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EDITORIAL: The Phoenix

"Wisdom's fire makes ashes of all work."

—*Bhagavad Gita, IV.37*

IN an underdeveloped country, not yet completely brainwashed, you can watch the operations of the international Establishment known as Modern Civilization. Day after day the Indian press pictures smiling "modern" Indians greeting successive delegations of Americans, Russians, Germans, English, Japanese, Danes, Italians and all the rest, in a buzz and haze of salesmanship, junketings, whirlwind survey tours, deals and counter-deals, with all the VIP trimmings fronting the high level world of big money.

Babies and Buddhas: Having been hooked by the System, Indians are rapidly, tragically, losing the entire legacy of decent values. Equally rapid is their adoption of acquired phoney values. They have learned how news and facts can be slanted or suppressed and how politicians can tell the rounded lie and must inevitably make deals for their friends. The innocents who cry out like a spell or *mantram*, the words "Corruption! Corruption!" are regarded as being slow-witted in the new religion which has come to stay, of which credo one is "I believe that everything from temples and tigers, to babies and Buddhas, not only has a price, but a dollar-earning value."

You may call the System anything you like from Democracy to Communism, but two things are clear enough. First, its need for the total acquiescence of the individual who thinks he is modern and happy when he is really being thought-controlled as a consumer of everything from ideas to factory products. Second, its destruction of all really human values.

Here is a sample of what's happening. India has been sold the population-control myth. In the past Indians prayed for children. Now the Indian Ministry of Health has blessed a scheme (the committee are asking \$4 million for it) to destroy life, to make men and women impotent through contraceptives and vasectomy. Not enough food they say. That old chestnut! But Dr. Ballentine Henley of California reported in Los Angeles a few months ago that if all the food producing facilities were used, the earth could support, not merely its present 3,000 million human inhabitants, but at least 50,000 million.

Take another case. In March this year the Japanese held a machinery exhibition in Bangalore. Guess what they displayed at the entrance? Tractors, dynamos...? Oh no, just a fifteen-feet high replica of the Buddha, the famous Daibutsu, so familiar on the travel-folder. Which means that the System has at last made a salesman for Japanese industry of the greatest spiritual symbol of Asia. Moreover, it went down well, without a murmur of protest. So we may expect Madison Avenue to dream up a lifelike figure of Jesus Christ welcoming buyers into the latest supermarket. Should you be shocked at the logical end of the degradation of all values?

Ours, therefore, is a time when babies and Buddhas become merely persuasive means to sell talcum and tractors.

Angry Young Men: Once in every 500 years, according to the myth, the fabulous immortal Phoenix, one and only of its kind, became fresh and young again by immolation in a self-kindled nest of flaming palm leaves. The meaning is clear enough, even if we did not have the philosophy of the Gita to tell us that only a general burning of the rubbish around us by the self-lit fire of self-knowledge can renew the lost values and restore to us our true dignity.

Many of the best young men of America and Europe in open disgust at a life whose illusions are wide open to them, are turning to Existentialism. They agree with Kierkegaard's statement "Put me in a system and you negate me—I am not just a mathematical symbol—I *am*." They neither want to be controlled, nor to control people or nature. Having stepped outside the cellophane of civilization, and contemptuously called barbarians by the well-dressed robots of the world's great consumer societies, they aim at being "cool" and get tough only when somebody passes them the handout. They are ready for the Phoenix pyre.

In their rejection of pseudo-values they are perfectly right. Far from dismissing them, the wise man would show them how to conclude the revaluation process they have begun. In the midst of the furious sounds coming from these Beatniks, Hipsters and Angry Young Men as they are variously called, there is an unmistakable sound of wingbeats. The Phoenix, symbol of the Absolute and of revaluation, is preparing its due renewal.

[END]

NOTE: "Planning for One World" on page 143 should be No. 3
and not 4 as printed.

Bombs and Calibans

HOW tremendously encouraging for lovers of humanity to watch, month by month the awakening of political justice in Africa. If the last ten years might be called the Asian Decade, when country after after country shook off the political shackles which for centuries enslaved it to Europe, the sixties are certainly going to be the Decade of Africa.

The Problem of Impossible Whites: Asia got rid of her impossible whites, the unbearably insolent Kiplingesque planters, the diehard imperialist administrators and all the other racially minded adventurers who would not change their sadistic ways and therefore departed from the East. From 1947 onwards this crowd vanished from India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Indonesia and elsewhere, with their Tatlers, their trophies, solar topees and big sticks and, of course as much plunder as they could carry, leaving only a stinking memory under the hot sun, a memory which, fortunately, the same sun has well-nigh evaporated, particularly since Asians have now met and welcomed a type of white human who at least behaves decently, however motivated they may be under the friendly smile.

But nobody asked where the stinkers had gone. The shock to the older ones was probably too great, and many retired to the world of the suburbs of Western cities, London, Ottawa or Sydney. The more lively unregenerates looked at the map of the world—the colonial-imperial map—and transferred their deplorable ways of life to the African continent, to Kenya, Nyassaland, Rhodesia and South Africa. The result could easily be foreseen. Their unbearable attitude and their vulgar culture, it may be safely presumed, has in great measure been the last straw on the back of the patient African. And now, since they find things are getting too hot for them, many are thinking, we hear, of “settling” in places such as Australia, though what the Australians think of them or will think of them if they get there, has not been told.

The problem in Africa is not what the Africans will do. Their future is assured. These millions of Bantus, Swahilis, Hottentots, Kikuyus, and so many others about whom newspaper readers will no doubt hear more and more during these coming years, will assert themselves and win the goals of independence, justice, freedom, and all other human rights just as

Asians have done. No, the big problem is what is to be done with the whites. They are already so fixedly conditioned, so much out of alignment with a correct attitude to life, that at least for another generation or two they cannot live normal or decent human lives. They can no more be exterminated or confined in a camp, even if such extreme measures were desirable, than the black or brown. Probably the best thing would be for World Government to find them some corner of that huge continent of Africa, together with their Boer counterparts, where they could live without making a nuisance of themselves to the rest of humanity.

Facts and Follies: Under its own peoples Africa has a great future. Compared with other continents it is sparsely inhabited. Africa has only 18 humans per square mile. Only South America (17) and Australia (3) have less. Compare this with Europe's 210, Asia's 127 (excluding USSR areas), North America's 25 and the USSR's 24. According to Dr. B. R. Sen, the Director-General of the U. N. Food and Agricultural Organization, the cultivation of only 20 per cent. of the tropical soil in the world still not used would increase the entire world's food by 40 per cent. One of the really big things that Africans can do, if they switch to an economy of abundance (i. e. production of food) rather than to one of opulence (i. e. money and banks) is to prove as Dr. Sen says, that there is no limit to food for many years to come and therefore, incidentally, that the over-population fear is an opulence-made myth due to distorted notions of economy.

Look at some other figures. Of the 216 millions of human beings in Africa (only half the population of India) the whites number only about 10 millions (10 per cent.) and they are appointed as follows: 20 per cent. in South Africa (the proportion of blacks to whites there is four to one), 10 percent. in Algeria, 3 per cent in Central Africa and 1 per cent. in Kenya. As one writer says, these are harsh and stubborn facts.

In any case it is grotesque that a fractional group, no larger than the population of the city of New York or London, should dominate a territory a dozen times the size of India or three times that of Europe.

Yet the follies persist. The error of an opulence-based economy is seen in the figures given for the production of nuclear weapons. The cost is estimated to be about £ 2,000 million (Rs. 2,700 crores)—about as much as India will spend on her

(Continued on page 153)

Garry Davis and the Passport Man

The following dialogue—approximate, as recalled, since there was no recording at the time—took place between World Citizen Garry Davis and an official of the U.S. State Department, in New York on February 16, 1960.

DAVIS : Come in. What can I do for you, Mr. R. ?

R. : (sits) Do you remember that passport business some years ago ?

D. : Which passport business ?

R. : When you were issuing World Passports.

D. : Yes, I do.

R. : Are you still issuing them ?

D. : I don't understand why you're asking.

R. : No, I just asked whether you were still issuing them.

D. : Yes, I know what you asked, but I don't understand why you're asking.

R. : It seems that a young man recently, a U. S. citizen incidentally, is in a bit of trouble because of one.

D. : Oh. What kind of trouble ?

R. : He tried to get a British visa on a World Passport.

D. : So...what's wrong with that ?

R. : Well, he's a U.S. citizen.

D. : So you said.

R. : Well, no U.S. citizen can travel without a U.S. passport.

D. : And he didn't have a U.S. passport ?

R. : No ... that is, he tried to get a British visa on a World Passport.

D. : But that doesn't mean he didn't have a U.S. passport.

R. : Well, that's beside the point. The fact is, he intended to travel on the World Passport.

D. : Then why is he in trouble ? He didn't actually travel, did he ?

R. : No, he didn't, but his intent was clear.

D. : Can a man be convicted on intent ?

R. : Sure he can.

D. : Do you mean that a man can be convicted on say, intent to murder without actually committing the crime ?

R. : That's right.

D. : (writing "A man can be convicted on intent") I would like you to sign that statement if you will (putting it before R.).

R. : I wouldn't sign anything for you.

D. : I see.

R. : Same as you wouldn't sign anything for me.

D. : Whatever I say to you, I'll sign. I'm not afraid of my words.

R. : I don't suppose you remember what you wrote that last time down at our office—your statement about not issuing any World Passports to U.S. citizens?

D. : I believe I do.

R. : (*opens file and turns to statement which he shows*) At that time, you wrote that you would cease and desist from issuing World Passports to U.S. citizens.

D. : Yes, of course...“pending clarification of the total situation” as it says here. But so far, there has been no clarification of the total situation. And since it was you who considered it illegal or thought it might be, surely it was up to you to clarify. Have you come up with anything new?

R. : No, we dropped the matter when you agreed to cease and desist.

D. : In other words, you considered your threat effective and so there was no longer the need to find out whether my action was legal or illegal?

R. : We decided to let the matter lie for the moment. But now it has come up again. Now let me ask you, Mr. Davis, were you at a science-fiction convention in Detroit last September?

D. : Why do you ask, Mr. R.?

R. : Well, I'll tell you. I have no secrets. We have a report that you issued a World Passport to one Mr.....at a science-fiction convention in Detroit.

D. : And Mr.....then tried to obtain a British visa on said passport? Correct?

R. : Correct.

D. : And now Mr.....is in trouble. Correct?

R. : Correct, which makes you an instrument after the fact.

D. : No—wait a minute. Westinghouse sells us electricity and we can counterfeit U.S. currency under the light. Does that make Westinghouse an instrument after the fact?

R. : Well, let's not go into that. Did you issue Mr ... a World Passport at Detroit?

D. : It seems to me that you should be asking Mr ...

R. : You're not answering the question, Garry.

D. : Well, frankly, I sold many passports at that convention. Science-fiction readers and writers seem to recognize a good idea when they see it.

R. : I see. And tell me, how much did you charge for it? Do you want to know how much he says you charged? (*pause*) One dollar seventy-five cents. Is that correct?

D. : I'll answer that by asking you whether you'd like to buy one. That'd be a good way to find out how much I sell them for.

R. : No, I don't want a World Passport. I don't need it.

D. : Maybe the people at the convention needed them.

R. : Did you ask whether they were U. S. citizens or not?

D. : The World Passport is offered to all who ask for it. Their status on the national or local level is not questioned. That's what makes it a World Passport.

R. : Is the World Passport Mr ... has the same as we saw in 1954?

D. : You mean the same issue?

R. : Yes, I believe you had a thousand.

D. : That's right. Yes, it's the same issue.

R. : Can't get rid of them, eh?

D. : Well, I don't advertise. Those who want them come to me. I don't solicit business.

R. : About how many would you say you have sold?

D. : You mean issued.

R. : Er—all right, issued.

D. : Over seven hundred ... all over the world.

R. : And do you keep records?

D. : Well, before I answer that, may I ask you if this is an official inquiry?

R. : Of course, the entire inquiry is official. (*Takes out badge which D. examines, copies down name and number, and hands back.*)

D. : I think I shall defer that question to counsel. But you know I am as much surprised as honored by this inquiry. You know of course that many illustrious people are now holders of the World Passport, including President Eisenhower.

R. : You mean that just because you send them one, they are holders.

D. : Well, in the President's case, it is true that his was sent, but only because I could not make the presentation in person. But it wasn't returned, and I understand that all gifts and certificates not returned can be deemed as accepted. But in the case of most others, I have made personal presentations, for instance to Prime Minister Nehru of India, Governor Gurmani of Pakistan, Prime Minister Ali of Iran and others.

R. : Nehru eh?

D. : Yes, he was delighted.

R. : Now, Garry, let me ask you—you are now a travel agent. Suppose anyone walks in here and, say, wants to go to Germany and buys a ticket and says he has no passport. Would you sell him a World Passport?

(Continued on page 154)

First World Citizen Spells it out to Eisenhower, Macmillan and Krushchev on Nuclear Testing

GARRY DAVIS, First World Citizen and Coordinator of World Government, wired President Eisenhower, Prime Minister Macmillan, and airmailed to Chairman Krushchev identical messages on March 27, 1960 affirming that further testing of nuclear devices was a flagrant violation of human and humanity's absolute rights.

The full text of the message, sent from World Service Authority, Post Box 119, Village Station, New York, N.Y., USA, is as follows:

"Nuclear testing ~~transcends~~ nationalistic policies. Humanity itself as each individual has absolute rights. Wilful pollution of earth's atmosphere flagrant violation of these. Any man or group of men whatever nation who continue testing nuclear devices knowing radio-active fall-out are *per se* enemies of humanity. They are charged as such before bar of world opinion now. Will eventually face *de jure* world courts. Reference World Authorization Order No 1, August 20, 1957 Hannover. Similar message to (Eisenhower) (Macmillan) (Kruschev) this date. GARRY DAVIS, Coordinator World Government."

South African White

As I was sitting in my chair
I knew the bottom wasn't there,
Nor legs nor back, but I just sat
Ignoring little things like that.

—Hughes Mearns.

Causerie-7

The Journal and Reflections of an Absolutist

By NATARAJAN GURU

Here the author considers what the East and India mean in the absolutist context. He also gives an account of the shocking passport and customs ordeal on arrival at Bombay.

PASSAGE to India ! the very phrase has a content not fully reflected actually in this matter-of-fact combination of words. The actual words and the particular outer syntactical order in which these words are composed have nothing to do with a certain charm of poetic inner content that delicately flavours the expression.....

I am not thinking here of any personal nostalgic coloration implicit in the words. I am putting myself rather in the position of a Walt Whitman (who used this phrase for the title of a poem) or a Jules Michelet (a French historian who thought of the East and India in particular) from the same way as they contemplated the Orient from the bleak domain of the West especially of winter months, which I too was just preparing to leave behind, seeking the direction of the Star of the East.

The East as a Value : Although I have felt at home in the West during the decade or more of sojourn off and on in these latitudes and longitudes and never felt the want of human friendship or affection to make me feel home-sick in the least, the magical effect of the expression "Passage to India" had a certain effect still in my soul, if I may name it so. The freedom of light and promise where humans can live in the open air or under trees—looking less civilized and less provided for perhaps, but with a richness that they could if they wanted each carry with them within, treasured in simple muttered sayings of wisdom import got from a Christ, a Mohammed, a Buddha, or from the Upanishads—with the prospect of getting lost again in the ocean of the peoples of Asia where one's individuality, as a hothouse plant, got merged in the sea of humanity of all different varieties of language and custom, to become a weed again instead of being a garden plant ; such were the associations in me of the simple prose words.

There is always a deeper dimension of value which we would miss if we should pin our faith alone on the matter-of-fact

aspects of life. While in the name of enlightenment, the modern scientific attitude has banished witchcraft, superstition and the tortures of the Inquisition, it has still to re-discover, especially in the West, this depth aspect with all its exalting implications.

The East is rich with natural freedom while the West is steeped in the opulent bonds of necessities which keep the body and mind in the uninteresting world of the matter-of-fact. It is true that much wisdom persists even in the West in spite of the harshness of outer conditions but, as singing birds in their frozen nests, it takes the warmth of the pagan sun beyond the Mediterranean to release and open out the vista in which the human spirit can again breathe the free air in loneliness and meditation.

The Toy Elephant: During the last days of November, when I was beginning to pack up and say goodbye all round, these were some of the thoughts that passed through my mind. Later events have proved, however, that a home-sickness could also develop in the reverse sense for the fireside cheer of snow-bound homes between, say, the Lake of Geneva and the Juras, which nourished so well the genius of a Rousseau, a Victor Hugo and in more recent years, of an Henri Bergson, who passed his holidays in St. Cirque.

The passport, customs and financial hurdles artificially hindering the free movements of men on this green earth while men sought the freedom to reach other, more barren, planets, were all overcome by the first of December when the good ship S S Cambodge was to start on its Far Eastern voyage from that quaint and historic port of Marseilles.

We were duly seen off, Raju and I, at the Brussels station, by Marc and Celene his sister, who drove us from Ghent on the Parkway-autostradt connecting the historic city of Ghent with Brussels the capital with its royal seat. Before taking leave of Ghent we sat together for a while in the drawing-room of G's at Laethem-St. Martin by way of silent adieu, the hardest part of which was to extricate ourselves from the tearful affections of the young lady of four-and-a-half to whom the reader has already been introduced in a previous Causerie (*No. 5 of this series*).

When the grown-ups tried to explain to her that we were not really separating, the child shook her head understandingly and said: "*Je sais très bien qu'ils vont partir*" — "I know

quite well that you are going away". By promising very cleverly to send a toy elephant from India at last I got a kind of consent from her, but before finalizing the agreement she took care to stipulate an all important condition according to her notions of what a real toy elephant ought to be. She insisted it must be able to move its head ! This was promised, but at the time I am writing this from India nearly three months after, I feel guilty of not having kept my promise in spite of honestly trying to do so. Young Martine must accept this as an apology and a supplication for excuse, for I do feel heavily the guilt of failure to keep a promise to a child. The crude exigencies of the outer life that we have to live makes us often minimise the importance of little inner factors in life, the totality of which alone makes life worth living. Like the bark of a tree or the horn of a buffalo, the milk of human kindness does not dwell in these outer zones of life in which we often live by necessity and pressure of circumstance. The difference is like that between the dead letter and the living word. The absolutist has to choose constantly between the exigencies of the deeper and the superficial aspects, and to unite them constantly into one wholesome way of life is his task.

The SS Cambodge was not a luxury liner but one designed primarily for carrying troops to the Far East. The luxury aspects were, one might say, fitted into the context of necessity as nearly as possible. As the sea was free from winds at this season, except for a couple of days in the Mediterranean, we soon settled down for a pleasant return voyage to the warmer climes and brighter skies that seemed to beckon to us from afar.

Double Loss and Double Gain in Cultural Backgrounds : Our cabin mates were a Greek water-works engineer from one of the small islands off Crete, and a young surgeon and cancer specialist returning to Bengal after many years of absence in Western countries. He was a fully qualified man in his profession, but in becoming so, may be said to have shed all the peculiarities of his old Indian background of culture or what is often called the spiritual background of India.

This much vaunted quality often attaches itself to trivialities like vegetarianism and the eating of what is called pure food and certain other taboos. When the exigencies of travel in strange countries make orthodox Indians break loose from these conditionings and the repressions that go with them, they become

totally lost to their background except perhaps in a very vague and distant manner. Indians who lose their cultural backgrounds in this manner become misfits and freaks and begin to develop idiosyncrasies which make them sometimes have a nuisance aspect. The orthodox "brahmin" proud of his traditions when he is at home, but who is drunk with whisky and gorged with sausages, while he claims outwardly the good things of life in both worlds, contains a sort of double negation of values inside, where principles for their own sake find no place any more, spells disgust to the Westerner and to the Easterner. Rarely it is that we find that this kind of double-sided negation results in a normal form of correct life pleasing to the eye of both the camps concerned.

An absolutist dialectics is again implied here. One gains all or loses all as the scriptural paradox would put it. One is reminded of the queer characters one meets still in India and even in and around European cities like London and Brussels, of this sort of civilized man gone native or *vice-versa*, which proves the law laid down in the Bhagavad Gita that another man's way of life is fraught with danger. Salvation is by being true to oneself through and through. One notices this more and more in the women of India who when westernized in the wrong way invariably lose their charm.

To be just human and nothing more would be the correct absolutist attitude to this kind of absurdity, which sometimes makes a black man more a white man in his fastidious superficial behaviour, than a white man himself could expect to be. Even a slightly affected pronunciation can sit awry on the personality of a gentleman of natural good taste. A badly dressed person can be as dreadful in the very core of civilization as a wolf outside its natural habitat.

Missionaries and Mathemates: This time our good ship was not carrying any troops. Instead there were evidences of many nuns and their black-robed and bearded soldiers of God who carried the message of the Bible to far off lands. About fifty other persons belonged to a folk-dance party from Spain who were going to Japan to give their lively peasant performances. Except for a rather sleek matron and her husband, all the rest of the party consisted of Don Juans and Dona Sols who practised their items constantly on the deck of the steamer. A group of Carmelite nuns were also on their way, and they were also

Spanish in origin, belonging roughly to the same stock as the party of performers; only, in the case of this group, the sombre habits of the convent overcovered all but what was inevitably human in their love of laughter and gaiety. They too made themselves happy in the corners of decks. The human urge could not be stifled altogether by the black robes of the general sepulchral atmosphere that ordinarily prevailed in Christian monastic life. The gay widow and the frivolous nun imply antinomies, like a sad-smile, that can never co-exist.

The winter months are the pleasantest for passing the desert tract stretching on both sides of the Red Sea. At seven in the morning of the 5th December the ship was seen moving towards the harbour of Port Said. I spent my free hours working very seriously with my books, thinking of how a four-dimensional world of timespace understood cosmologically could be made to tally with the quaternion as understood in terms of logic or mathematics. Even after two months of further meditation on this subject I am unable definitely to say whether a unified field theory could be made to apply to physical and metaphysical sciences at once. The square root of minus one is another of those intriguing mathematical mysteries on which I loved to dwell for hours and hours.

Pure mathematics has its mystical pleasures and although mathematics in its ordinary inductive and deductive processes was not to my taste, where mathematics concerned itself with infinitesimals, integrals and imaginary or irrational numbers, there seemed to be something alluring to the intellect which one could enjoy in the same way as a deep trance of meditation in the yogic context. Through the whole of our being, whether called physical or mental, there is a vertical mathematical dimension which is the basis of all differentiations and integrations, and which participates in the wonder and mystery of the Absolute. Matter-of-fact philosophers might dismiss the wonder as consisting merely of a verbalistic oddity. Even as such it is not without interest to the pure thinker or contemplative interested in the Absolute which itself is the normative principle for all thought, logical as well as mystical.

From Aden to Bombay it was smooth sailing all the days between the 9th to the 12th December and, absorbed as I was in my books, the days went past almost unnoticed, except that

(Continued on page 150)

A Small Town Called Prison

By R. G.

(From *The Monthly Record*, Jan.-Feb. 1960,
published by a group of inmates of the
Connecticut State Prison, U. S. A.).

WE live in a small town called Prison. We live in proximity to several hundred people, all of whom are male and frustrated because of it. We are Irish, Jew, Italian, Pole, Negro, French, German, Czech, Russian, Chinese—everybody. There are times when we help each other with problems or listen sympathetically to stories we have heard so often we have memorized them. At other times the sight of each other conjures up magnificent scenes of mayhem. We have turned the other cheek so often that some are spared the task of shaving—others calloused hands. Whoever you are, you are no one; and being no one you are challenged to the roots of your manhood.

But the days go by. On the Turkish-something-or-other border an American plane was shot down. We have a new Secretary of State. There are a few fellows here who fought in Korea. But that doesn't register much. Some of us were in the bigger world argument, and free. There's been no freedom since, and all events up to now are dislocated somehow with our world of sleep, eat and keep busy, button that top button, roll down your sleeve, parole, parole denied, pardon board, "No one made it at the pardon board."

How long has it been, five, ten years? That doesn't matter, either; there are that many more to go. Some of us will make it. Some of us won't. They're talking about revising the sentencing statutes so men can get out when they're ready.

"Talk, talk, talk. Who're you kiddin', 'Mac? A *con* ain't a man and until he's treated otherwise nobody's gonna give him nothing. The board cut Willie's sentence, didn't they? Yeah, after makin' him do fourteen bananas. Call that a *break*? They should a done it ten years ago, when he could a made somethin' of hisself! Well, Willie got a bank roll from his hobby work here. He got cancer here, too!"

We live in a small town where nobody trespasses and everyone's door is bolted at night. We have no women; and no population ever wanted them more. We don't have any particular love for our neighbours, but we try to help them sometimes. We hate our town, but we stay on [END]

4. The Legislator for Humanity

By JOHN SPIERS

TO BIND Humanity unitively in its double aspect of one Sovereignty and one People (World Citizens) the vertical Principle of Law demands that there should be, superior to the multiplicity of legal systems, not only recognition of the Pure Law already referred to in this series, but the search, discovery and appointment of the Absolutist Lawgiver. He will be a spiritual person or wise man by the very nature of the task and the qualifications required.

It will be one man and not many, the Guru playing the role for Sovereign Humanity, as the Guru does in relation to the individual disciple. Quite apart from the difficulty of finding one such person to fill this office, the transmission of wisdom being what it is, wise men happen to appear one at a time, and further and even more important, the trust relationship or bipolar situation between receiver and transmitter requires by its nature a single person, one Guru, one Lawgiver, one Transmitter of wisdom and not many. One cannot expect to hear properly if one tunes in to two or more radio stations at the same time. That, of course, figuratively speaking, is what is happening in the world just now, with its clash of laws and legal systems.

The Trust-Relationship: From mere kowtowing by compulsion to a dictator, through many degrees of worship of false gods, the faith-relationship has been debased. That the relationship has been exploited by priest and politicians is a misfortune, but does not thereby annul the dialectical principle whereby the whole of human relations are bound together by invisible bonds of trust and faith in one another.

Trust is an unwritten or natural law entering into every aspect of human relations. We trust that the food served whether at home or in public restaurants will be wholesome and not poisoned ; we trust that the bus-driver will carry us safely to our destination ; we buy goods and take credit with mutual trust

between salesman and purchaser ; we trust banks and officials not to swindle or fall into corruption ; and we continually trust not only our parents and friends, but casually-met strangers, in a thousand ways. This is the invisible cement of trust law, of human wellbeing, of teaching, of family life, as well as throughout the whole domain of social existence. But when we see signs of mistrust on an ever-expanding scale, when mankind everywhere trembles with a growing sense of fear and insecurity, it is time to reach the source of the trouble and restore the natural confidence of man in man, for this is the very basis of happiness. In fact, it is with this motive that these comments are written, since human trust has never perhaps in the whole history of mankind, been at such a low level as it is today. Others better qualified in the special sciences and their practical applications, can elaborate and polish the suggestions made here, which are just the rough draft of one world-thinker.

Faith in the Lawmaker : Many of the troubles in law today stem out from the loss of this truth, making for a confusion of loyalties and, instead of the many looking with full confidence to the one, the many look to the many. The vertical aspect of law is what gives it proper sanction. In a ball game there is always one referee whose function is to watch from a neutral standpoint above the dust and riot of the play, and above the sides in the contest. Such a function cannot be taken by one or many of the players whose horizontal attitude, necessary for the best play, is of a different office and character altogether. If the referee takes sides or has a bias, the game is ruined, and if the player loses his interest in his part of the game and tries to play all parts together, the game also suffers.

The Guru-Legislator has to be like the all-seeing referee, fair and disinterested in whoever wins or loses, determined on fairplay which is something higher than the mere counting of scores or horizontalized justice. He is neither a mere spectator, nor yet a player.

The historian Herodotus tells us that Solon, reputedly one of the wisest men of his time, who was chosen by the Athenians in the sixth century B. C. to formulate their laws, did so, and then went abroad to the East for ten years. Solon knew it would take time for the laws to be tested and for the Athenians to discover their excellence in practice. Also he knew that faith

and trust in the laws would grow, and that any suspicions they had of his bias or otherwise would disappear and faith in himself would also grow. This faith and trust in the supreme Maker of things and in the Guru-representative who takes the Absolute as his model, is known in India as *bhakti*. This trust is itself nine-tenths of the law, and all doctors know that their chief art in medicine is to win the faith of the patient, and that this faith is similarly nine-tenths of the art of curing disease. Trust in the laws and trust in the person of the great Lawmaker has therefore to be single and without suspicion or doubt. Any scattering of trust means a confusion of loyalties.

Conflict of Laws : In the world today we see nearly a hundred independent States, each claiming sovereignty and refusing to agree to a single law encompassing the whole of humanity. Their individual laws continually clash with each other. The main subject before international jurists who try to settle the legal disputes between States, is a branch of jurisprudence called the Law of Conflicts. States may bring their conflicts (other than political) to the International Court of Justice at the Hague, which is a body under the United Nations. But the tragic-comedy snag here is that the parties are not bound to carry out the decisions of the Court !

States are quarrelling all the time, over such things as territorial waters, fishing rights, frontiers, air-space, trade, currency, smuggling, salvage, asylum to aliens, and so on. No supreme law exists to put order into the whole. There are individual treaties, conventions and protocols made from time to time between States, but none for all taken together. When the authorities in Algeria recently shot some prisoners, Egypt, it is reported, protested that this was against "international law," but nobody else seems to have invoked this supposedly higher authority. On the high seas, where no statute prevails, almost anything, from ordinary piracy to letting off hydrogen bombs can take place, with little or no regard for any kind of human law. And even more so is the case regarding extra-terrestrial space itself, with any State who can do so letting fly all sorts of scientific boxes of instruments for purposes of a secret dubious nature, whether for the welfare or otherwise of humanity nobody can say except those who are in the know. All these questionable matters are a challenge to the conscience of humanity and to its embodiment in the World Legislator.

The fact is that no supreme law properly exists to put order into the whole. It is only against heavy odds which seem to increase rather than diminish year by year, that the world's traffic, commercial and cultural, between humans in different States is carried on.

Many Loyalties : But even this world-wide conflict of laws is only the global aspect of a conflict of loyalties leading to a breakdown of trust. Within each State there are internal conflicts of loyalties. It is clearly seen in States having the party system, and even within the parties, particularly in States having a single monolithic party, and even within that, where there are obvious struggles for individual political ascendancy and power. People swerve between loyalty to an elected government and loyalty to an opposition.

Citizens may feel more loyal to an extra-territorial religion (*e.g.* Catholicism or Islam) or an ideology (*e.g.* Socialism, Racialism, Communism, Managerialism, Big Business) than to the government in power which they will do everything to undermine and destroy, even if it means the destruction or alteration of the constitution. Or to take a simpler case, there are, during times of cold or hot wars occasions of crisis, when opposing loyalties produce great suffering (*e.g.* a couple appertained to two States by marriage, may have their double loyalty excruciatingly exposed).

Vertical Loyalty to Humanity : To bring order into this confusion means inserting a vertical loyalty in place of these innumerable horizontal loyalties. The common factor of trust (both lowest and highest together) is loyalty to the human species. Loyalty to Sovereign Humanity is the one really valid loyalty, anywhere in the world. It is above the loyalties to separate States, for, while these *can* be vertical within the limitations of their boundaries, they lose verticality and become horizontal when each opposes the other, and have then to be so treated by a supreme vertical World Law. In the same way the various clashing trans-State loyalties in their rivalistic forms, whether religious or ideological must also be treated as horizontal loyalties under an absolutist World Philosophy which is both universal science and religion at once.

Loyalty to World Government is not just a swapping of one loyalty for another. In merely switching from one to another

like changing suits of clothes, there is no real internal change. The person at this horizontal level is centered in the clothes, whereas what is required of the World Citizen is definitely an internal change, and he can wear any sort of clothes as subsidiary loyalties or values, reevaluating them in usage to the new mode of thought itself. It is the difference between shifting from one flatland horizontal train to another, and in the entirely new outlook inspired by flying overhead, above all trains.

The Contemplative Act : A person desirous of understanding loyalty to Humanity must be able, by a contemplative act of mind, to step out of his skin. Variations in thinking, culture and language, behaviour, custom, tradition, food and dress, politics, moralities and religious beliefs, ideologies, and the conditionings of time, of history and geography, no matter how dear and sacrosanct these values may be, must all be seen as the veils or masks which cover the essential humanity of each human being.

At least for one world moment they must all be cast off, by inward free regard, if a person is to attain to proper world loyalty.

This is not to abandon these personal conditionings. It is merely to know what they really are. Later, many of these things can be acceptable, and many are there by painful necessity of circumstances, a fact which the puritanical and strongly idealistic or ascetic religions and ideologies seem to fail to understand. But the *persona* (a Latin word for "mask") should not be confused with real man, the human. Whether a man uses one language or another, is genetically black or pink, has one sort of food or another, lives in a hot or cold climate, he is first of all a human. This must be realized, with all its enormous implications.

To know the relationship between the man and the mask is yoga. It is also dialectics. This contemplative act of the understanding leads straight on to the full understanding of World Government, to a World Philosophy, with World Law emerging from it. And the more this is understood, the nearer we shall be to actual World Government. Being internal and vertical, of a contemplative character, Loyalty to Humanity can never be considered as another rival Loyalty to the existing internal regional loyalties or to the existing trans-State loyalties.

The Role of the Jagat-Guru : In contemplation the individual disciple if he seeks enough, finds his wise man or Guru. In much the same way Sovereign Humanity, before appointing its President, Council or Parliament, seeks its lawmaker. Here the wisdom element is strongest. It is wisdom that is being sought for, and not action, power or any sort of acquisition. It is only thus that the trust will be undivided and greatest in intensity. The Lawmaker in his turn has the task of framing the spiritual and social value-ideals of Sovereign Humanity in terms of the Universal.

Plato suggested the notion of a philosopher-king, and the ancient vedic peoples had the notion of a *rajarishi* connoting much the same thing. But both have the danger of dualism in their mixture of functions, so that if the philosopher predominates, the function of the king suffers, and *vice-versa*. Something neutral is therefore better, and we owe it to the genius of Rousseau to have pointed this out. He wrote :

The legislator occupies in every respect an extraordinary position in the State. If he should do so by reason of his genius, he does so no less by reason of his office, which is neither Magistracy, nor Sovereignty. This office, which sets up the Republic, nowhere enters into its constitution ; it is *an individual and superior function* (our italics) which has nothing in common with human empire; for if he who holds command over the laws aught not any more to have it over men; or else the laws would be the ministers of his passions and would often merely serve to perpetuate his injustices ; his private aims would inevitably mar the sanctity of his work...He therefore, who draws up the laws has or should have, no right of legislation...Thus in the task of legislation we find together two things which appear to be incompatible ; an enterprise too difficult for human powers, and for its execution, an authority that is no authority...The great soul of the legislator is the only miracle that can prove his mission:—*Social Contract, II.7.*

The mystical or philosophical element here is in the last sentence and implies that trust of a spiritual character of which we have written.

Since the Lawmaker for the whole of Humanity must stand right outside any taint of personal interest, he must be someone

who is detached from the world, and the proper Indian term for such a type is *Jagat Guru*, or World Teacher. It is his proper function to be World Lawmaker or World Counsellor.

People fear the name Guru in this connexion because of associations with a Pope, a Dalai Lama, or some Hindu hieratic or priestly figure. But the Guru does not necessarily follow any special religious or theistic pattern. This is not said in disparagement of any faith, Christian, Musalman, Buddhist or Hindu, within whose present closed boundaries there have always been "open" types of World Men. Understanding of the Absolute here is the corrective principle.

It is the vertical and open attitude of the Guru-Legislator which is valid, as well as his further qualifications in living the wisdom life, and we have sufficiently indicated the irrelevance of all the "masks" or background features which are to be dismissed from this supreme role. He will be religious in the sense that he recognizes the numinous values common to the whole of humanity and expressed in part through the existing religions. But not only in the religions. Rousseau was a Citizen of Geneva and yet he was a World Man with a message for Humanity. So were many others, too numerous to mention, like Burns, Whitman, Emerson, Goethe, Dante etc. Each of them may be said to have carried the torch of the human religion, emphasizing kindly universal values in human relations whether under the name of deity or nature, the one term merging into the other and without themselves being attached or committed to any fixed or closed faith.

The Guru-Legislator for Humanity being neither a king, a president, a magistrate or a high priest, has a greater role. He bears the faith of mankind, as a revaluator, a shaper of Humanity, working in harmony with what is best in nature, and not against it, in consonance with the unwritten pure Law which his own contemplative vision steadily regards. As Plato expressed it :

He will suggest laws and rules which reflect the One, the Universal ; he will look at the sole Original, God, or Good, and then at the human copy, and make it reflect the Original One as far as he can.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

I made some contacts with persons interested in Indian philosophy and wisdom.

Bombay's Skyline Appears: From eight in the morning of Sunday 13th December most of the passengers were agitated, some ready to alight while others took their first glance at Bombay's harbour which was by no means an unimportant part of the world.

The land of the highest peaks, of superlative beasts, of monuments of hoary antiquity mixed with magic and mystery, where the Orient and the Occident meet each other as almost equally matched positive and negative forces with the millions who lived and increased with every census report—all this lay behind what we were slowly approaching.

However, the charm of the first impression somewhat faded away when each passenger had to face his own passport and customs problems. In spite of India claiming to be modernised and progressive, I was ashamed and disappointed to find that the same colonial bureaucratic procedures reminiscent of the days of Curzon or even Clive, were still being retained here.

Two passport officers were in the saloon of the ship, taking their own time to scrutinize passports, and the queue that collected at the door of the saloon was moving for hours at a snail's pace. Luncheon hours was passing without any food and hundreds of persons in the harbour were waiting in the baking sun to receive the arrivals with wiling garlands, while standing and staring at the ship for hours. By way of protest I could only think of one legitimate gesture when all submitted to the ordeal with the docility of cattle. I dared at last, like Oliver Twist, to ask for a glass of water, saying I was tired and might faint.

There was enough truth in it to make it not altogether a stunt, but how much of a stunt element was hidden inside the outer action not even I could decide. Anyhow it was meant *pro bono publico* and that seemed another partial justification. The glass of water came and the World Government had won a score, though small. Rival motives cancelled each other out as I emerged triumphantly out of the saloon with my passport stamped,

Indian Formalities the Worst: There was now the customs to go through which meant going to new counters with unusually long forms on dirty paper in duplicate with declarations running over pages, some items repeating themselves under different heads. Surprise payments were demanded without notice and the waits knew no end. The ordeals lasted from about nine in the morning to half past two in the afternoon, and the large group of disciples and admirers who came after morning breakfast (and some before) waited unfed, impatient and in despair all this time in the burning sun.

I remembered that the formalities at New York harbour were bad enough for strangers with its Ellis Island detentions (fortunately now abolished). Having been through many ports by now, I could shamefully admit to myself and to other friends to whom I liked to show a "modernized" India, that the ordeal we went through was the worst in my life.

One is made to feel humiliated by officers who are ill-trained for their jobs and happen to have a wrong sense of bureaucratic importance. India is not the only country with illiterate passport officers. As reported in *VALUES* we had a regular instance when going to the Hague from Antwerp! A sense of dignity and proportion not to say humanity was noticeably absent. Before thinking of putting a stop to atomic tests, it would be an easy task for any statesman interested in a better world to live in for humans, to modernize and make such formalities, if necessary at all, to conform to more decent and dignified standards.

We reached the home of Sri Harikrishendas Agarwal in Marine Drive late and tired in the afternoon. Returning thus for the tenth time or so to the shores of India from near and far at different intervals of time during my lifetime, I was able to appraise within myself that subtle sentiment which, according to Sir Walter Scott is the test of a living soul, when one says to oneself the words "This is my native land." In the sense that the whole world belongs to me, I could perhaps feel somewhat what the poet meant.

Patriotisms, Horizontal and Vertical: Patriotism can be a questionable sentiment. That harsh and exclusive variety which we see, for example, interested in the protection of a Jericho or a Babylon, where hoarded gold and other stagnant values persist, which in other words may be said to be citadels of all sorts of relativistic attitudes in life, both individual and

collective, is not dignified enough for man to cultivate. And when group instincts are fanned into unholy flames, war cries are raised which call out in the name of blood, fire and destruction. The duty of a soldier or of a priest on these occasions may be claimed to be derived from the stern voice of God. They are in reality no different from bloody sacrifices to appease some angry idolatrous bloodthirsty personification.

There is another gentler and tearful sentiment which does not spread like wildfire among the masses; but is preserved like a flame in the hearts of noble men and women who inherit it, as taught by their fathers and imbibed from their mother's milk. This patriotism has the milk of human kindness for its content and, instead of being attached to mere possessions of everyday utility within narrow limits, it values timeless and limitless treasures of the spirit of man, which give him dignity, interest and personal value.

India to me has had its sentimental attraction from the days of childhood because of the undaunted spirit of the naked fakir. This is the land of the *avadhuta* (the person who has "shaken-off") and the *digambara* (space-clothed, the person to whom clothes do not count). The same model has persisted on this mental soil from the days of the Jains to those of a Gandhi and a Ramana Maharshi. A modernized India proud of its buildings and imitating the patriotism of the Western nations is not interesting any more. The words Guru, Samnyasi and Yogi give character to this land, and a distinction that is worth all the gold of the rest of the world.

My feelings on my return to India soil were filled with one disappointment, namely, the discovery that India was fast losing its faith in the value of this type of rare absolutism, represented by its men of renunciation who, in spite of all their faults, held high the banner of detachment which is perhaps the best part of the heritage of India, and beside which patriotism is too base a sentiment. A closed and static patriotism must sublimate itself into an open dynamic one as implied in the Upanishadic way of life by which India's children can become children of the world and of immortal bliss !

Return to Fernhill : The rest of the story of my home-coming consisted of my usual rush from place to place. A reception was arranged for me at Dadar on the 13th, by the Guru followers. I addressed a group of devotees at Prem Kutir, Marine Drive, on the morning of the 14th December and again addressed a select group of those interested in mysticism and philosophy organized in the centre of the city. We entrained on the morning of the 15th for Bangalore via Poona and Hubli. There were again receptions at Bangalore City Station and social functions at Woodlands Hotel. Old friends met on intimate terms and exchanged greetings which was enough to show that even non-political work based on no interest but on wisdom

values, was not without at least some recognition when the whole world seemed drowning with the noise of slogans and headlines denoting exclusive and harsh action. There is more done in this world based on enmity than on love. Quantity overcovers quality, which requires a trans-subjective vision of true human values to appreciate.

After a few days stay at the riverside Gurukula Retreat near the river Suvarna-Mukhi (the gold-faced) at the foot of the volcano-like foothills towards the north-eastern slopes of the Nilgiris, I came to the beautiful city of Mysore, the seat of the Maharaja, where gilded turrets of palaces, monuments and mosques intermingled with temple-hills interspersed with well-lighted roads and gardens, now only reminiscent of old-time princely glory and which is fast fading into the reality of yesterdays.

I reached my favourite retreat in the Nilgiri Hills, 7,500 feet above sea level, after one day's rest in Mysore City. After living in many a holiday resort in different parts of the world, the clean, cool and green hills of the Nilgiris (Blue Mountains) as this district is named, I was again happy to retire here into the quiet life of the Gurukula where, with three cows and a boy I spend the sequestered life so restful to the nerves. After a week spent on the West Coast in connection with the annual convention of the Gurukula there, I have returned here again while I write these lines facing, as I look through the large square window, the mountain Doddabetta (8600 feet) which is the highest peak in South India.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

One World Comment (*Continued from page 132*)

third five-year plan. General de Gaulle has wasted this amount of French money in showing off atomic bombs in the Sahara, an act which contributes nothing to human wisdom or even to "science" since obviously both in USA and Russia much more is known about nuclear physics. That his aim was only prestige may be gathered from his exclamation "Hourrah pour la France ! She is stronger and prouder !" Proud of what ? Of polluting the atmosphere ? Of still further irritating the human mind ? Of disturbing Africans ?

That pride goes before a fall is never learned. A terrible Nemesis, the Greeks warned us, follows over-weening pride. Opulence brings disaster. De Gaulle has triggered off more than a missile. Along with the white Calibans of Africa, the Verwoerds and Welenskys, he has roused the giant patient soul of African and world humanity. De Gaulle's ostentatious bombs in the Sahara and Verwoerd's insane killings in the South, though four thousand miles apart, belong together to one pôle of a common dialectical situation, of which the counterpart includes fine gestures such as Macmillan's famous speech and Belgium's exit from the Congo. [END].

GARRY DAVIS DOCUMENTARY (Continued from page 135)

D. : You mean, issue?

R. : All right, issue.

D. : I suppose you are asking whether I misrepresent the World Passport. Well, it says right on it that it is not a legal document as is ... (reaches into drawer).

R. : Oh ... you have them here?

D. : A few. (pulls out blank World Passport, turns to page 5, shows it to R.) See, here it says what it is and isn't.

R. : Yes, I know. But you know how some people are. They can't read or are ignorant about passports in general.

D. : Are you suggesting that they are so ignorant that they can't be informed?

R. : No, of course not. But this is a facsimile U. S. passport. You yourself said you tried to make it as similar to the U. S. passport as you could.

D. : That may be true, but by no stretch of the imagination could one call the World Passport a facsimile U. S. passport. The title is printed clearly on the cover. I admit there are some who tend to consider the U. S. passport a sort of world passport, but they have not yet come against its restrictive nature as I have. Perhaps they resent the use of the word "World".

R. : Just the fact that you admitted back in '54 that you intended to make your passport as close to the U. S. passport as possible makes it a facsimile in your mind.

D. : Ah, the famous intent. Well perhaps that is a matter for a federal judge to decide.

R. : No doubt. But you say you will — ah issue — a World Passport to anyone who walks in here?

D. : Yes, even if they have a U.S. passport, which makes me more universal than the U.S. Government.

R. : What do you mean?

D. : Well, first of all you don't issue U.S. passports to everyone, even all U.S. citizens, and now you claim that a U.S. citizen can't even possess a World Passport. Not very democratic.

R. : Well, if you could only be behind the scenes for a while and understand just how the passport system works, you'd appreciate our problems.

D. : Yes, I believe I do understand them. You see, I was so far behind the scenes at one point, I found myself in cell after cell just because I didn't have a piece of paper saying who I was.

R. : Yes, I've heard the story. But let me understand you clearly. You are still issuing World Passports?

D. : As long as I have them left and people ask for them and as long as it is the only passport I myself possess—yes, I still issue them. I might add that there is to this day no legal clarification from the State Department whether it is permissible or not. Naturally, I do not want to break the law. But, on the other hand, I do not wish to bow to threats,

R. : Well, Mr. Davis, you stopped issuing World Passports in '54. Now you've gone back on your word.

D. : That may be your interpretation. But a threat reaps its own reward. So far you've only asked questions and attempted to make me seem the guilty party. But you have produced no legal evidence that my issuing World Passports, or selling them as you say, is illegal. Is this then the same threat as before?

R. : I am not threatening, Mr. Davis. But I may tell you that this seems to be more serious than before.

D. : I'm glad to hear you say that, because I too think the idea of free travel for everyone is more seriously accepted now than in '54. The World Passport for instance has been accepted by over seven hundred people throughout the world.

R. : But not used.

D. : Perhaps not, but did you know my own mother has the admittance stamp of the Department of Justice on her World Passport?

R. : I am not here to discuss your mother.

D. : Yes, but she actually travelled with the World Passport, and has your stamp to prove it. Incidentally she is a U. S. citizen.

R. : (rising) Well, I think I have the picture.

D. : (stands) Very nice to talk with you, Mr. R. Perhaps we'll have occasion to chat another time.

R. : I have no doubt of it. Goodbye Mr. Davis. (exit).

[END]

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23

For the sake of fellow-man, unceasing, day
and night

Unstinting strives the kindly man :

The niggard lying prone, what frustrations, toil
undertakes,

That is for his own sake alone.

AFTER laying down the subtle dialectical law of ethics in which the counterparts of interest as between one, a fellow human who is "no other" than himself, judged by the common human interest that binds them both, in the two verses preceding the present one, the Guru here passes on to point out how static self-centered striving, ego-centrally carried on, finishes up in vain frustrations, eliminating in the process, both general good and the good for oneself,

These last two aspects of taking and giving, when correctly viewed in the light of dialectical ethics, hang together. Closed ethics end in the desert sands of exclusive isolation ; while the open and inclusive way, which rises from the particular to the universal, in a dynamism implied in all things that develop and grow, gives life more abundant, and makes life generally better for oneself and for all others. Moreover, selfish toil involves a great deal of energy which defeats its own purpose, paradoxically. Niggardliness means lack of the open and bold generosity which widens the circle of a man's opportunities, while the ungenerous man closes the bars against himself.

Here the Guru clearly enunciates the basis of ethical conduct, not in terms of a categorical imperative or an inner compulsion, nor merely in the name of the specifically human element in man, but based on a dialectical formula as between oneself and one's own counterpart in the world of human relations. Many of the ordinary theories of unilaterally conceived ethics are here by-passed by the Guru in favour of an approach more in keeping with the non-duality which is the basis of the whole philosophy of self-knowledge as understood in this composition.

This verse teaches the same principle as the dictum "love thy neighbour as thyself"; only the dialectical bi-polarity is more explicit and the unworkability of one-sided interest in the Self more categorically denounced.

24

What here we view as this man or that
Reflection reveals to be the Self's prime form ;
That conduct adopted for one's Self-happiness
Another's happiness must secure at once.

THE same principle viewed from the social and ethical standpoint is here restated in terms of Self-knowledge. The duality that is apparent between the interests of two individuals can be viewed unitively as referring to the self-same central or neutral Self conceived in the context of the Absolute. The Bhagavad Gita (VI. 32) alludes to this way of establishing "sameness" (*samya*) between the Self and the Cosmos.

It is not according to the ordinary laws of thought, which admit of contradiction and an excluded middle, that this kind of unitive vision of the Self, which is all-embracing, is to be established. The equation of the Self and the non-Self, has implicit in it the dialectical method known to ancient wisdom the world over, but overcovered and lost in later philosophies. Remnants of it are to be found in different degrees of rationalized versions in Kant, Hegel and Fichte. Modern Phenomenology has this way of thinking implied in it.

Looking at the verse in a commonsense way, we could derive the simpler principle of human equality from it. When the poet Burns writes "A man's a man for a' that" the principle of equality which is at the basis of Western civilization and variously named democracy, socialism or communism is implicit, in spite of the closed interpretations or forms that interested political bodies might give to it. Perhaps exponential or degree differences of intensity only, might distinguish them. Treating the neighbour as thyself implies the equation of the Self with the non-Self.

What spells benefit to one, while another distress
brings.

Such conduct is one that violates the Self; beware!
That spark of pain intense to another given
Into inferno's ocean it falls, there to burn
its flames.

FURTHER implications of the same subtle reciprocity of the Self and the non-Self are here unitively developed from the negative side. Like the quality of mercy, kindness has to be conceived as a double blessing or a double disaster. The non-dual way is the only escape when conflicting interests develop in a given situation due to unilateral action. Favouritism is a form of duality to whichever the side the favouritism might be applied. What is evil is the duality implicit in the unilateral interest that is taken.

Ethics is not to be conceived as depending on the conduct of a good man taken by himself; it is to be understood as a double-edged situation cutting both ways. It has to be conceived not as a lamed or one-sided affair, but as a process in which donor and beneficiary belong to a unitive and universal context. Violation of the unitive Selfhood on the one side is equated here with its dialectical counterpart of a general fire of inferno for which the spark of pain given to a single individual could be the partial stimulus to create a wholesale reaction. Just as intense pain in the tip of one's toe would suffice to upset the balance of the whole person in suffering, so the subtle reciprocity implied here, when the slightest discrimination is made between favourites and enemies, brings unforeseen quantitative and qualitative effects. Consequences flare up in a general conflagration. The sum-total of human suffering consists of small sparks of partiality shown by men somewhere or other at one time or another. The general cause of war should be thought of in this way. Like one spark setting fire to the neighbouring faggot, the continuity of the process of evil effects is to be imagined as operating ceaselessly in the world of human relations. Clashes of clan with clan, time-old feuds, racial, national or other rivalries, and preferential pacts, all work together to keep the flames of inferno constantly fed with fuel and burning incessantly.

When the dualistic attitude has once been abolished and generosity spreads evenly like sunlight without distinction, on all human beings, even on the publican and the sinner, that kind of generosity belongs to the context of the absolutist way of life and is one that, in the context of Self-realization, is very important to keep in mind. The Self can itself become the worst enemy of the Self. This has been brought out with the full force of delicate dialectics in the Bhagavad Gita (VI. 6).

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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