

Work is for the purification of the mind, not for the purification of reality. The Realisation of Truth is brought about by discrimination and not in the least by ten millions of acts.

SANKARA

being diminished<sup>72</sup>; in Truth to give is only to gain. He is the supreme Father who generates even his own parents, the illumined consciousness<sup>73</sup> of all that must be said<sup>74</sup>, all the declarations of the Real. He is the child of all whom all the worlds attend to and delight in. For he is the Word of Truth<sup>75</sup> being both the Absolute, Satya, and its creative power, the Word, Vak, the Goddess. That Word of Truth can be no other than I am the Self, though it should be noted that the Vedic seers prefer a more indirect and poetic expression, some of which we could hardly imagine at first sight.

We see therefore in this Vedic hymn a great subtlety and orchestration of language towards the revelation of the Self. Its language is obscure but it reflects a primal power of expression, raw energy and direct experience before and beyond any mere rationalization, that give it a value of its own. Hopefully we can at this point begin to sense the great teaching that the Rig Veda is, how many of its hymns are equal, if not greater, than the Upanishads; how we have even here just scratched the surface of the language and teaching, which must contain many other great secrets befitting the spiritual teaching of the ancient age of light.

<sup>70</sup>Arkastidhatu

<sup>71</sup>utamma rk

<sup>72</sup>ajasro gharma

<sup>73</sup>haviir

<sup>74</sup>Nama

<sup>75</sup>tribhih pavitrair

<sup>76</sup>prajanan Hrda

<sup>77</sup>matim jyotir anu

<sup>78</sup>Svadhahir (Svadhaturbhir)

<sup>79</sup>varsistam ratnam

<sup>80</sup>adid Dyava-prthivi paryapasyat

<sup>81</sup>visvam bhuvanam Atmani apasyat

<sup>82</sup>aksiyamanam

<sup>83</sup>vipascitam

<sup>84</sup>vaktvanam

<sup>85</sup>Satyavaccam

## PAUL BRUNTON AND THE MAHARSHI

By Swami Rajeswarananda

The meeting between Paul Brunton and Sri Ramana Maharshi was one of the classic spiritual encounters of modern times. It affected Brunton deeply, and it is clear from his best-selling book, "A Search in Secret India", that he regarded his meeting with the Maharshi as the highlight of his Indian pilgrimage. His immediate acceptance of the authenticity of the Maharshi was conveyed in the book in such glowing terms that it encouraged literally thousands of people to come in person to see the Maharshi.

Swami Rajeswarananda was an eye-witness to this great encounter, and in the following account, written only four days after Brunton's arrival, he gives his own version of the first meeting and the questions that were asked. A large number of questions reported here were omitted from Brunton's account, and some of the questions which appear later in Brunton's book appear to have been asked at this first interview. However, on the whole, Brunton's version is amply corroborated by this previously unpublished account. (Editor)

It was half past four in the evening and the disciples were all sitting before the Master in the Hall and were talking about a notification published in the dailies to the effect that Mr. Hurst (Paul Brunton was his pen name) and a Buddhist monk were intending to visit this Ashram. The clock struck five, and a man in European costume entered the Hall, carrying a plate of sweets. He was accompanied by a Buddhist monk. The visitors offered the sweets to the Master, and after making obeisance in the characteristic oriental manner, they both squatted on the floor before him. These were the visitors about whom the disciples had been talking a few minutes before. The one in the English costume was Mr. Raphael Hurst, a London journalist, who is now on a visit to India. He is keenly interested in the spiritual ideas of the east and thinks that by intelligent study and appreciation of these ideals, the cause

of co-operation between the east and the west may be vigorously promoted. He has now come to Ramanasramam after visiting several other ashrams in India. The monk who came along with him is an Irishman by birth. He was formerly a military officer, but now he is known as Swami Prajnananda, the founder of the English Ashram, Rangoon. Both the visitors sat spell-bound before the Master and there was a pin-drop silence in the Hall. The master was sitting with his characteristic inward sight and his face bespoke the radiance of his soul. The visitors sat in deep meditation experiencing the divine influence of the great Master. All forgot the consciousness of their bodily selves and of the material objects around. The calm was disturbed by the one who brought the visitors when he asked them if they would like to put any questions. The visitors did not seem to be in a mood to ask questions; it seemed that the mere presence of







Swami Prajnananda (left) and Paul Brunton (right). The Photo was taken during their visit in 1930.

the Master was transforming their souls. Thus an hour and half passed, and finally Mr. Hurst began by expressing the object of his visit. In a voice that revealed the intent earnestness of the heart and the keen longing of the soul, he said that he had come to India for spiritual enlightenment. "Not only for myself," said Mr. Hurst, "but many others in the west are longing for the Light from the east." When asked whether they had come to the east for a comparative study of religions, the Bhikshu replied: "No, we can have that better in Europe. We want to find Truth; we want light. Can we know Truth? Is it possible to get enlightenment at all?" The Master was still remaining in a God-conscious state, and as the visitors desired to take a walk outside, the discussions were brought to a close and all dispersed.

Early next morning, the visitors entered the Hall with a volley of questions which were put to the Master with an earnestness of the heart and a deep desire to know. The conversation re-

produced below is from rough notes taken at the spot.

**The Bhikshu:** We have travelled far and wide to get some enlightenment. How can we get it?

**The Master:** Through deep reflection and constant meditation.

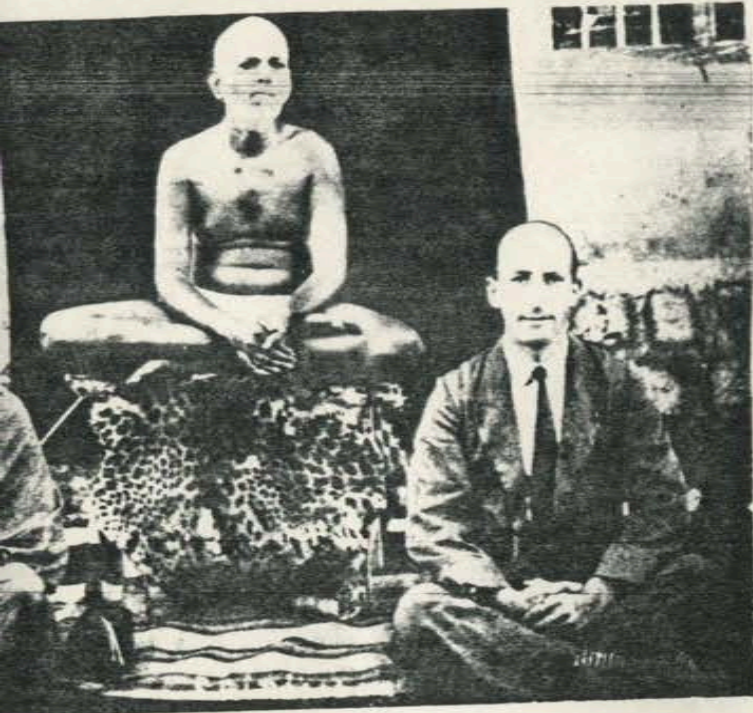
**Mr. Hurst:** Many people in the west do meditate, but they show no signs of progress.

**The Master:** How do you know that they do not make progress? Self-progression in the spiritual realm is not easily discernible.

**Mr. Hurst:** Some years ago I got some glimpse of the bliss, but in the years that followed I lost sight of the bliss, and then last year I got it again. Why was it so?

**The Master:** You lost sight of the bliss because your meditative attitude had not become natural. When you become habitually reflective, the enjoyment of spiritual beatitude becomes a matter of natural experience.





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**The Master:** You lost sight of the bliss because your meditative attitude had not become natural. When you become habitually reflective, the enjoyment of spiritual beatitude becomes a matter of natural experience.

**Mr. Hurst:** Might it be due to the absence of a Guru?

**The Master:** Yes, but the Guru is within, and the Guru who is within is identical with your own Self.

**Mr. Hurst:** Which is the way to God Realisation?

**The Master:** Self enquiry, the solving of the great problem "Who am I?" by enquiry into the nature of one's own self.

**The Bhikshu:** The world is starting to degenerate; it is going down and down each day, spiritually, morally, intellectually, materially and in all other ways. Will a spiritual leader come to save it from chaos?

**The Master:** He will necessarily come. As the *Bhagavad Gita* says, whenever virtue subsides and vice prevails, a great teacher will come to reinstate virtue. The world is neither too good nor too bad; it is a mixture of both good and bad. Unmixed happiness and unqualified sorrow will never be found.

**The Bhikshu:** Will he be born in the East or in the West? (The Master had a merry laugh over this question and left it unanswered.)

**Mr. Hurst:** Does the Maharshi know whether the Avatar is now in the physical body?

**The Master:** He might be.

**Mr. Hurst:** Will there be a world war preceeding the birth of an Avatar?

**The Master:** When you do not know properly about the present, why should you trouble yourself about the future? Take care of the present, the future will take care of itself.

**Mr. Hurst:** What is the best path that we can follow to attain Godhead?

**The Master:** Self-analysis leads to Self-Realisation.

**Mr. Hurst:** Is a Guru needed for spiritual progress?

**The Master:** Yes.

**Mr. Hurst:** Is it possible for a Guru to push the disciple up the spiritual path?

**The Master:** Yes.

**Mr. Hurst:** What are the conditions for discipleship?

Shortly before going to press we were informed that Dr. Paul Brunton died of a cerebral haemorrhage on July 27th. He was 83 and had spent the last few years of his life as a semi-secular in Switzerland. Dr. Brunton was responsible for bringing a whole generation of new devotees to Sri Bhagavan in the 1930s and 1940s primarily through his book "A Search in Secret India" but also through his later book, "The Secret Path" which outlined the Maharshi's technique of self-enquiry. Although Dr. Brunton has not visited Sri Ramanasramam for over forty years, he frequently sent spiritual seekers here and he occasionally corresponded with the Ashram. His respect and admiration for the Maharshi survived a life-time of dabbling in strange occult phenomena and his passing will be much regretted, particularly by an older generation of devotees who had their first glimpse of the Maharshi through Dr. Brunton's words.

**The Master:** An intense desire for God-Realisation, earnestness of heart and purity of mind.

**Mr. Hurst:** Is it necessary that one should surrender his life to the Guru?

**The Master:** Yes. He should surrender his all to the dispeller of his darkness. He should surrender the ego that binds man to this mundane earth. Giving up the body-consciousness is the true renunciation.

**Mr. Hurst:** Does a Guru want to take charge of the disciples' worldly affairs also?

**The Master:** Yes, all.

**Mr. Hurst:** Can he give the disciple the spiritual spark that he needs?

**The Master:** He can give him all that he needs. It can be well perceived through experience.

**Mr. Hurst:** Is it necessary to be in physical contact with the Guru, and if so, how long?

**The Master:** It all depends on the maturity of the mind. The gunpowder catches fire in an instant, while much time is needed to ignite coal.



# THE NATI LANGUAGE IN

## I. INTRODUCTION

THE phenomenon of mauna in Ramana Maharshi<sup>1</sup> is a most complex one and can be discussed from different points of view. This stems from the variety in terms of different levels and ontological categories, in terms of function, notion and context where it is found in his teachings. As to classification in terms of ontological categories Ramana Maharshi distinguished in the advaitic sense of the term between real and unreal mauna<sup>2</sup>. While the former, due to its advaitic or non-dual nature is but of one form, the latter is mentioned<sup>3</sup> to be of three forms and levels, which are mauna of action or body, mauna of words or tongue and mauna of thoughts or mind. To these three forms of mauna, with which we are not primarily concerned here, correspond three equally dualistic forms of language, i.e. the language of body, word and thought respectively. It was to this language in thought and speech in particular that Ramana Maharshi referred when comparing mauna with language.

As mauna in its advaitic sense is, strictly speaking, not further classifiable, it is only for the sake of a didactic survey and interpretation on the level of dualistic understanding that here it is classified under two main-aspects and various sub-aspects. Real mauna, though being equated in Ramana Maharshi with the Self, the sole reality, it is referred to in his teachings in terms and contexts which indicate a twofold or quality...

**Mr. Hurst:** Is it possible to develop along the path of the spirit while leading a life of work?

**The Master:** There is no conflict between work and wisdom. On the other hand, selfless work leads to Self Knowledge.

**Mr. Hurst:** If a person is engaged in work, there will be little time left for him to meditate.

**The Master:** Setting time apart for meditation is only for spiritual novices. A man who is advanced always enjoys the divine beatitude, whether he is employed in work or not. While his hand is in society, he keeps his head cool in solitude.

**The Bhikshu:** Have you heard of Meher Baba?

**The Master:** Yes.

**The Bhikshu:** He says that he will be born as an Avatar in a few years. Is this true?

**The Master:** Everyone is an Avatar of God. "Behold ye, the Kingdom of God is within." Jesus, Mohammad, Buddha, Krishna, all are in you. One who knows the Truth sees everyone else as a manifestation of God. Those who have eyes can alone see; and to the pure, everything is pure.

**The Bhikshu:** Will the Maharshi express anything about Meher Baba?

**The Master:** What have I to say? This is a question that seekers after Truth need not consider. People that are on the lower rungs of the ladder waste their energies by being pre-occupied with such questions.

**The Bhikshu:** Will the world be rejuvenated?

**The Master:** There is one who governs the world, and it is his look out to look after the world. He who has given life to the world knows how to protect it also.

**The Bhikshu:** Does the world progress?

**The Master:** If we progress, the world progresses. As you are, so is the world. Without understanding the Self, what is the use of understanding the world? Without Self Knowledge, the knowledge of the world is of no use. Dive within and see the treasures that are locked up there. Cut open your heart and see the world through the eyes of your Supreme Self. Tear down the veils and you will see the divine majesty of your own Self. □

What constitutes self-realisation of Noble Wisdom is not comparable to the perceptions attained by the sense-mind, neither is it comparable to the cognition of the discriminating and intellectual mind. Both of these presuppose a difference between self and not-self and the knowledge so attained is characterised by individuality and generality. Self realisation is based on identity and oneness; there is nothing to be discriminated or predicated concerning it. But to enter into it, the Bodhisattva must be free from all presuppositions and attachments to things, ideas and selfness.

Lankavatara Sutra, Section VII

Time is an unwholesome physician, for it deceives the patient daily with the expectation of the future, and before expelling old pains, it adds new ones to the old and accumulates daily so many evils that through the fallacious hope of life it leads to death. If you want to live today, live for God in whom yesterday and tomorrow are naught but today.

MARSILIO FICINO  
(Christian Mystic)







from "LOST ATLANTIS"

The highest Atlantean civilization was that developed by the Toltecs, who achieved a federal system ruled over by an Adept emperor. The dynasty was divine, and recruited from a lodge of initiates. The golden age of the Toltec empire lasted 10,000 years; then things began to go wrong. Priests and kings began to use their power malevolently. Black magic and witchcraft spread through the land. The kings took part in phallic rites and set up images of themselves for public worship. They bred loathsome monsters, which were enslaved with the worst types of elemental. A "black" rebellion drove the initiate emperor from the City of the Golden Gates and a rival was set up in the city. The "white" emperor was forced to take refuge in the seat of one of his tributary Toltec kings. Meanwhile the power of his rival increased and millions were converted to the black arts, while many "white" sympathisers, realising that a catastrophe was at hand, emigrated to foreign lands.

In due course a great cataclysm came. The wicked inhabitants of the City of the Golden Gates were swept to their death by the Atlantic waves and the "black" civilization was nearly annihilated. But the Black Arts survived, notwithstanding the terrible lesson of the past, through four successive cataclysms, until the coming of the final inevitable catastrophe which destroyed Poseidonis and to a great extent purified the world. Throughout this period there was always a "white" emperor in Atlantis who upheld the good right up to the very end.

Mention has already been made of the Toltec migrations led by the priests who anticipated the approaching cataclysms. The most important was that which led to the founding of the First Dynasty in Egypt. After the Golden Age of the Toltec empire was over and the first great catastrophe has failed to exterminate the black arts, the "white" initiates decided that purer surroundings were required and so a whole lodge was transferred to Egypt. The country at that time was thinly populated and the conditions were favorable for the planting of a new civilization.

210,000 years ago the Divine Dynasty of Egypt was founded. Colonists were brought from Atlantis and during the next 10,000 years the two great pyramids of Gizeh were built, as "permanent halls of initiation" and as shrines for some great talisman to be used in the forthcoming catastrophe prophesied by the initiates. In the catastrophe of 200,000 years ago Egypt was flooded, but after a long period it emerged and was again peopled by the descendants of its Atlantean inhabitants who had retired during the flood to the Abyssinian mountains, then an island in the Arabian Sea. The race type was modified by first Akkadian colonists from Atlantis. The country was again temporarily inundated in the Atlantean cataclysm of 80,000 years ago and the only buildings which survived were the pyramids. Then began the third Divine Dynasty and the early kings built the temple of Karnak and many of the other ancient buildings which are still extant.

(Egypt)







The ensuing period, leading up to the final cataclysm which submerged Atlantis and caused another tidal wave to sweep over Egypt, seems to have been chiefly remarkable for the rise of the cult of Osiris. According to the occultist, Paul Brunton, we must reject the official legend of Osiris, the "fantastic incredible myth" of the murder, the hacking into pieces and the putting together again. After "dangling the plummet of his mind into the problem...out of the silence of the past came this reply"...Among the Atlantean emigres during the decadence was the god-king Osiris, seeking pastures new for his "younger spiritual kity and kin" in Egypt. "The party under Osiris' immediate direction was taken to prehistoric Egypt, on whose shores they halted before presently sailing up the Nile, passing the pyramids and the Sphinx, preducts of the first Atlantean outflow, until Osiris bade them stop, not far from the present site of Abydos." There they settled and were peaceably accepted by the native populatin who were glad to be taught by them. After Osiris died his cult was handed down and long afterwards, when his teaching required recodifying, another teacher, Thoth arose and established a second center of Osirian mysteried at Sais. But by the time the final tidal wave swept over Egypt at the sinking of Poseidonis, the Lodge of Initiates had already been transferred elsewhere and the Divine Dynasty was at an end.









Meher Baba in Jabalpur in 1938.

## MEHER BABA IN MY LIFE

WE FIRST TOOK AVATAR MEHER BABA'S DARSHAN at the Marble Rocks at Jabalpur in December 1938. We and our guests had been standing outside the lower dak bungalow when we saw a group of men coming from a distance. My husband Cowas, and myself had not seen Baba but had seen Baba's photos given by S.M. Desai of Navsari and my husband's dear friend N.G. Bharucha, who was a devotee of Upasani

### A Housewife's Diary of Devotion Goolbai Cowas Bajan narrates her meetings with Meher Baba

Maharaj. The latter had spoken to Cowas about Meher Baba. Our desire was to see Meher Baba personally. When the group came closer, I told

Cowas that I was sure that the gentleman in the long white robe looked like Meher Baba. When Baba passed us, we did namaskars and bowed our heads. After a few minutes, Baba sent word, referring to us, that we could come in to see Him. We went in and took Baba's darshan. He blessed us and gave us three of His picture lockets. We requested Baba to permit our two sons and our guests to take darshan. Baba lovingly allowed this.



West Gathering and as part of my desire to share this forthcoming visit with others, I wrote a letter to my father about Baba and I also put it on tape.

About this time the foundry in New York had completed the casting of Elizabeth's portrait in bronze from the mould which my wife had prepared and so she went to Myrtle Beach to donate it to the Center. She also decided to take a copy of the tape recording of my letter and to my great surprise, within a few weeks I received a note from India stating that Meher Baba wanted me to bring a copy for Him when I made the trip. During our time in India He played it privately one day at Guruprasad for His disciples - we learned this from Mani, Baba's sister - and in the following year He played it again in public. I was of course flattered but humbled that Baba had taken the trouble to pay this attention to a newcomer.

So the East-West Gathering came to an end and on the morning of the last day, all the westerners had gathered in the great hall of Guruprasad where Meher Baba was staying in order to have their individual farewells with Him and I joined the line which formed before Him.

While in the line, I noticed that some people knelt while others prostrated themselves on the floor in order to kiss His feet and while I had no compunction about doing this, I did not know whether I would follow suit or whether I would elect to seek an embrace. Meher Baba Himself had not suggested these as alternatives but had left it up to each one to express himself as he chose.

However when my turn came, I instinctively chose the embrace because it gave me the opportunity to spend the last few moments in closer proximity to Him as well as the chance to whisper something in His ear, for one must remember that no personal interviews had been allowed during that great gathering. That was one of the conditions of our presence in India.

Now what had I whispered in Meher Baba's ear and why had I done it? Well, what I whispered in Meher



Louis Agostini at Meher Baba's Tomb in November, 1979.

Baba's ear was brief and simple but it accomplished what I had in mind, and that was to say, "Thank you for everything!"

And the everything I had in mind was firstly the opportunity He had so kindly and graciously provided in order to enable us to meet Him face to face and also to spend a few days in His presence, as well as for dissolving so much of my prior ignorance that in turn had given me a much better understanding of the meaning of life and the purpose of existence.

And so I could hardly believe that I was there in India in the actual presence of the one individual who more than any other, had done so much to change my outlook and about whom, in a moment of deep feeling and conviction, I had once written a note of unequivocal praise which I had folded and placed in my wallet, to remind me ever afterwards of my acceptance of his outstanding and incomparable spiritual greatness.

It now seems to me that really little time has passed since my youthful days with its troublesome questions and I begin to see that what my gross nature had translated then as an explosion in my mind was naught but a slight touch of the guiding hand of God, and also that I was not as prepared as I had so boldly claimed and stated at my first Baba meeting. In fact when after Meher Baba's death in 1969 I made the acquaintance of many young people who had not met Him, and observed their flaming and exemplary love for Him, to which I paid open and public tribute, I often wondered how my own soggy material had ever dried out sufficiently to be ignited by a spark from His love.

For the rest then it would have to be as Meher Baba's poet, Francis Brabazon had put it, a matter of "Weep and wait. Wait for the round of His time and the poetry of His word to enform us in likeness and paint us in livingness."



a brow was raised nor a voice mounted in protest. Actually what I read would sit well with any group of people interested in spiritual development, for it commenced: "If the universe had not been formed out of the divine essence, none of the creatures within it could ever truly hope to come into a diviner state." And it continued in that same vein.

With the meeting ended and everyone departed, we were now left to consider our imprisoned state, there being only one other visitor in the Center, a gentleman from Florida whose faith in Meher Baba was strongly articulated and left a deep impression on us.

The vast, verdant acreage which was so enticingly described in the leaflet, in our mind now hid a threatening army of snakes, while the lake had its own sinister peril which we were not prepared to test by using the gondola which was tied to the boathouse. Accordingly we stayed indoors and tried our unaccustomed hands at ping-pong but we soon tired of chasing the ball over the floor and gave up the game altogether.

There remained nothing else to do but examine the bookcases which lined the walls and what a surprise awaited me there! And thus it was there, that, I compellingly received my second but different introduction to Meher Baba by other people who had spent much more time with Him than Paul Brunton and were thus in a far better position to render a fairer estimate. What I had not been able to grasp in the bookstore on Fifth Avenue I now understood in a different presentation after we had taken the

trouble to make the longer trek to Myrtle Beach and I could feel my mind taking a complete turnaround as this fresh approach to Meher Baba continued over the next two weeks. And so delighted were we after our short stay that in spite of the roaches, snakes and alligators, my wife who is a professional sculptor, promised to return the following year to do a sculptured portrait of Elizabeth.

However there was one incident to which I would like to refer before proceeding further. One day we had summoned up enough courage to walk the trail through the woods to the sandy beach, having prudently armed ourselves with a long pole for any possible encounter with a snake. And we had taken with us a large beach-towel which my wife's brother had presented to us before we left New York, and while we were thus comfortably soaking up the autumnal sun, my attention was drawn for the first time to the words which had been printed on the towel which seemed to be the sort of thing which tourists love to collect as souvenirs.

I could hardly believe my eyes as I read the imprint: 'Myrtle Beach, South Carolina'. Now Myrtle Beach was a place which my brother-in-law had never visited nor been acquainted with in any way whatsoever, and moreover he had acquired the towel quite randomly in New York *before* we had even decided upon our visit. Thereupon I realized that this was no ordinary coincidence and it struck me that Meher Baba was certifying in His own way that we had indeed come to the right place.

And so it was in the following year of 1961 we returned to the Center - also in the fall and this time we were the only visitors.

A cottage on the far side of the lake was put at our disposal to serve as a studio to which Elizabeth came almost every day for a sitting and the portrait was completed by my wife in four weeks in a primary material.

On the last day, it was already dark by the time we had completed our evening meal in the kitchen which is located on the near side of the lake. But there was still much work to do

to convert the soft primary material of plastilene in which the portrait had been completed, into a hard plaster-of-paris negative mould that could be safely transported back to the foundry in New York.

However in order to get back to the studio we would have to cross the small foot-bridge spanning the narrow end of the lake and then make our way up a small incline through the darkened woods. But snakes were on our mind and having decided that discretion would be better and safer than a flashlight to light our way, we thought to telephone the accountant who lived some distance away at the entrance to the property. We would seek her assistance in getting us to the studio by her car through a little-used alternate road which was wide enough for a vehicle.

But thirty minutes of trying to reach her convinced us that the telephone had gone to bed with the sun. The hands of the clock were now showing 8:00 pm and the suspense was getting unbearable because nothing was happening and we just had to get back to the studio.

Accordingly I decided that the time had come for a throw of the heavenly dice. So standing in the middle of the kitchen floor, I raised my voice in a loud petition. "Baba," I implored, "we need your help right now!" and I immediately went to the telephone for another try. I lifted the receiver to my ear but before I had even curled my finger to commence dialing, I heard the voice of the accountant who said that she had been trying to get another number in downtown Myrtle Beach and had unaccountably reached us instead. I explained our predicament and she quickly came in her car and drove us through the darkened woods to the studio.

Now Meher Baba was physically in India but I was and will always remain utterly convinced that in His own mysterious fashion, he had stretched his invisible hand across two oceans and the continent in between to pluck us from the kitchen and place us safely in the studio that night.

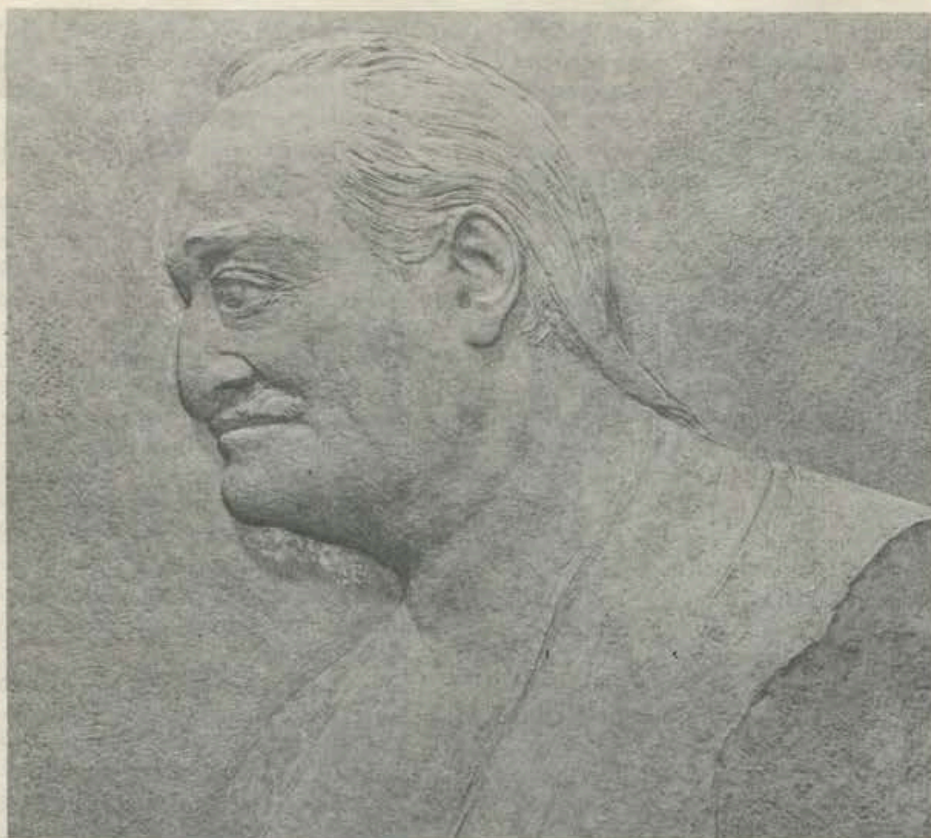
In the following year Meher Baba issued His invitation to attend the East-

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Baba we need your  
help right now.

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A bas-relief of Meher Baba sculpted by Vivian a year before she sculpted the medal.

very last letter which he wrote to me from Auckland, New Zealand, in response to my wish to drop the work I was doing for him because of my love for Meher Baba, he stated that he felt that his original statements about Meher Baba had been written by another person and that certainly if he had to do it over again, he would write differently. However as he had not seen Meher Baba since those long bygone days, he did not know what he would write.

And regarding the expression of my new relationship with Meher Baba, he wrote that the important thing was that I had found spiritual stimulus and help through finding Meher Baba and added, "I am only a writer and if what I have done is erroneous, perhaps you may be able to show me so?" Two years previously he had stated in print that he had finished the spiritual path and now he was only a writer! Was this a tongue-in-cheek statement? I had in mind to suggest that we should both visit India and attempt to see Meher Baba who was then in seclu-

sion but the obedient lover in me stayed my hand and I never replied to his question.

What possessed me in the summer of 1960 to suddenly remember the leaflet I had taken away from my first Meher Baba meeting some five years previously I cannot say, but my wife, Vivian and I then decided to see whether a visit to Myrtle Beach would finally rinse away the Meher Baba scent which evidently was still clinging to our awareness.

Accordingly in the fall of that year we arrived at the Center which had already been the site of three great gatherings which Meher Baba had held for his lovers in 1952, 1956 and 1958. Of course we were not there.

We were received at the Center by two of Baba's disciples who had lived in India at his ashram for a number of years but were now in charge of the Center. They were Kitty Davy, the English disciple and Elizabeth Patterson, the American disciple. We loved them from the start for they both possessed an inner glow which shone

through their respective temperments, and in fact any visitor to India will not fail to observe this same glow which shines through all the other disciples still living and working in that country.

We were taken to the communal kitchen and a cup of tea was poured for my wife from a thermos flask which was standing on the counter. And after our hostesses had left, my wife decided that nothing would be better than a second round of the same refreshment but to her astonishment, as she poured she saw floating in the clear amber liquid a species of roach common to the South.

What other surprises did this place hold? We did not have to wait long before we discovered that the snake-bite kit which was so prominently displayed in the kitchen for ready access, was there because the property harboured the three most venomous vipers on the North American continent. And that placid, picturesque lake which we could see through the kitchen window was the home for the granddaddy of all the alligators. Elizabeth had placed him there as a youngster over twenty years ago and no doubt his progeny was there as well.

Wasn't this carrying investigation too far beyond the call of reason, we asked ourselves, but there was nothing we could do and so we resigned ourselves to our position.

On our second day at the Center, Kitty came to me and said they were going to have a Baba meeting and then surprisingly she asked, "Would you like to read something about Meher Baba or anything else?" But I knew nothing about Meher Baba except what Paul Brunton had written and that certainly was no fare for a Baba meeting, so I seized on the 'something else'. I decided I would read something from one of Paul Brunton's latest books on philosophy which I had secretly packed in my suitcase as insurance against boredom, for we did not know what we would find at Myrtle Beach. I had of course already revealed my association with Paul Brunton.

But if it was a case of the heathen tramping roughly into the temple, not



stressed in his talk.

"You said," I commenced, "that Meher Baba has come into the world to awaken the consciousness of mankind. Then what is he waiting for?" and I concluded with "I am ready!" I do not remember the speaker's reply, because I must have been obviously unprepared to receive it and to hold it.

So the meeting came to an end and I was firmly convinced that I had spent a most unprofitable afternoon on a foolish and wasteful expedition sitting among the lunatic fringe. For, who beside a lunatic fringe ever expected a Second Coming in this modern, sophisticated and technological age of the 20th century - and in India of all places! What was wrong with America where the mass media possessed the greatest number of kilowatts?

However Fate was playing her inscrutable game that afternoon - and Fate or Chance as Anatole France had put it, is the pseudonym that God uses when He doesn't want to sign His name - for on my way out from the meeting I stopped at the door to accept a leaflet which described a Meher Spiritual Center - actually an Information Centre - at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. In time this was to become my most important directive, and as I look back now on my acceptance of the leaflet and with the experience I have since had, I am firmly convinced that it was Meher Baba's instant but silent reply to my somewhat angry, but nonetheless earnest, final question at the meeting.

Moreover, as I look back through the years on that afternoon's performance of attempting to sow the seeds of a personal disbelief which I had nurtured for some time regarding this unlikely story of a world redeemer in our midst, I view it differently. Not so much as a wantonly negative act directed outwards, but as a rebellion against my own self - an impatience with an exasperating inability to free my mind of some disturbing debris over which I had been stumbling for too many years.

Not long after the meeting, Meher Baba's major book dealing with the theme of creation and its purpose (*God*

*Speaks*) appeared, and being still curious about such matters, I hurried down to a Fifth Avenue bookstore to examine a copy. But having looked it over I decided that it was too difficult and toilsome a metaphysics for my own palate which thanks to Paul Brunton's later books on philosophy, inclined me more to the belief that the state of highest consciousness was attainable by pursuing a set of bodily and mental yogic disciplines.

And here again Fate stepped in with an unusual decree by arranging that while I was thus bathed in a glow of enchantment with my favourite philosopher, our paths should cross in New York City. We met, became friends and I was eventually asked to become his secretary. He was still a much-travelled person and I was able to care for his mail in New York City.

It is strange to reflect that in choosing me as his secretary from among his many friends, admirers and camp-

stage through intelligence, experience and authority. And that the possibilities for error were indeed great, was ironically illustrated by Brunton himself.

For at one time he had let it be known verbally to a close circle of friends, myself included, that while plunged in yogic trance he had received a vision of a terrible calamity undoubtedly resulting from nuclear warfare that would befall the world, affecting mostly the Northern Hemisphere.

I need not tell about the activity which siezed some of his friends, as a search was undertaken for a safe place in the Southern Hemisphere. I can even remember the time when I became convinced that such a safe place might be on the boundary between Peru and Bolivia. Why? Because the initials for these two countries were the same as Paul Brunton whom we endearingly addressed as 'PB'.

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"Weep and wait. Wait for the round of His time and the poetry of His Word to enform us in likeness and paint us in livingness."

Francis Brabazon

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followers, even including the man he sent to me after I had written him my first letter concerning a point about Spinoza - for he had replied that I should first speak to this man who was very familiar with all that he had written before I could have my first appointment with him - he had chosen the one person who in the end would tell him that he disagreed with his assessment of Meher Baba and that this guru whom he had so badly chastised in his book, had become the sadguru in my life.

I would like to get back to the state of highest consciousness as Brunton viewed it in order to make a point.

This state of highest consciousness, according to Brunton, unfolded first through intuition which is a secondary product of the mind, but it glimmers discontinuously during a period when the possibilities of error are immense. Hence checks must be supplied at this

Such was my enchantment in those days with my favourite philosopher. Of course he gave whatever scientific and other advice he was able to gather from his friends in Washington, but when he finally learned that he would not accompany the group, the idea melted away.

Regarding the above calamity, he later issued a printed circular entitled "The Message" which modified his forecast by stating that there were no longer any certainties and that the only real security lay in one's own karma and dependence on God.

In the same circular there appeared a curious paragraph in which Paul Brunton referred to himself as 'JR', meaning 'Jupiter Rex' or the king of the gods and pointed to himself as an example of a man who had reached the end of the spiritual path. I waited for a further explanation of this statement but it never came. In fact in the



and so he decided to investigate the worth of Upasni Maharaj himself. And in order to do this he journeyed to Bombay to interview a retired judge who debunks Upasni Maharaj by relating two experiences he had with him, only one of which I will mention.

In this case, the judge's son-in-law went to Maharaj to enquire whether it would be all right for him to buy a seat on the Bombay Stock Exchange and Maharaj replied that it would be very fortunate to do so. But the result was financially disastrous.

From this incident, the judge and Paul Brunton concluded that if that was the sort of undependable advice that a 'Perfect' Master dispensed to a young man who came to him in order to augment his worldly fortune, then there could be very little likelihood of merit in the story that the same Upasni Maharaj had been the source of the spiritual mechanics which had elevated Meher Baba in the far more difficult task to the topmost rung of the spiritual ladder.

The whole lesson contained in this episode was lost on the judge, on Paul Brunton and on me when I read the story initially for it all seemed so logical. But it was only surface reasoning.

The only benefit a spiritual master is interested in conferring on any individual who has come to him, is spiritual benefit. And if he deems it necessary to empty the hands of that individual of what he considers to be worldly trash that will hinder the individual's spiritual development, he will unhesitatingly do so even at the cost of great pain to that individual for the sake of the future spiritual benefit which will accrue to that individual.

Paul Brunton should have paused at this point to do some reflection for he had also taken the trouble to travel to Poona to visit Hazrat Babajan on two occasions. And he is very frank in reporting in his book that these excursions had left him with a strong, favourable and remarkable impression. She appeared to him to be beyond the run of ordinary humanity and to be possessed of some strange power that was sufficient to startle the most hide-bound rationalist. Yet despite this exceptional evidence

which his meeting with Hazrat Babajan had produced, Brunton refused to allow it any weight in the final adverse judgement he drew up against Meher Baba.

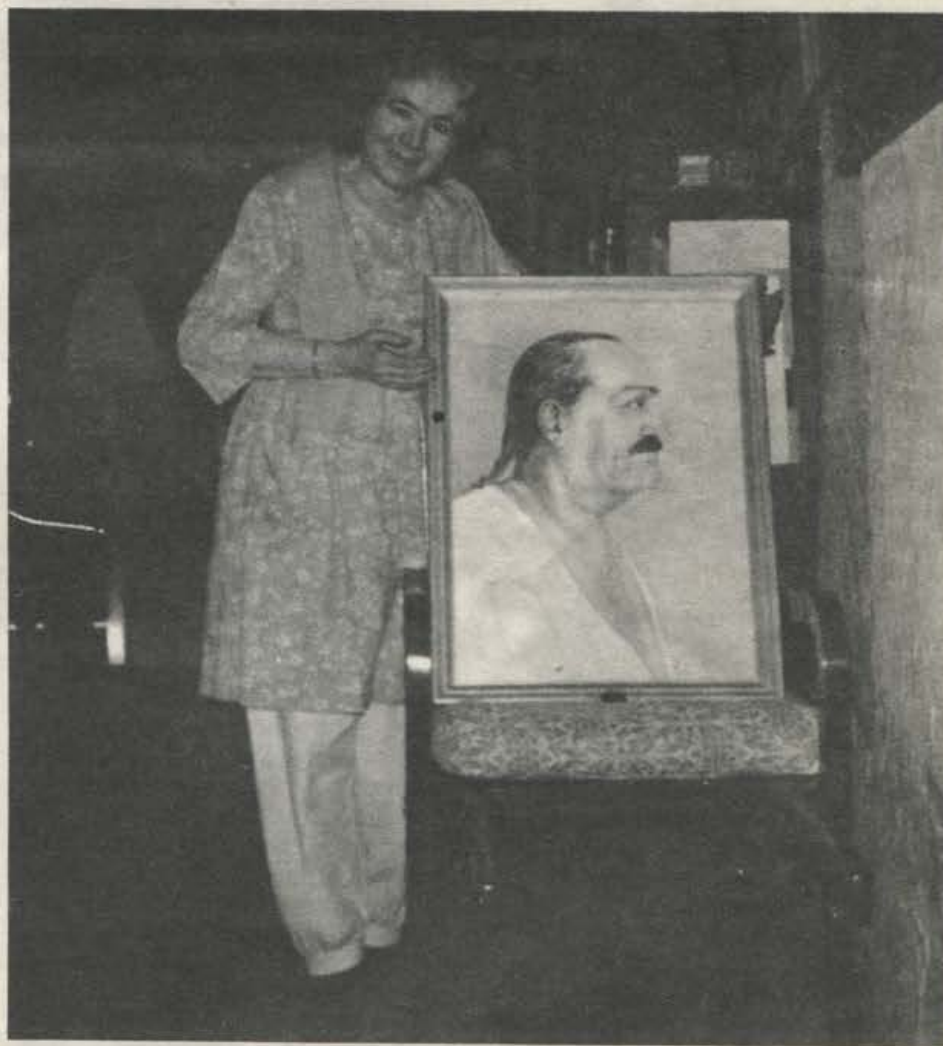
It will be seen therefore that I was quite familiar with the name and the claim of a man called Meher Baba when I saw an advertisement in *The New York Times* many years ago that someone was going to talk about him at a public meeting. So armed as I was then with a criticism which was only a borrowed one but which I nevertheless wished to press on others, I hurried to the meeting to secure a seat in one of the front rows.

The speaker was Darwin Shaw whom I did not know at the time, and it turned out that he had recently returned from spending an incredible

three weeks with Meher Baba at Meherabad.

I cannot recall much of what he said that afternoon, for it must have been out of context for me as I knew Meher Baba only from the view which Brunton had presented in his book. And so I was impatient for question time to arrive, and when it did, I was quickly on my feet with the first question of the day. "What do you think of Paul Brunton's assessment of Meher Baba?" I enquired.

However my first sword-thrust was blunted by the speaker's disclaimer that he had not read the book and therefore was in no position to supply an answer. So when the next opportunity presented itself, I was again on my feet and this time I based my question on something the speaker had



Meher Baba's sister, Mani S. Irani with a painting of the Beloved by Vivian Agostini. The painting is on permanent display in Mandali Hall, Meherabad.



beautiful Baba's birthday February 25th, 52 close ones at our house. It was a happy occasion remembering Baba.

**Q:** Was Donkin able to clarify?

**A:** Donkin too did not know what he was carrying. Baba must have called for The Book, so it was wrapped up in a sari and handed over to Baba. Donkin testified to this and informed us, "I didn't know it was The Book. It was a bundle that Elizabeth had sent, I simply handed it over to Baba."

**Q:** Did the search continue in the vaults here?

**A:** Yes, we inquired at the banks and after a considerable search, we learned that it had been kept in a safe deposit vault and two of Baba's mandali, Ramjoo Abdulla and Kaka Baria, who were co-signors, had removed it. The document reads: We, the undersigned Ardeshir Baria and Ramjoo Abdulla hereby jointly conform having agreed between ourselves in respect of safe number 2472 Class C, hired by us, on or about the 19th of August 1948 from Central Bank of India Ltd., Safe Deposit Dept., Bombay, under memorandum of letter number 18547 as follows: That is to say (i) to declare, and it is hereby jointly declared by us that in case of death of any of us, the survivor is authorized to be solely entitled to have access to the said safe number 2472, and to all the rights and benefits under the said document number 18547 and (ii) that in case of death of both of us, notwithstanding anything that may or may not happen to be written to the contrary in, or by way of, our last will or wills, Merwan Sheriar Irani Esquire, also known as Meher Baba, shall be recognised as our only legal representative, executor, administrator, and heir and fully and completely entitled to have access to the safe and to own and possess for all times all the contents in the said safe."

As you can see, Baba was about to leave for the New Life on October 16, 1949, so He carefully saw to all the details. This document was signed on the 12th day of June 1949 in the presence of Shri Adi K. Irani and Dr. G.R. Irani.

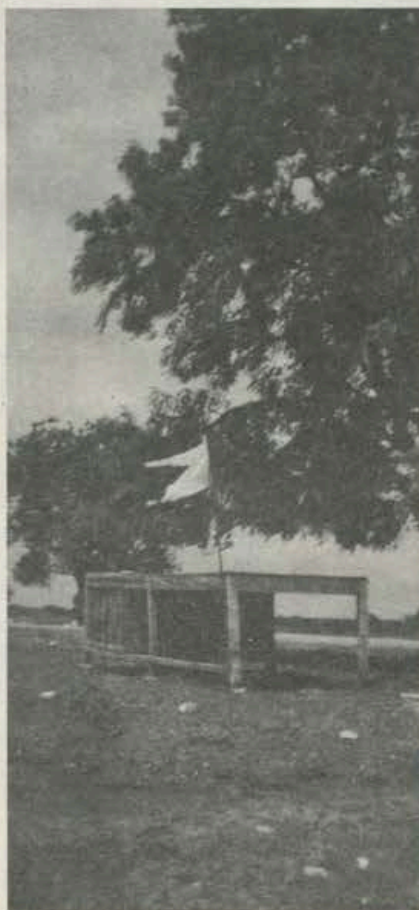
**Q:** For how long were the contents kept in this particular safe?

**A:** This very safe was renewed on August 19, 1955 till October 28, 1955. Then in 1955, Sarosh, who had been given a power of attorney, removed

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When The Book comes out...the scientists, who are baffled by this creation, will come to know many secrets.

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The Table-cabin in 1935.

the contents from the safe and handed everything to Baba.

We have made every effort to search for The Book, but we don't know where The Book is now. There are people who mistrust us, they think we know where The Book is. But we don't know. If I were to know where The Book is I wouldn't have asked the question to Baba, nor do the mandali here speak about it, because nobody knows where The Book is.

**Q:** Has Baba ever said anything about the contents of The Book?

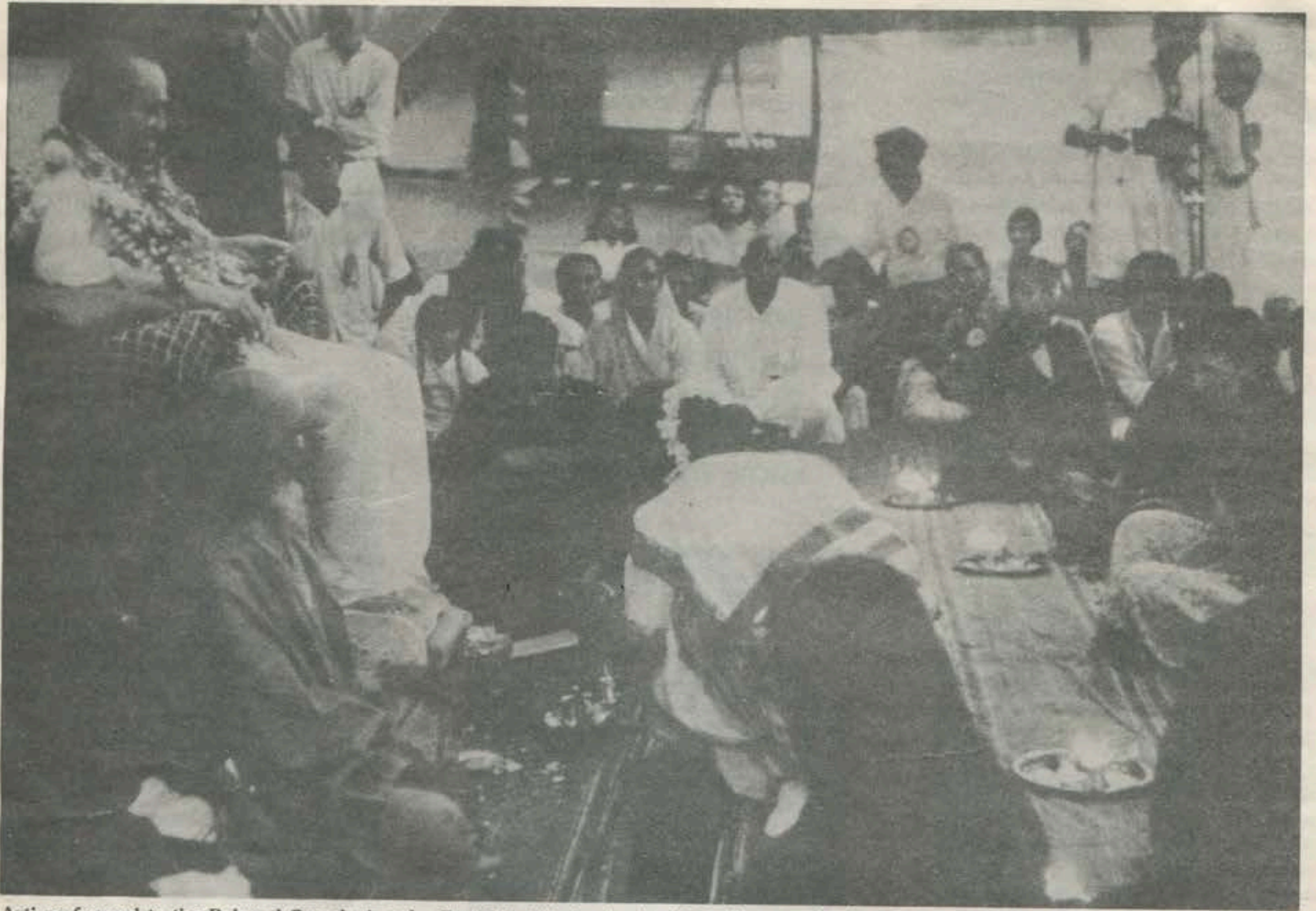
**A:** Baba used to speak about The Book, of course through gestures, telling us that when The Book comes out and is in the hands of the people, not only will they be benefitted, but the scientists, who are baffled by this creation, will come to know many secrets.

**ANZAR'S NOTE:** During an interview Adi Irani mentioned that he had seen a few pages of The Book and they were written in a admixture of languages; English, Gujarati, Persian and Marathi. In 1931 during the Baba-Gandhi meeting, Baba gave Gandhi a complete chapter from The Book and the title was 'Creation'. Adi recalled having drawn a chart based on writings in The Book and taking it to Europe with him in the thirties. It was shown to some visiting scientists, but he could not remember who the chart was given to.

In 1936, Meher Baba asked Rano Gayley to do a special painting under His direction. He wanted, He said, a large chart of the 10 circles of 120 persons who surround the Avatar in each advent. Baba wanted the chart to measure 5 feet by 8 feet, to be done in oils. The story of how the chart was completed is described in considerable detail in Rano's book 'Because of Love', along with illustrations. This chart, never explained by Meher Baba to any of His disciples, is presumed to be explained in detail in The Book.

If readers have any thoughts about The Book or any conjectures please write to the Editor c/o, The Meher Baba Work, P.O. Box 10, New York, N.Y. 10185.





Arti performed to the Beloved One during the East-West Gathering in 1962, the year the Agostinis met Meher Baba.

## TO KNOW HIM, LOVE HIM, OBEY HIM

How I was drawn to Meher Baba

by Louis Agostini

**THE IDEA** sometimes come to mind that all souls are like so many canvases being patiently filled by the Great Painter in His own mysterious way with subtle brush-strokes which for those who have been drawn to the Avatar of the present age, constitute their story of coming to Meher Baba.

IN MY OWN CASE, the first brush-stroke I can remember, happened so far back in memory that it seems like another lifetime. One day while at play, the thought of inevitable death suddenly exploded in my mind for no immediate or previous reason. I had witnessed no funerals, experienced no

deaths in my circle of family or friends, overheard no talk about this melancholy subject and the matter certainly had not tainted even the most passing thought. And being unable to cope with this strange explosion which had so summarily laid a cold hand on the joy of living-and of playing too, I

ended up in a most tearful state with my head buried in a pillow in the privacy of my bedroom.

Had I but known it then, I would have recognized that Truth had just presented itself at my door in one of its most unattractive modes and I was to be constantly preoccupied with



dwelling on this enigma. And as if to mock me still further, Fate carried me soon thereafter across the threshold of my very first school which was located on a narrow road across from a cemetery where I could witness the sombre spectacle of daily internments.

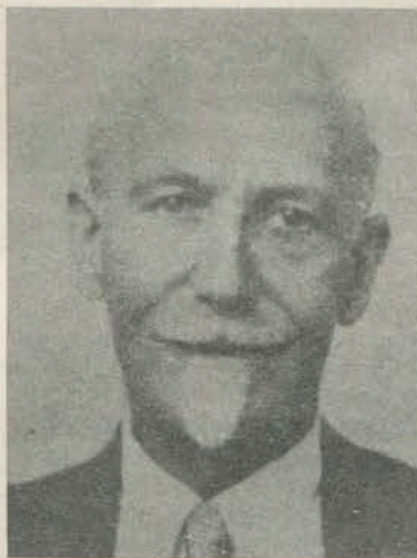
How I ever managed to keep my mind on my elementary studies I shall never know, for that cross-marked cemetery and the threat it represented, distracted me daily. For in my youthful mind, death then consisted of an eternity of dark and silent and lonely nights lying immobilized beneath six feet of earth, and I am sure that had I been familiar with the comic verse which a cynical poet once penned on this dreary subject, my dilemma would have been compounded one hundred fold. He wrote:

*Death has got something to be said for it.  
You don't have to get out of bed for it.  
Wherever you may be - they'll bring it to  
you, FREE!*

I developed several ideas of my own which I felt could have aided the Creator to make life a more relaxed and safer existence, especially in view of the dogmas which a fundamentalist environment had gradually began to bequeath, but alas there was no celestial suggestion-box to receive them.

When I grew older a fresh difficulty began to confront me as the problem of individuality arose involuntarily in my mind. I found myself thinking over and repeating my name many times, wondering who that person was, for the words seemed to be quite meaningless and that beyond them lay something which I could not grasp. Needless to say, my feeble efforts at reflection brought no understanding about this tantalizing mystery and so I made not the slightest dent in it for I was of course light-years from grasping Tagore's mystical pronouncement that "He whom I enclose with my name, is weeping in this dungeon."

During the time I attended college I felt that at last my barque had drifted into some friendly currents, for after some years at that old and venerable institution where Greek and Latin were still being taught, I was approached with the suggestion that



Paul Brunton in 1958.

perhaps I would like to consider the priesthood as a way of life. At the time I gave my affirmative answer, the truth is that I was both overwhelmed by this invitation from authority and also secretly bent on self-serving by securing what I felt was an assured pathway to a safe place in the hereafter.

However if I was thinking of an inside track with God, I was soon to be disillusioned. For the absurd proposal at one of the private talks with my priestly counsellor to explain procreation to one who already knew the fabled part of the stork in contributions to the bread-basket that populated the world, would make a lively section for a paperback entitled "The Secret Life of Monsignor the Priest." If virtue was likely to be so tenuous behind cloistered walls, then the logic of priesthood seemed to me to be somewhat imperfect and a better answer would have to be found elsewhere.

However college was not entirely without profit. One day we were all in chapel during a Lenten retreat listening to a sermon by a brilliant speaker, but he was long-winded and I found myself wondering whether he couldn't just give us a small capsule of advice that was easy to memorize as I was anxious to get back to the playground to resume our game of left-handed cricket. And just as if the

two of us were alone in the chapel and I had addressed him directly, he immediately gave an answer which I remember to this day. All one had to do, he said, was to know Him, love Him and serve (obey) Him. I had a strange feeling that God was listening to me that day but I still wanted clearer clues to this exhortation.

The years passed in wandering in and out of bookstores and passing through many portals which seemed promising. I had lived in London eleven years after Meher Baba's first visit to that metropolis, one of whose citizens had already drawn attention to him in a best-selling book and I had even vacationed in Devonshire where Meher Baba had spent some time with Meredith Starr, one of his first English followers, but I was not destined to learn of his existence until I settled in New York City several years later.

One day a pamphlet from a small mail-order house in Manhattan from which I had been making purchases, arrived in my mailbox and it advertised two or three books by an Englishman, Paul Brunton, whose credentials were impressive. He had retired at an early age after having been the publicity director of three large corporations in London, he was a reporter with a skilful pen, an editor of some experience, a yogi at heart and a would-be philosopher. Truth had been his quest and in furtherance of this search he had travelled widely in Eastern lands, even electing at one time to spend a night by himself in meditation in the King's Chamber in the Great Pyramid at Giza in Egypt.

But because of my British colonial background which had charged my education with a fair knowledge of that once far-flung Empire, including of course the geography and history of India, and because of my familiarity with the pattern of Indian life from that area of the tropical world where I had once lived for almost two score years, I elected to purchase the Englishman's book wherein he described what he had found in India.

The book was entitled "A Search in Secret India" and I found it so absorbing that I read it in two days and readied myself for whatever else he



had written. Little did I realize at the time that this book would cause me to visit India five times. It was first published in England in 1933 and later in the United States in 1935 and it has enjoyed unusual success. For whereas most books of this kind disappear from the bookstores after at most, ten years, this book is still available today, more than fifty years after its first appearance, in bookstores which specialize in this kind of literature.

Two chapters of the book were devoted to Meher Baba, the most spectacular of all the figures on the Indian landscape whom Paul Brunton had met and so it was Meher Baba who received the greatest amount of attention in the book.

But it was quickly evident on reading the book that Paul Brunton had come to a swift conclusion that Meher Baba's assertions about his role as a world redeemer were nothing but a compound of fanciful exaggerations and Oriental fantasy. Meher Baba, he wrote, was suffering from paranoia, that is, illusions about his own grandeur. And no matter that he conceded that there were grains of religious genius in many of Meher Baba's sayings and that Meher Baba himself exuded a gentle atmosphere, the overall picture that his facile pen drew of Meher Baba was a harsh and critical one. Meher Baba, he said, suffered from no modesty and he added, "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, while others appoint a press agent. "He meant by the latter that Meher Baba favoured this course when he asked Paul Brunton to return to England and work for him.

The author however declined on the ground that he first wanted Meher Baba to grant him some yogic expansion of consciousness which would reveal life's secrets to him, and he also wanted Meher Baba to perform a series of miracles which would convince the West that Meher Baba was indeed a superman.

"Stay with me then!" invited Meher Baba, but Paul Brunton packed his suitcase after spending only one week of an invited one month's stay at the ashram at Nasik—he had already seen Meher Baba once before at

Meherabad—and left, utterly convinced that this strange phenomenon of a self-styled Messiah was a fruit that would soon wither on its vine.

The manner in which Brunton presented the case against Meher Baba was sufficiently plausible to mould the opinion of a cynical audience from which I did not exclude myself, but as I discovered much later he had omitted something that ought to have been revealed. I am referring to the fact that before he ever landed in India and while he was still living in England, he used to write poems in praise of Meher Baba. And I have in my possession an article by him—taken from the old Meher Baba Journals—entitled "The West Needs Meher Baba." These were all written by him



The Meher Baba Medal, with the 'Mastery in Servitude' emblem on the reverse, sculpted by Vivian.

under his original name of H. Raphael Hirsch, 'Paul Brunton' being his pen-name.

I had often wondered how it was that Brunton had managed to see Meher Baba within one month of landing in India and although he had mentioned having had some correspondence with Meher Baba's secretary who at that time was Vishnu, he went no further than this bald statement in the book.

What then had caused this somersault in his feelings towards Meher Baba? The answer may have rested partly in the following. Meher Baba had always discouraged His disciples from taking issue with those who criticised Him, including of course Paul Brunton, and although this may have been in keeping with His well-known intention that 'He needed opposition for his work', the result of

such an order was that a rounded point of view of events and circumstances was impossible to attain. For Meher Baba thus intentionally allowed only the opposition to speak while He made no effort to defend himself.

In any case, as I have gathered it, when Paul Brunton first met Meher Baba at Meherabad, he told Baba that he wanted to write a book about Him and Meher Baba replied that that was not the time to write anything about Him.

This answer was as unexpected as it was frustrating for Brunton had hardly begun his investigation of the vast Indian sub-continent and his reporter's instincts could not comprehend this decision of Meher Baba which was further fortified by Baba's order to His disciples that they should not speak to Brunton. This quarantine was also extended by the fact that for the time of his short stay, Brunton was supplied with a servant who spoke no English.

So it was suggested that the ensuing fit of pique which resulted was the cause of Brunton's hasty departure from Baba's ashram and it was this mood which then became reflected in "A Search in Secret India."

I do not propose to go into the details of Paul Brunton's criticisms of Meher Baba except to take up the point of his investigation of Upasni Maharaj, the Hindu Perfect Master who had restored Meher Baba to gross consciousness, coupled with the God Consciousness which had already been bestowed on Him by the Moham-medan woman Perfect Master, Hazrat Babajan.

All those who have read the biography of Meher Baba will already be familiar with the story of the unveiling of the superconsciousness of the Avatar as explained by Meher Baba, which allows the Avatar to assume His office and begin to function at the head of the Spiritual Hierarchy which rules the creation.

This is necessarily a mysterious act which happens at a level of being to which the gross mind of man has and can have no access. But Paul Brunton is not prepared to accept such things



1. International Situation: There is a great change in the world situation during the past eighteen months. There seems to be no real danger this year but as you know I used to say that 1962 might be a critical year. That is still true, but I do not now believe that Khrushchev wants war while he can continue the cold war. His scientific advisers have frightened him with their picture of what war would mean to the world including Russia--and to both antagonists if war did happen. The real danger lies in the fanaticism, materialism and ruthlessness of one man, Mao Tse-tung, who is definitely aggressively minded. But since he is not equipped to start a war, and could not be before two years at the very least, and four to five years in the opinion of some experts, it may well be that 1962 will also not be in real danger. There is also a possibility that he and Khrushchev may part company.

2. Operation Shield: All previously held opinions on the comparative safety of various areas must be revised radically. These opinions were based on the fallout data available at that time--but such data was predicated on the basis of the nuclear tests. The scientific results of the International Geophysical Year now available show that we can no longer proceed on this premise. Scientists agree that in event of war the entire planetary system would be flooded with radioactivity because of the immense quantities thrown into the atmosphere. Thus there is no longer any certainty of safety from fallout anywhere in the world. This is a day of judgement for the whole world.

Further, the use being made by Russia of Castro to spread communism in SA will undoubtedly increase and develop, along with his anti-American activities. The dangers of mob violence in many SA countries has, and will, increase. However, SA will certainly be less of a bomb target than the USA, if indeed it is one at all.

There is no solution as such for a safe location. I no longer recommend any place. However, there is a partial solution. Scientists agree that breaks would occur in the world-wide radioactive coverage which would provide areas of safety, but they cannot foretell where these breaks would be. Also, to minimize the danger of total world destruction, both antagonists are likely to employ "clean" bombs to reduce the amount of radioactive fallout hurled into the planetary system. And the Chinese, who need living space to accommodate their over-population, would employ these clean bombs against targets and large cities to leave large areas available for colonization.

Thus, the radius of effectiveness of a clean bomb being 30 miles, if one can reside at least 30 miles or more from a possible target, the odds in favour of comparative safety are tremendously increased. About one third of the world's population will be saved to carry on if a war comes, including many from the northern hemisphere, including indeed the USA, Europe and Russia.

3. The Real Solution: In the past we have acted on the premise that the saving of one's life would allow longer time to make headway on the quest. But this is long-path thinking, and also places too much emphasis on the physical survival of the body. Our purpose for being on earth is a spiritual one; therefore the only true solution must likewise be a spiritual one. We have seen above that there will be areas of safety throughout the world; it will lie in the will of God, and to some extent our personal karma, whether the area where one is living is protected by a break in the atmosphere or not. Therefore the only practical solution to Operation Shield, the only real safety, is complete dependence on the Higher Power. This, of course, entails application of the short-path: the cutting of the Gordian knot of the long-path with its preoccupation with the faults of the ego. Needless to say, and more importantly, this solution provides also the opportunity for hastened spiritual advancement as well as survival.







4. An Opportunity for Questers: There comes a time on this path when questers are given the opportunity to stand on their own feet and show what they have absorbed from the teachings. It is an inevitable period which has to come and to be negotiated.

Everything is subject to change, as Gautama taught, and JR's role is no longer the same. We can't go on as though things were the same; the relationship must undergo change--for the questers' benefit and for his work. For some years he has been edging into semi-retirement and is now going into deeper retirement for the time being. Eventually he hopes to see all the questers again when this phase is over--but he cannot do so now nor can he get involved in correspondence or answering personal or spiritual questions. He has to be outwardly away and free to attend to his personal assignment which involves the fate of millions. He cannot allow himself to be distracted by the few and they should not be so selfish as to expect him to.

"Has he deserted us just at the crucial time when we need him most? What are we to do?" That's just the point: just when they seem to need him most is the indicated time for them to stand on their own feet, to develop the use of their own faculties. It could not be otherwise, and both we and JR must obey this inevitable law.

We can find the real JR within ourselves. "Realization means understanding by yourself."

There is a strong current today in such a critical time as this, a current leading to the Higher Power. With such an unprecedented threat menacing the entire world, because of yang and ying, there comes also an unprecedented opportunity for speedy spiritual advancement. We can make greater strides in this lifetime than we could in dozens of other lifetimes put together. Sooner or later we have to get down to the business of finishing the path--it does have an end--and we mustn't think it beyond our reach. JR is the example that it can be done. The short path techniques, coupled with this spiritual current, can carry us to realization in this lifetime--if we make up our minds accordingly. And, even if we do not make the final grade, the efforts and progress we do make, will be invaluable for the next incarnation. And, of course, these same efforts will help provide the karma and safety in the international situation, as previously explained in paragraph 3.

SUMMARY: There are no longer any certainties. It is impossible to predict the outcome of present activities for peace and to say whether or not the future will be bright or dark. The only real security today is dependence on God. Everything is in a state of delicate balance and the final result may even be some years off, whether for good or bad.

In this unsettled situation, JR regrets he is not able to give advice. He will make no further predictions; we have the facts and must resolve them for ourselves. (Unless he comes across new scientific data, etc., which he will pass on. Likewise, if he receives a definite revelation re time and place, he will pass it on BUT he does NOT expect it.)

Now is the time, the opportunity to make rapid progress. And we can only make it by being left to stand on our own feet.

Nevertheless, JR never forgets those who do not forget him. And the inner tie is the more important.







1. International Situation: There is a great change in the world situation during the past eighteen months. There seems to be no real danger this year but as you know I used to say that 1962 might be a critical year. That is still true, but I do not now believe that Krushchev wants war while he can continue the cold war. His scientific advisers have frightened him with their picture of what war would mean to the world including Russia--and to both antagonists if war did happen. The real danger lies in the fanaticism, materialism and ruthlessness of one man, Mao Tse-tung, who is definitely aggressively minded. But since he is not equipped to start a war, and could not be before two years at the very least, and four to five years in the opinion of some experts, it may well be that 1962 will also not be in real danger. There is also a possibility that he and Krushchev may part company.

2. Operation Shield: All previously held opinions on the comparative safety of various areas must be revised radically. These opinions were based on the fallout data available at that time--but such data was predicated on the basis of the nuclear tests. The scientific results of the International Geophysical Year now available show that we can no longer proceed on this premise. Scientists agree that in event of war the entire planetary system would be flooded with radioactivity because of the immense quantities thrown into the atmosphere. Thus there is no longer any certainty of safety from fallout anywhere in the world. This is a day of judgement for the whole world.

Further, the use being made by Russia of Castro to spread communism in SA will undoubtedly increase and develop, along with his anti-American activities. The dangers of mob violence in many SA countries has, and will, increase. However, SA will certainly be less of a bomb target than the USA, if indeed it is one at all.

There is no solution as such for a safe location. I no longer recommend any place. However, there is a partial solution. Scientists agree that breaks would occur in the world-wide radioactive coverage which would provide areas of safety, but they cannot foretell where these breaks would be. Also, to minimize the danger of total world destruction, both antagonists are likely to employ "clean" bombs to reduce the amount of radioactive fallout hurled into the planetary system. And the Chinese, who need living space to accommodate their over-population, would employ these clean bombs against targets and large cities to leave large areas available for colonization.

Thus, the radius of effectiveness of a clean bomb being 30 miles, if one can reside at least 30 miles or more from a possible target, the odds in favour of comparative safety are tremendously increased. About one third of the world's population will be saved to carry on if a war comes, including many from the northern hemisphere, including indeed the USA, Europe and Russia.

3. The Real Solution: In the past we have acted on the premise that the saving of one's life would allow longer time to make headway on the quest. But this is long-path thinking, and also places too much emphasis on the physical survival of the body. Our purpose for being on earth is a spiritual one; therefore the only true solution must likewise be a spiritual one. We have seen above that there will be areas of safety throughout the world: it will lie in the will of God, and to some extent our personal karma, whether the area where one is living is protected by a break in the atmosphere or not. Therefore the only practical solution to Operation Shield, the only real safety, is complete dependence on the Higher Power. This, of course, entails application of the short-path; the cutting of the Gordian knot of the long-path with its preoccupation with the faults of the ego. Needless to say, and more importantly, this solution provides also the opportunity for hastened spiritual advancement as well as survival.







4. An Opportunity for Questers: There comes a time on this path when questers are given the opportunity to stand on their own feet and show what they have absorbed from the teachings. It is an inevitable period which has to come and to be negotiated.

Everything is subject to change, as Gautama taught, and JR's role is no longer the same. We can't go on as though things were the same; the relationship must undergo change--for the questers' benefit and for his work. For some years he has been edging into semi-retirement and is now going into deeper retirement for the time being. Eventually he hopes to see all the questers again when this phase is over--but he cannot do so now nor can he get involved in correspondence or answering personal or spiritual questions. He has to be outwardly away and free to attend to his personal assignment which involves the fate of millions. He cannot allow himself to be distracted by the few and they should not be so selfish as to expect him to.

"Has he deserted us just at the crucial time when we need him most? What are we to do?" That's just the point: just when they seem to need him most is the indicated time for them to stand on their own feet, to develop the use of their own faculties. It could not be otherwise, and both we and JR must obey this inevitable law.

We can find the real JR within ourselves. "Realization means understanding by yourself."

There is a strong current today in such a critical time as this, a current leading to the Higher Power. With such an unprecedented threat menacing the entire world, because of yang and ying, there comes also an unprecedented opportunity for speedy spiritual advancement. We can make greater strides in this lifetime than we could in dozens of other lifetimes put together. Sooner or later we have to get down to the business of finishing the path--it does have an end--and we mustn't think it beyond our reach. JR is the example that it can be done. The short path techniques, coupled with this spiritual current, can carry us to realization in this lifetime--if we make up our minds accordingly. And, even if we do not make the final grade, the efforts and progress we do make, will be invaluable for the next incarnation. And, of course, these same efforts will help provide the karma and safety in the international situation, as previously explained in paragraph 3.

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In this unsettled situation, JR expects us to not rely on him for guidance. He will make no further predictions; we have the facts and must resolve them for ourselves. (Unless he comes across new scientific data, etc., which he will pass on. Likewise, if he receives a definite revelation re time and place, he will pass it on BUT he does NOT expect it.)

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Berlingske Tidende, 21st August 1952

Modern man has no time to take an interest in his soul.

The English expert on religious history and yoga, Dr. Paul Brunton, on the spiritual crisis of our time and the way out of it.

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"Nowadays we have attained an exceedingly high degree of intellectual development and that is excellent, but we have not simultaneously got to know our own feelings. Man commands the outer world, but not the inner one. Indeed, modern civilisation has made us so overworked that we have simply not got the time to look after our soul...."

These thoughts are expressed by the English expert on religious history, Dr. Paul Brunton; Dr. Brunton is one of the travelling scholars. During the last 30 years he has had no fixed abode and, though college-trained, he never wanted to work as a pedagogue. He will not teach others but learn himself, as he says. For 3 months he has stayed in Denmark where he has finished his latest book, "The spiritual Crisis of Man", which will appear in English this autumn. To-day he is leaving for Holland, from where he is going to India to stay for about 6 months in that country, the metaphysics of which he knows better than most of his contemporaries. He has especially studied the yogis and their doctrine.

Dr. Brunton is a short and slender man. He speaks distinctly and in a low voice, a very low voice, indeed. He hardly permits himself a smile, but his eyes are faintly ironical, both cool and ardent.

"You must not think", he hastens to say, "that I am of opinion that the Indian forms of faith may be directly transferred to Western Europe. I do not recommend complete withdrawal from the world, nor do I want people to run away to monasteries and forests to spend their lives there in quiet contemplation. It is simply impossible. But I do think we must dive into the depths of our own minds and penetrate to the innermost true source of our moral impulses. You may call it the soul, though "soul" is not the proper word and does not express exactly what I mean....."

Greater inner peace.

"-Can we contact or grasp our own soul?"

"-At any rate we may catch faint glimpses of it. Great artists know this feeling, for instance composers while they are creating. It is a feeling of our relationship to God, the directive power behind the outer world of things, an intuitive experience especially found in the great Catholic mystics."

"-And what do we obtain through this higher realisation? Greater happiness?"

"-No, happiness is not the goal, but greater peace, perhaps, peace in our own hearts and peace with our surroundings."

"-What concrete path do you recommend to gain this greater peace?"

"-My solution is a compromise. Obviously Westerners cannot withdraw from the world. But everyone can spare 20 or 30 minutes daily, during which period they cut themselves completely off from their surroundings and forget everything about their personal lives. Then we may very slowly learn how to turn our attention inwards and still our thoughts. It is a kind of mental relaxation technique that gradually gives us greater peace and a better understanding of the meaning of our life in this world. But, of course, we are not to disregard the intellectual forces. That is as dangerous as making them supreme. We must not get lost in dreams....."

"-Is this the only path?"

"-No, it is not the only one. There are many others. You may find balance in the beauty of Nature or in music. It is obvious that there is a great need of balance in the world....."

Freudianism has gone to extremes.

"-Does your doctrine of living involve any dangers?"

"-Many. Above all I must emphasise that this is not a doctrine for everybody. You must be prepared. Hysterical or neurotic persons must first go through a very strenuous self-discipline, before they are ready, but it has been a pleasure to me to see that a great number of people have succeeded in preparing themselves. Formerly the majority of those interested in these problems were women and unbalanced persons; now the intellectual are interested, too. I have contacted many physicians in this country....."



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The English expert on religious history and yoga, Dr. Paul Brunton, on the spiritual crisis of our time and the way out of it.

"How have we attained an exceedingly high degree of intellectual development and that is excellent, but we have not simultaneously got to know our own feelings, our own inner world, but not the inner one. Indeed, modern civilization has made us so overworked that we have simply not got the time to look after our soul...."

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"-What is your opinion of Freud?"

"-Freud's doctrine has been useful, especially his study of sexual life and of the fear and the inhibitions formerly connected with it. Since that time people have gone to the other extreme. In America a veritable sex rage is prevailing. Boys and girls of 15 or 16 are practising complete sexual liberty, and the result is a sexual life devoid of any sense of responsibility. A healthy balance is needed here, too...."

"-Do you know Karen Horney and her doctrine of neuroses?"

"-Dr. Horney is an acquaintance of mine and we agree that modern psychology is only a stage on the path leading to true self-realisation. Psychology must reach the point where it finds the soul and rejects materialism...."

"-And what is your opinion of Huxley's yoga practise?"

"-Huxley is a typical representative of a whole group of intellectuals who realise that thinking is not enough. Their scepticism has, as it were, bit off its own head. But Huxley has gone too far in his complete breaking through everything connecting him with the world...."

"-Do you think your doctrine of meditation may influence the political situation?"

"-Only in a very indirect way - and very slowly. Those who cultivate the soul will cherish better feelings towards each other. They cannot go on hating each other. They will understand that there are psychical laws which cannot be broken. As for myself I have never meddled in active politics...."

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Nationaltidende, August 1952

Not fanatical - there are other paths than Yoga.

Interview with the English yoga expert, Dr. Paul Brunton, who has made a yoga system for Westerners whose way of life makes it impossible for them to practise the Eastern form of yoga.

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The English writer and yoga expert, Dr. Paul Brunton, who is one of the Westerners who has the best understanding of the spirit of the East, has spent some months in Denmark where he has finished his latest book and carried on negotiations with a publishing-house for a Danish edition of one of his former books: The Quest of the Overself, which will appear this autumn.

At a very early age Dr. Brunton began practising meditation which gave him a strong feeling of mental peace. At that time he did it only for his own sake. He was a journalist, but suddenly he burnt his bridges and went to the Orient to study his many interests that comprised, among other things, yoga, philosophy, and art. He was accepted as a student by a yogi with whom he stayed for several years. He learned a lot of systems and being a writer he got the idea of writing down his knowledge, thinking that these things might be valuable to Westerners.

Dr. Brunton is now going to India again and immediately before he is leaving Denmark we had an interview with him.

Concentrated attention.

"-How many yoga systems are there?"

"-There is a lot, divided up in several groups: physical yoga which is practised to obtain good health, psychical yoga which is an exercise in thought concentration, relaxation yoga which gives a feeling of peace and calms the nerves, and religious yoga the purpose of which is to find God through thought and feeling. The common feature of these different kinds of yoga is the necessity of practising concentration of attention.

Our way of life is not primitive enough.

"-You have also made a system yourself?"

"-Yes, I have made a system for Westerners because they cannot practise yoga in the same way as Easterners. Perhaps a few persons can, but the rest cannot because they have not got the time which they have plenty of in the East. There they



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can dedicate all their life to yoga, leave their work and withdraw to the forests, because others will help them in their endeavours to find God and give the yogi food which is not very expensive, as they live very simply. This cannot be done in Western Europe, and therefore it is difficult there to go in for the practise of a whole system of yoga. Nor is this done to a great extent in the East - 5 millions are doing so in India - but yoga practise is universally respected. Everyone believes in it and millions are practising a little every day. The way of life and the lack of time in Western Europe are the reasons why Europeans must have a system of their own, which is only a small part of all the existing systems."

East and West are compelled to understand each other.

"-Are people interested in this here?"

"-The interest is constantly increasing for various reasons, above all because war, trade, and studies for the purpose of education have compelled East and West to meet and understand each other."

There are other paths.

"-Do you think that yoga practise makes people happier and that it is a real necessity?"

"-That is to say too much. I am not fanatical. Those who are interested can find something in yoga, but it is not the only path. My wife, for instance, is highly interested in reading about yoga, but she does not practise it. She tries to find God, but she does so in her own way. I call everything that lifts a man above his personal ego true prayer, whether it be yoga, beautiful scenery or even art in the best sense of the word."

The majority of those interested are women.

"-What Europeans are most interested in yoga?"

"-The majority of those interested are women, in fact women from all countries except the Catholic ones. In Italy and France people have begun to take a small interest in yoga, whereas the Spaniards have no idea of it. But in England the interest is enormous. Once a month there is a radio demonstration of yoga exercises. Many of the physical yoga exercises are especially good for women, because they give good health and beauty, and the relaxation exercises are good for them, too, because women are generally more over-sensitive than men. Hence it is good for them to know how to relax."

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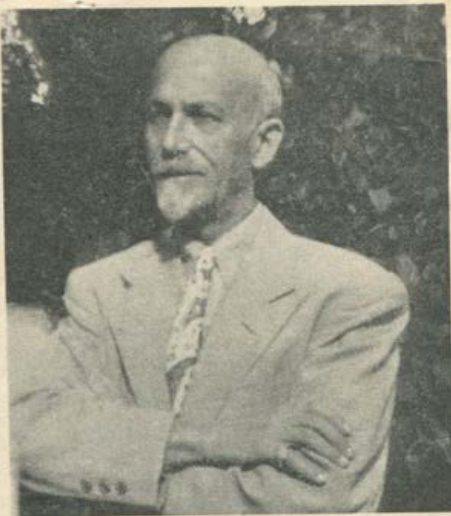
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Desværre har jeg ikke kunnet finde officielt materiale om dr. Paul Brunton, som et mangeårigt venskab har knyttet mig sammen med. Men fra personlige samtaler kan jeg, da jeg af bladet er blevet opfordret dertil, give de data, jeg derigennem er blevet bekendt med.

Paul Brunton er født i London, ved hvis universitet han blev dr. phil. på en afhandling om græsk filosofi. Han var derpå i en årrække videnskabelig litteraturredarbejder ved forskellige Londonblade, hvorpå den udvikling, der førte til hans første Indiens-rejse og hans bog derom, tog sin begyndelse. Senere rejser førte ham vidt omkring i Tibet, Japan, Kina, Ægypten og andre steder, hvor han stadig søgte og hyppigt fandt de ægte mystikere, som har givet ham materialet til hans senere bøger. Også Mexico og Mellemamerika har

han besøgt, og jeg mener at have forstået på ham, at der også om disse rejser kan forventes at udkomme bøger.

Paul Bruntons forfatterskab er meget specielt, selvom næsten alle vil finde ting deri, der inspirerer dem.

Det er ikke ægyptologi eller indologi, man skal vente at finde i hans bøger om disse lande. Det er noget andet og mere, han giver. Paul Brunton har med saglig og grundig vederhæftighed i de lande, han har besøgt, opsoget de mennesker, der inspirerede de pågældende folkeslags livsindhold, og har derigennem gjort en indsats, der i sin karakter står aldeles alene i vor tids litteratur, idet han derigennem selv for sin egen verdensdel er blevet en sprudlende inspirationskilde, og det for langt større kredse, end man måske skulle have ventet. Paul Brunton forlanger aldrig at blive troet som autoritet og søger med omhu at undgå al den personlige tilbedelse, som et forfatterskab af denne specielle natur så uendeligt let fører med sig.

Jeg har ofte hørt ham sige: I never asked anybody to be my follower. I hans bøger refererer han ofte personlige oplevelser af indre natur, og det kan måske støde den tørre videnskabeligt indstillede læser.

Men i modsætning til de »occulte« forfattere og »profeter« udgiver han aldrig disse oplevelser som andet og mere end de er: Ting, han faktisk har oplevet, således som han beskriver det, og derpå ganske enkelt meddeler.

Det er min opfattelse, at Paul Bruntons forfatterskab set på langt sigt vil komme til at stå som en af de mest betydende formidlende faktorer i den dybere forståelse mellem østens og vestens folkeslag, og ledende personligheder fra det nye Indien har overfor mig givet udtryk for samme opfattelse.

I. B. Fandør.



levende tænkning. Det er to sider af samme sag og begge faktorer, der har betydning for vor livsudfoldelse midt i det moderne, maskinmæssige samfundsliv.

Fremtidsmålet for denne gren af kontakt-centrets arbejde er at skabe et *mødested*, hvor de åndsretninger, der appellerer til søgende mennesker, kan træffe sammen både for at lære af hinanden og for at udenforstående kan lære dem at kende. Vi vil skabe en »høj-skole«, hvor søgende mennesker kan få klar og saglig besked om de forskellige retninger og vejledning til at arbejde med den, man føler mest trang til at studere. Det er ikke på nogen måde hensigten at erstatte de enkelte retningers egne møder og arbejder, men kun at bede dem være repræsenteret ved den korsvej for søgende mennesker, som kontakt-centret gerne skulle være.

Naturligvis er dette et fremtidsmål, det vil tage år at gennemføre. Foreløbig må redskabet bygges op led for led.

Til efteråret vil der forventelig være fire *studiekredse* i denne forbindelse. 1) en møderække, der indledningsvis gennemgår tanker om et nyt verdensbillede, som de viser sig i fysik, biologi, psykologi, parapsykologi, dimensionsfilosofi, indisk mystik, Martinusanalyser, kulturfilosofferne Nikolaj Berdjajev og Walter Schubart. 2) en studiekreds, der gennemgår disse spørgsmål »på tværs« for de mennesker, der allerede har stiftet bekendtskab med ovennævnte retninger. 3) en studiekreds om kristendommens oprindelse, hvor forbindelse trækkes mellem kristendommens



*Samtalen fortsætter ofte til meget små timer*

Inspiration til dette arbejde er bl. a. fundet i Marburg i Tyskland, hvor der på slottet under teologen *Rudolf Ottos* initiativ for en snes år siden blev oprettet en af de fineste religionshistoriske samlinger i Europa, samtidig med at man der afholder konferencer etc., hvor repræsentanter for verdensreligionerne mødes. Som en parallel til arbejdet i Marburg kan forøvrigt nævnes the *World Congress of*



PAUL BRUNTON

(Ny Horisont, April 1954)

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Unfortunately I have been unable to find any official material about Dr. Paul Brunton whose friend I have been for a number of years. But at the request of the magazine I can state the facts I have got to know in this way from personal conversations.

Paul Brunton was born in London, and he obtained his degree as a doctor of philosophy at the London University on a thesis on Greek philosophy. After this he was for a number of years scientific literature reviewer on several London papers and then the development began which led to his first journey to India and to his book about it. Later he went to Tibet, Japan, China, Egypt and elsewhere, always seeking and often finding the true mystics who gave him the material for his subsequent books. He also visited Mexico and Central America, and I think I have understood that books on these journeys may be expected.

Paul Brunton's authorship is very special though almost everyone may find something in it that will inspire him.

One should not expect to find egyptology and indology in his books on these countries. He gives something else and something more. In the countries he has visited Paul Brunton has with thorough and unbiassed reliability sought out the persons who inspired the inner life of the peoples concerned, and has in this way given a unique contribution to the literature of our time, as he has become a bubbling source of inspiration for his own part of the world in much wider circles than one might have expected. Paul Brunton never asks to be believed as an authority, and he carefully tries to avoid the personal adoration which may easily become a result of an authorship of this special nature.

I often heard him saying: I never asked anyone to be my follower. In his book he frequently refers to personal experiences of an inner nature, and this may repel readers with a drily scientific attitude.

But in contradistinction to the "occult" authors and "prophets" he never pretends these experiences to be more than what they are: things he really experienced as he describes them and then plainly states.

I am of opinion that in the long run Paul Brunton's authorship will become one of the most important factors in bringing about a deeper understanding between Oriental and Occidental peoples, and leading personalities of the new India have expressed the same opinion to me.

I. B. Fander



PAUL BRINTON

(by Brinton, April 1974)

Unfortunately I have been unable to find any official material about Paul Brinton whom I have known for a number of years. But at the request of the magazine I can state the facts I have got to know in this way from personal conversation.

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Paul Brinton's authorship is very special though almost everyone who finds something in it that will inspire him.

One should not expect to find verifications and inductions in his books on these countries. He gives something else and something more. In the countries he has visited Paul Brinton was with thorough and unbiased reliability seeking out the persons who inspired the inner life of the people concerned and has in this way given a unique contribution to the literature of our time as he has become a leading source of inspiration for his own part of the world in such matter.

Since then one might have expected Paul Brinton never asks to be believed as an authority and he carefully tries to avoid the personal observation which may really become a result of an authority of this special nature.

I often heard him say: I never asked anyone to be my follower. In his books he frequently refers to personal experience of an inner nature and this way - not verifications but a direct experience.

There is a distinction to the "occult" authors and "prophecy" he never has these experiences to 50 years than what they are: things he really experienced as he described them and then finally stated.

I am so certain that in the last ten Paul Brinton's authorship will become one of the most important factors in bringing about a deeper understanding between Oriental and Occidental peoples and the new relationship of the new India have expressed the same opinion to me.



## TRANSLATION

of

Extract from an article: "Characterology and Psychology"  
by I.B.Fander in "Psyisk Forum", May 1955. DENMARK

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Last century and the beginning of this one were highly characterised by the struggle between the old-fashioned views and liberalism and it can hardly be said that this struggle is quite finished. But the ugly caricature of liberalism: the organised destruction of characterological values in the name of liberalism has already now created a reaction in literature of an ethical nature, literature that breaks new ground.

Many might be mentioned, but in this article I shall confine myself to Paul Brunton whose book "Livets indre Virkelighed" (The Inner Reality) is being published in these days. It is both right and wrong, when Paul Brunton is called a "prophet". At any rate he would refuse to accept the title. Above all Paul Brunton is a scientist in the best sense of the word. As a doctor of philosophy in his own country he has gone through the training of thought which is a necessary basis of all honest science.

Quite unrestricted by orthodox science he has applied this honesty, reliability, and concern about facts to fields in which wishful thinking generally prevails. He has been the disciple of the great ones, until he became one of them himself. But he has also brought it to others. As a man who has for a number of years enjoyed the privilege of a personal, mutual friendship with Paul Brunton I can say that he is not one of those who only talk about the good things that ought to be done. His words are accompanied by acts, as the simple and quite natural thing it always ought to be.

He is the natural character hygienist and with his unusual gifts and unique capacity he is the natural teacher of all who want a reality worth living in.

He has said himself that the book he especially wanted to have read in wide circles is "The Inner Reality", which is now published in Danish.

The book speaks for itself and the reader will very soon see why, as an advocate of an increased and conscious character hygiene, I shall this time refrain from my own modest attempts at going into the details of this subject and instead give the word to - the teacher Paul Brunton.

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# Mystery man behind Athens palace walls

By IAN VORRES

Special to The Globe and Mail

ATHENS

Suave, discreet, and, above all, secretive, a goateed, immaculate gentleman has become the mystery man of Athens.

He has few contacts, apparently, outside Tatoí, the Royal residence 20 miles north of Athens, or the villa of Queen Mother Frederika in a residential area of the capital, to which he has free access. He can only be reached by letter through the American Express in Athens. When seen in the city, he usually rides in a chauffeur-driven palace limousine bearing a private license plate. Only a handful of people outside the palace walls know the identity of the mysterious gentleman. He is Paul Brunton, one of the world's chief exponents of Yoga.

A thin, ascetic-looking Englishman, Paul Brunton has led a life of literary wandering throughout the world. He has lived in the "ashrams" and monasteries of holy men in India and has practiced meditation as-

siduously. His books *The Secret Path* and *The Wisdom of the Over-self* have been widely read. Brunton expounds the theory that through dedicated meditation man can overcome many obstacles and come nearer a full vision of God, which offers him peace, serenity and new hope. Despite his strong mystical tendencies, Paul Brunton has preserved a keen interest in the state of politics and world affairs.

This brought him to the attention of Queen Frederika who summoned him to Tatoí during King Paul's fatal illness last year. To the surprise of many, Brunton was even admitted to the operating room during the King's operation.

"I thought he was a prominent foreign physician observing the operation. Yet he did absolutely nothing but stand intensely silent in the background absorbed in deep thought. We dubbed him the mystery man," admitted one of the Greek doctors attending the late King.

Since the death of King Paul in February, 1964, Queen Frederika has remained unconsolable, and has

increasingly turned to Brunton for solace and spiritual guidance.

It is whispered that other members of the Royal house of Greece have turned to Brunton for guidance as well. The ascendancy of the ascetic Englishman in the Greek palace is causing increasing anxiety in certain palace circles, including the Greek Orthodox Church, which traditionally is highly intolerant of new ideas and concepts. Though the presence of Brunton at the palace has been known for some time, Greek newspapers have refrained from mentioning the matter. Aware, however, of the storm that blew up in the Netherlands a few years ago when Queen Juliana let herself fall under the influence of a spiritualist, Queen Frederika's advisers are said to have discreetly urged the Queen last winter to let Brunton depart "temporarily".

"I shall return very soon," confided Brunton to a friend, as he left Greece last spring.

Now he has returned and in a chauffeur-driven limousine is being whisked in and out of the palace gates as unobtrusively as before.



Paul Brunton



Lobster, crab, frogs' legs . . . a regal trio for those who like to feast on the spoils of Neptune. In chowders, salads, cold plates, cocktails or casseroles . . . it's hard to improve upon our own Canadian lobster, harvested from the icy waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and packed immediately to preserve its full rich flavour. The cans come in three convenient sizes . . . 2½-ozs. for \$1.09, 5-ozs. for \$1.99, 10-ozs. for \$3.95. The King Crab Meat is Eaton's Fine Foods Fancy Quality, a product of Japan, priced at \$1.69 for the 6-oz. tin. The frog legs too are from Japan, smoked and packed in cottonseed oil with added salt. The sardine-shaped tin weighs 3 2/3 ozs. and is 89c.



And here is where seafood really comes into its own . . . socially successful as an hors d'oeuvre, centre of conviviality for smorgasbord or buffet entertainment. The choice, of course, depends on the individual and may range

within a block from her mother. Mother is in on everything we do—and I mean everything—from how we furnish our home to what we'll have to eat. When I object to so much mother-in-law my wife gets sore at me. She thinks her widowed mother is her responsibility. To some extent I suppose that is true, but doesn't her first responsibility rest in our home?

I'd like to hear what you have to say on the subject.

**Man of the House**

You have a justifiable com-

## Women's Hospital WA Holds Election

Mrs. Arthur Tatem was elected president of the Women's College Hospital Auxiliary at the annual meeting held in Burton Hall yesterday.

Other officers are: Mrs. N. L. Ferries, past president; Mrs. W. E. Pruitt and Ann McCrimmon, vice presidents; Lillian Brodie, treasurer; Mrs. R. F. Knight, recording secretary; Mrs. A. M. Thompson, corresponding secretary.

The 100-member auxiliary contributed \$13,511 to the hospital's building fund and an additional \$10,000 worth of equipment was donated to

Did you not hear of that? And is it possible to relocate without being too obvious.

A widowed mother is quite likely to be very close to her daughter. It is hard to break the ties without hurting someone (usually the mother).

I believe a great deal of thought should be given to the after-marriage relationship between a young couple and their parents. We are told to honor our parents and surely everyone has to be loyal and to give respect to parents as long as they live. At the same time, one of the most important portions of the marriage ceremony is in the words: "Who giveth this women in marriage?" The answer is usually from the father saying, "I do" or, "Her mother and I do". The girl is actually leaving her home to begin a new home with her husband, involving a new set of loyalties. Perhaps the groom's parents should be asked, too, to give their son away because he is equally separated from his family by the marriage vows. This is not to be confused with neglecting, forgetting, dishonoring the parents. But too often parents hold invisible reins that end to direct the young people, instead of permitting the young marrieds to accept all that marriage implies. I hope these thoughts are helpful to you.

### SOCIAL NOTICES

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# PREDICTION



**JAMES LEIGH, Editor**

LONDON

**P**ASSING THROUGH London last month was Paul Brunton, most modest and successful of all Occult writers.

It is a year since he was here. And his visit was a flying one—literally so, for he had just touched down from America on his way by plane to Rome.

Brunton is as careful as ever not to exaggerate his own work. He is, in fact, the most retiring author I know, far more sensitive to the flaws than the success of his many books, which rank top-sellers in Rider's catalogue.

There was just time to accept his good wishes for our readers . . . and to arrange a new series which will start publication next month. PREDICTION will present Mr. Brunton's own selection of favourite extracts from his books. He will thus carry his message to an ever-widening circle.

**C**ERTAINLY, signs are not wanting that the Western peoples are at last taking note of the Eastern Wisdom. The work of men like Brunton and Dukes is rapidly bearing fruit.



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notised approximately 35 subjects."

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W.B.

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very well with hypnosis."

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Translation of:

INTERVIEW IN "HET PAROOL", AMSTERDAM, 4-10-1956.

PAUL BRUNTON - intelligent dreamer -

In a room of hotel "Het Appartementenhuis" in Jan Luyckenstraat the British writer-philosopher-globe-trotter-knower of India Paul Brunton (58, small pointed beard, keen, and also somewhat dreamy eyes) looked upon the back-garden one of these days. No doubt he did not see that garden at that moment, he talked about Therikawa, the country situated against the Himalayas, besides Nepal, in Central Asia, a country, where the world is so entirely different from the environment of an Amsterdam back-garden in Jan Luyckenstraat. Paul Brunton lived there a year or so ago, alone, hundreds of miles away from the inhabited world, in one of the valleys of the Himalaya mountains, in a kind of waiting-house of the maharadjah - whom he knew very well. "I lived there for six months". He says it softly, somewhat dreamy. He wrote eight books on philosophy, Paul Brunton, and published three travel books. He travelled in India extensively, "I believe to know the philosophy of the Hindu-world of India, somewhat, he says, "but I belong to the West. The Westerner who tells you that he belongs to that world there, is not normal. We are from the West and they are from the East, even if we understand their sphere of life, their world very well." That afternoon Paul Brunton told about the clash with the West that causes many changes in India. "One lives more quietly, the philosophy of life is calmer, thinking does not have the hurry of our Western melting-pot. But now the youth of India, they are meeting that Western tempo, they are seeing what happens, they are changing." He is British, Paul Brunton, and he says, almost astonished: "It is striking in India, that one is so kind against the British, also now after we left the country. No ill feelings, nothing of that all.

It could have been different . . . . . "

Paul Brunton knows much about the Yogi-system, the training of mind and breathing, "I follow the teaching myself, I try to live according to it, it makes me feel pleasant." And then suddenly: "Once I was very good friends with Charley Chaplin, he was very much interested in it, in the "relaxation", the rest that the Yogi-teaching gave him."

"So you know Chaplin well?"

Answer: "Oh, yes, very well, he was a good friend of mine." He looks then this Paul Brunton with something of "is that so particular?"

That is how people like this Brunton are. A little vague, intelligent, pleasant to meet, people to whom one can listen for hours, people who one does not see for years, and who one suddenly meets somewhere. Then they are those who say: "Ah, how are you?" As if they said good-bye to you yesterday. They give you rest in the hurry of everyday.

PSYKISK FORUM: (Copenhagen) Denmark: Sept 1954

Paul Brunton: The English Researcher, whose profound yet clear doctrine has brought a message of importance to contemporary humanity. His books have spread all over the world.

April 1955: A Modern Prophet: Paul Brunton is one of the few great living men in the field of spiritual science. His fascinating books have found many readers in our country. The Free Research Forum, with which this journal is associated, has tried to spread the knowledge of P.B.'s work. Dr. P. Goos is giving another lecture on this world renowned researcher



PAUL BRUNTON - intelligent dresser -

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The philosopher Paul Brunton

by Gerhard Jachmann. [Fuertth, Germany]

" Philosophy, once the crown of human mental activity, has disappeared out of daily life and has changed its position from one of respect to one of contempt. The so-called philosophers are themselves responsible for this change. They write down their ideas in a separate technical manner. They begin their reflections with the arbitrary ideas of other philosophers instead of beginning with the guaranteed facts of their own world. They imitate one another and go astray in the literary history of philosophy instead of creating energetic new philosophy. "

This sharp but appropriate characteristic of the present position of philosophy has been derived from the book:

" Philosophy of Truth "  
by the American Paul Brunton.

The following lines may be an appreciation of his work.

Brunton, who was the editor of a journal in England, had a great urge, which he himself could not understand, to undertake a journey to India to become acquainted with the Yogis who are living there. These men have not a very good name in the Western world, because people often mistake these men for those jugglers and deceivers who create astonishment and admiration from psychic powers and bodily contortions, but with all these things they neither render service to themselves or to others.

Brunton, being equipped with an awakened and critical intellect, easily succeeds in distinguishing between apparent and real values and also in making the acquaintance of men who take the traditional Yoga-technique only as a means for gaining profound knowledge.

These real Yogis who guard a very old tradition, which is only kept alive in India, mostly live in solitude and spend their days in the development of rare faculties, such as clairvoyance or telepathy, or the struggle for profound knowledge.

One of those told Brunton, to his perplexity, that he had been a Yogi in his former life who had now a strong urge to return to India again. During his travels Brunton also received astonishing prophecies, which later came into being.

But the turning point of his life came when he met an old wise man who lived with a little group of pupils in a retreat on a mountain in South India. This man impresses less by his words than by his radiance on all who seek consolation and help from him.







He helped Brunton to regain a mystical experience in his inner being which reveals the spiritual origin and source of mankind, it gave him the conviction of finding safety and stability in his inner being, whatever the exterior conditions of life might be.

" Everybody inwardly bears a treasure, which transcends his boldest and highest expectations and which lets him have on earth the happiness of paradise."

Brunton has written down the experiences of this first journey to India in his book:

" A Search in Secret India."

Returning to England he wrote a second book:

" The Secret Path " ,

which describes his experiences in an easy clear manner: to the reader Brunton commends daily exercises in contemplation and concentration and so find spiritual peace and inner calm.

It is the path of mystical meditation, with which Brunton became acquainted in the Orient and which he himself has taken. However, the book avoids an unquestioning acceptance of the Eastern doctrine and in its demands it forms a link with the mediaeval mysticism of the West.

After further travels into India Brunton settled in the U. S. A., where he undertook several private talks, published later in a book with the title:

" Discover Yourself " .

In a clear simple manner Brunton urges a renewal of the mental and spiritual life and particularly of the religious life, which he wants to free from its connection with dogmatic and blind belief. The demand, that all human thinking and doing should be spiritual, runs through the whole book. Step by step Brunton attempts to acquaint the reader with this very old Yoga path such as : meditation, self - analysis, always striving for truth, love and respect for every human being and an energetic building -up of the character. In several chapters the doctrine of wisdom of the " Bhagavad Gita " has been explained. The life of Jesus Christ and the Sermon on the Mount are also subjected to profound reflections and are greatly appreciated. Moreover, Brunton gives explanations of the Beatitudes, which differ from the dogmatical scheme and which endeavour to explain to the modern world the meaning of the Christian doctrine in a manner which does not admit blind belief.

At that time there was a distinct change in the spiritual development of Paul Brunton. Although he had been convinced until then by events in India, that the knowledge of Truth was only to be found in daily meditation



He helped Brunton to regain a mystical experience in his inner being which reveals the spiritual origin and source of spiritual life, the conviction of living unity and stability in his inner being, that the exterior conditions of life might be.

"Brunton himself found a treasure, which transcends his belief and highest expectations and which leads him to the heart of the matter of existence."

Brunton has written down the experiences of this inner journey to India in his book:

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which describes his experiences in an easy clear manner to the reader. Brunton's own daily experience in contemplation and concentration and so find spiritual peace and inner calm. It is the path of mystical meditation, which Brunton describes again and in the book which he himself has written. However, the book reveals in an astonishing manner the inner life of the soul, the spiritual journey which leads to the heart of the matter of existence.

After further travels into India Brunton settled in the U. S. A., where he underwent several private trials, published later in a book with the title:

"Mystical Journey."

In a clear simple manner Brunton gives a summary of the spiritual and mystical life and particularly of the religious life, which he wants to free from the connection with dogmatic and blind belief, the dogma that all must believe and do, that should be spiritual, that through the spiritual path, Brunton attempts to acquaint the reader with this very old path such as: meditation, self-analysis, etc., striving for truth, love and respect for every human being and a religious belief in the character. In several chapters the doctrine of the "Law of the Soul" has been explained. The life of Jesus Christ and the human on the earth are also subjected to profound reflection and are greatly appreciated. However, Brunton gives explanations of the spiritual, which differ from the dogmatic scheme and which endeavor to explain to the reader the meaning of the Christian doctrine in a manner which does not blind belief.

At that time there was a distinct change in the spiritual development of Paul Brunton. Although he had been convinced until then by events in India, that the knowledge of truth was only to be found in daily meditation



and contemplation, he now realised that mysticism does not suffice to reach this aim.

Nevertheless he is still a friend of meditation. He thinks, that profound concentration of thinking - an accompaniment of successful meditation - is a necessity for the finding of Truth concerning the meaning of the world.

But later on he considers the mystical contemplation only as a way of obtaining inner peace. Especially he warns of overrating mystical ecstasies, which often accompany meditation and which are considered by many mystics as a principal aim of contemplation. These observations of Indian mystics have also taught him that indolence and social unfitness for work frequently result from overdoing this Yoga - practice.

Having found a mental knowledge in India, we are not surprised that Brunton is undertaking a third journey to this country for the purpose of getting an answer to his deeper questions. The Hermit, who had unfolded to him primary knowledge of the being of mankind, was not able to give him an answer to his search and inquiry about the origin and importance of the world. Brunton began to realize - however much he respected him and was grateful to him - that this man had never meditated on such profound questions. Moreover this Yogi, like more of his kind in India, greatly despised all worldly things, which had made him go at a very early age into the loneliness of the mountains. The retreating from life as well as an indifference towards all external things had given him an inner peace and balance, which radiated on all those around him.

Now Brunton had reached a stage of inner development in which he saw the man not as a separate individual but as a part of creation. In his reflections he could never overlook the close bond between I and the World. As the living sages of India were not able to give an answer to his questions he tried to get the answer from the dead ones.

His knowledge of Sanskrit had made it possible for him to prove many hundreds of ancient manuscripts, which - sometimes written down on palmleaves - were lying forgotten in the temples of India. Moreover his travels took him far beyond India, so that his researches may be marked as all - Asiatic.

To the Western world Brunton presents the results of his research in two books, which at first had been published in English only but now they also appeared in a German translation by the publishers Rascher & Cie., of Zuerich.

The titles of the two later works are :

- " The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga " and
- " The Wisdom of the Overself."

The first book describes the <sup>foundations</sup> motives of the visible world in a strictly logical way, clear and evident, for the scientific reader of the West.

ally-inclined



and contemporary, as now realized that questions does not suffice to reach this aim.  
The question is still a problem of education. It is the problem of education of children - an education of successful education - as a necessity for the future of the world concerning the meaning of the word.  
For far as he considers the question of education only as a way of obtaining inner peace. Especially he aims at western spiritual contacts which often accompany education and which are considered by many systems as a practical aim of education. These observations of Indian systems have also taught him that individual and social unhappiness for work life - greatly result from wanting this life - practice.

Having found a better knowledge in India, we are now surprised that Brinford is undertaking a kind of journey to this country for the purpose of getting an answer to his question. The journey, which he had intended to his primary knowledge of the being of mankind, was not able to give him an answer to his search and inquiry about the nature and knowledge of the world. Brinford began to realize - however much he respected him and was grateful to him - that this was not a new realization as such was not possible. However this fact, the way of his kind in India, greatly disappointed all worldly things, which had made him go at a very early age into the loneliness of the mountains. The remaining time of his life he spent in his loneliness towards all external things and gave him an inner peace and happiness, which was not a new realization as such was not possible.

Now Brinford had reached a stage of inner development in which he saw the way not as a separate individual but as a part of creation. In his reflection he could never overlook the close bond between I and the World.  
In the living pages of India were not able to give an answer to his questions he tried to get the answer from the dead ones.  
His knowledge of Sanskrit had made it possible for him to move very liberally of ancient scriptures, which - however distant from an individual - were being forgotten in the temples of India.  
However his travels took him far beyond India, so that his researches were carried as all - finished.

To the Western world Brinford brought the results of his research in two books, which he first had seen published in English only but now they also appeared in a German translation by the publisher Poeschl & Co., of Munich.

The titles of the two books were:

- 1. The Indian Teaching Beyond Yoga and
- 2. The Vision of the Overworld.

The first book described the nature of the visible world in a strictly logical way, clear and evident, for the scientific reader of the West.



The doctrine expounded by the old Indian sages bears the name of Mentalism and is the supposition of full understanding of the knowledge which the second book contains.

In contrast to the widely spread Materialism of today, which only sees reality in those things which are perceived by our senses, Mentalism explains that the origin of all things is spirit and there is nothing else but spirit. The unprepared reader is at first surprised by this doctrine, which is explained and proved with immense patience and precision. At first Brunton gives an exact analysis of the impression of the senses and further explains, that a great many illusions of the senses that we daily undergo should not give us too much confidence in the working of the senses, but to perceive that they can only work in a limited sphere. Next to this is explained that the spirit of mankind has a decided part in perceiving external happenings. For example, we have all had the experience of not hearing the striking of a clock, when we were engrossed by a book or by some work.

A detailed explanation of what occurrences happen in hallucinations and illusions such as by hypnosis also follows.

It is a particular merit of Paul Brunton - based on his researches in old Indian doctrines - that he made the human consciousness in the sleeping and dreaming state, as an object of philosophical reflection. His own words are, that the real meaning of dreams is to explain to mankind, that it is possible that this world is only the imagination of the Spirit. It would be wrong to come to the conclusion by this trend of thought that Brunton means that this world is only a dream; but that the world is like a dream as a perception, which theory is credible after studying this book.

By the way, what does Science say about the external world? The Relativity-Theory of Einstein and the Quantum - Theory of Planck let us perceive that it is impossible today to make an essential difference between matter and energy. But energy or radiance is much less seizable and real to our senses than a firm object. Moreover modern nuclear-physics has found out that objects do not exist of solid matter, but out of Atom-nucleus, electrons and protons, which contain in itself disproportionate large intervals of space, and further that these atomic-particles are always in tearing motion. When, in spite of this, it seems to our senses that an object is firm, solid and immovable then the explanation of this is to be found only in the nature of the senses. Indeed it is remarkable that the materialists themselves, who think that this visible world is the single reality, have not yet noticed the profound contrast that exists between their comprehension and the results of Science.

The knowledge of the real nature of the external world, which is written down in this book, gives a new direction to our whole philosophical thinking.

Brunton refutes the protest that this knowledge appears to contradict the common experiences and points out that the theory of Kopernikus was also in contrast to the evidence of the senses and only after long struggles







the theory was able to stand.

Moreover, it is a matter of experience that the greatest treasures are always hidden deep under the surface and first must be produced by hard work. There is throughout no contradiction in this as Brunton says in another place: "The nucleus of the world - riddle is too simple to be solved by our complicated epoch."

Mentalism, which interprets the world to be an imagination of Spirit, is a reasonable foundation for the revelations of the second book. In his book "The Wisdom of the Overself" Brunton, himself on life's zenith, gives the last results of his studies and experiences to the Western reader. The expression "Overself" originates from the old Indian philosophy and signifies that elevated Spirit - Essence, being hidden as the origin and radiant presence veiled under the mask of personality. An old Indian seer says about this transcendent Spirit- Essence:

"Unseen but seeing, unheard but hearing,  
unobserved but observing, unknown but knowing:  
This is Your I AM, the sovereign of Your Inner  
and immortal Self."

In detailed analysis of the human personality Brunton succeeds in proving the existence of the Overself or the hidden Observer, as he also calls it. Brunton explains it as the real essence of human nature. He considers it the aim of life to include this Spirit - essence in the human consciousness and the realization of the knowledge that it is our inner sovereign Being and our portion of the Essence of God.

To solve this problem, Brunton gives a detailed explanation of the old Indian doctrine of Karma, which he has cleared from superstition and distortion. This doctrine starts from the knowledge that all things are mental and that each action will be nourished out of the hidden source of the Spirit and its essential content culminates in the demand for changing thinking, and so getting a better and more satisfied life.

By purifying thinking a possibility is given to man to direct his fate out of free will into a better one; Brunton's afore-mentioned warning from overrating mysticism is also expressed in this book. Brunton also speaks here against overrating the intellect, which effect he acknowledges only as one part of the way to knowledge:

"The last service which intellect gives us in search of truth is,  
that it points out beyond itself as a stretched out finger."

For the first time Brunton also gives in this book his opinion about the question of the experiences of human spirits after death. He received his knowledge from the classical descriptions which are contained in old texts and also from his personal walk through an advanced Yoga - path,



the theory, as able to stand.  
However, it is a matter of experience that the greatest progress is  
always made under the guidance and first must be reached by  
hand work. There is something in this as Einstein says  
in another place: "The nucleus of the world - which is the nucleus  
of the whole" -

Generalized, which information the world is to be an illustration of itself, is  
a reason for the existence of the world. In this  
book "The World of the Future" Einstein, himself on his own  
gives the last results of his studies and references to the literature  
rather, the existence of "Einstein" and others from the old Indian  
and his own work. Einstein's work - Einstein, being known as the  
with his own work, which is the work of Einstein.  
In old Indian work, which is the work of Einstein - Einstein.

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which is connected with a trance, like death.

The meeting with Eastern thinking, which he was obliged to loosen from centuries old dogmatical fetters does not cause Brunton to adopt without reservation an attitude of mind which is foreign to us or to forget thereby the spiritual knowledge of the Occident. Rather it is to his incontestable merit that he has contributed by his researches to fructify the European thinking with new impulses from the Asiatic world and to deliver it from its stagnation.

He himself is full of confidence and expresses the expectation:

" That still in this century a spiritual knowledge will spread over mankind, of which the thoughts of this book will only be forerunners."

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which is connected with a trance, like death.

The meeting with Eastern thinking, which he was obliged to learn from centuries old mystical letters does not cause him to be so far from reservation in matters of which he is certain. Rather it is to him thereby the spiritual heritage of the Occident. Rather it is to him inevitable that he has contributed by his researches to finally the European thinking with new impulses from the Asiatic world and to deliver it from its stagnation.

He himself is full of confidence and expresses the expectation:

"What still in this century a spiritual knowledge will spread over mankind, of which the thoughts of this book will only be forerunners."



★  
PAUL BRUNTON SAYS

After my interview with Paul Brunton at a New York Hotel, I suggested to him, if at all possible, he should try to make it a point to visit the large centers where his books are offered for sale. In his usual courteous manner he answered as follows:

"I agree with the points you make and know it is a good way to sell books. Unfortunately my approach is the philosophic path, preoccupied with meditation, research and study. For years I have never had time to attend public functions and have made it a point never to do so anyway. I appreciate the enthusiasm of the booksellers and my readers but I am only sorry that I am unable to accede to requests for lectures or group visits.

"The Spiritualist point of view and their presentation of phenomena are quite familiar to me from personal experience with the London group.

"I wish you every success with your full summer program at Chesterfield but am afraid I have to remain the writer in the cubby-hole you mention and hope you will be patient and kind enough to understand.

"Thank the director of your camp for wishing to set aside a

# TO THE EDITOR<sup>3</sup>

## Off Your Chest our Views

PSYCHIC OBSERVER, JUNE 10, 1934

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I haven't heard any repercus-  
from the DuBois meeting in

"Paul Brunton Day" which I feel a great honor even though I'm unable to cooperate. I send you my Oriental greeting which I sincerely mean, 'Peace be with you'."

PAUL BRUNTON

Box 34, Cooper Station  
New York 3, N. Y.

★  
EDGAR CAYCE'S SON



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alist News Magazine

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THE  
BOOK OF AZDAGI

PSYCHIC OBSERVER, JUNE 10, 1954

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East and West will meet!

Materialism must culminate, before man understands his delusions.

In a time of darkness and pessimism there will be especial reason for listening to those voices, they are not seized with fear and materialistic chaos, they do not want to drown their common sense in the whirlpool of time. ~~Mr.~~ Paul Brunton has granted "Okkultisten" an interview, and the optimism about destiny of man far ahead, that characterize the words of Mr. Brunton, is a distinct sign, that man shall ~~not~~ give up himself. We are on the end of a development, but we are on the same time on the threshold of life.

The whole globe is buzzing of life as <sup>a</sup>bee-hive. They construct, they are building, and they are inventing. Machines hammer their rhythm, wheels revolve, wear out, break, and are renewed. Man shapes substance with hands and thoughts for use of man. Man search new ways for his activity, methods of production are revolutionized, work is rationalized. Development, development!

In the underground seeks man his way to riches - coal, oil, uran. In the stratosphere seek pioneers to realize speeds victory over time; New ways are ploughed through the air from Pole to Pole, from continent to continent - world is growing smaller.

Man seeks new ways to that happiness, which is as a glorious vision ahead. Man hastens away against the light.

But two voices ~~are~~ sounds through noise and hurry. As a whispering are they coming to man: "Why do you hurry? Stop your hurry for a while. How can you expect to find, what you are seeking, when you are still going away from your goal - yourself? Who are you? Is the picture of your senses more important, than the spirit, which forces you to shape the picture as the unknown in your mind?"

Those two voices comes from opposite corners of the picture of universe. One of them belongs to dr. J.B.Rhine, the scientist, whom seeks way to the spring of thoughts to explore their possibilities. The other one belongs to ~~Mr.~~ Paul Brunton, whom, with starting point in the most intense experience of "the real self", the yogi's, seeks to influence the spring of thoughts to acknowledgment from within and intuitive exploitation of its possibilities.

~~Mr.~~ Paul Brunton, author of "A search in secret India", "The secret path" and several other books, has visited Copenhagen in the beginning of July. Presentation is superfluous. Read the books, and You know the man, for ~~Mr.~~ Brunton is a real and living picture of his opinions and thoughts, which he has given words in his works.







- It is possible to bridge East and West, says ~~Mr.~~ Brunton. Rudyard Kipling was wrong, when he said, that East and West will never meet. It is seen to day. The new India has realized the necessity of technical exploitation of its resources for maintenance of life, and the whole rebuilding aim at the picture of the western world. In return is the understanding of, what we have learned from eastern culture, going through among us.

- You were ~~one of the~~ <sup>among the</sup> Europeans who saw, that we could find experiences to a better outlook on life in the wisdom of the East.

- I saw it, but it was as much the feelings, they gave me power to carry out my dream to look into the peculiar world of India. Knowledge does not come of its own accord. You must work to reach it. But you cannot reach an understanding of questions, before you have looked into yourself, searched and found the wealthies there. I had the luck to meet people, they brought me on that path, which goes to harmonious life for people of the occident.

- Maharishi?

- Yes. This wise man was <sup>one of</sup> the greatest ~~man~~ inspirer strengths I meet, ~~and his inspire has directed my work in that way time now shows was the right.~~ "Real nature of man is happiness", he said, "and happiness is "the real self" inborn." But it seems to be a hard school, man has to go through before reaching this knowledge. I am optimist about mans development and destiny far ahead, but the first time must be estimated pessimistic. Experience can't be given to anybody, neither with the aid of books. Books are raw material, experience must come in the self - from within. But it is possible to give man an impression of this rich world, which real exists behind all of life.

- And everybody can meet with this?

- Everybody is part of it. Take everyone of the worlds milliards of people back to the other side of his personal "I", and You will find just the same. The real self runs as an undercurrent behind everything. Individuality is the outer split, that still is kept up by the materialistic attractions of the world. The materialistic is not bad or injurious itself. On the contrary. But if man solely identifies him with the materialistic, it will be bad. Man must balance the materialistic in conduction to the real self only by speculation about the higher problem of life.

- What is freedom, then?

- Non-attachment! Not to commit oneself to any curtailment of the materialistic or the genius. Freedom of desire, intellect and body with all their insatiable demands.

- All our talk about freedom and democracy is nonsens?

- No, No. We have to start there. First of all freedom to live. But this freedom can never be perfect, and can never become perfect either. The finite freedom is in man's mind.

~~- Do You return to India.~~

~~- No.~~

~~- Not to visit Maharishi either?~~

~~- Maharishi died two months ago.~~







Mr. Brunton looks a photograph up - the last picture taken of Maharishi. The old mans beauty is not to describe.

- He <sup>became</sup> ~~was~~ a famous man in India, ~~Mr.~~ Brunton says. The Indian gouvernment send a delegation for his funeral.

- And so dies the yogisout in India?

- India needs to day men of action. The strength and wisdom of the yogi's will go through their actions. It is a very rich heritage. Those men are going to build the eastern foundation of the bridge between the eastern and western countries. Man in the western circle of culture will understand this better and better. But the materialistic has to culminate, before man understands his delusion. The climax is perhaps near coming. In our time, every little "I" tries saving itself isolated, the split goes to the bottom of the existing community. But the last years has brought positive signs. The small group, which really serious seeks into the divine life, has growing stronger. It gives strength - and it is a happy sign for future.

- Do You feel better understanding for Your thoughts?

- There is no doubt about, that the understanding is growing much better. On the same time there are parallel lines in spirit life outside the yoga. Several ways are going to the same end: to teach man knowledge about "the real self" through introspect thinking, so as the yogi has shown. I was in Denmark two years ago - to take a obvious example. On that time the danish people was not nearly so ~~many~~ positive, as it is to day. The Danes are no doubt following the footsteps of the English to more serious interest at these questions - an interest You would not find like that in U.S.A. Therefore I decided to give the danish press interviews this time, because I hope and feel, that these thoughts will give echo in the Danish people. I want to express my please for that good-will the press has showed my thoughts. This frankness makes quite a different to that scepticism, there were dominant few years ago.

- Conclusion?

- The western people must remember, that there is no conflict between work and wisdom. Those two are the expression for the same thing.

Kean.







I refer to David Godman's article on Somerset Maugham and *The Razor's Edge*.

As related in my soon-to-be published biography of my father, Paul Brunton, Maugham and he met at a dinner party in Hollywood in 1938. The novelist became interested in my father's recounting how he had gone to India seven years earlier to seek out holy men who could impart spiritual truth to him and how he had spent time at the Ramanashram and introduced Maharshi to the Western world in his book *A Search in Secret India*. Maugham sensed the possibility of a story here and so he in turn travelled to India and developed his theme for *The Razor's Edge*.

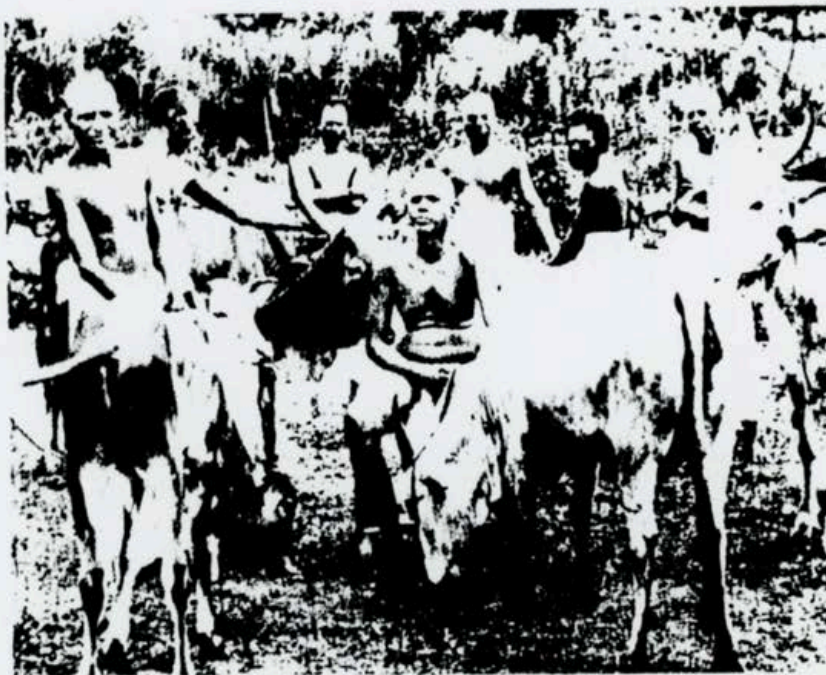
As Mr. Godman quotes Dennis Wills that despite intensive research there is no evidence that Maugham met either Guy Hague or Christopher Isherwood prior to publication of *The Razor's Edge* there is ample reason to suppose that Paul Brunton was indeed the original inspiration for Maugham's novel.

-- Kenneth Thuston Hurst,  
Paul Brunton Philosophic  
Foundation, Hector, USA.

consciousness, that which is aware of the mind, its problems, questions, answers, knowledge and ignorance. You are the same unchanging consciousness realising all this and your conscious existence without form and content. Realise this and remain quiet in the full consciousness of your being.

Be still be aware of that which consciously exists in this stillness and emptiness. You are THAT pure consciousness 'I am', 'I am conscious that I am'.

Yours  
LJV



## THE MAHARSHI AND ROYAL HERD OF CATTLE

By Rosalind I. Christian

AS I wrote in a previous article it was a little after Sri Ramana Maharshi came into my life that I found the Celtic version of the very ancient tale of the three brothers—three likely lads who set out to win a fortune and who each married a princess. That story makes it very clear who these three are. They are body, mind and spirit. I have already told the story of the *sadhana* of the Clever Brother, Mind<sup>1</sup>, to whom the Princess teaches the key question "Who am I?"

What is the story of his elder brother, the Strong Brother, Body, what is his *sadhana* and how does the Maharshi teach us to understand it?

### Adventures of the First Brother

The strong brother set out on his quest and he too came to the King's palace, but he felt it was too grand for him, so he knocked on the door of the very humblest dwelling. It was the cottage of a cowherd.

"Well," said the herdsman and I am take me and let me meat?"

"Yes," said the c mind the King's catt turn. It was fortune for the man I had bel

In the morning charge of the cows well, but take good them into the close gate; no herdsman that came back alive and herdsman."

"I'll take care of t he set wrapped in a

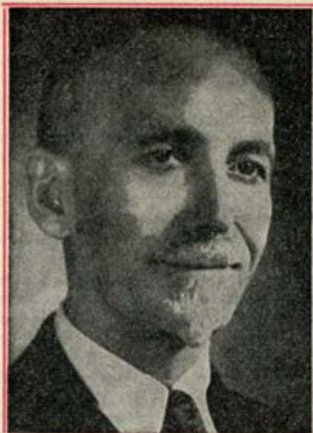
The lad drove th was dismayed to fin and parched. So he saw the finest gra opened the gate and







# Paul Brunton



Paul Brunton wurde im Jahre 1898 in London geboren. Er besuchte das St.-Georgs- und das Mc-Kinley-College und erwarb den Titel eines Dr. phil. Danach bereiste er ausgiebig Europa und Amerika und studierte dort religiöse Bewegungen, mystische Kulte, okkulte Phänomene und die Entwicklung übernatürlicher Kräfte.

Er verfaßte Artikel für englische und amerikanische Zeitschriften über verschiedene Themen und redigierte nacheinander fünf Magazine und Rundschauen.

Schließlich gab er seine Karriere als Redakteur auf, in der Absicht, den Orient zu besuchen, um die Gedanken und Praktiken von Yogis, heiligen Männern und Zauberern kennenzulernen und zu erforschen. Lange Zeit lebte er mit Mönchen in ihrer Zurückgezogenheit in ihren Einsiedeleien und Klöstern.

Unter dem Schutz und der Leitung des späteren Maharadschas von

Mysore und mit Unterstützung des Direktors des Mysore-Sanskrit-College und der Oriental-Manuscript-Leihbibliothek unternahm er tiefgreifende Forschungen auf dem Gebiete der verschiedenen asiatischen Philosophien.

Er reiste durch Indien und fand in den eingeborenen Pandits eine große Hilfe für seine Studien und Gurus für seine Meditationen.

Er besuchte Ceylon, Thailand, China und Japan und lernte von buddhistischen Lehrern. Vom Oberhaupt der Mönche in Thailand wurde er mit einem Ehrendiplom und der persönlichen Buddhastatue seiner Heiligkeit, dem Oberhaupt der Mönche, beschenkt und geehrt.

In seinen Büchern zeigt er auch dem in allem Lebensbetrieb stehenden Menschen, wie er durch Konzentration und Meditation die Fähigkeiten entwickeln kann, unsere Lebens- und Arbeitskraft zu erhöhen, das Göttliche in uns zu erkennen und tiefen Frieden zu erreichen.



Tag: Obwohl vor wenig Jahren bereits erschienen, ist "Die Edda" auch heute noch aktuell und neben seiner Übertragung der EDDA größte seiner Bücher, noch heute so bedeutsam, so aktuell und so begeisternd wie im Erscheinungsjahr 1930.

Gorsleben vermochte nach zwanzigjähriger unermüdlicher Forschungsarbeit die geheimnisvolle Frühzeit der Götter und Menschen tatsächlich zu erhellen. Es gelang ihm, einzudringen in die Welt längst vergessener magischer Geheimnisse und Rituale und ihre Bilder und Zeichen zu entziffern. Er lehrt uns, eine vorzeiten von der Weisheit uralter Schöpferkräfte erfüllte Welt wieder zu schauen, zu erkennen und zu verstehen.

Die Fragen nach Ursprung und Frühzeit der Menschen, nach Werden, Wachsen und Untergang ihrer vergessenen Kulturen sind stets die gleichen gewesen. Die „exakte“ Wissenschaft versucht sie zu beantworten. Sie fügt Steinchen zu Steinchen und müht sich doch vergebens, das Mosaik ihrer Vorstellungen zu vollenden und die gähnende Leere auszufüllen. Dem tiefer schürfenden Erforscher der Mythen aber, der die kargen Reste von Druiden überlieferter, von einsamen Weisen gehüteter Götterweisheit, die vielfältig verschlüsselte Symbolik von Geste, Bild, Wort und Zeichen zu durchdringen und zu deuten versucht, beginnt sich der Ring zu schließen:

Ausbruch des neuen Menschen aus dem von todbringender Vereisung umklammerten polaren Paradies. Besiedlung des atlantischen Kontinents. Bildung der vierten Haupt- und Wurzelrasse. Entstehung einer strahlenden magisch-technischen Hochkultur. Weltweite Eroberungen. Kolonisierung der trotz gewaltiger erdgeschichtlicher Umwälzungen überlebenden Vormenschen. Auszug der von neuen Katastrophen bedrohten letzten Atlanter. Göttergelenkte Entstehung der fünften, der arischen Haupt- und Wurzelrasse im Norden Europas. Hyperboreer und „Goldenes Zeitalter“. Entwicklung gemeinsamer Urschriftzeichen zur Bewahrung atlantischer magisch-technischer Geheimnisse. Deutung der Zeichen als Offenbarungs- und Schutzmittel, als Kraftpotential kosmischer Strömung, Gedankenzelle und Zahlenwert. Weltweite Wanderungen und Aufsplitterung der gemeinsamen Ursprache, deren Wurzel Gorsleben uns in toten und lebenden Sprachen aufzufinden lehrt.

Gorslebens Forschungen ergründen das Geschehen der Vorzeit, die seit ältesten Zeiten überlieferten magischen Zeichen und Runenformen, die Schriftfragmente und Mythen. Es erläutert und ergänzt wie kein anderes die Geheimlehren der Veden, der Genesis und der Kabbalah.

**Aus dem Inhalt:** Geheimwissenschaften – Einweihungen – Fernzeugung – Die Kunst der Gattenwahl – Sonnen-Rhythmus und Sonnenritus – Mysterien der Germanen – Was ist die Edda? – Die Großartigkeit germanischen dogmenlosen Gotteserfassens – Die Entdeckung Hörbigers und die eddische Schöpfungsmythe – Die Erschaffung der Welt – Chemie und Physik in der Edda – Die Geheimnisse der eddischen Zahlen – Die Druiden und der Sonne Sohn – Die Ältere Atlantische Christliche Kirche – Die geschichtliche Atlantis – Der Ursprung des Christentums aus Atlantis – Der Papst und der Groß-Lama – Die Offenbarung Gottes in der Zahl – Der kosmische Ursprung der Runen – Das Runenalphabet der Edda – Bemalte Kiesel vor zehntausend Jahren – Die Runen als mathematische Formel – Das Runenbild auf der irdischen Betrachtungsebene – Die Runen aus dem Himmelsgrund geschnitten – Die Entstehung der lateinischen Schrift aus den Runen – Die Cheops-Pyramide und der Aufbau des Weltalls – Die Runen als Feinkraft-Flüsse im Weltenraum –

Grobstoff und Feinstoff – Die Wirkung der Feinkraftflüsse auf den menschlichen Körper – Die Atomlehre der alten Griechen – Die Runen im Tyr-Kreis – Jede Gestalt ist Rune – Die menschliche Gestalt ist ein Spiegelbild des Tyr-Kreises – Kalendersteine vor 3000 Jahren – Ursprache – Die Sprache als geistiger Geburtsakt – Die Runen als Offenbarungsmittel – Die Runen als Kraftfiguren kosmischer Strömungen – Edda, Kabbalah und Tarot – Das Runen-Futhork in Einzeldarstellungen – Der Gedanke der Wiedergeburt – Runenlegen – Runenzauber in der Edda – Weißt du zu ritzen, weißt du zu raten? – Runen als Mittel gegen Krankheit – Fünf Vokale und der Fünfstern – Das „Vater-unser“ auf den Runenreihen – Das „Monogramm Christi“ auf den drei Runenfunden – Die Beziehungen der einzelnen Bitten zu unseren Körperteilen – Die Runen sind Tür und Tor aller Erkenntnisse – Das magische Quadrat und die Zahl „Fuffzehn“ – Die dreifach gelegte Bar-Rune – Das Grundwissen, das man hütet in den Geheimbinden – und vieles mehr.

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### This Month's Review Article

## Indian Yoga and the Modern World

CHARLES J. RYAN, M. A.

IN one of Dr. Paul Brunton's earlier works, *A Search in Secret India*, he says that although Yoga "is one of the most valuable inheritances India has received from her ancient sages," if it is "to remain the hobby of a few hermits the modern world will have no use for it and the last traces of the sacred science will disappear." The West will ignore it and the new India will abandon it. Readers of that widely read study of Indian yogis will remember that the author was profoundly impressed at first by the mental peace shown by the Maharishi of Arunchala, "a saintly yogi who had perfected himself in indifference to worldly attractions and in the control of the restless mind." But after further experience he has concluded that the effort to attain such a goal was not a justifiable one if it led to nothing of practical benefit to humanity at large.

Dr. Brunton's latest book, *The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga*,\* is the result of long experience in theoretical observation of Indian yoga and in its actual practice, and his previous works must be regarded as descriptions or expressions of the stages through which he has traveled in reaching a higher altitude. Its title conveys the realization that humanity can reach a far more all-round development than the limited outlook offered by the yogis. It is surely the most important contribution the author has yet made to occult literature and to the cause of social welfare, and we are glad that a further development will follow in a second volume. It is both critical and constructive in showing that certain mental disciplines of Indian yoga might be extremely useful when the terrible conditions now prevailing have passed and men of good-will are called upon to redeem the world from the nightmare of materialistic thought and action we have brought upon ourselves. For any arti-

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\**The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga*, by Paul Brunton. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.



for the erection of other buildings in the future when need and means conjoin.

Because of the relatively low rates at the new Headquarters, we shall pay considerably less in taxes than we do at Point Loma, despite the fact that the improvements alone at Covina are officially valued at more than the land and improvements together at Point Loma. At current rates, the actual taxes on the new Headquarters will be only about 65% of what the taxes are on the Point Loma property.

This new home for the International Headquarters is in many ways far more appropriate for the work to which the Headquarters is destined than Point Loma now is, although naturally, due to long and intimate association, our Headquarters workers and others will for a long time remember Point Loma with an earnest and deep feeling of interest and lofty sentiment. Opportunities for the dissemination of the Theosophical teachings and for the gathering of large audiences will be much greater than they have been at Point Loma, as this new site is easily accessible to a growing and already densely populated metropolitan area.

Naturally the removal of so large an institution as our Headquarters with its nearly 100 resident workers, and with its many offices and bureaus to be transferred and established in their new locations, is no small matter, and we know that our members and friends will be patient for some weeks in sympathetic understanding of the difficulty of restoring immediate efficiency everywhere. It is hoped and indeed fully expected that the sale of the Point Loma property now in negotiation will provide largely for the means of procuring our new Headquarters home, but in any case a very generous friend of the Leader has given a substantial donation to help defray the cost of procuring the new Headquarters property.

The entire Headquarters staff has been for some months now considering this removal from Point Loma with enthusiasm and appreciation of what it will mean to the best interests of the work that we are to do. The Leader has stated that in his judgment this removal of our Headquarters to the new property is in every sense of the word a step forwards in preparation for our future work. To quote his own words: "We move from Point Loma to better things, because we have outgrown the relatively imperfect establishment of earlier days, and have found need for greater facilities for our expanding activities."

— THE EDITORS

Point Loma, May 15, 1942

*Please Note:* Our new address will be

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, COVINA, CALIF.

The cable address: THEOSOCIETY COVINACALIF.



ficial culture of psychic powers, sometimes mistaken for yoga, a terrible menace in this hotbed of passion and emotion, Dr. Brunton has of course no sympathy, and his presentation of yoga has no element which could appeal to the curiosity-seeker or the psychic researcher. He broadly defines yoga as "a Sanskrit word which appertains to various techniques of self-discipline involving mental concentration and leading to mystic experiences or intuitions," but he emphasizes the warning that though these experiences may help to thin the veil between the ordinary consciousness and its profounder reaches they are certain to mislead unless strictly controlled and checked by the discriminating analysis of a mind trained by the methods of certain great Sages of old, and by practical experience and service in the world of men. The visions of 'yogis,' whether in the Orient or among the Christian saints, or among certain Western seers or 'sensitives' or even those of so-called 'primitive' races, are rarely balanced by logical thinking, with the result that so many differences of opinion prevail about their correct interpretation. The Mahâtman K. H. strongly emphasizes this in *The Mahatma Letters to A. P. Sinnett*, p. 276. The need for the scientific and philosophical teaching of the Sages which we call 'technical' Theosophy is apparent.

The author's final conclusion, after years of personal experience of yoga-states and wide acquaintance with genuine yogis, is that while there is much to say for a disciplined yoga training, freed from emotionalism, curiosity hunting, superstition, and 'the miraculous,' its real usefulness lies in its practical methods of mind concentration, the control of the restlessness of the mind which is our greatest hindrance in hearing the Inner Voice. He does not disguise the danger of yoga becoming a mere personal gratification and a turning into ashes in the mouth, "a shriveling complacency accompanied by an open disdain for life's practical fulfilment in disinterested service of others." He repeats the old teaching that the withdrawal from the pleasures of the senses to the more subtil enjoyments of self-centered isolation is no self-abnegation at all. He quotes the well-known and cultured yogi, Śri Aurobindo: "Trance is a way of escape — the body is made quiet, the physical mind is in a state of torpor. . . [but] . . . The disadvantage is that trance becomes



indispensable and that the problem of waking consciousness is not solved; it remains imperfect."

Speaking from the logic of critical reflexion and somewhat painful experience, he writes:

I became acutely aware that mysticism was not enough *by itself* to transform or even discipline human character or to exalt its ethical standards towards a satisfactory ideal. It was unable to link itself thoroughly to life in the external world! . . . Even the emotional exaltations of mystical ecstasy — wonderfully satisfying though they be — were fleeting both in experience and effect and have proved insufficient to ennoble men permanently. The disdain for practical action and the disinclination to accept personal responsibility which marked the character of real mystics prevented them from testing the truth of their knowledge as well as the worth of their attainments and left them suspended in mid-air, as it were. Without the healthy opposition of active participation in the world's affairs, they had no means of knowing whether they were living in a realm of sterilized self-hallucination or not . . . The true sage could be no anemic dreamer but would incessantly transform the seeds of his wisdom into visible and tangible plants of acts well done. — p. 25

The latter, of course, is the essential teaching of the true 'Raja Yogis,' the Masters of Wisdom, and Compassion, who established the Theosophical Movement and its humble instrument, the Theosophical Society, to bring "Truth, Light and Liberation" to a world in sore need of them.

We have always admired the Zen system of Buddhism, and it is gratifying to find that Dr. Brunton accepts the Japanese Zen as a sensible and beneficial system free from the objections that apply to much of the Indian yoga. In Zen the students are given active duties as well as discipline in meditation, and after a period of training they are returned in most cases to the outside world, equipped with the power of sustained concentration and a desirable balance of the inner and the outer faculties that make them successful and respected citizens. A few adopt the monastic life but all made spiritual contacts by which their lives are permanently enriched.

What, then, is the balancing philosophy which is needed if Eastern Yoga training in concentration of mind, etc., is to be any use in the daily life of the world? "Disenchanted," as the author says, "by long experience of certain ashrams and ascetics," and no longer "confusing yogis with sages — as most of us do," he was led, largely



by the help and example of a truly great and spiritual philosopher-ruler, the late Maharaja of Mysore, to such ancient teachings as the Mandukya Upanishad, the Bhagavad-Gîtâ, the Ashtavakra Samhita, Śankarâchârya's writings, etc., which contain what he calls "The Hidden Teachings Beyond Yoga," the teaching of "the yoga of philosophic discernment" . . . "philosophic disciplines using the intense concentration generated by yoga practice but directed toward freeing the mind of its innate ignorance and habitual error": in short to develop the fullest powers of *insight*. He says he is not writing for cloistered pedants of academic metaphysics but for the intelligent 'man in the street' who is taking thought for the meaning of life; and therefore he has avoided technical language as far as possible, without sacrificing accuracy or depth — an example many writers on philosophy would do well to follow.

The great Hindu scriptures mentioned as of such transcendent importance by Dr. Brunton are not unfamiliar to Theosophists. The Bhagavad-Gîtâ, for instance, has been the subject of almost universal and intensive study since the early days of the Theosophical Society. The teaching that is "Beyond Yoga," but for which yoga concentration of mind is no doubt a good preparation, is not a new revelation, as Dr. Brunton says, for it is enshrined in the works mentioned, but unfortunately its meaning has not been properly understood by Western scholars and still less by the general reader unless enlightened by the teachings of Theosophy. If we understand Dr. Brunton correctly, the Theosophical discipline and outlook is practically the same as his "yoga of philosophical discernment" adapted to the comprehension of the Western mind. We are, however, looking forward with interest to the second volume of this study, where more complete interpretation is promised.

After a careful consideration of the modern developments in science, education, transport facilities, inventions, etc., which have transformed our social conditions and mental outlook, and especially the widespread increase, under the baleful influence of materialism, of the despairing feeling that there is no purpose in human life, the author declares that this is the time when the ancient "Aryan" knowledge must be brought to the West "to help the better cultured classes act more wisely that something nobler may emerge . . .



toward a finer human world." This is true indeed, but it is not exactly new, for the Theosophical Movement was started in 1875 to promote human welfare on "Aryan" lines of thought, spiritual, intellectual and practical. At that time only a minute coterie of scholars in the West knew anything about these principles, and few regarded them as anything more than an abstruse field of linguistic and ethnological research. The Theosophical activities called popular attention to the Wisdom of the East, and in the few years that have elapsed since H. P. Blavatsky brought her message it has produced far-reaching results by giving hope and encouragement to an immense number of discouraged people as well as by powerfully affecting the religious, scientific, and social ideas of our age. The Theosophical Movement was established by Hindû Sages, not "hibernating hermits," but philanthropists of the highest compassion and wisdom, whose aims and ideals are universal in scope and application. These Masters of Life "have made the age-old cause of all mankind their own" and are not "ascetically indifferent" to the social welfare and evolution of the world in its common everyday experiences and tribulations. According to Dr. Brunton, this can hardly be said of many of the self-centered and self-sufficient Hindû yogis, pure-minded and mystically inclined though they may be, and untainted by the selfish desire to be revered for their possession of strange powers.

In the last chapter, "The Philosophic Life," the author discusses the woes of the world and its crying need for a true and dynamic philosophy of life, one which would be recognised and accepted by men of action and leadership. But, as he writes, the ground for such a world-philosophy must be prepared by a voluntary clearance on the part of the organized religions of their labyrinth of traditional rubbish and a complete reorganization of their methods. The Unity of the Universe must be recognised, and this implies the divinity of man because he is an integral part of it — some would say of God, but the author prefers a term he has suggested, the Overself. He insists that the laws of Cause and Effect, Perfect Justice — Karman — and Reincarnation must be understood and lived up to. Fully to accept the law of Karman — you reap what you sow, and nothing else — is of the utmost importance for it is a natural and



inescapable fact from which we shall suffer and suffer until we recognise it. Every day we are shaping our future conditions and history by our thoughts and deeds — fortunate if they are good, unhappy if they are selfish. The only way to change one's life for the better is to take the bull by the horns and change one's way of thinking, as he says. All this is good sound Theosophy, though Dr. Brunton does not use the word even though its antecedents in classical thought are excellent and expressive of his views. We notice that he avoids any reference to or consideration of the seven (or four) *kośas* or 'principles' of man's complex nature as given in Oriental philosophy, which have been found so illuminating by Theosophists in their study of the subtleties of human psychology and universal consciousness.

Dr. Brunton strikes a profound Theosophical keynote of action when he says that the key to happiness is *forgetting oneself*. He sums up his ethical position in the words: "It is the duty of the strong to assist the weak, of the advanced to help the backward, of the saintly to guide the sinful, of the wealthy to enlighten the ignorant. And because ignorance is the root of all other troubles, therefore the Buddha pointed out that, 'explaining and spreading the truth is above all charities.' " This, of course, is the 'practical charity' which is the Theosophical ideal, the most effective way to bring about a permanent condition of universal brotherhood. The reason why the Theosophical Society as a philanthropic *organization* is more concerned in spreading the light of Theosophy in this Dark Age than in extending material assistance is that the latter can only be a temporary alleviation or 'appeasement,' to use a popular expression, so long as human ignorance and selfishness remain unchanged. *Members* of Theosophical societies, as *individuals*, may and do help in any charitable work they prefer, for as H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Voice of the Silence*, "Inaction in a deed of mercy is action in a deadly sin."

Dr. Brunton calls for a remedy for "the malady of human suffering," and he clearly indicates that the remedy lies in the active participation of men of 'goodwill' and wisdom in the work of redemption. For instance, he writes:

The sages who have gone looked within self in the quest of abiding reality



rather than fitful experience, of final truth rather than emotional satisfaction . . . hence they alone found the genuine goal. And because they did not flee as did mystics from the vexing problem of the world, they solved that too at the same startling moment that the self was understood. . . . Thenceforth they made the age-old cause of all mankind their own.

This is excellent so far as it goes, and knowledge of the Self, even in part, is essential for a true Teacher. We must remember, however, that such an understanding is not gained by merely intellectual processes, nor can the search be entered upon without a higher inspiration if it is to succeed. According to the teaching and example of the Great Ones, the Buddhas and the Christs, the first and most important qualification for discipleship in "the age-old cause of all mankind" is to "love thy neighbor as thyself," or, in Buddhism, to obey the highest of its rules of conduct or *Pâramitâs*, "Dâna, the key of charity and love immortal," and as H. P. Blavatsky gives it in *The Voice of the Silence*, "To live to benefit mankind is the first step," and "Compassion speaks and saith: 'Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?'"

We hope that in his forthcoming volume Dr. Brunton will emphasize this fundamental teaching of all the Saviors of humanity without which the candidate for even the highest psycho-intellectual states of consciousness is always in danger of being led into unproductive bypaths toward what is called the *pratyeka* condition. Dr. Brunton has certainly deserved gratitude and has done excellent service in this volume by courageously presenting the matured judgment of an expert in Hindû Yoga at the risk of inevitable misunderstanding, as he tells us. By his frankly critical but constructive and not unfriendly analysis he has cleared up many obscurities and helped greatly in exposing the false and fantastic notions about yoga so prevalent in the west.

Amid the wreckage of outworn forms of thought the world is blindly reaching for a nobler philosophy of life. If it would realize the admirable principles so skilfully and earnestly put forward here, which are practically those of Theosophy, and *put them into practice*, we should indeed begin to see the "Promised Land"!



# SPECTRUM REVIEW

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## PAUL BRUNTON PIONEER OF THE EAST-WEST DIALOGUE

by Georg Feuerstein

There is a handful of writers who have pioneered the dialogue between the East, especially India, and the West. The names of Christopher Isherwood, Gerald Heard, and Alan Watts readily spring to mind. Equally influential, though possibly underrated, has been the contribution of Dr. Paul Brunton.

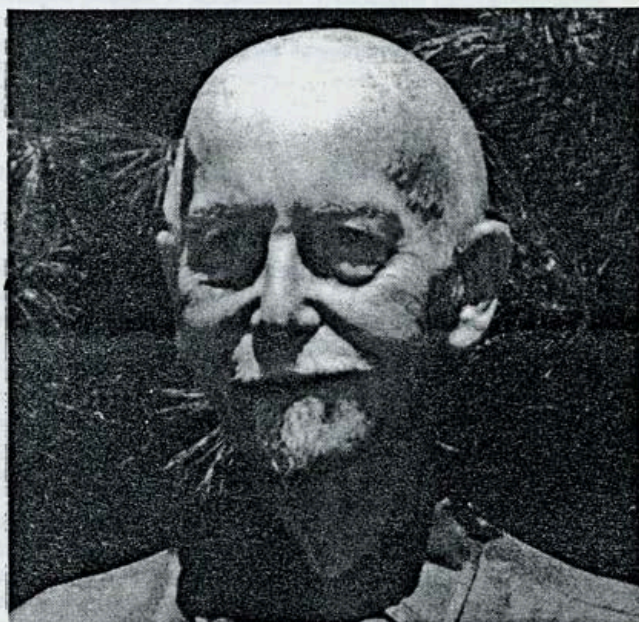
Born in London in 1898, Brunton pursued a career as a journalist and later as a newspaper editor. In his thirties, and despite great professional success, he resigned his job and embarked on an entirely different journey: Following his long-standing passionate interest in spiritual life, he traveled widely in the East, in search of answers to the kind of questions our busy postindustrial civilization tends to ignore and suppress. His spiritual quest, however, had started much earlier. For, he had experienced a series of ecstatic states before he, as he put it, "reached the threshold of manhood and after six months of unwavering daily practice of meditation and eighteen months of burning aspiration for the Spiritual Self."

In 1934, Brunton published his first book, entitled *A Search in Secret India*. It won him tens of thousands of readers from among the growing circle of Westerners who, in their disenchantment with the Christian establishment, were turning toward the Orient. More importantly, however, Brunton's book brought fame to one of the finest representatives of Hindu spirituality, Ramana Maharshi (1879-1950). By 1952, Brunton had authored eleven books, each of which served as a new portal to the temple of Eastern mysticism. Among his better known writings are *A Search in Secret Egypt*, *The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga*, and *The Wisdom of the Overself*.

Brunton found himself in the limelight of the Western spiritual arena. His books sold two million copies in seventeen languages worldwide. Since he had no desire to function as a guru to others, but preferred to point to the sages of the East and to stimulate philosophical inquiry rather than impose doctrines on others, he moved into seclusion in Switzerland. His withdrawal from the public eye was so efficient that two major newspapers ran obituaries on him.

At the behest of Ramana Maharshi, Brunton kept daily notebooks, in which he registered spiritual matters distilled from his own quest and relevant to other seekers. "I amused myself with scribbling mystical books to bore materialistic people, playing with queer thoughts which were thrown up into the air and caught on the tip of my pen," he wrote with tongue-in-cheek modesty in the opening essay to the volume containing his autobiographical recollections. At the time of his death, in July of 1981, he had amassed some 7,000 pages of notes, all carefully organized into twenty-eight categories. The notebooks were intended for posthumous publication. This rich mine of Brunton's personal experience, wisdom, and thought has now been made available in a fine edition of fifteen volumes, published by Larson Publications, who are to be congratulated for executing this noble undertaking so expertly and promptly.

The categories chosen by Brunton suggest the encyclopedic range of his interests and thinking: the quest, practices for the quest, relaxation and retreat, elementary meditation, advanced contempla-



tion, psychic states, the religious urge, inspiration, the reverential life, the body, emotions and ethics, the intellect, the ego, rebirth, negative states, healing, reflections about himself and other people, the human experience, the arts, the Orient, relativity, the nature of philosophy, mentalism, inner peace, the world mind (Creator-God), the world mind in relation to the individual mind, the world idea (cosmic order), the Alone (the Absolute).

Brunton's philosophy, which he refused to label, is in consonance with the philosophia perennis. For him, philosophy was a matter not of ratiocination for its own sake but of wisdom, by which Truth can be approached directly. He understood philosophy as a practical orientation to life, the synthesis of religious veneration, mystical meditation, rational reflection, moral re-education, and altruistic service. The true philosopher is thus a spiritual practitioner of great maturity. As Brunton put it: "Only when the Overself has illumined every side of his personal being can he be said to have a complete illumination. Only then has he attained the sagehood of philosophy."

The Overself is Brunton's term for the innermost immortal essence of the human being, the Platonic *nous*, the point where we touch the Divine, or what he called "World-Mind." This "God-like" Consciousness, hidden in the heart of every being, is a universal Presence or Intensity. To realize the Overself, as a constant background of daily existence, is the task lying ahead of every person. The







temporary displacement of the egoic consciousness in the ecstatic realization of the Overself introduces a new perspective into the mystic's life. It transforms his or her subsequent relationship to the egoic identity, establishing a continuous sensitivity to the Reality beyond the human personality.

First and foremost, Brunton was a mystic and sage, who used his writing skills to bring clarity and philosophical depth to his inner explorations, to work out what he called his own "intellectual salvation." Secondly, he was a writer who understood his vocation as a service to humanity. In his own words: "The best of being a writer is the opportunity given to show man his true worth, to lift up his own idea of himself, to persuade him that trivial aims are not enough."

The sixteen volumes of Brunton's notebooks give us a rare insight into an unusual man, who, without shedding his twentieth-century skin, has fearlessly and with heartwarming self-honesty, explored the offerings of the East. Though Brunton laid no claim to it, he was surely one of the finest mystical flowers to grow on the wasteland of our secular civilization. What he has to say is important for us all. We need not keep a photograph of him on our desk, as did the young Rajas of Mysore and Kasmanda, but we surely would do well to delve into his written legacy. After all, he asked to be "read rather than revered."

The *Notebooks of Paul Brunton* series can be ordered directly from Larson Publications, 4936 Route 414, Burdett, N.Y. 14818.

Dear Readers:

*This issue contains our annual index for issues 1-5. Also, to catch up somewhat with the many noteworthy titles received during the past quarter, we decided to omit any news and to include a number of shorter reviews this time. We apologize for the delay in publishing this issue, which was caused by the editor working hard on the completion of his forthcoming book *Yoga: The Technology of Ecstasy*, to be published by J. P. Tarcher in the fall of this year. We wish everyone a happy new year.*

Sincerely yours,

Georg Feuerstein

## BOOK REVIEWS

*Titles prefixed with one or two asterisks (\*, \*\*) are especially recommended.*

**\*\*Irina Tweedie, *Daughter of Fire: A Diary of a Spiritual Training with a Sufi Master*.** Nevada City, Calif.: Blue Dolphin Publishing, 1986. 822 pages. Paperback (0-931892-04-X), \$19.95.

This is the complete unabridged edition of Irina Tweedie's diaries, first published in 1979 in a much abridged version under the title *The Chasm of Fire*. For anyone interested in spiritual discipleship, this massive volume makes for captivating reading from the first to the last page. It is a unique record of a modern woman's "Milarepa experience" with an Indian Sufi master. At the age of fifty-two, she embarked on the Sufi path of the heart with great courage, and remarkably with little preparation. "There was nothing to tell except terrible pain in the heart . . . longing, and longing again so terrible that I cried non-stop. And he [the teacher] was inside with others and I was outside [his house], and I felt like a lonely wolf howling to the moon . . . A crazy thing this love: the incredible thing . . . could it be called spiritual life? If it is, what do you know of it . . . oh, all of you, who speak so glibly of spirituality and spiritual life? What do you know of the pain of it. 'And the glory of it,' said the heart softly" (p. 463).

Irina Tweedie stayed with her teacher until after his death in 1966, and since then has been helping the growing number of people who find their way to her occasional lectures or to her little apartment in London. This ruthlessly honest book, in which the author liberally

shares both her tribulations and triumphs, has the makings of becoming a classic in the mystical autobiographical literature. [No index]

Omraam Mikhael Aivanhov, *The Powers of Thought*. Frejus Cedex, France: Prosveta, 1988. 230 pages. Paperback (2-85566-436-5), \$7.95. [This book is available from Prosveta U.S.A., P.O. Box 49614, Los Angeles, CA 90049.]

It is an ancient esoteric truth that we become what we ponder the most. Put differently (in the late Paul Tillich's terms), it is our ultimate concern that shapes our life. In the words of the Bulgarian spiritual teacher Mikhael Aivanhov, "the first concern of a disciple is . . . to recover the image of himself that he possessed once before, a very long time ago, before he left Paradise" (pp. 27-28). The inspirational talks gathered in this volume all remind us of the awesome powers of the human mind, and they seek to encourage the use of our imagination not for the instigation of conflict, war, or banality but for the creation of a personal life and a global civilization enriched by higher aspirations (Maslow's "meta-needs"), especially the transformative presence of love. It is important to refresh ourselves often on this message, and Aivanhov's simple language succeeds in addressing our hearts directly.

[No index]

\*Robert E. Svoboda, *Aghora: At the Left Hand of God*. Albuquerque, New Mexico: Brotherhood of Life, 1986. 327 pages. Paperback (0-914732-21-8), \$12.95.

This book presents some of the teachings of the late Tantric master Vimalananda, who belonged to the Aghora tradition of India. The writer, a licensed physician, had been Vimalananda's student for several years until this teacher's death in 1983. Svoboda is himself steeped in that tradition, which he styles "the apotheosis of Tantra." Members of the Aghora sect have long suffered abuse and suppression because of their adherence to "left-hand" Tantrism, which involves the ritual employment of intoxicants and sex, as well as questionable magical practices in the cemetery.

The Sanskrit word *aghora* means "nonterrible" and, paradoxically, refers to God Shiva in his more terrifying aspect, which only initiates do not fear. Vimalananda was a maverick even among the eccentric Aghoris, "as hard as diamonds or as soft as wax, as the situation demanded" (p. 24).

This captivating book is a unique "inside" account of left-hand Tantrism. It communicates more about the Aghora tradition than tomes of scholarly publications. It also happens to be a fascinating portrayal of an extraordinary modern guru—intelligent, versatile, dramatic, fearless, humorous, irascible, incisive, and obviously a Tantric adept of the first order. That the author is not simply a naive adulator is evident from the following confession: "There were times I found it difficult to respect Vimalananda, and other times when it was difficult to like him very much. But it was never difficult to love him" (p. 30). Svoboda even describes his teacher as having on occasion been downright "egotistical." Yet, this is not in contradiction to the spiritual status he claims for Vimalananda, since the Aghori master believed that the ego, which he equated with the kundalini power, is fully transcended only when the body dies. Vimalananda himself speculated that either he must be mad, or everyone else is.

This book challenges our beliefs and perceptions about reality. It also raises many questions about spiritual paths that are so dangerously close to the border of immorality and insanity, especially regarding their possible value for contemporary humanity.

[No index]

Daniel Gold, *The Lord as Guru: Hindi Sants in North Indian Tradition*. New York/Oxford, England: Oxford University Press, 1987. 256 pp. Hardcover (0-19-504339-1), \$29.95.

The figure of the guru, the "dispeller of spiritual darkness," is central



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BOOK REVIEW

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# Paul Brunton's Secret Path

*Like Alan Watts and Christopher Isherwood, this author and spiritual seeker was a pioneer of the East-West dialogue.*

By GEORGE FEUERSTEIN

I will always be grateful to Paul Brunton, for it was his first book that was also my first encounter with the spirituality of the East. I vividly remember how, more than a quarter of a century ago, his *Search in Secret India* held me spellbound for months. I read it over and over again. The world it portrayed—of holy men and sages—seemed strangely familiar to me. His book laid the foundation for my subsequent lifelong professional and personal interest in India's spiritual traditions.

Born Raphael Hurst in London in 1898, Paul Brunton pursued a career as a bookseller, as a journalist, and later as a magazine editor—occupations not normally associated with wisdom or spiritual adventure. But like Alan Watts, Christopher Isherwood, and Gerald Heard, Brunton was destined to become a pioneer of the East-West dialogue.

Despite his professional success, Brunton resigned his job in his 30s and headed in an entirely different direction: Following his long-standing passionate interest in spiritual life, he traveled widely in the East in search of answers to the kinds of questions that our busy postindustrial civilization tends to ignore and suppress.

Brunton's spiritual quest had begun much earlier. At the age of 16, he experienced a series of ecstatic states as a direct result of having meditated regularly and intensely for six months. Although the immediacy of these mystical experiences waned after several weeks, their afterglow lasted for three years, and they decisively shaped the remainder of Brunton's life.

The contrast between these blissful mystical experiences and the drab materialism of his environment threw the



Paul Brunton (left) meets with Atmananda (Krishna Menon), one of several sages with whom he studied during his numerous trips to India.

young Brunton into a state of utter despair. He resolved to commit suicide, but being an eminently rational person, he picked a date a fortnight away so that he could use the time to look up books on death in the local library. He chanced upon any number of spiritual books on the subject, which he devoured eagerly and which led him to postpone his suicide—indefinitely.

He married relatively young, and in 1923 his only child, Kenneth Thurston Hurst, was born. Brunton did not feel prepared for fatherhood but was told by a spiritual elder that the relationship to the unborn child was karmic and necessary. As it turned out, they had a loving rela-

tionship throughout Brunton's life, and Hurst produced an excellent biography of his father, *Paul Brunton: A Personal View* (Larson).

In this book, Hurst recollects many fascinating vignettes. He mentions, for instance, that Brunton discovered early that he had certain occult abilities and even reveled in their exercise. However, he received an inner warning that if he wanted to grow spiritually he would have to desist from exploiting them. Heeding the warning, he took to seriously cultivating the art of meditation instead.

Brunton's early spiritual efforts were aided by the British Buddhist monk Allan Bennett, also known as Bhikku Ananda Metteya, who was widely respected at the time and whom Brunton considered to be a *bodhisattva*, or saint. Another of Brunton's early guides was an American painter named Thurston, in whom he saw an "advanced mystic." A third influence was an unidentified Indian gentleman to whom Brunton referred as "the Rajah." He predicted that Brunton would visit India one day, which came true in 1931.

In 1934, Brunton published his first book, *A Search in Secret India*, which was spectacularly successful. While completing the manuscript, he decided upon the pen name Brunton Paul for himself, but the typesetter accidentally changed it to Paul Brunton, and it stuck. His friends called him "PB."

Over the years, Brunton's fledgling book, which records his early adventures in India, won him a quarter of a million readers, drawn from among the growing circle of Westerners who, in their disenchantment with the Christian establish-







## PROFILE

ment, were turning toward the Orient.

In particular, Brunton's book brought fame to one of the finest representatives of modern Hindu spirituality, Ramana Maharshi (1879-1950), who must not be confused with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the founder of the Transcendental Meditation movement. The description of his encounter with Sri Ramana in South India is perhaps the most enthralling part of the book. Here is a sampling of Brunton's journalistic treatment:

"I fold a thin cotton blanket upon the floor and sit down, gazing expectantly at the silent figure in such a rigid attitude upon the couch. . . . If he is aware of my presence, he betrays no hint, gives no sign. His body is supernaturally quiet, as steady as a statue. Not once does he catch my gaze, for his eyes continue to look into remote space, and infinitely remote it seems."

At first, Brunton expects something to happen, and "the minutes creep by with unutterable slowness." In the end, the sage's total quietness communicates itself to him. Two hours later, Brunton is still in a state of deep restfulness and meditation. Someone prods him, reminding him to ask his questions. Yet the peace that has overwhelmed him has also wiped out all his questions—at least until his next meeting with Sri Ramana. Brunton goes on to have many animated conversations with the sage, in which he is always thrown back upon his own inner resources.

On Brunton's last day at the ashram, Ramana Maharshi again chooses to be completely silent. He rests his peaceful eyes on the man from the West in what proves to be a profound initiatory gaze. As Brunton describes it:

"His eyes shine with astonishing brilliance. Strange sensations begin to arise in me. Those lustrous orbs seem to be peering into the inmost recesses of my soul. . . . I become aware that he is definitely linking my own mind with his, that he is provoking my heart into that state of starry calm which he seems perpetually to enjoy."

Time stands still. The hall empties, as one disciple after another quietly leaves. Then only the sage and Brunton are left behind.

"I am alone with the Maharishee! Never before has this happened. His eyes begin to change; they narrow down to pin-points. The effect is curiously like the 'stopping-down' in the focus of a camera lens. There comes a tremendous

increase in the intense gleam which shines between the lids, now almost closed. Suddenly, my body seems to disappear, and we are both out in space!"

As Brunton later explained, in writing his early books he deliberately assumed a fictitious persona to make his works more accessible and readable. His own spiritual understanding, however, was far ahead of his writings. When he arrived in India, he did not come empty-handed, nor was he in need of learning the spiritual ABCs.

Some of Brunton's disguised spiritual maturity is evident from his book *A Secret Search in Egypt*, which was a meteoric success when it was published in 1936. He met no sages in Egypt of the stature of Ramana Maharshi and the Shankaracarya of Kanchi, whom he revered. Yet he did encounter the ancient esoteric tradition of that country. His spiritual adventure in the Great Pyramid of Cheops would not have been possible for an immature practitioner, who would have died from sheer fright. Brunton was the only European ever given permission to spend an entire night alone there.

Sitting in total darkness, hearing only his own breathing, Brunton entered a state of meditative inwardness. But the chamber would not yield its ancient secrets readily. He was assailed by monstrous appearances that filled him with fear and repulsion.

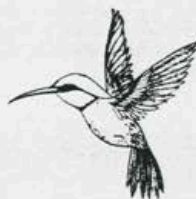
"In a few minutes I lived through something which will leave a remembered record behind for all time. That incredible scene remains vividly photographed upon my memory. Never again would I repeat such an experiment."

Suddenly the onslaught stopped, and a new, benign presence made itself known. Brunton saw two tall figures in white robes approach. Then one of these awe-inspiring men, wearing the unmistakable regalia of a High Priest, spoke to him. This was followed by a striking out-of-the-body experience in which some of the hidden wisdom of the ancient Egyptians was revealed to him. He was told that the mystery of the Great Pyramid is the mystery of his own self, that all the secret chambers and hidden records are to be found within himself.

Many readers questioned the veracity of Brunton's account of what happened in the darkness of the King's Chamber that night. But certain aspects of the knowledge imparted to him by the adept Ra-Mak-Hotep were later confirmed, including the subsequent important discovery that the Sphinx is in fact a monu-



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ment to the Sun-God Ra, as the spirit guide had mentioned. For Brunton, the principal objective of the book was to introduce his Western readers to the ancient but largely forgotten notion that the spiritual realm interpenetrates our physical plane, and that spirit beings are indeed as real as we are.

Brunton incessantly worked on his inner growth. He never stood still, and it was hard for many of his readers to keep up with his rapidly unfolding philosophical wisdom. As he continued his investigation of spiritual life, he began to see the limitations of traditional Hindu doctrines and approaches. He expressed his newfound understanding that conventional mysticism was not the final answer in a book entitled *The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga*, published in 1941.

Those who had devoured *The Secret Path*, an inspired little volume about yoga, were dumbfounded. Suddenly they read that mysticism was not the answer after all. They learned that the spiritual path was more arduous than the earlier book had depicted.

In *The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga*, Brunton put forward a powerful critique of a conventional mysticism that seeks to abandon the world in favor of mere solitude and silence. He explained, "Meditation on oneself was a necessary and admirable pursuit, but it did not constitute the entire activity which life was constantly asking of man. It was good, but it proved to be not enough."

His critique of ordinary yoga and mystical trance perplexed many readers of his earlier works and outraged many Indians, who could not understand his quest for a more integrated approach. In particular, Brunton had expressed some criticism of the teaching of Ramana Maharshi, which many people misunderstood to be a criticism of the sage himself. Brunton was greatly pained by this misunderstanding, which his own works had provoked. His relationship to Sri Ramana was always one of purest admiration, gratitude, and spiritual affinity. In *The Secret Path*, he had called Sri Ramana "the most understanding man I have ever known" who "possessed a deific personality which defies description." Brunton always stood by this description of the sage he called his "Beloved Master" all his life.

After the publication of *The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga*, Brunton was no longer welcome at Ramana's hermitage because of the machinations of certain

disciples. During his later wanderings in India he would often travel within a few miles of the ashram but be unable to visit the master. "A lump would come into my throat and a choking sensation would seize me as I thought how close we were in spirit and yet so harshly separated by the ill-will of certain men and by the dark shadows of my own karma," he wrote in his journal. He added: "That I was most unfairly treated by one ashram in particular and many Indians in general is a shameful fact, but nevertheless it was a fact which helped my own emancipation."

Brunton's relationship with Ramana Maharshi survived all these external difficulties. In fact, he had numerous visions of the sage, the last occurring about 15 months after Sri Ramana's death in 1950. In that vision the sage announced that they had to part. Brunton had no further visions of him, but from then on began to experience him more and more as pure spiritual essence. He conjectured that Sri Ramana would have been perfectly able to continue to manifest to him, as he continues to manifest to disciples to this day, but that he, Brunton, had to take the next step on the spiritual path.

Toward the end of his life, Brunton was able to harmoniously diffuse the long-standing conflict with Ramana's ashram—testimony, perhaps, to his own spiritual advancement. In fact, he was invited to spend his final years at the ashram, which, however, he was unable to do for practical reasons.

With the tremendous success of his books, which have sold over two million copies in 17 countries, Brunton found himself in the limelight of the Western spiritual arena. Since he was an intensely private person and had no desire to function as a guru to others, but preferred to point to the sages of the East and to stimulate philosophical inquiry rather than impose doctrines on others, he went into seclusion in Switzerland. His withdrawal from the public eye was so efficient that two major newspapers ran obituaries on him.

Until the end of his life, Brunton kept daily notebooks, in which he registered spiritual matters distilled from his own quest and relevant to other seekers. "I amused myself with scribbling mystical books to bore materialistic people, playing with queer thoughts which were thrown up into the air and caught on the tip of my pen," he wrote with tongue-in-cheek modesty in the opening essay to the volume containing his autobiographical recollections.

At the time of his death, on July 27,



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## PROFILE

1981, he had amassed some 17,000 pages of notes, all carefully organized into 28 categories. The notebooks were intended for posthumous publication. This rich mine of Brunton's personal experience, wisdom, and thought has now been made available in a fine edition of 16 volumes, published by Larson Publications.

Brunton's philosophy, which he refused to label, is consonant with the *philosophia perennis*, the perennial philosophy. For him, philosophy was a matter

not of ratiocination for its own sake but of wisdom, in which Truth can be approached directly. He understood philosophy as a practical orientation to life, the synthesis of religious veneration, mystical meditation, rational reflection, moral re-education, and altruistic service. The true philosopher is thus a spiritual practitioner of great maturity.

First and foremost, Brunton was a sage, who used his writing skills to bring clarity and philosophical depth to his inner explorations, to work out what he called his own "intellectual salvation."

Secondarily, he was a writer who understood his vocation as a service to humanity. In his own words: "The best of being a writer is the opportunity given to show man his true worth, to lift up his own idea of himself, to persuade him that trivial aims are not enough."

The 16 volumes of Brunton's notebooks give us a rare insight into an unusual man who, without shedding his 20th-century skin, fearlessly and with heartwarming honesty explored the offerings of the East. Though Brunton laid no claim to it, he was surely one of the finest mystical-philosophical flowers to grow on the wasteland of our secular civilization.

Brunton's message is of value for us all. We need not keep a photograph of him on our desk, as did the rajahs of Mysore and Kasimanda, but we surely would do well to delve into his written legacy. After all, he asked to be "read rather than revered." □

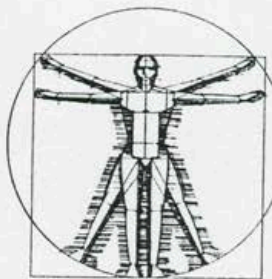
*Georg Feuerstein is the author of many books and articles on yoga and a regular contributor to Yoga Journal. His latest book, Sacred Paths, is published by Larson Publications.*

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Mahant Avaidyanath entered the political arena to earn a seat in India's parliament.

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'We Have Come to Cleanse Politics,' Say Delhi's Priestly MP's

By B.M. Sinha, New Delhi

Gone are the days in India when saints and seers were content with advising and guiding the political leaders in their careers. Many of them are now themselves in politics. Quite a few have even entered the country's Parliament. These members of Parliament are not

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## TM Ayurveda Article Comes Under Fire

Top American Medical Magazine Questions Propriety of Story Authors



Pulse reading by a TM ayurveda doctor.

It was a pitta (body/mind ayurveda type that is ambitious) accomplishment for the Transcendental Meditation movement—getting an article on their program of the Hindu life science of ayurveda into the May '91 issue of the prestigious *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA). TMer's from Maharishi International University in Iowa to the world headquarters in India celebrated with unified-field theory euphoria. Deserved-

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Folk dancers and musicians from Northeast India enthralled spectators as they paraded through a Stuttgart, Germany, brick plaza as part of that country's year-long Festival of India.

## Germany's Festival of India Opens Minds and Hearts

A Wall of Cultural Stereotypes Fall as Actors, Artists, Dancers and Musicians Present the Soul of India

By Rakesh Mathur, England

The inauguration of the festival of India in September by German Chancellor Helmut Kohl and India Prime Minister Rao proved to be very timely for Germany. The circumstances in the country are similar to the social and political scene preceding Great Britain's first festival of India nine years ago. In 1982, Britain was witnessing an evergrowing movement of racially motivated attacks on foreign-

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## In Search of PAUL BRUNTON



brown eyes locked into the pure oyx eyes of the reptile. Brunton was a mystic adventurer/writer from Britain, whose masters included an American spiritualist, an Englishman Buddhist abbot, a Hindu aristocrat and now Ramana Maharshi, the stratospheric sage of Arunachalam. The cobra was a symbol of the mystic power of kundalini. However, that wasn't what Brunton was thinking about as

he broke off the frightening communion with the cobra and backstepped awkwardly into the brush. An advanced disciple of Maharshi came along and actually petted the cobra, before it slithered off.

This scene is from Brunton's *A Search in Secret India*, the page-turning chroni-

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Paul Brunton, thinking of a refreshing cup of tea, stepped through the doorway of his adobe hut out in the scrub brush near the sacred hill of Arunachalam, South India. As if in slow motion he watched his foot come down inches from the flushed hood of a cobra. Neither panicked. But they both froze. Brunton's



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## Brahma Kumaris Open Techno "Better World" Museum in Kenya

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## Brahma Kumaris Open Techno "Better World" Museum in Kenya

By P. P. Bhardwaj, Kenya

In an inspiring and colorful ceremony, The Global Museum for a Better World was officially opened to the public this fall. In less than four years a dream has been converted into reality by the cumulative efforts of many devotees. The idea originated

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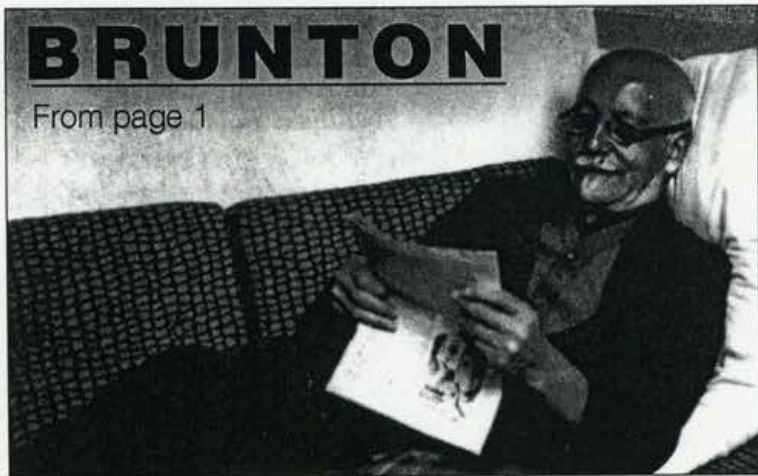






# BRUNTON

From page 1



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In his winter years Brunton had aged into a philosopher's handsomeness, a kind of Celtic sage with currents of compassion in wide open eyes, a short white beard and fine onion-paper skin. He died on July 27, 1981 in Vivey, Switzerland—his son listened to a death rattle thrice, then a sigh of release.

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His mother and younger brother died when he was a little boy. By age sixteen Brunton had reached his full height—a short man, which he was slightly self-conscious of, but with a high forehead. He habitually noted mystically advanced people's precipitous foreheads. And by age sixteen he was seriously meditating—indeed he was almost a doppelganger to the youthful Ramana Maharshi, 18 years his senior, who underwent a transformative samadhi at age 17. Brunton records

earthly pleasure by comparison with the real happiness to be found in this deeper Self."

The ecstasies retreated after several weeks, but the afterglow left a refinement in his nerve system lasting for several years. By his own intentions he may not have lived into future years. He resolved in his

teenage diary, "Commit suicide a fortnight hence." The sooty, caustic vibrations of London so bothered him he resolved that the only solution available to a young spiritual seeker was a swift exit from Earth. Apparently, moving to more congenial environs wasn't a realistic option.

In what would be a good Dickens plot, plans were set. And questions bubbled up. What would happen to him at death's door? Curiosity carried him to the British Museum Library where the reference librarian steered him to the shelves on spiritualism subjects. A stack of books on the astral worlds hefted in his hands, he went home and read. And read. More books checked out. Two weeks sped by and he noted the suicide better be postponed. With newfound knowledge of the realities of reincarnation and astral existence, the idea of suicide died.

Brunton formed a Bohemian parlor society of spiritual seekers, attended London Theosophical Society meetings and joined the Spiritualist Society of Great Britain. He found as a tributary of his meditations that occult powers were eddying into his consciousness. When Brunton learned that a wellknown public speaker was practicing black magic, he attended the next lecture. When the address began, Brunton psychically cut the light power. When the power was switched on again, he projected such a force it blew the light bulbs into shards. Fascinated, he plunged headlong into these waters, but an inner message flung him to shore: either continue the sidetrack of psychism or the central path of spiritual realization. He agonized, but chose the more important path to Self. The powers subsided, though he kept an intuitive sensitivity aglow.

His son Kenneth recounts how he brought his fiancé to meet his father for dinner in a restaurant to secure his blessings for marriage. Brunton sat in withdrawn, stony silence the whole time, leaving the son exasperated. Brunton later explained it was necessary to become absorbed in his Higher Self—requiring a meditative stillness—to feel out the prospects for the union. His feeling: not a good match. A while later the girl left Kenneth for another man.

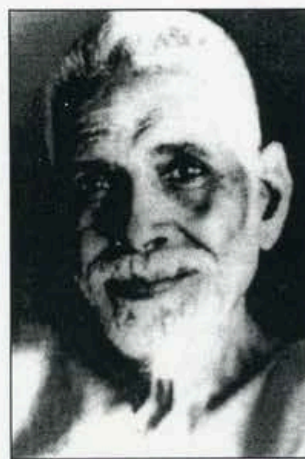
Brunton's own marriage came with a flickering karma of divorce. Three years after his son was born, Brunton's wife came to him and said she had fallen in love with Leonard Gill, a fellow member of the Ro-

was a strict vegetarian, for health, conscience and spiritual refinement reasons. His favorite dishes were rice-and-currys from India, which as *A Secret* tells in the opening chapter Brunton was introduced to by the mysterious "rajah" of London. Brunton eventually learned to cook curry like a Madras master.

Not surprisingly, Brunton's vocations orbited around publishing, either selling or writing. He sold books door-to-door, managed Foyles, then the largest bookstore in the world, and was half owner of a bookstore near the British Museum. It was at this bookstore that the turbaned and very urbane "rajah"—one of Brunton's three gurus—walked in and invited Brunton to a dinner that would change his life. Brunton never identifies the rajah by name even in his private journals. Years earlier a charismatic American painter

named Thurston entered the bookshop and also suggested a dinner engagement. Thurston served as mystic mentor to Brunton for three years. Brunton wrote of him, "He was a phenomenally gifted clairvoyant and adept in the better sense who passed through the world quietly, unobserved but unforgettable by those he helped." Thurston predicted Brunton would uncover and widely broadcast ancient mysteries. It is the rajah who casts the first spell of enchantment with India's yogis over Brunton. He even tells him he will definitely go one day. Brunton then and there is ready to book ship passage to Bombay. It is years though before he voyages to India and meets a stone-like yogi, the Shankarachariyai, Ramana Maharshi, a swami who consumes poison and many others. Success, the magazine, got in the way.

To be continued in the January 1992 edition.



## ENCOUNTER Brunton and the Maharshi

"I fold a thin cotton blanket upon the floor and sit down, gazing expectantly at the silent figure in such a rigid attitude upon the couch. The Maharish's body is almost nude, except for a thin, narrow loin-cloth, but that is common enough in these parts. His skin is slightly copper-colored, yet quite fair in comparison with that of the average South Indian. I judge him to be a tall man; his age somewhere in the early fifties. His head, which is covered with closely cropped grey hair, is well formed. The high and broad expanse of forehead gives intellectual distinction to his personality. His features are more European than Indian. Such is my first impression.

The couch is covered with white cushions and the Maharish's feet rest upon a magnificently marked tiger skin. Pin-drop silence prevails throughout the long hall. The sage remains perfectly still, motionless, quite undisturbed about our arrival.... I look full into the eyes of the seated figure in the hope of catching his notice. They are dark brown, medium-sized and wide open. If he is aware of my presence he betrays no hint, gives no sign. His body is supernaturally quiet, as steady as a statue. Not once does he catch my gaze, for his eyes continue to look into remote space, and infinitely remote it seems.

It is an ancient theory of mine that one can take the inventory of a man's soul from his eyes. But before those of the Maharish I hesitate, puzzled and baffled. The minutes creep by with unutterable slowness. First they mount up to a half-hour by the hermitage clock which hangs on a wall; this too passes by and becomes a whole hour. Yet no one in the hall seems to stir; certainly no one dares to speak. I reach a point of visual concentration where I have forgotten the existence of all save this silent figure on the couch. My offering of fruits remains unregarded on the small carved table which stands before him.

But it is not until the second hour of the uncommon scene that I become aware of a silent resistless change which is taking place within my mind. One by one, the questions which I have prepared in the train with such meticulous accuracy drop away. For it does not now seem to matter whether they are asked or not, and it does not seem to matter whether I solve the problems which have hitherto troubled me. I know only that a steady river of quietness seems to be flowing near me, that a great peace is penetrating the inner reaches of my being, and that my thought-tortured brain is beginning to arrive at some rest. I surrender myself to the steadily deepening sense of restfulness until two hours have passed.... I begin to wonder whether, by some radioactivity of the soul, some unknown telepathic process, the stillness which invades the troubled waters of my own soul really comes from him.



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neurochemical of nomadic wandering filtered into his blood at this turn in his life. Even in *A Search* Brunton describes his surreal en-

counter with an alabaster pale, reclusive brahmin astrologer in Benares who fingers numerous crinkly charts and softly says, "The world will become your home. You shall travel far and wide, yet always you will carry a pen and do your writing work." Brunton wrote that at the time he couldn't measure such prophecies. But he did end up roaming the mystical roads across Asia and the Middle East and writing thirteen books till 1952. These included *A Hermit in the Himalayas* and *The Secret Path*, which in 1990 was put in audio cassette form by actor Christopher Reeves of Superman movie fame [see HINDUISM TODAY, July '91].

After 1952 he dropped out of published writing and recorded bursts of flash insight on napkins, envelopes, any odd scrap handy on his walks and later recrafted those into private journals. At a special horseshoe-shaped desk in his home in Switzerland he kept up streams of correspondence with inquirers and close students, for by the 60's he, the seeker, had become to many the sought-after master, though he heartily discouraged such a relationship. In a night vision in 1963 a supernova erupted in his psyche, what he knew as final enlightenment. It was intensely private and he only told his son and student, Kenneth Thurston Hurst, about it in 1979, two years before his death. Hurst recalls in his biographical book on his father (*Paul Brunton, A Personal View*) the 80-year-olds words: "My own final illumination happened in 1963. There was this bomblike explosion of consciousness, as if my head had split open. It happened during the night in a state between sleeping and waking, and led to a deepening of the stillness: there was no need to meditate.

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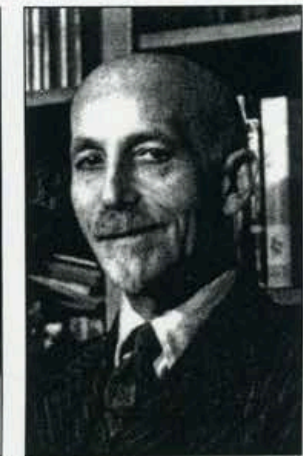
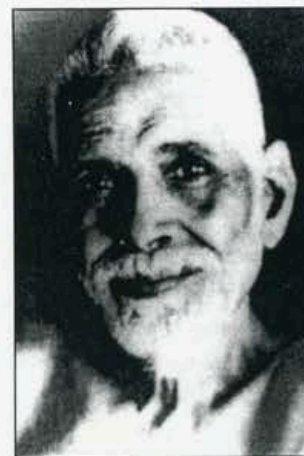
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Brunton's own marriage came with a flickering karma of divorce. Three years after his son was born, Brunton's wife came to him and said she had fallen in love with Leonard Gill, a fellow member of the Bohemian spiritualist circle. Without hesitation, and perhaps sensing some kind of providential release, he offered a divorce. He was amicable with his wife and Gill for life. Celibate bachelorhood suited him well from then on. And this, in large measure, contributed to his magnetism in later life.

Three times a day, as reliable as the old West's pony express teams, Brunton sat for meditation. And he

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Comes the first ripple. Someone approaches me and whispers in my ear, "Did you not wish to question the Maharishree?" The spell is broken. As if this infelicitous intrusion is a signal, figures rise from the floor and begin to move about the hall, voices float up to my hearing, and—wonder of wonders!—the dark brown eyes of the Maharishree flicker once or twice. Then the head turns, the face moves slowly, very slowly, and bends downward at an angle. A few more moments, and it has brought me into the ambit of its vision. For the first time the sage's mysterious gaze is directed upon me. It is plain that he has now awakened from his long trance." Paul Brunton, *"A Search in Secret India,"* c. Kenneth Thurston Hurst, 1985 (New York, ME: Samuel Weiser, Inc., 1989), pp 140-142. Used with permission.











14.8.93

# Truth in our folly

**My Father's Guru:  
a Journey through  
Spirituality and Disillusion**  
by Jeffrey Masson  
HarperCollins, £16.99

NICHOLAS MOSLEY

**A**T THE AGE of five Jeffrey Masson was put by his parents under the guidance of a Californian guru, Paul Brunton, known to his devotees as P.B.

P.B. was a tiny, quiet, opinionated man who claimed to have occult powers. Jeffrey Masson's father, a rich dealer in precious stones, followed P.B.'s recommendations slavishly. The Masson family meditated, fasted, travelled, according to P.B.'s whims; in the late 1950s they moved to Uruguay because P.B. had announced that California was about to be devastated in a nuclear war.

As a teenager Jeffrey Masson served as P.B.'s devoted secretary. Then he grew up, went to Harvard to study Sanskrit, and eventually came to see that P.B.'s pretensions and prophecies made no sense. In some rage, he accused P.B. of chicanery. P.B. smiled, hardly defended himself, and went on his way.

Jeffrey Masson became a disciple of Freud and then a debunker of Freud; a practising psychotherapist and then the author of the polemic *Against Therapy*. In *My Father's Guru* he recognises that it might "appear to others as inevitable that I was destined to become a debunker"; but he feels that his background has equipped him for the legitimate task of unmasking fraudulence.

This, however, is an unbalanced book: for the most part P.B. is presented so ludicrously that the Masson family's devotion appears simply half-witted. Only at the end is there any recognition that in spite of the silliness a genuine effort at spirituality might have been going on. Masson rages against human folly, including his own. But he does not see that by understanding human folly there may be a chance to gain some truth of one's own.

Most religions recommend that novices should place themselves under the direction of a spiritual guru; sensible religions suggest that after a time disciples should have learned to seek for truth within themselves. Jesus told his disciples that he himself would have to leave them, in order that the Spirit could come that would "lead them into all truth".

Of Indian or American rogue-gurus, my own favour-



Masson: debunker

ite is still the unnerving humorist Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, who, having told his followers that the time had come for them to trust in themselves, but finding that they were still hanging on his every word, warned them that if this continued he might have to break up his whole circus-troupe himself — which he did to such effect that most of the leaders of his ashram, including for a time himself, landed up in American jails. And then he retired to die in the Himalayas — leaving behind his remarkable books.

Most religious movements, churches, esoteric systems, seem to go wrong if they are taken slavishly to be manifestations of literal truth. Many can be of life-giving force if they are taken to be settings within which persons are offered the means to discover their own ways. Jeffrey Masson in his role of professional debunker seems to miss this point: he is like someone who tries to discredit Christianity by laughing at loony revivalists and railing against bad popes. But such beings are within the complex scheme of things that they themselves and their religion profess.

At the end of this book one finds oneself with a sneaking regard for P.B. — a regard beyond that for the once-so-gullible people who later turn against him. There he is, on his own in a tiny apartment on the shores of Lake Geneva, abandoned by his friends, admitting his mistakes, but still smiling, still practising his strange habit of collecting and connecting random bits of string; and still hoping, apparently contentedly, to be shown the way.







# My Days

## autobiography

### Centenary Edition

R.K. NARAYAN

Illustrations by

R.K. LAXMAN



INDIAN THOUGHT PUBLICATIONS



## MY DAYS

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it was Graham Greene who said in his letter of condolence, "...I don't suppose you will write for months, but eventually you will." A hope corroborated by another friend, a mystic. Dr. Paul Brunton (to whom I shall refer again), who said one night at the end of an after-dinner walk, "You will write a book which is within you, all ready now, and it is bound to come out sooner or later, when you give yourself a chance to write." These remarks I accepted without contradiction, but I felt clearly within my mind that I would never write a word again in my life. I had lost my anchorage. There was no meaning in existence. Dismal emptiness stretched before me. There were a hundred mementoes and reminders each day that were deeply tormenting. I could not bear to stay in the room I had once shared with my wife. I slept in the hall. I tried to cut away from every little reminder, but the scent of Dettol and of burnt margosa leaf permeated the walls and haunted me night and day. (The fumes of margosa, in addition to Dettol, were supposed to destroy all infection.) I found it impossible to wake up in the morning and get through the daily routine of washing, eating, clothing, and so on. I suffered from a horrible numbness. My mother and brothers felt distressed at the manner in which I was slipping down. I avoided company. Late in the evening I sallied out for a walk, smoked a few cigarettes, avoided all friends, and came back in time to put my daughter to sleep. I had to give her a great deal of my company in order to make up for her mother's absence. She slept in a bed next to mine in the hall, and had adapted herself to the change in a most handsome manner. She never asked questions. Her uncles and grandmother at home were devoted to her, looked after her, and diverted her mind with visits to the zoo, shops, and movies; plenty of toys came to her by every mail. We kept the door of her mother's room permanently closed. On the actual day of the funeral, the child had been sent away to the zoo early, before she could notice anything.



and ahead of it, into infinity. Our normal view is limited to a physical perception in a condition restricted in time, like the flashing of a torchlight on a spot, the rest of the area being in darkness. If one could have a total view of oneself and others, one would see all in their full stature, through all the stages of evolution and growth, ranging from childhood to old age, in this life, the next one, and the previous ones.

Somehow, for the working out of some destiny, birth in the physical world seems to be important; all sexual impulses and the apparatus of sexual functions seem relevant only as a means to an end — all the dynamism, power, and the beauty of sex, have a meaning only in relation to its purpose. This may not sound an appropriate philosophy in modern culture, where sex is a “fetish” in the literal sense, to be propitiated, worshipped, and meditated upon as an end in itself; where it is exploited in all its variations and deviations by movie-makers, dramatists, and writers, while they attempt to provide continuous titillation, leading to a continuous pursuit of sexual pleasure — which, somehow, Nature has designed to be short-lived, for all the fuss made — so that one is driven to seek further titillation and sexual activity in a futile never-ending cycle.

Paul Brunton, who came to India to study Indian philosophy and mysticism, stayed in Mysore for two years in order to complete a book he was writing. He had taken a house in Vontikoppal, at the northern section of the city, a couple of miles from my house. One or two evenings in the week, I took a walk to his place, and dined with him. His dinner invariably consisted of a boiled potato, a slice of bread, and a cup of yoghurt. He abstained from meat and alcohol, and found this diet appropriate for his life of meditation and yogic practices. We had kindred interests. When he had arrived



### MY DAYS

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from Egypt he had just published a book, *A Search in Secret Egypt*, which I had reviewed for *The Hindu* in sceptical and tongue-in-cheek style. But when I met him, I found him to be a genuine person. I found that many of his experiences, which had sounded improbable, were true. He had spent midnights in the chambers of Pyramids and had had strange psychic encounters and visions. Under the guidance of certain practitioners of the esoteric arts in Egypt, he had attained mastery over deadly serpents, scorpions, and wild animals, the power to view the past and future, and various miraculous and magical powers\* of not much value in one's evolution. A sixteenth-century Tamil mystic had sung, "One may learn to walk on water, mesmerize a mad elephant, muzzle a tiger or a lion, walk on fire, and perform other feats, but yet the real feat would be to still the restless mind and understand one's real self." Every spiritual seeker acquires at some stage occult powers but ultimately gives them up as being unessential. Paul Brunton abandoned all his earlier practices when he came to Mysore, and, having had the guidance of Ramana, a savant who resided in Thiruvannamalai Hills, he meditated on the question "*Who am I?*" The enquiry "*Who am I?*" he explained, eliminated the self-conscious framework limiting one's personality, and one attained a great spiritual release. When we met, we exchanged our experiences, analysed and evaluated them. Off and on he would disappear for a few months, going in search of some mystic in the Himalayas, and would return as suddenly to Mysore.

By about 1942 our home was richer by the addition of two sisters-in-law, both my elder and my younger brothers being now married, the latter having a son, too. Our house had become full and lively. My sisters-in-law relieved my mother of a lot

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\* Known as *Siddhis* in Sanskrit. There are eight of them, such as walking on fire, water, ability to transmute, to attain invisibility and all kinds of controls over the elements.



## MY DAYS

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be unloaded from a *tonga* at the gate. He looked triumphant as he said, "They are all neatly wrapped up; all that you have to do will be to write the addresses and send them off — if matter for the next issue is ready, I'd like to start it right away — my machines cannot remain idle, they are now geared for your job — you have no idea how many jobs I have had to turn down..."

*Indian Thought* overwhelmed and frightened me — it had an orange wrapper with my name on it, with a spreading banyan tree and a full moon behind silhouetting a tramp lounging in its shade. I turned the pages and hoped my readers would find them edifying and illuminating. My own piece was some scrappy anecdote of one page, and right on the second page started a paper on "Probability," a highly technical exposition in mathematics. I had to include it because it was the first paper to arrive when Sampath was clamouring to compose the first forme. It was included also because its author was a revered mathematics teacher who had helped me to pass a public examination. I could not refuse when he offered it for publication, but it made no sense to me. Page after page of speculation and a formula on heads and tails of a tossed coin—HTTHH or something like that. I had a hope that my readers might understand it better, but literally only one reader congratulated me on my discovery of this paper. All the others ignored it or wrote to me in exasperation. A humorous story called "*Unveiling*" translated into English from an Indian language, which I later discovered was only a P.G. Wodehouse story in an Indian garb. Somebody's travels in Ladakh, an economic theory, a review by Paul Brunton of some mystic poems which baffled my understanding — an absolute hotchpotch, justifying the original title suggested by Purna, "Indian Thoughtless." I brightened the second number with a deliberate effort—abandoned the orange cover with its silhouette of a tramp, and gave it some less ascetic appearance; included jokes and obiter dicta at page ends as space fillers.







# R. K. NARAYAN

## THE EARLY YEARS : 1906-1945

SUSAN RAM & N. RAM

VIKING



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this connection with filmdom, ly difficult. In 1994, the writer rinivasan, editor of *The Hindu*, ggle and hardship. 'I am very,

a with the film world, which n to any starry-eyed view of e makes a cryptic reference to ceptions fancied by a film —*The Printer of Malgudi*, the that is far from flattering; its ers, its airs and deceptions, its often devastating impact on sly drawn out.

n for *The Madras Mail* as early l anticipated the views that he i cinema through experience. title of his article. The answer

## BRUNTON THE MYSTIC

A person who meant a great deal to Narayan during his struggle to come to terms with his grief and arrive at a philosophical understanding of life and death was the British mystic, searcher after secret truths and writer, Dr Paul Brunton. Their first meeting appears to have taken place early in 1941; they remained in close touch for nearly two years.

For some time before they met in Mysore, Narayan had been familiar with Brunton's books on his researches and experiences, starting with *A Search in Secret India* (1934). He had even reviewed the mystic's best-known work, *A Search in Secret Egypt*, for *The Hindu* in a 'sceptical and tongue-in-cheek style'.<sup>1</sup> The one-thousand-word review had appeared in the issue of the newspaper dated June 7, 1936.

In the early 1930s, Brunton had traversed many parts of India. During his travels in the south, he had met Sri Chandrasekarendra Saraswathi, the Sankaracharya of Kanchi, whom he pronounced (somewhat misleadingly) to be 'the spiritual head of South India'.<sup>2</sup> To cut an arduous story short, Brunton found the person he thought would be his ultimate beacon-light, Ramana Maharshi (1879-1950). *A Search in Secret India* ends on the note that (as predicted by the Sankaracharya) the searcher has found his destination, the jungle ashram of the 'Sage of Arunachala' not far from Madras city; Brunton departs to spread the word.

By the time he came to Mysore, enjoying the hospitality of the [Maharaja to whom the 1937 book, *Quest of The Overself*, is dedicated] he



## TRAGEDY AND RESPONSE

was quite disenchanted with the Maharshi's 'environment', that is his band of followers and the ashram, which was now declared to be infused with 'pious materialism'.<sup>3</sup> When Brunton came to write his 1941 book, *The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga*, he found the Maharshi inadequate for his spiritual quest. Although still 'the most eminent South Indian yogi',<sup>4</sup> Ramana was clearly 'a self-absorbed mystic'<sup>5</sup> from whom 'the guidance never came' for Brunton.<sup>6</sup> Naturally, the indefatigable searcher moved on.

Such was the man who became Narayan's friend in Mysore in 1941. Brunton was living in a house in Vontikoppal in the northern part of the city,<sup>7</sup> approximately two miles from Narayan's house, 'Swarna Vilas'. He was working on his next book, which was to be published in 1943 under the title *The Wisdom of the Overself*.

The mystic shared Narayan's appreciative view of Mysore. 'He would say that Mysore was the most congenial place in the world for a writer,' the novelist recalled in 1994. Brunton, he added, found 'something of psychic value' in the city's atmosphere which facilitated a writer's work.

Brunton made it clear that he did not hold Narayan's review of *A Search in Secret Egypt* against him; indeed he might have been pleased at the attention given it by a serious writer in a major newspaper. Reading the review nearly six decades later, one is struck by the coolness of Narayan's method of book reviewing: it is dispassionate, non-judgemental but also alive to the humour and comic irony of the material. The writer's tongue, it seems, presses the cheek ever so lightly.<sup>8</sup>

'Genii, ghosts, magicians, and sorcerers haunt the pages of this book,' the review begins. It provides a summary of Brunton's 'eerie experiences' at the foot of the Sphinx and inside the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. The mystic has a vision of the erection of the Sphinx 'by throngs of dark figures' at the time the Sahara was still a sea. Brunton's theory is that that the great monument was built by sun-worshippers who came from 'Atlantis' and settled in Egypt.]

Inside the Pyramid, he is visited by 'ghosts and all kinds of monstrosities of the spirit world.' Relief comes with the appearance of 'two angelic beings' in white robes and sandals; they turn out to be the spirits of two ancient Egyptian High Priests. 'With their help,' the reviewer reports, 'Mr Brunton's soul left the body, soared upward, and returned home after a little excursion into another world.' The mystic is vouchsafed a message by one of his rescuers: it is that doom will strike those who 'forsake their Creator and look on their fellows with hate.' The spirit of the High Priest

reveals that this was the fate of the Pyramid was built'; they were iniquity.'

The reviewer, noting that the reader with a sample of the practitioners of the esoteric art journey. One could destroy a Tahra Bey, 'allowed sharp steel with hat pins, plunged a dagger with an assistant standing on his all flow of blood from the wound an expert in 'dying and rising

Another colourful character the famous Luxor-based snake of feats; after instruction in the serpents out of their lairs and

(In 1994, Narayan recalled thus draped round his neck. 7 (that is, practitioner of esoteric the power to control serpent harm. However, the magical that he found it effective but had date.)

Narayan's review of *A Search in Secret Egypt* tinged with irony:

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reveals that this was the fate of 'the princes of Atlantis in whose time this Pyramid was built'; they were 'destroyed by the weight of their own iniquity.'

The reviewer, noting that 'the book . . . is not all visions', presents the reader with a sample of the wizards, fakirs, snake charmers and other practitioners of the esoteric arts whom Brunton encountered on his Egyptian journey. One could destroy a fowl with incantations. Another, the famous Tahra Bey, 'allowed sharp steel to be driven into his flesh, pierced his jaw with hat pins, plunged a dagger into his throat, lay on a nail-studded plank with an assistant standing on him, passed a flaming torch on his skin, stopped all flow of blood from the wounds by mere will power.' This fakir was also an expert in 'dying and rising again.'

Another colourful character the reviewer mentions is Sheikh Moussa, the famous Luxor-based snake-charmer. Here Brunton is no mere observer of feats; after instruction in the art, he quickly becomes an adept, able to call serpents out of their lairs and use them as garlands round his neck.

(In 1994, Narayan recalled a photograph of Brunton with big snakes thus draped round his neck. The mystic told him that the Egyptian *tantrist* (that is, practitioner of esoteric arts) had given him a silver charm which had the power to control serpents and scorpions and protect its wearer from harm. However, the magical device came with an expiry date. Brunton said that he found it effective but he scrupulously avoided using it after the expiry date.)

Narayan's review of *A Search in Secret Egypt* ends on a note of praise tinged with irony:

A lot of people go to Egypt and return with only snapshots, souvenirs, and memories of sand, donkeys and guides. But here is Mr Brunton proving himself to be a very unusual kind of tourist. He has pried into great secrets and now puts before us the results of his search. To a layman, like the present reviewer, this book ought to be an exciting enough record whatever it may be to an orthodox Egyptologist.

(Given a copy of the review in 1994, the writer, who had not seen it for decades, expressed his amusement at what he considered 'a precocious sort of writing'. He joked that subconsciously he must have approved of the book even before he met Brunton.)

In Mysore, Narayan found Brunton living in austere style; a teetotalter



#### TRAGEDY AND RESPONSE

and vegetarian, he adhered to a simple diet in keeping with 'his life of meditation and yogic practices'.<sup>9</sup> One or two evenings in the week, Narayan walked to his place and shared his frugal meal of boiled potatoes, bread and yoghurt. In 1994, he revealed that he found this hard going; he used to eat at home early and arrive in Brunton's house to partake of the bland repast. Apparently, the mystic never found out. After the meal, the two friends would often take long walks, conversing on psychic, philosophical and writing matters along the way.

In Brunton, Narayan discovered a man with 'kindred interests', a person who was 'genuine'.<sup>10</sup> Both of them seemed to agree that psychic encounters and visions in the chambers of Pyramids, proficiency in the esoteric arts, mastery over serpents and wild animals, 'the power to view the past and future, and various miraculous and magical powers',<sup>11</sup> were not of much use in a person's spiritual evolution. Indeed Brunton had abandoned his earlier practices.

[Narayan was attracted to an insight provided by a sixteenth-century Tamil mystic: one may attain various miraculous and magical powers, but 'the real feat would be to still the restless mind and understand one's real self.'<sup>12</sup> Along with Brunton the writer concluded that while the acquisition of occult powers was attempted by 'every spiritual seeker', these were ultimately given up as 'unessential'.<sup>13</sup>

In his autobiography, Narayan mentions that in Mysore Brunton meditated on the question 'Who Am I?' as taught by Ramana Maharshi. The mystic explained that the enquiry 'eliminated the self-conscious framework limiting one's personality, and one attained a great spiritual release.'<sup>14</sup> Actually, Brunton had by now moved beyond the Maharshi's 'classic formula for meditation' (which he discovered to be 'borrowed from certain old Sanskrit authors' and was 'for novices'); he now had his own formula, 'What Am I?' which 'rationally lifted the issue to scientific impersonal enquiry into the nature of that ultimate "I"' and was for 'the use of those on a higher level.'<sup>15</sup>

At this stage, Brunton was very important to Narayan in his attempts at psychic self-development and in his quest for philosophical truth. A remark made by the mystic prompted the writer to ponder the theory of incarnation with particular reference to him and Rajam. Brunton also set him thinking by remarking that 'a deliberate cultivation of the Universal Spirit and vision in all matters, big or small, whether aware or asleep, and the prayer which establishes a link between us and the universal

power—will give us power, peace. For over a year from mid-1941 'state' suggested by Brunton to me. When this proved unsuccessful.

Brunton also 'corroborated my perspective, Greene's prediction again, overcoming his resolution. Brunton said to the writer some time ago to write a book which is within your grasp sooner or later, when you give



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power—will give us power, peace and vision of reality according to God.'<sup>16</sup> For over a year from mid-1941, the writer tried a method of 'using pre-sleep state' suggested by Brunton to still his mind and heighten receptivity.<sup>17</sup> When this proved unsuccessful, the mystic offered him fresh guidance.

Brunton also 'corroborated', from a psychic rather than a literary perspective, Greene's prediction of July 1939 that Narayan would write again, overcoming his resolve not to return to creative work.<sup>18</sup> What Brunton said to the writer some time in 1941-42 was as follows: 'You will write a book which is within you, all ready now, and it is bound to come out sooner or later, when you give yourself a chance to write.'<sup>19</sup>



## TRAGEDY AND RESPONSE

water to the fields, and protecting the water from contamination. All goes well until a torrential downpour swells the river and the reservoir threatens to smash its bounds. Mara rushes to the royal palace, wakes up the King, and there is a heroic denouement following which the watchman of the lake achieves a sort of immortality.

There is a parable-like simplicity to 'The Watchman of the Lake'. In it, the weak win out against the strong, the innocent prevail over the tyrannical. It tells also of great selflessness in the cause of defending the public weal.

In the inaugural issue of *Indian Thought*, Narayan's spare little drama was followed by the distinctly purplish prose of Paul Brunton, Ph.D. In a piece called 'A Meditation in Mid-Pacific', the mystic recalled a pre-War ocean voyage in which, in a sort of reverie, he had seen it all coming. Spending a night on deck in contemplation of the past, the present and the immanence of nature, he had linked up 'the fate of Lemuria' with the contemporary crisis of humanity and the gathering clouds of war. But even the horror of conflict might have its benefits: under its impact people would be forced into deep-going introspection. The lesson they would learn was that of 'non-attachment' and 'inner detachment' as taught by the Buddha and Jesus and as exemplified by the Eastern ascetics. Not surprisingly, the break of day found the mystic filled with new hope and drawing parallels between the sun's beams breaking 'through the night's heavy darkness' and what lay ahead for man, if only he would 'listen in silent reverie to the rare and subtle intimations of his hidden being.'

After Brunton's heavy-duty piece came a short offering from the editor's brother, Seenu, under the initials 'R.K.S.' Here he reviewed an English translation of the maxims of the 'psychological hedonist', Francois Duc De La Rochefoucauld, who had lived through the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XIV of France. Seenu's piece was followed by 'Lyric Pearls from Sanskrit' by T.N. Sreekantaiya, an attempt to make accessible through prose translation a small sample of this genre.

Next came a review by 'K.R.P.' of a two-volume collection of speeches on the unwritten British constitution. The reviewer was Krishna Raghavendra Purna, or Kittu Purna, Narayan's devoted friend.

A notable contribution to this inaugural issue was an academically oriented exploration of Indian economic problems and their study. The author was Narayan's friend from college days, H. Venkatasubbiah, a research-minded writer who was to make a mark in Indian journalism.

The first issue ended with a translation. This was 'The Ur-Story of the World', by a writer who taught history at Madras. Narayan remembered him as 'a very cheerful man'. Wodehouse story in an Indian

In *My Days*, Narayan wrote that he was very different from what he had been in a readable light magazine, every page a light touch.' But what his heavyweights academics and V. S. Pritchard normally avoid.<sup>45</sup>

He had contributions from a wide balance he had hoped for from intellectuals, most of them well known. Radhakrishnan, the philosopher Narayan knew personally, regretting he had no time to write, while writers were willing to let him

With insufficient originality, he found himself obliged to turn to what he liked. For the second issue<sup>46</sup> of *B.A.*, the case study of a famous man in the third issue,<sup>47</sup> he published 'Half a century later, he would have been writing', that is writing he essentially to fill up space a

Actually, both pieces were more than Narayan would have wanted. He drew on his own experience of the sad tale of Gopal. In 'The Ape of unsolicited advice—the average man'—and makes the person:

I did my best to pick him wide open when I was I might catch a glimpse



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## TRAGEDY AND RESPONSE

the pen and write on. The result will be very good. You will write as before—easily and unpretentiously.

What lay behind this agony and heaviness of writing? It was Narayan's struggle to fight his way out of the darkness combined with the nature of the writing project on which he had embarked. Nearly two years after Rajam's death, the rawness remained. He was now attempting one of the most ambitious of literary tasks: transforming into fiction the most shattering experience of his life.

A few days later, on March 9, Narayan recorded a conversation he had had with Paul Brunton while the two were sitting on a park bench in Mysore. Brunton, claiming he could see Rajam standing before them, provided a detailed description of her physical appearance and 'aristocratic qualities'. Narayan, listening intently, does not appear to have contributed much to the conversation. But he obviously felt it interesting enough to be noted down more or less verbatim.

Brunton described Rajam as weeping, yet counselling her husband to be brave and bear in mind that earthly losses had their own compensations: 'a greater spiritual power and understanding.' Narayan interpreted her sadness as connected with his own sorrow over the previous few days that 'Hema was an orphan.' His wife, he noted, 'never, even in previous sittings, concealed her grief at this.' (Hema, of course, was very far from being an orphan. Her father and the joint family would remove any doubt about that.)

The remainder of the entry dealt with some technical advice from Brunton on spirit contact and self-development. Narayan also set down the 'Buddhist method of activated memory' as explained by his friend. The method involved inching back, while in a state of semi-sleep, to the happenings of the preceding day, weeks, months and years until one breached the barrier to 'previous births'. (Narayan noted, in parenthesis, that this was 'like rolling back a scroll.') If one stopped on this journey into the past in a particular way, one could see ahead; indeed Brunton claimed he had been able to see himself at a meeting which came three months later. In addition, Narayan was told that he could benefit from the practice of activated memory combined with 'commanded dream'.

On April 2, 1941, Narayan, who might have been expected to be buoyed up by the publication of the first issue of *Indian Thought* ten days earlier, was once again in the grip of depression. This journal entry

constitutes the only direct evidence of these years of crisis:

Living becomes less attractive so that we may envy those in existence. The unrelieved monotony is not the best means of attaining this world is concerned. Or and struggle and problems trivial and shallow, but in

It is not clear what Narayan's 'the unrelieved monotony of' ironically. What is clear is that the burden of bringing out the

Here is the journal—out four months intermittently. Heaven knows all, now even it gave one on the opening best of the response is a whom I sent copies till now nor . . . one or two who had there to any subscription

Had Narayan confided his depression, he would have the response to *Indian Thought* the writer feared he had taken if this were so, it does not

God help me. Oh, God, burden of life and failure life and habits and even be relieved of all this. 'With' won't matter.

After the quotation emendation for his own be



## TRAGEDY AND RESPONSE

terms I could claim her contact—as a being in the flesh or as something high and exalted. This is her answer. The significance is clear. I must meet her on her own terms. Anything that is likely to look like ‘contamination’ in my relationship or call must rigorously be avoided.

Narayan’s difficulty lay in determining what came under the term ‘contamination’ and what did not. Even so he regarded the sentence in the letter as ‘a beautiful reminder that her personality is still with me, living and responding, and that there is nothing to warrant a feeling of loss.’

June 1942 saw the writer back in the grip of ‘a terrible depression, weariness, and a sense of futility.’ The journal entry of the 24th is evidence of this state lasting at least ten days. During this time, he found himself unable to do any sort of work, whether reading or writing. He was deeply troubled by the memory of Rajam, ‘verily a torment of longing, inescapable and hopeless.’

Brunton seemed to offer a way out. Narayan reports dining with him two or three days earlier (having no doubt partaken of a sustaining home meal beforehand). During their talk, the British mystic mentioned a critic who had found fault with him for presuming to write on yoga on his very first visit to India. Brunton found this strange since ‘this was really his three hundredth incarnation in India.’

The casual remark proved a virtual lifeline:

The incarnation theory held my mind firmly after this, and afforded me a view of personal and world life as an immensity stretching countless years behind and before, in the course of which Raji and I have lived and parted countless times, each time languishing behind an illusion of separation; because the separation existed only in time and time is an illusion.

The view of time as an illusion, as being subjective and mind-dependent, has some adherence among modern philosophers, although it is vigorously contested by those who hold that time is independent of consciousness or perception. Looking back over half a century, M.N. Srinivas recalled in 1995 that his friend Narayan became interested in the concept of time after his wife’s death: ‘He got a lot of relief by reading J.W. Dunne’s *Serial Time*. He asked me to read it. I never read it . . . I think it gave him some support for his theory that people lived after

their death, you see.’ Srinivas r in the *Time Plays*, expressing Priestley wrote in the late 19 Dunne’s theories of time. The recommendation, was ‘very in

Believing that separation and therefore that separation thus:

When all our Karmas are : [shall] journey together to that I have learnt of psych and activated memory (w life), and I shall be helped of everything.

Now he felt he could Brunton had made a few d deliberate cultivation (whet spirit and vision in all matte one to link up with ‘the univ vision of reality according t

The next journal entry was staying in his sister’s feeling he had had over a p his self-development: ‘Som ‘quiet joy and tranquillity had given way to ‘psychic

He believed he had c At Brunton’s suggestion t method ‘using pre-sleep s according to the mystic, in between the waking and s to exercise some control o not positive and he had psychic contacts’ for clos

Three days before t and ‘partly as a result of i



## TRAGEDY AND RESPONSE

the method Rajam had suggested in the seances:

She had taken me along step by step and I reached a particular stage of competence when I got Dr Brunton's method of using pre-sleep state. I have tried it for over a year now, not with much success, though at the beginning I got immediate results. Much of my recent aridness in psychic matters must be traced to this.

The technical mistake Narayan felt he had committed was that in taking up Brunton's method, he had dropped the earlier one. They were, he now felt, 'meant to be complementary.' Or rather, when the original method was 'perfectly attained' he would reach the stage Brunton had suggested. Then the exercise of full control would lead to the results the mystic had promised.

He remembered Brunton saying that a step by step approach would be necessary and that there was no question of his 'grasping it deliberately by effort.' The steps for Narayan were those laid down in the seances. This meant:

By passivity establish contact and at the same time keep an effortless watch, if possible, for that state mentioned by Brunton. To try to get at the Brunton stage, ignoring the passivity, would be impossible. When the passivity is completely attained I shall find myself in the Brunton stage.

He was grateful to Brunton for opening his eyes to 'the existence of this stage and all its possibilities.'

On the night of August 28, he wrote in the journal, he had established contact 'in the most satisfactory manner.' He had done so using the method the pencil had indicated in the seances: 'Great passivity, a flexible passivity, which could be impressed upon, preceded by intense desire.' The outcome was that 'within a few moments I could see her smiling presence'; its soothing effect had suffused his day.

Another event that day was his chance reading of a book written by a Theosophist. This emphasized the importance of 'calm, charity and gladness' in daily life as 'an indispensable preparation for yogic states.' Reading the book had made it clear that 'lust, anger, greed and worry' had been 'the real stumbling blocks' to his progress and peace over the preceding

weeks. A 'dynamic and definite higher purposes. Even 'simple vision is enough to block an entire realization'.

Narayan concluded the end and realizations' were an answer.

Ten weeks later the writer, back in his journal. On November 11, he wrote from Coimbatore, 'a new clarity and depth. His meditations were now 'preliminary visions and contacts' were intense unity.' His studies too were 'shaped and accelerated'. So was the improvement that he had no doubt that the guidance he had made to 'the

However, he found himself. He wrote, 'considerable disturbance. He doubted that this was symptomatic of depression, from the period of modern psychologists would be overcoming what he considered.

Just as it was unusual for a process, it was almost out of the ordinary. On occasions he seems to have been in the early 1940s. His discussion for its honesty, precision and clarity. Narayan's first attempt at women altogether:

This effectively stopped the disturbing the mind with a purpose. It was most successful in strict eschewing of all entering the mind were at the gate and crushed there.



#### TRAGEDY AND RESPONSE

instructed himself, there must be no pursuit of passion or desire. Female beauty and attractiveness served an 'aesthetic purpose,' in accordance with 'the scheme of creation'. Above all, he wrote, there was for any one individual 'another, in whose union a soul is created.' He argued for an absolute monogamous loyalty:

She is for her one lover and her creation or creations, and since this supreme task is to be performed in the purest manner and the most intense love, it must necessarily be confined to the one for the one. Here is the significance of the fundamental simple morality.

Applying this perspective to himself, he noted that his life had had its fulfilment 'to the degree defined by God's will.' Therefore there was to be 'no regret'. The 'concomitants' of this fulfilment would serve as 'further links in a garland of glorious memories.' For the individual who wished to relive any of these moments, the power to do so lay in the proper exercise of the faculty which 'makes of any link of the past a vivid, concrete present experience.'

Drawing upon the ideas of Dunne and others about serial time, he assured himself that he would be able to reach out to Rajam:

To that extent you may demand upon your wife—that is confined to her portion that belongs to the past, while you abandon yourself to the exquisite thousandfold warmth of her present state. These really are not two different states. But only a view of a personality at two different dimensions (points of observation).

In other words, the past was retrievable. He reminded himself that while he should not tax Rajam in her '“present” dimensions', he was at liberty to draw on the past as he wished. Through these means, both his view and his experience would be full and there would 'really be no gaps.'

On November 24, the writer made what would be the last journal entry of this period, 1941-42. This recorded a conversation he had had late that evening with Brunton. He began by noting that 'all of a sudden' he had felt 'an irresistible desire' to meet Brunton whom he had not seen for ages. He found his friend happy and relieved at having just completed his latest book. This would be published in 1943 as *The Wisdom of the Overself* which, among other things, dwelt upon the origin of dreams, ways to exercise

mental power over dreams, life felt relieved; his first collection came off the press and he was

They went out for a walk, a continuation of the exercise of 'wakefulness-sleep-state' which he had worked for Narayan. The morning in view of his 'present meditation' was a reference to the writing of *The Wisdom of the Overself* in the previous journal entry, the writer, not one to take the time for self-development and Brunton's memory'. The instructions were

When you go to bed, think of the person you are going to meet here, focussing it clearly, and then go to her and what you will do. The essential thing is that you do it night after night and do not want.

Narayan asked whether this was an 'exercise'. Brunton explained that he intended 'for dreaming the realization of your highest self' and that he did the latter when he was in a state of 'contact with the Overself'. A new exercise would be sufficient.

Finally, Narayan asked Brunton's answer was that he cautioned him not to attempt this preferably on the same day as his dispatch to Rajam of '1941-42'.

Narayan ended the entry with Brunton's advice fitted in with what he received two days earlier.



of passion or desire. Female purpose,' in accordance with rote, there was for any one is created.' He argued for an

or creations, and since this freest manner and the most to the one for the one. Here the morality.

He noted that his life had had its fill.' Therefore there was to be element would serve as 'further the individual who wished to do so lay in the proper exercise past a vivid, concrete present

and others about serial time, he sh out to Rajam:

my wife—that is confined to you abandon yourself to the present state. These really are personality at two different

le. He reminded himself that 'present' dimensions', he was at though these means, both his view could 'really be no gaps.' would be the last journal entry conversation he had had late that at 'all of a sudden' he had felt as he had not seen for ages. He just completed his latest book. *Wisdom of the Overself* which, of dreams, ways to exercise

mental power over dreams, life after death and reincarnation. Narayan too felt relieved; his first collection of short stories, *Malgudi Days*, had just come off the press and he was able to give his friend a copy.

They went out for a walk during which Narayan asked about the continuation of the exercise Brunton had taught him for 'wakefulness-sleep-state control'. As we saw earlier, this had not really worked for Narayan. The mystic advised his friend to give up the exercise in view of his 'present meditations and the work on hand.' The last was a reference to the writing of *The English Teacher* which, as Narayan had noted in the previous journal entry, was now 'better shaped and accelerated'. But the writer, not one to take the easy way out, persisted with his interest in self-development and Brunton taught him a new exercise for 'activated memory'. The instructions were as follows:

When you go to bed, think of your wife and suggest to yourself that you are going to meet her, and visualize her form as you will see her, focussing it clearly, and even say to yourself what you are going to say to her and what you will do. Repeat this again and again and sleep off. The essential thing is that sleep stimuli catch you in the middle of it. Do it night after night and you will be able to shape the dream you want.

Narayan asked whether he should give up the other 'waking-sleep exercise'. Brunton explained that the new exercise was separate and intended 'for dreaming the dream you want.' The earlier one was 'for realizing your highest self and forgetting your ordinary self.' Narayan said that he did the latter when he meditated on Gayatri; what he wanted now was a way of 'contact with my wife.' His friend replied that in that case, the new exercise would be sufficient and the earlier one could be discontinued.

Finally, Narayan asked what he should do for 'valid contacts'. Brunton's answer was that the same method would serve that purpose. He cautioned him not to attempt this dreaming more than once in seven days, preferably on the same day of the week. However, there need be no limit to his dispatch to Rajam of 'loving thoughts and prayer.'

Narayan ended the entry of November 24, 1942 on a satisfied note. Brunton's advice fitted in very well with 'the direct message' he had received two days earlier on the same subject. He saw it as 'another answer



ivities, see his autobiographical

stant editor S.A. Govindarajan  
d to the Government of India on  
counter-propaganda work.

record of the seance of January

by Madras AIR.: SCMML-BU.

, Volume 41, No. 12.  
cal file 53/5 of 1935, National

Narayan, translated by V.  
able in the Maraimalai Adigal

n article by Partha in *The Hindu*

Is-on involvement in Gemini  
path—*The Printer of Malgudi*,

booklet released by Gemini in

29. Kailasapathy, 1968, p.107

30. *My Days*, p. 130.

31. R.K. Srinivasan's diary entries for July 30 and August 20, 1930: in the possession of his son, R.S. Jayaram, Bangalore. The entries mention the publication of Narayan's article in *The Madras Mail* and his receiving a cheque for Rs. 12.

### 31. BRUNTON THE MYSTIC

1. *My Days*, p.149.
2. Brunton, 1934, p.117.
3. Brunton, 1937, p.15.
4. Brunton, 1941, p. 24.
5. *Ibid.*, p.16.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 15.
7. *My Days*, p. 149.
8. *The Hindu*, Sunday, June 7, 1936, p.13.
9. *My Days*, p.149.
10. *Ibid.*
11. *Ibid.*
12. *Ibid.*
13. *Ibid.*
14. *Ibid.*, pp.149-150.
15. Brunton, 1941, pp.16-17.
16. Narayan's psychic journal entry of June 24, 1942.
17. *Ibid.*, entry of August 29, 1942.
18. *My Days*, p.136.
19. *Ibid.*, p.136.

### 32. INDIAN THOUGHT

1. For example, K.S. Venkataramani's *Paper Boats*, a collection of essays, was published by Svetaranya Ashrama in 1921 and his *Jatadharan And Other Stories* by the same publisher in 1937. Incidentally, it was Venkataramani who took Brunton to see the Sankaracharya of Kanchi. The mystic describes his meeting with the Indian writer and the subsequent visit to Chingleput in



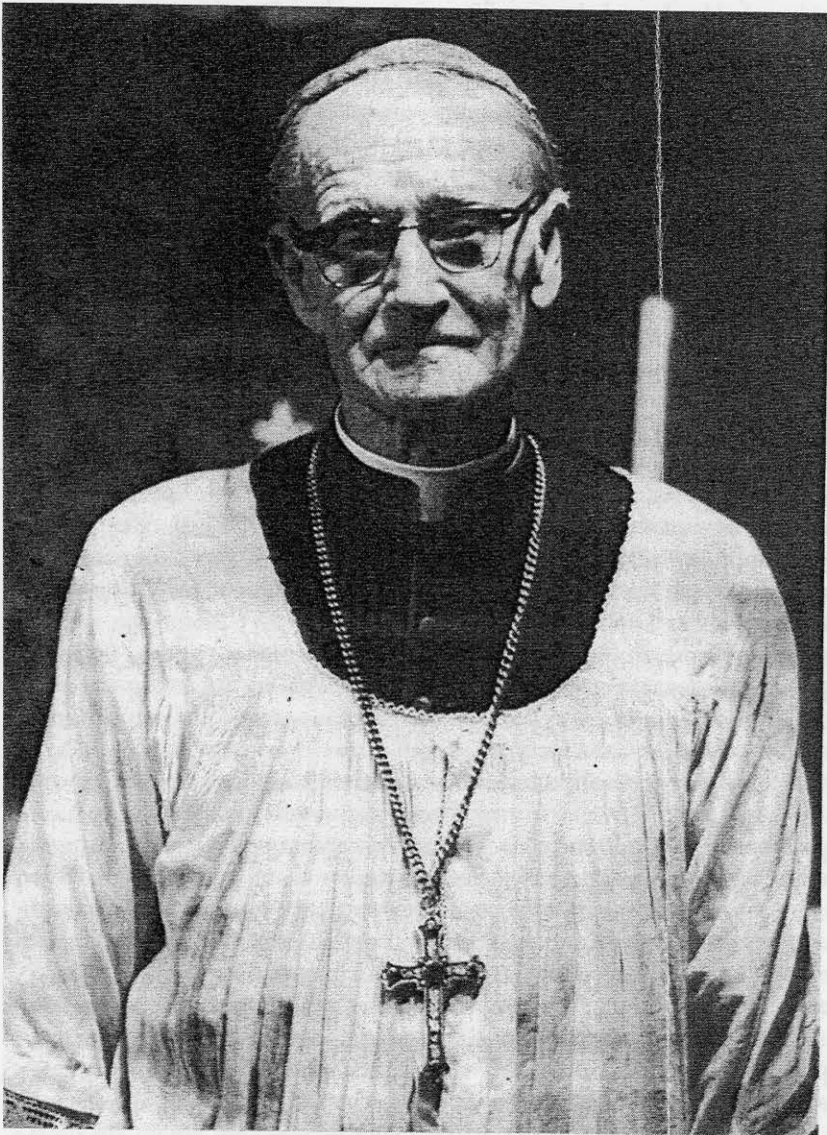


ILLUSTRATION 25.1. Archbishop William Henry Francis Brothers ("Father Francis"), restorer of the Church of the Holy Transfiguration of Christ on the Mount, Woodstock. *From the church's website, by permission.*

from Joscelyn Godwin, Upstate Cauldron:  
Eccentric Spiritual Movements in Early New  
York State (Albany, Excelsior Eds. [SUNY Press],  
 CHAPTER 25 2015)

### The Cauldron Refired

Times are different now. We are going through the birth pains of a new era, a better era than the past, and birth pains are always difficult. I have lived long enough to see the handwriting. We are going to disencumber ourselves of Victorian hypocrisy and prudery. I'm not fearful of the young people, if they don't go to church. They come here. You have to be honest with them. You can't throw the book at them, give them a quotation—no matter how beautiful, from the Bible: They are going to ask how do you know it's true? How do you get that way? You have got to exemplify in your life, somehow. I've never had a quarrel with any of them. Some have said, "I don't believe in God."

Four boys from one of the big camps came here, feasted all day, and they said, "Father, we don't believe in God, and neither do our buddies."

"Neither do I," I said, "not any gods your child-minds could conjure up. Let's talk it over."<sup>1</sup>

*Father Francis, interviewed in Woodstock, 1966*



Innumerable threads stretch forward in time and outward in space, spun by people who were either born in the Upstate region or inspired by the movements that started there.<sup>2</sup> If America had a spiritual center of gravity, it moved west, first to Chicago and then to California, which is another story. As for the region itself, by the time Claude Bragdon left Rochester in 1924 the cauldron had already gone cold. Given over to commerce and concrete, Upstate must have been intolerably dull, and so it remained through the Depression, the Second World War, and the complacent 1950s.

There was Woodstock, though. In 1902 Ralph Radcliffe Whitehead (1854–1929) had started an Arts and Crafts community near the Catskill town, which he called Byrdcliffe. Like Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft, it was inspired by the ideals of John Ruskin and William Morris (whom Whitehead had actually known in his native England), and supported by the private wealth of its founder. Byrdcliffe laid the foundation for Woodstock as the haven for artists and tourists that it still is.

Whitehead's twelve-hundred-acre property included an Episcopalian "chapel of ease" that had been built in 1891 to serve summer visitors to the resort hotels, Mead's Mountain House,<sup>3</sup> and Overlook Mountain House. It looked like a toy version of Upjohn Gothic,<sup>4</sup> picturesquely sited in the woods on Mead's Mountain. After Whitehead's death, his widow, Jane Byrd McCall Whitehead (1861–1955), invited William Henry Francis Brothers (1887–1979) to preside over the chapel. Born in Nottingham, England, and raised in a well-to-do immigrant family in Waukegan, Illinois, Brothers had been the prior of an independent Benedictine order in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, then in New York City. He was one of the *episcopi vagantes*, "wandering bishops" who claimed apostolic succession but functioned outside the Anglican and Roman Catholic hierarchies. Brothers had been consecrated a bishop in 1916 in the Old Catholic Church, a Dutch sect that had separated from Rome in 1870 over the issue of papal infallibility.<sup>5</sup> Later he was reconsecrated in the Russian Orthodox Church. By the time he died, he was no longer in communion with either of those bodies, but instead with the Ukrainian Autonomous Orthodox Church in Exile.<sup>6</sup> None of this mattered in Woodstock, where Brothers was known as Father Francis or the Archbishop, and many thought him the most exemplary Christian they had ever met.

Brothers called the chapel the Church of the Holy Transfiguration of Christ on the Mount. He restored it with his own hands, installing the Gothic rood-screen from his New York base,<sup>7</sup> hanging up reproductions of Fra Angelico's angels, and living simply in the attached priory. At some point he married; no children are recorded.<sup>8</sup> He was a traditionalist in ritual and a leftist in politics, equally at ease with immigrant workers, down-and-outs, and the celebrities who vacationed in the Catskills, from the Hearsts to

Bob Dylan. When the hippies arrived he became their admirer and defender, and did his utmost to save young men from the draft. Rumor has it that his connections made it possible to hold the 1969 Woodstock music festival on a property outside the town.

In the late 1960s the church would fill on Sundays with a mixture of older Woodstockers, flower people, devotees of Meher Baba,<sup>9</sup> and casual sightseers of all faiths and costumes. While the sanctuary was no bigger than a drawing room, the Mass resembled a high-church Anglican rite, with incense, music from a harmonium, and the noble language of the 1612 prayer book. All were invited to take communion. However, when the Nicene Creed reached its statement about the "Holy Ghost, the Lord and giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father," the Archbishop did not add "and the Son," as the Anglican prayer book does. This had been a point of contention that split the Catholic and Orthodox churches in 1054, and he was now on the latter side. And with the words, "I believe in *one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church*," the usually soft-spoken prelate seemed to be defying the Bishop of Rome himself. Later, he would restore the Western Rite Orthodox Liturgy, after a thousand years of underground use.<sup>10</sup>

Among Father Francis's present-day admirers is Peter Lamborn Wilson (born 1945), who has written on Sufism, Islamic heresies, Irish psychedelics, Hermetic ecology, nonjuring Anglicanism, and much else. In 2010 he commemorated the Woodstock church and its bishop in *7 Churches*, a series of works of "Vanishing Art for the Endarkenment." Wilson describes his own work as "temporary landscape installations—Evanescent Art—an art that in order to exist must disappear, Sacrifices to the spirits of places and epochs (histories) of insurrection and/or surreal grace . . . Neo-pastoral zones. For the re-enchantment of landscapes and the re-paganisation of monotheism . . ."<sup>11</sup> The seven churches chosen for this ritual were St. John in the Wilderness (Harriman State Park), the Holy Comforter (Poughkeepsie), St. Margaret of Antioch (Staatsburg), Holy Cross Monastery (West Park), the Ascension (West Park), the Stone Church (Cragmoor), and the Holy Transfiguration (Woodstock).<sup>12</sup> Wilson followed the time-honored principle of sacrificing something of material value (e.g., casting a gold ring into the waters) in order to obtain a spiritual result. The details were governed by the doctrine of correspondences between planets, days of the week, metals, colors, plants, the Seven Churches of Asia, etc., all done in the hermetic spirit of a *lusus serius* (serious play).

Another series of Wilson's poetic actions was linked with his epic poem about the Esopus region, *riverpeople*. The first, at Samhain (October 31) 2009, was near Accord, called Mombaccus by the Dutch settlers and a center of the prehistoric Bear Cult. Another honored Jemima Wilkinson (see chapter 3), and specifically a group of her followers who were left behind



when she moved to the Finger Lakes. They settled in the Hudson Valley and communicated with her only in dreams, before and after her (second) death. The other actions took place in the Five Lakes region (honoring the "Jukes," a tri-racial isolated community), Cairo (founding the Fatimid Order of Cairo, New York), Big Indian (refuge and burial place of Winnisook, the seven-and-a-half-foot-tall, eighteenth-century shaman), Phoenicia (in honor of Oscar Wilde's visits to the Catskills in 1882 and 1883), Esopus Island (in honor of Aleister Crowley's residence during the summer of 1918), and a parking lot in Kingston (site of the Esopus Wars of 1659–1664).<sup>13</sup>

Wilson's workings on the Hudson and Esopus rivers might inspire a pilgrimage to the Seven Churches of the Mohawk Valley. Traveling from west to east, they would be Fort Herkimer Church at German Flatts (Dutch Calvinist, built 1753–67); Indian Castle Church at Danube, erected for the Indians by Sir William Johnson (originally Episcopalian, 1769); the Palatine Church near Fort Plain (Lutheran, 1770); the Dutch Reformed Church (1788) and the Lutheran Church (1792) at Stone Arabia, both rebuilt after Johnson's son and his Indian allies had destroyed the earlier churches; the shrine of Saint Kateri Tekakwitha at Fonda, founded by a Franciscan friar in 1938 in anticipation of Kateri's canonization;<sup>14</sup> and the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, founded by the Jesuit Order in 1884 to honor their own martyrs (see chapter 4). Poetic actions aside, they give food for reflection on "non-eccentric" spiritual movements that all claim to be Christian.

In this context, the Rosa Mystica House of Prayer near Edmeston deserves a brief mention. Both inside and out, it looks like a small Catholic parish church, but its origins are bizarre.<sup>15</sup> They go back to an Italian stigmatic, Madre Elena Leonardi of Montechiari (dates unknown; active 1970s–80s), who received apparitions and spoke prophecies from the Virgin Mary. Some of these were apocalyptic warnings; others warned the clergy to mend their ways. Less typically, one prophecy came as an enigmatic sequence of numbers. One of Leonardi's devotees guessed that they were a map reference in longitude and latitude. He consulted an atlas and found that they pinpointed a site in Otsego County. Evidently Mary wished for a chapel to be built there, and dedicated to her as the Mystic Rose. A large tract of field and woodland was bought, and in 1984 some Canadian Franciscans started building a chapel at the specified spot. It has been restored and enlarged more than once since then, and there are reports of healings and other miracles. But since the Vatican has not validated Mother Leonardi's visions and prophecies, Rosa Mystica, like the churchlets of the *episcopi vagantes*, remains outside the Roman fold.

I return now to the late 1960s and to the southern central region of the state. In the hamlet of Valois, on the east shore of Seneca Lake, is a

cluster of log buildings, surrounded in late summer by fields of goldenrod and reached through a Japanese *torii* arch. This is Wisdom's Goldenrod Philosophic Center, founded in 1972 by Anthony Damiani (1922–1984). The Dalai Lama, no less, has called him "a truly great man . . . one of my closest spiritual brothers."<sup>16</sup> Damiani grew up in a Sicilian immigrant family in Brooklyn. Among his many jobs he worked at Samuel Weiser's, the best occult bookstore in Manhattan. All the cream (and the sludge) of Eastern and Western wisdom passed through his hands, most of it read by him on the way. After meeting his destined teacher in the English philosopher Paul Brunton (1898–1981), Damiani resolved to make his own philosophical synthesis, as Brunton had done in works such as *The Hidden Teaching Beyond Yoga* and *The Wisdom of the Overself*. To this end, in 1963 Damiani moved his family to an old farmhouse in Valois and took a job with the New York State Thruway Authority. It was the perfect job for a philosopher: by working nights at the lonely exit of Waterloo, at the north end of the lake, he could study undisturbed.

Four years later, Damiani felt the call to share what he had learned. In late 1967 he rented a storefront on the main street of Ithaca. He called it the American Brahman Bookstore, put a Buddha statue in the window, and stocked it from his own library. People wandered in, at first curious; then attracted by his personality and the sense that here was something not taught in universities. One of Damiani's former students takes up the story:

Soon the number of us eager to discuss spiritual issues or learn the art of meditation with him grew large enough that informal evening classes began in the back room of the store. Anthony often wore his toll-taker's uniform while giving these classes, so that he could rush out at the last minute to drive fifty miles to make his 11:00 night shift on the Thruway. Within two years, his animated classes on Jung's psychology, Hinduism, Buddhism, Christian Scholasticism, Platonism, Paul Brunton's writings, and an exciting new approach to a genuinely spiritual astrology had attracted more people than the store could hold.<sup>17</sup>

Avid for his company and advice, Damiani's students started coming to his house at the weekends, and some of them noticed the pressure this was placing on his wife and family. With his consent, they built a large log cabin on his land, and daily meditations and classes were now held there. Other buildings followed, including a library that came to house Paul Brunton's own legacy of books, manuscripts, and Chinese and Tibetan paintings.

During the 1970s, Tibetan Buddhism was beginning to attract the type of American who had formerly been drawn to Zen Buddhism or to gurus



from the Hindu tradition. Ithaca and Woodstock, as it happened, were both central to this development, becoming homes to Tibetan Buddhist monasteries. Some of Damiani's students were active in publishing Tibetan texts and had traveled to Dharamsala in India, where the Fourteenth Dalai Lama (born 1935) lives in exile. The Tibetan leader already knew Brunton, and when he was told of Damiani's work he agreed to visit Wisdom's Goldenrod on his first U.S. tour. In summer 1979 he spent three days there, dedicating the newly built library, a large log building with a distinctly Tibetan look. The Dalai Lama remains the center's patron.

When Damiani died in 1984, there was no possible successor. His students, many of whom had moved to live nearby, continued their meditation and studies on the basis of what he had taught them. They also edited Brunton's unpublished notebooks in sixteen volumes. Wisdom's Goldenrod continues with its publications, classes, study sessions, and retreats, though at a level that is difficult for newcomers to enter. Anthony Damiani's own treatise on philosophical astrology, *Astronoesis*, remains impenetrable to some of his greatest admirers. However, every esoteric teaching seems eventually to filter down to the exoteric level. Brunton once said to the present writer, with a wry smile, "In a hundred years' time there may be a religion around Tony." Stranger things have happened.

Ithaca in the 1970s was a lively center for alternative spiritualities and what was beginning to be called the "New Age." Wouter Hanegraaff defines it as "esotericism in the mirror of secular thought," i.e., the esoteric filtered down into the exoteric. The term is generally credited to the neo-Theosophist Alice A. Bailey, whose "influence on the New Age movement, especially in its early phase, is pervasive."<sup>18</sup> Bailey's stock was high in the 1970s, when her books, channeled from a source calling itself "the Tibetan," were widely studied. Her "Great Invocation" of divine light into the world was practiced in the peace movement and even at the United Nations. One of Bailey's admirers was Mabel Chaffin DeMotte Beggs (1912–2005), who, like Damiani, established a center on her own property outside Ithaca. Bailey had called her foundation the Lucis Trust<sup>19</sup>; Beggs's was the Foundation of Light,<sup>20</sup> and its declared purpose was "meditation, healing, and study." Beggs herself was more a facilitator and educator than a guru, and her center offered a less intellectual, less teacher-centered path than Damiani's. It started in Hubbard's Corner Schoolhouse, then expanded into a newly built lecture hall adjoining the home of Mabel and her second husband, Robert Beggs, a retired Episcopalian priest.<sup>21</sup> Aside from the Foundation of Light's classes, lectures, and regular sessions of yoga and meditation, it houses a unique monument, the Ellis Hollow Stone Circle. This was set out in 1977 by Chuck Pettis, Mike Sweeney, and the Cosmic Monument Study Group. They surely knew the studies of prehistoric stone circles in Britain

by John Michell and Alexander Thom, with their talk of earth energies, ley lines, and the complex geometry of megalithic sites. Originally there was a tall central stone and a flat one (for meditating) surrounded by an ellipse of eight boulders aligned to the solstices and equinoxes. In 1997 six new standing stones were inserted, weighing half a ton each, so that the Ellis Hollow circle is now like a miniature Avebury or Callanish. Was Mabel Beggs's property already on a geomantically significant spot, or does such a structure, reinforced by devotion and mental effort, create its own energies? The question could apply to many of the sites in this survey.

The life and career of Jane Roberts (born in Saratoga Springs, lived 1929–1984) are curiously synchronous to those of Anthony Damiani. She lived in Elmira, a short drive from Ithaca or Valois. They both began their public ministry in fall 1967, when Roberts started giving classes in her home and Damiani opened his bookstore, and they both died in fall 1984. Some would say that the resemblance ends there, and admittedly their methods were very different and there was almost no overlap between their groups. Roberts was a trance channeler of an entity called Seth, and although she guarded her privacy, the influence of her books such as *Seth Speaks* (1970) and *The Seth Material* (1972) was worldwide. While the Fourteenth Dalai Lama has vouched for Anthony Damiani, Professor Hanegraaff speaks no less warmly of Roberts/Seth in the standard encyclopedia of Western esotericism:

The Sethian synthesis is remarkable for its originality and internal consistency. Its optimistic and world-affirming spirituality and its message that all of us have the power to create our own reality by changing our beliefs has strongly appealed to many readers since the 1970s. Detailed analysis of the literature of the New Age movement shows that its basic ideas are modeled after Seth's worldview to such a degree . . . that, without exaggeration, Jane Roberts should be recognized as *one of the major religious innovators in Western society after World War II*. Given her pivotal role in creating the foundations of a comprehensive belief system now widely diffused through Western popular culture, she has been surprisingly neglected by scholars of Western esotericism and of new religious movements.<sup>22</sup>

"You create your own reality," as Seth puts it, means that we are ultimately responsible for what happens to us, because at a higher level of consciousness we have chosen to be what we are. Some take this dictum to mean that if we don't become richer, healthier, more successful in love, etc., we have only ourselves to blame, but they forget that we have first to achieve that higher, causal level of consciousness, which is obstructed by all



the lower levels, and from which those goals might not seem so important any more. They are the fool's gold of New Age alchemy, and none knew it better than Roberts herself, who spent her last years physically incapacitated, yet to judge by her own writings a woman of deep wisdom, compassion, and humility.

Another central theme is that "all is mind," meaning that the universe is primarily a mental construct that gives rise to what we perceive as physical reality. This reversal of the scientific worldview (according to which consciousness is a result of brain chemistry), already a commonplace of Christian Science, was beginning to penetrate the upper reaches of theoretical physics. Some who knew those realms made their way from Cornell University's laboratories to Anthony Damiani's classes, where they listened to his explanations of a "mentalizer" as opposed to a materialist philosophy. At the same time, Seth was explaining identical concepts to Jane Roberts's listeners, and soon after to hundreds of thousands of readers.

A third basic idea of this "comprehensive belief system" is the ultimate value and immortality of the individual, not just the human but every conscious being. This defies both scientism, which knows only the ephemeral struggle for physical survival, and the religions that view man as the sinful subject of a god who basks in his own glory. The sources of both Roberts's and Damiani's philosophies speak against this, and even against the Far Eastern concept of the extinction of the individual in the Absolute, as follows:

You are not fated to dissolve into All That Is. The aspects of your personality as you presently understand them will be retained. All That Is is the creator of individuality, not the means of its destruction.<sup>23</sup>

The self-consciousness thus developed will not be dissolved, extinguished, or re-absorbed into the Whole again, leaving not a trace behind. Rather will it begin a new spiral of evolution towards higher altitudes of consciousness and diviner levels of being, in which it will co-operate as harmoniously with the universal existence as formerly it collided against it.<sup>24</sup>

"Cooperating harmoniously with the universal existence" might serve as motto for almost all the movements surveyed in this book, though they had very different ideas of how to do so. To the Shakers, Mormons, Ebenizers, and other neo-Christians, it was through accepting a new revelation and a distinctive way of life. To the utopians, it was through setting an example of social harmony. To the spiritualists, it was through opening doors into that universal existence, confident that when we die, we will pass through them. To the social reformers, it was through equality and

justice. To the occultists, it was through awakening the hidden energies of the human being. To the craftsmen, it was through creating beauty in accord with the natural order. Taken together, these movements helped purge the collective mind of the fear and guilt that the patriarchal religions had exploited, so that even those religions have had to adapt their teachings or risk losing supporters.

The Upstate region, once a creative source, is now more of a receptacle for the spirituality to which it contributed so much. While the expression "New Age" is out of fashion, its activities and attitudes are easily recognizable: holistic healing, yoga, meditation, astrology, tarot, interest in Native American and non-European religions, vegetarianism, deep ecology, self-development, animal communication, Tai Chi, body work, etc. In the Upstate cities they have a subdued presence, being more conspicuous in Rochester and Ithaca. They flourish in the Catskill and lower Hudson counties, where New York City dwellers can spend a weekend or a week recharging their spiritual batteries. In Rhinebeck, the Omega Institute for Holistic Studies offers a gourmet menu of workshops and retreats, from Ayurvedic weight loss to Zen calligraphy. Elsewhere in the state, Lily Dale's summer program adds psychic development and training in mediumship. Pumpkin Hollow Retreat Center in Craryville, like the Foundation of Light, grafts the New Age onto a theosophical heritage. The gazetteer of sites following this chapter also lists some centers of Sufism (esoteric Islam) and Vedanta, the Hindu philosophy brought to America by Swami Vivekananda. But surely the dominant "eccentric" movement, in the sense of being outside the Judeo-Christian mainstream, is Buddhism. There are more than twenty Buddhist monasteries, temples, or centers now operating in the Upstate region.<sup>25</sup> The majority of them belong to the various Tibetan schools; others to the Pure Land school and the Japanese, Chinese, Vietnamese, or Korean Zen traditions. Buddhism suits the current preferences for practice over doctrine, for a philosophy compatible with science, and for self-help rather than obedience to a charismatic leader. All in all, it seems set to become the alternative American religion of the twenty-first century, as spiritualism was for the nineteenth.

### Epilogue

This book has followed the convention of historical scholarship in assuming that spirits do not intervene in material reality. I have let the characters speak for themselves about their experiences and beliefs, crediting the former as recognizable psychological states while reporting, and hopefully clarifying, the latter. In this epilogue I will go outside the convention, to satisfy the reader who might be asking, "What do you make of all this?"



Although I am at ease with a nonmaterialistic outlook, those who are dead certain that they possess the truth about the unseen world do not convince me. My heart is more with the freethinkers and the Arts and Crafts people. Few of the characters in this book could even agree with one another. Within spiritualism there was heated debate over reincarnation, nonhuman communicators, and the place of Christianity. But every leader offered an investment in a belief system that promised certain rewards. Whether followers bought in because of rapport with him or her, a need for community, or whether they were swept up in mass movements like Millerism and spiritualism, they all belonged to a certain personality type: that which wants to be told what to believe and what not to believe, preferably with salvation on earth or in the afterlife. Without such people, no spiritual leader would stand a chance.

The leaders represent a rarer personality type: one on whose consciousness a metaphysical reality breaks through, whether sought or unsought. We have had examples of waking visions (Joseph Smith, Andrew Jackson Davis, Thomas Lake Harris, Cyrus Teed), near-death experiences (Ann Lee, Jemima Wilkinson, Handsome Lake), and several types of mediumship or possession (the Fox sisters, H. P. Blavatsky, Paschal Beverly Randolph, Amanda Jones, James Peebles, John Murray Spear, Eugenie Bragdon, Jane Roberts). Either they were all pathologically deluded, which is an evasive and degrading judgment, or else there is indeed some other order of reality accessible to select humans. But who is to say what this order is, and who or what is responsible for the contact? For most readers the answer is probably, "None of the above."

To the more open-minded, I suggest two approaches that do not solve these enigmas, but at least allow us to view them dispassionately. The first is the Fortean approach, named for Albany-born Charles Fort (1874–1932). Over years of mining old newspapers and scientific journals for reports of odd occurrences and unexplained phenomena, Fort developed a philosophy of agnostic acceptance of the strangeness of the world. His mission was to resurrect the "damned facts" that do not fit the worldview sanctioned by current science. Like Socrates, Fort held that the beginning of wisdom is to admit one's own ignorance, and he shared the Greek philosopher's scorn for "experts" who claim to know what they do not know.<sup>26</sup> In the philosophical prologue to his *Book of the Damned* (1919) he writes: "We believe no more. We accept."<sup>27</sup> Furthermore, the facts seemed to suggest that humanity is not the only intelligence in the universe, and that others may have interfered in its affairs. "I think we're property" is another of Fort's dicta.<sup>28</sup> We have met a version of this in the "hidden hand" theory of spiritualism's origins, and the self-identified angels and ascended beings who contact humans are perhaps these hidden hands. Jacques Vallee, a post-Fortean thinker who

compared Joseph Smith's experiences with those of UFO contactees (see chapter 6), wonders if there is "an alien force that anticipates our own scientific development by decades, mocking our efforts to identify its nature and its long-term intentions."<sup>29</sup> We too might wonder whether some entity with a warped sense of humor set Handsome Lake digging for a great underground beast, Spear building the New Motor, Harris sporting with the Lily Queen, and Teed proving that the earth is a concave sphere.

Fort noted that anomalous phenomena tend to cluster as to time and place. This entire book is evidence of that, but we can sometimes narrow the focus. For example, Hiram Edson's vision of Christ in the cornfield in 1844 (see chapter 8), which became the theological foundation of Adventism, happened between Clifton Springs and Port Gibson. That is about five miles from the Sacred Grove outside Palmyra, where in 1820 Joseph Smith met God the Father and Jesus Christ, and about four miles from Hydesville, where in 1848 the Fox sisters started talking to the dead. So three lasting religious movements—Adventism, Mormonism, and spiritualism—were all sparked off in that little triangle.

Here is another example. Near that triangle, one can draw a straight line south from the thruway junction of Waterloo, where in the 1960s Anthony Damiani spent his nights in deep study of the Neoplatonists, to Elmira, where in the same decade Jane Roberts, speaking as Seth, disseminated an occult philosophy with a distinctly Neoplatonic flavor. Not two miles from either side of this line are the following sites:

- Waterloo itself, where the Congregational Friends believed in an unbroken chain of communication between the Infinite and all beings, and the first women's rights convention was planned at the M'Clintock and Hunt homes;
- The Peter Whitmer Farm, where Joseph Smith finished translating the Book of Mormon, showed the golden plates to the three witnesses, and organized the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints;
- Wisdom's Goldenrod Philosophic Center, founded by Damiani and now under the patronage of the Dalai Lama;
- Watkins Glen, site of the freethought convention at which radicals and spiritualists joined forces against organized religion.

Could this be a ley line, like the ones supposed to link prehistoric monuments and sacred sites in Europe? Is there any significance to it? In





ILLUSTRATION 25.2. Ellis Hollow Stone Circle, at the Foundation of Light, Ithaca. Author's photograph.

the Fortean view, everything is significant, since Fort hypothesizes that "all things are of a oneness, which is a state intermediate to unrealness and realness."<sup>30</sup> That is to say, they are neither what he calls the Universal and Seth calls "All That Is," which alone is real, nor are they entirely separate and independent from each other. The Waterloo-Elmira line is something I accept, without having any theory to explain it. Neither real nor unreal, it is an emblem of the interdependence of ancient philosophies, angelic visions, paranormal phenomena, radical social movements, freedom from outmoded dogmas, and possession by spirit entities: in short, the cauldron of our title.

A second approach that I find helpful is the Neoplatonic, which is not agnostic like the Fortean approach but based on mystical experience subjected to philosophical analysis. Rather than taking the physical cosmos as the primary reality, onto which life and consciousness have somehow become grafted, it reverses the relationship. It views humans as primarily souls, undergoing a temporary experience in material bodies. Even more radically, it holds that the material universe depends for its existence and structure on a higher, archetypal order. To this way of thinking, all spiritual movements begin with some sort of contact with a higher reality. Whether

the approach comes from above (as in divine revelations) or from activating the higher elements of the human being is for theologians to argue. What is certain is that the interpretation of the experience is colored and limited by circumstances and prior beliefs. For instance, when our nineteenth-century visionaries met a luminous being, they took it to be a dead relative, an angel, or Jesus, and it spoke to them as such. A Neoplatonist of the Greco-Roman era would more likely have called it a daimon: a member of a class of beings intermediate between humans and gods.

Such contact, which happens in all ages and climes, may illuminate, but it may also give the recipient an inflated sense of self-importance. The present book is full of textbook cases in which after the person comes down to earth, or arises reborn, the ego takes over and makes him or her fanatical, domineering, and (however gently) exploitative. This is probably why theurgy, the art of summoning higher beings, was kept so secret in ancient times, and only disclosed to initiates who, presumably, had already proved their psychological fitness. As the excerpts that head many of the preceding chapters have shown, our characters were often plunged into mystical or visionary experiences for which they were philosophically unprepared, and they had to make the best of it.

Neoplatonism assumes that the intentions of the universe are basically benevolent and that all souls aspire to union with the One, which is also the Good. If that is the case, then these experiences should be seen in a more positive light. Daimonic interventions, instead of being a cynical game played by our owners with their "property," may be a periodic infusion of spiritual energies, following a long-term plan for humanity. This was the view of the spiritualists who were sure that in 1848 a "spiritual telegraph" had been opened between heaven and earth, and that the great movement for social justice had been inspired from above. The Theosophists would apply the same interpretation to the great religions themselves, each one having served an evolutionary purpose for its particular time and place. They would be the first to add that once the impulse has been given, the human recipients of these energies, like the discoverers of other, physical energies, may do more harm than good.

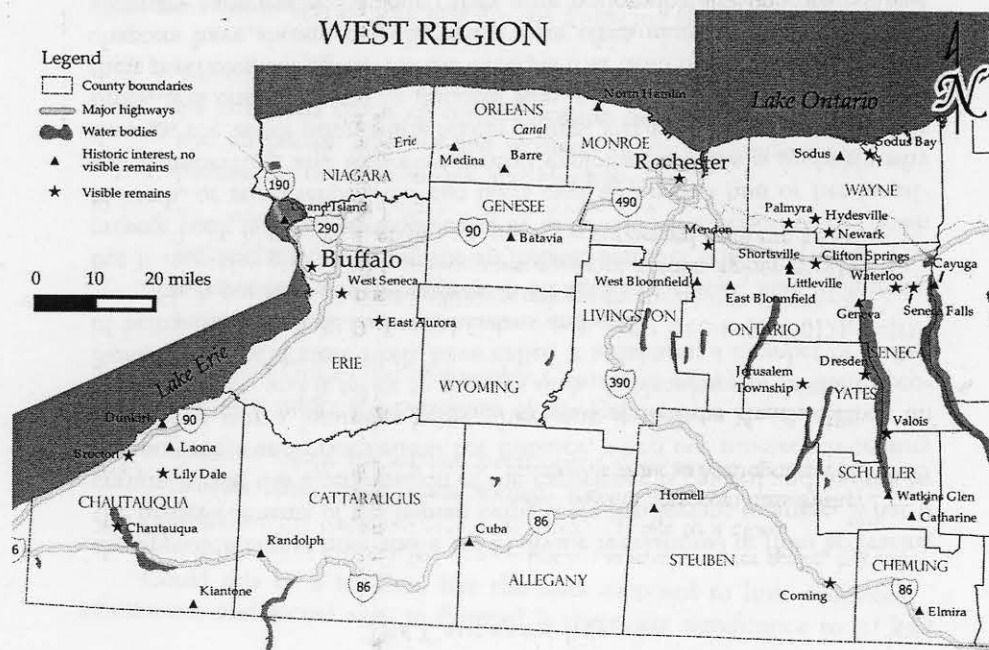
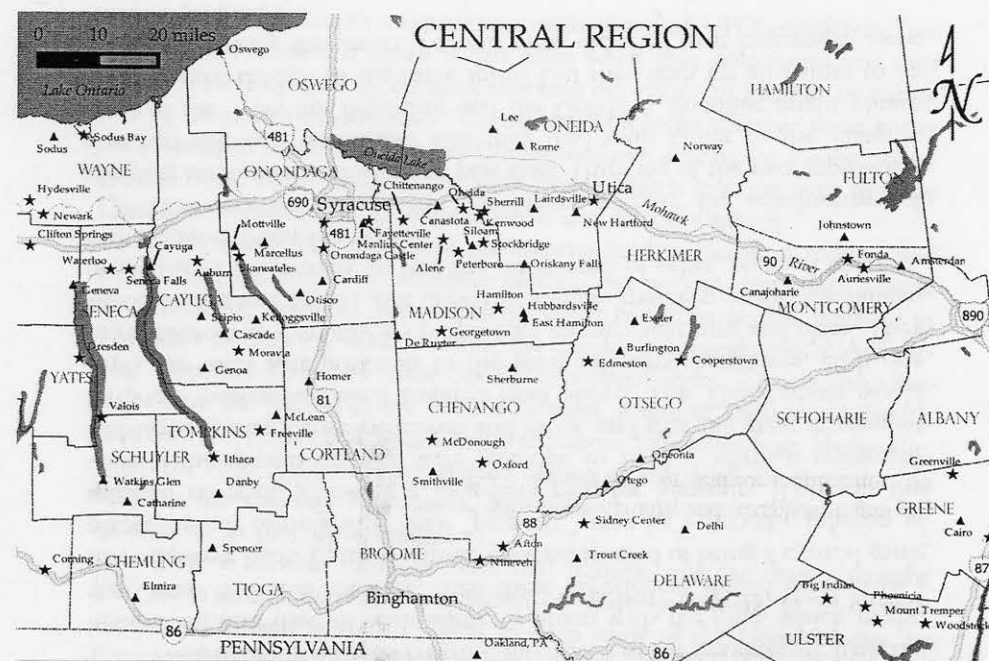
How can we judge these movements, without the anachronism of applying current ethical ideals to past eras? Thinking of the two approaches sketched above, I would ask: Did they lead souls closer to the Platonic ideas of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good? A Buddhist might phrase it differently, though in the same spirit: Did they wish for all beings to be happy? Or, taking the darker, Fortean view, did they treat humans in some sense as property?

When I review each eccentric movement and its leader in this light, many of them fall short of the ideal. However, taken as a whole I see them as having contributed to four positive gains on the balance sheet: social,



religious, philosophical, and aesthetic. The first and least contestable gain was in social progress in the Western world. During these years, slavery became indefensible and women's rights were on the way to recognition. The second was within American Christendom, where by the dawn of the twentieth century Calvinism was a spent force and God's primary attribute was seen as love, rather than anger. The third was in the philosophical challenge to materialism. Those scientists who study the paranormal, parapsychology, and the higher reaches of physics, with its link to philosophy, continue the challenge. The fourth was in the Arts and Crafts movement, with its dedication to beauty and to the spiritual value of handiwork.

In closing, I would add one more contribution, which has most touched me as an immigrant from history-laden Europe: the rich legacy of these movements to the Upstate region. It is a legacy waiting to be discovered, for most residents and visitors are oblivious to it. The land needs enlivening with these stories, in all their comedy and profundity. A first step is the following gazetteer of about 150 relevant sites in forty-three counties. A few already have the state's blue-and-gold historical markers to explain what happened there. If every site had one, what a difference it would make to public awareness of the past! People would be curious; children would ask questions. There would be tours and pilgrimages, and, who knows, the cauldron might start bubbling again.





36. Bragdon 1928, 3–4.
37. Bragdon, Introduction to Sprague 1946, 40.
38. See “The Divine Androgyne” in Bragdon 1925, 186–96; reprinted in Bragdon 1936, 114–125.
39. Bragdon 1938, 88.
40. Bragdon arranged for their publication after Sullivan’s death as *Kindergarten Chats*.
41. Information from Marc Demarest’s paper, “The Fate of the Kaballah of the Egyptians,” given at the conference of the Association for the Study of Esotericism, University of California, Davis, July 19–22, 2012.
42. See Henderson.
43. Bragdon 1915, 13.
44. A major topic of Eugenia Victoria Ellis’s dissertation. See Ellis.
45. For illustrations, see Ellis & Reithmayr, 171–79; Massey, 251–52, 260–63.
46. For illustrations, see Ellis & Reithmayr, 166–68.
47. See Massey, 178–206; Ellis & Reithmayr, 139–63.
48. See especially Bragdon 1933.
49. See especially Bragdon 1923, 15–56.
50. See Bragdon 1939.

### Chapter 25: The Cauldron Refired

1. “Archbishop Francis. Patience and Inspiration,” *Woodstock Week*, April 21, 1966. Thanks to Peter Lamborn Wilson for access to this and other clippings from the Alf Evers Archive.
2. The curious may wish to investigate the community on Long Island called Modern Times and the one in Nyack led by “the Omnipotent Oom”; the free-love colony on Lake Ontario; the sexual teachings of Anna Kimball, a “spiritual physician” from Dunkirk, and Lois Waisbrooker, from Catherine; Austin Kent of Hopkinton, early defender of free love; Benjamin Paul Blood of Amsterdam, enlightened through nitrous oxide. Thanks to John Patrick Deveney for generously sharing these subjects of his own research, some of them documented in his *Free Love, Universal Reform and Fraud* (Deveney 2012).
3. Now absorbed into the Karma Triyana Dharmachakra Monastery.
4. The Gothic revival style of Richard Upjohn (1802–1878), much favored for Episcopalian churches.
5. Incidentally, C. W. Leadbeater was consecrated in the same year and the same lineage, stemming from the Old Catholics of Utrecht through Bishop Arnold Harris Mathew. For details, see the list of lineages at <http://allengreenfield.wordpress.com/2014/05/24/masonic-dignities-egregoric-successions-updated-april-27-2010/>.
6. See [http://orthodoxwiki.org/The\\_Abbey\\_of\\_the\\_Holy\\_Name\\_\(West\\_Milford,\\_New\\_Jersey\)](http://orthodoxwiki.org/The_Abbey_of_the_Holy_Name_(West_Milford,_New_Jersey)).
7. Benedictine community at St. Dunstan’s House, 2 Rutherford Place. The rood-screen now in Woodstock is pictured in “Handicraft of Local Monks,” *New York Herald-Telegram*, Oct. 23, 1937.
8. Obituary of Mrs. Edna Francis, *Ulster Townsman*, Aug. 12, 1976.

9. Meher Baba (1894–1969) was an Iranian sage who never spoke, but indicated that he was the last avatar and would bring the age to a close.
10. See the church’s website, <http://wavelinks.net/cottocom.htm>. Father Francis’s successor, the Venerable John LoBue, follows his work as Metropolitan of North America.
11. *Point d’ironie* 53 (2012), I. My translation from the French. Ellipses in original.
12. Wilson 2010b.
13. See Wilson 2010a. For the Cairo action, *Point d’ironie* 53 (2012), II–III.
14. Kateri was canonized in 2012, as related in ch. 2.
15. For its history, see <http://www.rosamysticaofamerica.org/our-story.html>.
16. The biographical details that follow are condensed from the introduction to Damiani 1990. The Dalai Lama’s quote is on page xv.
17. Editors’ introduction to Damiani 1990, xiv.
18. Hanegraaff 1996, 95.
19. *Lucis*: Latin, “of light.” It was originally called the “Lucifer Trust,” as noted by conspiracy theorists who regard Bailey, and the New Age in general, as agents of the Illuminati.
20. Factual information from [www.geo.org/ellis.htm](http://www.geo.org/ellis.htm).
21. See the foundation’s website, <http://www.folithaca.org>, for current information.
22. Hanegraaff 2005, 999. Italics mine. The ellipses omit only a reference to another of Hanegraaff’s works.
23. Robert F. Butts, introductory notes to Roberts 1977, 13, citing Roberts 1972, 431.
24. Damiani 1993, 261, citing Brunton, 369.
25. The Gazetteer lists only purpose-built centers and established groups. There are many others, and also temples built primarily by and for immigrants.
26. Plato, *Apology of Socrates*, 29b.
27. Fort, 21.
28. Fort, 163.
29. Vallee 2008, 230.
30. Fort, 23.



1. The first step in the process of the scientific method is to make an observation or ask a question. For example, a scientist might observe that a plant grows better in one type of soil than in another. This leads to a question: "Does the type of soil affect the growth of a plant?"

2. Next, the scientist makes a hypothesis, which is an educated guess or prediction about the answer to the question. For example, the hypothesis might be: "If a plant is grown in rich soil, then it will grow taller than if it is grown in poor soil."

3. The third step is to design an experiment to test the hypothesis. This involves setting up a controlled experiment where only one variable (the independent variable) is changed, while all other variables are kept constant. In this case, the independent variable is the type of soil, and the dependent variable is the height of the plant.

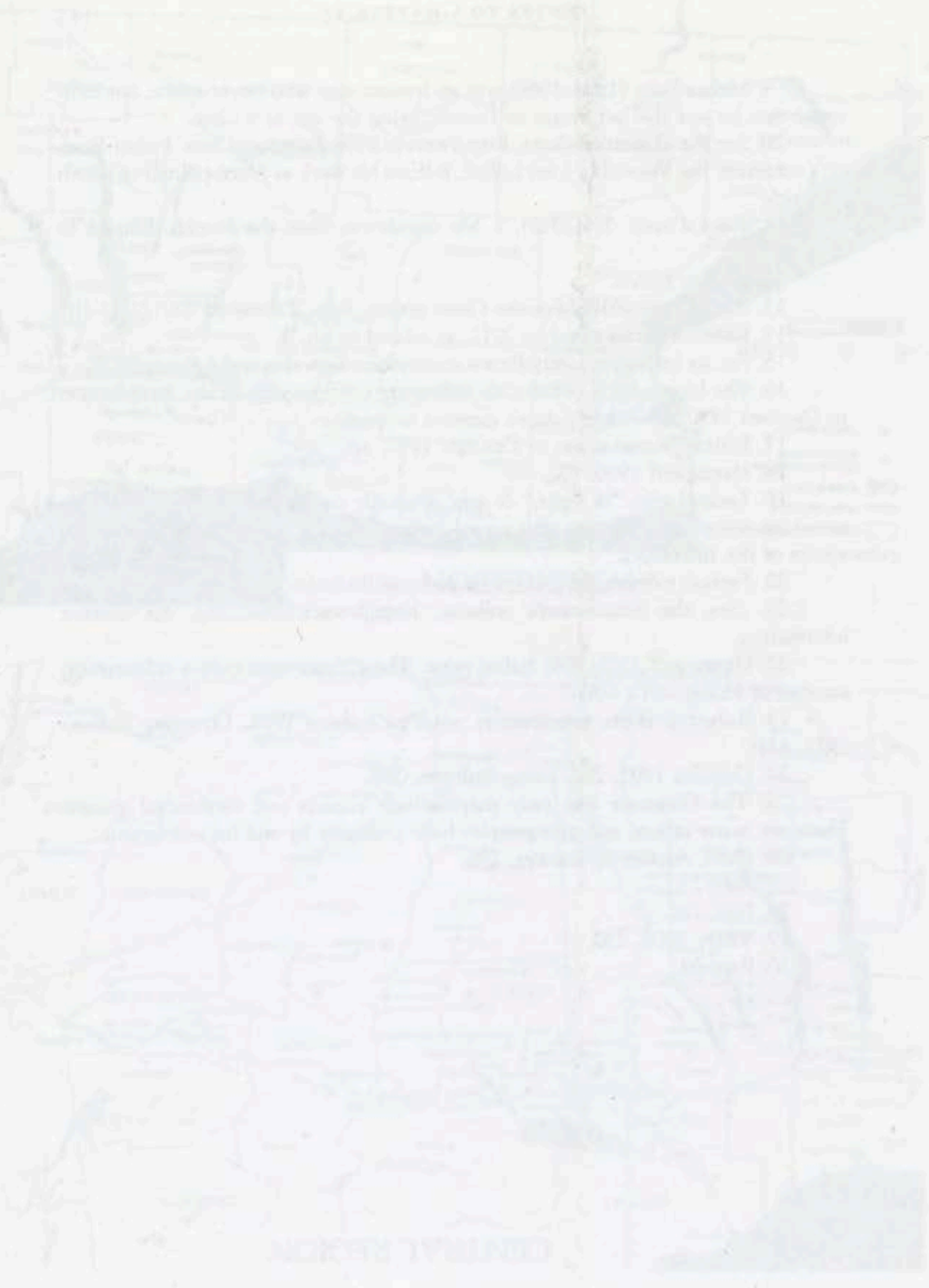
4. The fourth step is to conduct the experiment and collect data. The scientist would grow plants in both rich and poor soil and measure their heights at regular intervals.

5. Finally, the scientist analyzes the data and draws a conclusion. If the data shows that plants grown in rich soil are indeed taller, then the hypothesis is supported. If not, the hypothesis is rejected, and the scientist may need to make a new hypothesis and repeat the experiment.

Chapter 10: The Scientific Method

The scientific method is a systematic approach to investigating a question or solving a problem. It involves making observations, asking questions, forming hypotheses, designing experiments, collecting data, and drawing conclusions. This method is used by scientists in various fields, including biology, chemistry, physics, and earth science. The scientific method helps to ensure that the results of an investigation are reliable and can be used to make predictions about the natural world.

One of the key features of the scientific method is that it is a process that can be repeated. This means that other scientists can perform the same experiment and see if they get the same results. This is important because it allows scientists to verify the findings of others and build on their work. The scientific method also helps to identify and control for errors in an experiment, which is another important feature of this method.



The Central Region is characterized by its diverse geographical features, including a mix of low-lying plains and higher elevations. The region is home to a variety of plant and animal life, and it is a major center for agriculture and industry. The population is concentrated in the central and southern parts of the region, with several large cities and many smaller towns. The region's climate is generally temperate, with distinct seasons and moderate rainfall. The Central Region plays a vital role in the country's economy and is a key area for development and growth.

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the lake, he had fought and kicked and struggled most savagely, screaming at the top of his lungs as if we were trying to kill him. I had had to explain to him that he could come along with the rest of us without fear and that nothing was going to happen to him. It was only then he let me carry him into the water, but I had to promise to watch out for him and not leave him alone. The next day the very same thing happened. He refused to go into the water alone, kicking and screaming as he had done the day before. Again I had to carry him in my arms. Little by little he conquered his fear, and he finally became a little duck, happily splashing, rowing and sailing on the lake all day long. Our conversation made me remember how, when he was very small—around four or five—he and his little cousin would paint pictures together. While the faces his little cousin painted were always pink, his were always dark brown. When I once tried to show him why he should not paint the faces so dark, he made no reply, but merely went on painting chocolate coloured faces.

We spoke no more about his memories. Now and again he made some comment which showed me that these things were still alive within him. Several years later, when he was about thirteen, one of the neighbours came running into our garden, calling for me to come out to the street. My son, he said, had climbed up to the top of a very high poplar tree, so high that he certainly would not be able to come down without falling. There were a number of trees, all of them about sixty to seventy feet high. I peered upward into the branches to try to see which tree my boy was in. Finally I yelled up to find out where he was and he promptly yelled back to ask what I wanted.

'Come down immediately!'

'Why?'

'We're not discussing why now,' I called back. 'You come right down here!' Without saying a word, he started to descend, climbing skilfully but cautiously with complete assurance, like a little monkey. Finally he jumped down from the lowest branch and, with controlled annoyance, asked, 'Why did I have to come down?'

'Because it's absolutely senseless for you to climb up so high. It's positively shameful when other people have to tell me what you're doing. What's the good of such dare-devil stunts? What in the world were you doing up there?'

'I've made myself a nest where I can eat a meal of boiled corn. It tastes much better up there, and I get such a wonderful view. I can look out over everything.'

'Well don't do it any more. What sense can there possibly be in doing anything so dangerous? Build yourself a nest down here!'

The boy looked away for a moment angrily, then said, 'O.K. I'm not supposed to climb up there any more because you think it's dangerous. But who do you think looked after me when I was living in the jungle and climbed around the trees which were a lot higher so that I could watch the animals? Where were you then?'

'I don't know where I was then, but now I'm here and you have to obey!' I answered emphatically. He wasn't pleased at all, but as I gave him plenty of

freedom in other respects, he soon found other occupations and the matter was forgotten.

Some time later he came home from school in complete exasperation. 'Ridiculous!' he exploded. 'The priest was trying to make us believe that people live only once. But I know that people live more than once! I know it! But it's best not to try to talk to grown-ups. A fellow just has to keep his mouth shut!'

The impressions of this life had probably displaced the memories in his consciousness, and for a long time he made no further mention of these matters. When he was about fifteen, he asked us to buy him a big jazz drum. Together we went to the best music shop in town, and he picked out the biggest drum in sight with all its trappings. Then the miraculous experience we had had when he first tried to row was repeated again. As soon as he had the drum in the house, he took the two drum sticks, sat down beside it and started playing the most difficult rhythms and the most impossible syncopations, all with a perfectly sure hand and complete self-confidence. He played ecstatically, his eyes beaming and tears rolling down his cheeks. He said nothing about how he came to be able to play a drum. Only once, as he was playing a very peculiar rhythm, he remarked, 'Hear that Mum? That's how we used to signal each other and pass on messages across tremendous distances.' And he went on drumming like one possessed.

He was never interested in reading stories about negro life. 'Why should I?' he asked. 'I know better than books can tell me what life was like there. Why should I care what white people have written about it? And when I read real true descriptions, I always start to cry, even when I try not to...'

Even as a grown-up young officer in the air force, seeing a negro cinema-film always moved him to tears. Sitting there in the darkness, he would cry like a baby—although silently—with big salty tears streaming down his cheeks.

Where had he learnt to play the drum? How hard it is I learnt myself when I once tried it. How does a city child come to want to own a drum? And why should a happy, up-to-date young man burst into tears when he plays a drum or sees negro films?

→ Years later Paul Brunton paid us a visit when he was returning to Europe from India. I told him about my son's memories. He asked to see the drawings. After examining them attentively, he said, 'This kind of hut is typical of a particular tribe living on the banks of the Zambesi in Central Africa. He has drawn it correctly in every detail.'

'Yes, but this hat isn't an African native's hat? It looks just like a civilized man's hat made of felt,' I said.

Brunton smiled. 'No, you're mistaken. The child is right. The hat is indeed typical of this tribe. Only it's not made of felt, but of bulrushes plaited together. His hunting weapon is correctly drawn too. And the monster that bites off people's legs is a crocodile, of course. There are many of them there. But tell me how you came to attract a negro as your child?' he asked finally.







'I don't know how to answer that one,' I replied. Then we both smiled and talked about other things.

This all happened several years later. My son's first memories came that summer at the lake shore when the little black beetle attracted his attention and he stopped playing to watch it for a long, long time. Without knowing it, he used an Indian method to achieve great concentration. Indian yogis do it by staring for a long time at a black spot on the wall, or at a crystal ball. Unknowingly, the child did the same, for the little black beetle was like a black spot, and the boy probably fell into a trance quite unintentionally. Thus the memory of a previous incarnation came to life within him.

The summer went by and my condition improved. My consciousness was clear again, and I no longer saw the world in such a hazy fashion. The burning sensation in my blood also stopped. But in the autumn, after our return to the city, I began to have the same symptoms as the many women who had died from their horse serum vaccinations. I had to go back to bed again, suffering from terrible cramps and pains. I never would have believed that a human being can endure such torture without dying. I completely lost control of my body, just as if my nerves had been quite paralysed. When I wanted to raise my hand, my hand did not budge. It was a terrifying condition. And in my sleepless nights, I heard an ugly repugnant voice drowning out the roaring in my ears: 'So you think you can catch me?—Ha ha ha ...'

The doctors consulted each other again and advised an operation.

That same evening we had a telephone call from one of my husband's boyhood friends with whom we had kept in close touch. He had just returned from a sojourn of many years in India. The next day he came by to pay us a visit. Seeing me in such miserable shape, he said, 'You know while I was in India I spent a lot of time learning yoga under a great master. If you follow my advice and do as I say, you will get well again. Under no circumstances should you submit to an operation.'

I promised to do whatever he told me to.

He then showed me a few simple breathing exercises which I could do as I lay there in bed only half alive. He told me I should practice them often during the day, and in doing them I was to *guide and control my consciousness*.

I followed his instructions to the letter.

Within a few days' time my condition was considerably better. The pains were abating, and all my other symptoms showed a surprising change for the better.

Within two weeks I was so much improved that I could even stand up for a few minutes at a time. I became *myself* again! I still felt minor disturbances, but our friend showed me some more yoga exercises, and I kept on improving. By the time spring came around, I was strong enough to travel to the seashore to spend a few months convalescing. That blessed climate, combined with the salt water bathing and yoga exercises, gave me back my health. During my last four weeks there, my husband was with me and I experienced the most beautiful

period of my *personal* life. Only one who has been hopelessly sick and then recovered knows what it means to be well *again*!

Oh thou unknown strength and power people call *God*! I thank *thee* that *thou* hast given me back my health; that thou hast permitted me to escape from Hell; that thou hast enabled me to avoid becoming a burden upon my loved ones ... enabled me to become a useful working human being again!

The sun had never been so beautiful, nor the sky so blue, nor the sea so sparkling as that summer.

When autumn came, we went home, and soon I was back at work in my studio.

One evening we all went to the cinema together. The programme consisted of a number of Walt Disney films, and we got an immense amount of fun out of watching Mickey Mouse, Pluto and Donald Duck. Then came a film in which all three of these animals teamed up and founded a firm to drive the ghosts and spooks out of haunted houses. They advertised their service in the newspaper, and their advertisement came to the attention of one of a number of ghosts who were living together in an old castle. He straightway summoned all the other ghosts and spooks and goblins, and indignantly read the notice to them. Incensed at the idea that even ghosts would no longer be able to live in peace, they all consulted together and decided they would teach the people in this new firm a lesson. One of them called up the firm and asked to have a man sent over. Then the head ghost assigned a specific task to each of the many spooks assembled. One was to hide behind the door, another under the bed, another inside the mirror so that anyone looking at it would see a ghost instead of himself—all with the idea of giving the people in Mickey & Co. such a terrible scare they would be glad to give up their plan. When the jobs were all assigned, the chief spook gave a signal and all his cronies disappeared by simply rolling up into *greenish phosphorescent balls which rolled away, gliding and hopping, and disappeared in different directions, laughing fiendishly at the idea that earthly creatures should think of trying to catch them!*

I became stiff with amazement! My younger sister and brother began to call out, 'Look, look! Esther's green ball! Just look at that! ...' They were so excited and so loud in their comments, I thought for a little while the ushers were going to throw us out of the house. They could not have known—no one could have!—that the entire scene, as the chief spook himself rolled up into a greenish ball, laughed fiendishly and hopped away, was just exactly the way I had seen it long, long before!

I was thoroughly shaken. Could it really be that other people saw these manifestations too? I did not doubt for a moment that Walt Disney had actually seen such a greenish ball! Or how could he have come to invent—out of pure imagination—a sequence matching with exquisite precision exactly what I had seen long, long before? It was absolutely too much to suppose that this was pure coincidence. But that was not all!

A few weeks later I received a book entitled, *Aram Magic and Mysticism*. It







The boy leaned against the back of my sofa, looked at me attentively and answered, 'Mummy, is it possible that I have lived before?'

His question amazed me. 'Where did you get that idea?' I asked in return.

'I was in the garden and saw a big black beetle. When I poked him a bit with a twig, he turned over on his back and lay still as if dead. I was curious to see what he would do, so I watched him and waited. I kept on watching him for a long time, perhaps it was even half an hour. Then all of a sudden, the beetle righted himself and ran away. It was then I had a very strong feeling I had lived before. It only seemed as if I had died and people thought I was dead, but then I got up and went on just like the beetle, and here I am now alive again. That means I never died at all! And I'm asking you for another reason, Mummy. Every day when I wake up in the morning, before I open my eyes, I always have a feeling as if I had to jump right up and go hunting to find food for my wife and my children. And only when I open my eyes and look around my room, I realize that I'm a little boy and your son. But Mummy, my wife and my children and everybody there are not like the people here, but they're . . . all . . . all black and quite naked.' An embarrassed smile spread across my son's face.

I listened to him with ever-growing interest, but I did not want him to notice my surprise. I let him finish talking. Then I asked, 'So you were the father of several children . . . but where did you live?'

The child took paper and pencil, and with a sure and steady hand he drew a round hut with a very special opening in the roof for the smoke. He could never have seen a hut like that in our country. Before the hut he sketched in a naked woman with long hanging breasts. Beside the hut there was a body of water with waves, and in the distance palm trees. 'We lived in huts like this,' he said, showing me the drawing. 'We built them ourselves, just as each of us built himself a boat by hollowing out a log. There was a big river there, but we couldn't go in deep as we do here in the lake, because some kind of a monster was living there in the water. I don't remember what kind, only that it bit off people's legs, and that's why we didn't go into the water.'

'Now you can understand why I always screamed and howled last year when you tried to take me out into the water. I was afraid that something under the water was going to bite off my legs. Even now, whenever I go bathing, I have that same feeling. Only I know by now that there's nothing dangerous in the water here. And remember last year, when I wanted to row, Mummy? It was just after we had bought the big family boat. At first you wouldn't let me, because you said I would have to learn how. But I just knew I could because I remembered how well I was able to get around in my dugout canoe . . . as well as if it were a part of me. While sitting in it, I could even flip over into the water and come up again on the other side.'

'Remember I kept begging so long, you finally got impatient and said I could try but I would see I could not row. Remember? And remember how surprised you all were when I did row, and with only one oar. I was too small to handle both

oars—my arms were too short—but I was able to move our big boat around safely among the other boats and all the bathers. Oh boy, with my dugout canoe—there where I was living—I could do anything! You should have seen me then! And the trees were not like the ones here.'

With his stubby finger he pointed to the drawing. 'They were like this one, and there were all kinds of other plants there. See, that's me hunting for a big bird, and that's my hat beside me.'

Everything he drew made up a perfect tropical landscape with palm trees and other tropical plants. The figure supposedly representing him was a typical negro. Only his hat was suspicious. It looked exactly like a modern man's felt hat. Not wanting either to disturb him or excite his imagination, I questioned him very cautiously. He had never seen naked women, except perhaps as works of art, and these latter never have hanging breasts; so I asked him, 'Why have you drawn your wife with such long, ugly, hanging breasts?'

The child looked up at me in amazement at such a question, then answered without hesitation and very matter-of-factly, 'Because she had breasts like that! And they're not ugly! She was very beautiful!' he added proudly. This reply convinced me that my boy had not heard these things in some way or another from others. He had never been to the cinema and had never had any books about Africa. Where could he have picked up the idea that a woman with long, hanging breasts is beautiful? Our ideal of beauty is quite different. Finally I asked him, 'What is the last thing you remember?'

'I was hunting when a tiger approached. I threw my spear, but that didn't stop him. With my spear in his breast he jumped on me. I don't know what happened after that.'

'Good, that's all very interesting. Naturally it's possible that you have lived before and all of that really happened. But now you're here. Don't think about the past any more; think about the present. You can tell me all about things like this, but don't tell other people about your memories.'

'Yes, Mummy,' said the boy, 'I already know that, because grown-ups think we kids are crazy. They always make fun of us. But what do you think happened to my wife and children?'

'I cannot tell you that. But don't forget that everything passes away. Only love remains eternal, and so love will lead you to them again in this life.'

'Oh, that's fine!' said the boy, and he ran off to resume his playing with the other children. I took his drawings and put them into the diary I had been keeping since he was born . . .

I never asked the boy any more about these memories. I did not want his imagination to be stimulated, nor did I want him to lose himself in these memories.

Why should I? I knew that he had not been able to see or read any books about Africa. I knew every step he took and what he was doing. And it really was surprising to recall that, although he was generally quite brave and even inclined to be a bit of a daredevil, when we had first taken him out to bathe in







## LONG AND SHORT PATHS

Before, in the books, PB had to introduce people to the Quest and the preparations for the two paths- now we are ready to hear about the two paths- the short and the long.

St. Bernard expressed the long path thus:

Despise the world- (for it is unsatisfactory)

Despise yourself- (for it is also unsatisfactory)

Despise yourself because you despise yourself- (for even to despise yourself is to give the ego undue attention and concern)

This is the end of the long path. At this point one must turn around to the positive way which is the short path:

Glorify the world- (for it is an emanation of Brahman)

Glorify yourself

Glorify yourself because you glorify yourself

Rather than concerning oneself with the ego and its developments, its ups and downs, you should turn 180° around and face the sun which is the Overself. The ego is like a whirlpool, a vortex of thoughts, and it is the strength of our clinging that holds it together. The ego is perpetuated on the long path which will not take you to enlightenment. On the long path you are always measuring your own progress. The long path is endless for new circumstances bring new temptations, new problems to deal with and no matter how spiritual the ego becomes it does not enter the light but remains in the grey. On the long path the surges of interference arising from the lower self and the negativity which enters from the environment must be dealt with. This requires development of character. On the short path one ignores negativity, and turns 180° away from the ego to the Overself- things will become brighter and brighter. The short path will establish you in peace more and more. The work of the long path eventually brings the grace which then puts you on the short path. The short path is shorter in time for you turn and face your goal directly. Because of the pressures of these times, it is recommended that both paths be done together (rather than just the long) in order to help circumvent obstacles.

The parable of the cave in Plato is analogous to the short and long path. On the long path you back out of the cave but continue to look into the cave, into the darkness of the ego. On the short path you walk forwards towards the opening of the cave where the light is, the Overself.

There are two exercises suggested for the short path, one called the remembrance exercise and the other, the 'as if' exercise. The short path begins with the effort of remembering the Overself. The remembrance exercise overlaps the 'as if' exercise and is a necessary preparatory exercise before the 'as if' can be learned. The remembrance exercise is mentioned near the end of the Wisdom. It is like a mother who has lost her baby and no matter what she is doing she can't forget about the child. When you are active the remembrance should be held in the rear of the mind and when you have free time, it should come to the fore. In the beginning, it requires effort like any other practice but eventually it will continue of its own accord. One danger of the remembrance exercise is that it can become automatic too soon and thus be merely mechanical and hollow. The remembrance must be a warm, felt, living thing if the spirit of the exercise is not to be lost. By turning towards the Overself, grace can operate more readily, in all matters.

The 'as if' exercise requires that one should feel and act and think everything as he imagines the Overself would. It is not just a mental exercise but involves the feelings, physical activity, and imagination. The Overself contacts you primarily through intuitive feeling but also through intuitive thoughts and action. Actions which are done uncalculated-







ingly and which later prove to have been correct are actions which spring from a source other than the ego. In the beginning, the exercise is an imaginative one but every so often one will get short glimpses which will gradually be prolonged and which are not imaginative but the real thing. As these glimpses of the Overself come one must open up to them, be passive and receptive to them, you must surrender yourself to them and prolong them. This exercise should be accompanied with study on the nature of the Overself- so you can know something of what the Overself is like and what it is that you are trying to do. However, the Overself is truly ineffable and can never be grasped through any secondary means.



