

And so Spoke the *Scholar*:

- Thejasvi B.R.

He was rather happy today, and so he said, "Let's throw Reason out of the window". He tilted his head to one side, and accompanied by a soft plop came a light pink, puffy little ball. "It's Reason I have in my hands here", he said, and promptly threw it out of the window. "It won't go, and I know it", and he did, it was hovering out there in front of his face for a while before it decided to float away slightly, almost like doing him some sort of favour.

"I don't know why people believe in it so much, and now that I have thrown it out, I don't find a need for it... and I don't think you should either. Let's all be happy. Why tax your mind for some trivial detail? Why tear your beard for some insignificant glitch? Let it happen, the world shall go on as chaotically as before, independent of you, so don't deny it. Go, sleep, eat, live, but don't think too hard to save your skin. I'm not against thought, nor against crystal reason, mind you, but rather against the rising monopoly of this religion discipline which purports reason, and solely Reason as the only way to the Truth.

I understand you cannot hear this, I know the very voices which instilled the love for this philosophy are screaming in your mind, making my voice sound harsher and harsher as I speak. Let it be, sometimes friction brings about perfection.

Without our innate urges to explain, to devise function, seek mechanism, create method, where would we be? Where would we be without our protective shells of security? Everyone wants to return to the mother's womb they were thrown out from, to be back in the sphere of the predictable, the understood, the known (the ignorance), and the safe...safety above all; intellectual, physical, emotional. We impose an order into this place we arrive in. Invent its logic, create the laws that define it and announce their efficacy as proof of their supremacy. And in this process we scream aloud, saying we have become more human, more rational, apparently approaching the sublime, inching away from the gnawing insecurity we feel at the roots of our mind.

And in our random meanderings in search of answers we all arrive at one philosophy or the other which tempts us, then begin to cultivate the taste for it as we settle down inside it. But why this one in particular, why this altar you erect reaching unto the sky? Why nourish the high priests when the farmer is starving in the reality of the ground?

Peace of mind is in the sky, looking up is a way of forgetting our earthbound feet.

Why don't they see the astonishing twin-hood in the new and the old, one being replaced by the other, only with a different set of pretexts? In the place of animal, natural instincts, there are now synthetic contrivances and protocols. Both claim to have some sort of control and awe of Nature. They both get it horribly wrong anyway. Explain, expose and dispose. In the place of hymns and praises there are flowing signs and drawings carrying some alleged abstract value. The tongue of the altar is, as usual understood by very few, but used by everyone for all purposes. The farmer down the fields doesn't know how this goat sacrifice will cause rain, but he does know it worked for everyone else too.

For convenient chants to serve utilitarian purposes, to referring to highly sublime thoughts. Many would, of course, even claim that without speech in the central tongue, a piece of thought is worthless, that (perhaps even non-metaphorically), the speaker is dumb and his words without meaning. In the midst of this medium for sermon there is also the awesome overarching ordered system in place. Without a created hierarchy there can be no sense of grandeur for the devout, who tend to take things literally.

They have of course forgotten about looking at an apple, and understanding it for its taste and its colour, now they only want to know why, when, how, which... This is not a curiosity fuelled out of innocence, no, rather, this is a curiosity fuelled from a growing arrogance. We are the masters, with our bigger brains, it is our intellectual imperative to eat out the unknown saplings and destroy the blooming speculations which keep coming up. From the mastery over the fields to now, a mastery of life, over the earth.

This adolescent megalomania, poor kid doesn't know where to stop, and no one's there to stop him.

You have all been seduced by a vulgar simpleton, and your aesthetique, soundly inebriated.

Within their creeds also they squabble for supremacy. They are all no better than the goat herd and the shepherd, who argue over which of their animals has four legs. Standing at the shore and questioning the water. In their search for the unifying 'beautiful' truths, they constantly keep bumping into each other. Each creed and sub-discipline, steeped in the historical and traditional practices of its own, taking moral stands and uttering didactic statements onto the other. In their constant bickering what ultimately happens, no one knows.

Like all true believers, I see you attempting to deny this. Like all great orators, they have convinced you about your need for them, feed on, feed on child. Only, once this bubble shatters, don't try to put the pieces back together. Don't come running back to the warm arms of the philosophical security they shall proclaim then. Don't even try. Let it sink in, all that philopstasy, and soon enough with time it shall ooze out gently, maybe not so easily at first, gradually, slowly, slowly”.

When he stopped his face had an aged appearance, there was a mild look of understanding in him, then suddenly he stopped, and in a morose voice cried softly “there were times when this could last longer”, with a sudden nod, he had that same old uncultivated look.

Outside there was nothing, but the blue, blue sky, another explained phenomenon now growing mouldy in the cellar. Explained, exposed, disposed.