



# values

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of the general good.

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#### **V A L U E S   A D V E R T I S E M E N T   O F F I C E S**

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## LSD and the Absolute

ONE cannot attain the Absolute by artificial means. Taking LSD is probably physically harmless, but it is psychologically and spiritually harmful. It is harmful because it misleads.

With LSD one only attains an intense yet superficial level of consciousness because one not only loses touch with ordinary reality, but also with ultimate reality. One is in a colourful limbo of lysergic acid. The ultimate or Absolute can only be attained when all levels of consciousness are thrown away and the *turiya* or "fourth state" is experienced. The *Mundukya Upanishad* and the *Gaudapada Karika* are very clear about this. But going straight to the wisdom-texts for confirmation is probably too "square" for the psychedelics.

In America thousands of psychedelics, beats, hippies, free-lovers and "zens" are chanting Hindu tantric slokas without understanding their meaning. The word "guru" has been popularized and vulgarized. Beatnik poets become "gurus" dishing out top kicks and big bangs to their drugged-up followers.

Not only do they all swerve from the true spiritual way of life, but Indian wisdom and Guruhood also gets distorted. And this is why we register a protest. If people want to live high on LSD it is their own private affair; but it should not be confused with Indian spirituality.

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A few years ago an American beatnik poet paid a short visit to India and suddenly became a guru. This is to be expected. Most Americans, including the rebels, are conditioned by their society. They live in a jet-fast buy-now-pay-later gimmick atmosphere. Theirs is the world of instant coffee, tea, sex, art, culture and the violence of James Bond and Mandrake the Magician. Many Americans are automata Dagwood Bumsteads wishing to become Tarzans or Secret Agents No. 007. Electronic music fit for a monkey-house, sadistic sex dramas produced by repressed neurotics and outright rebellion are the creations of the time-haunted creatures of a nightmare American way of life and death. The cheap, dirty and fantastical are the shock tactics of America's angry young and disgruntled middle-aged.

But Guruhood is not something cheap, dirty and fantastical. No worthwhile Guru in India, or anywhere else, for that matter, from the time of the Buddha and Kapila down to Narayana Guru and Ramana Maharshi ever advised drug-taking of any kind as a path to final liberation. All Gurus stand for getting rid of all conditionings including the phantasmagorical conditioning produced by drugs.

An ever-increasing number of Americans want to escape the spiritually stifling atmosphere they live in. They realize that all the money in the Chase Manhattan Bank can never buy real happiness. But neither can the higher "levels" of consciousness brought on by LSD. A quick trip to fantasia is all they get. But they soon find themselves back again in a world they despise. Fantasy belongs to the world of Lewis Carroll, Ray Bradbury, Dali and Disney, and there is nothing wrong with it when it is properly understood. The tragedy is that it gets confused with the values of absolutist spirituality and wisdom. Even in Tibetan Buddhism what seems to be fantastic imagery refers back to the ultimate reality and is never considered an end in itself.

These LSD rebels are trying to give the Church and State establishments a swift john-job by refusing to conform to the square standards of the affluent money-grubbing society they live in. The psychedelic LSD dream-world they have created only shows the urge for some kind of breakaway.

But no lasting spiritual peace and freedom can be had by artificial means. Sooner or later one must come down from the high clouds of fantasia. The yogi or man of total peace and harmony is never out of touch with the real. He sees the relative *samsara* and the absolute *nirvana* grounded in the unnameable *Sunya* or *Brahman*. This is what sages from all parts of the world have ultimately stood for—an inner freedom and peace that passes all rational and logical conditioned understanding.

When the psychedelic Dharma Bums understand these time-honoured and time-proven truths of Guruhood, spiritual discipline and wisdom attainment, they will then realize how shallow and spiritually harmful LSD and other top-kick drugs are.

Patanjali says in the *Yoga Sutras* that all the movements or *vrittis* of the mind should be calmed down. The *Upanishads*, the *Gita*, and the Buddhist and Jaina texts also say the same thing. Narayana Guru in the very first verse of his *Hundred Verses of Self-Instruction*, tells us we should go "even above knowledge". Western sages like Plato, Plotinus, Pythagoras, and Meister Eckhart also give the same directions.

Users of LSD are only kidding themselves if they think they are experiencing *nirvana* or *moksha*. The people who profit from LSD are the drug-racketeers and the chemical companies who manufacture it. Without realizing it, psychedelics are helping to further the system they want to escape from. What they are really doing is filling the pockets of the business establishment, while filling their own heads with colourful fantasies belonging to the world of a drugged idiot.—F.H.

[END]

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## GURUKULA NEWS

During July, Nataraja Guru has been at the Gurukula, Varkala, Kerala. Later in the month, he will be returning to the Gurukula, Fernhill, Nilgiris. Samnyasini Ramarani is with him.

Nitya is now in Singapore where he has been invited for the Narayana Guru 113th Birthday Anniversary celebrations.

### NARAYANA GURU NUMBER

The August Issue of Values will be  
A Special Number Dedicated to the  
113 Birthday Anniversary of  
Narayana Guru

# World Conference For Peace Through Unitive Understanding 1970

PEACE and happiness depend on each other. All human beings desire happiness through peace. When truth is better understood the human understanding that results will spell peace, happiness or freedom at one and the same time.

It is said that "wars begin in the minds of men." Some others would put the cause of war as basically economic in character. There are psychologists who trace it to the combative instinct in man. Whatever the reason given we know that the possibility of war is a growing danger to humanity, especially when weapons of destruction attain to absolutist standards of their destructive power. It is natural, therefore, for man to explore the possibilities of avoiding such major disasters. It is in this context, in this nuclear age of wireless communications and nuclear weapons, that we are called upon to revise and restate our attitude to human happiness and to adjust our lives at a more intelligent standard of both individual and collective life.

Science has become over specialized and compartmentalized into various disciplines and sub-disciplines. Fundamental human values are thus by-passed by this kind of over specialization. We tend to forget the forest because of the trees and vice versa. That which can correct such a danger in our outlook is called the unitive approach. When human understanding has a revised method and a theory of knowledge, as also a clear notion of its highest hope, value or aspiration, the cause of truth shall prevail more firmly than ever, and thus help to make man free.

It is in this sense that we are thinking of a World Conference for Peace through Unitive Understanding. The success of such a Conference proposed to be held in 1970 in one of the most out-of-the-way and regressive parts of the world should not be judged quantitatively. The tail end of the dragon called civilization or progress is at least as important as its own fire-vomitting head, placed somewhere in a so-called progressive part of the world. The dominant and the recessive aspects of the situation have to interact according to the science of geo-dialectics, elsewhere, though still vaguely, formulated in *Memorandum on World Government* 1956. Thus the venue of the proposed World Conference is purposely chosen to be at a recessive, rather than at a dominant part of the total world situation in the present context of peace for man.

All human beings live under one justice that might be said to come from the sun that shines over all of us. This gives the notion of one law under the sun, *jus solis* for all mankind. Wars take place between nations and as long as there is more than one justice there is likely to be a clash between two pseudo-absolute formations of rival notions of justice. It is a scientific approach to a common truth, reality or value for all humanity that can save man from the dangers of relativism to which he is exposed. Relativism spells rivalries and, proportionate to the weapons possessed by rival camps, the danger to humanity becomes more or less absolutely disastrous. Rival absolutisms, as seen to be possible at present between nationalisms and power blocs, is the one danger to which, as U Thant put it recently, we are exposed.

But there is another side to the picture, and even when we do recognize the need for one world government, God forbid that there should be concentration of outward power within any one bloc claiming to stand for a free world. This is the tragic situation of the present day which correct human understanding is called upon to face and conquer by a superior wisdom called for by the situation. In other words, God forbid that a wrong world government should come to be established prematurely or unilaterally. Here again a unitive outlook is to be clearly visualized. Whether the proposed World Conference will succeed effectively in creating world-wide understanding in this matter or not, it is the duty of all fellow beings to think of their common happiness or collective security.

These guiding lines must be enough as general preliminary indications to justify our present project of progressively working during the next three years towards this culminating event of 1970 which, even if pessimists might think useless, cannot be anything but good to us all, whether thought of in terms of the end itself or as a means amounting merely to an excuse for like-thinking people to come together for whatever good might result from it. Nothing would be lost by a positive orientation of the spirit of man at any time or in any clime.

Each year from now, in mid-November (in 1967, from Nov. 11 to 19), all interested persons are hereby invited to gather either on the sands of the Arabian Sea beach, or on any one of the sites comprizing the forty acres of land that has been acquired on the island of Ezhumalai (Island of Seven Hills) Cannanore District, Kerala, off the West Coast of India. Huts for individual visitors can be built by arrangement. Stage by stage we are to try collectively to gather momentum for this unquestionably laudable cause in the free spirit of holiday-making in this quiet, secluded, and thinly populated "island home."

It is hoped that any effort, however small, made at this out-of-the-way end of the world could have its repercussions possibly large enough to justify the present initiative taken by us.

**NO PROGRAMME OF ACTION:** The proposed Conference is not to be understood as having any action that could be called direct, brute, quantitative, horizontal or even political in the sense that such actions belong to the context of newspaper headlines that change their interests from day to day or month by month. A degree of subjectivity and globality of outlook guarantees that the Conference as such does not interfere or initiate programmes of direct action towards any existing State authority. The absolutist value contained in any closed or static context already existing in the locality will always be recognized and respected. Just as a well could be contained within a flooded lake, the lesser absolutism could be included in the larger context without contradiction. Thus no conflicts or contradictions even of principles need be envisaged in working out our programmes as intended in this fully dialectical spirit. The justification for such a stand has already been explained elsewhere and will be fully clarified in the Conference itself of which this dialectical way of understanding is one of the main characteristics to lay bare and tackle. It goes without saying, therefore, that we keep within what is generally called constitutional limits and, what is more, that we avoid all action that could be considered direct or overt. No State, whether in India or outside, therefore, needs to fear any nuisable situation may arise from this Conference as a whole. Individuals who might, in spite of this undertaking by the organizers, indulge in any nuisable attitudes or activities to existing authority will do so, if at all, strictly on their own personal responsibility for which the organizers themselves are not to be blamed. This follows from the title given to the Conference itself, which stresses only one feature above all others, which is that of Unitive Understanding as a means for Peace. A positive and dynamic attitude towards peace is not, however, to be shut out from the purpose of this Conference. The Conference itself is expected to demonstrate how this could be possible. All local authorities are hereby given the clear undertaking that our intention is not to disrupt or disrespect any existing authority.

Ezhumalai Island,  
Ramanthalai P. O.  
via Payyanur  
Cannanore District  
Kerala State.  
15 July 1967.

THE SECRETARY,  
WORLD CONFERENCE FOR PEACE  
THROUGH UNITIVE UNDERSTANDING.



# HOW I CAME TO THE GURUKULA

By RAMARANI

(formerly Romarin Grazebrook)

A friend overseas recently wrote to me, suggesting it would be of great interest to readers if they could have an account of how Sannyasini Ramarani, an Englishwoman, became a disciple of Nataraja Guru. Ramarani was asked, and so this is her story.—*EDITOR*.

I AM complying with the wishes of our friend since it also answers repeated requests from other friends in Europe and also since it fits so well as a complementary side to the Guru's own Autobiography to date.

\* \* \* \*

THE Guru has himself recently told the tale of how an English lady with rather queer ways was found by him, having left her bag and cloak neatly folded on the hall floor, sitting with a downcast air in the suburban house at Pinner, London, where he happened to be the guest of the Gevaert family now well known to VALUES' readers.

She had come, she said, on foot from Victoria railway station in the heart of London, and the pilgrimage (for this is how she considered it) which was without a guide except the sun and the rough knowledge that Pinner lay to the north-west of London, took her two complete days.

She remembers quite well negotiating herself through Hyde Park in the direction of Paddington Station after having taken breakfast in the shabbiest place she was able to find in one of the smartest of the upper-class areas of London, Knightsbridge, where, not so many years before she had accompanied her distinguished military father and her well-dressed and socially inclined mother into the grand hotels always ill at ease and conscious of being a misfit into this, or any other, pattern of society.

She recalls that on this occasion she sat opposite an old tramp who was drinking his tea from out of his saucer and she offered him a cigar (this habit of smoking cigars was completely dropped from the day she met the Guru for she found that she just didn't want to smoke any more) and in return the tramp offered her another cup of tea. This simple exchange seemed to pull down any barrier that class distinction sees fit to erect; and, happy at heart and (I must add), with a certain intuitive inner knowledge of having been "called" by a Guru (this I can vouchsafe is true, however improbable it may seem to the

sceptic), she strode, knapsack on her shoulder, through the shabby streets near the Edgware Road, past Regent's Canal, a once grand locality now in disrepair, past Golders Green, past the road leading to Hampstead Garden suburb that she knew so well. She did not want to stop at any of her friends' houses as in her mind her pilgrimage was "a pilgrimage in a foreign land."

On she walked, now tired, partly recognizing the area in which before she had driven in succession first her tradesman's Aastin van and then her much-loved "deux chevaux" a little French Citroen car which had known better days in the hands of its previous owner (a now celebrated Indo-Chinese prince) and had seen grander sights than London; for it had climbed the Atlas mountains, not once but many times, it had been driven into the Sabara and what escapades it had encountered there. It had seen Spain and France and Italy and Greece, all the places where the roads are difficult and where it could excel and show that for desert sands and rocky roads it was almost as good as a Jeep.

But let us return to our now weary pilgrim who, like Dick Whittington, seeking his fortune, was tranquil in the sure and superior knowledge that real Gold, which in the tale is said to pave the streets of London, is a value, and that this value can be found only through the teaching of a Guru.

Some three or four days previously, for the meeting of this "lady with queer ways" as he called her, with Nataraja Guru was on September 20, 1965, she, our heroine, was staying at Menton in the south of France, where she had been invited to spend some days on her way to Morocco, in which country she had been living during the winter months of the past four years, and to which both she and they supposed she would return. (I must add here that she herself was not at all certain where her journey through life was to lead her next, for she seemed to have finished her work as a sculptor in the culmination of an exhibition which had been arranged to take place in Brussels in 1966.)

Somewhere from the depth of her subconscious had come the idea of a Guru, and somewhere in Europe, so she had been told by a philosopher friend, there was a Guru to be contacted. Intuition told her that a Guru had to be found through her own native intelligence and not through the normal, conventional social channels of letter-writing or telephones.

So getting up from the floor where she was sleeping, she left her kind friends and their flat in Menton at nearly midnight, without explanation (causing them unnecessary alarm, I regret to say —her only excuse being that she couldn't help it) and fancying she was in a fairy-tale, woke the concierge and in her poor

(Continued on page 325)

# Garry Davis and Military Taxes

STATELESS World Citizen Garry Davis, at present residing in France with his wife and three children, sends us the following Communiqué. Besides his comments on the present world situation, he describes his stand on the subject of taxation intended for military or war purposes, raising issues involving conflicts and contradictions between State law and World law. Can a man without a country be taxed by a State for war purposes?—EDITOR.

NO man who values human life can remain silent today.

The actual events in Vietnam and the Middle East demand the utmost wisdom and courage from us who claim a prior allegiance to humanity.

Only the exercise of world sovereignty by aware citizens can penetrate to a situation where nationalities contend violently.

Our fellow humans in the Middle East, Arabs and Israelites as they call themselves, make the classical error of supporting and even dying for the myth of national sovereignty. Yet both claim to want a better and peaceful life.

Such is the duality of the modern state.

A declared world citizen cannot either in conscience or in practice underwrite murder. He has wilfully placed himself on the side of life and human well-being.

Only world citizenship can resolve the twin problems of war and hunger which plague the human race and which are fostered by nationalism. Millions of ordinary humans such as myself have already pledged our loyalty to World Government through a citizenship of the world.

The duality of the state is exposed even in a situation in which I find myself today. While the issue in itself is of little practical significance, in so far as it involves the basic question of individual responsibility for peace or war, it has significance for us all.

As a stateless person, I am bound by the *Convention Relating to the Status of Stateless Persons* of September 28, 1954, a United Nations document deriving directly from the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*.

Those persons to whom this Convention applies are expressly prohibited from committing "a crime against peace, a war crime, or a crime against humanity..."

The Nuremberg Court Decisions specifically state that "Crimes against international law are committed by men, not by abstract entities, and only by punishing the individuals who commit such crimes can we ensure that international law is observed..."

Stateless persons therefore must *a priori* consider international law as taking precedence over national in "a crime against peace, a war crime, or a crime against humanity..."

Conforming strictly to such instructions, I have deducted from my 1965 income-tax in France that percentage which officially is allocated to military expenditures. I have paid this sum to the World Government declared on September 4, 1954 from Ellsworth, Maine, USA. The remainder I have forwarded to the Director of Taxation at Strasbourg, France.

However the same Convention which forbids my committing the above crimes holds that "Every stateless person has duties to the country in which he finds himself, which require in particular that he conform to its laws and regulations as well as measures taken for the maintenance of public order."

In spite of my having pointed out this inconsistency by letter to the French President, the French Government now threatens me with legal proceedings for the recovery of this sum.

No international court exists however to which I can appeal for juridical support.

My only recourse is to seek further recognition for World Government both from my fellow citizens as well as from existent governments.

Our choice is today clear: one world or none.

Strasbourg, France,  
June 5, 1967.

GARRY DAVIS,  
World Citizen.

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With the best compliments of

**N. K. B. T.**

**CANNANORE**

**Kerala State.**

## 12. RARE GIFTS FROM THE TAO

By NATARAJA GURU

I REMEMBER the nearly dozen times that I have been on a ship expecting to see the Indian coast when returning to India. The earliest of such remembrances was in my schooldays when I crossed the sea to Ceylon, to come back again. Later it was either to the Far East or the West that I had taken a ship to, to come back to this land.

I never prided myself in being a patriot, except perhaps in the earliest years, when I was influenced by the Home Rule movement of the India of those days. My soul was not, however, dead to the import of a home-coming. A passage to India has always been interesting, even to those who have not been born there at all and never called it their native land like Walt Whitman or Count Keyserling.

In my own case each passage to India had its inner meaning to my soul differently graded between the limits of a horizontalized patriotism and a fully verticalized love of what India meant in cultural or spiritual terms to any man. Thus there is a vulgar as well as a noble version of the love of one's native land, and the distinction lies in what Rousseau has described as *amour de son pays* which he got not directly but was taught to have by his father in the famous words, "Jean-Jacques, aime ton pays!"

Such patriotism transmitted from generation to generation, is a nobler and more verticalized version of that same sentiment whose vulgarized version can attain to extremes of hatred of neighbouring countries, especially in times of war.

In about two more months after my return to Ghent—that is, between September 22, and my sighting of the Indian coast again on December 5, my thoughts turned once more to India. I had put off my plans for a visit to the United States although Harry and some friends had offered to finance me. This postponement I learned later, had disappointed Harry, but my persistent lumbago made me fear that long travel would find me a disabled man somewhere before reaching some place where I could remain quiet for longer periods. In these days when passport and passage hurdles were complicated, I did not want to risk taking more time abroad.

A new, well-heated and large studio room with tall windows allowing full northern light was given to me with a special kitchenette and bath attached; and here I could conduct morning

lessons and evening tea parties each day, without having my usual routine broken into by long and elaborate hours at the Gevaert family table.

**1965 Pilgrimage to Ermenonville:** The next event after returning to Ghent was the Rousseau Pilgrimage, the first of which was inaugurated in Geneva on September 20, 1959, and repeated there under John's guidance in 1961. The third pilgrimage was moved to Ermenonville (about thirty miles from Paris) where Rousseau spent his last days, in 1962 and had been held there annually thereafter.

In 1965 the enthusiasm and attendance were still subdued and select only. It was proposed by Dr Joseph Vercruysse that two cars of pilgrims should start from Ghent for Paris just for the night, and then depart for Ermenonville early next morning, which was September 26.

The whole company met happily, first at the famous restaurant called Lipp in the boulevard St Germain which Balzac and Hugo are said to have frequented and now opposite where Jean-Paul Sartre is living. We all found rooms in the nearby Hotel Dragon at 150 Fr. Belge for the night.

Reassembling at the Lipp at 9 a.m. next morning, the 26th, both cars went to Ermenonville which was reached half an hour late. Soon, we met a press reporter and also the Secretary of the Association J-J Rousseau, whose head office is in Paris, Monsieur Maxime Nemo. He was a grey-haired man of seventy-seven or so, very enthusiastic about Rousseau. Soon we were joined by Pierre Gevaert, Garry Davis, who came all the way from Strasbourg, and the strange lady from London also alighted into the situation, unexpectedly, as if from nowhere (she likes such surprises). Guy Marchand and family also came, but a little later.

Thus we were a good enough company and the bright sun, after the previous night's rains in Paris, was happy and inviting enough to make us sit in a circle on the grass which was so green, by the lake and in view of the poplars.

After preliminary talks with Monsier Nemo which revealed that we had no differences of approach, I spoke, explaining how we are neither sceptics nor believers but both according to a dialectic that was beyond paradox, and which, by transcending, Rousseau became a great wisdom representative.

Garry and Mon. Nemo, Dr Joseph and Aime Vercruysse, Walter De Buck, Jeanne and Mother Gevaert, all took turns to speak. Marc stressed the psychological aspect of Rousseau's contribution. It was one o'clock before all had their turn, and we adjourned for lunch at the restaurant kept by M. Levet, another Rousseau admirer who had dedicated his life to study him with a library of four thousand books on Rousseau and allied subjects. He lived nearby and in his restaurant we all enjoyed the sandwiches that had been made ready for the

*(Continued on page 318)*

# THE TAO TEH KHING

## Treatise on the Absolute and Its Nature

By LAO TZU

(Based on various translations, with comment by the Editor.)

### XLIV

Fame or the Self, which do you love most ?  
The Self or material possessions, which has more worth ?  
Acquiring goods or losing the Self, which is worse ?  
Therefore he who grudges expense pays dearest in the end,  
And he who hoards most suffers the heaviest loss.  
Be content and nobody can despoil you ;  
To know when to stop is to be safe from harm.  
Such a person will endure for long.

### XLV

The most perfect seems to have something missing ;  
but its use is never impaired.  
What is most full seems empty ;  
but its use is inexhaustible.  
The straightest way seems devious ;  
The greatest cleverness seems stupid ;  
The greatest eloquence seems like stuttering.  
Activity overcomes cold,  
But keeping still overcomes heat.  
And so the sage by his serene stillness shows the Way to all.

**COMMENTARY:** Here we have a cautionary guide for the man who seeks wisdom. It is a matter of discrimination and values.

Fame and shame go together. Too much (*khoros*) is always followed by extraordinary behaviour (*hubris*) and disaster (*ate*). The great figures all crash and their reputation becomes blackened—Hitler and Stalin in our own time. Other images get more and more tarnished—Nkrumah is one; and Nehru in India is now heavily criticized.

As for riches, what Lao Tzu says here agrees with what Jesus said four centuries later. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

To know when to stop. Greedy people who gamble never learn this lesson.

The most perfect is obviously the Absolute in nature. Humans think they can improve on nature, with disastrous consequences, not only in the human world, but affecting the whole balance of life.

The value of emptiness is illustrated in the case of a huge ball or a pot. Because they are "full" of emptiness, they are the most useful.

The analogy here is to the human mind. The more it is empty of preconceived notions, the better it is in insight particularly into the unconditioned truths about the nature of the Self and Reality.

The straightest way seems devious. To reach a height one takes a winding road. To reach truth also one has often to proceed by twists and turns.

And proper cleverness next. It might seem stupid to take precautions for security when everything looks prosperous, but knowing the dialectics of plenty and scarcity, the wise man keeps the pennies for a rainy day which is sure to come, and wise rulers stock up grains for the years when famine comes, when the rains fail.

As for eloquence, what is meant here is the speaker who has the most important thing to say, and has to grope for phrases and analogies, unlike the glib speaker who has his set piece, probably delivered before a hundred audiences.

Finally, Lao Tzu declares that the wise man is on the side of coolness, stillness, serenity, the marks of the contemplative, like the restfulness of the natural animal world, but here mindfully approached as a remedy for the overheated passions of mankind, and an example for all of the true Way or Dharma.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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# THE INDIAN BULLOCK-CART

By A. J. TOYNBEE

INDIA reveals herself on her roads. An Indian road is never empty and never dull. There is constant gentle flow of slowly moving traffic: pedestrians and bullock-carts; flocks of sheep and goats and troops of monkeys; country buses (a revolutionary force) no longer pulled by bullock-power but driven by internal combustion engines, an occasional lorry and a still less frequent elephant. Three or four millenia are ambling along side by side; and they do not even keep moving; they camp for the night by the wayside, with the bullocks unyoked and their drivers sleeping snugly under the wheels. In Southern India the cart-wheels are as big as the driving wheels of a locomotive; in Hindustan they are small, with clumsily thick rims; in Upper Sind they are solid, with four holes scooped out of them to lighten their weight; and the turning wooden axle screeches and whines with a music familiar to travellers in Turkey. In Lower Sind, on the other hand, spokes reappear, and the wheels are small and elegant. The bullock cart is a fascinating object of study—and an important one too; for this must still be by far the commonest form of wheeled vehicle in the World. The total number of the World's motor-cars and rolling-stock must be trivial by comparison. So, on the Indian road, you meet the World's age-old peasantry following its age-old way of life, and the historian never tires of the spectacle. Re-read Kipling's description, in *Kim*, of life on the Grand Trunk Road, and you will know why.

But, alas, for the Western wayfarer, all Indian roads lead in a trice, not to seven and a half lacs of villages in which the people of India live, but back into the Western World on Indian ground. Travelling through the countryside is an indulgence that is doled out to the inquiring visitor parsimoniously. After a day or two of seeing India, he is politely but firmly steered back into a British-made cantonment or factory: Rawal Pindi or Bangalore; Calcutta, Madras or Bombay. In Calcutta you are still not quite out of India; for though Calcutta looks like Pimlico if you keep your line of vision tilted to the second storey, one glance at street level brings India back incarnate in her cows. But in Bombay the municipality has managed to banish the cows to the outskirts, and you find yourself interned in one of the standardized super-cities of the modern world. Bombay is full of interesting people; much of the World's business is transacted there; but you might as well be in Liverpool or in New York.

Next time I visit India, I shall not make any engagements or commit myself to a terminal date. I shall buy a bullock-cart (Andhra type) and a pair of patient-eyed white oxen; and then I shall set off on a journey without end.

—pp. 102-103, "*East to West*," Oxford, Univ. Press).

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## **2. The End of the Bourgeois World**

By JOHN SPIERS

**THE** transformation in modern thought began with the talkies in the 1930's. This was perhaps the first stage in giving to hundreds of millions of people a new attitude based on a global scale. Today, with radio, television and the impact of universal travel, there is now a universe of discourse different in every respect from that of thirty years ago.

It is easy for youth to live in this new global world of thought; but for all others, those over forty, it is not easy at all to switch over. They are unaware that the world they have been educated into has gone or that the language they use, the attitude they hold, has today no meaning at all. Anyone who wants to communicate today—and this includes that most conservative group, the philosophers—must acquire the new idiom, must slough off the old conditioning which today is simply ridiculous. Today one addresses, not merely British, American, French, German or Asian and African people with their national distinctions, as one did before 1945; one speaks to all as one, without these silly old out-dated frontiers. One may love one's place of birth, the food and dress and manners and speech, etc., but it is always secondary to this awareness and sympathy for the whole world, and all these various groups, Italian or Chinese or Brazilians and so forth, are seen first as humans like oneself. Through actual travel and through agencies or hobbies like pen-friendship, young people today are in touch with each other everywhere.

Thus there are two great divisions of people in the world today—the elderly dodos, which includes the rulers who all stand for their specific frontiers, and modern youth, sometimes called Generation X, who have crossed the frontiers, who represent freedom from old and relativistic values, and whose revolt is based precisely on this distinction—the one seeing everything nationalistically, the other trans.nationally, from a world view-point. The global approach being absolutist, is to me a value which should be encouraged.

**Characteristics of Youth in Revolt:** It is this world value which gives uniqueness to the revolt of the present generation. It is neither political nor religious. It has nothing to do with any ideology. It is a revolt against obsolete and decadent values.

Should we worry about the dodos? Can anything be done with the old zombies? If they refuse to adapt, they will sink

with the hideous welfare state and catastrophic thermonuclear world which they made, and which is the cause of the total opposition of young people, of nearly everyone under thirty.

True, there has always been a parent-child opposition. In the name of "doing their best" for their children, parents build comfortable homes "for them," plan delectable careers "for them," and then they are pained that "their own" Bill or Ann emphatically refuse the lot. Not only refuse, but take mean jobs, live and dress either like navvies and trollops, or like fancy Carnaby Street fops, the boys looking like girls and the girls like boys, so that you can hardly tell one from the other, and living in a world of their own, a society of their own, which interpenetrates the society of their elders, but without any social connections and having nothing to do with its "normal" values. This new teenage society is as remote from the world of the parents as that of denizens of another planet. Modern youth is not unkind to the elders, but there is no communication. The wires are snapped. They are alien.

The clash of the new with the old has always existed. The uniqueness of the present revolt is that the elderly have the support of all the establishments. But modern youth, using the techniques now available, has created almost without planning it, an invincible freemasonry world of its own, and one which is barred to all establishments.

The revolt is not confined to one place, to one land. The sympathy of modern youth everywhere today can be seen in its emergence in Russia, in India, in South Africa, in Singapore, indeed all over the world, quite independent of whatever type of ideology is acceptable in these various states. Modern speeded up communications have made all this possible. Youth is in revolt because they have never been consulted about anything. The splendid comforts and the easy promising careers, the fine "education" and all the rest of the thickly laid on amenities, as youth sees it, belong to the parents and their provincial point of view. And so, the very instruments meant to give the new generation this easy life with easy money to be earned, the life which the parents dreamed about for themselves, has no appeal to youth, and therefore by the principle of Dialectics, these have been used by youth to make itself completely free from the whole world of the parents, and not only so, but turned against the old.

This is confirmed by Peter Laurie in his book, *The Teenage Revolution*, (Blond, London, 1965), where he writes: "We found jobs were easy, we could exist on our own, there was no absolute necessity to grind our noses as the generation before had done. Economic independence allowed us to stand back and criticize."

Again, let me repeat, a little knowledge of Dialectics might have foreseen such a reaction. Youth does not want comforts,

that is for the old. Youth wants risk and new ideals and new values.

**The Death of Patriotism:** Young people of the affluent countries think nothing of driving in their cars five hundred or even five thousand miles. This is in sharp contrast to their parents, most of whom belonged to what was then known as the working or lower classes. They hardly ventured more than a hundred miles for an annual holiday, and practically never went abroad.

Today, all that is changed. Besides those with cars there are many millions on the move as tourists and hitch-hikers, shifting from country to country. Look at any European newspaper. Half the advertisements are for cars or travel. All this means that the horizons of understanding of the modern generation are widening all the time. Their parents lived in a static little universe, metaphorically and actually waving national flags. This cannot be said at all for the present generation. This is one of the great differences between the old and the new.

Travel has altered the whole approach to life. Old fears and propaganda lies about the character and differences between peoples have been exposed by travel. To think exclusively and nationally is now impossible. The new generation is no longer fooled by the politicians. For the young at least, patriotism is dead.

For people of my social level, when I was just out of the teenage class, in the late 1920's, at the time when I came to India, it was then a mystery land at the end of the world. All this is now over, the mysterious East has now been cracked wide open.

Of the 160,000 visitors to India in 1966, at least a good proportion of the 25% under 30's, were these youngsters of the new generation, most of them travelling on their own, with the least amount of baggage, a light haversack and a sleeping-bag, and hitch-hiking wherever possible. You will never see them at the big Western-style hotels which cater mainly for rich, elderly Western travellers who seldom see the real village India at all, but only the tourist spots. Not like the hitch-hikers who will sleep in a caravanserai or *choultrie* or even under a tree.

My Indian readers, most of them, are probably unaware of the boom in travel. I have no figures for the whole of Europe, but just two places, Switzerland and Spain, attract ten million every year (reference statement by Dr Karan Singh, Indian Minister for Tourism, reported in *The Hindu* of 22 May 1967). My own observation is that fifty million people, most of them young, are touring Europe every year. India cannot escape the overflow, and those who come today are just the precursors of thousands tomorrow.

**The End of the Bourgeois World:** This is a welcome change from the isolation of the past. To come face to face with Pagan

India, to see a living society which has neither fixed systems of religion, nor creeds and dogmas, and which is thoroughly free of the intolerance which religion has in Europe, cannot be other than rewarding in long-term effects.

In sharp contrast to their elders, I have always found these young people remarkably good listeners. Without perhaps admitting it they have come to learn, to see for themselves. Here again they are not like the old, who had fixed ideas and came to reform as missionaries of science or Christianity.

On the other hand, most of these young people are cynics. They are totally derivative of the established ways of life of Western society, European, American or Australian. They laugh at words like "respectable." They are thoroughly opposed to the ideal of the bourgeois gentleman. There are not even women any more, just "girls," young girls and old girls. They are cool and without taboos about sex and four-letter words. Sex has ceased to be a subject for conversation. It is taken for granted. The only thing that shocks them into a frowning silence is any probe into their aims in life.

They have none of the security fears of former generations. They know they can acquire easily almost anything they desire, jobs, cars, comforts. They take a perverse pleasure in assuming poverty and pretended ignorance or even pretended illiteracy. Actually, they are very well-informed, and nearly all of them have professional earning skill. But in their world it is not fashionable to show it. They don't want steady jobs, because that means getting fixed into the square world.

By previous standards they are far older than their years. They have matured as adults in their early teens. They are adept at detecting propaganda, however subtle. They can see through assumed holiness and other masks. After all, that is what they have been doing for years—tearing off the masks. Having freed themselves at no little cost from the scintillating allures of modern establishments they are on guard against new conditionings. Attempts by many Indians to instruct them about Indian life merely amuses them as they have probably read up the subject in any case. They are immune to the hand-out and never take anything for granted.

It is now five years since I saw Europe and the USA and in these times of swift change this is a long stretch; and so my occasional meeting with these wanderers of the present generation has often recharged my batteries of communication.

Many writers produce their work in a sealed-in chamber, shut off from the contemporary scene, quite oblivious of the change that has come over the world in the last twenty years. This age has yet to find its values. The marks of the old writers are class-distinctions, a veneration for academic highbrows and degrees. The young regard all this with derision. They know that universal literacy, television, travel, and easily earned

money have broken down that entire social structure, and ironed-out the status differences which were the foundation of that now gone world.

It is no longer possible to classify people as U and non-U (Upper and non-Upper class) in the Nancy Mitford way, by their speech, behaviour or visible possessions. Today the scruffiest hobo may be a Ph. D. and the parents or grandparents of the impeccably dressed owner of the latest Jaguar may be of slum origins. So the standards of money and class and educated accent have collapsed. The bourgeois world is dead.

**An Angry Old Man:** At this stage in my analysis it would be useful to introduce the reactions of an articulate elder who is very much aware of the changed world. Malcolm Muggeridge is a prominent figure in journalism and television, who has been on the *Manchester Guardian*, and at one time editor of *Punch*. He is in touch with the man-in-the-street and the man-at-the-top. Ten years ago people referred to the Angry Young Men. But there are Angry Old Men too, and Muggeridge is one of them. He summed-up what he thinks of civilization in the sixties, recently in a symposium *What I Believe* (Allen and Unwin). He is pessimistic, critical, scornful of almost the same things about which youth is so cynical.

"I consider," he writes, "that the way of life in urbanized rich countries as it exists today is probably the most degraded and unilluminated ever to come to pass on earth... I am conscious of having been ruled by buffoons, taught by idiots, preached at by hypocrites, and preyed upon by charlatans in the guise of advertisers and other professional persuaders, as well as verbose demagogues and ideologues of many opinions, all false."

He dismisses contemptuously science and all its achievements, from the splitting of the atom to the exploration of the universe, with its wry gift of sterility pills to the non-European world. These achievements, he declares, have no bearing on "what interests me—which is why my life exists, and what is the significance, if any, of my minute and so transitory part in it."

Muggeridge regards education as "the great mumbo-jumbo of the ages," which "only serves to enlarge stupidity, inflate conceit, enhance credulity, and put those subjected to it at the mercy of the brain-washers with printing-presses, radio and television at their disposal."

His conclusion is that civilization "is sinking under the burden of its own defence, nuclear and other, and may well soon be extinct. As this fact sinks into the collective consciousness, the resort to drugs, dreams, fantasies and other escapist devices, particularly sex, becomes ever more marked."

"Living thus," he concludes, "in the twilight of a spent civilization, amidst the ludicrous and frightening shadows, what is there to believe?"

What indeed! His reply is a belief in the sublimity of the teaching of the *New Testament*. He offers his gratitude to the creator for the loveliness of unspoiled nature. But then, in an anticlimax of doubt, he ends on a note of uncertainty; "If there is nothing [after death] then for nothingness I offer thanks."

It is almost an existentialist attitude. Nothingness and uncertainty, after a thousand years of the Christian religion! The key-word of the whole furious tirade is in the first sentence quoted, the word "unilluminated." Key-word and answer, for it is illumination and self-enlightenment which can answer his doubts and questions—Why does life exist? and What is my significance?

**Conflict of Faiths, Private and Official:** The same bad smell of doubt and inner emptiness seeps through the chambers of the know-how club of the scientists. A typical case is that of Sir Bernard Lovell, Director of the famous Jodrell Bank Observatory, the most advanced centre for quasar research and radio-telescopy. In an article in the *Daily Telegraph* last December, Lovell wrote:

"Since my student days I have been subjected to opposing spiritual and scientific forces, the former by upbringing and environment, the latter because I have lived my daily life as a professional scientist. I have often envied those of my friends and colleagues who have a direct and simple faith in one or the other. For me there has been no final resolution of this conflict of thought."

You will remind me there are scientists of the present century who believe in some religion or philosophy, not perhaps quite so simple in faith as Lovell suggests—men of science such as Eddington, Jeans, Whitehead, Whittaker, Niels Bohr, Einstein and Schroedinger. Most of them are now dead, and the few who are still alive are old and *hors de combat*. They are certainly respected as mathematicians and physicists; but this respect does not extend to their philosophical beliefs and theories. The latter are deprecated as private aberrations, listened to without comment and only tolerated because these men have prestige academic status.

Far more acceptable for the academic scientific establishment is the direct and simple dogma of men like Professor Ian Jarvie who teaches philosophy (as it is called!) at York University, Toronto. He represents the hard core of modern science. In a radio talk in March this year, *Is Technology Unnatural?* he defined man as "a physico-chemical machine that has a talent for making and an inclination to make, other machines that help him adjust to his environment."

Jarvie's opinion prevails. Questions which introduce the soul are taboo, not because the soul is immaterial, not because



it cannot be measured mechanically in a lab, but because it has been the subject of religion which is officially excluded as the enemy of science and considered superstition.

**The Fortress of Modern Science:** These conclusions are held by another Angry Old Man, one of the most intelligent in England today, that hard-headed but very broadminded Yorkshireman, J.B. Priestley, known all over the world for his dramas, novels, essays and lively criticism. In his scholarly, well-documented but simply written book, a model for such writing, *Man and Time* (Aldus books, London, 1964) Priestley describes what he calls the Fortress, which consists of the powerful collectives, scientific, technological and commercial who dominate the modern world.

"This Fortress," he goes on, "represents the greatest weight of authority known to us today. It is from here, not from Rome or any other religious centre, that the iron dogmas and decrees come. It is the citadel of science, technology, positivism. If we feel we are tied to chronological time, that is where the tying was done. If we appeal against this servitude, that is where our appeal will be rejected. It is the home of science as a dogmatic system and a colossal vested interest. It is where most of the work, including the invention and development of nuclear weapons, is done. (How many maimed guinea-pigs, cancerous rats, blind mice, and infected frogs exist within these walls, we cannot imagine). Its platforms and turrets are manned and grimly guarded by a gigantic army of theorists, researchers, experimenters, professors, teachers, technologists, publicists, and journalists. Above the keep there flies the black and white banner of positivism." (*op. cit.* p. 181).

"It is from this Fortress that our climate of opinion has been controlled. Greater scientists, working in distant outposts, of advanced research, are too deeply interested in what they are doing, and probably too open-minded, to work at this climate-rigging. They do little recruiting too, except for their immediate purposes. But beneath the black and white banner, recruits are sworn-in weekly by the thousand. Many of them come now not from the exact sciences but from anthropology, archaeology, psychology, sociology; they swarm into the Fortress eager to dedicate themselves to measuring, weighing, graphs and statistics, determined never to make a statement not supported by the lab's figures; they insist upon being more scientific than their colleagues in the exact sciences. No more nonsense about humane studies, with a flavour of art about them! Everything that can possibly be measured is being measured, and anything that cannot be measured deserves to be ignored." (*op.cit.* pp. 181-182.)

And here is yet another Angry Old Man, this time the distinguished biographer Hesketh Pearson: Writing in *Hesketh Pearson by Himself* (Heinemann, 1965) he says:

"Long ago I decided that credulity is the distinguishing feature of my fellow-mortals, the large majority of whom believe whatever they hear on the wireless or read in the papers. The most up-to-date form of gullibility relates to what is miscalled science, a word that means knowledge or ascertained truth, not, as commonly supposed, invention or experiment. Nowadays the scientists have taken the place of the priests, and their Sinaitic pronouncements are accepted without demur. I personally do not believe that so-called science can tell us anything that really matters, even though it enables us to establish contact with the planets." (p. 230)

**Rejection and Rebound of the Numinous:** I have not forgotten psychology. This branch of studies is not admitted into the Fortress. The *Penguin Dictionary of Science* (revised edition, 1951) does not even include the word. But there is admitted what you might call an anti-psychology, which deals with behaviour, relating activity, not to thinking but to purely physiological elements, to nerves, glands, nutritional factors and to brain-waves recorded by the electro-encephalograph.

Throughout the literary and artistic world and popular journalism, you may get the impression that the theoretical conclusions of Freud and Pavlov are accepted in the general scientific world also. The cold facts are otherwise. Modern scientists will have nothing to do with the numinous. Such things as ESP and the current fashion of psychedelics (induced hallucinations by drugs, coloured lights, sense-confusing chambers, etc.) are outrightly rejected. And so whatever the scientists concern themselves with subsides into the ominous.

The late Professor Jung bent over backwards trying to conform to the rigid empirical requirements of the academic dogmatists. He made every effort within his field of a lifetime's studies to prove the exponent of a non-physiological Self, only to be brushed off as the existence of a new quasi-religious cult. Sixty years of effort to placate the diehards was fruitless. When he was nearly eighty he admitted to this in his Foreword to the *I-Ching* (Bollingen Series, Pantheon, New York, 2nd edn. 1961, p. xv): "I am now in my eighth decade," he wrote, "and the changing opinions of men scarcely affect me any more."

That scientists should be opposed to religion is hardly astonishing, because the only religion they have had to deal with has been the Christian, which stood for dogma, fanaticism and intolerance. This has prejudiced their assessment of all

religion and anything that approaches the immaterial. They have no knowledge or refuse to consider that there are Pagan religions which have no quarrel with science, which have no dogmas, and which are tolerant and open.

Fear of religion and the rejection of the numinous on all fronts leaves the scientist without values. At the same time they must justify their researches and activities by saying it is for the ultimate benefit of mankind.

This means that scientists, supported by everybody else, since their attitude is the basis of modern education, have an unresolved dualism. They are all schizophrenic. People are taught to love peace and at the same time to agree to armaments. There is one set of attitudes for the laboratory and another for the home. There is the businessman who stamps out all competitors mercilessly, who ruins thousands, but who also signs cheques for charities and so tries to feel good both ways. If you try to reason with people about such double loyalties and double codes they flare up. They want to escape from the problem.

[ TO BE CONTINUED ]

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# The Autobiography of an Absolutist

(Continued from page 304)

occasion by Madame Gevaert and Celine (who could not come as she was in charge of Pierre's children in the family house at Latem). There was plenty and to spare, four pistolets and tomatoes each, and cups of coffee from the hotel supplemented the lunch.

I asked Marc to write a kind of minutes about what we had been in agreement, namely, the desirability of forming a wisdom institute in which the study of personality problems would feature, where education would be reoriented and where the park and castle grounds should be announced as world territory. All signed, and we left at about 4 p. m., Garry for Strasbourg and most of the company for Ghent, which we reached between 9 and 10 p. m.

Rousseau, the Swiss watchmaker's son, represented the absolutist contemplative value as near as it was possible in a Western context, after those of Joseph the carpenter's son and the wisdom lessons of Greece and Rome were sounded.

Among Yogis of Ghent and Pythagoreans of Brussels: Esoterics in Europe thriving in an ancient matrix of pagan or perennial beliefs natural to man anywhere has always subsisted behind the outward facade of formalized religious beliefs expressed through established churches catering to more public or socialized needs. Tarot cards are secretly kept and seen by those who tend to be Rosicrucians and with select persons who love ancient cults temperamentally. Hermetics, Freemasons, Swedenborgians, believers in Mahatmas or Angelic Hierarchies, have always persisted behind the show windows of civilization, unhampered at all times. More than forty per cent of the total comprising the so-called socialized or other groups not included in the overtly Christian, remain attached to forms of Paganism to the present day.

Officially recorded history might not reveal them, but they remain operative still below the level of the waves that lash horizontally when political or religious clashes or upheavals happen more or less overtly. Imported cults like Zen Buddhism and love of Indian Yoga with other tamer groups such as that of vegetarians or other food faddists, nature-cure believers and even nudists, have persisted through time behind the respectable front facade of European life, and nothing can stop dancing dervishes or other more or less exalted or inspired groups or individuals to thrive right within so-called conventionally civilized beliefs and behaviour patterns natural to those who aspire for some sort of spiritual progress.

Faith cure miracles attract large numbers to places like Lourdes and experts in medicine like Alexis Carell have

devoted approving volumes about them. Psychoanalysts from the time of Freud, Adler and down to Jung have had their own varieties of admirers, each group claiming to be esoterically or exoterically valid as the case may be. As a disciple of an Indian Guru I myself had my share of interest shown to me during my visits to the West.

M. Gomez, Professor of Physical Culture at the University of Ghent, was a friend known to me even from three or four years before, when I visited Belgium the previous time. He had just then married without Christian rites. Now he was head of the Department of Physical Culture and invited me to give my views on Yoga in which he was instructed by an Indian Christian Yogi teacher of Geneva.

Yoga has now become recognized as a sufficiently respectable academic discipline in many of the Western universities and next to Zen and Judo and Ju-jutsu, is perhaps one of the most popular methods of physical culture now being adopted in the Western educational world.

A mechanical mixture of these imported elements with a questionable food fad called Macrobiotics, brought into vogue by a clever Japanese called Oshawa had rare success in the region just when I came. The leisured classes almost went mad about this school of thought which had its network of centres in Europe and America. Sugar was taboo and salt could cure almost any disease thought incurable. Such were some of its claims. The Gevaert family had divided loyalties in respect of this tenacious group which seemed to have the power of converting certain minds with a great force of adoption.

A chiropractor trained in USA, living next door to the Gevaert estate, had his own group to whom he taught Yoga combined with techniques of medical massage. I was invited to evening coffee parties in both these places. My own views about Yoga which ranged from Hatha Yoga which often tended to bodily torture to the higher dialectical view of Yoga as a sort of mental balance between counterparts of a given bi-polar situation or problem that man has to face in a disciplined, regulated, poised harmonized approach to problems of life, whether of the ontological or teleological domain, required careful explanation of its scientific methodological, epistemological and axiological bearings and presuppositions.

All listened with great interest with the stand taken and both the men and women seemed to approve of what I had to say, though often highly mistrustful of other teachers whether back in India itself or abroad.

Through my friendship cultivated some months earlier in the south of France with Count d'Arschot, a nobleman of Brussels who belonged to the Pythagorean group there, who was a well-known art critic and connoisseur, I was invited to be present at

the Pythagorean Temple in that old capital city of Europe, on October 5, 1965.

The Head or the Grand Master of the select group welcomed me and gave me an honoured seat from where I had to speak and answer questions put to me by non-Christian or rather pre-Christian Pythagoreans who continued their select and rather secret gatherings within the heart of this city through the centuries, nay, millenia. Pythagoras himself is credited to have visited India and to have been influenced by its secret lore and that of Egyptian too. I myself claim to understand the Pythagorean theory of numbers in my own way as related to the schematismos of Kant.

Numbers have their corresponding forms. When examining the multiplication table of 9 one finds that a strange and awful symmetry of structure based on numbers can be seen to stare back mysteriously at the examiner. The experience could be lightly explained away by those who give primacy to scepticism, but the question would still keep staring and asking for a reasonable solution.

The Pythagorean triangle called the Tektraktus occupied the central place in the Temple upstairs where I was conducted all by myself by the Grand Master who alone seemed to be then privileged to step with me into the sacred precincts. There was an other-worldly feeling that crept into me as I accepted the honour. But to my Indian mind the worst form of thaumaturgy ritual or secret could only be less so then the secret doctrines acceptable to the Upanishads. Narayana Guru himself whose disciple I was had already initiated me into such mysteries that fade out as such in the light of the full flood of absolutism in which I was trained to be quite at home.

I thus could say amen to the voice of this ancient philosopher which reached me here through the long corridors of the centuries gone past.

After soft drinks sipped together, Marc and I took the autostrad and soon reached our beds before midnight.

**Valuable Contacts and Good Chances:** Till nearly one month after this Pythagorean meeting my time in Ghent was taken up by morning lessons, library work at the University till noon, evening parties when all joined at tea and snacks, with the weekly feature of Indian curry and rice dinners on Sunday noons, which proved very popular and were well attended.

These gatherings brought many valuable contacts and the Tao saw to it that some rare good chances also came my way. There was a group who were either Bahai's, Macrobiotics by affiliation, under the eldest Gevaert daughter Mimi. Then there was a group under the leadership of Walter De Buck who had come to India as a sculptor and architect who had gathered a group of workers round him and was fulfilling the role of a Guru

and leading a sort of natural guild for undertaking modern renovation work in shop fronts which needed the latest style based on Fourier wave transmission sinus curve style instead of the cubist tendency now prevailing.

A group of jazz players were under the inspiration of Paul and Nicole. Football fans had Marc as their hero, who also attracted his admirers and disciples, both men and women. Thus about fifty persons came on Sundays, and we began to form slowly an integrated group.

Ottavia, daughter of Noble Vitelleschi and married to Aime Vercruysse, now living on the Gevaert estate, had her own noble contacts of various counts or barons who, till recently, lived together making their fortunes in Brazil, after the aristocracy in Europe had suffered a set-back.

The architects, artists, artisans and aristocracy drawn from distant lands thus came together, forgetting their static and closed loyalties into the open, dynamic one that we celebrated week by week and day by day.

**A Rare Find:** It was a rare opportunity that I had when I was invited by M. Christophe the father of Martine, Marc's wife, for tea in his library. He had recently been disabled in one leg, but this did not prevent our talking freely over cups of tea. He was a specialist in cybernetics and used computer machines on a large scale for codifying "information" in one of the largest establishments of the kind in this part of Europe. I could borrow from him four or five valuable books and he telephoned and fixed for me a visit to the establishment soon after.

I could see how feed-back arrangements and electronic channelling of information through a cycle of matrices worked, and further reading gave me enough indication about the structural secrets and logical parameters implied at the very core of cybernetic operations, circuits, retroaction or functioning.

This was one of the items of a rare good chance that came my way, so naturally, but there was a greater surprise for me of the same order that Tao had arranged while approaching the very last weeks of my stay in Europe, which was mainly intended to gather all possible information about structural or mathematical features of the Science of the Absolute which I was intent on formulating at that very time.

Good luck as well as bad news have a strange way of hide and seek and often take you unawares when you least expect them. They do not reach you when you openly wait for them, but there is a smokescreen of sly or suspicious goings-on before they enter into the situation as if by the back door. Mango trees hide their belated buds among leaf clusters ready to bloom or not, but put forth tender foliage instead, with a strange hesitancy of a Gaussian curve of a "maybe, maybe not" chuckling attitude towards the owner of the orchard who might be near

them speculating about a crop failure...Nature has its eternal game of hide and seek, of expectancy and despair, smile or tears. The concept of Maya is meant to cover this indeterminate uncertainty in all phenomena.

**The Work Which Bergson Withdrew :** During my previous visit I had picked up a strange book by Henri Bergson, that master-mind, epoch-making writer of modernized scientific philosophy. The title mentioned that it was meant to be a critical examination of "Duration and Simultaneity" in the light of Einstein's theory of relativity, and was noticed by me not to have been included in the complete centenary edition of Bergson's works.

At a corner of this new edition one reads that Bergson had to suspend the publication of this great masterpiece, in the following words "Le livre a ete souvent mal compris" (the book has often been badly understood). Bergson thus mildly puts the reason for the suppression of the book, in spite of the immense spiritual agony its production must have cost him. As can be seen, there is a major tragedy of modern thought revealed here to the eye of a keen critic who is partial neither to physics or metaphysics, these representing respectively the visible and calculable aspects of truth.

The Europe of Bergson's time was not prepared to listen to him. Many modern minds have reacted unfavourably and seem to do so still, to this great work which perhaps saw the light of day prematurely. How prematurely and by how many decades it is to be measured, is not easy to determine. One of the recent remarks about it which appeared in one of the French journals of 1966 seemed to suggest that it was unfortunate that Bergson wrote the book at all.

I had looked at the book on my earlier visit and tried to scan its intriguing section headings, but had put it down then, unable to penetrate into the intentions of the author. The book, however, insisted on coming to my hands in the strangest of ways this time.

It was on one of my frequent visits to the University Library of Ghent about a month before saying goodbye to Europe that Jeanne Gevaert said she would also like to work in the Library. Owing to my lumbago I had changed into my warm European trousers and coat and with my French beret and white beard rode into town to rare bookshops in search of books on structuralism and Barboukianism, driven by good Celine as usual, with her sister Jeanne this time coming with us too.

This sister of the Gevaert family was a kind of devil's disciple as a rival to the father both as a sculptor and a World Government organizer. Though somewhat soured by continued spinsterhood beyond natural limits for such, this once attractive and intelligent girl became a problem to herself and reacted sometimes on others like a thorny rose bush. She used to listen to my philosophy and sometimes contemptuously remark that it was only "baby talk." I took care not to cross swords with



her but this time she proved that very angel chosen by Tao's chance to call my attention to that same Bergson book which I had put down as uninteresting a couple of years ago in the same Library.

My aloofness to Jeanne did not induce me to look at the book again, but as Tao would have it this time, I felt intrigued by the summary titles of sections of the five or six chapters given at the end. Soon I discovered that this same book could easily happen to be the very link in modern European thought which bridged the gulf that exists and existed more keenly then, between perceptual physical disciplines and its own conceptual counterpart commonly referred to after the time of Aristotle as Metaphysics.

The epistemological and methodological lacunae in the task of bringing the gap between these two broad sets of disciplines in exact thinking were indicated in instrumentalist and functional or operational terms in this critique of relativity. The transition from relativity to absolutism was fully worked out, not only in terms of logico-physics or mathematical equations, but also in visible, structural four-dimensional terms by Bergson.

This was a feat that was too good to be appreciated by even the best of his fellow thinkers of his own time. It took nearly a year afterwards for me to appreciate in detail each of the steps of Bergson's reasoning, and I became convinced that with this product of the thought of a modern Westerner, reached after wireless propagation marked a new departure in the basic notion of motion on non-Euclidean lines, would lend itself to be a bridgehead for integrating not only both physics and metaphysics, but also finding points of affinity between Upanishadic and the new absolutist vistas just emerging to view in modern scientific progress.

How I made use of this good chance is revealed in the chapters of the "Integrated Science of the Absolute" whose writing was accomplished by the end of the year 1966. The hand of the Tao was visible to me in the sly and secret way by which this great book insisted on coming into my hands again.

Invitation from a Princess: Autumn had advanced and the harbingers of biting winter winds were already being somewhat prematurely announced by frozen bits on slushy roads and the early starting of heating systems.

I had more than one telephone call and a letter from the Princesse de Merode of Brussels, inviting me to a place called Le Dialogue situated in a forested domain where she had a kind of ashram. She said she had heard of me from a European swami who lived near the grottos of the South of France not far from where I was myself that same summer.

I could not recollect having personally met this white sannyasin, but accepted the royal invitation as I found the lady very philosophically minded and acquainted with the Vedanta as taught by Professor Lacombe of Paris. She mentioned also an Indian swami who lectured in her luxurious flat at the centre of

Brussels some time back and wanted a copy of my Gita to read.

The ashram or hermitage Dialogue was about forty miles south of Brussels past Charleroi. The rooms upstairs in this place were badly heated and as a guest of a royal princess my thoughts naturally went to the fate of Descartes who died in 1649 catching a cold as a private tutor to Queen Christine of Sweden who has been described as a "headstrong masculine girl" by another famous mathematical lady, Edna E. Kramer. In my own case the princess did not conform to this description, but was a very intelligent person with a full philosophical formation of her own, as conversation based on my Gita showed, as I visited her again at her sumptuous apartment at 87 Avenue St Souise at Brussels, two or three days later.

She was able to enter straight into the implications of the doctrine of *nishkama karma* of the Gita differently from the usual unilateral way of sacrificing the "fruit of all action." A Brussels' friend, M. Yves de Vertel, made a photostat copy for me of the treasure trove of Bergson book mentioned already.

Marc, who promptly picked me up at the Hermitage, stood me an Italian lunch at Brussels, and, after seeing to the Swiss Visa for spending a day in Geneva on my way back to Marseille, we were on the main road to Ghent again by the evening of November 5, 1965.

**The Return Voyage:** By November 9, we heard of our sailing date from Marseille, fixed for November 23 at 5 p. m. Celine and Romarin were also to sail with me and the ship Cambodge was again found to be the most suitable. Bookings had already been made.

Except for both an interview with a Paris Professor, Dr Venderheiden whom Joseph had invited to meet me on the evening of the 10th at his residence, and the influx of about sixty friends who were present at our last Sunday lunch on Saturday, November 13, most of whom stayed till late at night after taking supper in informal Indian style at the main Gevaert table, this last event serving as an all-round occasion to bid bon voyage to the departing three, these last days were not eventful.

Another important book on structuralism by Madame Detouche-Fevrier of Paris University completed my book baggage with other miscellaneous literature in French and English that I had been gathering.

We started for Paris with Mother Gevaert and Mimi who went as far as Alma's place in the South of France. Alma and Mother Gevaert were with Marc when we were heading towards the dock in the old Port of Marseille where the Cambodge was berthed. We passed one day or night at Paris, with M. Hubert and at Geneva with the Gunnings and Bublins, at Vienne on the way to Lyon and finally at Mirabel again.

Romarin made a surprise appearance after the ship's warning bells had gone—as usual, when we thought she was lost. The ship sailed at 6.30 p.m. on November 23, 1965.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## How I Came to the Gurukula

(Continued from page 300)

French excused *him* for being disturbed, and found herself "out in the street", not exactly knowing why or what to do next...

But meditation, solitude and sleep, all played a part in clarifying for our heroine her next moves and before dawn it was clear to her that since her only contact with the Guru lay through her good friend the Count d'Arschot of Brussels, and since he was to leave for Berlin the same day, she must make for Brussels without delay. This friend is also known to readers of **VALUES** as a leading member of the Pythagorean Society of Brussels and one who had acted as a teacher of philosophy not only to this present wisdom-seeker, but also to many other youthful enthusiasts in different lands.

Having thus decided, she once more adopted what was fast becoming her normal style of travel (why she could not have arranged all this conveniently and correctly by writing a nicely-worded letter to the Guru I cannot say) and, though naturally parsimonious by temperament, she (in her madness) broke free and flew to Paris, took a taxi across the city and then the fastest de luxe International train to Brussels to arrive at the Count's grandly furnished apartment as he was taking his evening meal.

Quite taken by surprise by this sudden appearance of one whom he thought to be a thousand miles away, he nevertheless immediately responded to her somewhat imperative request to find the whereabouts of the Guru. Marc Gevaert was duly telephoned and the address from him carefully noted. Apparently the Guru was to be in Pinner for one day only in three days' time. Thus once more our lonely pilgrim left the haven of rest in Brussels to spend the night in a somewhat derelict hotel near the Midi railway station and early next day continued her journey to Ostend, and from there across the Channel to her native land.

I should here let you into the secret that even now Romarin, for that was our heroine's name, knew that she was to go to India with the Guru, and strange to say actually found herself telling an Indian lady she met at Victoria railway station that she was going there, and she even took out the carefully folded and precious piece of paper on which Nataraja Guru, 32 Cecil Park, Pinner, was written, and asked if she knew the man. I should add also that she didn't really want to go to India, because she remembered being told about it from her parents... how they hated it...but yet something told her it was her "Destiny." or svadharma.

Her father had been in India many years, and in 1936 a little flaxen, straight-haired girl of two and a half years, went

with him and stayed, first in Fort St George, Madras and then in the early months of 1937 in Coonoor, and Flagstaff House, Wellington, and, of course, paid frequent visits to Ooty. How is it possible that she, when taken on her daily walks by her governess, did not get ineradicable ideas into her head about Indian ways? It is not impossible, either, that she actually saw Dr P. Natarajan, as he then was, perhaps with a group of boys and a violin, perhaps in the Blue Mountain express train, perhaps anywhere or everywhere. Who knows? It is only guesswork or pretence, but even so it is strange how a string of events of cause and effect can eventually lead one back to where one came from—one could even say, perhaps, to where one belongs.

I actually shook the Guru's hand for the first time at about noon on September 20, 1965, but the idea of the necessity of meeting a Guru had been put to me by two close friends independently of each other on my mental "journey" but then also there is the possibility that, as a young impressionable child, since I happened to be living within a few miles of the Gurukula at Fernhill from where I am writing now, that I met the Guru then, some thirty years ago.

[END]

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