The first duty of man is to understand his own nature and the basic elements of his being, which he must fulfill to the best of his ability.

ALAIN DANIÉLOU

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INTELLECTUAL DIALOGUE



JACQUES CLOAREC: A SHORT BIOGRAPHY

acques Cloarec, a Breton as his surname shows, was born at Brest in 1938 under the sign of Pisces. He started his working life as a teacher in Brittany where he took great interest in Celtic folklore and organised several groups of dancers and musicians. In 1960, he went to teach in Paris and subsequently took part, without enthusiasm, in the Algerian war. In 1962 he met Alain Daniélou, who was then setting up the International Institute for Comparative Music Studies in Berlin.

He lived in West Berlin for 15 years, followed by five years in Venice, where Alain Daniélou opened a branch of the Institute. His first job at the Institute was to classify and catalogue an important collection of photographs which Alain Daniélou and Raymond Burnier, the Swiss photographer and member of the Indian archaeological service, the friend with whom Daniélou lived for more than 18 years in a mansion on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, had collected during their time in India. Thus it was that, without ever having visited India, Jacques Cloarec became familiar with the architecture of most of the great mediaeval temples, particularly those of Khajuraho Bhuvaneshwar and Konarak, as well as a dozen lesser known ones, such as Aihole, Ossian, Sirpur, Deogarh, Chandpur, Amarkantak, Parasnath and Abu, Sarnath and Sanchi, and so on. Viewing these photos, he could, in his mind, visit the whole of India, since Burnier and Daniélou had brought back documents from Kulu, Malabar, Almora and Nagaland. He also accompanied groups of classical musicians invited by Alain Daniélou on tours in Europe, including the Dagar brothers, Sharan Rani, Pattadmal, Lakshmi Shankar, as well as groups of dancers, the Kathakhali troupe of Kerala Kalamandalam, Yamini Krishnamurti, etc., thereby becoming familiar with both Carnatic and Hindustani music and dance. He helped organise Indian music and dance festivals in various towns throughout Europe, becoming the Secretary of an association of directors of the most important European festivals, in order to further Alain Daniélou's desire to admit Indian classical musicians and dancers to the same great events as Western musicians and dancers.

From 1968 to 1980, he was the Technical Director (with Alain Daniélou as Artistic Director) of UNESCO's prestigious traditional music record collection, a series now reissued in CD format, which gave him the chance to record a great number of musicians. From his travels, he has gathered an important photographic collection of landscapes, architecture and, above all, of

dancers and musicians of the East in general, and of India in particular, contributing material to numerous musical encyclopaedias and reviews and as jacket illustrations of many records of traditional music.

In 1980, Alain Daniélou decided to retire to the country near Rome. Jacques Cloarec abandoned his post as general secretary of both the Berlin and Venice institutes to become Alain Daniélou's collaborator in his work as a writer. During this period, Alain Daniélou wrote many of the works for which he is famous, and Jacques Cloarec acted as Alain Daniélou's literary agent and was responsible for the publishing of these works. Illness then overtook Alain Daniélou, and Jacques Cloarec stayed by his side until Alain's death in January 1994.

During his long stay in Italy, Jacques Cloarec has also taken an interest in the musical aspects of the Italian theatre. In this connexion, he has, in particular, photographed the productions of the composer Sylvano Bussotti, at Palermo, Florence, Verona, Rome, etc.

Starting from 1985, the great choreographer Maurice Béjart regularly invited him to follow his productions, including *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastian* and *Kabuki* at Milan's La Scala, both dominated by Eric Vu An, *La Métamorphose des Dieux* in Brussels, dedicated to Malraux, and more recently, 1789 et Nous, a production of the Béjart Ballet Lausanne at the Grand Palais in Paris.

A member of the Paris Salon d'Automne, Jacques Cloarec has exhibited his photographic work there each year since 1982. In 1984, at the Festival of Genazzano, near Rome, he exhibited his Hommage à Sylvano Bussotti, a show exhibited again at L'Aquila (Italy) in August 1987, and at the Palazzo Medici-Riccardi in Florence in May 1988 for the Maggio Fiorentino. His first major retrospective exhibition took place at the Galerie Régine Lussan in Paris in November 1986, in the context of the prestigious 'Month of Photography', under the title L'Opera à Nu, Entre Corps et Décors. The Paris Salon d'Automne paid him tribute in November 1988, with Images-Grimages, Les Maquillages de Théatre.

Since the death of Alain Daniélou, Jacques Cloarec, as his literary executor, is doing his best to ensure that Daniélou's work continues to be available to those seeking a deeper understanding of orthodox Hinduism and its extreme tolerance, and in particular some forms of Shaivism, as well as to those seeking to understand the world around us.

He is busy classifying and cataloguing the enormous quantity of documentation left by Alain Daniélou, collaborating with the Musée de l'Elysée at Lausanne with regard to the photographic material (over 8,000 negatives), and - for the texts - with the Cini Foundation in Venice, to which Alain Daniélou bequeathed his considerable library containing a certain number of unpublished manuscripts on Indian music. He has also collaborated with UNESCO and the International Music Council over the reissue of

the record collections; has brought to completion the work of two French specialists on a new musical instrument based on the theories of Alain Daniélou and is also expediting the reissue and translation of Alain Daniélou's works, including the musical scores composed by Alain Daniélou for the dances he performed in the 'thirties.

The several commemorations of Alain Daniélou involved the preparation of two exhibitions for Venice in March 1995 (*Living in India*, an exhibition of Alain Daniélou's photos taken during the 'forties, and an exhibition of souvenirs, including letters from Tagore, Indira Gandhi, etc.), a show of Daniélou's drawings illustrating a world tour in 1936, and an exhibition of water-colours in Paris.

For over thirty years the collaborator and *śiṣya* of Alain Daniélou, and imbued with Hindu philosophy, culture and religion, Jacques Cloarec now devotes himself wholeheartedly to spreading the concepts which his *guru* instilled in him.

After the death of Alain Daniélou, the Harsharan Foundation was given a more durable perspective, becoming FIND, a non-profit cultural foundation recognised by Italy where it is situated and by Switzerland where its deed of incorporation is filed. Its Advisory Board and Scientific Council include eminent artists and personalities from both Europe and India.

FIND's achievements comprehend a series of dance events and Indian Classical Music concerts as well as a biographical documentary on Alain Daniélou, "Into the Labyrinth", by the director of FIND's Artistic Dialogue, Riccardo Biadene, and various international seminars, workshops and publications as well as the restructuring of the scholarship programme and the creation of an online review by FIND's director of Research and Intellectual Dialogue, Adrián Navigante. In addition to that, the publication of 10 works by Alain Daniélou, the setting up of 3 Internet sites and promotion of the "Semantic", and the microtonal instrument incorporating Alain Daniélou's theories in this field are worthy of being mentioned.

Jacques Cloarec finally managed to visit India and, fascinated by the Subcontinent, has travelled there about ten times, visiting numerous artists, the dance schools of Kerala Kalamandalam, and of Kalakshetra at Chennai. He has also travelled to Japan and Bali (exhibition of Burnier's photos), which has allowed him to extend the Foundation's iconographic archives.



ESSAY



Adrián Navigante JACQUES CLOAREC: AT THE HEART OF THE LABYRINTH



TESTIMONIALS



AJIT SINGH





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INTERVIEW

ADRIÁN NAVIGANTE IN CONVERSATION WITH JACQUES CLOAREC







SPECIAL TRIBUTES



Alain Danielou
THE MAGIC UNIVERSE
OF JACQUES CLOAREC





Alberto Sorbelli
TITLE, ACT 1, ENTR'ACTE, ACT 2





Sylvano Bussotti
IMPROMPTUS CLOAREC



DOCUMENTS



Jacques Cloarec
WISDOM AND PASSION
IMPRESSIONS OF THE LABYRINTH





ESSAY

JACQUES CLOAREC: AT THE HEART OF THE LABYRINTH



Adrián Navigante
FIND RESEARCH AND
INTELLECTUAL DIALOGUE

Jacques Cloarec inherited the whole of Alain Daniélou's philosophy of life and distilled it according to his own personality. While Alain Daniélou is the (shaivite) non-conformist who pushed his free thinking beyond the limits of accepted conventions in order to create something new, Jacques Cloarec is the (vishnuite) preserver of his work. His devotion, rectitude and diligence have enabled the Labyrinth not only to survive as a rare exception of harmonious interaction between different beings (animal, human, divine) in the world of today, but also to adapt to new times and to expand its magic, inspiring people from all over the world. This essay tries to do justice to Jacques Cloarec's perspective in the continuation of Alain Daniélou's work.



Jacques Cloarec with Alain Daniélou in 1993 while translating the Kāmasūtra

PHOTO: ANGELO FRONTONI

1. Journeys

"To depart", writes Jacques Cloarec in his Journal Asiatique Insolite (2009), "is to learn that the world is not one¹" . By 'depart' he means 'travelling'. Travelling means opening oneself to the otherness of a foreign culture, decentring oneself as Alain Daniélou did quite early in his life, venturing abroad in search of his own freedom. Travelling is a form of extraversion that expands the horizon of one's worldly experience in learning more about diversity, questioning one's own convictions and beliefs to grow out of them. But, as Daniélou said, there is another journey that is not usually so easily spoken of: the inner journey². The appropriate metaphor in that case – at least for Alain Daniélou and for Jacques Cloarec – would be the *Labyrinth*, for the Labyrinth encompasses the whole universe to the same extent as this universe is reflected in the microcosm of the individual. There is consequently an external departure and an internal departure, which are different but not necessarily contradictory, since intelligently accomplished extraversion is also a form of looking at oneself deeply and re-discovering oneself through a broader understanding of the world. Introversion, on the other hand, is a path towards the centre. I would almost call it 'centroversion', borrowing this term from the Jungian psychologist Eric Neumann, were it not for the impossibility of locating the centre. Because the centre of the Labyrinth is simul-

¹ Jacques Cloarec's journals are unpublished and have therefore no pagination. I am grateful to have had access to some of his texts in order to gain important insights into his personal life and interests.

² Cf. Alain Daniélou, *Le Chemin du Labyrinthe*, Lausanne 2015, p. 323.

taneously 'everywhere' and 'nowhere', being at the centre of the Labyrinth is not fixing a point or standing on an eminence with a view of the whole, but rather flowing through the energies that fill the place without the slightest resistance, flowing as if one were *at the heart of those energies*. I have a feeling that Jacques Cloarec has reached not only his eightieth year of age, but also something that is far beyond mere biology: he has reached the centre of the Labyrinth and pulsates in tune with the heart of it. Eighty years is, as Daniélou said jokingly using the French expression, fourscore, or four times twenty. But eighty years is also twice forty, eight times ten, sixteen times five, and all the possible combinations of a life reflected in the intensity of an accomplished *here and now*. It is from this enigmatic centre and with a light-hearted regard to infinity that Jacques Cloarec watches over and nurtures Alain Daniélou's work, preserving and expanding its essence. It is out of that feeling that I am writing the lines which follow.

2. The disciple

Jacques Cloarec tends to disappear behind his work, and may leave the impression that he does not even recognize his own merit: he constantly speaks of his maître, and makes it quite clear that his life-task is to preserve Daniélou's work and to make it accessible to those who wish for a better understanding of the complexity of the world. It should be borne in mind that Jacques Cloarec is Alain Daniélou's disciple, as he clearly states in his essay Sagesse et Passion: "he [Alain Daniélou] is my Guru, my master, in the exact sense that this term is understood in India. [...] But this became clear to me only after his death"3. Alain Daniélou's quality as a guru seems to have been imperceptible, since Jacques Cloarec did not notice from the very beginning the depth of the influence he was undergoing: his life changed radically when he met Daniélou in 1962, but the transformation was a process, and it dawned on him little by little with the passage of time. Just as a good leader is one whose exercise of power is not noticed by his/her subordinates, a good guru does not exhibit his power of influence, because the work itself speaks and permeates the spirits of those around. Similarly, we could ask ourselves: What is, in fact, a good disciple? I would venture to say: one who learns permanently, not only from his guru but also from life, and who remains humble enough not to slip from intelligence into idiocy, from subtleness into vulgarity. Arnaud Desjardins once said, in talking about his guru Swāmī Prajñānpad, that people should learn more about being good disciples instead of wanting so much to become gurus. He defined himself as a disciple and affirmed this status against people who called him a guru. The same applies to Alain Daniélou, who always emphasized that the true guru was not him, but Swāmī Karpātrī. In saying this, he was showing that the first sound lesson is not to identify your ego with the contents of what you learn, as many so-called 'traditionalists' do, claiming to possess the key to the universe merely because they have read esoteric books and repeat commonplaces (as often as not without even understanding them).

Jacques Cloarec at the centre of the Labyrinth: What is the sense of that expression? Being at the centre of the Labyrinth does not mean dying or becoming a god, but rather attaining a practical wisdom that embraces the human condition with all its imperfections,

³ Jacques Cloarec, Sagesse et Passion, in: Ricordo di Alain Daniélou, Firenze 1996, p. 4

rather than rejecting it. Jacques Cloarec's philosophy is so similar to that of Alain Daniélou, that I am rather compelled to say a few words on the latter in order to contextualize. Let's begin, then, with some generalities. I think it is wrong to believe (like some pious Indians or some Indianised Westerners) that Daniélou's philosophy is essentially related to the Brahmanic ideology of India. It would also be wrong to believe that the foundations of Daniélou's philosophy are to be found in the mainstream discourse of that amazingly complex theistic trend of the Indian Subcontinent called 'Shaivism'. This is perhaps what some readers might wish to affirm to avoid the effort of delving into the work of a myriad personality like Alain Daniélou. There are many forms of Shaivism (from the aesthetic-metaphysical system of the Kaśmirī elite to the subversive sect of the Lingāyats), and Brahmanic ideology has not fallen from heaven as a totally unified corpus of doctrine (it suffices to compare the Weltanschauung behind the abstract philosophical speculations of Rig Veda with the magic and demonological practices of forest asceticism in Atharva Veda). Hinduism is not a religion that can be summarized in a sacred text and reduced to a set of practices to be universalized after the fashion of Coranic schools. It does not work that way, just as it does not work to call Daniélou a yogi, a saint, a perennialist or a perverse mind. The more one knows about Hinduism, the more one realizes how multiform and diversified it is, to the point where even the word 'Hinduism' turns out to be an abstraction that in no way corresponds to the myriad of living religious traditions on the Indian Subcontinent. The more one knows Daniélou, the clearer it becomes that the figure that expressed his life was the paradox. In particular, the concept of 'tradition' is problematic in the singular (and even more when

Being at the centre of the Labyrinth does not mean dying or becoming a god, but rather attaining a practical wisdom that embraces the human condition with all its imperfections, rather than rejecting it. written with a capital letter). There are different traditions, even religious and esoteric ones, and the medium as well as its dynamics is not accurately called *sanātana dharma* but rather *sampradāya*. It is a beautiful idea to think – in the words of Fritjhof Schuon – of an underlying unity of all religions⁴, and Daniélou also liked this idea. But such a hypothesis is far re-

moved from the concrete practice of living traditions, whose processes and experiences are far from being the same (a Theravāda Buddhist does not live the same life as an Aghorī, and the practices of a Tantric priest in Assam are not exactly those of a Benedictine monk at Subiaco). So, when Daniélou said that he adopted Shaivism, one should bear in mind that he had a specific idea, gathering different aspects of this complex phenomenon in order to extend the term even beyond the religious framework of India. Daniélou's idea of Shaivism was no dogmatic block (he was too creative for that), but rather a construction of different aspects based on what he experienced and learned during seventeen years in Benares, and on what he later exhumed, researched and artistically restored: the pagan substratum, the most ancient religious layers of the European civilisation (also multiform) that flourished before Christianity. In this sense, the pseudo-scholarly accusation that he superficially concocted Etruscan mythology, Dionysian religion, Mithraic cults and Shaivism is as ridiculous as the pseudo-traditionalist objection focused on the 'primordial Tradition' that he is claimed to have betrayed when he eroticized religion and denied the value of initiation. It suffices to remember that Eros is part and parcel of Shaivite religion, as anyone can appreciate who makes the effort to delve into the mythology of Shiva and some Puranic sources, whereas

⁴ Frithjof Schuon, De l'unité transcendante des religions, Paris 1979.

the gesture of relativising initiation (as Daniélou does in Le mystère du *culte du linga* ⁵) is a healthy prophylactic against sectarian fundamentalism. Daniélou was, first and foremost, radically anti-dogmatic and anti-fundamentalist, as is Jacques Cloarec. If they battle against anything, one could say that they battle against the fear of freedom.

3. Inheritance

What did Jacques Cloarec, the good and loyal disciple, adopt from Daniélou's philosophy of life? I would say with utter conviction: the whole of it, but he distilled it according to his own personality and background, so that the 'wholeness' in question looks somewhat different. Whereas Alain Daniélou was immersed in Indian philosophy and religion, Jacques Cloarec was a passionate researcher of Brittany's pagan substratum and he has always felt religiously linked to Nature almost in the same way that Daniéliou describes the animistic substratum of religious experience – which resembles the type of living religion he discovered as a child. Jacques Cloarec has understood fully that Daniélou's almost irreconcilable praise of the ancestry of Shaivism (which he traced back to the Indus Valley civilisation) as well as of the Brahmanic institutions codified in the corpus of *Dharmaśāstras* had a practical reason and aim in life. Shaivism is a religion of Nature and therefore a clear example of the Hindu 'pagan' spirit, easily adopted in a place like Alain Daniélou's last refuge in Italy, the Labyrinth at Zagarolo. After Daniélou's death in 1994, Jacques Cloarec cultivated a true pagan art of living, observing rituals linked to natural cycles (such as solstice and equinox bonfires), decentring humans from the womb of Nature with the aim of giving greater visibility to animals, plants, insects and other non-human beings whose dignity has been ignored for centuries – at least in the Western world. The hierarchical order of classical Hinduism (based on a mythical model of the caste system appearing in the famous puruṣa-sūkta of the Rig Veda6) presented, on the other hand, two very interesting aspects both for Alain Daniélou and Jacques Cloarec: a balanced distribution of power (brahmans in charge of knowledge, ksatriyas in charge of weapons, vaissyas in charge of money and Sudras in charge of land) and a very flexible system for the integration of foreign cultures and the simultaneous preservation of identities. As Alain Daniélou writes in his essay Le système hindou des castes: "The caste system in India was created to enable very different races, civilisations, cultural or religious institutions to survive and coexist". As curious as it may seem to the modern Western reader, Jacques Cloarec does not relate the caste system to oppression (although he recognises its problems, especially through the history of modern India), but rather to anti-colonialism and respect for the other. Severely criticised restrictions are not something he ignores but, like Daniélou, he poses the practical question as to how a society can survive harmoniously when human beings tend to an egotistic appropriation and unmeasured expansion of personal power. The answer seems to be, at least for Jacques Cloarec, hierarchical politics based on recognizing the dignity of each being and on a fair distribution of tasks. That is the way the Labyrinth works, and it is most probably because of this 'conservative' rule that it has been preserved for decades, even at times of serious imbalance.

^{5 &}quot;After all, initiation is a way of integrating yourself into a system, that is all. It is far from being something that changes your life" (Swami Karpâtri /Alain Daniélou, *Le mystère du culte du linga*, Robion 1993, p. 25).

⁶ Cf. Rig Veda, 10.90.

⁷ Alain Daniélou, La civilisation des différences, Paris 2003, p. 47.

However, it is important to remember that Jacques Cloarec is the disciple of a man who strove throughout his life for freedom and permanently questioned orthodoxy. This is enormously different from remaining within the safe boundaries of orthodoxy and orthopraxy (which has not been the case with Jacques Cloarec, either). We should therefore ask ourselves: What does Alain Daniélou mean when he says that he adopted the orthodox Hindu standpoint in his own life? Here many readers might fall into the trap of believing that he wished to represent traditional Brahmanic values (since Swāmī Karpātrī was a Brahmin) and export them to the West when he returned to Europe. Could somebody who – as Jacques Cloarec himself says – led a mundane life surrounded by artists, embarked on adventures in the underworld of capital cities from Beijing to Berlin and frequented the neighbourhood of Roma Termini so dear to Pasolini⁸, actually fit in with the paradigm of orthodox Brahmanism? Of course not, and that is not the way in which his 'Hindu orthodoxy' should be understood. Alain Daniélou emphasized that part of Hindu tradition as a tool against Western colonialism. According to him, this necessary reaction took many forms, the last of which was not the British Raj, but the modern reform after Indian independence, that is, the ideologically motivated passage from a traditional, religious and hierarchically stratified to a modern, lay and democratic India. One could endlessly discuss this topic, involving not only politics but also the history of ideas and even comparative religion, but the focus should remain on the meaning of the word 'orthodoxy" when Daniélou speaks of Hindu orthodoxy. It is the remnant of an ancient civilization in the face of which, in his view, the West has no right to impose a political form of government, a modern system of education and an institutional reform out of the mere belief that Western social life is superior to what India has transmitted over three millennia. The clearest sign of Alain Daniélou's heterodoxy was his life: if he had remained within the strict framework of traditional Hindu orthodoxy, he would not have abandoned his music teacher Shivendranath Basu, he would perhaps have become a sannyāsin under the guidance of Swāmī Karpātrī, or he would have adopted the role of a locally trained Hindu scholar to impart the Vedic mainstream in Western universities on his return. But nothing of the sort took place. Daniélou rejected university posts, refused to wear traditional Indian clothes to look like a guru, and set up an Institute for the comparative study of music in order to eliminate the prejudices of ethno-musicology towards the value of non-European traditions. He wrote, he painted, he danced, and above all he loved beauty (bodily concrete sensual beauty, pretty much like Oscar Wilde, who paid a high price for it in the Victorian society of his time); he also extended the perception of eroticism from the restricted field of sexual practices in the human sphere to an impersonal and inexhaustible force permeating the whole universe and represented in the cosmogonic pair *lingam* and yoni.

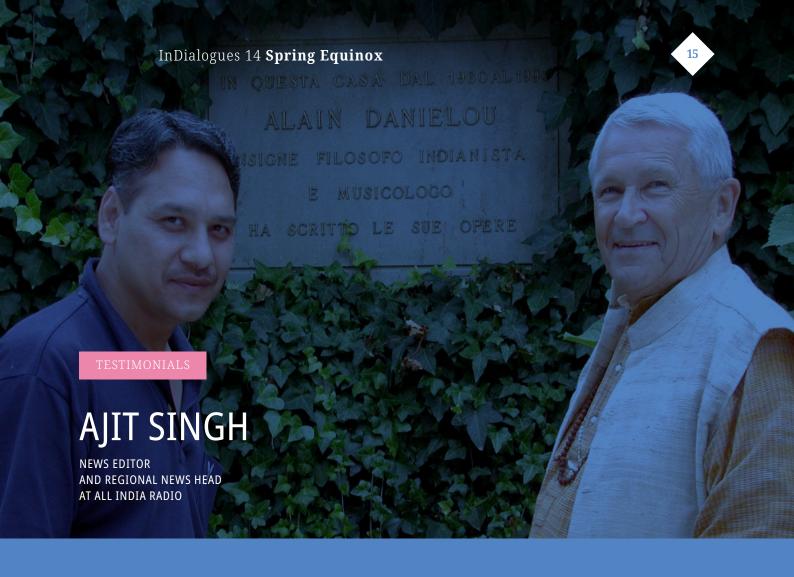
It is precisely this spirit that was inherited by Jacques Cloarec. Fully convinced of the irreplaceable value it contains, Jacques Cloarec has carried on Alain Daniélou's *opus*. One might ask what he did exactly that was so important, since he doesn't write books like Alain Daniélou, he is neither Indologist nor musician, and he always pointed to his intellectual limitations concerning Daniélou's speculations about cosmology, metaphysics and religion. Well, the answer is simpler than it seems: *Jacques Cloarec has kept the Labyrinth alive*, he has preserved it as a place where true pagan values are cultivated, where one can live in harmony with Nature, respecting every living form, rejecting the arrogance of thinking that human beings are the crown of creation, free from prejudices (especially of the moral kind)

⁸ Jacques Cloarec, Alain Daniélou et les Castes, in: La civilisation des différences, Paris 2003, p. 176.

and trying to maintain a relative autarchy in the face of the 'outer world'. The Labyrinth is a magical place and also a community where each member seems to have a place allotted by the gods, as Daniélou writes in his *Contes du Labyrinthe*. Preserving this place means preserving Alain Daniélou's work in the alchemical sense of opus. His whole philosophy of inner transformation incarnated in the *genius loci* and expressed in the beings (human and non-human) living there is a permanent transmutation of perception, emotion and cognition, as well as an integration of these qualities into a field of transpersonal forces. Inhabiting the Labyrinth is an art in itself, first and foremost an *art of living*, but also a magic art when it involves awareness of the forces dwelling there and cohabiting in harmony with them. One very important artistic expression in Jacques Cloarec is photography, from landscapes to naked bodies. Their salient feature is not mainly as testimony (as a pictorial complement to travel diaries), but to some extent related to the possibility of catching beauty at a level that is not visible in this world, something of the order of *svarūpa* in Tantric visualisation.

4. The preserver

Once, when I was sitting at the main house of the Labyrinth at a meeting with Jacques Cloarec, we spoke of work to be done, of the activities of the Foundation and the intellectual direction to be taken in order to do justice to Alain Daniélou's heritage. At a certain point, the question was raised about the value of the Labyrinth and the need for activities there. I said that for me the Labyrinth is Daniélou's work incarnated, and that the India-Europe Foundation without the Labyrinth would be difficult, rather like a body without a soul. At that point Jacques told me an anecdote that confirms his importance not only in Daniélou's life, but also in the context of the Labyrinth and the Foundation for generations to come. The death of his friend Raymond Burnier deeply affected Daniélou and he wanted to leave the place. It was Jacques Cloarec who persuaded him that the Labyrinth had to be preserved, and it was because of Jacques' effort that Daniélou stayed there for the rest of his life. Why did Jacques Cloarec defend the Labyrinth against his own *maître*? It is precisely that gesture that confirms the quality of the 'disciple': he saw through Daniélou's human weakness and remained focused on the trans-personal value of his work, which Daniélou himself affirmed shortly before his death. He told Jacques Cloarec that the main task from that day onwards was not to turn the Foundation into a successful institution, but to preserve the Labyrinth as a place where one lives without prejudices, in harmony with Nature and respecting all beings. Not a single day passes without these words reappearing before my mind's eye, questioning me with regard to the activities of Intellectual Dialogue. Jacques Cloarec's 'discipleship awareness' has, in this sense, outreached Daniélou's mastery and creativity, and the opus goes on because of his loyalty and his tenacity in doing justice to it. Jacques Cloarec has been a benevolent 'Vishnu' in a Shaivite context: his role has always been that of the 'preserver' in the microcosm of the Labyrinth. His being at the centre transmits a sense of right and orientation, which the other members of the Labyrinth must be aware of, to accompany him and pursue his efforts as best way we can. •



A black and white photo of a 'caravan' in my father's personal collection introduced me to the world of two European scholars - Alain Daniélou and Raymond Burnier. About this fascinating photograph, my father once told me that Daniélou and Burnier used the caravan during their trip to India in the early 1930's.

Daniélou, during his stay in Benares for 18 years (1936-1954), hired many local persons. My father, Kamal Singh was among them. He used to help him in his day-to-day work.

Suddenly one day, I met Jacques Cloarec, a close associate of Daniélou's, for the first time in 1999 when he travelled all the way from Italy to Benares just to meet those who worked with Daniélou and Raymond Burnier. At that time Jacques gave me a photograph of my father with Daniélou in Switzerland, which is so precious for my entire family. This photograph unlocked a mystery that lay hidden in a metal trunk at our house. Amidst numerous paintings, I came

across my father's passport, stamped in so many countries, although my father never spoke about his travels.

In the year 2004 I approached Jacques to seek information on my father's trips to Europe and America while working for Daniélou and Raymond Burnier. To link his work and life, I planned a book release on the first anniversary of my father's death. Jacques responded immediately and made all the required materials for the book available to me.

I am also indebted for his help in sponsoring a painting exhibition of my father's work in Milan and in Zurich in 2005, besides extending financial support for my prospective media studies in Canada in 2017.

At the invitation of Jacques, I visited Daniélou's residence at Zagarolo several times. The house, the Alain Daniélou Study Centre, located among scenic hills about 40 kilometers away from Rome is a pilgrimage, a 'must', for scholars and lovers of Indian art

and culture.

The ambience inside the house virtually takes anyone to the India of the mid-19th century, where a classical musical instrument, Daniélou's vīṇā, is kept beside his piano. His passion for the symbolism of Hindu architecture and sculpture is preserved in the form of so many books in his library, written either in India or in Europe. The paintings and pictures displayed everywhere on the walls are a valuable asset for any visiting scholar to these premises. Daniélou's notations on the orchestration of a few songs by Rabindranath Tagore are a rare example of his unique musical knowledge. I am grateful to Jacques for his kind hospitality and guidance without which my understanding of Daniélou's and Burnier's love for India would have remained incomplete.

Jacques, as the Honorary Director of FIND, has been for more than five decades deeply involved in promoting and preserving the cultural heritage of Daniélou. He has worked rigorously to strengthen both network and strategy, showcasing Daniélou's philosophy and contribution to Indian art, culture, language, music across the globe. His perspectives about the entire journey of life of Alain Daniélou and Raymond Burnier have helped me know them more deeply.

After my father, Jacques is the person who has made me understand how these two great scholars played a key role in getting recognition for Indian music and Hindu

architecture in the western world. Jacques narrates that Daniélou's perfect mastery of Hindi helped him a lot in translating the Kāmasūtra, a very difficult text in ancient Sanskrit. He once mentioned in a note that he saw Daniélou working on it alone for four years with just his Sanskrit–English dictionary, beginning at the age of eighty. Jacques also gave me an insight into Daniélou's musical training with Shivendranath Basu who, not belonging to the musicians' caste, refused to play in public or to be paid.

I love Jacques's way of practicing Shaivism, following Alain Daniélou who always considered himself a Hindu and declared India to be his true home. Alain Daniélou wrote on Hinduism, "The only value I never question is that of the teachings I received from Shaivite Hinduism which rejects any kind of dogmatism, since I have found no other form of thought which goes so far, so clearly, with such depth and intelligence, in comprehending the divine and the world's structures".

Jacques's rudrākṣa with a Shiva liṅga around his neck shows devotion to 'Shaivism' and respect for his mentor. My family is fortunate to receive his blessings every year on the occasion of Mahā Śivarātri. I wish Jacques a long and healthy life!



To define him, I would say that he's young and has never ceased to be young. His white hair counts for nothing: age seems not to overwhelm him; no wall confines him.

Young, always young: the years have not managed to transform the "sprite" - as my uncle used to call him – into an old gentleman.

If you seek him here, he's somewhere else. Can he be the "furet qui court qui court" (the ferret, it runs, it runs)?

He goes from one house to another. With and without my uncle. This includes Zagarolo, Berlin, Venice, Lausanne, Paris, Delhi, and - always - Concarneau.

The countryside, the mountains, palaces, monasteries, the sea, and any other place as chance may take. Would he be looking for his double without ever finding him?

He goes here and there, time for a stopover of which he alone knows the priorities and schedule.

In Paris, Jacques lives in front of the Musée Pompidou, witnessing beneath his windows the perpetual bustle of the esplanade, enjoying improvised concerts, also walking along the banks of the Seine, organising dinners for his most faithful friends, taking part in society events and ... that's enough! Off he flies. To Lausanne, perhaps?

There, in solitude, he walks in the gardens of the Hermitage. You have to follow him on the steep sidepaths, (I know what I'm talking about!). Sometimes, he needs nothing. He just meditates, withdraws from the world and (happily) he returns to it, letting nothing appear of any worries that may trouble him.

The FIND Foundation, which he tenaciously and constantly energises, keeps him busy every day.

I imagine, and doubtless I digress, that his time is divided between an anchorite's dream and that material reality that he knows how to deal with so effectively.

Jacques Cloarec with his lenses, 1999

PHOTO: SOPHIE BASSOULS



Life at Zagarolo (without of course mentioning the work and attention needed by FIND) gives him the opportunity of leading several lives at once. He is a farmer, a winegrower, he wanders round the estate before dawn, followed by his dogs, Abruzzi watchdogs, he monitors the trees, examines the vineyard. Each year the grape harvest follows strict oenological rules, the grapes trodden by a young man as at the time of Hadrian, who will give his name to the year's vintage. Then he becomes an architect: I have seen the Labyrinth grow from year to year, become more complex (Labyrinthe oblige), a pavilion will rise in the full sun; a swimming pool will vanish and another be dug.

The style of living there has no equivalent. As often as I return, it is with the same pleasure each time. A delightful freedom is the rule for everyone and guests need never worry that they might be invasive or boring. The master of the house maintains his role, while adopting an apparent casualness. It is not by chance, however, that the menus suit everyone's dietary taboos, or flowers

are placed in the rooms, or the library is left open and accessible.

The Labyrinth is also a strange phalanstery that includes Sylvain, Ken, Giorgio, Maurizio, Adrián, like so many living limbs, each with his own work and links, with his own personality and space for all his fantasies.

I have spent very amusing times at the Labyrinth. One dresses up, wears things without taking the place or season too much into account. A sarong will be fine for watering the garden, an Indian tunic for dinner, under a vault of kiwis.

On one occasion, a Scotchman will pose with his dogs, or an Egyptian evening will be improvised, or a musical one. One day a beard grows, then disappears; behind dark glasses, he takes on the air of a Calabrian bandit.

Above all, do not think that doing everything that he undertakes so seriously makes him a serious person! That would leave out all his fantasy, his liking for dressing up, his jokes, his collection of bizarre slips of the tongue,



Jacques Cloarec in 2003
PHOTO: SOPHIE BASSOULS

or the changes of language that he gleans here and there, or even invents.

Of his Breton childhood and the gavottes danced to the sound of the bagpipes (not the most melodious instrument on the planet), Jacques has maintained a feeling for festivals, dance, a little mad like all the Bretons, but fairly wise too.

I see my friend Jacques as a shy person. By way of reaction, he will shake it off with some great theatrical gesture to accompany the bonfire in the gardens, or the plan to restore a ruin, which he wishes to bring back to life.

Is he happy in his kingdom?

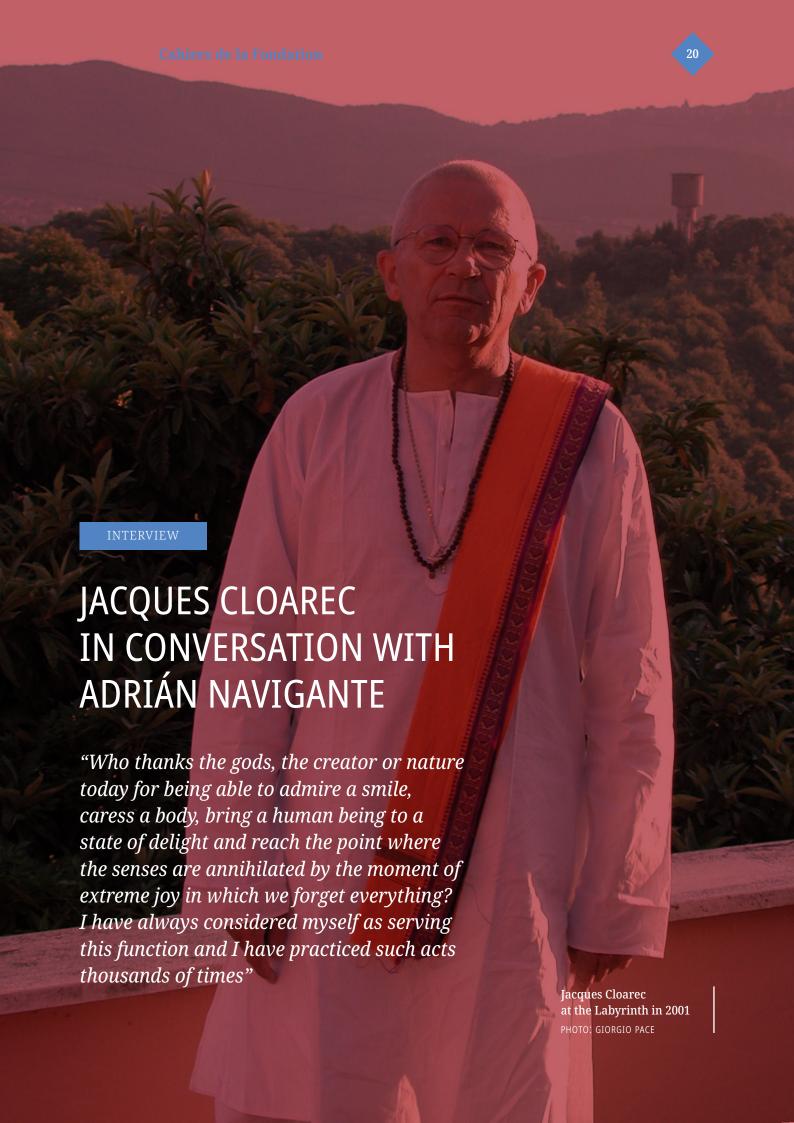
Is he "comme le roi d'un pays pluvieux, riche mais impuissant, jeune et pourtant très vieux" in Baudelaire's poem (like the king of a rainy country, wealthy but powerless, both young and very old)?

His sojourns in far-off monasteries, his vagabond moods, his longing to be elsewhere, his appeals for solitude, what do they tell us? One day he may arrive, brandishing the book he has just finished, in order to solicit our questions.

Happy birthday, dear Jacques, the burden of years seems not to weigh you down: long may it be so!

When I saw Jacques Cloarec for the first time, certainly around 1981, it was in Paris. He was a photographer, a hat that suited him at that time, amongst all those that a man like him can wear according to whim and the opportunities of life. A magnificent photograph, portraying a naked youth, life-size, was on the wall and the same youth, albeit clothed, was also there. It was still a very Puritan time, but in that house nothing was taboo, and certainly not the beauty of a boy's body. Jacques worked a great deal on his photos, arranging sets in selected locations.

One day he wanted to convert me (I'm also a photographer) to the square format and he lent me his Hasselblad, that mythical camera. I made a few attempts, but couldn't get used to the square format. •



- $Q \mid$ Jacques, on hearing the story of your life with Alain Daniélou, one wonders how you managed to keep such a close and instructive relationship with a man who was at the same time a colleague...
 - A | Not really. I was his technical assistant.
 - *Q* | *A friend?*
 - A | Yes.
 - *Q* | *A lover?*
 - A | Only for a short time. Both of us were "hunters".
 - *Q* | *Your boss and your mentor?*
 - A | Absolutely.
- $Q \mid$ Tell me about the distribution of roles or, perhaps, the secret of covering those areas while avoiding the risk of overlapping roles and general confusion?
- $A \mid$ It was not easy! The first years in Berlin were the toughest in my whole life. But the great advantage was that my ego was practically non-existent, I didn't want to show off, and I was watching myself the whole time. So I became an éminence grise, an adviser. My lack of ambition and my education (far away from any ideology) contributed to make our shared path quite harmonious. I took pleasure in being this "eminence grise", this sage adviser, and I always told Daniélou that I should have been the older and he younger partner. I didn't need to be thanked for what I did, since I was happy enough when I saw the results.
 - "Éminence grise", could you explain that, please?
- $A \mid$ The role of a wise adviser is to act without appearing, remaining in the background. I was very shy and always aware of my meagre knowledge in comparison with the great figures surrounding Daniélou.
- $Q \mid I$ am surprised by your "lack of ambition". This is something we find in almost no one. However, there are also "positive ambitions", aren't there? For example, ideas that can take us beyond our limitations and give us true motivations for our actions. Didn't you have any of these ideas when you became acquainted with Alain Daniélou?
- A | When I met him for the first time, I remember that I was extremely free, vacant. This surprises me even today. Since I had abandoned my youthful passion for dancing, I didn't have any precise goal in life and I accepted Daniélou's proposal of going to Berlin and becoming an employee of the Institute of Comparative Musicology. I never had any notion of becoming a couple. If Alain Daniélou had a brief "passion" for me, the reverse was not the case. In fact, this "passion" of his was probably the result of his efforts to set up the Institute and deal with the problems he had to face with Raymond Burnier. I didn't know anything about Raymond's fortune or about his discontent at my presence there. Of course, I would never speak of "love" between Daniélou and myself, since the notion seems to me vulgar and petty-bourgeois. It was rather a relationship of affection and trust.

- Q | Many times you refer to your experience with Alain Daniélou, but seldom do you speak of the personalities you met during your long association with him. Were there any figures close to Daniélou who influenced you, or from whom you might have received lessons in life?
- $A \mid$ Of course, some of them made a lasting impression on me, but none of them had the freedom and the philosophical tenor of Alain Daniélou. Despite the difference in age, education and class, he and I were very close to each other in our tastes, our aversion towards showbiz people and some other points in common.

Without going too far back into the past, Mac Avoy, Maurice Béjart and Angelo Frontoni were artists who were close to us. When I launched out in photography, they helped me a lot and gave me good suggestions. The essential difference between these artists and Alain Daniélou was that all of them were entangled in ideologies, even if they violently opposed them. The foremost of these ideologies were monotheistic religions, which, for an atheist like me, seemed incomprehensible.

The King of Afghanistan was friendly with me. An extraordinary figure who, despite family misfortunes and the problems of his country, was always very balanced and responsible in his judgements and political opinions. The lady who most fascinated me was Baroness Pauline de Rothschild, whose elegance and astonishing style as well as the way in which she kept the Chateau Mouton in the village of Paulliac made a lasting impression on me. She was the epitome of perfection and beauty.

The Russian composer and writer Nicolas Nabokov and his wife Dominique were close friends with whom we went out almost every night in Berlin to shows and concerts. They came to visit us in Venice or Zagarolo and we also saw each other in New York and Brussels. Through Nicolas Nabokov we met the renowned Russian cellist Rostropovich, the American composer Leonard Berstein, and the Italian actress Anna Magnani.

However, all these names are only a small part of the 32 years I shared with Alain Daniélou. He knew the whole world, and from the very beginning he trained me to remain

Paganism is a philosophy of respect for the other, whatever it is, and for creation, whoever happens to be responsible for it always close to him – in spite of my shyness and my bad English. Because of him I met figures of the intelligentsia of last century, as also of the underworld. What most fascinated me about some of these figures was their nobility, but I mean a nobility of the heart, not aristocrats.

 $Q \mid I$ assume that your interest in European paganism dates back well before your acquaintance with Alain Daniélou, who actually delved into Dionysian and Mithra-

ic religion in the last part of his life. How did you discover that type of religious phenomenon?

A | Actually, I had no interest in any religion. I was brought up in an atheist family, quite anti-Catholic and a defender of secular education. From very early I became aware of the French colonization of Brittany. Indeed, during the first part of the XX Century, Bretons were exactly what North Africans or other foreign immigrants became later on in Paris. I experienced the imposition of French language at school as something quite violent. Some Bretons really came to a bad end in Paris, like beggars. When Breton immigrants came to Montparnasse, they asked in Breton for "bara" (bread) and "guine" (wine), since these were the only two things they could afford. "Baraguiner" (that is, "speak bad French") is a Breton word that bears witness to that experience. That is why I threw myself with passion into the preservation of the Celtic sense of identity in Brittany.

- $Q \mid$ Do you mean that there is a relationship between paganism and the preservation of a sense of identity? Would you say that the end of paganism and the triumph of monotheism brought about a pernicious homogenization process?
- $A \mid$ In the Western world, without any doubt. Being a pagan means for me accepting the reality of the world, its violence and the fact of being prey and predator, to be an animist to the extent of being sorry for having to cut down a tree, to celebrate solstices and equinoxes the only dates that have nothing to do with human whim...
- $Q \mid W$ hat does it mean for you to be pagan in our world of today? Is paganism a religious experience like that of the ancients, or is it rather a question of life-values? Does it imply a different perspective on the world and life?
- $A \mid$ Paganism is a philosophy of respect for the other, whatever it is, and for creation, whoever happens to be responsible for it. This philosophy is based on a realistic attitude to life, for example in accepting the inherently violent character of this world and the recognition that the (human, almost too human) idea of peace, as agreeable as it may seem, is a utopia that comes into existence only at the moment of our death.
- $Q \mid$ There is no doubt that a great part of the philosophical oeuvre of Alain Daniélou is visible at the Labyrinth. This place has been defined by almost all friends and guests as "magical". I would like to know what the Labyrinth is for you.
- $A \mid I$ do believe that the place has some sort of magical and soothing effect, something that sensitive guests perceive instinctively. Rare are those guests who don't, and generally they cannot put up with the special energy of the place, which rejects them.

But we're anything but a proselytic sect! Two residents once offered me a majestic lingam sculpture and I hid it in the woods on the estate. Alain Daniélou, for his part, never carried out a pūjā for the public. There are no religious emblems, no incense sticks. Only a Saint Anthony at the entrance, beside Ganesha, and some icons of Thanjavur portraying the god Krishna, but they are presented rather as works of art than as religious images. Clearly religious elements are very few: only the necklaces Alain Daniélou and I wear, that is, Rudrakshas with 108 beads and a miniature reproduction of a phallus, a symbol of our form of paganism, copied from a talisman found at Pompei.

- Q | Many times you refer to the Labyrinth as having its own life. You have said that the houses on the estate accept or reject certain people, that the place protects itself from undesirables... Now I would like to go into a subject that might surprise some readers, but which for those living at the Labyrinth is inevitable. Do you think that we may attribute a genius loci (protective spirit) to this place in the classical (Roman) sense of the term? In other words: do you think that there are energies concentrated on and revolving around the Labyrinth, energies that have their own life and act according to different needs?
- $A \mid$ Alain Daniélou was convinced of that, as in the case of Vārāṇasī, where the Ganges intersects with a mysterious underground pathway and the Milky Way. In any case, throughout all these years (now 56), what has happened in neighbouring houses seems to show a special kind of protection related to this place. There are two stories that confirm this: the first one concerns a farmer who caught a fox at San Cesareo (a small town close to Zagarolo) and tormented it in a cage. An Italian friend, Manuela, said that they should bring the animal to the Labyrinth and set it free, since the place has great harmony. The second story is that of Raymond Burnier's house, which is not protected like the houses of the Labyrinth. It was occupied by liberating forces from Senegal at the end of the war (1944–1945),

and events took place there that imbued it with very bad energy: the Senegalese soldiers raped the women of Zagarolo, and were killed in revenge by the Zagarolians. After that, nobody could really stay in it for very long.

Q | We know that after the death of Raymond Burnier, Alain Daniélou wanted to leave the Labyrinth, and that it was you who changed his mind. Now, after the death of Alain Daniélou, how have you dealt with the challenge of staying here? Did you feel that he accompanied you (as a presence and even "spiritus rector" of the place) in your tasks and duties or did you go through a period of utter solitude?



Jacques Cloarec celebrating the Summer Solstice of 2011 at the Labyrinth PHOTO: GIORGIO PACE

 $A\mid 23$ years after his death, I feel the constant presence of Alain Daniélou beside me. Immediately after his death, I remained cloistered for six months in the smallest room in the house: it has a rustic fireplace and is the only chamber that has not been restored. It was there that I ate, worked and slept. Often, even today, I stay alone in that room, but the word "solitude" never comes to my mind. Physical separation is one thing, spiritual solitude is something else. How can I feel lonely when four dogs keep you company in the moonlight and hundreds of birds wake you up with their songs every morning? Shaivism is also a philosophy of self-recognition in nature.

Q | In your essay Sagesse et Passion (Wisdom and Passion), you say something amazing: you realized that Alain Daniélou was your guru only after his death. What life-lesson have you learned from him and what kind of message would you like to transmit to future generations which, in some way or another, will be involved in a new reading of Daniélou's writings and in the activities of the Foundation?

 $A \mid$ Alain Daniélou's philosophy of life can be summarized in some phrases that I have always kept in mind. In the first place, something he always said to me, "Do not have, do not be: realize!" Next, a sentence from the Epic of Gilgamesh: "Do we seal a contract to hold for all time? Alas! In this world there is no permanence". Then a sentence by Aristotle that Alain

The relationship between Alain Daniélou and myself was based on two values that only death can tear apart: absolute trust and true affection. That is why I don't like the hypocritical uses of the word "love" that are so widespread today...

- Q | But if you feel that Alain Daniélou accompanies you in your tasks, we could say that the trust and the affection you speak about were not dissolved by his death. There is still an affection of the spirit and a kind of supernatural trust which makes your own path reliable through the presence of Daniélou beside you, am I right?
- $A \mid$ Yes, you are right. Alain Daniélou used to say that, after our death, we continue to exist so long as someone thinks of us. And in a certain sense my whole effort to preserve his work stems from that motivation. Will he remain in the mind of future generations, like Gilgamesh? You are somebody who is contributing to that.
- Q | Alain Daniélou had an extremely critical spirit and was also very curious. There is no doubt that he also cultivated a spirit of dissidence and non-conformity, and I assume he left room for disagreement and objections of any type during your discussions with him. What are the points that you don't quite share with Daniélou concerning his thought, his work, his way of living and his way of seeing the world especially the world of today?
- $A\mid$ Alain Daniélou had a great merit: whatever he was doing, you could disturb him anytime and he always received you politely. When he wrote, he didn't care much about style, but rather about content. I disturbed him very often with questions of style when I typed texts out for him. But of course he was much more knowledgeable than I, and sometimes I felt it was better to spare myself such interventions ...

There was an aspect in which I did have a certain influence on him – though rather late in his life: his violent feelings towards his mother. I found it rather appalling that long after her death, his rancour towards her was still fierce. He managed to put an end to that when he realized that his father (who he thought had been totally absent in his education)

Alain Daniélou used to say that, after our death, we continue to exist so long as someone thinks of us. And in a certain sense my whole effort to preserve his work stems from that motivation

had triggered his liberation in placing him at the College of Annapolis in the United States and, later on, (in 1926) had obtained a scholarship for him to study the music of Algeria.

Another point that I never managed to really understand was the dichotomy between his Shaivite initiation and his attitude towards Brahmanism, his desire to be

cremated (he said that Shaivites are buried, not cremated) and his lack of interest in reincarnation (much closer to early Vedic religion than to Shaivism). He was never very precise on those matters but he didn't find any contradiction between these two aspects.

Q | When we read Alain Daniélou's work, we learn that his conception of the divine is closely related to erotic experience, and that this conviction (beyond his research on different philosophical and religious aspects of sexuality in India and the West) had its roots in his own perception of

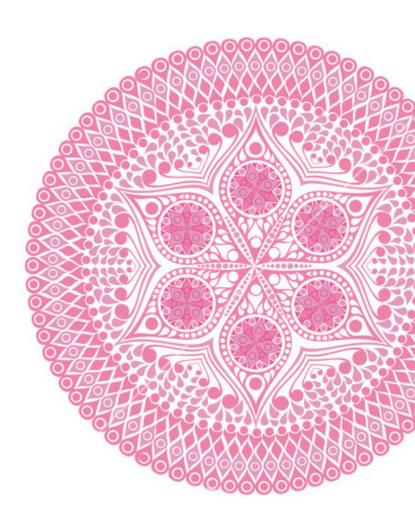
the sexual act. This is something we can read in The Way to the Labyrinth, where the biological fact of orgasm finds its analogy in spiritual ecstasy and mystical experience. Do you have the same attitude towards sexuality?

- $A \mid$ Alain Daniélou and I were lovers for a very short time, after which we became partners in frequenting teenagers and heterosexual men which is quite widespread both in Italy and India. The conception of homosexuality, as also of marriage, is very different in India compared to the West.
- *Q* | What does sexual freedom consist of precisely? Is it a question of quantity, variety, excess, the right proportion or sufficient intensity?
- $A \mid I$ have fully adopted Daniélou's view of this matter: for me the sexual act is a religious act, perhaps the most religious of all acts regardless of the practices that it entails. Who thanks the gods, the creator or nature today for being able to admire a smile, caress a body, bring a human being to a state of delight and reach the point where the five senses are annihilated by the moment of extreme joy in which we forget everything? I have always considered myself as serving this function and I have practiced such acts thousands of times. This has enabled me to reach an advanced age among lively young people, who have always shown great friendship and pleasure by visiting me regularly.
- Q | You mention many times that Alain Daniélou was situated far beyond the capacities of those who normally surrounded him. Who could really discuss with him in an Indian way, as he mentions in The Way to the Labyrinth in speaking about the Pundits of Benares? Who could speak with Alain Daniélou today?
- $A \mid$ The only Western author who, according to him, helped him in his approach to Indian philosophy when he was young, was René Guénon, but soon afterwards Daniélou detached himself from him. When he was in India, his point of reference was Swami Karpatri, of course, whom he admired a lot. Western culture, dominated by monotheism, did not interest him in the least. However, after he returned from India, he liked meeting people who were researching the pre-Christian influences of our culture.
- Q | Without any doubt, your life is characterized by moving from one place to another (something that is closely related to Daniélou's principle of "doing" above all), but life also consists of rhythms, and rhythms change with the passage of time. Have you thought of your own retirement? Can you imagine a place where you could stay permanently or does the idea of retiring—including a fixed place seem alien to you at the age of "four-score"?
- $A \mid$ I have a great fear of illness and decline. Suffering and making my circle of friends and acquaintances suffer seems horrible to me. At the same time, I think of my death with the utmost peace of mind, even if I know that it won't be that way when I am close to it. Suicide seems to me a meritorious act, as in the case of Henry de Montherlant, for example. In my residence in Switzerland, I have a book called Suicide mode d'emploi [Suicide: user's manual]. When Burnier died in 1968, I found phenobarbitone which I kept, and when my father died in 2002 I took all his cardiac medication. My main reason for living in Switzerland is the existence of Exit, an association for assisted suicide that is restricted to those who are resident in the country.

I live between Paris, Zagarolo and Lausanne. For practical reasons and questions of tranquillity, I think that if I have to reduce my activities to any great extent, Lausanne would be the place I would choose to stay.

Q | *I* am convinced that the idea of "transmission" that Alain Daniélou learned in India is very important for you too. You have continued an invaluable work initiated by Alain Daniélou, a work including a new conception of the world based on multiple gestures of creative life, and you have pursued this goal with admirable tenacity, strength and wisdom. Now you face the biological limits of your own contribution and *I* assume that you have reflected a lot on the best way of continuing this work. How do you imagine (or perhaps *I* should say how would you like to imagine) the presence of Alain Daniélou and Jacques Cloarec after your existence on this earth?

A | My presence has no importance, since I don't believe in paradise or reincarnation and I don't think I have anything to transmit to posterity. But for my part, I consider that the ideas of Alain Daniélou – ideas that are not precisely 'politically correct' – remain essential during this period of cultural decadence. I do not say this out of any wish for recognition for myself. Making this work available and accessible has been the purpose of my life, not at all by seeking to make Daniélou a well-known author, but rather because in doing so I felt that I was contributing to an improvement of our role on this earth.



SPECIAL TRIBUTES

PHOTOS – DISGUISES THEATRE MAKE-UP THE MAGIC UNIVERSE OF JACQUES CLOAREC



Alain Danielou

This text, originally written in French, appeared in the magazine of the artistic association "Le Salon D'Automne" in 1988. The English translation we present below is by Kenneth Hurry.

s a very young man, Jacques Cloarec had a passion for the traditional music and dance of his native Brittany. Aged twenty, he was the Chairman of Concarneau's Celtic Circle. Travelling around various folklore venues with his group of dancers, he encountered various Western traditions: Spanish, Italian, Hungarian, Scots, Irish, etc.

Initially intending to become a teacher, as soon as he had the opportunity, he joined the team of the International Institute for Comparative Music Studies, in Berlin and Venice, set up to study and spread knowledge of the musical and dramatic expressions of Asia and Africa. As the Assistant Editor of the UNESCO record collections produced by the Institute, he was unable to obtain photos of a sufficiently high quality for the record sleeves and undertook the task of photographing the musicians and dancers himself.

This led to his interest in theatrical photography, to which he is now devoted. He discovered the secrets of oriental make-up traditions, the symbolism of colours in the *Kathakalī* of India and Japanese *Kabuki*.

His knowledge of the highly elaborate theatrical make-up of Asia was the basis for his very original approach to disguise and make-up generally speaking, as a depersonalisation of the actor or dancer, who ceases to be himself in order to adopt the traits of the god, genie or hero portrayed.

Curiously enough, few women are willing to depersonalise themselves, or to accept any make-up save that which accentuates and embellishes their features. The theatre of Asia has kept up a tradition still observed in the West until a few centuries ago: characters are all portrayed by men or boys, including female roles. In *Kabuki* performances, some actors specialise and are

famous for their portrayal of heroines and princesses, beneath make-up that is of prime importance.

In Indian *Kathakalī*, make-up is classified in five categories: noble, swordlike, bearded, black and ordinary:

Noble make-up is used for gods and heroes, and has a green base.

Knife make-up is for noble but violent characters: the green base is marked with red.

Bearded characters are bad and brutal. The worst are red-bearded. A white beard signifies a refined and perfidious character.

Black-base make-up indicates uncultivated and barbarous personages. Ordinary make-up is realistic, with a yellow or orange base. It is used for women, sages, messengers.

Similar conventions are found in China, Japan and Indonesia, as well as in Africa and in ancient Italian comedy. In the West, circus clowns have kept up this tradition. Colour photography has proven essential to make the most of the symbolism of these disguises.

Maurice Béjart has given him every facility to capture the characters in his ballets. The Italian composer and director Sylvano Bussotti has requested him to capture the images of his performances. Jacques Cloarec has also followed the dancer Eric Vu An who, besides his superb skill, personifies with remarkable intensity the characters he portrays. In green rooms, backstage, during rehearsals and performances, from the Paris Opéra to Milan's La Scala, from Lausanne to Palermo, Brussels and Venice, Jacques Cloarec follows actors during every stage of their transformation from human beings with an ordinary appearance to those marvellous beings they evoke on stage. •

SPECIAL TRIBUTES

ACT I, ENTR'ACTE, ACT II





Act I

Mysore, 2007 / 2013

Why...

For a long time, I would get up very early so as to be in front of the gate of the Shri K Pattabhi Jois Ashtanga Yoga Institute at Mysore, waiting for the school to open at about 4:20 a.m!

In actual fact, 4 a.m. in all the rest of India, which has the peculiarity not of being 5 or 6 hours, but 5:30 hours ahead of Greenwich meantime.

On top of these surprising 30 minutes, the direction of the famous Yoga school (probably the most coveted and most expensive in the world) has put all its clocks forward by 20 minutes.

Why?

Arising at 2 a.m. and sitting on the ground in front of the school gate at 3:30 to be the first, and once inside the great hall, with room for just 80 persons on 80 Yoga mats, one right beside the other, ensures I get the best place and don't run the risk of practising Yoga in the changing room or the entrance hall.

In December, January, at 4 in the morning, in Mysore, located at an altitude of 600/900 m, it's cold, and practising Yoga in the draughts between the open doors and windows is very unpleasant and unhealthy for a perfect vāta like me.

January, February, March, the best is to wait for the mango season in April.

4 months a year, for 5 years, waiting in the middle of the night for the gate to open, in the midst of sounds that are apparently disagreeable, but in fact are a sublime music: the howling of stray dogs.

I arrived in India for the first time in my life in December 2007, for the first time in front of the same gate, in full daylight; I took my place in the long queue of Yoga students coming from all over the world.

On reaching the registration counter, the grandson of the founder of the Ashtanga Yoga Institute would not accept my application because of the rule that a "registration form" must be received by the school 2 - 3 months before, but the school's official site provides this mysterious information:

"Application forms should be submitted **2-3 months in advance** of your arrival date. Students will not be allowed to practice in the *śāla* if their form is received *within* 2 months (60 days). Forms received beyond 3 months will also not be accepted."

I leave the office knowing that I'm in India, where the "rule", like knowledge, is of divine origin, and it's man's job to interpret it.

I'm in India and knowing I am close to being myself, I know perfectly what to do. Why?

The next day, at the time when the registration office opens, I'm once more in front of the gate, having decided to return each day until I obtain the right to go in by expressing perfect devotion, unmeasured from a conformist European point of view.

The gate opens, the guard invites me to enter and accompanies me to the office where His Majesty the King of Yoga is sitting at his desk, instead of his grandson, with an enormous ruby, emerald or diamond on each finger of his two hands.

Shri K. Pattabhis Jois asks me what I want

and if I have practised Yoga before. My reply does not satisfy him when I add that, in New York I attended the śāla of the wonderful Eddie Stern, every morning at 5:30, with Ralph Fiennes, Madonna, Willem Dafoe, Gwyneth Paltrow...

Pattabhi Jois's face lights up, he takes my thick wad of rupees, puts it in the counting machine and, despite the insufficient amount, immediately gives me the most expensive Yoga Student card in the world. Satisfied? Disappointed?

Yes, disappointed at being accepted so rapidly the very first day in the incredible way that Incredible India always is, but happy at being admitted by the decision of the King himself, despite the rules normally required.

From that moment the grandson always regards me with suspicion, admiration and respect.

Years later, at a conference, the grandson tells the parable that his grandfather Pattabhis had told him: "The man who manages to gain entry to the enclosure of the Maharaja's palace, despite a thousand difficulties and thousands of security measures, is looked at and protected, even worshipped, once he's inside the palace. In him there is something special, probably useful for all".

Rathna belongs to a caste that does not clean toilets.

She washes laundry, plates, the floor, she throws out the rubbish, but she doesn't clean the WC.

Before she comes, I clean my bathrooms so that she doesn't see me doing it. Because that might shock her. She is crazy about the matter: "If you belong to a caste that cleans WCs then why am I cleaning your flat and throwing out your rubbish?"

She considers me to be "non-caste", but superior to her, since I pay, which allows her to live happily and with full satisfaction unhesitatingly in the natural order of the absurd and incomprehensible, but simple and easily-acceptable hierarchy of being the servant of a European Yoga student.

One day I descend the 3 flights to throw out the rubbish on the ground floor where a broken tile leaves a hole in the floor into which my right foot slips.

Panic! All the watchmen of the building rush to rescue me, including Rathna: a simple graze means a risk of infection on contact with water = no shower = no Yoga.

Rathna, surprised by my action, asks why I had gone to throw out the rubbish myself, adding that such an accident must have occurred because the rubbish bins on the ground floor of the building are accessible to someone like her, of her same caste.

Not to me. Transgressing this natural law generates accidents!

Never would I have imagined that I would feel at home in India. What is perceived as absurd and incomprehensible was at once immediately clear to me.

Why?

Rome, 1985/86

Sylvano Bussotti stages "Un Ballo in Maschera" by Verdi at the Rome Opera; he sees me in the corps de ballet. He explains to me the origin of the title of his 1969 "Rara Requiem". He feels the need to reveal the name of Alain Daniélou: "The soul dwells in the anus. Alain Daniélou himself confided this knowledge to me. I want your soul!"

Why?

Maïa Plissetskaïa, Director of the Ballet, leaves the Rome Opera.

I'm lost without her.

I abandon my easy and comfortable life as a dancer at the Opera, already performing solo roles, and leave for Paris, to lead a life of difficulties far from the comfort and daily discipline of a young dancer at the Opera.

The sage – but not too sage - Sylvano Bussotti gave me a date and an address in Paris, where I duly went, just as when the Opera used to send me to try on costumes on Via dei Cerchi, just behind the Bocca della Verità: for fun, as a duty, to find myself in my stage costume, not yet woven, nor cut, nor tried on.

At this address in Paris, I find a restaurant full of persons of all extractions and ranks, at a dinner: Jacques Cloarec is there.

Jacques is officially there as Alain Daniélou's friend, but rapidly his being there reveals that the protagonist of the whole story is Jacques Cloarec himself.

Why?

Entr'acte

Dear Adrián and Jacques,

I recall hearing Jacques speaking about attitudes or actions or phrases that are apparently senseless, mad, irrational, beyond customary rules.

Such "methods" are found among Zen masters.

In my text paying tribute to Jacques I shall need to mention the importance of

these apparently "absurd" attitudes, outside established rules.

"Dear Alberto, do you know Alejandro Jodorowsky?

A writer, film-maker, therapist, psychic, a man of great talent and "insane" creativity.

He has developed a method which he calls *Psicomagia*.

You'll find it in his book *Le théâtre de la guérison*.

You may find it interesting: he's very good at explaining the transformative power of apparently senseless actions.

Otherwise, there's a whole series in Zen Buddhism: very interesting things, for example in Taisen Deshimaru Roshi whom you must know, who says interesting things about koans. All his works are available in paperback.

In my opinion, Shivaism has little to do with the rules of disorder, unless we take certain practices of sādhous and decontextualise them.

Viewing all this as "transgression", or as a "breaking of rules" means overlooking the fact that not only does Indian society tolerate it, but more especially exploits it as part of a highly intelligent logic of inclusion in exclusion, just to maintain order.

In India, I spoke with some Aghorīs who told me that the Indian religious system tolerates all the so-called "transgressions" of this sect (including blood sacrifice), because the idea of transgression means (basically) revitalising the rule".

Adrián Navigante

"Dear Alberto, I think you're referring to

the attitude of Indian sādhous. In some ways AD also followed their customs, meaning that to keep one's independence, one's freedom of opinion, one must reject the ethics of society and religion and do everything to be rejected by it, by behaving in an antisocial and provocative manner, such as – for example – appearing to be mad; frightening children; growing long hair, being badly dressed, dirty, spitting, talking to oneself, shouting insults or obscenities, etc.

These are the chapters on sādhous in AD's books, especially pages 180 onward of the paperback Le destin du monde d'après la tradition shivaïte in the "Espaces libres" collection by the publisher Albin Michel and perhaps Adrián may have references to pages in other books."

Jacques Cloarec

Act II

Because...

For a long time...

I have often heard Jacques recite his mantra: "I was destined to be an ordinary schoolmaster in a small village in Brittany".

I have learned the value of those who listen and absorb, the rarity of empathy and understanding of the other.

Sticking to one's desires and transforming them into action is rare.

Jacques has transformed his life, and Alain's, and that of many others.

Alain Daniélou wrote his philosophy, interpreted and translated that of the Hindus and classified their music...

Jacques Cloarec has built, on the foundations of Alain's work, a philosophy in action (like Diogenes of Sinope 413 / 327 BCE), without ever managing to disturb or scandalise anyone, by merely instructing others and letting them evolve, just as he was instructed at the most sophisticated level, observing and absorbing the knowledge of Alain.

For me, India didn't exist until 2007.

But the words of Alain and Jacques fell into my open ears, and fermented for many years.

Jacques has lived "India" for 50 years, between Zagarolo and Paris, in intensive philosophical and Hindu immersion.

In my contacts with India, I discover that its deepest mysteries had already been revealed to me by the open and daily philosophic action of Jacques and the words of Alain.

Thanks to them, in that far-off disorienting continent I find that I am at home.

In 1999 (?), Jacques caught up with the continent he knew, but had never visited

There, he too finds the basis of his knowledge and the "why" of his actions.

Jacques is the "Palace" of the Maharaja.

Jacques has always been the "Palace" of the Maharaja and simultaneously the man who must manage to enter the compound of the palace of the Maharaja, thus accomplishing his incarnation.

Alain Daniélou "is" a philosopher-seeker, a contemporary descendent of Diogenes.

Alain is neither Maharaja, nor Palace. Alain has been incarnate from the very beginning, he needs nothing except Jacques-Palace-Temple-Academy, and Jacques as friend forever.

"Forever" is not in line with European rules.

Here "The Palace" takes on its full role: the seat of power of a civilisation opposing the brutality outside and the brainwashing practised by the power that manipulates the masses to facilitate the usurpation and exercise of privilege as its sole purpose.

— "Alberto, if you had insulted one of the employees of the house, you would never have been invited here again, but since at that lunch you insulted a socially privileged guest, with a social career greater than your own and with every cultural means to defend himself, you will always be welcome at the 'Labyrinth'"

Jacques Cloarec

The Labyrinth is the edifice that Jacques has constructed around Alain, not only of stone, but much more of energy, flesh, constancy and knowledge.

This edifice is more than a house, more than a sacred place, more than a university, more than a cultural centre, more than an archive, more than the triumphal arch of civilisation amidst Christian barbarism.

Jacques is the place in which Alain Daniélou gathers all his power and knowledge in order to translate them for the benefit of all.

"The Labyrinth" (the former residence of Alain Daniélou and Jacques Cloarec is now the seat of FIND) is one of the greatest fusions of Western and Hindu philosophy. Life in this Palace-Home takes the cleverly-devised form of philosophical concept embodied to the extent of penetrating the

lives of all its inhabitants, visitors, employees, and making it evolve.

Some guests, happy enough to stay at the Labyrinth for 1, 2... 7 days or more, merely appreciate the comfort of a luxury abode, without reading its pages of profound knowledge and extreme wisdom.

A Home and Palace protocol to be read as one reads a work on social sciences.

"I read 'Le Labyrinthe' just as a research student in linguistics reads the Cours de linguistique générale" (Ferdinand de Saussure, 1916, posthumous work), "pages after pages, until I was transformed by it."

Jacques is The Labyrinth.

An educational labyrinth without interruption to the culmination of all satisfactions accessible to man, until you are satisfied by it, completely satisfied to the extent of taking the decision of moving away slightly to observe from a distance, to continue observing from a distance.

"At the time of his death, Alain Daniélou no longer possessed anything. Having nourished and satisfied his existence, he started getting rid of all ties."

Jacques Cloarec

SPECIAL TRIBUTES

IMPROMPTUS CLOAREC POETIC KEYBOARD



Sylvano Bussotti
ITALIAN COMPOSER,
PAINTER AND WRITER

C lick! With this monosyllable, our everyday language evokes a tiny noise produced by the camera as it takes a picture, most often triggered by a photographer.

On a keyboard, the finger does the same; ten fingers can bring about veritable storms of sound. Just like when we stroke this black-and-white surface and contemplate this scintillation, obeying the harmonies and tones of the picture promises and permits every sort of discovery.

A path through the trees. A gust of icy wind strikes an almost comical umbrella, but the small character's face is cheerful

when the photographer and friend surprises him at the bottom of the immemorial ruins.

On the edge of the stage of a concert hall inhabited by pianos looking like tumbled-down cottages in disorder at the bottom of the valley, or laid like immobile lakes in the landscape, the act that questions the double resonance of image and sound is metaphysically performed.

Impromptus creating image, verb, mirror, look; poetic disciplines for a piano box turned into a sonographic device; an instrument of transmutation that allows us to read a musical score in photography.

IMPROMPTUS CLOAREC

CLAVIERS POETIQUES

Clic. Le langage quotidien evoque avec ce monosyllabe unbruit infime produit par l'appa= reil protographique à l'm= stanit de prendre une unage le plus souvent par un geste de photographe. Le doigt sur un clavier fait de même; dix doigts peuvent amener veritables orages du son. Ams que caresser cette surface en blanc et nove, contempler ce scintillement. obeir aux harmonies de l'image et des sonorités, promet et pormet toute décorwerte. Chemin parmi les arbres. Compresent Happe sur un parapluie quesi comi= que, mais visage heureux du petit personnage alors que l'anni photographe le surprend au bas de rumes immemoria = les. An bord de l'estrade l'une salle de concert habi= tée par des promos semblables anx masures dressées en dé: sorare au fond de la vallée ou couches comme des lacs im= motiles dans le paysage, se joue, métaphysique, éacte par legist on interroge la houble resonnance de l'image

Jumediatezza dell'imagine. In foto:
grafia mu istautanea. Gesto imme:
diato dell'impoliszzione musicale;
atto compinto su di uno strumento.
Se ne odono suorii scaturire; si os:
servano mani del tocco particolare
percorrere una taotiera, come utti:
dendo agli ordini del sogno. Narra:
tive, vaganti e poetidre nel dare il
reuso, a chi vi si attrudona, d'un li:
bero percorso rassorniafiante a
quelle parreggiate copai d'imetrarsi
oltre sentiero, imbatieri nell'orma
di ruderi immemoriali e respirare
a fondo i caprici della natura.

Quando, lungo anturmi parsati, Jacques Cloarec agiornava il che della fotografia, firmava rotto l'ala bruffa di quell'ombrella dee i venti mulinando rembrano rimbrottare, l'allegra figurina. Se pur minaccia un temprale.

Molimento minimo ma capace a rospinaçõe lungo il futuro l'acuto deviderio di conoscerne Le armonil. Infine la Sala da Concerto, dove i pianoforti giacciono quali boscaglie o laghetti al fondo della vallata im: majimario: sala per inscenario lo spesio mentele in grado di leggere, funtosticando tutto il suono che si masconde nell'immagine.
Coningandone il Verso ed il Verbo a tecco e passo d'uomo.

et du son. Impromptus créateurs d'image, Verbe, uivroir, regard; disciplines poétiques pour un piano devenn appareil sonographique; instrument de métamorphose pour pouvoir lire, dans la photo= graphie, une partition de musique. DOCUMENTS

WISDOM AND PASSION



Jacques Cloarec

The English translation was made by Robert Moses, completed by Jacques Cloarec and revised by Kenneth Hurry. Some minor modifications and omissions were introduced in the revision.

The text we present here is the original lecture delivered by Jacques Cloarec in Venice within the framework of a commemoration of Alain Daniélou organised by the Giorgio Cini Foundation, the University Ca' Foscari of Venice and the International Institute of Comparative Music in Berlin. In 1995 the text was published in the collective volume Ricordo di Alain Daniélou (Firenze, Leo S. Olschki Editore), belonging to the series Orientalia Venetiana.



Jacques Cloarec and (on the screen) Alain Daniélou in 2017

PHOTO: SOPHIE BASSOULS

adies and Gentlemen:

I met Alain Daniélou in Paris in 1962, at the time when he founded the International Institute for Comparative Music Studies in Berlin. He asked me to leave my teaching post to join him in the Prussian capital in 1964, which I did. Thus for the last thirty years I have been almost constantly at his side; first in Berlin and then in Venice where he set up another institute in 1970, and finally at the large house of the Labyrinth where he retired in 1980. I should like to offer a portrait of him; but I invite you to view it as a personal essay by a close witness of his life, for he is one of the most complex and difficult-to-define personalities of this century. In his memoirs, this sentence rings so true to me (*The Way to the Labyrinth, New York 1987, p. 332: As I write these memoirs, I feel that I have said nothing of what was most important in my life, my real raison d'être. Perhaps behind these various anecdotes and reflexions, a sensitive and knowing reader will have caught a glimmering of that other journey, the journey of the inner man, which unfolds far beyond the range of human adventures, meetings, and passions, in a reality that cannot be expressed by words.)*

These memoirs were a great success because of their freedom of thought and the originality of a *non-conformist who succeeded*, as Bernard Pivot called him in *Apostrophes*¹. But Daniélou's memoirs do not satisfy me entirely, because they fail to leave room for any form of introspection. As a matter of fact, Alain Daniélou was primarily a very reserved, mysterious and self-effacing person; he talked little, neither taught nor presented ideas, but waited

¹ A well-known French television show on cultural affairs.

until you came to him, and being most attentive, would offer some general thoughts that succeeded in pointing you in the right direction, leaving the impression that you yourself had found the right solutions to your problems.

In parallel with this sense of reserve, he had an astounding technique for never committing himself to a definitive opinion. As a matter of fact, during these last three decades that I spent with him, I could never attribute to him a quality or a fault that was not immediately contradicted by its opposite. As soon as an opinion was uttered, you would think of ten examples running counter to it.

He is my Guru, my master, in the precise sense given to this term in India, and I am his sisya, his disciple. But this only became truly apparent to me after his death, a conclusion I had never reached before, which is probably linked to the Indian conception of the master-disciple relationship. 'Obedience is only a virtue for the disciple and is limited to his master's service. The disciple never surrenders his free judgement or independence nor does his master ever take the responsibility of imposing a determined way of life or thought. He replies only to those questions which are asked him and his opinion is only advisory.' These sentences, taken from his book Gods of Love and Ecstasy: The Traditions of Shiva and Dionysus (Rochester: Vermont, p. 210), I reread shortly after his passing-away, finally grasping the nature of the master-disciple relationship.

We find another, very similar definition in his book While The Gods play (Rochester 1987, page 181): 'He who is the bearer of a tradition of knowledge is under an obligation to pass it on... And still another sentence worthy of notice: The pupil [...] is the receptacle of the teachings of his master, who imparts to him those elements of knowledge that he seems to deserve' (Ibidem, p. 182).

Within my means, and as a disciple who continues to be receptive to Alain Daniélou's ideas, I believe that my role, ever since he passed away, is to keep his work alive, and to make it accessible to those who, like him, seek to understand the complexity of the surrounding world and to respect the work of its Creator.

Today, from a more personal point of view, I should like to share the extraordinary memory of a person whose life was constantly governed by wisdom and passion. Often he would say to me, 'Prior to any discussion, try to define precisely the words you employ to ensure that everyone is talking about the same thing'. He considered that most misunderstandings, particularly at the important international, multi-lingual conferences he attended, were caused by people's tendency to employ the same words but give them different meanings. Furthermore he was extremely interested in the problems of language, from the moment of concept-formation in the brain, to oral and written expression, in short totally different stages long studied by Hindu thinkers and philosophers. I shall thus start by elaborating on what I understand behind those words 'wisdom' and 'passion'.

Considered from the etymological point of view, the primary meaning of the word 'wise' or 'sage' is derived from the Latin *sapiens*, knowledge. There is no doubt that Alain Daniélou corresponded perfectly to this definition, if we think of his immense knowledge. The more ancient meaning that dictionaries give to this word: *he who has true knowledge of things*;

enlightened, savant, is equally suitable. If however we take the word in its modern sense of nice, obedient, chaste, modest, measured, prudent, reasonable, all adjectives readily found in the dictionary, we are forced to consider that they are in evident opposition to his personality. Was he immune to what torments other humans? Singled out for his reputation for objectivity? I am not so sure. He often said to me before launching onto some bizarre task, I am utterly unreasonable. And in that, he was entirely right.

On the contrary, the passion that lived in him cannot be understood by taking its etymological meaning related to suffering, *passio* in Latin. The French *pâtir* is derived from it, and was not his kind of thing. Instead we have to take the word passion in its modern sense of

We are suddenly quite far from the great sage and from the ideas of those who knew him in the 'autumn of his life'. But such was his personality the intense interest he nourished for all the tasks he undertook, as well as in the sense of the pleasures that earthly and human beauty offer us. His passion often took the guise of *irrational*, *affective*, violent opinions, but not of affective and intellectual states sufficiently powerful to dominate the life of the spirit by the inten-

sity of their effects or the permanence of their action. Here we catch a glimpse of him driving fast cars, Porsches or Jaguars, running through red lights in a heavily-policed Berlin. Then we see him chain-smoking, a habit acquired from his days at Madras's Adyar Library where smoking was strictly forbidden. And we also catch him ready to go back to India to receive the highest distinction from the President of the Indian Union, having already been awarded the rank of *Chevalier* of the Legion of Honour under de Gaulle and Malraux and promoted *Officier* by Francois Mitterrand – all statesmen whom he despised.

We see him becoming passionately interested in a new musical instrument that two young French researchers, Michel Geiss and Christian Braut, created according to the theories in his book *Sémantique Musicale*², or we see him on top of scaffolding, overseeing the construction of a roof according to his specifications. Away from India, we catch him developing a passion for Dionysism, and shortly before his death, for Mithraic cults. In the Berlin of the nineteen-seventies, we see him as a dynamic fighter, arguing with ethno-musicologists from the world over, and then in Moscow, invited by the Soviet authorities, denouncing Russian imperialism in the Asian republics.

We are suddenly quite far from the great sage and from the ideas of those who knew him in the 'autumn of his life'. But such was his personality. He was in reality an agitator, a ferment of society who did not consider his Indian orthodoxy to be contrary to his attitude; quite the opposite, that it followed to the letter the philosophical teachings he received from the Benares pundits.

He had always been challenging. From his adolescence onwards, his main interests-mu-

² Only in French, see in *English Music and the Power of Sound, The Influence of Tuning and Interval on Consciousness*, Rochester: Vermont 1995. This book is the new U.S. edition of *Introduction to the Study of Musical Scales* (London 1943), with a foreword by Sylvano Bussotti.

sic, dance, painting-clashed with his mother's wishes. She wanted him to become a Ministry of Finance inspector, like his uncle Clamorgan. So he became a singer, dancer, pianist and even composer. Later he was an Indologist, speaking fluent Hindi and translating Sanskrit. But soon enough he was unwelcome at the universities because he did not share their modes of thinking. It is his artistic temperament that disturbs most: he loved Indian music, the very music he played on his vina. And he loved the architecture and the sculpture of mediaeval temples discovered in the jungles of central India. He always cultivated an aesthetic approach to life and thus 'didn't look serious'. But everything he did was lived with passion from inside. When he moved to India, he lived like an Indian--he spoke about India with a clarity and knowledge unmatched by other Westerners and became an unavoidable presence within the field of Indian studies. Similarly, in the world of traditional music, he realized for UNESCO a collection of records that are unlike any others owing to the rigour of his choice, in terms of artistic and technical criteria, and they enabled him to impose this music as an art form and not as mere folklore. And these collections, currently re-issued as CDs, remain an absolute model as well as his greatest achievement, because he succeeded in modifying the Western approach to Asian music. But what a shake-up within the world of ethno-musicology!

He is also challenging on the political front because from very early on he fought in the Orient against Western imperialism and colonialism, first in the musical field and then in the more general context of culture and education. Starting from his first text *Le Tour du Monde en 1936* (*Around the World in 1936*), he actively defends both American Indians and Hindus, berating the British for their policy of apartheid towards the latter. At UNESCO he found several executives who understood his point of view and helped him in his crusade. He was not compliant towards those who classified his tendencies as orthodox and conservative because of his open opposition to socialism and especially communism. And what a surprise to find in his writings a crusade against all the Religions of the Book (monotheistic and dogmatic), to discover that he also considers the Aryans as barbarian invaders, the first heralds of decadence. What interested him were those civilizations that preceded these invasions, a point of view presented in his most widely-translated book, *Shiva and Dionysus*. In it he expounds the Shaivite world-view and philosophy, which exclude all dogma and therefore all limits to knowledge.

And then there is the unease created by some of his texts, in particular *The Hindu Temple: Deification of Eroticism* (translated by Kenneth F. Hurry, Rochester 2001), a book on erotic sculptures in medieval temples; *The Phallus, Sacred Symbol of Male Creative Power* (translated by Jon Graham, Rochester 1996); *The Complete Kama Sutra* (Rochester 1994), which is the first unabridged modern translation of the classic Indian text, containing the Sanskrit commentary by Yashodhara and excerpts from a commentary in Hindi by Devadatta Shastri.

Daniélou moved between various social circles with great ease, from the Roman *demi-monde*, the shanty towns of Tiburtino so dear to Pasolini, to the mansions of the top European aristocracy; from the severe Brahmans in Benares to the dancers of the Moulin Rouge. Asked to meet a well-known intellectual or writer or eminent politician, it left him cold, silent, bored, after which he would throw himself into a taxi and start an animated

conversation with its driver, as if they were long-lost friends. He would indulge in detailed conversations with gardeners or craftsmen, anybody he could learn from.

Not easily classifiable and challenging, these are the traits that emerge in him again and again.

In fact, I find his attitude typical of the behaviour of the Indian wandering monks, the Sadhus, who are forever opposed to the 'establishment', who refuse to obey society's edicts and abandon the world into which they were born. They are lawless, not unlike some segments of today's youth, who seem to follow a similar path and refuse to recognize themselves in the world that their parents have created for them.

In attempting to define Alain Daniélou, one has to remember his battle against all ideologies, dogmas, belief systems, faiths. Everything had to be challenged, always. Only knowledge, the search for the best explanation, counted for him. Hence his virulent attacks directed against any form of dogma and his understanding of Hinduism: *The only values I never challenge are those that I have learnt from Shaivite Hinduism, a teaching that rejects all dogma,*

In truth, Alain Daniélou did not consider himself an innovator, but a spokesman for the ancient Shaivite tradition transmitted by the pundits of Benares and never have I found any form of thought that has gone so far, so clearly, with such depth and intelligence, in the understanding of the divine and the structures of the world.

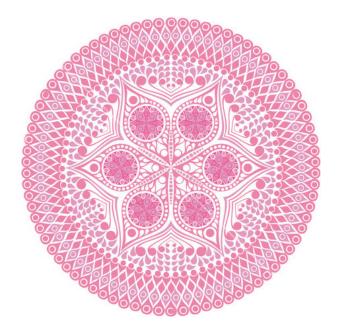
Is Alain Daniélou little known outside France? Or even within France? I have just come back from Lausanne, where I prepared a photographic exhibition at the Musée de

l'Elysée. My Air India flight being delayed, I observed a group of Swiss and French 'pilgrims' who were learning the basics of Hindu religion, battling with various notions pertaining to Shiva, Parvati, Kartikaya, Ganesha, etc. I asked to borrow their tourist guidebook and felt annoyed when I noticed that not any of Daniélou's books were mentioned. I was needlessly annoyed. He himself considered his work to be rather confidential and aimed at readers honestly seeking a deeper understanding of the world around us. Why then participate in the media frenzy that goes together with any product, be it intellectual, artistic or material? For him, it was essential to publish, without much concern for print-runs; at least, true seekers of knowledge would have the opportunity to find what they are looking for. Obviously, there an elitist side to this which is bound to displease some. It is related to the Indian conception of society and the caste system, in which only a small, well-prepared part of the population (Brahmans and Sannyasin) are concerned with intellectual questions. Now, however, we see his translated books reaching readers in English-speaking countries, particularly in the United States. This also makes them accessible to Indians, and among a younger, more modern generation, there is surprise at discovering the work of a Frenchman so deeply imbued by Hindu orthodoxy. In truth, Alain Daniélou did not consider himself an innovator, but a spokesman for the ancient Shaivite tradition transmitted by the pundits of Benares.

I should like to end with two messages given us by Alain Daniélou: first, we should try to accept the world, the creation, for what it is and not what we would like it to be and sec-

ond, that we stop our anthropomorphism, which can only lead to disaster. In this sense, his message coincides with that of the new ecologists. We have to accept that we are at the same time 'prey and predator'. We thought for some time that we were only predators. The microscopic viruses that attack us and afflict us, such as cancer or AIDS, are reminders of the equilibrium inherent in nature. The second message concerns our quest to understand our role and our raison d'être on earth, both as individuals and as members of the species we represent. We have been given two duties: on the one hand, to transmit life, though procreation, the transmission of a genetic code, as the only way of going forward (in his mind, excluding any idea of paradise, reincarnation, etc.). We perpetuate ourselves through our children: the Italians have the saying I figli sono lo specchio dei genitori [children are a mirror of their parents]. And, on the other hand, we have the duty of transmitting knowledge, which he considered his own mission as an individual. The more he advanced in terms of age and knowledge, the more this seemed obvious to him and he would brush aside all rites and rituals in order to focus on research and understanding. He would say, 'When you know, you don't need to believe', in the same vein in which Picasso said: 'I don't seek; I find.' To me both sayings seem to approach the idea of happiness on earth. This has led a friend of his to write, 'I like to think that he put his genius into his life. His life was his masterpiece.'

Jacques Cloarec



DOCUMENTS

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LABYRINTH



Jacques Cloarec



The Linden Avenue

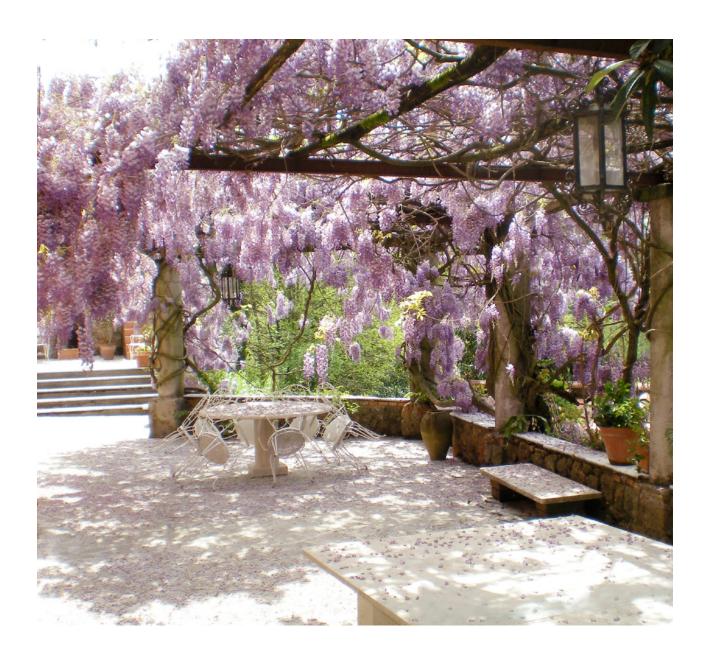
In memory of our long stay in Berlin, this avenue of linden trees is known as *Unter den Linden*. In Alain Daniélou's imagination, it is very significant because, strangely, it runs close and parallel to the road outside the estate and, starting from one of the eight entrance gates, it leads nowhere, ending in a "fishtail". It is a particularly moving spot for me, where I can still see Alain Daniélou going to gather roses at the side of this avenue.

The Two Arches near the Garages

The name *Colle Labirinto*, the hill of the labyrinth, is given on the land registry. When I first came here in 1962, it was never mentioned and it was only later that I found out why. We never sought any inspiration from it, and it was quite involuntary on our side that our building turned the house into one. It was always our philosophy not to intrude and to give residents the greatest possible freedom. The result: every evening 17 outer doors have to be locked, which give every set of rooms an independent exit.



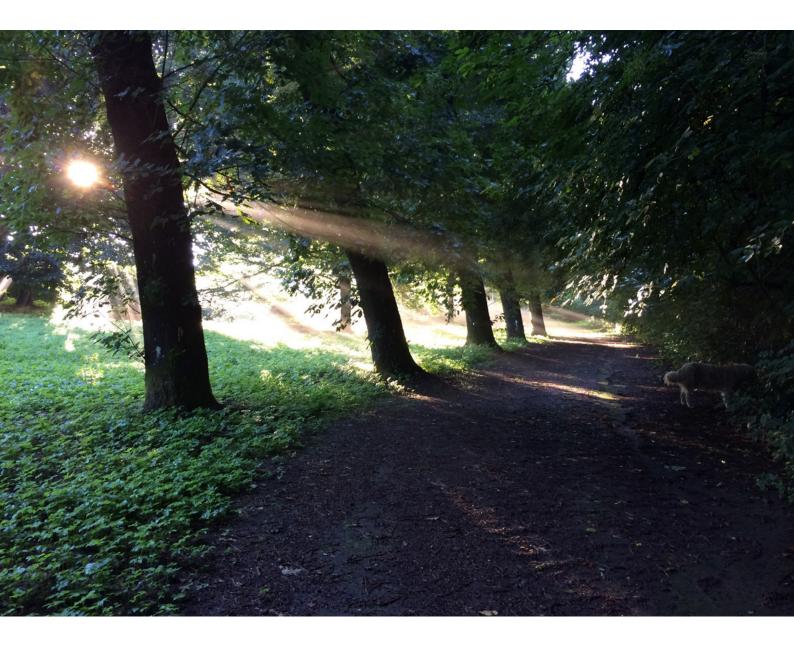




The Little Door of the Swimming Pool

This photo was used to illustrate the e-book version of Alain Daniélou's *Les Contes du Labyrinthe* (*The Tales of the Labyrinth*) and I feel it was a good choice because, as in the tales themselves, when you push a door open, you never know where it will lead you.

The *wisteria sinensis*, one of the first plants to blossom in Spring, hides some very strange characters: field-rats (large field mice), very sleek and vegetarian, who live under the roofs, and large grass snakes, anything but vegetarian. I never agree when visitors praise the peace of the Labyrinth, since I think of the numerous families of baby rats that die of hunger because their parents have been devoured.



Woods always give an impression of mystery. Ours is not at all well-kept and has become a paradise for a great number of rodents and birds. We had a lot of trouble installing a very heavy travertine *linga* there, well hidden. Hinduism is not a proselytising philosophy.



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