

September, 1973

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

Any form of conscious meditation is not the real thing; it can never be. Deliberate attempt to meditate is not meditation. It must happen; it cannot be invited. Meditation is not the play of the mind nor of desire and pleasure. All attempt to meditate is the very denial of it. Only be aware of what you are thinking and doing and nothing else. The seeing, the hearing, is the doing, without reward and punishment. The skill in doing lies in the skill of seeing, hearing. Every form of meditation leads inevitably to deception, to illusion, for desire blinds. It was a lovely evening and the soft light of spring covered the earth.

—Krishnamurti's Journal

We had been walking through the English countryside among the open fields: there were pheasants, a clear blue sky and the light of the early evening. The slow quiet autumn was coming in. Leaves were turning yellow and red and dropping from the huge trees. Everything was waiting for winter, silent, apprehensive, withdrawn. How very different nature was in the springtime. Then everything was bursting with life--every blade of grass and the new leaf. Then there was the song of birds and murmuring of many leaves. But now though there was not a breath of air, though everything was still, it felt the approach of winter, rainy stormy days, snow and violent gales.

Walking along the fields and climbing over a stile you came to a grove of many trees and several redwoods. As you entered it you were suddenly aware of its absolute silence. There wasn't a leaf moving, it was as though a spell had been cast upon it. The grass was greener, brighter with the slanting sun upon it and you felt all of a sudden a great feeling of sacredness. You walked through it almost holding your breath, hesitating to step. There were great blooms of hydrangeas and rhododendrons which would flower in several months, but none of these things mattered, or rather they gave a benediction to this spot. You realized when you came out of the grove that your mind was completely empty without a single thought. There was only that and nothing else.

—Beginnings of Learning

The room was very pleasant with a green carpet and lovely curtains. It overlooked a green lawn and a magnificent tulip tree which had blossomed so beautifully with large flowers in the early summer. On the left was a magnificent cedar, old and ready to die. Beyond the lawn was a field and a grove, copses and fields. It was a pleasant place and peaceful, undisturbed by passing traffic. There was great beauty and stillness. You really could feel the earth. There were trees all around, old, heavy with leaves, beautiful in shape. That evening they were casting long shadows. It was delightful to watch them and as you watched, the whole earth changed. Everything seemed alive and you were part of it, not only on the hard chair but out there, part of the throbbing beauty and stillness. You were not identifying yourself with them; it was not an intellectual process of identification but, rather, you were of them. They were your friends. Their whispers were your whispers and their movement was part of your mind and heart. It was not imagination either, for that can play tricks on you, deceiving you with fantasies, oversensitive reactions and false flights into emotional states called love. It was none of these things. There was no separation between you, the earth and the heavens and the trees. The colours of the green lawn and the deep shadows were the colours of your mind and heart. Yellow doesn't aspire to greater yellowness. The green lawn was so fantastically alive in the evening light that every part of you was of it. A pheasant walked across the lawn and you went with it, disappearing behind a bush.

—Can the Mind be Quiet