

THE SCHOLAR

September 1939

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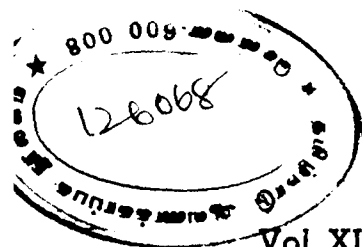
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Past and Future

By NICHOLAS ROERICH



E were in Switzerland in 1906. A clairvoyant arrived at the hotel where we were staying and there were many who wished to consult her.

'Would you like her to read from a book that has not been opened?' they asked us. E. I. had just received a book from Paris by parcel post, and, without opening the parcel she quoted a page and a line, and the woman, with her eyes shut at once read the sentence, which was evident to all, so soon as the book was opened.

'Where shall we be next year?' we then enquired.

She then described our journey on a small steamboat adding that the people round us were speaking some language which was not French, German or Italian and which she could not understand.

Next year we left quite unexpectedly for Finland.

After this she correctly described the fate of my pictures at the Greenwald exhibition. She also described the rivers of blood which signified the Great War and Revolution and the death of the Emperor as well as the beginning of our institutions in America. She also saw an immense quantity of sheets of paper covered with writing, and here she seems to have foreseen the immense correspondence we were destined to have with all our institutions in different countries.

We also consulted another clairvoyant in Switzerland. Those present thought of certain tasks and taking each of them by the hand she immediately executed what they had imagined. This she did for all she encountered casually, counting the money in pocket books, reading the names on handkerchiefs and pronouncing with a French accent, so that Boris became Bori. She predicted the delivery of certain letters and was able to describe persons who were in the thoughts of those present.

We remember many cases of this sort in Europe, Russia and in the East, and yet people attach little importance to such phenomena, failing to see their significance and so treat them as something merely incidental.

Afterwards, when events have shown how well founded such premonitions were, we regret that we did not give them more attention, and commit them to writing.

Had this been done we should have had written proof of the value of the clairvoyant's art. Many people prefer to think of a clairvoyant as a charlatan or adventurer, in the business sense.

We also recollect the case of an old Hindu, in Agra, who spread out a collection of human and animal figures on a many coloured carpet. He then began to play a very beautiful melody, on a reed instrument, and these figures of warriors, rajahs, bayaderes, tradesmen, elephants and tigers began to move about and execute the most intricate dances.

The effect was very fantastic but one of the onlookers wishing to have an explanation exclaimed: 'I know how it is done now, under each figure runs a connecting thread'. The old man was offended and gathering up his figures went off in silence. It was evident, of course, that the figures could only move on wires which were invisible against the mottled carpet, in fact no one doubted it, but the enchantment was gone. It was a pity, because all such subtle energies require a subtle atmosphere if they are to live in natural harmony and not weigh on those through whom they are manifested.

Those who take part in such experiments are expected to give close attention and not disturb the atmosphere with exclamations. Some people, as if by autosuggestion feel the need to cough, sneeze or laugh and do not realize that their departure can cause harm. They wonder what sort of energies these can be that fear the sound of coughing or disturbance and, in this way, show their complete ignorance of the subtle realms.

Materially minded people often deplore the fact that nothing exceptional ever happens to them, and then conclude that this

is the same with every one, and they usually end up a discussion on this subject with: "Well, let's have a drink."

Being grossly egotistical they will not admit that others can experience what they themselves are unable to detect. They conclude that because they are ignorant, everybody else must be ignorant, and so with much creaking and squeaking the gates are barred with the lock of ignorance.

And so the extraordinary which occurs in everyday life is obliterated by gluttony, ignorance and superstition. If we paid more attention to the past, for which we are all responsible, then we should have more control over its resultant which is the future.

A rational and rapid advance would ensue, the slime of stagnation would be removed and a movement towards a new and more beautiful condition of consciousness would set in.

"The Queen of the Arabian Sea" *

By SIR SHANMUKHAM CHETTY, K. C. I. E.



HE Port of Cochin, in view of its beautiful scenery and the lagoons and backwaters, has been named: "The Venice of the East." Even as Venice is the "Queen of the Adriatic," so has Cochin become the "Queen of the Arabian Sea." In spite of its beauty and importance, very few people know anything about this beauty spot in the south-west corner of India. Some months back while I was in Delhi, I was having tea with a high official. I was introduced on that occasion to an English lady who had been living in India for over six years. When I was introduced as the Diwan of Cochin, she exclaimed: "How charming! you come from Cochin China, is it not? Tell me all about it." I do not know whether this could be quoted as a typical example. There is no doubt that even those who have more accurate knowledge of the geographical position of Cochin have no conception either of its historical interest, scenic grandeur or its commercial importance.

Historically Cochin is one of the most interesting spots in India. It was the seat of the ancient Chera kingdom. Twenty miles to the north of the modern port of Cochin lies the small village of Cranganur which even in the pre-Christian era, played a prominent part as the most important maritime port of India. References to this port are found in the writings of Ptolemy and ancient Greek writers who gave the name "Muziri" to this place. There are references in ancient Tamil literature to the splendour and pomp of the Chera kings who ruled over this territory. There are historical references to a distinguished Chera king, "Cheran Senkuttuvan," who flourished in the second century of the Christian era and who was the contemporary of a famous king of Ceylon, "Gajabahu." The author of one of the most famous classics in Tamil literature, "Silappathikaram," was the brother of a Chera king. In another great Tamil epic, "Peria Puranam," there are references to the Chera kings. According to the tradition embodied in this great epic, Cheraman Perumal, a famous ruler of this part, was a contemporary and friend of the Saivite saint, Sundaramurthi. In the Tanjore temple, there is an eleventh century painting depicting Cheraman Perumal leading Sundaramurthi to heaven.

* A talk given by the Dewan at the Madras Station of the All-India Radio on the 29th July 1939.

Tradition has it that the Apostle St. Thomas landed near Cranganur and started the first conversions. Whatever might be the historical authenticity of this legend, it seems to be fairly certain that the Christian church was established on this coast as early as the first century of the Christian era itself. It was, again, at this port that an ancient colony of Jewish settlers was established. These settlers are supposed to have come over after the second destruction of King Solomon's temple. Even today there is a small colony of White Jews whose origin is lost in antiquity and who are probably the descendants of those early settlers. Coming to more recent history, Cochin is the first place touched by a European through the sea-route. The earliest European settlement in India was at this place. The Portuguese Admiral, Cabral, landed in the Cochin harbour in the year 1500. Vasco de Gama followed him in 1502 and died here. The first European building in India was erected here in 1504.

The social history of the Kerala country of which Cochin forms a part is distinctive and has an interest of its own. The matrilineal system of succession which has existed in this part of the country from time immemorial still continues and furnishes an interesting study in the development of social institutions. According to this system, succession to property goes through the female line. It is this system that is largely responsible for the dominant position that the woman occupies in family life. This social order prevails even to this day amongst the Nairs who are the original inhabitants of this area. The origin of the word "Nair" is still a matter of controversy amongst scholars, but the generally accepted theory is that they were the original "Nagas." The rivalry between the Nairs and the immigrant Nambudri brahmins forms an important chapter in Kerala history. From all accounts it would appear that the Nambudris were originally a militant class who acquired a considerable amount of social and economic domination by imposing a very distinctive social and marriage system both amongst themselves and the original inhabitants of the land. The Nambudris trace their ancestry to the Vedic brahmins who had migrated from North India in ancient times. This migration seems to have been replenished from time to time. In the Tamil classic, "Peria Puranam," a work of the 12th century A. D., there is a reference to the brahmins of Chidambaram migrating to the Chera country in a body. This leads to some very interesting speculations. Chidambaram was known in classic literature as "Perumpatra Puliur." The Cochin Royal Family is even today called "Perumpadappu Swaroopam," and the high priests of the Royal family are still known as the "Puliyannur Nambudris."

The Cochin Harbour, which is now recognised as the most beautiful harbour in India, lies in a country with such rich historical memories. The development of this modern port is a romance of work and vision. Behind an opening from the sea which is about 400 yards wide, there is an area of 120 square miles of sheltered backwater. In spite of this natural advantage, a rock-like barrier of sand between the backwater and the sea prevented Cochin's natural harbour from taking its place as a modern deep-sea port. For more than a hundred years people have been talking of developing this natural port. It was in 1835 that the first chart was made. But it was not until 1921, that work was really started on this harbour. The great engineering problem was to cut the sand-bank and to keep it open so that ships might enter the sheltered safety of the backwaters. This great engineering work was finally accomplished by the Harbour Engineer who for nearly twenty years has laboured on this great enterprise, and with his own hand is today giving the finishing touches to this magnificent piece of work.

In the process of cutting the sand-bank and dredging the backwater a new island has been formed, comprising nearly 800 acres of valuable property. This island is known as "Willingdon Island." On this island are situated all the major works of the port: the wharfs, the port railway, the administrative buildings, the Custom House and transit sheds, and last, but not least, the beautiful Malabar Hotel. The future development of Willingdon island is planned out on a grand and worthy scale. It will be laid out in modern style with broad roads and flowering avenues of trees bordered by buildings artistically planned. Here will be located the offices and shops and business houses. When the projected buildings and other structures are completed, this place will not only be humming with all the hectic activity connected with a modern port, but will be in harmony with the beauty of the natural scenery that surrounds it.

Three Governments are partners in the enterprise connected with the creation of the Cochin harbour: the Government of India and the Governments of Cochin and Travancore. In the early stages when the port was a minor port, the Madras Government also was one of the partners in the scheme. Since the declaration of the port as a major one the Local Government have withdrawn from this. If the engineering problems connected with the port were formidable, no less easy were the innumerable administrative problems that this partnership gave rise to. After prolonged negotiations which were carried on for many years, the final agreement amongst the Governments concerned was concluded in 1935. The territorial sovereignty of

the Cochin Government over the port area is maintained intact the day-to-day administration of the port is entrusted to a semi-autonomous Port Trust and the three Governments concerned share in the collection of the customs revenue of the port in certain fixed proportions. The three Governments, together with the municipalities of British Cochin, Ernakulam and Mattancheri and the chambers of commerce in the locality, will have adequate representation on the Port Trust. The Port Trust has not, however, been created yet, and the administration is now carried on by an Administrative Officer assisted by an Advisory Board. The net customs duty collected at the port during the year 1937-38 amounted to more than Rs.100 lakhs. The share of the Cochin Government in the customs revenue was Rs. 25 lakhs, and that of the Government of Travancore Rs. 19 lakhs. The balance is the share of the Government of India. Nearly 800 steamships enter the harbour every year, and about 800,000 tons of cargo are loaded and unloaded. The capital outlay of the whole scheme will be just over Rs. 2 crores.

The last stage of the works connected with this great enterprise is nearing completion, and all the works will be finished by the end of this year. The magnificent bridge that connects the mainland with Willingdon Island has been completed. The railway will have its terminus near the wharfs, and the port of Cochin will soon be enjoying all the amenities connected with a modern port. It has a great future. Any ship that passes through the Suez Canal can enter the port even in the roughest weather. Alone among the harbours on the coast of India, Cochin lies on the direct sea-route to Australia and the Far East. It opens up a new gateway to the Indian peninsula. Cochin will be obviously the place hereafter to embark or disembark for South India. It has a vast and fertile hinterland which will greatly benefit by this new outlet. It is not merely the Cochin State but the whole of South India that will reap the reward of the courage and enterprise that lie behind this great project. The Cochin harbour is, therefore, a national asset. The development of this port is not, after all either a new or surprising phenomenon. For it should not be forgotten that in the early centuries of the Christian era when India was known to the western world as a land of untold wealth, when names like Bombay, Karachi, and Madras were not yet born, it was the west coast of the Indian peninsula that had established intimate contact with Europe and the coast of Africa through the enterprise and energy of its adventurous sailors, battling against the elements of the sea in their tiny crafts. History is simply repeating itself in the modern port of Cochin.

To the average European traveller, Kipling has created a picture of India as a land of sacred rivers, splendid tombs, hardy Pathans, and the Taj Mahal. The traveller goes north and sees great sights, but he misses something too—the fragrant and warm cocoanut groves that fringe the coast of the Arabian Sea, where innumerable canals from the fertile hills lazily find their way to wide lagoons on which, as if in a dream, ply picturesque country boats. In the passive languor of remote Cochin also there is something to see, and it is not, after all, so remote as Cochin China.

A Distinguished Visitor

By THE Rev. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

“ OHNEEN,” I said severely, “you were staring about you at Mass, if I ever have to speak to you about it again I shall put you off the Altar for good and all. What were you looking at? Your mother wasn’t there. Are three old women so interesting you must forget you are a server at Holy Mass? I am ashamed of you and I ought to tell your mother!”

Johneen MacGarvey was red of face and uneasy at my rebuke. He shifted from one foot to the other. He looked at me with big, grey, appealing eyes. “Ah don’t put me off, Father.” He pleaded. “An’ don’t tell ma, she’ll bate me if ye do”.

“Well! and you deserve it.” I replied, “but you haven’t told me what you kept glancing round to see. Out with it, if you want me to overlook your conduct”.

“Well, Father,” Johnneen muttered. “It’s the big boy and his dog that does be comin’ in when I ring for the ‘Sir Come’ (sursum corda) that does be distractin’ me”.

“Rubbish,” I said, “there was no boy nor dog, only three old women”.

Johneen looked at me—rather banteringly I thought.

“Sure there was a boy *an’* a dog, *an’* he’s there every day. I see him Sunda’ when I’m not serving, ask ould Miss Sullivan; she’ll tell ye too!”

I was taken aback for I could see Johnneen was telling the truth. I supposed I was not as quick to notice things as formerly, but I must find out who the boy was. I would *not* allow dogs into chapel. Johnneen said he didn’t know the lad. He’s about seventeen or eighteen, *an’* the dog’s a hound’ was all I could get out of him. So I was pleased to see Miss Sullivan, a most pious spinster of what people called ‘uncertain’ age—meaning it was certainly aged.

“I want ye to say Mass for a soul in Purgatory, Father Donovan.” Miss Sullivan said.

“Certainly Margaret Mary” I replied “What’s the name?”

“Well then Father, indeed I don’t know that.” She responded, “but he comes to Mass every day, himself and a dog”.

“Sure the dog can’t be in Purgatory, it’s some human being, Johnneen McGarvey says he sees him come in at the Canon”.

“Ah! but he comes out o’ nothing, just shines out like. He’s a lovely lad, but always stays down at the door.”

I refused Miss Sullivan's mass offering till I enquired more into the matter. Then I myself saw the Boy. It was a most awful day of snow; only Johnneen, who lives beside the chapel of which his mother was keeper, and I myself, who had but twenty yards to come, were there.

At the sound of the bell I knew instinctively Johnneen was only half attending to his business, and I looked quickly down the gloomy little church. Sure enough a lad I could but dimly see; and a dog, a magnificent wolf-hound, not the grey hound I had imagined, were at the door. I resolutely put them out of my mind, though relieved to find them mortal after all, and the august Act in which I was engaged was completed.

As I left the chapel I found the snow was over, the clear white glory of a glittering world under the winter sun was all about me.

I started to go back to my chair by a roaring fire when suddenly the lad seemed to come out of the sunlight and the snow, so unexpectedly did he stand before me.

"So won't you say a Mass for me, Father?" he asked.

"Young man," I said, "don't speak lightly of Holy things. Poor old Miss Sullivan thought you were a spirit. You seem to have heard about it."

"Why, yes, Father," the lad said. "I could read her pity for me and I love her for it. She was quite right. I come to your church where my temple once stood and I am a spirit, though I have never died or been what you call alive either."

I looked in utter wonder at him. He was standing on the snow, *but it did not sink beneath the light touch of his feet*. His beauty was more than any boy of flesh and blood. I felt a reverence that made me say "Doubtless, Sir, you are one of God's holy angels. Pray for a poor sinful priest."

"I am Angus Oge, Father," the boy answered me. "Don't fear me. I am a Christian, I worship Christ the King. I am what people call a god. I would be glad if you could see your way to say that Mass, because I always accept love if it is offered me. The poor old woman felt love for someone she thought needed help and the service is Love embodied in time and space, and of the things the King of the Elements has given for the Joy and nourishment of men. I bless you, Sir." He lifted his hands. "Now I and Scullaun, my hound, bid you good-bye."

"I will say your Mass, Margaret Mary, though I think we need it more ourselves," I said that evening.

"Many thanks, Father," said Miss Sullivan.

His Holiness Sri Svami Sivanandaji Maharaj

[Sri Svami Sivananda is a well-known name in spiritual India and the name is familiar to our readers also as he is one of our esteemed contributors. His religious zeal and ceaseless efforts in the propagation of spirituality—which include the running of an excellent monthly, *The Divine Life*—are really inspiring. The following is a short account of his life which has been sent to us by the Svami's secretary along with the cordial invitation to attend his 53rd birthday celebrations which was celebrated on 8th September 1939. We wish many more years of useful life to Svamiji who is doing a great service to this weary world by pointing to a path that has stood the test of time and appears to be the only path—*Editor*.]



His Holiness Sri Svami Sivanandaji Maharaj was born on Thursday, the 8th September 1887, at Pattamadai on the banks of the holy river Tambaraparani, in the Tinnevely District, South India, in the family of Sri Appayya Dikshitar, the famous Sanskrit scholar, Yogi and Jnani. He is the son of Sri P. S. Vengu Iyer, Tahasildar of Ettiapuram Estate.

When he was a boy, he was very smart and intelligent. He received his education in the Rajah's High School, Ettiapuram and the S. P. G. College, Trichinopoly. He specialised in microscopical study and tropical medicine as well. He was a very ambitious young man full of spirit and enthusiasm. He proceeded to the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States in 1913. He was employed as a doctor for ten years.

He was a very kind and sympathetic doctor with a charming and magnetic personality. His sweet, loving words and his wit and humour were quite sufficient to infuse new health and spirit, vigour and vitality in the sick persons. He used to feed and nurse the patients. This kind of selfless service purified his heart, changed his nature and took him to the spiritual path. His generosity and charitable acts added a lot in transmuting his human nature into Divine Nature.

He returned to India and renounced the world in the year 1923. After visiting Benares and other holy places in India, he reached Rikhikesh and entered the Sannyas order in June 1924. He belongs to the Sringeri Mutt. Then he took to seclusion for nine years and performed spiritual practices.

He possesses in a remarkable degree the virtuous qualities such as spontaneous and unrestrained cosmic love, nobility,

humility, equal-vision, kindness, mercy, patience, tolerance, self-sacrifice and the spirit of service. He trains aspirants and gives them personal instructions. He sends instructions through post also.

He trains the aspirants and gives spiritual instructions according to the temperament and capacity of the various types of students. He strongly recommends service to Guru, Sadhus, poor and the sick persons as it is a sure remedy for rapid purification of mind. He regards this as the highest form of Yoga.

By dwelling in Brahman, to utilise the hands, mind Indriyas and the body in the service of humanity, in singing the Lord's Name to elevate the Bhaktas, in giving instructions to spiritual aspirants and in disseminating knowledge far and wide is the blessed creed of Siva.

He is a fiery spiritual propagandist. He is a powerful orator who can thrill and electrify the audience. He is a prolific writer. His writings are inspiring, powerful and exceedingly lucid. He expresses the abstruse ideas of Yoga and Vedanta in a simple language with beautiful Drishtanta and sound Yukti. His experiences and spiritual instructions are disseminated throughout India and foreign lands through his various publications and articles in almost all the leading journals and periodicals. He is full of benevolent love and Bhakti and is a master in the art of Sankirtan; but at the same time he is a great Yogi, a person of austere life, of severe discipline and utter renunciation.

In 1936 he founded the Divine Life Society, an institution with high ideals, aims and objects. Now the society is bringing spiritual good to the whole humanity in a variety of ways through its various branches in all the important centres. Thousands of copies of pamphlets and leaflets containing practical spiritual instructions are distributed free for those who send stamps for postage.

The FIFTY—THIRD Birthday of Sri Svamij will be celebrated by the members of the Divine Life Society at Rikhikesh and in all the branches on Friday, the 8th September, 1939. All are cordially invited to attend the functions. Pamphlets and leaflets that will be published for free distribution for the occasion will be sent FREE if stamps are sent for postage.

Nicholas Roerich

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

(Concluded from our previous issue.)



NLIKE Blake, Roerich has no prejudice in matters of technique. He considers oil, tempera, water colours, or pastel as so many means to the same end, like the instruments in an orchestra or as he puts it 'like the intonations in the voice of an orator'.

Moreover he considers such exclusive ideas a matter of chance, and due, in great part, to childish impressions.

"We all hear of exclusive ideas. Some painters and amateurs prefer oil to water-colour or pastel; others prefer sketches to finished pictures, or monumental works to miniatures. These are subjective tendencies inherited, often enough, from early childhood when they may have heard that only oils had value or thought water colour very attractive.

We ought to care for creative art however, in all its forms, for it would be wrong to reject any of its possibilities.

In the same way sculpture, paintings, mosaics and ceramics can all combine when they are due to the same inspiration.

If we compare the works of different epochs and nations we shall see that their variety can very well harmonise, provided we select them not by their superficial aspects but according to the underlying spirit that connects them.

In this way the works of the Primitives can very well be exhibited by the side of Persian Miniatures.

Certain Chinese, Japanese and African works will be found to be in harmony with modern masters like Gauguin and Van Gogh, because there is the same creative spirit in both."

Here he is touching on what may well be a work of the future, the discovery of the same spirit underlying the most varied forms of art, often centuries apart and separated by the oceans. In this way the immortality of the spirit will be made visible and the museum, no longer an exhibition of dead chronologies, will have recovered its original sense of Musean—a temple of the Muses.

This tendency to always prefer the living spirit to the dead letter will be met with in all that Roerich has to say on the subject of art, Religion or Education; it is this which makes him a 'live man' and keeps him continually in the forefront of all the spiritual movements of our time.

He has an innate sense of creative art, of the superiority of the constructive spirit.

"What beauty there is in the word 'creation'! In all languages it convinces by reason of its power and the possibilities it opens up, for it is the symbol of joy and movement and of everything that breaks down the limits of dead convention. It is something that can overcome the 'impossible', lead us towards the conquest of fresh possibilities and procure the victory over routine and shapelessness. Movement is of its very essence and we might define it as an expression of cosmic law and of Beauty itself."

Such writing has the victorious, optimistic outlook which we always associate with Emerson; like the work of Emerson his sayings have a fresh early morning spirit.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of an artist such as Roerich for the world of to-day. In almost every one of his activities—through his paintings, poetry, prose writings, messages, educational institutions, Culture associations and peace pacts, he is always doing what is most urgent and necessary at the moment, urged on by a fiery desire to make things better for the world at large.

The commercial and industrial world of today is not such a delightful place that it can afford to neglect art and the universal aspiration towards Beauty.

Having had occasion recently to visit a manufacturing district, I came across one of those gehennas where a whole population including the children are being sacrificed to the Moloch of Industry.

Enormous coke factories blackened the spaces around, killing off both the children and the blades of grass, while the poisoned air, for a radius of two miles, converted all things animate and inanimate into a leprous mask of the most hideous poverty.

But on returning, in the evening, to my hut, among the woods, I beheld a marvellous sight.

Overhead in a flowering apricot tree was a bullfinch, his rose tinted plumage harmonizing with the screen of pearl pink blossoms now afire in the setting sun, and the background of the picture was pure turquoise set with silver of the crescent moon.

The jewelled play of light within this magic web of colour was something which surpassed the masterpieces of the Orient.

Such a violent contrast with what I had beheld earlier in the day made me realize what a formidable will to Beauty exists in Nature, and one which, in the long run, it may be dangerous to thwart.

One might imagine that in our world of to-day such beauty is, at best, a fragile thing destined to be trampled underfoot by the first munition factory that comes along.

It is just the contrary, it is the factory that is in danger. High explosives are far too precious to their owners to be wasted on natural scenery, much less on the crescent moon. They will be reserved almost exclusively for the industrial Moloch, with the result that all factories in the future will have to make themselves small and probably disappear underground.

Fortunately there is a more peaceful solution, and one which Roerich is never tired of proclaiming and that is through art.

In a world saturated with art and accustomed to what is beautiful—these infernal regions which are often more deadening than anything in Dante, would no longer be tolerated.

For a world given over to construction and the bettering of life, would, in the longer run, come to care very little for negation, and destruction whether it take on the form of poisonous factory areas or of war.

But Roerich has an almost Shakesperian confidence in the inherent goodness of the human heart.

"Humaneness which is common to all ages and peoples is something ineradicable. No matter what narcotics, alcohol and nicotine may do to kill it, it may somehow, somewhere be awakened."

It is upon this 'heart foundation', he foresees, that the future will be built. For this radiant lotus of the heart shines against the dark hatreds of political and sectarian beliefs, much as the radiant beauty of spring contrasts with the blasted world of the factory area.

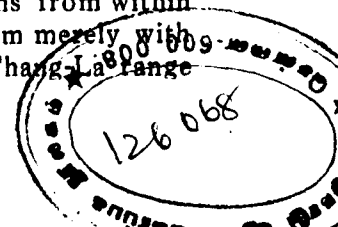
And art is not different from this luminous source, it is one and the same, and a part of Nature's invincible will towards beauty, so that when we behold a vision of fiery colour amidst April trees, we are looking at the same spirit of Beauty that informs the work of a Korin or a Roerich.

For Roerich by his many sided activities shows how the foundations of the heart, the desire for peace, the creative energies of art, and the beauty in Nature itself, are all a part of the same ray and emanate from the same visible and invisible sun.

As an artist he is unique in having entered the Asia of the Future where he has discovered all these beneficent energies centred around the glorious name of Maitreya.

He has been drawn towards these mountains from within rather than from without and does not behold them merely with the bodily eye; so that when he paints the icy Thang-La range

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glittering at the gate ways of Tibet, we get the impression of a range of spirit mountains whose ghostly white peaks and cupolas bar all ingress into the forbidden land.

And again, when he paints the Mountain of the Five Treasures, the vast Kinchen Junga, we seem to see a spiritual citadel towering high up above all thought, a magnificent expression, as it were, of the Mahayana.

This is because the artist himself is intensely aware of all the hidden mysteries in these high regions.

"All Teachers journeyed to the mountains. The higher knowledge, the most inspired songs, the most superb sounds and colors created on the mountains. On the highest mountains there is the Supreme; the highest mountains stand as witnesses of the Great Reality."

This gives to his lofty peaks and precipices of the Himalaya an eerie aspect where the light of the sun itself, striking high up in strange and unaccustomed ways, seems the rays of some distant star.

Sometimes he conveys the sense of what is fabulously old, as in that picture of Kailasa, the sacred mountain of Tibet, where the sea-green tints suggest the play of light in antique jade, and the spirit of the place itself is half sonorous.

If Roerich is comparable to the great Chinese painters of the mountain, because like them he has divined something of the impersonal mystery of the Universe and its giant principles, in one respect he is very different and that is, in his use of brilliant colour.

The Chinese, for the most part, used monochrome tints, the abstract character of which helped them to realise a sort of superconscious vision. It might be expected therefore that Roerich's brilliant colouring would tend to present the physical aspect of things rather than their spiritual significance or our mental vision of them.

All those who have had visions from a higher sphere must have been impressed at the beauty and intensity of their colouring and, at the same time, have recognized that the shapes and forms which flashed before their eye were those of this world.

Roerich's visions are of this order. He does not avoid the outer world.

"We should never object to realism in its tendency to life" he tells us, and instead of withdrawing into a world of symbol and abstraction he evokes the mystery latent in life and in landscape through beautiful constructions of form and colour.

But he looks upon the forms of this world from a sphere of intense spiritual effort and activity, which gives his work a unique quality where colour takes on a supernatural glow.

If we want to find a parallel to this sort of work, we must go back to Dante, the greatest artist among the poets.

For Dante is full of this sense of pure luminous colour of 'the sun shining in the heart of the ruby'. Above all he is the poet of the transcendent beauty of light, of the light of the visionary world and that of the high places of the earth. In this and in his attachment to what is real, Roerich is akin to him.

Like Dante he is a visionary ever climbing to higher realms, and the further he ascends the more he sees how all things glow with radiant colour.

It is because of this altitude of his inner and outer vision that his mountain slopes flame like the petals of great flowers.

These mysterious citadels which stand on guard over precipices of pure cobalt; these mighty walls which seem to support the roof of the world are all seen as Dante would have seen them tinged with the "Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro" and as terrace after terrace, range after range rise through the whole scale of blues, from hazel to the darkest sapphire we get the effect of visual music rising to some great climax.

And whether it be the fire of the sun, the fire of space, or the fire of the spirit that has gone to the forging of these splendid visions they are all, like the work of Dante, the expression of some living flame—*di fiamma viva*.

This would suggest that the world is again returning to the higher peaks of the mind, to those spiritual realms which are the home of light and colour.

As Roerich himself puts it: "Colour sounds the command of the Future. Everything black, grey and misty has already sufficiently submerged the consciousness of humanity. One must again ponder about the gorgeous flower colours which always heralded the epochs of renaissance."

Roerich in painting and Scriabine in music are the two outstanding artists in modern times who have led the way toward these higher regions. There is a certain resemblance between their work and both attained to those crystal clear summits of art which the Western world would seem almost to have forgotten since the time of Dante.

Scriabine, perhaps, comes nearer to Roerich than any of the great Russian composers. At present he is not recognized everywhere, especially in France, at his proper value, perhaps because he was too spiritual, too advanced and too high for the general public.

The Future, however, will come to see that with Roerich he attained a higher form of art than any of his contemporaries.

Like Roerich he was strongly attracted by the East and had likewise a desire to achieve a synthesis of all the arts, and to explore their relations with the science of sound and color.

If he stopped short perhaps, towards the end, held up to some extent by the intellectual barriers of Western Theosophy, Cabalistic magic, and Scientific dogma, none the less, his music always rose to the Future and is, perhaps, the most original and inspired of all modern music.

While death cut short Scriabine in his dealings with magic, Roerich went on, advancing boldly into Asia, until he had contacted those finer forces which are so much higher than magic or scientific dogma, being themselves of the nature of light.

In this he would seem to have attained much that Scriabine foresaw and desired, for when we examine these rare canvases which burn with the intensity of blue flames we realize that the lofty aspirations in the Prometheus have been fulfilled.

These mountain masses poised like flames have the beauty of great diamonds, and an incisive perfection of form which recalls the terza rima.

His latest work has something universal in its ample directness, and if it often touches on the high levels of Dante and Scriabine, on the other hand, it displays a vast Taoist simplicity which is characteristic of the Orient and of Tagore.

About ten years ago I was led by a sign to perceive the advent of a new style.

I awoke at dawn to find a magnificent white peony aflame with the rays of the rising sun, and in its fiery form perceived the outline of the Himalaya.

The incident roused me and I went into the garden, which in the silence of early morning seemed to stretch for miles. As I walked down the avenues towards a grove of giant cedars I had a sudden vision of the vastness of Asia, not merely of her physical aspects, which might be compared with those of America, but of her metaphysical and spiritual grandeur which can be compared with nothing of the like on earth.

I saw the great avenues of Peking, the colossal architecture of its gateways, those great metaphysical structures which surpass even Aristotle in grandeur, and all that I knew of ancient China and India was suddenly resumed in an image and in the word 'Himalayan'.

But it was not so much a vision of the past as of the future which the word evoked, for all these values appeared anew, in fresh forms, in a synthesis of which the dynamic outlines had the character of fine aircraft.

And the term Himalayan seemed to me to refer to a new style which would be universal, something which might equally apply to a great airport laid out with glittering waters like a modern Versailles, as to anything in Asia.

Some years after when I came to see Roerich's Himalayan works, and to learn about his outlook I realized the reason for this vision.

The world is gradually moving towards such an ample view of things, slowly steering away from the narrow gothic spirit of the past and its urban darkness and heading for the realm of light the realm of colour.

And in the weaving of this great Future, aircraft are already beginning to move like so many giant shuttles.

The design of this new world is already visible in the tapstries of space, in the spiritual world, and more than any other artist of our time Roerich would seem to have caught their colour.

And when we have gauged the depth of his vision and the sense of his profound language of colour, it is the beauty of his work which will remain with us, and this is something beyond analysis.

Like all true beauty, such beauty sets us free into that higher sphere where all things are related. These rare visions which glow with the pure color of flowers or precious gems, after the manner of some Eastern Veronese, impress us by their bold sweeping outlines. They arouse in us the sense of style that is present in all real beauty and which corresponds with the notion of what is classic.

It is the beauty which we can discover in the span of ancient cedars; in the superb achievement of Venice; in the spacious beauty of some great French park; in the architectural nobility of an ode of Pindar; in the magnificent form of some fine beaker vase of the Ming dynasty; in the living rhythm of a line of Shakespeare; in the vast outlook of a poet like Tagore and it is akin to all these types of beauty because like them it is an expression of an ample state of consciousness.

Knowing that the earth has been inhabited for millions of years, with a continuous procession of systems and religions, Roerich has come to recognize the central truth in all pure art and all genuine aspirations.

The ancient Chinese symbol of the Celestial Dragon is probably the greatest that we know, since we are told that all the thrones of the world were once dragon thrones.

It is the symbol of the power of the spirit, and at the same time, the symbol of change, and when we come to understand it, we realize that the spirit is always renewing itself in different forms, because art and life are always taking on fresh aspects.

But in all this endless succession of cultures and beliefs, the value of Beauty remains constant like the Pole Star.

And because Roerich recognizes Beauty as the goal to all our activities, and Infinity as the path that leads from the prison of narrow prejudice towards the freedom of the Everliving, he is one of the very greatest spirits of our times.

"The Dragon draws the Pole Star,
How can Fate,
Itself be other than a Gulf Sublime,
The direction of the world is kept beyond
The bounds of reason,
Or the reach of Time;
Immense within the Immense,
Range beyond range,
The mountains rise
Made infinite and strange."

Mr. Yang-Hu, Joke-Master

By "KAI-RI SUNG"



IN Yang-hu was the only son of his parents, and was born forty-five years ago in a village in Shantung. His figure was not attractive (it was, in fact, ugly), but his eyes (so his fond parents said) were bright. He was put to school and learned the alphabet quickly. He went to the Pekin University and distinguished himself in several ways. He made advances to a fair girl who got him soundly thrashed in the public street. But Yang-hu was not the youth to be discomfited. He kept his head, he studied hard, "read a lot" (as he used to say long afterwards), and took the B. A. degree in due course. He was placed in the second class because (according to his own testimony) he had fallen ill during the examination and by a supreme effort of will alone had answered his papers. Be that as it may, young Yang-hu was a graduate now, and promptly began applying for all sorts of jobs—from a clerkship in the Insurance firms to the Rectorship of the Pekin University. He also wished to be married, and prudently looked around. A rich man with a superfluity of daughters took Mr. Yang-hu under his protection, gave him a daughter as well as a cosy job in a provincial school. And, under happy auspices, Mr. and Mrs. Yang-hu settled down to love and to live.

Months passed, and years passed. As a scholar (he had been *that* once, as his testimonials specify), Mr. Yang-hu vegetated, progressively, forgot what he had learned, and lived intellectually hand to mouth in the school. But otherwise he prospered. He grew in bulk, and so did his buxom wife; he begat children, and refused to practice birth control. "Who knows", he would say, "If my eleventh child may not prove a Confucius, or a Li Shang-lin, or a Sun Yat Sen?" He avoided books as he would avoid beri-beri; he taught in the school from his own school notebooks; and, for the rest, homely illustrations (his special boast) produced the necessary electric impressions on his juvenile audiences.

If only Destiny had left Mr. Yang-hu in peace, in primitive contentment, in simple connubial felicity! But no! Destiny would intervene. A tempting offer came from a collegiate institute--so far had Mr. Yang-hu's home-spun abilities travelled. He hesitated, and then acted; he accepted the offer.

The scene changes. Mr. Yang-hu is now Head of the Department of Social Anthropology in the Nanking Arts Institute.

For a time all was well. Professor Yang-hu (for that is how we should call him) strutted like a peacock in the lengthy corridors of the Institute, assumed the god, affected the nod of a Mandarin, and seemed to shake the Department by the ears. He knew very little of the subject—that was true enough; but did it matter? He knew quite one hundred maxims of Confucius and they were (in his opinion) the quintessence of Social Anthropology. His assistant (alas, he *had* an assistant) was one of those new-fangled chaps who believed in reading all sorts of books, and who—horror of horrors—was degraded enough actually to write on his own behalf. He was making some stir—mere cackle of course! Why didn't others realize that? Why did Journals print his stuff (it was stuff *and* nonsense, he felt certain)? Professor Yang-hu was honestly worried.

He knew, of course, how to treat the impudent fellow: he ignored him. He wouldn't recognize him—served the upstart right! But there were difficulties all the same. Undergraduates are a tactless lot the world over. They would come to the Head Professor and ask: "What do you think, Sir, of Professor Ku-lin (that was the upstart's name) and his recent researches in Mongolian origins? And pray, Sir, on what work are you at present engaged?" Impossible urchins! Professor Yang-hu had to content himself with saying: "Ku-lin is an industrious sort of fellow—but he is too unbalanced! Between ourselves you know he has no proper academic credentials. Never obtained a prize or 'class' in his whole career. But properly controlled he can do a bit—a little bit." Thus would Professor Yang-hu out-face the tactless undergraduates. But, once left alone, he would be on the rack.

Ku-lin was a bad sort—any one could see that; he wrote to the papers without consulting his departmental Head; he published books (and why should he do that, Yang-hu asked); he would not even mention his Chief's name in the foot-notes to his books. Was there no law against such upstart busy bodies? No regulation to put an end to such unholy insubordination? But Professor Yang-hu was too indolent to refer to the statutes.

At last the good man could bear it no longer. He decided to declare war against his assistant both positively and negatively. He conned the researcher's (odious name, that) books and discovered twenty-three mistakes in all. He broadcast these with might and main. But this was a negative answer, at best, to the unspeakable rascal's insults. And in a trice, Professor Yang-hu turned an author himself.

A sentence, a maxim, a joke can live longer than a whole library of treatises: this Professor Yang-hu knew. His students

had often heard his stentorian voice affirming: "It is quality, not quantity, that counts." He himself, true to his own precept, will emphasize on the *quality* of his literary productions. Produce—what? Mongolian research? —Mongolian fiddlesticks rather! He would concoct jokes—there was something in that. A laughable joke is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. In his own public orations, the Professor was known to joke, like Milton's elephant, with difficulty; he would certainly laugh even if others did not. Now Yang-hu would emerge as a classic—as a Joke-master, in fact. That would be a fitting reply to that scamp, Ku-lin.

Professor and Mrs. Yang-hu put their heads together, and, by and by, post-men carried to and fro letters with jokes and jokes with rejections-slips. What of that? Rome was not built, nor China destroyed, in a day. Yang-hu was undaunted; he cut off his pig-tail (nobody knows why); he curtailed his recreations; and—I am glad to record here—he persevered with assinine-patience till he got his jokes in print. His joy was immense; he showed his jokes to everybody, and explained their significance in elaborate orations; he mounted them, and framed them, and hung them in his study. He chuckled in glee, and reasonably hoped that the abandoned wretch, Ku-lin will be brought to his senses. But Ku-lin scarcely seemed to notice these jokes. He was still apparently buried in his Mangolian studies and his ambitious translation of Sir James Frazer's *The Golden Bough* into Chinese. What was one to do with such a hopeless creature? What indeed?

It was about this time that *Pekin Whiff*, China's leading humorous journal, announced a monthly prize of one dollar for the best joke sent during the month. Joke-master Yang-hu's mouth watered as it had never done before, literally as well as metaphorically. Yes, he told himself, he would now compete, and he would—might he hope indeed?—win a prize. That must finish his assistant, make him vow never to put pen to paper.

Professor Yang-hu exercised his brains a great deal. It was rumoured that he rarely found time even to read the daily *Pekin Mercury*. With meticulous certitude he tried to make his jokes really jocular. He boldly signed his jokes; his name, his degrees, his present occupation, his detailed address,—nothing was omitted. The ungenerous remarked that this was done with the cringing hope that at least the name and fame of the great savant if not the intrinsic quality of the joke, might win him a prize. We do not pretend to know what actually was the joke-master's intention in broadcasting the full lineaments of his own greatness.

His own defence was brief: "I hate anonymity; I hate even more false modesty."

Meanwhile, another blow fell upon poor Yang-hu. His good-for-nothing assistant was elected—such is the world—to the Chinese Academy of Arts & Sciences. Did God exist?—the question was now roundly posited by Yang-hu. One more chance he will give God to manifest His wisdom and justice—one more, the last! In fury he wrote his eighty-third joke, and despatched it to the competition Editor of *Pekin Whiff* by registered post. He now took a course of quinine, and in tense anticipation awaited developments.

Friday came—the fatal day. Professor Yang-hu awoke from a horrible dream of spasmodic uncertainty. Was it a bad omen? He hoped not. He bathed, shaved, prayed (he had given him one more chance, you know), and waited for the news-boy. There was a hurrying of foot-steps, and Yang-hu's hairs stood on end. The boy stood on the threshold, and threw the latest *Pekin Whiff* and *Pekin Mercury* down. Anon the retreating foot-steps could be heard—but Yang-hu (as might be expected) was too preoccupied to listen to such a trifle.

At last! 'OUR JOKE PAGE!' The very page! Professor Yang-hu took the page in at a glance. Was the dream coming true indeed! His name—his own name—Professor Lin Yang-hu! There could be no mistake about that! And further below—he could scarcely believe his eyes, the joy was so sudden—was printed: "Head of the Department of Social Anthropology, Nanking Arts Institute." That settled it; Yang-hu heaved a sigh of relief.

As the palpitations of his heart calmed down, Yang-hu read the page more carefully. There were other jokes too—his own was only seventh in the series. Beastly, cowardly competitors! To screen themselves under pseudonyms! And, with a stabbing pain, came the question: "But who has won the prize?" The blood-pressure was alarmingly affected. For, to his consternation, Professor Yang-hu realized at last that, though his own joke had got into print along with the paraphernalia of his position and occupation, the monthly prize had been awarded to a sixth standard student of the Canton National High School!

He screamed—in spite of his blood-pressure—and the screams brought his wife to his side. She understood the truth at once. She consoled him—but he would not be consoled. 'There is no God', he murmured; 'I shall die of shame', he moaned. She soothed him, stroked his chin for all it was worth;

but he moaned still: "Ku-lin will now say—and my booby undergraduates will now say—that my wit is inferior to that of a sixth standard student! Oh, shame, shame, unutterable shame!" He wailed too piteous to behold. He swore, he spat, he drooped, and he gesticulated by turns. And then he relapsed to a sober uniformity of sighing; and his wife sighed too; and so in time did their children. And there was dole in the Professor's house for many and many a day.

Since that catastrophe, Joke-master Yang-hu has given up the attempt to make the world happier by his Jokes. But he swears he will get even with Ku-lin in some other way—sooner or later.

At Madras

(A page from the diary of Mr. H. Huyler, of Waukegan,
Wisconsin, U. S. A.)

By T. K. VENKATRAMAN, M. A. L. T.



O, this stokehole of smell is Madras! I said to a friendly guy, sort of roly poly, who stood by my side "I guess, neighbour, that you can deal me out of this trip. Sure this burg does not hold a candle to any on our side of the big pond".

He turned to me. "Sonny", he said, "You, a foot-loose prowler come to have swell fun to spout like this! Quit this talk. Put on your glad rags, and come ashore for a peek".

Well, that clamped the lid on with a bang. I chucked the job of watching the captain bossing his show, making the perspiring coolies slave. With the other globe girdlers, I waded through the wearisome hocus pocus we had to go through in the customs.

We boarded a street car, bound for nowhere. It was too nutty for words. Some country! Yes, Sir, Traffic cops are directing automobiles right and left; but half-naked guys pass along with their push-carts. A Rajah passed—a honest-to-gosh big shot who wore a fortune in gems. I watched the high hooper dooper flanked by his attendant yesmen. On the sidewalks sprawled dirty huns who live in hovels on a nickel a day. There are plenty of movies. But the home-townners go to them in a loin cloth, and the pictures are often three-year old. There are big stores, but they sell mostly junk. Prices were on the hope. Even a soda pop was dear.

We got down somewhere. A trader was howling the ballyhoo of a sideshow spieler. A two-ton truck lay in the corner with its tires full of holes. A funny mutt, who had rolled his hair up into a cute bun on the top of his head, came to us and blabbered a lot of bunk. I gathered that he was a trickster doing stunts with coins, and said to him: "Okay, shoot the works." He set up a holler, a crowd gathered; and he passed a ring around like a pipe of peace. But we cut his cackle, and drifted out of the fool thing, as my pal dragged me away.

At the distance, there was a grand hullabaloo. I cried out, "We are in a riot right now. Let us make quick scoot to our ship, before the tough babies get on to us with their knives. Let us beat it by the backdoor, before the hoodlums are on us."

My friend gripped me close. "Don't get scared, baby," he said. "I reckon that you are no furious he-man. What you read in books about riots in India is mostly bunk. I guess there

is far more of racketeering in God's own country. It is there that gangsters stage hold-ups, or take out guys on ride. It is there that bedlam burns half a block away, or bottleggers handle their guns and knock others flat with one bam. This land is as safe as a home-side farm. There may not be peanut boys running through the cars, and your servants may be gypping you right and left till you fire them. But all round is peace, and even the graft in high places is less than is usual with Uncle Sam".

We were getting close to the racket. It was a festival, and whoopee had broken loose. The mob was giving the idol in a car the glad hosanna. Gee, it was great! Shy, little shavers—full of pep—were hustling round with their Mas and the priests were doping out some words and making the mob kick in with silver. Beggars swarmed, cheating green-horns, who insisted of giving them the razzle dazzle, unloaded cents. Eggs dangling snakes wandered about, looking for suckers. Fake holy men rolled in and out with their bughouse tricks. Crows yapped at me from the trees and were raising Cain. Some gaffers were squealing like alley cats. Add to it the din of a march band, queer pipes and cymbals! A base-ball crowd is tamer, I guess, in its noise.

We tried to rush the gate at the temple, but the temple bosses forbade admission till we fixed one of them. But, nothing to see. We came out in a rick—just in time for a trader to plant some mangoes on us after a lot of business palavar. He was sure no honest boy. The fruit had a tang in it and was just a stale, gooey mass. We set off to a back alley bangalow which called itself a hotel. But, the meal was a doozer and I downed everything. I felt like a million dollars.

Still, it is a country too goofy for me. In the evening, we hear the radio crooner, but see guys pouring out of shacks built from bamboo and mud. You complain about the dinner, and the hotel boss gets high hat. Buses run about, but you take long walks from the bus depot to where you want to go. In every corner, lots of guys holding pow-vow over a trifle, and lots of others gathered round, none knowing the big idea behind the talk. Whites jazz and drink cocktails in their clubs, and most of them reckon that trying to figure out a crossword puzzle, with most of the clues missing, is easier compared to the job of understanding what the Indians in the crowd think of them.

Still, we had a swell time. Oh! yeh when we toddled aboard the ship that night, both of us told the world that it ought to be dead easy to govern this darned country. If this is India, oh boy, give us the saloon-bar of Chicago!

Yoga and its Objects

By SWAMI SIVANADA.



OGA aims at controlling the mind and its modifications. The practice of Yoga disentangles the Jiva from the phenomenal world of sense objects. The Jivatma becomes identical with Paramatma. This union with Paramatma is the goal of human existence. The Western philosophers, Pythagoras, Plato, Emerson, Kant, Schopenhauer, Spinoza, Descarte, Prof. Max Muller, and Paul Deussen have eulogised the study of the science of Yoga very highly.

There are various kinds of Yoga. It varies according to the temperament of the practitioner. Yoga in a generic sense refers to Karma Yoga, Bhakti Yoga, Raja Yoga, Gnana Yoga and Hata Yoga. In a restricted sense it means Raja Yoga. Hata Yoga is not separate from Raja Yoga. Hata Yoga means the Yoga or union between HA and THA. HA means the sun. THA means the moon. Prana is known by the name of the sun. Apana is known by the name of the moon. Therefore Hata Yoga is the union of the Prana and the Apana. Hata Yoga prepares the student for Raja Yoga. It is only an auxiliary to Raja Yoga.

Raja Yoga is an exact science. It concerns with the mind and the suppression of all its modifications. The mind being the cause for the existence of this phenomenal world, its annihilation will eventually lead that Yogic practitioner to the highest goal i. e. Asamprajnata Samadhi wherein the Yogi rests in complete peace in union with the Supreme Soul. So it is called Raja Yoga or Royal Yoga or King of Yogas.

Yogic students are classified into three degrees or classes, the first, the second and the third. Yoga-rudha is one who has climbed the highest summit of the hill of Yoga. Yoga-rudha is a Yoga-Brishta or one who has fallen down from Yoga. He has finished all the preliminary practices i. e. Yama, Niyam, Asana, Pranayama, Pratyahara in his previous births. He at once takes to meditation in this birth. He is established in the highest Asamprajnata Samadhi. He belongs to the first class. Sadhasiva Brahman of Nerur, S. India; Gyana Dev of Alandi near Poona belong to this class of Yogins. Yunjana is one who is deeply engaged in the practice of Yoga. He belongs to the second class. Arurukshu is one who is attempting to climb to the steps of Yoga. He belongs to the third class.

Yoga compares mundane life to the rotation of a six-spoked wheel. The six-spokes are Raga, Dwesha, virtue, vice, pleasure and pain. Man does virtuous and vicious actions on account of the force of two currents—likes and dislikes and he reaps the fruits of his actions viz., pleasure or pain. Through memory of pleasure he gets attachment to sensual objects. From attachment he favours some persons and does harm to some persons. Fresh likings and dislikes crop up in his mind. Thus the wheel revolves without any chance of its coming to a stop of itself. But the Yogi stops this wheel from rotating by destroying the five afflictions through the practice of Asamprajnata Samadhi.

The arduous practice of Yoga demands an abundance of energy and nerve power on the part of the Yogic student. If one conserves the seminal energy only he can have abundance of energy and nerve power. Therefore the practice of Brahmacharya is of paramount importance if one desires to practice Yoga and achieve the highest end of Yoga quickly. If there is slackness and irregularity in the practices, a fit of passion or wordliness may blow away the little good result which the Yogic student has achieved and it will be very difficult for him to rise again to the original heights he had climbed. That is the reason why one has to do arduous practice of Yoga till he is established in the highest Samadhi. That Yogi who has controlled his mind through the arduous practice of Yoga for several years will be able to cognise the immutable reality that is behind this empirical existence or the world of names and forms. That is the reason why Patanjali Maha Rishi also says "Practice becomes fixed, steady when practised for a long time, without any break and with perfect devotion" Chap I. Sutra 14.

You should not try to control the mind by violent methods. You will have to coax the mind sometimes with sweet words just as you coax the children with kind words and sweetmeats. Just as a furious elephant can be controlled by the goad only, so also the mind can be subjugated by effective means only such as burning renunciation, company with the wise and constant meditation.

The surface of a lake is compared to the conscious mind. The bottom of the lake is compared to the sub-conscious mind. The objects that come from the bottom of the lake to its surface are compared to the images that come to the surface of the conscious mind from the sub-conscious mind. The Vikshep Sakti that disturbs the mind is compared to the wind that disturbs the water of the lake. During the waking state the Vikshepa Sakti, the Sankalpas of the individual and the senses disturb the mind. In the dreaming state the Vikshep Sakti alone disturbs the mind. In deep sleep the mind is at perfect rest.

Western psychologists hold that the sub-conscious mind operates even during deep sleep and that there is a little consciousness also even during deep sleep as the man remembers after waking that he enjoyed sound sleep. This is not right. The sub-conscious mind functions during dream only. There is no mind during deep sleep state. It gets involved into its cause i. e., it gets itself merged for the time being in the 'Karana Sarira or causal body or the Ananadamaya Kosha. But the causal body or Moola Avidya is functioning during deep sleep. The associated Chaitanya or the intelligence viz., 'Prajna is also present during deep sleep. It is the Prajna who remembers the bliss of deep sleep. Prajna, the intelligence that is associated with the deep sleep state, Taijasa, the intelligence that is associated with the dreaming state, and Viswa, the intelligence that is associated with the waking state are one. Causal body, seed body, Ananadamaya Kosha, Moola-avidya or Ajyana are synonymous terms.

Mind and Prana are interdependent. Prana, is the overcoat or vehicle of mind. Wherever there is Prana, there is mind and vice-versa. If you think deeply on any subject, the breathing becomes slow. When one suffers from asphyxia, the functioning of the mind comes to a stand still. Mind is the rider, Prana is the horse and body is the chariot. Prana vibrates and mind is set in motion. Mind thinks when Prana moves. If Prana departs from the body, all functions of the body will stop. The body will remain on the ground as a log of wood. Separation of Prana from the physical body is called death in common parlance. Control of Prana leads to control of mind and vice versa.

The practice of Pranayama has influence over body, mind, intellect and the senses. It removes diseases of the body and renovates the cells tissues and nerves. It supplies abundance of fresh energy. It steadies the mind. It removes the impurities of the mind also. It strengthens the intellect and augments the intellectual capacities. It increases the power of memory. It calms the turbulent senses. It checks their outgoing tendencies.

Twelve Pranayamas constitute Pratyahara. Twelve Pratyaharas constitute Dharana. Twelve Dharanas make up Dhayana. Twelve meditations constitute Samadhi. For instance retention of breath for twelve seconds will constitute one Pranayama. Twelve such Pranayama i. e., retention of breath for two minutes and 24 seconds will make up Pratyahara; twelve such Pratyaharas i. e., retention of breath for 28 minutes and 48 seconds will constitute one, Dharana; twelve such Dharanas i. e., retention of breath or fixing the mind on an object or point for 5 hours, 45 minutes and 36 seconds, will constitute one Dhyana; twelve such Dhyanas i. e., retention of breath for 2 days 21 hours, 7 minutes and 12

seconds will constitute one Samadhi. Yogi Gorakstia holds that retention of breath for 2 hours constitutes Dharana, for 24 hours Dhyana; for 12 days Samadhi.

Overloading the stomach, work that produces fatigue or overwork, too much talking, taking heavy food at night, too much mixing with people are obstacles in the path of Yoga. You should not practise Yoga when you suffer from dyspepsia, sourbelching, vomiting, diarrhoea or any other diseases, also when you are too much depressed or fatigued.

If you can give up idle talks and gossiping and idle curiosity to hear rumours and news of others and if you do not meddle with the affairs of others, you will have ample time to do meditation. Make the mind quiet during meditation. If worldly thoughts try to enter the mind during meditation reject them. Have study devotion for the truth. Be cheerful. Increase the Sattwic materials in you. You can enjoy everlasting bliss.

In nature no two trees are alike; no two leaves are alike; no two persons are alike; no two voices are alike; no two faces are alike; no two brain waves are alike; no two vibrations are alike; no two temperaments are alike; no two minds are alike. Therefore there are various ways for controlling the mind to suit people of different temperaments. Each can have his own way of Sadhana. For yourself if you are not able to chalk out the path, get it from a Guru or preceptor. Learn Yoga under a Guru. Then only you will be able to understand the subtle points of Yoga. He will inspire you when you are depressed, will remove your doubts when you come across stumbling blocks on the path, and show you the right path because he has already trodden the path himself. If you are sincere and earnest the Guru's grace will flow to you always just like tailadhara—a continuous flow of oil. He will infuse energy, love, wisdom and spiritual current if you have true receptive attitude, sincere faith and devotion to him. Now stick to one path and one Guru. Do not waver. Be patient. Be sincere.

Two Yogic students approached Yogi Gagh Bhusandha for learning Yoga. The Master said "O dear students! wait in my Ashram for 12 years. Practise Yama, Niyama, Asana and Pranayama. Later on I shall put you in Samadhi. I shall teach you the secrets of awakening the Kundalini and taking it to Sahasrara". One student was very impatient. He practised some Yogic Kriyas for some time. He then worried his teacher daily to show him the way to enter into Samadhi. The teacher kept quiet for a long time. The student left his Ashram. The other student was very patient and sensible. He strictly adhered to

the instructions of his Guru. He never spoke a word to the Guru. Twelve years passed. The Guru thought "The student is ready now. His nadis are purified. He is Sattwic. He possesses all the Divine virtues. He is fit now for higher initiation". He asked the student to sit in front of him and through his pure Sankalpa made the Kundalini Sakti to pass into Sushumna Nadi. The student enjoyed the bliss of Nirvikalpa Samadhi. The grace of the Guru is alone the pass-port for the Yogic student to enter the realms of divine bliss. The grace of the Guru can only descend on that student who is doing Purushartha. The Guru shoulders his grace in exchange for the hard-earned merit achieved by considerable patience, faith in the Guru and rigid practice is necessary if one desires to achieve the highest goal of Yoga. The other student missed the goal on account of his impatience.

Even if you are a senior student in this spiritual path, think always that you are a junior student only who is recently initiated. Spiritual pride will not crop up then. Practise Sadhana now with the same fervour, diligence and enthusiasm as you did as soon as you took to this path in those days. The degree of success is in proportion to the degree of Sadhana and purpose.

It is only the uncultured man who runs after Siddhis or powers. Siddhis have no spiritual value. Worldly people are enamoured of persons who exhibit Siddhis and run after them with curiosity. They are under the wrong impression that those who exhibit Siddhis are only real Mahatmas or Jivan-muktas. This is wrong. Patanjali Maharishi also says "The Siddhis are regarded as perfections by the undisciplined mind only but are serious obstacles to spiritual meditations." Chap III-37. The Siddhis have no proper place in the spiritual life. You will have to shun them ruthlessly even if they manifest during the course of Sadhana. They are bound to come. Siddhis and Riddhis roll under the feet of that Yogi student who has controlled the senses and who is practising concentration. They stand up with folded hands to obey the Yogic practitioner. But he should not mind them a bit. Then only he can advance in the spiritual path. Emancipation can only be achieved when you shun even omniscience and omnipotence as worthless. They are nothing when compared with the supreme impreishable wealth of Moksha or Kaivilya.

If you are firm in your resolve to reach the highest goal of Yoga, if you have firm determination to attain the aim of spiritual life, you will rise up again and march forward even if you have a temporary pull. Feel the divine in you. Open yourself fully to the divine influence. Have perfect faith in the divine grace at every step. Feel the divine guidance in all your actions.

Aspire for the Divine truth fervently. Develop burning desire for the attainment of God consciousness and burning Vairagya. Abandon all worldly ambitions and mundane desires. If this is done rightly the divine light will descend. You will have rapid progress in Yoga. Feel the divine presence in your heart, in all faces, in all objects, in all sentiments and thoughts and in all movements. Go on with your practices assiduously. Do not become impatient if there is delay in the descent of divine grace. Be contented. You are bound to succeed in the attainment of the highest aim of Yoga viz., immortality and eternal bliss.

OM Santi! Santi! Santi!

"Three Broken Hearts"

By RAGHU NATH PRASAD.



RIFTING on the sea of life, supported in a well-to-do family, was Chandra a sixteen year old orphan girl.

Eleven years ago, Chandra was a five year old daughter of her loving father. But now he rested in the Heaven, the lodge of Gods, keeping his only dearest and nearest Chandra in the charge of Bipin Babu, a friend to him.

Awadhesh, son of Bipin Babu, was a fellow-student of Dharendra, who lived very closely to him. Chandra was going to appear privately at the Admission Examination of the Benares Hindu University. So Awadhesh begged Dharendra to coach Chandra, which he happily accepted.

As a student Dharendra had a bright career, with all round activities. It seemed, as if Saraswati, the goddess of learning was presiding over his studies. Due to his ability a good many of his fellow students were looking upon him with the corner of enmity. But he never cared for them.

As no one doubted for a moment that he would pass his M. A. Examination, he was supposed to be going home after the examination, but he seemed to be in no particular hurry to pack his trunk. His father had written bidding him return home as soon as the results of his examinations were published.

The window of Chandra's study overlooked the road. She had seated herself in a coach chair and was getting on with her serious studies, because her examination was near at hand.

Dharendra walked whole of the way, back from his lodging to the macadamised road on which cycles, cars as well as carts and pairs, were coming and going now and then. And as he was on the point of hiring a cab to take him to town, the very moment he heard a well-known voice exclaim, "Dharendra Babu Dharendra Babu!! Come here."

No sooner had Dharendra set eyes on charming Chandra in the study..... Chandra with her sweet screen face, her hairs arranged in the distinctive style so familiar to him, won the battle of Cupid's archery. He entered the doorway and greeted Bipin Babu with a familiar smile.

Dharendra could not say what Chandra's feelings were when she cast her eyes on him, but she began to call him loudly, over and over again.

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The tea-table was sitting. The moment he reached, Bipin Babu asked him to go along and have tea with them. His heart was full and there was no room in it for hesitation.

He joined them at their tea-table party and then without any hurry packed his trunk in the study chamber of Chandra. For a few hours vivid talks passed and repassed on certain fertile subjects. Evening crept on and he went away saying the following words "Love is the shadow of the morning which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening which strengthens with the setting sun of life".

Love knows no reason. So Dharendra loved Chandra and Chandra loved Dharendra. From the next day he used to come and go not with a view to coach her but to love her.

Little did he guess what the future had in the store for them. So whenever he went there, he tried to impress upon his ward his greatness and confide in her his ambitions of appearing on the life-stage as a Deputy Collector. He assured her that he would make her the mistress of his human heart and together they would win fame and fortune.

Thus by and by the loose knot of affection that bound Chandra to Dharendra tightened gradually as the days went on. At last the Gazette was published and the result was out in the favour of Dharendra. But as the sudden onrush of a stormy wind drives away the branches of the trees 'o and fro, similarly the announcement of the result swept him away on the first impression to start for his home with his bag and baggage.

II

The time came when Dharendra had to part from his beloved Chandra and go to his home. Every romantic person can easily find out what a cruel act the parting was.

From every corner of Dharendra's heart the wounded feeling to go home was screaming him with agony. On the one hand the love of charming Chandra charmed him, while on the other, his father had strongly written bidding him return home as soon as possible. So he was enclosed on all sides and it took a great deal of time to solve such solemn as well as tedious puzzles.

Dharendra often thought to revolt but father, mother, duty, society, demanded that he must go to his home, brushing aside the soft love of Chandra. He settled that he should go.

In the silent ceremonial pale and blue sky of early dawn stars still twinkled, as happy memories light up the life nearing its close. He started the very moment. On his lonely way except for the occasional bark of the dogs, the chirping of birds, the

moving of leaves to and fro and the coming and going of a few people, who were entrusted with their duties; the whole town was wrapped in deadly silence, as if it appeared that all persons have become sluggard and so were still in the arms of sleep. He hesitating at times, but fixed of purpose, proceeded on and on till he came to the station. The morning was bright. The rays of the sun looked like pure gold. So bright were they, that they made even the dull compartments look beautiful. But all these appeared before him as though they were tired. At last at two-o'clock, he alighted at Moghul Sarai station and in half an hour a cab drew him up before his house.

In his village passing his sad days, in Chandra's love one day he was walking in a grand garden. The farther he went the more lovely flowers he found. He soon had his hands full of tall lilies, golden daffodils, purple violets, bright-eyed daisies and blue forget-me-nots, and what not. Each of them put a tongue in the wounded feelings which he felt in his heart for Chandra's love. Though whenever he felt loneliness hanging heavy on his head, he made many efforts to be comforted. But his soul was dead.

Formerly, while he was getting on in the sixth year class, he often thought to himself that though he was not the son of a Raja, yet he had determined to obtain his full worth in the marriage market as he was endowed with almost all abilities for a fit bride-groom.

But now there was no room for such sentiments in his human heart. He only wished to woo his dearest Chandra and nobody else. But when he talked to his father, he was sorry to find that a bride had been chosen for him. Dharendra's heart sank when he heard the gossips discuss his forth-coming marriage and he took to wandering aimlessly about, trying to devise some means of escape, but in vain.

III

Dhirendra's new bride Shefalica's marriage was to take place during the Puja holidays. With Durga returning to Kailash the light of her home would depart to her husband's house and leave her father's in shadow.

The wedding day duly took place. Day dawned. The eye of the heaven shone on the horizon and sent his golden beams to warmly welcome the wedding day. The wedding pipes sounded and at each burst of sound her father's heart throbbed, because his dearest and nearest daughter Shefalica was to be married that night. From early morning, noise and bustle had filled the house. There was endless hurry and excitement.

Though the wedding day duly took place, Dharendra refused to recite the sacred formula correctly. The marriage party came and after all the ceremonies were over, returned to its own place.

It was the first night of their married life. Dharendra cast his eyes on Shefalica and was glad to find that she was extremely beautiful. Dharendra and Shefalica embracing each other both went in the arms of sleep. The day dawned. Still Dharendra lay in a deep sleep, while the young bride lay buried in sound slumber beside him with her head pillowed on his arms. The morning sun fell lightly upon them and both started up out of sleep.

Now he had forgotten Chandra and had been entangled in the love of his new bride, so he always saw Shefalica in his imagination as his future help-mate. Visions of her in various aspects, as his girl bride, his adored mistress, the chaste mother of his children, passed before his dreamy eyes. According to the truth "Beauty provokes sooner than gold" that knot of affection that once bound Chandra to Dharendra was transferred to Shefalica and from thence it tightened gradually between the new couple on and on.

One day he was handed a letter from Chandra, whom he had completely forgotten in the love of Shefalica. Dharendra turned it and read it all through over and over again. It drove him mad. He was struck dumb and sat quite still as if he had been changed into a block of wood.

The day after there came a wire—a wire intimating the sad story of Chandra's burial in the depths of the sacred river Ganges, the death of one whom he secretly loved with all his heart.

In the first terrible shock his blood froze within him. Before his eyes the whole universe swam round like a dark mist. Now he tried to console himself by playing the philosopher but it gave birth to a quite opposite result. Thinking that the worldly ties would bind him to the chains of vanity, he took poison. From the depths of his broken heart, he continued his piercing cry "Chandra, Chandra" until he breathed his last leaving Shefalica alone and companionless to mourn over her loss and curse the actions of her and her husband's parents, who did not attach proper importance to her husband's love with Chandra, and married her to him. At last after full one month's lamentation, finding her life a hell and subject to sarcastic remarks from every corner, she finished her life-story by getting herself run over by a train. Thus broke the three hearts.....

The Evolution of the Co-operative Spirit

By P. P. SARADHI, B. A. B. L.



NO self-complacent pleasure can be derived for their Presidency when Mr. Gangoli at the conference of co-operative societies, Jarnalpoor (Decca) stated "this condition of co-operative societies in the provinces except Madras is far from satisfactory." For the other day at the committee on co-operation Dr. P. J. Thomas was expatiating on the movement's defects as being responsible for its failure. There can be no gainsaying the fact that the real fault in the movement was that it was started from above and it was introduced as a government policy. It was not grafted to the cooperative ideas and their society and if that had been done, its growth would have been alright. In the present form, the movement had not developed as a spontaneous growth. It had not been quite assimilated in the social and economic system of the country. It could be assimilated by a careful adjustment of its programme. There is somewhere the timber is rotten. The true spirit has been lost and not developed in proper lines.

We have thus the spectre of a tottering movement and at the same time the clue to the true method of regenerating it and making a fresh start with greater potentialities for success.

What is that spirit by rekindling which with true insight and enthusiasm, we can spread the movement in every village or group of villages as was fondly hoped by Mr. Ramadoss in the Madras committee meeting?

There is in every village a community conscience which is different from the individual conscience. The villager knows that without co-operation numerous elements of his activity that are needed for his life would make a hell of him and his life would suffer almost a living death. By tradition and bring up, he wheels round on his own family axis, next on the community axis and last on the national axis. The factors moving one's actions and motivating one's conduct differ when viewed from the individual or community or village integral standpoint. The caste and religious prejudices further complicate the springs of action and inclinations.

Success in the cooperative movement depends in creating the cooperative spirit amidst all the residents of the village region,

and that after conquering the adverse elements that have dispersing and disruptive tendency that create indifference to matters that do not directly affect the selfish interests of the individual. This is possible by impressing on the village public that there are more important considerations that invisibly improve and heighten the moral health and sanitary welfare of the villagers and result in a more pleasing, exhilarating and enthusing life of the villager and his environment.

The new situation thus created removes the prejudices of the individual whatever origin they might have had, and in the honesty and mutual trust and confidence. The rich and the poor, the Brahmin and other castes would recognise many planks and more unexpected planks commission and basic for concerted action and response. If rural cooperative movement should fulfil its mission the centre of gravity must necessarily shift to the village centres.

The initiation and constitution of the movement were due to the government. But the defect pointed out by Mr. Thomas is attributable to the growing agrarian miseries of the cultivators, the tyranny of the high castes and capitalists which smother the outcry for reforms and redress. The village folk had no means by which they could obtain justice and fair treatment. The Village Panchayats were not the self-contained self-governing units of administration which before the centralisation of power and authority came to vogue were affording splendid protection to every individual of the village.

Taking advantage of the cooperative societies the rich manipulated the situation in such a way they wielded great power and influence. The credit and loan system which the cooperative societies stood for and encouraged further strengthened the position of the affluent and worsened that of the poor. Fraud and corruption crept in. The poor went to the wall and even the financial aid promised them was neither beneficial nor free from a sense of pressure and oppression. Supplemental remedies were sought to raise them from slough and despondency and from their chronic indebtedness. They failed to improve their morale, did not cultivate an economic sense, and neglected the true fountains of prosperity. They even now feel that inequality that property and possessions impose, the pseudo-respect shown to the rich; and ride-rough-shod-tendency of the rich, so much so as was stated in the Trichur conference, we have to pitch upon a new goal and that is, the cooperative movement is and should be the panacea for the ills of capitalism on the one hand, and the ills of socialism on the other.

It is useless to suppose that we could dismantle the whole edifice of the co-operative movement, lay fresh foundations for the creation of a new spirit of spontaneous cooperation, or to make matters worse make more firm and numerous the Government control, or as was suggested at the Bengal conference by Mr. Mallick bring in a new Bill delegating suitable functions of financing to separate bodies like the banks, rendering more scope to obtain loans from the government directly, instituting summary processes for recovery of loans, etc. It is stultifying the evolution of cooperative societies and their ideals to make them more dependent upon the Government.

Cooperative societies should on the other hand find their own resources, should pool their own means and labour and discover their own measures for testing the morale of their own constituents, appoint their own arbitrators and tribunals to settle their disputes. The best nucleus of an agency to work these cooperative societies is the Village Panchayat Board elected on the basis of regional representation.

As was stated by Mr. Gangoly it is utter vanity to expect efficient service by purely Honorary Service. The "Panchayat Board would discharge responsible work as also members of the cooperative society within the Board.

There must be paid permanent staff and the Panchayat Board members must be paid their sitting fees commensurate with the size of the Panchayat Fund. The chief executive would of course be a paid individual chosen as far as possible from among the elite of the Village community.

There is an idea prevailing that the present cooperative societies should be converted into Multi Cooperative Societies by which it is meant that they are not merely credit societies, and are also thrift-stimulating, economy improving, educational centres and I am not far wrong in supposing that they are expected to function as marketing, cooperative selling and cooperative purchasing, building and cooperative library agencies. The idea commends itself to every one's idea of making the Village Panchayat Boards composite self-satisfying self-reliant bodies. As for raising capital needed for any cooperative enterprise over and above what the residents themselves do collect, of course a competent and business-like Panchayat Board will resort to any banking institution for it. It is in the monetary affairs concerned either in expenditure or in collection of dues or subscriptions or deposits, every one of the Panchayat Boards has to be trained most in impersonality, impartiality and for the best of all the Village community. That acquired every one would feel trust and

confidence and maintain a high degree of morality. This is the central key stone for cooperation. The cooperative societies would merge themselves with the Panchayat Boards, of course proportionately enlarged in scope and utility. This scheme would satisfy the requirements of a training ground for civic and public responsibilities, and constitute true vitalising centres of the true National progress. Every member of the community would then feel and realise the truth of the dictum "we are made for cooperation — like feet, like hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth" (Seneca).

Urban cooperative societies stand on different basis. They deal with people of better enlightenment and knowledge. They possess better credentials and securities. But these urban cooperative societies must not rest content with more credit supplying functions. Their purpose is as it should be as exhilarating as the Village cooperative Boards.

Village services were remunerated by inams till the pernicious resumption of inams destroyed the integrity of village republics. Inams should be revived again in their pristine seriousness and integral binding nature; cooperative cultivation by the inamdars or tenants would further stabilise the services for which the inams are granted.

There would be cautious delegation, better economic administration, while guaranteeing safe and steady evolution by training and experience.

Hamlet

By JEHANGIR R. P. MODY

Thought-crowned thinks thoughts' lofty devotee
Of mortal theme: TO BE, OR NOT TO-BE?
With thoughtful thoughts that breed perplexity!

He tries to solve with pale philosophy,
The Riddle of Life and Death: a mystery
Which Corinth's Crown* with wisdom dared not see!

Unmindful of surrounding misery,
Unmindful of surrounding treachery,
He vainly thinks of: TO BE, OR NOT TO-BE!

He tries, the end of mortal destiny
To scan, to tear its veil and secrecy!
In vain he tries to solve this mystery!

And far above, the Deathless Master, HE,
Sweet Avon's lofty Bard, in majesty
Of Wisdom, Sanctitude, Sublimity,

Watched and smiled, to see this endless agony
To solve the Riddle of Human Destiny,
To pluck, the unplucked soul of mystery!

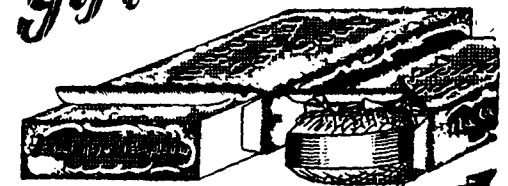


* Oedipus, King of Corinth.



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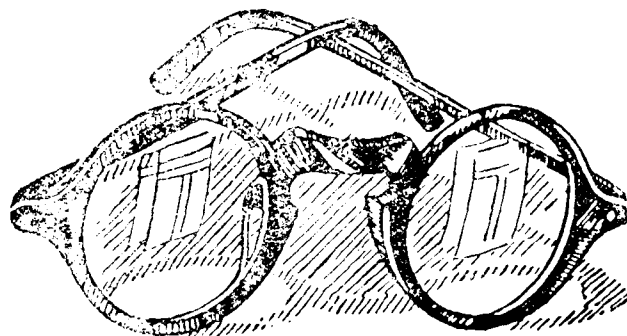
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