came across Krishnamurti in 1944. When she returned to this interest fully in 1963, she became Krishnamurti's friend and then his assistant. From that time until Krishnamurti's death, she accompanied him through most of his travels around the world and helped organize his talks and the publication of his books. Mary became the closest person to Krishnamurti since 1923, when Krishnamurti's brother, Nitya, died.

In the Presence of Krishnamurti: The Memoirs of Mary Zimbalist is the direct result of Krishnamurti asking Mary to write about what it was like to be with him. Mary struggled to write this account for more than two decades. I was concerned that, with her frail health and slow progress, she might not complete this task for which she cared so much. To try to help her, I suggested that she and I recount our memories of Krishnamurti to each other, and record them.

We began a series of conversations in 1994 that continued for fourteen years, until 2008, shortly before she died. Mary was happy that we both talk about our memories because I had traveled a bit with Krishnamurti, and worked with him for many years, but especially because I knew many of the places to which they traveled, so I could ask detailed questions; questions that helped stir her memory and bring to life, in her own words, what it was like to be in the presence of Krishnamurti. These discussions have produced exhaustive documentation (over 100 recordings of 1.5 hours to 2 hours each) through Mary's reminiscences and her reading of her detailed diaries.

If you would like to learn more about Holistic Education's "Krishnamurti Education Research Project," please click here: Krishnamurti Education Research Project

Scott H. Forbes and the "In the Presence of Krishnamurti" team

Holistic Education, Inc.

February 13, 2013

(Mary's ninety-eighth birthday)

Contact

Website: http://inthepresenceofk.org/

Sales and Accounts Support: info@inthepresenceofk.org

For correspondence or to send donation checks:

In the Presence of Krishnamurti
Holistic Education, Inc.
3737 SE Caruthers
Portland, OR 97214

NOTE: Please make checks payable to Holistic Education (a 501.c.3 Non-Profit Organization in Portland, OR)

All materials Copyright 2014 Scott H. Forbes